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PICTURE PLAY

JANUARY


ENTS

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by
A. WILSON



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PICTURE PLAY

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What Hollywood Won't Forgive

Hollywood will forgive most things. Things for which another community would cast you into an ignominious outer social darkness are regarded with amused tolerance in the film colony. But there are things that Hollywood will never forgive so long as a camera turns within her city limits.

What are these lapses, these indiscretions, these sins? And who are the sinners? Helen Louise Walker knows and she will tell you in next month's Picture Play. She names names, she gives facts, she tells the truth amusingly, wittily, and adds one more brilliant article to Picture Play's credit—and the enjoyment of its readers.



What Repeal of Prohibition Will Mean to the Screen

There'll be a change in pictures all right. More especially, there'll be a change in manners, morals, and in—yes—drinking! In dressing, too. Women's clothes will be more formal, more elegant, and more men will wear tails when they are seen with girls at night.

With cocktails no longer illegal, their use will be freer in films and more will be required for the heroine to become exhilarated, desperate, uninhibited. Then, too, hulking he-men like Wallace Beery no longer will get tipsy on a single swig, as he did in "Tugboat Annie."

James Roy Fuller humorously describes what the New Year will bring in the first flush of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Another unusual item in Picture Play for February. Don't miss it!

ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
Lewis Carroll's

Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

as "Alice"... and

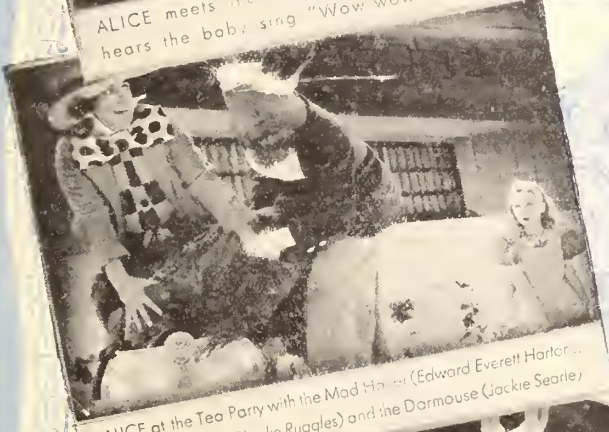
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GARY COOPER · LEON ERROL
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SKEETS GALLAGHER · RAYMOND
HATTON · EDWARD EVERETT
HORTON · ROSCOE KARNs · MAE
MARSH · POLLY MORAN · JACK
OAKIE · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAY
ROBSON · CHARLIE RUGGLES · ALISON

SKIPWORTH
NED SPARKS
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod



ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow wow-wow"



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton) and the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Searley)



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).

ALICE Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 8000 candidates for the part.

If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE . . . It's the Best Show in Town

Our Open Forum

Not Critical—Just Sorry.

AM I just blindly, stupidly prejudiced because I refuse to believe such a lot of silly accusations against Joan Crawford? I don't think so.

I know our Joan, and am willing to concede that she has made her share of mistakes. But why should we break faith with her for being as human as we ourselves are? Why expect perfection—for that matter, why want it? Unless, of course, we are prepared to live up to it ourselves, and mostly we aren't, you know. No preaching, I mean it. It didn't take twenty-nine years of living to find out about that.

I'm honestly sorry about Joan and Doug. Not critical—just sorry. No one has the right to criticize when he doesn't really know, and how can any of us be sure of anything so entirely personal? Why should we dare condemn where we can't possibly fully understand?

Two splendid kids torn apart for some reason it hasn't been given us to comprehend. Wounds, of course, and yet isn't there something rather fine about a pair of kids who have the strength and the vision to accept the hurt now, rather than lose precious memories both cherish?

Only Joan herself can ever shake our faith in her, and even she'd find it disheartening business. We've seen, those of us who really care, much too far beneath the surface, and after all, it's the things we find deep inside folks that really matter. We'd be discouragingly hard to convince that our Joan is anything less than we know her to be.

ANNE DELACY.

833 West Seventeenth Street,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Gable Is Not Brutal.

THE Gable letters are always the most interesting outbreaks in this department. Though it may seem superfluous, I would like to sum up what I think of Clark, having seen all his pictures during the past two years.

Clark has been called an abysmal brute whose only appeal is to our baser instincts. This is a fallacy. In only one picture did I see him brutalize a woman, and then only to slap her with his open hand. Any frog-eyed juvenile could be taught to sock his leading lady, but does any one suppose this would change him into a Gable?

Several fans with nothing better to do have criticized the Gable features. Although I do not deem him handsome, according to *matinée-idol* standards, his forceful personality more than offsets any defects that may be evident. If you crave men with dreamy eyes, chiseled features, and Marcelled ringlets, that's your privilege. As for me, I don't go to the theater just to look at pretty faces. The same critics find fault because Clark has dimples. Who ever heard of dimples being a physical defect?

Accusation No. 6,479—"Gable is a poor actor." And yet this "poor actor" has been cast opposite Greta Garbo, Helen Hayes, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Carol Lombard, and Marion Davies. Either Gable is a *darn good* actor or the M.-G.-M. casting director should be taken before a firing squad and put out of his misery.

FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,
Danbury, Connecticut.

Ripping! Hover Your 'Eads, Dehsay.

READING "A. B.'s" letter in "What the Fans Think," I felt I could restrain myself no longer. I have been living in America only one year and the first *good* picture I saw, a picture so truly English that I believed myself home again, was

"To-day We Live." It is childishly absurd for Americans to send in elaborate criticisms of the dialogue and mannerisms of the actors, protesting that it is not really English. My dear American friends, *how are you in a position to pass judgment?* Hadn't you better let some one who actually knows do the condemning or praising, some Englishman or woman perhaps?

Let me say only this: The acting was so typically English that I could hardly believe the actors were Americans. You say the love-making was wooden, but then Englishmen always have been known to have self-control, a quality that our American cousins know practically nothing of. An Englishman does not go temporarily insane when in love, and by the same token, the heat of his passion does not dwindle down to zero shortly after marriage.

An Englishman, in or out of love, is calm, cool, and phlegmatic!—and if you'll be kind enough to compare the rate of divorces in America and in England, I think you'll find the latter's rate appreciably smaller. So maybe being level-headed and deliberate is somewhat better than being blazingly unrestrained, after all.

And as to the dialogue being exaggerated: If you think an Englishman uses three words when two and a half will suffice, just think again, and the answer is he doesn't. I hope I have made it quite clear that an Englishwoman seeing "To-day We Live" thought it was perfect—what do you say to that, my faultfinding friend?

JANE CARLYLE.

19 Newcomb Boulevard,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

Up and At Her, Dugald!

IT seems to me that American fans dislike very much the criticism of stars by fans of other countries. In September Picture Play, Beulah M. Klink waxes strong and slams rather hard at Dugald McAlpine, the Scotsman, for what he had to say about Buddy Rogers. Every one has a right to his own likes and dislikes. Mr. McAlpine doesn't like Buddy Rogers—O. K.! Neither do I, for that matter, and I've seen him on both the stage and the screen. I just can't like Buddy, but it's not his fault if I prefer Fredric March, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, and George Arliss.

I really think Miss Klink could have expressed herself less insultingly to Mr. McAlpine. Bear in mind, young lady, that some of your best talent on the screen and stage came from foreign countries, and more than a few have come from Scotland, England, and Ireland, so why shouldn't we criticize? Come on, Dugald, let's hear some more of your likes and dislikes. I know if you are a true Scot you won't take Miss Klink's slams sitting down. Get up and show 'em, boy, what a Scotsman can really do.

EFFIE L. McCARRON.

204 W. Franklin Street,
Richmond, Virginia.

When Clara Went to Europe.

EMILY C. BURKE of Milan, Italy, finds fault with Clara Bow for finding fault with Europe. I read the diary which Miss Burke refers to, and really can't see that Miss Bow said anything so dreadful about Europe in her diary. On the contrary, she said she enjoyed her European trip very much, that what she saw of that country was nice and even said she hoped to go back again for another trip.

Of course, there may have been some things Miss Bow failed to appreciate about Europe, just as some foreigners fail to appreciate parts of America. Miss Bow deserves credit for putting down her impressions as she felt them—*truthfully*, and not gushing over everything and everybody as some hypocrites are inclined to do.

If any one has a right to be sore, it's we Americans. How many foreigners come over here to visit and make scathing remarks? What about George Bernard Shaw? What has America ever done to *him* to deserve the insults and slights which he saw fit to shower upon this country? But no, he is called wonderful, a genius! Bah! He gives me the impression of just being a very self-satisfied old man and one extremely hard to get along with.

But to get back to Miss Bow. I give her credit for being frank and sincere. If she did fail to appreciate some of the moth-eaten glories of Europe, at least, she wasn't afraid to say so. Clara isn't one of those who say one thing and *think* another.

IRENE HEF.

Buffalo, New York.

Abused Babes in the Wood.

AFTER reading a slam at a grand person and actress like Joan Crawford, such as the one delivered by Dorothy Rogers, I must try my hand.

As if that weren't enough, I turn the pages and behold: Miss Crawford is again criticized by Judith Field because she sliced her age to match her husband's. "And he is only twenty-three, you know," says Miss Field. Indeed! Why shouldn't Joan keep Doug from making her his grandaunt? And who told Miss Field Douglas was only twenty-three? When I was a child in Brooklyn I saw Doug several times when he visited the old Vitagraph studio with his mother. He was at least my age then and certainly looked a great deal older, and I reach twenty-six in a few weeks.

Don't misunderstand me—I like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He's one of my favorites. But I don't think he compares in character and sincerity to Joan.

What qualifies Dorothy Rogers to pass judgment on the cause of a divorce? Reading tabloids? Then she must have read more muddy stories about Doug than Joan. I did.

MARIE KRONEIS.

139-06 Thirty-fourth Road,
Flushing, L. I., New York.

Soviet Cheers Picture Play.

FOR about seven years I had been lucky enough to read Picture Play, and then, by a deal of fate, I was deprived of that privilege for two long years. Recently, however, a generous soul sent me the July number as a gift. Imagine seeing the first issue of my favorite magazine in two years!

I was thrilled and startled at once by the considerable changes that have taken place since I saw it last. It has improved in appearance and contents. It has beauty and intelligence, every inch of it, from the cover painting to the fashion plates. Oscar Greiner's Lilian Bond cover is much superior as a painting to many of the former covers, in my opinion.

The Greta Garbo article by Rakel Erikson lacks any of the usual gossip and superficialities. The art gallery is a gorgeous improvement over what it was two years ago. As to "What the Fans Think," it is more interesting and more intelligent, and Norbert Lusk's sound and expert criticism is undoubtedly Picture Play's special feature.

I hope Picture Play continues its triumphant march to perfection, striving as it does for truth and independence of opinion, avoiding ignorance and average-mindedness in its pages, whether these qualities are expressed by professional writers or the fans themselves.

ROSA SHIFETNER.

Glavnij Pochtamt,
Kharkov, Russia, U. S. S. R.

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WHAT THE FANS THINK



An actor who played opposite Elissa Landi says her kisses are the real thing, not mere chilling imprints as a fan surmised.

Testimonial to Landi's Kisses.

I THOUGHT I might send in a little note to agree with V. Witt, who would like to push off a cliff the wisecracker who said, "If Elissa Landi were to kiss an Eskimo, the Eskimo would die of pneumonia."

This letter isn't about me, but it might be well to add that I am a screen player, and at the moment am shining brightly. I have played opposite Miss Landi, and find her one of the brightest and most interesting persons I have ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Miss Landi claims she uses charm, not sex appeal. Well, if it's charm she uses, I'm for it. People who class her as cold and uppish have the nerve to compare her with certain other players, such as one Mexican whirlwind who shouts herself hoarse at a boxing match while even Mae West sits sedately by.

As for the Eskimo crack, I distinctly remember kissing Miss Landi when I played opposite her. I am *not* an Eskimo, and I most *certainly* was not afflicted with pneumonia.

In my opinion, if Hollywood had more charm and less sex appeal the movies would be better off.

A PLAYER,
Hollywood, California.

Our Wandering Heroines.

I WISH to ask all the fans to join in tribute to a great actress and grand person who recently passed on to her reward—Louise Closser Hale. The death of this brilliant woman is an irretrievable loss to the stage and screen.

And now a complaint: The cinema has become too self-consciously unmoral for words. It leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Feminine stars vie with one another to see who can depict the most depraved character. This craze, I believe, started with Garbo. Norma Shearer followed in the silent Swede's steps, and Saucer-eyes Crawford was next. Now just try to see a movie without at least one loose woman in it!

I wouldn't want a parade of too, too sweetly good heroines. Surely there is a happy medium. These heroines invariably come to an unjust reward in the final fade-out—in the arms of some forthright young man, the possessor of his undying love and good name. All this with the movie houses full of impressionable young fans.

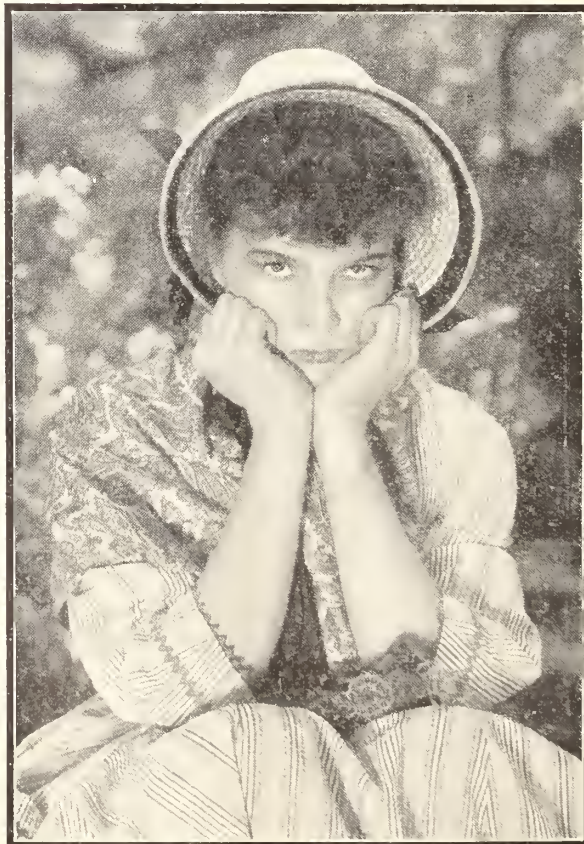
I suppose I'll be called old-fashioned and narrow-minded for expressing these views. It's smart nowadays to read the rawest books and see the most risqué plays, so, of course, my wee small voice will be lost in the shuffle.

If only Norma Shearer would make another picture like "Smilin' Through"! It was the most exquisite thing done since movies began. I don't think any one could see it and come away not loving Miss Shearer.

Give us more pictures like "A Lady's Profession" and "Elmer the Great." Give us fewer pictures like "To-day We Live," all Jean Harlow pictures, and, fgooshakes, throw *all* those animal cartoons in the junk pile.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

DIANA BRENNAN.



Margaret A. Bell predicts that Katharine Hepburn will rival Garbo's popularity, if given the right stories and casts.

Garbo's First Real Rival.

WHAT an actress is Katharine Hepburn!

In my opinion she is the greatest personality the screen has ever known. Her amazing performance in "A Bill of Divorcement" brought her instant acclaim, and it is no wonder that thousands of moviegoers immediately became Hepburn-conscious.

Her magnetic personality, her superb poise, her originality and versatility, make her the outstanding screen player to-day.

Her performance in "Christopher Strong" was again sparkling, full of variety, and keenly alive with remarkable talent. A splendid cast supported her, but again Miss Hepburn stood out and overshadowed all the other players.

Not exactly beautiful, Katharine Hepburn's unusual looks and lithe fig-

Continued on page 57



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Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

W. F.—Jean Harlow is happy again as the wife of Harold G. Rosson, cameraman. Born in Kansas City, Missouri, March 3, 1911; five feet three-and-a-half, weighs 112, blue eyes. Her first film was "The Saturday-night Kid," released in 1929. She had no stage experience.

PAT GRUMAN.—Robert Young was born in Chicago, February 22, 1907. He is six feet, weighs 170, dark hair. Mrs. Young is the former Elizabeth Henderson.

EARLE MAIN.—No doubt Sue Carol will make more pictures, but I have no studio address for her at present. For a list of Lew Ayres's films and fan clubs send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

LILLIAN ENDOM.—In "Mata Hari" Ramon Novarro played *Lieutenant Alexis Rosanoff*, and in "The Road to Romance," *Don Juan*.

A CONSTANT READER.—Their birthdates are: Walter Huston, April 6, 1884; Warner Oland, October 3, 1880; Chester Morris, February 16, 1902; Bela Lugosi, October 20, 1888; Ronald Colman, February 9, 1891; John Mack Brown, September 1, 1904. If you will send a stamped envelope, I shall be glad to mail you the cast of "Paradise Island."

JIMMY.—Paul Muni's latest is "The World Changes." He is a native of Austria, where he was born September 22, 1895; five feet nine, weighs 160, and has brown hair and eyes.

DORIS P.—Free-lance players are those not under contract and free to accept rôles from any studio. James Dunn is a New Yorker, born November 2, 1905; six feet tall weighs 157, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. He is playing opposite Claire Trevor, in "Jimmy and Sally."

CHARLES MYERS.—Donald Novis wasn't in the cast of "Peg o' My Heart." Geoffrey Gill sang in that film.

H. I. L.—Elissa Landi has light-auburn hair and green-blue eyes. Tom Keene was born in Smoky Hollow, New York, on December 30, 1903.

GEORGE FORSYTH.—See Doris P. for information about James Dunn.

BETTY E. C.—I am unable to give you the home addresses of stars. Bill Boyd was born June 5, 1898, in Cambridge, Ohio, and David Manners April 30, 1905, in Nova Scotia. William Gargan is playing in "Success Story," with Wynne Gibson.

D. J. T.—See back page for addresses of players. Joan Blondell is married to George Barnes, cameraman.

MURIEL ADELE ROBBINS.—Picture Play hasn't published an interview with Cary Grant, but will do so shortly. He was born in Bristol, England, on January 18,

1903; six feet one, weighs 172, and has black wavy hair and dark-brown eyes. For a list of his films, send me a stamped envelope.

THERESA E. H.—Kay Francis is about five feet six, weighs 112, and has black hair and brown eyes. Hedda Hopper is five feet seven, and Aline MacMahon five feet eight. Bette Davis pronounces her first name *Betty*. Robert Montgomery is six feet, and will be thirty on May 21st.

MARY B.—Joan Crawford and John Mack Brown had the leads in "Our Dancing Daughters." "Fighting Love," released in 1927, with Jetta Goudal, Victor Varconi, and Henry B. Walthall. Buck Jones is married.

CELESTE PAREE.—Since his return from Europe, Ramon Novarro has completed "The Cat and the Fiddle," opposite

Requests for personal answers will be ignored by The Oracle unless accompanied by stamped envelope, but if no long reply is involved the questions will be held for their turn in this department.

Jeanette MacDonald, Buddy Rogers is now in a stage musical comedy. In "Huddle," John Arledge was *Pidge*, Frank Albertson *Larry*, and Kane Richmond *Tom Stone*.

ANN REINHARDT.—Helen Mack is the dark-haired girl opposite Phil Harris in "Melody Cruise." Richard Arlen's real name is Sylvanus Van Mattimore.

S. E. D.—Ruby Keeler was born in Canada, August 25, 1909; five feet four, weighs 105, brown hair, blue eyes. You will see her opposite Dick Powell in "Sweethearts Forever." Ruby's right name is Ethel Hilda Keeler. Gene Raymond's is Raymond Guion; born in New York City, August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum hair and blue eyes. "I Am Suzanne," with Lilian Harvey, will be his next.

OLE.—Fredric March, Neil Hamilton, Robert Montgomery, and Kane Richmond are six feet tall; Richard Arlen is a half an inch short of six feet; John Boles and Buddy Rogers six feet one.

C. T. H.—Loretta Young had a small part in Colleen Moore's "Naughty but Nice," released in 1927.

B. U. M.—Joan Crawford wears a size 4-D shoe and Greta Garbo 7-AA. Charlotte Greenwood is now on the London stage. Douglas Fairbanks's real name is Ullman. Norma Shearer is not Jewish.

LEF WEST.—I have no record of theme songs. There are too many players born

in May to list all of them here, but some are: Mary Astor, 3rd, 1906; William Bakewell, 2nd, 1908; Richard Barthelmess, 9th, 1897; Bing Crosby, 2nd, 1904; Gary Cooper, 7th, 1901; Constance Cummings, 15th, 1910; Katharine Hepburn, 12th, 1908; Leila Hyams, 1st, 1905; Robert Montgomery, 21st, 1904; Brian Aherne, 2nd; Maureen O'Sullivan, 17th, 1911; Dorothy Lee, 23rd, 1911.

ROBERT MASON.—Ginger Rogers is now a blonde. When you saw her in "Gold Diggers of 1933" she was a redhead. Born in Independence, Kansas, July 16, 1911; five feet five, blue eyes. Her best picture to date is "Professional Sweetheart."

LITTLE BUNTY.—Elissa Landi played in two pictures in England and one in Paris before coming to the United States to play in the stage version of "A Farewell to Arms." She made her American picture debut in "Body and Soul," opposite Charles Farrell. Paul Cavanagh and Lewis Stone played with her in "Always Good-by"; Victor McLaglen in "Wicked"; Laurence Olivier and Lionel Barrymore in "Yellow Ticket"; Ralph Bellamy and Neil Hamilton in "Woman in Room 13"; Victor McLaglen, Alexander Kirkland in "Devil's Lottery"; Paul Lukas in "A Passport to Hell."

BLONDIE AND RUTH.—Buddy Rogers is in Paramount's "Take a Chance." Born in Olathe, Kansas, August 13, 1904; six feet one, black hair, brown eyes; Myrna Loy in Helena, Montana, August 2, 1905; five feet six, weighs about 100, red hair and green eyes. Adrienne Ames has blue eyes and brown hair. Mary Brian will be twenty-six on February 17th.

LOUISE THOMPSON.—Because of his fine performance in "Be Mine To-night," Universal has signed Jan Kiepura—pronounced Kee-poo-rah—Polish opera star, to play opposite Marian Nixon in "A Song for You." For his photo, write to Universal Studio.

MAY RAY.—Neither Joel McCrea nor Gene Raymond is married. Ann Harding has natural ash-blond hair; five feet five, was thirty-two on August 7th. Joan Crawford was born in San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908; five feet four, weighs 110, blue eyes. Her reddish-brown hair is now blond. Her right name is Lucille LeSueur. Franchot Tone will be twenty-eight on February 27th.

MYRNA KULL.—James Cagney is a New Yorker, born July 17, 1904; five feet nine, weighs 155, and has red hair and brown eyes. Write to Warner Studio for his photo.

TILLIE—DODO—CONNIE.—You will be sorry to know that Edwina Booth still is in a critical condition because of jungle fever she contracted while making "Trader Horn."

Continued on page 64

A CHRISTMAS GIFT suggestion FOR EVERY ONE.

The following STREET & SMITH MAGAZINES are the favorites of millions of readers everywhere. In their varied contents they satisfy every kind of literary taste; in cost the range of their price, from \$1.00 to \$6.00 per year, is within the reach of every purse. Order a subscription to one or more of them for your friends:

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Contains stories of clever criminals, complicated mysteries and brilliant detectives, all complete in each issue. It is the leader and pioneer of Detective story magazines.
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Some long and some short stories in each issue that are wide-ranging in scope and incident and scene, dealing with Adventure, Romance, Crime detection, Ranch life, etc.
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Clean, heart-gripping stories of lovers who triumph over jealousy, envy and hatred, that please mothers, wives and sweethearts. An Astrology article in each issue that is the best of its kind.
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Joe E. Brown in “SON OF A SAILOR”



VOLUME XXXIX
NUMBER 5

STREET & SMITH'S
PICTURE PLAY

JANUARY
1934



Photo by Otto Dyar

"I AM SUZANNE!" cries Lilian Harvey triumphantly from the crest of her success in "My Weakness." It happens also to be the title of her new film. Then, too, she is exultant because Gene Raymond is her leading man and the picture features the famous Teatro dei Piccoli, a company of twenty-eight puppeteers and eight hundred marionettes from Italy. They're great!



Adelina Patti's glamour, lavishness and tendency to acquire husbands are reincarnated in Gloria Swanson. And Fredric March has many of Edwin Booth's characteristics.

GENIUS

Photos from
Harold Seton Collection.

By
Madeline
Glass



Heir to Booth's Mantle.

When I told Fredric March that he had many of Edwin Booth's characteristics, he expressed his appreciation of the compliment and, after a moment's hesitation, added, "I have been told that before."

If similarity of temperament, dramatic technique, and personal appearance proves anything it proves that March is the Booth of the screen. The comparison becomes increasingly apt with the rich unfolding of the March talents. If this young fellow doesn't watch out he is likely to develop into an acting genius.

Edwin Booth was on the stage for more than forty years. According to his biographers, he was a friendly, charitable, mettlesome man, thoughtful of his parents and having simple but refined tastes. For all his glowing talent and brilliantly faceted life, he never abandoned the home-and-fireside mode of living except when necessity required. Like his parents, he was more than ordinarily religious.

This description fits March like the proverbial glove.

Booth, who was born during a meteor shower and who died during a violent electrical storm, had a marked capacity for high romance and constancy. This is also true of March, whose delightful love scenes reveal the gay, exalted emotionalism of a civilized romantic.

Booth was paternally inclined and displayed great devotion to his daughter and grandchildren.

The Marches, having no child of their own, recently adopted a baby girl.

Originally of a cheerful disposition, Booth's life was saddened by numerous tragedies, the most shocking having been, of course, the assassination of Lincoln by his brother.

AMONG the actors and actresses of Hollywood one occasionally finds an artist who reminds one of an outstanding genius of the past. The similarity may be a matter of appearance, temperament, or talent. In rare instances it springs from a combination of these qualities.

Comparing the characteristics of one's favorites with the glamorous people whose names have gone into the annals of the past is a pleasant pastime. So with winter upon us let's get together, preferably before an open fire—some fudge and buttered popcorn will also be acceptable—and figure out who resembles who, and why.

REPEATS ITSELF

Some of the dazzling giants of the past live again in our screen stars. Do you agree in awarding Fredric March the mantle of Edwin Booth and John Gilbert the Byron temperament?

So far the sable cloak of sorrow has infolded Fredric March but once—the death of his mother. At that time he was engaged on a picture and for ten days studio conditions compelled him to work while in the East the funeral was delayed awaiting his arrival.

Although March is more robust of build, and his handsome face lacks Booth's suggestion of melancholia, the resemblance is noticeable. Add to this the similarity of character and temperament and it appears that the great Thespian's mantle belongs to Paramount's pride and joy.

A Screen Prima Donna.

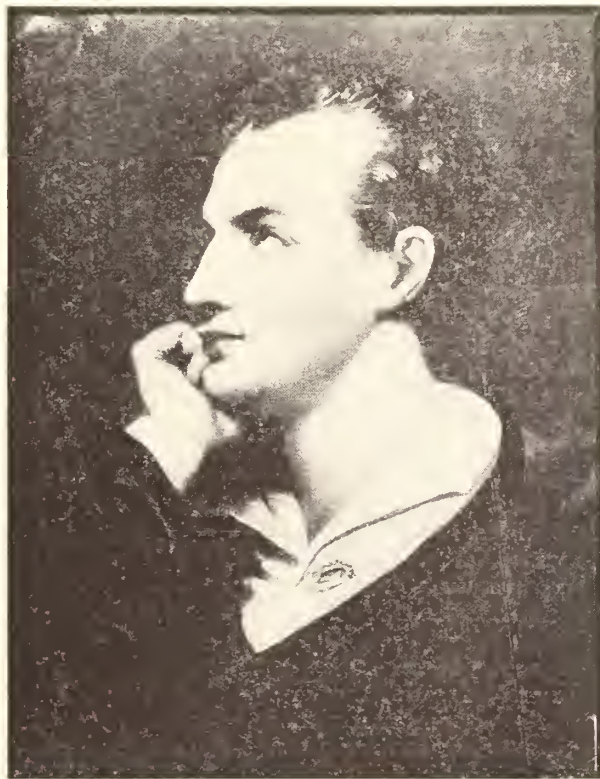
Gloria Swanson is the Adelina Patti of the screen. Although Miss Swanson's singing voice can scarcely be compared to that of the nineteenth-century diva, her acting ability is much greater, so their respective artistic merits are about equal.

Here the resemblance is largely that of temperament and character.

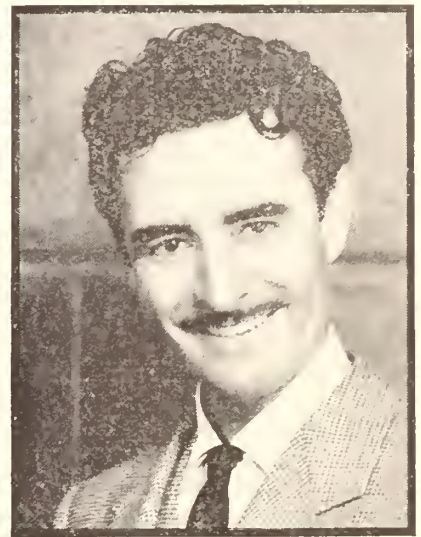
Adelina Patti was energetic, ambitious, extravagant, and excessively fond of luxury. She knew her worth and demanded it in coin of the realm. So concerned was she over money that her salary, from \$5,000 to \$8,000 per performance, had to be paid in advance or she would not set foot on the stage.

No king ever traveled in greater state than she. Her private drawing-room car was said to have cost well over \$50,000.

Does not this lavishness remind you of the sumptuous Gloria? Recall her splendid homes, her lavish clothes, her salary demands, her luxurious traveling accommodations, and her glittering entertainments, and it is obvious that she is not exactly an exponent of the simple life. [Continued on page 62]



Lord Byron, the fatally romantic poet, set the pace for John Gilbert, and Jeanne Eagels inherited the golden voice of Sarah Bernhardt.





Helen Twelvetrees posing for a story illustration. "Jerry grabbed me and tried to turn me away from him. 'Choose between us forever,' he sobbed."

THE telephone rang in the office of the John Robert Powers model agency in New York City.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Powers, please," requested a feminine voice—my voice.

"This is Mr. Powers talking," said a voice in answer.

"Is this," I asked gently, oh, so gently, "the Mr. Powers who knew Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Mae Clarke, Anita Page, Constance Cummings, Anita Louise, Tom Brown, and a lot of other stars before they went into movies?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Powers heartily, "and if you come up here while I'm in the mood I'll tell you about them, and I'll show you pictures that will make you doubt your own eyes. I say while I'm in the mood, because last week I turned down interviewers from two tabloids and a magazine because I wasn't in the mood to talk."

Now it is not so difficult to find persons who knew one star before fame. But to find a man who knew them by the dozen was like coming across a gold mine with an inexhaustible lode. For Mr. Powers not only knew the players before they became famous; he also advised and encouraged them so that their work led to the studios.

Mr. Powers is a mild-mannered little man whose opinion on beauty, both feminine and masculine, is valued by artists, photographers, and stage producers. When they want a handsome man or a beautiful girl they call up "John R." and put in an order, just as you would order at a bookstore. And John R. never fails them, for he has several thousand models to choose from.

UP from

By Evelyn Williams

Gwili André was a Powers model before she reached the movies. After posing on several ad jobs for Mr. Powers, she came to the attention of beauty-mad producers.

"Before I let you ask a lot of questions about the players I knew," Mr. Powers said, "I want to tell you an interesting story about one star I never met—Mae West.

"When Mae started to produce her own plays she was pretty broke, but she kept it hidden from Broadway. She knew that she



Photo by Feder

And here is the heroic Fredric March illustrating how he got the job by putting on a starched collar.

And this hop-skip-and-smile ad girl is Anita Pomares, later Anita Rivers, who grew up into Anita Page.



had to put up a bluff or be beaten. She had the nerve to put up a front that looked to Broadway like a million dollars.

"When she was picking the cast for her play she needed a society type of man. I had a model who looked more Park Avenue than the scions of most aristocratic families. His name was Lyons Wickland, and when I say he looked Society with a capital S, I mean that he looked as though his name should be Vanderbilt or Astor.

"Lyons had plenty of work as a model," said Powers. "But he was ambitious. So when he heard that Mae had a part for his type he walked right into it.

"And Mae liked him from the time she hired him. She recognized that he was a pretty fine type of man

SMILING ADS

How several stars of to-day got their start dramatizing the whitening power of toothpaste and the charm of sheer stockings.

and a sincere friend. It wasn't a romance, you understand. They were just swell friends. *He* knew she wasn't rolling in money because one day she asked for a loan so small that it surprised him. She admitted to him how things were, and he admired her more than ever because of the way she was outsmarting the smart boys on Broadway.

"When she got the loan from Lyons, Mae said, 'I'll never forget this. If I ever get famous, I'll remember you.' Of course, Lyons thought she was a grand person to say that, but he never took it seriously. When Mae was famous and came back to New York, Lyons didn't even call her up. He felt that she was a star and he was not, and it would hardly be fair to force her to remember him.

"But, there's one thing about Mae West that is admirable." And Powers, who knows his Broadway, relished telling this story. "She doesn't say anything unless she means it. When she told Lyons she would remember him, she was sincere. I bet there wasn't a more surprised man in the world than Lyons Wickland when he got a message from Mae West. She wanted to see him, wanted to do something for him.

"Well," finished Powers, "Mae West got Lyons Wickland a part in her picture at a mighty fancy salary. She got him his chance in the movies. Now it's up to Lyons to make good. She's repaid her debt in her own fashion."

I should say that if Mae West is as generous in repaying all her debts there will be a statue erected to her some day, for it is a well-known human failing to forget those who did us favors when we no longer require their aid.

Powers opened a well-thumbed catalogue of his models in 1926. He pointed to the full-length picture of a girl wearing a large scarf and exposing a generous portion of a perfectly formed back. Her legs were perfect, too, and her smile was, strangely enough, demure.

Underneath the picture was the name, Ruby Stevens.

"She looks," I ventured timidly, "exactly like Barbara Stanwyck might have looked seven years ago."

"That is Barbara Stanwyck," Mr. Powers retorted. "She had a figure for modeling that artists raved about. Barbara used to get as high as twenty-five dollars an hour posing for hosiery ads, and that's high for a model. Look at those legs," he encouraged—and I looked, for I knew that it was rare to see the Stanwyck legs uncovered, especially since she has become a dramatic actress.

"You may not believe it," said Mr. Powers as though he hardly had the courage to believe it himself, "but there was a time when Barbara was actually frightened of the mere thought of acting before a camera.

"She was first brought to my office by a friend of hers, a girl with whom she was dancing in a night club. The friend's name was Mae Clarke, and Mae had done quite a bit of posing. She brought Barbara in and asked if I couldn't get her some posing to do.

"Well, Barbara was very attractive and it so happened that just then I had a job for her, posing at the old Cosmopolitan studio. It merely meant posing for still pictures. But when Barbara heard the word 'film' she had a fit. She said she wouldn't go on the job. She kept on saying, 'That's a movie studio and I won't go because it means acting. I tell you, I can't act.' She almost cried about it.

Continued on page 52



Helen Vinson's blond beauty is unrecognizable in this brunette dress model.

Photo by Feder



Barbara Stanwyck liked to pose for illustrations but hated the thought of acting. The man with her is the late Thomas Holding after his fame in early movies.

The GIRL They

By Judith Field



Photo by Harrell

"You've tried to hide your natural self under an outer veneer of culture and imitative glamour, because you thought it was what your fans wanted."

THINGS aren't what they used to be! And, Joan, if you don't already know that, you could soon find it out by studying reactions to the Crawford barometer. Time was when every article announcing the discovery of a "new" Joan was regarded as hot news, no matter how many had been printed before. But now, alas, even the very suggestion seems to bother a fickle

public. Some of your ex-admirers swear that you have let your own career go to pieces because you have been keeping yourself so busy being a dozen other girls.

The sad truth is that your infinite variety has not amazed or pleased your fans at all. It has simply reduced them to a state of annoyed incredulity. Soon when your name is mentioned one will expect them to burst forth with such vociferous and blasphemous assertions as, "It's a fake. There isn't *any* Joan Crawford. That's a mirror trick of M.-G.-M.'s."

And, of course, it would be madness to give the public an opportunity to consider seriously such a notion. So it might be a good idea for you to forget your repertoire of Joans and step out to take a curtain call as yourself, just to reassure your audience, before they start walking out on you, that you're real.

Stagy as it sounds, Joan, you're a daughter of the people if there ever was one. What could be more real than that? You've tried to hide your natural self under an outer veneer of culture and imitative glamour, because you thought it was what your fans wanted. However, mistakes can be rectified.

If Horatio Alger, Jr., were still living and wrote about ambitious girls instead of newsboys and the like, he would seize upon you as the perfect model. For you have had to struggle upward in the face of obstacles. In fact, Joan, you're the feminine counterpart of any or all Alger heroes. Besides that, you occasionally reveal more than a trace of "Merton of the Movies." Altogether, it is a combination which is likely to be resented and misunderstood in this day and age. Poor Joan!

Even from the beginning of your rise to fame and fortune you unconsciously exhibited *Mertonish* qualities of sincere affection when speaking for publication. In 1927 when hailed as a dancing daughter and you were spending Saturday afternoons gayly whirling at the Montmartre, you were really doing a *Pagliaccio*. At least, that's the impression one got from

an interview of that year.

One afternoon when you were feeling just too terribly, terribly blue and spotted a press woman's amiable face, you dropped into a chair beside her, broke down and poured out all your troubles. But it was not for publication—oh, my, no! During the process of relating various moods of loneliness and melancholy, you confessed, "It's

TALK ABOUT

An open letter to Joan Crawford begs her to forget all the "new" Joans and to confine her acting to the studio if she values the loyalty of fans.

not so bad now, for when I get that way I have my car that I can jump into and drive away to the hills, and I often do."

I wouldn't be human if I didn't ask myself, "Now where have I heard those words before?" I recalled that they were quoted virtually unchanged in last year's magazines. However, it is still a good line and is referred to at intervals when the Crawford complexities are delineated. And it also shows that, in spite of startling reports to the contrary, our Joan hasn't changed so very much after all.

That 1927 interview was published, by the way, only after the writer, deciding that such touching confessions were too good to keep, had explained her point of view to you and received your rather surprised but gracious permission. But, strange as it seems, you usually do give permission for such wide disclosures of your emotions and reactions. It has become quite a habit of yours to pour confidences into the ears of a writer, and later consent to the publication of these effusions.

Such goings-on please and flatter the writers and result in a good story, but a very transparent one.

If all the spectacular items ever written about you were placed before a psychiatrist, it would be interesting to hear his comments. Probably he would take one glance at the array of stories dwelling on your restlessness, moodiness, superhuman energy, emotional tangles, and burning ambitions that not only aspire to better acting, but also include the desire for some proficiency in art, literature, and designing, and declare you are psychopathic. Imagine that!

But we fans know our movie actresses better than that. You are not a psychopathic case—no crazier than the rest of us. It just shows naïveté. That is what Constance Bennett is said to have said it was, and that should make it official. Of course, some one with your best interests at heart might suggest now as a good time to outgrow it—not all of it, perhaps, but enough to notice.

And again, as gently as possible, it could be advised that when fans take to accusing their erstwhile favorite of everything from being infantile, melodramatic, and shallow to acting as though you were a *Lady Vere de Vere*, the best thing for her to do is—right about face.

One must also admit that it grows a trifle irksome to hear so very often about the way you and Franchot Tone took to carrying and wearing those gardenias on evenings out. However, the subconscious reason for our annoyance may be mere jealousy because we couldn't have our flowers and Franchot, too. People are funny that way, you know.

Now you have earned the right for diversion in leisure time, no matter how flowery it happens to be. Your genuine goodness more than makes up for the too theatrical



Photo by Hurrell

Joan is advised to stop airing her yearnings and emotions for the press in order to give her natural personality a chance in print.

effects of the latest "dancing lady" moments, even if these qualities are much less publicized.

One could probably count on five fingers the Hollywood stars who would hail a sound crew man on the set with, "Hi, there, how're the babies?" and stop a wardrobe woman to chat about a candy recipe, or join, as an honorary member, the various fan clubs of her professional rivals, and still keep up personal correspondence with the writers of the first twenty-four fan letters they received. Yet that is exactly what you do.

How many movie queens would devote part of their time and the contents of their weekly pay envelope to the upkeep of four rooms in a Hollywood hospital—with instructions that they be used for the benefit of those who cannot afford to pay? Or surprise and delight their friends with impulsive and generous gifts and their mothers with flowers on Mother's Day? And still remember with appreciation those who helped them before they reached the top of the screen ladder? And face a barrage of unfair publicity with such courage? Again Miss Crawford, step forward and take a bow.

No matter how deeply one may be prejudiced by surface artificialities, it's impossible to dislike a girl like that.

The fact that you are a subjective actress is perhaps the main reason why the Crawford personality is such a perplexing mixture of virtues and imperfections. Perhaps you unconsciously retain certain traits of every rôle you've ever played—and every strong character with whom you've come in contact. Maybe you fear your natural personality isn't interesting enough for interviews, and so you dramatize.

That's your error! The sooner you learn to be impersonal about your talents and keep your private life separate from the parts you play, the finer actress you'll

Continued on page 58

MARRIAGE HASN'T CHANGED HIM

George O'Brien is still a man's man, ready for anything at any time—
and Marguerite Churchill is not trying to make a new man of him.

By Whitney Williams

SO he called off a trek to the Argentine, land of the gaucho and dark-eyed señorita, and got married!

That's George O'Brien's way of doing things—do it now! Two years ago he left for Japan and a five months' stay in the Orient on five hours' notice.

John Ford, the director, sailing for the Cherry Blossom kingdom at five in the afternoon, accosted George on the lot, said suddenly and inelegantly, "C'mon with me, you'll have a swell time." A few hours later George was sharing Ford's stateroom, with only a kit-bag of clothes, no hat, and nary a passport.

He's a man's man, is George, ready for anything at any time.

All the more reason to wonder just how marriage will affect his life. The ceremony took place last July.

As you probably know, the missus is Marguerite Churchill. She'd had her eye on George for a long time before they were married—George demanded that—and it's needless to say that George was head over heels in love with Marguerite also a long time before he retired from bachelor estate.

As a single man, George lived at Malibu the year around. He got up at dawn to take a plunge in the ocean and to cavort on the sand in a series of exercises that would be strenuous for the most athletically inclined individual. Between pictures, he wouldn't stir from his beach place, unless the idle period happened to be unusually long. Then he would light out for Europe, or Egypt, or the Orient.

His home was a man's abode. He led strictly a man's life. George's existence resembled more nearly that



Photo by Aeme

Here's a marriage that's unusual in Hollywood. Marguerite and George liked each other a long time, they were married without a show, and she has taken his friends as her friends.

of a hermit, for he seldom partook of any social life.

And now along comes marriage! Will it alter his mode of living entirely? Cause him to abandon plans to visit South America, India, China—those regions off the beaten paths that he always has loved, travel which for years he has looked forward to with keen anticipation?

George says, "Absolutely not."

Be that as it may, he has moved to Hollywood and taken a hill-top house just twelve minutes from the studio. The beach was a full forty-five minutes' early morning drive from his dressing room. That much, at least, Mrs. O'Brien accomplished.

After a long sojourn in New York where she appeared in several stage productions, Marguerite is in pictures again. And forty-five minutes' to an hour's distance from a studio, especially to meet an early call, is *some* jaunt. Score one for the bride.

But listen to George:

"Marguerite likes to travel as well as I. She shares my hankering for foreign parts and strange people. We like the same types and we both like to be on the move.

"On our honeymoon, we went to Coronado. 'We'll be there at least two weeks,' we both said. Three days later, I asked, 'How about going on to Agua Caliente?' She

grinned and said, 'I was just about to suggest that, myself. I'm getting rather fed up with this place.'

"Several days later, the same thing happened again. We packed, got in the car and tried to think of some other place. 'How about Canada?' I ventured. 'Too

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FAVORITES
of the FANS
RUTH CHATTERTON

Photo by Elmer Fryer



Photo by Clarence Sinclair

Herbert Marshall

HE may well call his services "unique and extraordinary," as they say in contracts, because there is no one like him on the screen. But does he? Certainly not! He goes his way without trumpeting, his artistry exhibited reticently, gradually, but none the less surely. You will next see him in "Four Frightened People."



Photo by George Hurrell

THE charming daughter of the charming Irene Rich bids fair to inherit the fans of her mother besides acquiring plenty of her own. Her brief appearance in "Pilgrimage," as the capable, sympathetic girl in uniform who escorted the gold star mothers, brought a shoal of letters to The Oracle asking about her.

Frances Rich



THE charm and individuality of Florine McKinney, as the sad little suicide in "Beauty For Sale," made an instant impression and recalled Dorothy Jordan to many. For both have a capacity for emotion not often found in fragile ingénues. Now let's watch for the newcomer in "Dancing Lady."

THE long absence of Dorothy Jordan from the screen is soon to be broken when she comes back as a full-fledged star in "Wild Birds." Her leading man will be young Tom Brown. Please don't remark something about "birds of a feather." We beat you to it.





SOON you will see that long-awaited first picture of Dorothea Wieck. As you probably know, it will be "Cradle Song," and here is the appealing German actress costumed for her rôle in the story of convent life in Spain. The smaller photo is fraulein as she goes about the Paramount lot.



PICTURE PLAY readers beat the casting director in discovering Charlotte Virginia Henry for "Alice in Wonderland." The Brooklyn girl won all hearts in "Huckleberry Finn" and the inquiries about her would have done credit to a flashing star. The small photo shows her as she was before she was picked out of 7000 candidates.





RUBY KEELER is much more than a tap dancer de luxe, more than a popular screen personality, and more even than Mrs. Al Jolson. She is herself! You must read Margaret Reid's story on the opposite page to know more about her than has ever been published in a single article.

Photo by Elmer Fryer

HALIFAX HONEY

Ruby Keeler is surprisingly gentle and modest considering that she could be excused for being both dizzy and ritzy.

By Margaret Reid

RUBY KEELER is a surprise. If she conformed to the pattern of her life she would be a knowing, wisecracking baby, for wasn't she a night-club dancer when she was thirteen years old? Or she would be a contentedly self-important young matron, for, after all, isn't she the wife of Al Jolson, one of the most popular and richest stars in the theater? There is ample excuse for Ruby to be either dizzy or ritzy, or both. That she is neither constitutes the surprise.

The adjectives which describe Ruby are the ones associated with any girl who dreams through a quiet childhood and leaves the shelter of her family only for the shelter of her husband. Adjectives such as "nice," "modest," "gentle," and "sincere" apply to Ruby, whose childhood was spent, not in nurseries and gardens, but in the shifting colored lights of night clubs.

In the middle of the night, when other little girls of her age were sleeping, Ruby was dancing on a polished, smoke-hung floor under a blazing spotlight. She was innocent of the men's eyes appraising her adolescent body as she tapped and swayed and whirled. Maybe there was an indulgent guardian angel keeping a weather eye on her. Or maybe it was that Mrs. Keeler and Ruby were nice people.

Sitting recently in the interview room of the Warner offices in New York, Ruby was at the most exciting part of her picture career, her first flowering of success. "Forty-second Street" had put her away up on the cinema map, and "Gold Diggers of 1933" had done it again. Her New York vacation was a tumult of interviews and photographs and uncourted publicity. The success of the hour was a trifle breathless, but she did not raise her eyebrows in phony unconcern, nor did she giggle with girlish excitement. She sat, shy but poised, and spoke when spoken to in her deliberate, quiet little voice, without a flutter.

A blue tweed suit matched her incredibly blue eyes. Her thick black lashes, unplucked brows, and healthy, pink cheeks render make-up unnecessary. It's a funny little face and a wholly beguiling one. Not much of a nose, a demure mouth—a tender, honest little Irish face made arresting by blazing blue eyes.

Does she like the movies?

Oh, yes, very much. Even though she was frightened at first.

"I started out with wonderful luck. In 'Forty-second Street' I played a girl new to the stage and scared to death. It was the perfect excuse for the way I felt—



Photo by Feyer

Miss Keeler, who began dancing in a night club at thirteen, takes her success as an actress with neither phony unconcern nor girlish excitement.

and acted. One reviewer said I was either a good actress or else very scared. I wanted to write to him and tell him the second guess was the right one."

She doesn't think much of her acting, but she hopes that some day she may be a fairly good actress, because she'd like to be. Her ambition is quiet and earnest, but it is not desperate. She has a fine serenity of nature which precludes futile fevers. Even her explanation of her entry into the theater at thirteen is untinged with any spurious dramatics.

"My dad," she explains, "was ill. And I was the oldest girl in the family, so naturally——"

Ever since she was about three years old, she had danced. Her parents had moved from her birthplace, Halifax, Nova Scotia, to New York when she was three. By the time she had been in public school a year or so her dexterity in the school drills had become so marked that her parents placed her in the Professional Children's School. Among her classmates were Lillian Roth, Marguerite Churchill, William Janney, and Gene Raymond.

When she was thirteen, and her father fell ill, Ruby thought it was fine that she was already equipped to help out. Because she was a cute child with lightning feet and melting grace, she got a job immediately in the chorus of a musical show called "The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly." And continued to work steadily in night clubs and choruses of Broadway shows.

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HOLLYWOOD

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



Bookworms like Virginia Dabney must make sure that a little absent-minded exposure only adds to the general scenery.



Photo by Acme

Another Cagney—Bill, Jimmy's brother. Boots Mallory is the little woman.

RUTH CHATTERTON is deady opposed to playing any more shady ladies. So opposed that she was willing to sacrifice her salary for a month rather than be seen in "Mandalay." She feels that there ought to be something in the films for her other than such honkatonk heroines as she portrayed in "Frisco Jenny" and "Lilly Turner." She doesn't want always to seem bait for men.

This is the first revolt of the kind that has occurred in months. Maybe it's the forerunner of a reform movement on the part of stars. Many of them have doted on appearing as damsels of uneasy virtue. They're regarded as so much more dramatic than the strait-laced

sisterhood. "Nice" heroines have often been described as colorless, but possibly since Mae West has gone to the uttermost limit in depicting them, the pendulum is to swing back, and charming and persuasive innocence will come into its own again. Ruth's firm "No" to the idea of being perpetually naughty does suggest possibilities in that direction, and the tendency is one that will bear watching for the time being.

Because of her temporary vacation, while Warner Brothers looked for something else to replace "Mandalay," Ruth won't wind up her engagement at the studio until December. And we hear that George Brent may leave with her when she goes, even though his contract has still some time to run. Kay Francis took Ruth's place in "Mandalay."

Stars Freeze Mae West.—Mae West was cold-shouldered at her premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Very few stars turned out, except those from her own studio. Gloria Swanson, Richard Barthelmess, and William Powell saw the picture on the opening night, but there was a reason, for Bill went with Carol Lombard, who is a Paramount player, and Miss Swanson, Barthelmess,

One of Marie Dressler's birthday treats was an overnight visit to the White House.



and he are good friends.

Metro-Goldwyn, Fox, and RKO stars were scarcely to be observed. It

looked a little chilling, but did Mae care? She drew a full house, anyway, for the first showing of "I'm No Angel," with executives and society people well represented, and they seemed to be highly amused.

HIGH LIGHTS

Our rambling reporters get the inside gossip from all the studios.

Also she gained a major victory. Marlene Dietrich was present, and that quelled the report that Miss Dietrich had not recognized Mae's existence when she returned from Europe. Indeed, Miss West, talking to the press, vouchsafed the information that Marlene and she were pals, and that Marlene and *little Maria* liked her songs!

Matrimonial Flub-dub.—Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez put on the anticipated silly show just before their marriage, probably to excite extra attention and get extra publicity. Lupe apparently inspired most of it, for she was very flip in answering questions put to her by reporters, saying "Maybe I marry to-morrow; maybe I marry next week; maybe I marry a year from now. Maybe I tell nobody; maybe the whole world will know," and much more jargon of that kind.

Husbands haven't seen anything yet in the way of curlers if the home permanent waver worn by Helen Mack becomes popular.

Mae Clarke and Sidney Blackmer are that way about each other and can't conceal it even from the news photographers.

Photo by Wide World



Among the nonsensical things that the two did, a 300-odd-mile trip to Las Vegas, Nevada, was not the least silly. They went there for a marriage license that wasn't used. They drove there and back during a night and a morning, some six or seven hours each way, taking out the license at 4:30 a. m.

Studio attachés became pretty weary of their antics.

Baby LeRoy a Worry.—When the N. R. A. fight over salaries was on, some people became terribly worried about the size of Baby LeRoy's weekly revenue, and whether he might be seriously affected by the threatened control of the money paid to stars. The matter was looked into, and it was discovered that the baby receives only \$50 a week when he is working, and \$15 as a sort of retainer when he isn't. He is guaranteed only ten weeks' work a year. Pretty good for an infant, but nothing as compared with Greta Garbo's \$9,000 or \$10,000 a week. Later on, since his contract is on a sliding scale, he will receive \$110 a week, with a \$50 retainer, but nobody has to worry about all that inflation for several years.

Meanwhile, the baby has been having a terrible feud with W. C. Fields. He played with him in "Tillie and Gus," and took a violent dislike to Fields's nose, his hair, or his hats, and would hardly work with the comedian at all. The younger they are, the more temperament!

Several actresses shied at the idea of playing with Baby LeRoy in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," because he is such a picture-stealer. Among them, we heard, were Gloria Swanson and Carol Lombard. Maurice Chevalier is reputed to have said that he wouldn't play with the child again

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The STRANGE CASE

By Jeanne de Kolty



Photo by Bull

WHAT has happened to Karen Morley? A year ago one of the brightest potential stars on the Hollywood horizon, to-day she stands at the crossroads. Many Hollywood observers contend that Miss Morley's career, which began so brilliantly a short time ago, is rapidly fading into oblivion. Be they right or wrong, there can be little room for doubt that Karen's fate hangs in the balance, in the face of recent events.

When she was first discovered by Clarence Brown, the director, Karen was hailed as star material. Scarcely a day went by without some published account of her charm, her poise, her individuality. To-day her name rarely appears in print, and then only in the smallest, most obscure items.

When Karen's baby was born recently, a short paragraph in a corner of a Los Angeles newspaper announced the event. It stated that a seven-pound son had been born to Karen Morley, actress, and her husband, Charles Vidor, director, at Saint Vincent's hospital. It carried no account of Karen's brilliant rise to fame, no mention of her popularity in films. A year ago, so important an event probably would have been given a headline and a two-column picture of the actress.

It is not alone the attitude of the press which has changed. Grunblings on the part of the public are becoming more evident each day. Fans want to know what Karen is doing, why more is not heard about her, why the sudden change from colorful public life to aloof seclusion? "We pay to see her," they argue. "Haven't we a right to know something about her?" Their query is met by silence on the part of Karen.

As to the attitude of the studio where she is under

contract, it has completely reversed since Karen first attracted marked attention in Garbo's "Inspiration."

Shortly after the picture was completed, I happened to mention to one of the studio publicity writers that Karen and I had been classmates at high school. The publicity man asked me—nay, begged me—to write a story about Karen. Metro-Goldwyn, he explained, was anxious to build up this brilliant actress, who was slated for the heights. The result of that conversation was the first fan-magazine story ever written about Miss Morley, in Picture Play of October, 1931.

A few weeks ago I telephoned to the studio requesting information for another story about Karen. The publicity department informed me that she could not be reached, they knew nothing about her expectant motherhood—the baby had not yet arrived—and had no information to give me.

From the attitude of the person I spoke with, I had the impression that interest in Karen was on the wane. Possibly that is not true. Possibly the studio has some reason for wishing to assist Karen in her campaign for seclusion, but the present attitude is certainly a striking contrast to that of less than two years ago!

At the beginning of her career, Karen went out of her way to gain friends among representatives of the press, and through them, the fans. She was always delighted at the prospect of an interview and did all she could to assist the writers. She even went so far as to suggest new angles for stories. She attracted considerable attention by issuing statements on her rather extraordinary views of love and marriage.

"I would rather be dead than face the life which is the usual lot of women," she said in an interview a little more than a year ago. "I could never see little Karen sweeping, cooking, and having babies. Even love would never bring me to that."

That she meant what she said is hard to believe in the face of the fact that to-day she is the mother of a robust infant.

In another interview, she remarked that she was too busy even to think of romance. "Possibly years from now I will consider marriage," she said. "But it won't be for a long, long time."

Two or three months later, Karen was the wife of Charles Vidor. Perhaps Karen still entertains her much-discussed distaste for domesticity. But she lives in a large home in Westwood Village with but one maid, she eats three meals a day, and I haven't heard of her husband missing a meal yet, and her house is scrupulously clean!

About the time of her marriage, Karen suddenly ceased to be interested in publicity of any sort. The girl who had been the fan writers' delight made a complete about-face. She refused to see any one. She would not comment upon her romance with Charles Vidor, other than to deny its existence. Rumors arose that she was married. She denied the truth point-blank.

She denied the truth point-blank.

of MISS MORLEY

Has Karen Morley deserted her career to be a mother and housewife, which she often declared she would never do, or has she just gone into snooty seclusion for a while?

On a hunch, I communicated with J. M. Backs, county clerk of Orange County, California. From Santa Ana he wrote last November:

"Charles Vidor, age 33, and Mildred L. Linton, age 22, were married in Santa Ana November 15, 1932, by Harry Evan Owings, a minister."

Karen and I first met when we were freshmen at Hollywood High School. At that time she was plain Mildred Linton, fresh from Iowa.

After her marriage, Karen continued to work in pictures. She is under contract to M.-G.-M. and apparently the studio has no intention of releasing the talented actress whose ability nobody who knows her will deny.

"She seems to look upon the world with mistrust," says Louella O. Parsons, whose influence with both stars and executives is unchallenged in the movie world. "I don't believe she is trying to be snooty. Rather, she is unreliable. She just isn't on the level. A week after her marriage, she gave me a purportedly exclusive story denying any romance. She seems to have no faith in any one. Surely, she realizes that we writers wish her no harm! Karen has always been charming to me, and it is hard to believe she would deliberately lie. Rather, I believe that she is ill-advised."

Many explanations have been offered for Karen's attitude. It has been suggested that she wishes to give up her career for motherhood. This is difficult to credit when one considers the tremendous amount of hard work and heart-breaking struggle that she has put into her career. Since the day we first met, Karen has been working toward one objective—professional success. She hoped to become a physician, and spent two years at college preparing for medical training. This did not prevent her taking part in every school play and operetta that was given, and when she finally relinquished the idea of becoming a doctor, she set her heart upon success as an actress. She has made a slave of herself for pictures. Surely, she cannot intend to give up the career that has cost so much?

A possible explanation lies in the fact that Karen's behavior has resembled that of Greta Garbo in the past few months. Unfortunately, Karen lacks the glamour

of the Swedish star. The brilliant publicity campaign which resulted in one of the strongest fan followings ever created might prove dynamite in another's hands. It is difficult to believe that this extremely intelligent and talented girl would try to imitate another star!

Nevertheless, just after their marriage, Karen and her husband visited the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where the actress met her first success. Apparently they made every effort to conceal their identity, entering and leaving the theater while the lights were dimmed, and giving old friends the cut direct. This performance certainly smacked of the "Garboesque." [Continued on page 55]

Photo by Wide World



To-day her name rarely appears in print. Even the birth of her son, Michael Karoly Vidor, got only a short paragraph in a Las Angeles newspaper.

Why STARS

They're considered fair game by every one with something to sell and as fame increases it's harder and harder to say "No!"



WHY are there so few movie fortunes? What happens to those big salaries? Some actors wave their money adieu down the stock-market slide, others buy laundries or hosiery mills or ranches or gold mines. The answer is the same. They live splendidly, often invest foolishly and are targets for salesmen gifted with silver oratory. Usually stars pay much more for everything than you or I would be charged.

"Well, I have a nice hot story for you to-day!" Richard Dix greeted me some time ago. "I'm flat broke!"

At that time Hollywood estimated his fortune at well over a million. I was so surprised that I actually stopped eating. Extending my hand, I said brokenly, "Pard!"

"Practically," he qualified.

When I learned his definition of that word, I felt a bit easier for the fate of his pedigreed dogs. I can't work up much sympathy for a man with real-estate holdings and who gets fifty thousand dollars a picture, besides percentages.

However, when one who has earned as much as Dix, who is reputed to have been successful in business ventures and who is not a spendthrift, confesses that he is strapped for cash and cleaned out of all other assets but real estate, it is a situation worth pondering.

Richard Dix is one of the least extravagant actors, though not stingy. His scale of living is exactly what it would be were he successful in some other profession, he insists. His wardrobe makes a big dent in his salary, but his cars are never of the most expensive models. He steers clear of premières, waiting for popular-price showings. Theaters and dinners cost him only what is necessary to repay social obligations.

He lives simply on his San Fernando ranch, the upkeep of which totals two hundred and fifty dollars a month. It is nonproductive, designed merely as a home. Maintenance of this and other real estate requires no negligible sum.

Actors are notoriously poor business men, although there are a few good ones, he says. I inquired as witheringly as possible, "Who?"

"Here's one!" He emphatically thumped his broad chest.

"Didn't you lose your shirt in the market crash a few years ago?" I asked.

"Now, now, you're getting technical," he admonished. "I hold onto my money longer than most actors. I took only one big licking



These players tell how they try to hold their own, some even going into business on the side. Helen Chandler, Ricardo Cortez, Charles Bickford, Edmund Lowe, and Esther Ralston have shopping systems.

GO BROKE

By Myrtle Gebhart

on the market—and I lost in a bank crash. But I've profited in other business ventures and in real estate. I consider myself a good business man. Others? Lewis Stone, Conrad Nagel, Thomas Meighan—men of their steady type inspire respect.

"But we all buy dozens of neckties we don't need, or a 'genuine Chinese mandarin's coat'—made in Los Angeles—or gaudy vases at antique prices. That is part of the price we pay for being actors."

Even aside from costly plunges, it is difficult for an actor to salt away many ducats for that inevitable gloomy day. A large portion of his earnings must go back into his career.

And he seldom is quoted the private citizen's prices. There is a tendency among merchants to consider cinema celebs fair game. Don't they belong to the public? Resentment is voiced at times because the actors object to the belief that they should dish out their money to the public that gives it to them.

True, shopkeepers have carried some bad stellar accounts on their books; some players are notoriously "poor pay," frequently through forgetfulness. Often servants are trusted with too much responsibility, and the merchant, ascribing carelessness to the actors who shop by proxy, may try to nick them—probably to make up for the bad accounts.

And some stellar lights manage to sail along, victors in a one-sided battle. There was the girl, for instance, who got an expensive new motor periodically "on trial," always with a good excuse for not making a down payment, rode in grand style for several months by "neglecting" the agent's letters, and returned it when he became annoying. This dodge worked for a couple of years, during which she was driven in luxurious cars on which she hadn't paid a dime. But is that bad business on the part of the girl or the dealer?

And there was the blond ingénue who made a deal with a jeweler by the terms of which she was to broadcast hints to the boy friends around gift days, receiving fifteen per cent commission besides the baubles. So the merchants partially justify their attitude.

"It is habitual with them to overcharge us," Dix said. "We must expect that a part of our salaries will be wasted in this manner."

He would not estimate the figure, but others have placed it all the way between a tenth and a fourth of their incomes.

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Richard Dix explains in detail why money is slippery in Hollywood. Ken Maynard, Mary Astor, Bill Boyd, and Ann Harding also tell of their struggles to beat the high cost of stardom.



Photo by Cosmo

They Say

By Karen Hollis

Warner Brothers have sent Busby Berkeley, their dance director, to New York to sign a few dozen dancing beauties. And I thought all the time that I was watching "Footlight Parade" that they already had too many. Even through the splendid gaudiness of the waterfall number I kept wishing the girls would finish their stint and make way for Jim Cagney.

Paramount's big idea was to hold beauty contests all over the world in order to find recruits for a picture called "The Search for Beauty." England's, Ireland's, Scotland's, and South Africa's nominees arrived in New York en route to Hollywood and proved to be four very pretty girls and as many nice-looking boys. Maybe there is a potential Garbo or Gable among them, but it seems to me the chance is just as good, if not better, of finding a potential star among Hollywood extras.

Latest to enlist outside aid for Hollywood is Jesse Lasky, who wants recruits from society for his picture, "Coming Out Party." He already has Alice Moats, who wrote "No Nice Girl Swears."

A little group of New York Junior Leaguers, discussing their débutante friends and their possibilities, weren't too enthusiastic. To hear them tell it, there is hardly a girl among them who doesn't try to ape the looks and mannerisms of her favorite star of the moment. They are just pallid replicas of Greta Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West, and Kay Francis, according to their friends.

In the midst of the discussion up cropped an incident that has long been gloated over in New York's social circles. It happened before Mae West became the rage that she now is, back in the days when she was being arrested regularly for putting on shows that somebody or other considered indecent.

A society reporter remarked that a certain young woman of one of our first families grew to resemble Miss West more every day. Next day the telephone wires to the newspaper office burned. The mother, the uncle, the family lawyer, and finally the girl herself, called to protest indignantly. The reporter admitted her blunder, professed to be broken-hearted, said that she would never

make such an invidious comparison again, and then added slyly, "Because every one expects Mae West to sue me for libel."

Marlene Dietrich, returning from Europe, made history when she said she did not know Mae West.

Broadway Lights Up.—After a few false starts, the theater

season has got under way and Hollywoodians are scampering East to see if the stage is up to any new tricks they can borrow. Janet Gaynor, Al Jolson, Irene Dunne, Marie Dressler, Harold Lloyd, Colleen Moore, Wallace Beery, and Miriam Jordan have been among the first nighters. On the other side of the footlights they find players that Broadway snatched from Hollywood, usually while Hollywood's interest in them was at low ebb.

Lois Moran, Marilyn Miller, and Douglas Gilmore, all of whom films released without a pang, are knock-outs on Broadway. Frances Fuller who was so beguiling in "One Sunday Afternoon," had contracted to do a play on Broadway before her advent into pictures, so she is not a Hollywood cast-off, just a loan. Pola Negri,

EVERY one who ought to know says that Hollywood is overcrowded by some ten thousand players.

Not ten thousand screen-struck amateurs, but ten thousand players who have had some experience but just haven't caught the eye of a casting director when he was in a mood to give an unknown a break. So what do the Hollywood executives do? They launch innumerable campaigns to lure more people to Hollywood to take a chance on the biggest gamble of the day.

Harold Lloyd, working in the modest way of a producer who makes just one picture in ever so long a while, has signed a girl to play in his future pictures. She is Pauline Moore, an artist's model. She poses in many of Arthur William Brown's magazine illustrations.

Mr. Muni's performance is not distinguished, although it could not fail to be competent, of course. But more, much more, is expected of the star of "Scarface" and "I Am a Fugitive." On the other hand, Mary Astor is brilliantly successful as Mr. Muni's cruel, neurotic wife, and Gordon Westcott is fine as his idle son with an English accent. Some of the others, however, fail signally to portray the passing years beyond turning their faces over to the make-up department.

"Torch Singer."

Claudette Colbert, Ricardo Cortez, David Manners, Lyda Roberti, Baby LeRoy, Florence Roberts, Cora Sue Collins. Directors: Alexander Hall and George Sommes.

Claudette Colbert's fans admire their favorite for satisfying performance from every standpoint, which includes singing and a parade of striking costumes. But her enthusiasm for the picture, which stars her, will be dimmed. For it is a maudlin, a rehash of familiar situations reminiscent of early films, but well done. Miss Colbert begins as a naive girl deserted by the father of her child, this being the excuse for a sequence in an orphan ward à la "Life with a Father." No sooner has poverty forced her to sacrifice her child for adoption than she meets her way. Rapidly she progresses to a top-notch singer in night clubs, but always she yearns for her baby fingers. Accidentally she becomes a radio star when she cynically takes the place of a frightened Sylvia Sydney in a "bedtime stories at the microphone." The "patch" her and she takes seriously her audience of kiddles. Yes, I'm sure they're called kiddles. Anything for her own child increases and eventually "Mrs. West" nudges her and, to round out everything nicely, the films never returns from China to be forgiven.

thoroughly mentioned, all this is well done and the act has a charm throughout. But it's such a sausage-like story, impulse with a flourish. I

"I'm No Angel."

Cary Grant, Edward Arnold, Ralfe Harolde, Michael, Kent Taylor, Gregory Ratoff, William B. Dyer. Director: Wesley Ruggles.

that if I left I'd not stand in strength of personality, Mae West is the main attraction to-day. Because of this she is under the scrutiny of her new picture which is breaking everywhere. But this is more because of the business of her former one and the consequent build-up. For the current vehicle is weaker than "I'm No Angel," and no one is sorer for the scenario.

the vigor and the color of the Bowery classic

"Bombshell," a merciless exposure of the so-called private life of Hollywood, enables Jean Harlow to give a brilliant performance although the film is too disillusioning for the majority.

and Mae is toned down. Only slightly, it is true. She wisecracks, she sings, and she struts, but she stoops to gather sympathy. In the other picture she didn't care. She let us form our own opinion and we loved her for not caring. But here, unfortunately, Mae goes out of her way to show us that she's bluffing, that really she is a sentimentalist almost as eager for a happy Christmas-card ending as Janet Gaynor. How else to account for the outcome of the breach-of-promise suit and Mae's fade-out embrace with Cary Grant as the defendant? Incidentally, the courtroom sequence is the comic high light of the picture and Mae's cross-examination of the witnesses, her subjugation of the jury, and her flirtation with the ancient judge are moments to remember.

Before that she is seen as the "cooch" dancer of a side-show, then the star of a big circus, and as the retired lady of leisure whose only occupation is to snare willing, grateful, and generous men.

Far from an inspired story, but rather an excuse to flaunt the West personality, the picture is inconceivable without her. The best line comes, I think, when Mae, all but suffocated in spangles and feathers, draws to one of her four colored maids, "Beulah, peel me a grape." But it is not fair to single out one speech of Mae's. She makes them all sure-fire.

The whole show, and nothing else but, Miss West subordinates the entire cast, demoting such accomplished

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By Edwin
Schallert

HELL OVER

Is it just "nerves" from high-tension work
or the artistic temperament that keeps
feuds simmering in the movie colony?

HOLLYWOOD is a fighting town. Persnickity temperamental bouts are always being waged. Sometimes they are real fist fights. More often they are just squabbles, with hot words, snubs, and ritzes. Whichever way the chips fall, and sometimes they fall quite briskly and right off the shoulder, there's many a petty quarrel that turns into a burning feud.

Occasionally shots have been fired, but mostly in the old days. Once a real duel was threatened. Norman Kerry was all but challenged with coffee and pistols for two. He had a disagreement with a foreign actor whose idea of vengeance was an early-morning encounter with real weapons. That might be the way to settle things, but under California law a duel happens to be a felony. So after considering Mexico and other more distant points, the two antagonists abandoned the combat.

Feuds nowadays often reach the punch stage. One punch generally is all that's delivered, as when Al Jolson recently took a sock at Walter Winchell because he thought Winchell, in writing "Broadway Through a Keyhole," cast aspersions at him and Ruby Keeler. This brief and much publicized tournament provided a nine-day wonder and is said to have netted Winchell \$10,000 extra for exploitation of his film. Anyway, he said so. And if it did, that was one instance where the punchee rather than the puncher got the purse.

The battle of Jolson versus Winchell adds to a long list of feuds which featured blows, including those between Louis B. Mayer and Charles Chaplin in 1920; John Barrymore and Myron Selznick; John Gilbert and Jim Tully; Tom Mix and a stage comedian, Will Morrisey; Ernst Lubitsch, the director, and Hans Kraly, the writer, which occupied headline attention for days, because of the prominence of the principals and the fact that the ex-Mrs. Lubitsch was dancing with Kraly at the time; and finally George Raft and some obscure assailant.

Hollywood always relishes a good fight, and lately they have occurred with fair regularity, although not always with stars as combatants. The fact is that stars have to protect their faces and if the fighting keeps up, a clause may go into contracts forbidding luminaries from indulging in



CLAUDETTE COLBERT



JACK LARUE



MIRIAM HOPKINS



WALTER WINCHELL



LILYAN TASHMAN

HOLLYWOOD



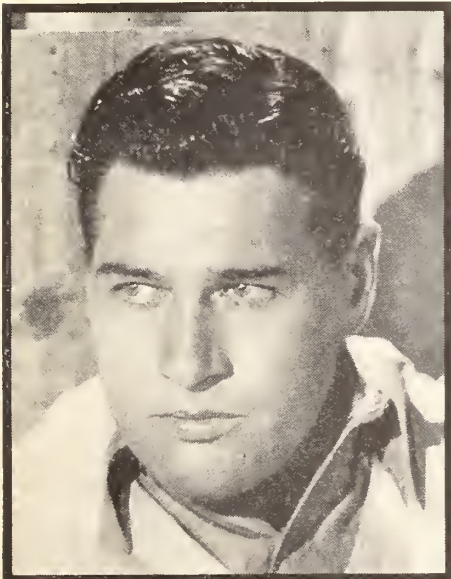
THELMA TODD



WILLIAM GARGAN



LUPE VELEZ



RICHARD ARLEN



NANCY CARROLL

any pugilistic pastime. Black eyes, swollen noses, cauliflower ears, and mauled faces are likely to hold up production and cost a lot of money.

No such battling is anticipated at the moment, though. If there are wars to be fought among players, they'll be done with the stiletto of acid glances, the velvet claw of feline repartee, the pillowed wallop of "I don't care to talk to you. Out of my way!"

And are the movie sparklers masters and mistresses of these arts, as well as the more genial one of ribbing!

Still there are always the film fights. They lead to many things. The widely recited antipathy between Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins, for instance. They got very mad at each other over a slapping scene in "The Smiling Lieutenant." The slaps administered by Colbert were too hard, Miriam thought. The scene, though it was shown late in the film, was photographed early. The two didn't look at each other very kindly through the rest of the production, and even had words. A feud was started which has never been overcome. You may have noticed that Miss Colbert and Miss Hopkins have never been seen together since then.

Clara Bow and Thelma Todd weren't so hot about each other after their encounter in "Call Her Savage." A slap in a movie may be just a synthetic slap, but it seems to have dire sequels among the ladies. Often, to be sure, much is made of the antipathies that supposedly arise, just for the sake of press-agenting. Still the Bow-Todd affair had genuine feudish earmarks—or were they cheek marks?

The one thing that hasn't happened yet is the spectacle of two women clawing each other in public. Those who sit around waiting for sensational events feel that this will occur some day, but so far their dream has been frustrated.

Tallulah Bankhead got her face slapped and her hat torn off by a woman in a London restaurant, but after all that was too far away to provide a ringside thrill. Fights between cinema ladies may go on behind closed doors, for all that anybody knows, but if they do no one ever emerges looking the worse for the experience. The truth is that the ladies think too much of their faces.

According to legend, Constance Bennett and Lilyan Tashman did choose a beauty parlor to tell frankly what they thought of each other. Occupying adjacent booths, their snappy comments were made to the attendants, so that each could be overheard by the other. There has been a feud between the two now and again over who is the best-dressed woman in Hollywood. But Constance recently extended the olive branch, complimenting Lilyan by naming her among the world's best-dressed women. But did Lil do the same? She did not. [Continued on page 53]



Blair Gordon Newell, Gloria's sculptor husband, maintains a separate home.

FOURTH of JULY GIRL



But the separation is only part of their independence code and not permanent, Miss Stuart insists.

Born on Independence Day, Gloria Stuart is spirited enough for the admiration of any hundred-per-cent American fan.

By Leroy Keleher

SHE was born on the Fourth of July, which probably accounts for her gay spirit of independence. She has a whimsical, enigmatic smile and refuses to conform to any predetermined mold. Therefore, the sanguine publicity written about her is a radical antithesis to the real Gloria Stuart.

An advocate of egoism and individual freedom, she insists she is a combination of bohemian and futurist. Away from the studio she wears horn-rimmed glasses and inconspicuous clothes.

Success, she contends, is not a matter of waiting, but of preparation. Only recently did she satisfy a lifelong ambition to ride through Central Park in a hansom cab. And then she fell asleep and missed the thrill.

Altogether too much stress has been placed on her lethargy, however. While she frequently dozes on the set between takes, she doesn't, as has been said, curl up and go to sleep at parties. In the first place, Gloria is too well-bred deliberately to insult her host or hostess. Then, too, she wouldn't attend such an unexciting party, for she detests being bored. That is why she thinks five years are enough to be an actress.

When Universal informed her they were launching a huge publicity campaign heralding her as their newest star, she put her foot down firmly. "No, thank you," she said. "I appreciate the honor, but I don't want stardom. Not yet, anyway.

The stars themselves could well be jealous of Leroy Keleher's fan mail. Here he is interviewing Gloria Stuart on the "Roman Scandals" set.

I would rather grow toward it gradually, through good pictures and good rôles, than achieve it prematurely."

Gloria smokes moderately and seldom touches a cocktail. She is too watchful of her figure for the latter. Lunches invariably on graham crackers and a glass of milk. She is not adverse to chatting with script girls and property boys.

She believes that honest sin is better than dishonest virtue. Not that she goes in for sin, she hastens to assure you. It is only another one of her theories gleaned from books and daily contacts.

Despite her refusal to worry over petty trivialities, she is often in a dejected mood. She is not burdened by silly inhibitions. She thinks there is too much hypocrisy in morality and not enough frankness.


Her great-grandparents sailed around the Horn and settled in California in 1846. She was born in Santa Monica twenty-two years ago. Marshall Duffield and Phil Neil, U. S. C. and Stanford half backs, were her playmates. She never owned a doll. She was a typical tomboy, proficient at "skinning the cat."

For three and a half years, she studied Greek philosophy at the University of California. Then she moved to the artists' colony at Carmel-by-the-sea where she became associate editor of the *Carmelite*.

Married Blair Gordon Newell, a struggling young sculptor, against her parents' advice. The Newells live high in the Hollywood hills and cherish plans for an artists' colony of their own. They have only five or six intimate friends, serious-minded folk like them-

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GLORIA STUART is one of the most interesting stars because she is contradictory—and pleasantly so. Her fragile loveliness is oddly at variance with her independence and her distinctly mental outlook on life. The penetrating and sympathetic description of her by Leroy Keleher on the opposite page will increase the popularity of both.

Photo by Freulich



Underworld

George Bancroft, without a peer in portraying the sinister aspects of metropolitan life, returns to the screen after a long absence in "Blood Money."



GEORGE BANCROFT as a professional bondsman is the central figure in a series of exciting adventures which provide him with the rôle he has been waiting for. He is seen, left, with Judith Anderson, famous stage actress, who makes her screen début. Directly above are Chick Chandler and Frances Dee, while at the top of the page Hawaiian dancers undulate



TROPIC HEAT

"White Woman" takes us to the heart of Africa where Charles Laughton magnificently dominates both natives and his fellow Englishmen as a self-styled king.



CAROL LOMBARD, right, is the white captive of Africa as well as of Charles Laughton though it is hardly necessary to say that a younger man tries to rescue her. He is Kent Taylor, seen with Mr. Laughton and Miss Lombard directly above. Again he is with *la* Lombard in the canoe.





HERE is Margaret Sullavan who makes her screen debut after achieving an enviable position on Broadway. She plays the sweetheart of John Boles, with whom she is seen below, and their touching story is the subject of the picture. Miss Sullavan is with Billie Burke in the smaller photo



MEMORIES

"Only Yesterday," tenderly retrospective in the manner of "Back Street," not only boasts a dazzling array of favorites but introduces a newcomer from the stage, Margaret Sullavan, who is expected to create a stir.

LADY DOC

Ann Harding plays a wizard of plastic surgery in "Beautiful" and magnanimously restores the marred features of her rival, winning Nils Asther as her reward.



MISS HARDING'S ashen beauty has never been shown to greater advantage than in her new film, and her luck in obtaining Nils Asther for her leading man will cause rejoicing among admirers of both. Popular Robert Young also plays a prominent rôle.



WINCHELL



WALTER WINCHELL'S widely publicized "Broadway Keyhole" is here glimpsed. At the top of the page Miss Cummings, as a night-club ingénue, looks into the eyes of Texas Columbo, who plays a crooner. Miss Cummings is also seen with a hoop. Hugh O'Connell and Texas Guinan look on. Kelly is the racketeer who is jealous of Miss Cum

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players as Gregory Ratoff and Edward Arnold to mere "feeders" and giving the others little more to do, even Mr. Grant as the nominal hero.

"Bombshell."

Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Frank Morgan, Franchot Tone, Pat O'Brien, Una Merkel, Ivan Lebedeff, Louise Beavers, Ted Healy. Director: Victor Fleming.

The so-called private life of a screen star is Jean Harlow's current assignment in a picture that is enormously funny and a little depressing, too. It is more revealing than the frankest story in a fan magazine and mercilessly depicts the shallow, hectic existence of a glamorous blonde who lives in headlines. She is put there by an unscrupulous press agent who pursues her relentlessly, destroying every chance of privacy and yet, through his understanding of her unreal life and confused character, he is the only man who can offer her any semblance of sincere affection.

Miss Harlow's performance is spectacular, the best she has ever given, more of a test of her ability than her rôle in "Dinner at Eight" because it is a star part and she is rarely off the screen. Her *Lola Burns* is not exactly a lovable girl, what with her constant outbursts and incessant bickering, but Miss Harlow manages subtly to gain sympathy for her. More, she makes one realize what *Lola* might have been had not she been caught in the whirl of an abnormal life. Yet Miss Harlow doesn't become sentimental, even on the sly, but plays honestly and forthrightly. It is just that her skill as an actress is increasingly apparent and she can now suggest shades of meaning where formerly she used one bold color.

Lee Tracy is perfectly cast as the press agent and Franchot Tone gives what is perhaps his best performance as a pseudo-lover of poor *Lola* who is tricked and cheated even in moonlight romance by her Nemesis, the press agent. Mr. Tone is uncommonly successful in reading the florid lines of his speeches without rousing suspicion in either *Lola* or the audience. But he, too, is just a "plant." And so it is with her entire career, as we see it—everything is false. There is not a husk of reality for the girl to cling to. All the performances are of the highest order, but the picture is Miss Harlow's first, last, and always.

"Stage Mother."

Alice Brady, Maureen O'Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Alan Edwards, C. Henry Gordon, Russell Hardie, Phillips Holmes. Director: Charles Brabin.

Alice Brady falls from her high estate as a brilliant comédienne and

suggests an urgent need of restraint if she is to remain on the screen. Her acting in this is the most excessive exhibit of the month, as painful to her admirers as if she had lost her sense of humor. Indeed, there is more than a suspicion that she has. After her capital work in "When Ladies Meet," and more particularly in "From Broadway to Hollywood" and "Beauty For Sale," it is inconceivable that she could so forget herself as, to put it vulgarly, to go "hammy."

On the other hand, Maureen O'Sullivan gives the best performance of her career. More than merely charming and human, she is touching, poignant. Between these two extremes of acting, however, the picture emerges as only fair, a curious lack of sincerity characterizing it.

Miss Brady and Miss O'Sullivan are mother and daughter, the one a veteran of vaudeville intent on mak-



ing her offspring a success, the other rebellious, repressed, and unhappy in stage life. Mercilessly manipulating her daughter's affairs, the mother finally is brought to her senses when the daughter decides to marry into the British aristocracy, where her parent will not be welcome. Tears, however, and the reappearance of a former flame reconcile the two women—and save the ingénue's reputation with fans. But it is too late to save the picture from oblivion and Miss Brady from a fall from grace as an artist.

"The Bowery."

Wallace Beery, George Raft, Jackie Cooper, Fay Wray, Pert Kelton, George Walsh, Oscar Apfel. Director: Raoul Walsh.

Already this picture has proved a big success with the majority, but it is possible that some, like myself, do not wholeheartedly subscribe to it. To that lone company I submit my criticism. More in regret than resentment I contend that this first output of Twentieth Century Produc-

tions could have been far, far better, yet with no sacrifice of its rowdy quality which apparently captivates the easily pleased filmgoer.

It is a slapstick Bowery of the '90s that is here offered, where fun is dispensed in heavy-handed shovelfuls and sentimentality runs to the maudlin. Some one probably will say that such characters as *Chuck Connors*, self-styled mayor of Chinatown, and *Steve Brodie*, bridge-jumper, were hardly drawing-room characters in real life, and that is true. But even they deserve better treatment than was given them in the fictitious story of their *Flagg* and *Quirt* rivalry, their speech, and their costumes.

It is not reminiscent of the Bowery but of Hollywood story departments, where anything that has earned a laugh is filed for future reference. That is why we see Wallace Beery as *Chuck Connors* playing *The Champ* again, and why Jackie Cooper as his idolatrous protégé is jealous of the girl at whom Mr. Beery is casting sheep's eyes. And why Mr. Beery again obliges with a display of himself in clumsy underwear. Anyway, it gets an even bigger laugh, so it won't be long now before we see Mr. Beery's woolens some more.

Otherwise the story details the enmity of the two men, their fight for the leadership of the Bowery and their quarrel over a girl, the one burly and headstrong, the other dapper and cunning, and every point driven in with a sledge. Though it is a robustly comic picture, it is not authentic and has no substance as a reflection of the times except in the character names. However, because of its speed and the attractive cast, it rates highly with those who laugh from the solar plexus.

"Walls of Gold."

Sally Eilers, Norman Foster, Ralph Morgan, Rochelle Hudson, Rosita Moreno, Mary Mason. Director: Kenneth MacKenna.

That money does not insure happiness is the moral of this strangely old-fashioned story. It recalls two-score and more films of the silent era though a handsome, tasteful production in the best modern manner attempts to disguise it. Excellent dialogue, too, enters into the camouflage and the result, a smooth, rather well-acted if pulseless picture, is mildly diverting and never boring. But there is no reason for it.

Sally Eilers, a business executive, is in love with Norman Foster whose uncle, a fabulously wealthy industrial magnate, presents Miss Eilers with a

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"Finally Mae and I persuaded her that she wouldn't have to act, only pose, and she consented. Of course, when she did get into the studio she was fascinated by the idea of acting in front of a camera. Her desire to be an actress was born then and there."

"When I think of the dramatic star, Barbara Stanwyck, I can hardly believe that there was a time when she did not want to act."

I had always wondered how Anita Page became linked with the Harry K. Thaw film project of some years ago, so when I saw her picture in the book under the name of Anita Pomares, and still later in another catalogue under the name of Anita Rivers, I questioned Mr. Powers about it.

"I would not," he said, "talk about the Thaw angle if it wasn't a case of straightening out something that has been a detriment to Anita."

"When she was a child of twelve, her mother brought her to my office as a little model. You can see"—he pointed to the photographs of a curly-haired youngster—"that she was beautiful and full of personality. I'm always on the lookout for such models and she filled the bill ideally."

"Anita was not just an ordinary model," Mr. Powers said. "She used to act all over the place. She acted so well that I got the idea of sending her over to a friend of mine who was directing a picture at the Pathé studio. I told my friend to give her a part, any kind of a part." And that was when Anita's troubles started.

"The director," said Mr. Powers, "was crazy about her work, and offered her a contract. Anita called me up and said she wanted to sign. I told her not to sign unless he doubled his offer. She was stubborn,

but I got mad and talked sharply to her until she listened to reason. Finally she did sign—at twice the sum she had first been offered."

"Not until the contract was signed did Anita and her mother learn of Harry K. Thaw's association with the venture. Then it was too late to do anything about it."

As I was thumbing the pages of the old catalogues and saw pictures of Billie Dove and Neil Hamilton, I came across two pictures that struck me as singularly interesting. One was the picture of a little girl of about six, her golden head bent over a broken doll. The child's name was given as Anita Fremault, but I recognized even in the childish features the face of Anita Louise. And further on in the catalogue was the picture of a handsome young boy named Tom Brown.

Those two, who as children had a similar background, were professionals almost as far back as they can remember. And it is likely that they, who are now openly romancing, met and passed one another without a glance in the Powers office, much as little boys and girls meet in classrooms without impressing one another.

"Here," said Mr. Powers, breaking in upon my reflections on fate and romance, "recognize this girl? That's Constance Cummings. I'm going to tell you a little secret about Constance. The thing that worried her most in the old days, aside from a burning desire to be a movie actress, was the fear of getting fat. She has a natural tendency to plumpness and she used to watch her diet like a hawk."

"Constance was working as a chorus girl when she wasn't modeling for me, but she was as different from the average chorus girl as day is

from night. While the other models," said Mr. Powers, "sat around the office twiddling their thumbs and waiting for work, Constance read. She read good books, too, not trash, and she showed it in her conversation."

And when Constance wasn't warming a chair in Mr. Powers's office she was sitting, with almost Oriental patience, in a chair in the office of Louis Shurr, a theatrical agent. Usually she was accompanied by her inseparable friend, Peggy Conklin, a stage actress. The two girls sat in the Shurr office and read incessantly.

"Get me a screen test, Mr. Powers," Constance used to beg. "I know I'll make good in the movies if I just get a chance."

Mr. Powers was talking to me and flipping the pages of one of his old catalogues when suddenly his face lit up with a brilliant smile. "Now *there* is a man!" he said. He pointed to a picture of Fredric March.

"Freddie used to come breezing in here, pipe in his mouth, then breeze right out on a job," Mr. Powers said. "He had more work than he could handle. Artists and photographers used to call up and ask for the 'dramatic model,' Mr. March. They called him that because he acted even when only posing. He was a born actor and every picture he made for advertisements looked natural. One thing sure about Freddie, he'll never have to have benefits performed for him. He's a grand business man and knows how to hold onto his money."

That from Mr. Powers is in the nature of a supreme tribute, because most of the models who have worked for him have grown old in the work—and poor—because they lived up to every cent they earned.

Up from Smiling Ads

They Say in New York—

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The response was tremendous and many a downhearted player will find cheer in the friendly surroundings of the club this winter, thanks to Marie.

Colleen Moore made a brief and otherwise ingratiating speech saying that Marie was the only actress who dared admit having another birthday. Fanny Hurst paid her a touching tribute and said that Marie really suggested the story of "Back Street." Every one present worried about Marie's failing health and her disregard of doctor's orders and at the end of the evening she was, as usual, gay and blooming and exuberant, while every one who worried about her was wilted.

Irene's Secret.—When Irene Dunne came to New York and went into hiding for a few days, the usual rumors were rife. She was planning to divorce her husband, said one. She was fighting with her company, suggested another. That she had put on weight and was in training to take it off was another idea. Probably there were others. Meanwhile, Miss Dunne was suffering, even as you and I, with a horrible toothache. As soon as her husband, who is a dentist, had done his worst, she was as blithe as ever and quite unconscious of the murmurs she had started.

During her visit some one discovered that the five millionth ticket was about to be sold at Radio City Music

Hall, which has been open less than a year. It wouldn't do to let just any one buy this epoch-marking ticket, so she obliged. After all, that was little enough for her to do, considering that the preceding week some twenty thousand people a day had come to buy tickets to see her in "Ann Vickers."

Mimi Takes the Air.—Miriam Jordan, or Mimi, if you prefer, skips to New York when she has a few days' vacation between pictures. She just cannot get used to Hollywood. When she is there she is so busy working that she has no time to make friends, and when she has time on her hands she feels lonely and de-

pressed. With New York only a day away by plane, it seems easier to go visiting there where she has friends than to settle down to finding some in California. She always has to travel over the same route because there is only one air line that carries dogs, and Mimi has a Pekingese that goes everywhere with her.

Miss Jordan is a forthright, vital sort of person. She is not simply thrilled to death over her next rôle, the usual speech of any player who has not reached stardom. She says frankly that it is an old curio that has been rewritten in the studio so many times that it looks like a bad risk. She is as refreshing in person as she was in "I Loved You Wednesday."

Back to Work.—The busy season is starting in Hollywood and players are hustling West. Miriam Jordan tore herself regretfully away from the race tracks around New York, as did Al Jolson. Wallace Beery came back from a sight-seeing trip to Europe, taken to oblige his wife and no fun for him, to hear him tell it, and got in his own plane to fly to California. The next time he has a vacation he will just wear old clothes and go fishing and flying.

RKO has served notice on Colleen Moore that they are about ready to start her picture, and Colleen, who has suddenly grown clothes-conscious after all these years of reveling in sweater, skirt, and polo coat, is depleting the shops of velvets and furs and ruffled elegance.

Janet Gaynor stayed in town but briefly. Success, New York and its sophistication, the crash of her marriage—nothing seems to change Janet essentially. She remains ever childlike, terribly interested and amused and a little afraid of strangers.

Marlene Dietrich paused in New York en route from Europe just long enough to make a lot of engagements. Then she rushed away without keeping them. To the horror of Paramount executives who saw a feud in the offing, she professed never to have heard of Mae West.

Maybe some theater managers who did not do so well with "The Song of Songs" will explain to her that Mae West is the girl who always packs the theater with her pictures.

Sylvia Sydney came back from her jaunt to Europe and confused all the people who said that her professed illness was a sham by going to the hospital for a serious operation. She

patched up her troubles with Paramount and will make a picture called, of all things, "Reunion."

Making History.—Almost every actor has some pet historical character that he wants to play, but rarely can he get a producer to listen to him. Now all that is apt to be changed. Charles Laughton has made "The Private Life of Henry VIII," and it is such a knock-out that in one theater alone twenty-five thousand people paid to see it in one day.

Greta Garbo as *Queen Christina*, Marlene Dietrich as *Catherine of Russia*, Edward G. Robinson as *Napoleon*, and Gloria Swanson as *Bernhardt* are all promised for the near future. Now is your chance to nominate any historical subjects you crave to see filmed. In a crazy season where the hits range from "Little Women" to "I'm No Angel," producers are apt to take a chance on anything.

But before you get your word in, let me go on record as saying that I won't be happy until some one films "Will Shakespeare," by Clemence Dane. And I want a film built around the life of Lola Montez, too, with Dolores del Rio playing the great charmer of early Western days.

Hell Over Hollywood

Continued from page 41

La Tashman and Hedda Hopper had a feud about clothes, which started as a publicity stunt but became a brabblement in earnest. Miss Hopper, considered one of the smartly dressed women, was playing the hostess in "Dinner at Eight" on the stage, and the bright publicity boys thought it would be an opportune time for Hedda to challenge Lil's sartorial superiority through the newspapers. Just before the first story appeared in print, it seems that Lil invited Hedda to a luncheon, and on receiving word of this Hedda mentioned something about the proposed newspaper publicity. She noticed that Lil rather froze up. And Hedda never heard another word about the luncheon.

Lupe Velez is the best little feudist there is. She has had to battle her way ever since she came to Hollywood. She goes about with a load of light lumber on each shoulder, daring anybody to knock it off, especially feminine rivals. She early suffered from comparisons to Dolores del Rio, and that didn't make for any friendliness between them, though they both hailed from Mexico. Dolores was a society girl, while Lupe had traveled the hard road of cabaret singing.

Then Lupe and Jetta Goudal didn't

get along at all during the making of "Lady of the Pavement." It has always been said that this frigidify which threatened real outbreak on several occasions, originated because Lupe did what she termed an imitation of Jetta. As you know, she is quite a good mimic, and has impersonated various stars on the stage. That impersonating trick delights everybody but the victim, because Lupe puts a more or less delicate venom into her travesties. Consequently, if it ever did come to a fracas with her enemies, Lupe probably would have to hire the Coliseum in Los Angeles to accommodate her adversaries.

Gloria Swanson is enormously feudish, but with a queenly dignity. Years ago it began, when Pola Negri came to Paramount, and the studio proved too small to house two such empresses. Later, Gloria found life very burdensome at United Artists studio, when she was ensconced with Norma Talmadge, Corinne Griffith and other stars. She soon departed to another studio where she could enjoy a more cheering isolation.

Professional feuds are legion in Hollywood. They begin on the set and end in the living rooms of the best manses of the colony. For several years Richard Arlen and Nancy

Carroll have entertained a mutual antipathy and don't hesitate to talk about it. At least Arlen expresses himself decisively as to what he thinks of Nancy, and she will do the same if properly baited.

The feud was partly the result of their proximity during the filming of "Dangerous Paradise." No paradise for them! They had to go on location together at Catalina Island, and the way Dick bawled Nancy out on one or two occasions was something awful. They were not cast together again until "Wayward" was made in New York. They consented to a duet of duty, but only very reluctantly. Probably they felt that a different environment might ease matters, but, from all accounts, it didn't.

Whenever a star becomes queen of a studio, it's a challenge, especially if she happens to be married to an executive. Various other stars will start complaining about being allotted rôles that are not up to the mark. Both Norma Shearer and Colleen Moore, while reigning at M.-G.-M. and First National, respectively, endured indirectly the barbs of criticism. Whether Norma, who is back again, will suffer the same stinging arrows remains to be seen.

At various times Joan Crawford, Marion Davies, and Greta Garbo

Hell Over Hollywood

have been reputed as fighting for the supreme throne at M.-G.-M., along with Miss Shearer, and each appears to retain the scepter at intervals.

The most familiar professional feud is the one that goes on between two stars who are teamed together. Occasionally, like Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, they separate to mutual disadvantage. These two comics can't get along apart; together they are box-office winners. Consequently, they're tied up now in a private organization and have to work as a duo. They can battle as much as they please, but they can't separate. Form a company for each matrimonial alliance, and make the one who kicks over the traces the loser financially.

One team that is apparently happy is Charlie Murray and George Sidney. Also Zasu Pitts and Slim Summerville have thrived with a minimum of wrangles, though lately Zasu has been seeking other fields, which may be significant.

Stan Laurel and "Babe" Hardy are said to reach the stage from time to time where they don't speak except in front of the camera, while the old wars between Wallace Bery and Raymond Hatton, and George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, and other teams partly resulted in their break-ups.

The oddest professional war, and

one of the comparatively few frays to involve a man and woman, is the squall involving Joan Crawford and William Gargan, due to a forceful adjective with which Gargan described Crawford's ability as an actress. Gargan took a test for "Dancing Lady," and was much wanted for the picture, but Joan would have none of him. In taking tests of other players the studio used the Gargan test as a model, but would not engage the actor himself.

An odd feud was the one between Jeanette MacDonald and Dennis King during the making of "The Vagabond King." It was due in part to the fact that Jeanette preferred singing in the morning and afternoon, while King liked the afternoon and evening, and they both argued for schedules according to their special tastes.

The fact that Mae West wouldn't consent to Jack LaRue's appearing in "I'm No Angel," may develop into a feud. Everybody is watching, for LaRue hasn't hesitated to tell about this with injured emphasis. It seems Mae's objection was that she had LaRue in her stage company once, and didn't entertain a 100 per cent opinion of him as an actor.

Stars' fights with studios are routine. Nevertheless, they can become the meanest feuds of all. If the wars can't be settled by the Academy of

Motion Picture Arts and Sciences then the next step is the courts, and this often prevents a player from re-appearing in pictures. Consider how long it took to straighten out the Rudolph Valentino wrangle with Paramount, and even the more recent Cagney-Warner controversy, although that didn't become a legal tilt. Often the studios prefer to turn a player loose rather than pursue the campaign. It is generally done in only the most radical cases.

Real blood-spilling in a feud has threatened in only one instance during the past few years, and that was during the making of "Trader Horn." Riano, one of the imported natives in the picture, had an idea that Slickum, a bootblack at the M.-G.-M. studio, had double-crossed him in some way. Riano sharpened up his long knife to finish off Slickum. He was told that such a procedure might be all right in Africa, but it was no go in America. But Riano knew only his own law. He was determined to carve up Slickum.

So the studio did the next best thing. They hid the offending bootblack until Riano's ire had abated, or he had gone back to the jungles. Anyway, Slickum was saved, even though Riano was never appeased. He may yet, after the fashion of the big-city gangster, come back to get his hated enemy.

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after his experience in "A Bedtime Story." Altogether, the kiddie is a problem.

Grudge Party Opposed.—There are some things that just won't go in Hollywood. And one of these is a "grudge party." That very clever wit, Edgar Allan Woolf, scenario writer, who is known as the "big bad Woolf," had an inspiration for such a party and thought to ask all those who were feuding with each other to the event in a spirit of fun. He was planning to have a prize-fight ring, believing that would help the gayety along, as it would suggest that "enemies" might settle once and for all their antipathies.

No sooner had he hinted at such a party than he commenced to receive word from all grudgers and grudgees, informing him that they thought it a terrible idea, and certainly wouldn't come. Whereupon he changed the plan to a sweet Cinderella theme and everybody was vastly pleased.

A "Dunking" Party.—The Bing Crosbys and the Richard Arlens held a joint christening for their youngsters. It was on a Sunday and con-

Hollywood High Lights

sequently drew a packed house, including many of the brighter stars of movieland.

The most amusing thing was the invitation, which read: "The Arlens and Crosbys are having Elmer and Gunder dunked on Sunday, and following the submersion the boys will be glad to welcome old friends and new customers at the grand opening of Crosby's Folly"—that being the name of the Crosby home. Eighty glasses were reported broken during the dunking.

Plucky Lilian Harvey.—No one can ever say that Lilian Harvey isn't game. She seems to be fighting a losing battle in her American career, but nothing daunts her spirit. Her first picture, "My Lips Betray," had its release deferred, and the second, "My Weakness," scarcely met with critical approval, yet Lilian is fighting her way right along.

Added to this, she endured rough treatment in "I Am Suzanne." She was tossed back and forth across the set in a dance number, and though a whole group of chorus men were supposed to catch her each time, they were not equal to the job, and

dropped Miss Harvey on the floor. Result: she suffered black and blue marks on legs and arms and an abrasion on her back. She stayed right through the scene, until ordered home.

Pluck like this should be rewarded.

Actress "Abuses" Wrestler.—Gus Sonnenberg's divorce complaint against Judith Allen caused startled amusement. He accused the young actress of abusing him, which is quite something for a bulky wrestler to lay at the door of the young and slender girl who fooled everybody into thinking she was unmarried when she came to Hollywood. Impression was given that she might have studied jujutsu at one time to be so proficient in making life miserable for the heavyweight battler of the mat. Miss Allen managed to laugh off any implications of her dangerous physical prowess and filed a divorce complaint of her own.

Thus ends one of the most unique deceptions ever practiced on the studios, and a very attractive girl is foot-loose and fancy-free. Will Gary Cooper renew his attentions, or some one else?

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"If we haggle, we are called cheap. Onlookers relay the incident, and soon a reputation for niggardliness is built up. People expect their film favorites to be ridiculously generous with their huge earnings. Or else they just don't stop to figure out the uselessness of it."

Ricardo Cortez tries to get around the difficulty by seeking new shops.

"Shopkeepers seldom know me at first," he says, "so I keep looking for different places. Before long, however, some customer will gurgle, 'Ooooh, there's Ramon Novarro!' I've even been mistaken for Conrad Nagel. They spot us for 'a movie,' though they may not recognize us. Do we look that different from other people?" he wondered.

"At best, our shopping is complicated. I like to pay good money for quality, but I resent exceedingly being gypped because I act for a living. Ordinarily, I pay with cash. If I must write a check, as soon as they see my name it develops that they forgot to add on the sales tax."

Bill Boyd thinks that the men are more apt to be overcharged than the women, being less acquainted with values. Now that Dorothy Sebastian Boyd is attending to the exchequer, more money is saved in the Boyd household.

"The shopkeepers figure that since a successful actor can pay more, he will want better quality, which is true," Edmund Lowe once analyzed the situation. "There must be seventy-five-cent handkerchiefs sold in Hollywood, but let Ed Lowe try to buy one! They have only two-dollar ones."

"Harry, my ex-husband, Harry Bannister, checked every estimate when we built our house," Ann Harding remarked one day. "He prepared first by a careful study of building and of materials. We placed in charge a man whose honesty was

vouched for by persons of integrity. We found it worth while, in matters of importance, to take the time to investigate those whom we trust with the expenditure of money. This man warned Harry that he had been offered a split by certain concerns if he would throw our business their way! Our home cost twenty-five per cent less than architects and contractors estimated.

"In personal shopping, sometimes a star will hesitate to say, 'I can't afford that,' for fear of being thought parsimonious. To me, that is false pride. My rule is, 'Be fair but not foolish.'"

Constance Bennett is one of the few who consider the articles they buy worth the prices they pay. "Intelligence tells one that good things cost money. But it is ridiculous to permit an overcharge. When it occasionally happens, I discover it quickly, and the merchant either rectifies his error or loses my patronage. I make this attitude clear to tradespeople."

The James Gleasons's secretary does most of their shopping and marketing, more to save time than money, however. Lucile Gleason is too sharp to be victimized.

Helen Chandler, with little time for shopping, has things sent out for selection. She wants the best and is prepared to fork over for it.

Ken Maynard's boots and Stetsons all are made to order in dozen lots, and he finds that quality is expensive but doesn't grumble.

Mary Astor, who loves to putter around the ten-cent stores until recognized, plays a little game with herself to give shopping a zest.

"I pretend that I can't afford the expensive things and that when I give in to caprice it's naughty. Once I had to economize rigidly. With movie success, I took the viewpoint that I could afford anything. There's

no kick to it, that way. I had had more fun longing for things. So I have gone back to doing that—giving in to myself sometimes."

"Lady, the shopkeepers think I'm one cantankerous customer," Bob Woolsey exclaimed. "They hate to see me coming. I think they are my severest critics. For after I've tried on ten pairs of shoes and fingered a dozen ties, and, feeling guilty, try a few wisecracks for their entertainment, their smiles get a bit forced. It's refreshing to find a man who will bawl me out and tell me to take something or leave it, but to decide pronto."

The players resort to disguise in order to shop in the comfort of obscurity. Smoked glasses, often aided by veil or scarf, is a stand-by shield from the curious. Though Ramon Novarro applied or grew a Vandyke beard to avoid attracting attention on a trip abroad, he finds that glasses and a hat pulled well down serve his purpose in Los Angeles.

Practically the only star who can go about as she pleases is Garbo, unique in her off-screen reality. Tweed suited or wrapped in a woolly coat, she strides her way unperturbed. Louise Fazenda is the only player I know for whom prices ever are lowered. Spending many hours at a pastime which she loves, she is known in all the stores and gift and bookshops, as well as around the central market downtown. Aware of her shrewdness, and that she buys extensively for her own and her parents' household, tradespeople often offer to make deals. And she attends half-price and close-out sales of perfumery, bags, bric-a-brac and novelties, picking up many real bargains.

The stores really ought to pay stars, especially the girls, commissions instead of mulcting them. Crowds

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The Strange Case of Miss Morley

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Last Christmas the couple visited Karen's grandfather, E. C. Loomis, in her home town, Ottumwa, Iowa. The Ottumwa newspaper carried flattering reports of the event. One story read, in part:

Mrs. Charles Vidor is carrying off a difficult position with the poise and simplicity of manner that easily reveals the secret of her success. She is adding admiring friends as fast as persons are presented to her.

Yet, visiting Iowa some months later, I heard numerous stories of the actress's efforts to avoid crowds and her aloofness toward fans. Naturally, her admirers felt hurt.

It may be that poor health explains Karen's attitude toward her erstwhile friends. She has never been robust. She has always been underweight, and at school was the despair of gym teachers. While other stars fight off poundage, Karen does her utmost to gain. She has experienced several serious illnesses since entering pictures, and is said to have broken down completely and fainted during a rehearsal at the Pasadena Community Playhouse some years ago.

If the great silence of Miss Morley is truly due to ill health, she deserves nothing but sympathy. How-

ever, those close to her agree that she would be wise to explain her position to the public if such is the case, for fans are notoriously fickle and do not like being ignored.

Her natural ability as an actress, her discretion and reticence, have served Karen Morley well as stepping-stones to success. Strangely enough, this same reticence may lead to oblivion.

It is to be hoped that Karen will soon explain to the world her strange actions of recent months. Continued silence may prove disastrous to her career. A dissatisfied public does not make box-office receipts.

chinchilla coat. Miss Eilers accepts it because it is "so beautiful" and Mr. Foster, incensed, gets drunk and marries her sister. Then begins Miss Eilers's martyrdom as the wife of the rich man, her home a terraced estate



with four bathrooms in silver and one in green gold and she a moping bird in a gilded cage. However, from this slightly discouraging impasse all obstacles are removed for the marriage and presumably endless happiness of Miss Eilers and Mr. Foster,

thanks to the miracle wrought by the author, Kathleen Norris.

Mr. Foster gives an excellent performance as the earnest, ingenuous young hero whose uncle does him wrong. The latter rôle is well played by Ralph Morgan and Rochelle Hudson is striking as a baby vamp who helps clear things up. Miss Eilers is not so successful. Primarily a comédienne in the "Bad Girl" milieu, her limitations are apparent as an emotional actress frustrated by walls of gold.

"Night Flight."

John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy, William Gargan, C. Henry Gordon, Leslie Fenton, Ralfe Harolde, Frank Conroy, Harry Beresford. Director: Clarence Brown.

Celebrities with little or nothing to do is the disappointing dish set before us here. Imagine Helen Hayes with one emotional scene in a picture! The rest of the time she spends at the telephone anxiously inquiring about her husband, a pilot. Of course her anxiety is real, but more than that is expected of a Hayes. And she is photographed with curious indifference at times. In fact, all the char-

acters, with one exception, are subordinated to the planes and the force that compels men to risk death in order to carry mail.

John Barrymore, as the general manager of the South American air lines, driving, goading the men under him, has the best part in the film, but it is a rôle that arouses neither interest nor sympathy and merely provides the actor with another assignment at a fabulous salary. The knowing spectator feels that the picture was produced to gratify the director's interest in aviation and the stellar cast assembled as a last hope of attracting patrons to a film that had no other chance of success.

The airplanes are handsomely photographed, but they usually are, aren't they? But with Clark Gable virtually silent throughout a picture, Robert Montgomery with only a few words, and Lionel Barrymore in the minor rôle of a doddering inspector, you will see that your favorites will have no cause to catalogue this film as offering them their greatest opportunities.

In fact, all the characters are ignored in the climax which takes us to

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The Screen in Review

Marriage Hasn't Changed Him

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cold. Let's just go up to Malibu and stay there.' So back home we went and spent several weeks on the beach.

"One evening I had to go to town on business. You know how it is with a bachelor place—friends drop in at any hour. About ten o'clock on this particular night, a pal who hadn't heard about my marriage wandered by, in a very mellow mood.

"When Marguerite opened the door, he looked at her and inquired who she might be. 'I'm the little woman,' she told him quite seriously, and invited him in, knowing he was a friend of mine. When I arrived home an hour later, he was sobbing out his life story to her.

"After he had gone, I asked my wife what he had said. 'Plenty,' she chirped. 'Enough to hang you any time. But don't worry, honey, I knew all about you before we were married.' And she pulled that wide grin of hers. She has a grand sense of humor. She'd have to have, married to me."

And George grinned himself.

"Why, just a day or so ago, I promised faithfully to call her at one o'clock to tell her whether or not she should come to the studio for lunch. In the rush of getting ready for my next picture, I completely forgot. At four a telegram arrived with the message, 'Mister O'Brien. This is to

verify report you have left for Shanghai. Please advise. Mrs. O'Brien.' I phoned her immediately, of course, and she said she forgave me and had had lunch. That's the kind of a wife I have."

Mister O'Brien beamed proudly.

"Any number of persons have asked if I object to my wife working. As I figure, it's entirely up to her. If she wants to act, it's for her to decide. She was an actress before we met, so naturally she may wish to continue. I can see no reason why we can't lead our own lives, in that respect.

"I have always been a sport enthusiast. Now I find Marguerite is taking up tennis, basket ball, and golf. Instead of getting discouraged when I tell her she's terrible, she applies herself all the more to that particular sport. She's been an expert horse-woman for years, and there's nothing I can show her about riding. One of these days she'll probably take me out on the courts or links and give me the larruping of my life.

"As soon as we can find the time, we intend to take a long trip to the Orient, probably India and the Malay Peninsula. Marguerite can rough it and likes to get away from crowds. Why, on our honeymoon, part of her equipment consisted of a pair of old overalls and a sweat shirt. There's

another thing I admire in her: Marguerite knows that a sweat shirt shouldn't be washed until long after it can stand alone in a corner.

"Instead of my wife keeping me home from the trips I enjoy, she'll go along. There are very few places I couldn't take her.

"This winter, around Christmas time, I believe, she is to go to New York for a play. I have a holiday then, too, so I fancy I'll turn into a stage-door Johnny."

George seemed entranced at the thought. "We'll remain in New York for a few months, during the run of the play, then return to Hollywood."

If anything, aside from a few minor transitions, it appears that George may convert his bride to his style of living, rather than the wife making a new man of him. Now, of course, he lives in town, and dresses somewhat differently than when he lived alone at the beach, but in preferences, in people, in likes and dislikes, and general enjoyment of life, both are of one mind.

Marriage naturally is broadening his views on a wide variety of subjects, but he still is very much George O'Brien, man's man.

Marguerite Churchill hasn't taken him away from his friends and his old life. She's added a new member to his fraternity.

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follow them and buy things just to appear occupied while covertly studying them. A Boulevard establishment recently sold an unprecedented number of beaded bags to a group of women who had emerged from a *matinée* in time to see Joan Crawford enter, and who trailed along in her wake.

Shopkeepers have been known to resort to crafty wiles in order to use the actresses as unwitting models. A jeweler invited Frances McCoy to a *première* and begged her to wear some of his jewels. He spent the evening remarking their fine quality—and their prices—to all whom he encountered.

Those few who have succeeded in business side lines know how it feels to be both merchant and buyer.

Some claim they had to go into trade in order to save themselves money!

Bill Haines, Eddie Nugent, and Vera Lewis have flourishing antique shops, Esther Ralston, Ethel Clayton, and Katherine MacDonald have remunerative beauty shops. Conrad Nagel, Corinne Griffith, and several others own drive-in markets.

Charlie Bickford says that he makes more money out of his "rackets" than in pictures. They include four garages and service stations, a couple of restaurants, two hog-farms, an animal-training school, whaling vessels, and several other enterprises.

In accordance with the new trend toward economy and preservation of wealth, many players have turned over their financial affairs to competent managers or investment con-

cerns, who receive their checks, budget their incomes and pay all authorized bills, giving the player a small pocket allowance.

Bills often are halved when tradesmen find out that the Equitable Investment Corporation, the largest, oldest, and most successful of such companies, is running the works. The removal of one stellar appendix was rated at five thousand dollars until the request, "Send the bill to Equitable," with astonishing suddenness dropped the cost to five hundred. A couple of hundred dollars slashed off another's dental account in a telephone talk by a brittle manager.

Those actors who shepherd their own shekels are the ones who must be canny and alert, if they are to retain any money.

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Party Girl Goes to Work

Yet I doubt if they will marry. That venture of Lew's with Lola Lane disillusioned him. Anyway, his divorce won't be final until January.

Ginger and her mother reside in a comfortable home in the Los Feliz district. Mrs. Rogers handles her daughter's business affairs and doesn't interfere with personal doings. She advises, but Ginger makes her own moves. I hope I haven't given you the idea that her mother is a bossy mamma, for she isn't.

"I'd go back to stage musicals if I had to," Ginger told me, "but they hold nothing more for me. I mean I'm not interested in that line any longer. I want to stay in Hollywood and progress to straight emotional rôles on the screen."

That she has fine potentialities is the conviction of her friends. While the producers are melody-mad, she'll probably be awarded frothy, vivacious parts.

One day strictly tailored in attire

and the next extremely feminine, Ginger is still in the formative age. Her youthful marriage has left no unfortunate mark. She can cook, fix little doodads around the house when they go haywire, and insists she won't marry a man who'll object to her career.

Amiable and anxious to please, she is taking her starring contract seriously. Mamma Rogers raised Ginger to click while the clicking is good!

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ure remain in one's memory long after a pretty face and figure are forgotten.

Given decent stories and supporting cast, I see no reason why Katharine Hepburn should not enjoy a popularity rivaling that of Garbo.

MARGARET A. BELL.

119 Park Row South,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Shame on Crawford's Critics!

IN her vitriolic condemnation of Joan Crawford and fulsome praise of Madge Evans, Dorothy Rogers destroys the value of her criticism in both cases. Ill-advised prejudices destroyed the one and saccharine exaggeration the other.

I have no doubt that Madge Evans is entitled to moderate praise, and I know that every fair-minded person of critical sense and discrimination regards Joan Crawford not only as an actress of physical attractiveness, but one of unusual ability.

She stands among the best on the screen to-day. She was never a "nobody," or she could not have risen to where she stands. In early youth she hitched her wagon to a star. Through her own inherent gifts, and a determination not to waste them, she has gained education, culture, and the skill to succeed in her vocation.

Her ideas on love and life indicate that she thinks intelligently. Shame on her detractors!

E. S. GOODHUE.

Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

All Stirred Up.

MY thanks to Picture Play and Madeline Glass for the Barry Norton article. "Pen Portrait" was it? You missed

What the Fans Think

a bet, Miss Glass, because as a shining example of Hollywood at its worst, you could have done wonders with the Norton case.

Take a look at him! After "What Price Glory?" the term "Mother's Boy" stuck to Barry like glue and as an authority on artistic deaths, he was second to none. "Legion of the Condemned" and "Sins of the Fathers" followed. In the latter, Norton kept step with Chatterton and Jannings. Then came the talkies and "Mother Knows Best," one of the *first* talking pictures.

Hollywood woke up to the fact that the talkies were here to stay and every one opened the nearest window and tossed out what passed for brains. Barry Norton comes from South America and probably talks with an accent, if he speaks English at all. Uh-huh! Paramount never did think of giving Bebe Daniels a test to see if she could "talk," so she went to RKO and made "Rio Rita." Fox never thought of giving "Mother Knows Best" a good look or listen. Norton was out! Paramount signed him for Spanish versions and then forgot him.

After something like three years, Barry is back on the screen. "Producers have at last discovered that Barry has no accent and are giving him good rôles," says Miss Glass. Yep, they are. They cast him as a Frenchman in "Cocktail Hour" and a Spaniard in "Lady for a Day."

But why go on? Barry Norton is back on the screen and maybe if we all get together we can persuade our local theaters to bill "Cocktail Hour" or "Lady for a

Day" with "Barry Norton! The Boy Wonder! Speaking English Without an Accent! No Advance in Prices."

Yes, children, I once thought I'd like to go to Hollywood. In fact, I still think so. Laughing oneself to death would at least be pleasant. On the other hand, I might forget and take the dear place seriously. Then I should end up in the big insane asylum, gnashing my teeth, tearing my hair, and making horrible noises. Good night, kiddies, and pleasant dreams!

RUTH LEMONDE.

126 N. Pearl Street,
Buffalo, New York.

Viewing with Alarm.

MAY I express a few opinions which I have entertained for some time and which I notice more and more people are harboring?

All people attending the theaters are not morons. They like to see the common-sense conventions respected and observed. Paramouring and drinking are not a joke in real life, but they certainly are on the screen. These sophisticated comedy-dramas with their slinky heroines stalking through scene after scene doing nothing but lighting cigarettes, drinking high balls, draping themselves languidly over a divan or hero's shirt front, are doing more harm to the younger generation than any force to-day.

The older, more poised folks merely get bored and find other entertainment, but the young, impressionable high-school boys and girls swallow all this rot, hook, line, and sinker, and view life accordingly, losing all sense of values. Why do people allow such

What the Fans Think

things to go on? Parents are too lazy and indifferent to voice any protest, and then later criticize the youngsters for acting the way they do! ETHEL CARLSON.

8123 Escanaba Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

In Defense of Fan Clubs.

FOR a thoroughly nasty letter, Carl Kraus takes the prize in September Picture Play. Your letter, Mr. Kraus, was a knock at all fans interested in fan clubs, and so I take it upon myself to reply to you. Do you realize that one reason Miss Huber might have wished to continue her club, even after Sidney Fox's treatment of her, was because she had collected dues from the members and didn't want to back out on them? Because the player had promised support, and then later refused, the club couldn't be abruptly dropped.

You say fan clubs are passé. That is an untrue statement and you don't know what you are talking about. A great many of

the people I write to to-day are connected in some way with a fan club. Many of them receive the personal support of the star. Just because you don't believe in clubs is no reason to knock all the rest of us who do. Come on, shoot me at sunrise, as you threaten. I'm *not* cured of fan clubs and hope I never will be.

MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Just an Emotion Factory.

AS an interested reader of fan letters for years, I've noticed that few of them are constructive in criticism, especially when the letters have to do with the divorce situation in Shadowtown.

A movie star, as defined by cynics, is a maid who dreads of changing her name annually. But in a town where workers punch the clock to produce emotion by the very sweat of their brows, where every closet holds a peeping Tom, how can such

folks be judged by prosaic normal standards?

The "loverlorn editor" of the emotionally upset movie idol is usually a shrewd manager or press agent who welcomes such domestic messes and advises according to what promises the most sensational "copy."

No matter how level-headed a player may be, in a town where fantastic values hold sway, where the sexes are unequally balanced, where not to be talked about means a passport to the Limbo of Forgotten Faces, one is bound, sooner or later, to lose perspective.

Shadowtown and those who live in it are only what the fans make them. *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* and Joan Crawford and *la Garbo* fit like jig-saw puzzle pieces in their right surroundings. Most fans—and aren't we all?—seem to forget that it's American to be fair and understanding.

PAT COSTELLO.

New Bedford, Massachusetts.

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She was one of the subjects of Texas Guinan's famous sentence, "Give this little girl a great big hand," in that dynamic gal's El Fey Club. She doesn't remember playing with dolls, except when she was just a baby. Her childhood was an upside-down life, but—credit Mrs. Keeler—her cheeks were never the less rosy, her eyes never the less bright and eager.

She slept well into the afternoon and dined in the middle of the evening. She was at the club at ten or eleven in time for the first floor show. Then all night long her lullaby was the clink of glasses, the blare of orchestras, the clatter of applause. Millionaire's cards adorned the baskets of flowers deposited in her dressing room. But in that dressing room sat Mrs. Keeler, patiently, all through the night. "My mother," says Ruby, "has never been a stage mother in any sense of the term. She never said, 'Don't do this or that,' never interfered with anything. And that was the best and wisest protection of all. I, being a child, thought it was great fun to be up all night dancing like a grown-up performer. So mother never deplored it.

Halifax Honey

"She was firm about my diet and sleep, but in dressing-rooms she was present just to help me with my costumes and share my enjoyment of the glamour. And in that way she established a relationship of confidence and fun between us. We were amused *together* at the intrigues and petty dramas we saw night after night at those tables. And consequently we were detached from the whole thing and really enjoyed it. Under those circumstances, it was grand fun for a child and I loved it."

When she was nineteen, she was signed as première tap dancer in Ziegfeld's "Whoopie." And met Al Jolson.

Newspaper headlines recorded the whirlwind romance, the courtship, Jolson's settlement of a large sum of money on Ruby's mother, the marriage. It was all glamorous, front-page stuff, the marriage of the brilliant, wealthy Jolson and the youthful dancer.

The ostentation of the headlines could not be avoided, but all the principals cared about was the simple ceremony performed by a justice of the peace. And the ring, which Ruby has not removed since, was

none of your diamond and platinum circlets. It was a plain narrow gold band.

She did one more musical after her marriage, "Show Girl," then retired to be Mrs. Jolson and become a golfer on the verge of the professional class. Joseph Schenck liked the idea of her appearing in a picture opposite Jolson and tested her for the lead. Ruby decided she didn't want to trade on her marriage and refused the part. But Warner Brothers saw the test, signed her for "Forty-second Street," and now have her under contract.

But when Ruby mentions her contract, it is never in its full, imposing length. It is always "if they take up the option." When they took up the first one, she was, she says, awfully proud. She will like it if they take up the next ones, but if they don't, she will have no cause for hysteria. At twenty-four she has a sense of values, of what is good and important in life, that seldom develops under thirty. She is Ruby Keeler Jolson—with equal accents on each name, and a pretty complete human being with or without career.

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become. If you curb your inclinations and concentrate upon acting *only when before a camera*, you'll really have begun to make some headway in the direction of your goal, "the greatest actress of stage and screen." Just now, however, your dramatic energy is scattered, weakening your performances on and off the screen.

And your followers shout, "The queen is dead!"

The Girl They Talk About

So, Joan, please come back to life and vindicate yourself in a hurry!

Forget the frightening, dazzling fact that you are a big star and have to keep up a front. Forget all about the publicity. Remember that good remedies may even be found in plati-tudes, which brings us to the old bromide, "be yourself."

Relax and shed that outer layer of imitation. Your own personality is colorful and distinctive enough now to make any other in Hollywood suf-

fer by comparison. Remember you've passed the age of adolescence in acting. From now on you must stand alone and depend upon your own individuality, ability, and technique to prove your merit. Be affectedly sincere! And also bear in mind that although they may scold, you have a good, true friend in your public who is your best pal—yes, ma'am—as well as your severest critic.

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a sick room where a serum has been rushed by plane to save the life of a child in whom no one but the director is interested. Another thing: The characters are Latins and William Gargan, of all natives of Brooklyn,



is listed as a Brazilian. C. Henry Gordon and Frank Conroy are the only players who look even remotely like South Americans. Yet we are told that Hollywood insists on types.

"Ever in My Heart."

Barbara Stanwyck, Otto Kruger, Ralph Bellamy, Ruth Donnelly, Laura Hope Crews, Frank Albertson, Ronnie Crosby. Director: Archie Mayo.

Though heavily sentimental and perhaps overplotted, superior acting and a careful production give this an appeal it would not otherwise have. Then, too, it has the advantage of Barbara Stanwyck who is, as we all know, like no other star. Here she is at her best: tender, appealing, beautifully feminine and utterly unaffected. Her performance is perfect, her charm difficult to put into words.

She is concerned in a story that begins before the World War and



ends in a canteen behind the front. She marries a naturalized German who endures such persecution from Americans that he deserts his family and returns to his native country. When Miss Stanwyck recognizes as a

spy the man she still loves, she poisons his wine rather than betray him—and drinks a poisoned cup herself.

This is a theatrical plot but, as often happens, the players do better than if they were handling less elemental rôles and situations. Otto Kruger, for example, though seen in several pictures without attracting attention, here gives, as the husband, a performance in keeping with his position on the stage. Ralph Bellamy also does well, though his admirers will be disappointed not to find him the hero, and especially effective are players of minor parts. They are the excellent Laura Hope Crews, as a whitened grandmother; Ruth Donnelly, as a New England cook; Clara Blandick, Florence Roberts, George Cooper, and every one else.

"Footlight Parade."

James Cagney, Joan Blondell, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Claire Dodd, Ruth Donnelly, Hugh Herbert, Gordon Westcott, Frank McHugh. Director: Lloyd Bacon.

The most extravagant, spectacular musical so far is Warner Brothers' follow-up of "Forty-second Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933." Its big



numbers are literally stunning, but I have seen more delicacy and beauty elsewhere. However, if it's flash you want—and flesh—you'll get both here in quantity.

The trouble is—and there's always a hitch among critics—the sensational numbers come late, very late, in the show. An hour or so of plotting and counterplotting beforehand makes one impatient for the advertised fireworks to begin. After all, this is too much footage to give a musical-comedy story, especially when it is only to mark time before the knock-out effects. If the three great numbers could have punctuated the film and broken the story, the picture in retrospect would seem better. Not that it matters. "Footlight Parade" already is a huge success and it will



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The Screen in Review

continue to be a nine-days' wonder till the next musical comes along.

Anyway, "By a Waterfall" would make any film talked about, no matter what its deficiencies. Scores of girls, all but nude, disport themselves in cascades of tumbling water and later go through amazing drills in the studio lake. Another of the three headline numbers is "Honeymoon Hotel" which is patterned after "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," and the other is "Shanghai Lil," in which James Cagney sings and dances in the accepted tradition of hoofers. Meaning that he does both well, if not with startling originality.

"Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men."

Wynne Gibson, Charles Farrell, William Gargan, Zasu Pitts, Betty Furness, Blanche Friderici. Director: Mark Sandrich.

Here we have luxurious actors being very, very tough and elemental. They are entirely insincere and unconvincing and the story they attempt to tell is false from beginning to end. There isn't one moment that is anything but feeble make-believe.

Aggie Appleby is a rough-and-tumble heroine of the slums with a careful Marcel and scarlet finger nails who is homeless when her battling lover is sent to jail. With the connivance of her friend, a servant, she makes herself comfortable in a



room rented by some one else. He turns out to be a sly youth from the country who wears glasses and plays Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance" on the phonograph. So *Aggie* sets out to make a he-man of him.

She throws away his glasses, forbids "Pomp and Circumstance," gives him an Irish name, and teaches him to talk from the side of his mouth. These changes alter his character, too. No longer is he studious and shy. He

is aggressive, belligerent. They fall in love and *Aggie's* jailbird turns up with blood in his eye. Are you a-quiver to know the outcome?

In such a machine-made formula it is no wonder that experienced players can do little more than mildly divert. So why go into the details of their failure?

"Doctor Bull."

Will Rogers, Vera Allen, Marian Nixon, Howard Lally, Rochelle Hudson, Andy Devine, Effie Ellsler, Louise Dresser. Director: John Ford.

This human and natural tale of a country doctor is the most credible and satisfying picture that Will Rogers has had in a long time. It is, for example, far superior to "One Man's Journey," a recent film contemplating the same subject. Too much cannot be said of Mr. Rogers's performance. He makes the character a real person rather than an excuse



for homespun soliloquizing. Not only that, but the picture gains immeasurably by careful direction and sensitive understanding of character and locale. There isn't one conventional figure of old-time rural drama here, yet all might have been that under different direction.

Doctor Bull is a physician who is short on knowledge of medicine but long on understanding of the people about him. He cures paralysis and typhoid while his rival, who bristles with modern efficiency, fails, and fame comes to the country doctor in spite of himself. There are other threads in the story, of course, not the least touching being the doctor's romance and his reluctance to take advantage of it.

In the rôle of the heroine a newcomer, Vera Allen, makes her first appearance and plays with charm and distinction. Andy Devine, as a hypochondriacal soda clerk, gives the best performance of his career, and other parts are handled expertly and sympathetically.

"Headline Shooter."

William Gargan, Frances Dee, Ralph Bellamy, Jack LaRue, Gregory Ratoff, Wallace Ford. Director: Otto Brower.

A newsreel cameraman is a headline shooter, in case you are puzzled by the technical title. With that cleared up, you will know that this story glorifies his calling, romanticizing and sentimentalizing in the fashion of the screen. The result is lively—always a virtue—and the picture rates as tolerable entertainment.



The plot is spasmodic. So, too, are the actions of the hero who, when at a loss, utters a wisecrack and gets a laugh. We see him putting across a beauty-contest winner with the same cunning that he escapes collapsing walls while he cranks vigorously and gayly. He is not, however, a cameraman who gives much thought to angles and artistic effects, apparently. He just sets up his tripod and grinds away laughingly. This may be the custom of the news cameramen, but I doubt it. In fact, Wallace Ford, as a cynical, worn member of the same dashing brotherhood, seems far more true to type than William Gargan as the hero.

Frances Dee, as a girl reporter, is paired off with Mr. Gargan and after a great many insulting remarks have been exchanged, they settle down to unalloyed tenderness and Miss Dee rejects her fiancé, Ralph Bellamy, for Mr. Gargan. Miss Dee gives her routine rôle flashes of reality and freshness, which makes another superior performance to her credit.

Films dealing with the newspaper fraternity are rarely taken seriously by any one who has seen the inside of a city room, nor is this any exception. The character played by Miss Dee is perhaps what audiences expect of sob sisters, but it isn't true to life. For one thing, she never does a lick of work and never shows the least sign of the stress and strain of her calling.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 58

Norma Liked Abroad.

THIS is the first time I have written to a magazine, but I feel I must join in the controversy about Norma Shearer.

When Miss Shearer was in London recently I had the good fortune to see her on four occasions. Twice I was able to speak to her. I found her absolutely charming and very natural, as well as being much more beautiful than she is on the screen, this probably being due to her lovely coloring. I might add that she wore very little make-up. She was most gracious to me and although it may be a small point, it shows the interest she takes in her fans. Miss Shearer remembered my name, which fact I greatly appreciate.

Her obvious attachment to her son also greatly impressed me. When Miss Shearer arrived in London from Scotland, she carried Irving, Jr., instead of giving him to a nurse. I think she entirely forgets to act as a star when off the screen and becomes a perfectly wonderful wife and mother. Incidentally, I never see Miss Shearer's films less than twelve times each.

Gwendolyn D. Fulcher,

15 Palace View,
Bromley, Kent, England.

Snubbing London Fans.

WHY are the majority of American stars so snobbish? Very few that have visited London have been at all nice to the fans. Take for instance, Jeanette MacDonald. We'd heard a lot about her sweetness and how marvelous she was to her admirers. Therefore, I took the opportunity to invite her to be guest of honor at a very select fan club with which I am connected. Miss MacDonald replied through her secretary that she had no time to see me. She completely ignored the invitation, but stated she would like me to know that Hollywood frowned on fan clubs.

Bebe Daniels is another. She wouldn't even send a photograph, but had her secretary write and say, "If you will purchase a photo of Miss Daniels and send it with a stamped envelope for return, it will be signed." Perhaps the high expenses of Dorchester House left no allowance for fan mail.

Another of your American stars was referred to in the press as Sally "High-hat" Eilers, while this same paper left a dash and query after Thelma Todd's name.

Miss M. R. Thompson,

77 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square,
London, W. 1, England.

Disappointed in Screen Corpses.

WHY in — don't directors have an actor stop breathing when he is supposed to die! Or at least fix him so we fans can't see him breathe? In my opinion, it makes a scene null and void when the corpse there in front of the camera is breathing away. Down here in Texas a man stops breathing when he dies, as a rule. Better to have no corpse scene at all than to mess it up with a "dead" body that snorts while somebody else is crying over it. When an actor dies, shut off his wind some way or other so we can get the spirit of the thing.

In "Private Jones" Lee Tracy saved the scene in which his mother died—but she didn't quit breathing—by his superb acting. That man can put more feeling in a scene with less effort than anybody out in the movie city. In fact, he acted it so well that my girl kept right on crying, even

after I had pointed out that the lady still breathed heavily, just because she was sorry for Lee Tracy. I'll bet if Tracy is ever called on to die in a scene he'll do it so well that the directors themselves will want to bury him! That's how that boy can act.

A big razzberry for corpses that just won't behave, and here's looking forward to seeing Lee Tracy portray the perfect corpse.

LARRY GRAY.

2124 Twentieth Street,
Tubbock, Texas.

Who Dresses Landi?

THEY say to bring out your personality, wear interesting, tasteful clothes. They help to show people what sort of a person one is.

If this is true, and I firmly believe in the statement, I think one young lady of the starry heights is getting what I should call a raw deal. That is, unless she selects the wardrobe herself; then I would call it bad taste.

I am referring to Elissa Landi. Miss Landi is a very fine actress, but the clothes she wears seem to muffle her personality. In "The Masquerader" those gowns she wore looked like burlap sacks and cheese-cloth tied in the middle. Perhaps such materials could be made into tasteful styles and no doubt interesting. But in this case it was not.

Miss Landi has a beautiful figure. Why put it in a sack and tie it at the neck?

B. M. TUCKER.

819 Ardmore Avenue,
Akron, Ohio.

Garbo's Pronunciation.

I AM a reader of quite a number of American and English film magazines and have read the words "Ay tank Ay go home" a number of times. I consider this quotation a malicious and ignorant way of laughing at Greta Garbo's English pronunciation.

I wonder how many so-called English-speaking people realize that English is the hardest of all languages to master, and how many of those who scoff at Greta realize what poor-spoken creatures they are themselves?

Even over the radio one can hear mispronounced words which are covered up by unnecessary coughing and *ahems*. What about Mauriee Chevalier, Lupe Velez, and many others? Do they not speak broken English. Yet one never sees any remarks passed about them.

CISSIE RUFF.

St. Mildred's, Nash Lane, Westwood,
Mangate, Kent, England.

Mr. Caudle Speaks Out.

WHY doesn't some one tell James Cagney where to get off? I've just seen "Hard to Handle" on its second engagement here, and of all the terrible, sloppy hit pictures I've ever seen, it takes the cake. Cagney, not an actor in the first place, pulled a fine piece of overacting in this. Every action he made was overstaged, and his fast, racy speech could not be understood. If the picture calls for good acting and fast talking, give the part to Lee Tracy, an actor who acts.

Say, Jack Seibold, please forgive this "addle-pated adolescent" for taking issue with you, but you know even an ignorant child has a right to his opinion. I suppose we adolescents must look up to you and believe you when you talk about Joan

Continued on page 63

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Continued from page 42

selves. Their home has no electricity and few modern conveniences.

In Hollywood where strange marriages abound, theirs is unique. It's on a fifty-fifty basis. When Blair can't find a market for his handiwork, Gloria supports them both. When he sells one of his busts, it's the other way round.

On their wedding night they vowed that if ever their temperaments clashed they would take a nuptial vacation. That explains why, at this writing, they are living separately. She insists, however, that the rift is by no means permanent.

Her first picture was "The Street of Women," with Kay Francis. She hasn't a suppressed desire to play any certain rôle unless it is *Helen of Troy*. She doesn't refer to her work as her "art," and is inclined to give Hollywood the horse laugh. Her favorite actresses are Katharine Cornell and Greta Garbo. Leslie Howard is her favorite masculine performer. She declares that Eric Linden has the vanity of a prima donna and told him so to his face. They are still on speaking terms.

There are times when she wishes she had been born a boy and then people wouldn't look askance at her

Fourth of July Girl

masculine recklessness. She suggests the fragility of Dresden china, yet at a moment's notice—or no notice at all—she'll stand on her head and whoop like an Apache.

Off-screen she wears scant make-up, usually only lipstick. Her serene aloofness is often mistaken for conceit, whereas she is warmly human. She weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, is five feet five inches tall and has large hazel eyes. Dislikes the provocative dimple in her chin because she thinks it makes her look like an ingénue. She has an uncontrollable temper, in the throes of which anything is likely to happen—and usually does.

I shall never forget the day I dropped into the publicity department with her. Previously she had vetoed a certain portrait of herself and ordered all the prints destroyed. Imagine her consternation, then, when she found a whole stack of these photos, ready to be distributed for publicity. She grabbed them and tore them into the minutest pieces and flung them in an avalanche all over the office. It was some time before the poor publicity boys emerged from under their desks.

She has longed to do comedy, so

welcomes the opportunity of being Eddie Cantor's leading lady in "Roman Scandals."

Her skin is so mellow white that you can see the delicate tracery of veins underneath. She seldom attends the theater, preferring foreign movies. Drives a medium-priced roadster at a medium rate of speed and owns a black scotty and a prize-winning collie. She likes to stretch out on the floor before a roaring fire and read by candlelight.

Her hobbies are collecting Indian relics and making scrapbooks of poetry and prose. Spends her spare time carving strange objects out of wood, and writing. Has written reams of exquisite sonnets. While in high school, she wrote a novel depicting the shady side of student life. As yet she hasn't found courage to send it to a publisher.

She likes to don disreputable clothes and work in her garden. She cooks her husband's meals herself and doesn't object to sitting in the balcony at the movies. Moreover, she says Hollywood will never disrupt their perfect understanding.

And both of them have the courage of their convictions.

Continued from page 13

Patti was gay, romantic, and elegant. Three husbands, one of them a marquis, were touched by the spotlight of her glory. Indeed, so gay and romantic was she that conservative Queen Victoria rescinded her invitation to have the prima donna sing for her.

Although Miss Swanson has not, to my knowledge, been frowned upon by a queen, and although she has already outstripped her predecessor in the matter of husbands, she too is gay, romantic, and elegant. The trend of her career seems to stamp her as being a sister in temperament of Adelina Patti.

The Byronic Gilbert.

The turbulent career of John Gilbert calls to mind the stormy life of one of the world's great poets—George Gordon Byron.

Here the comparison includes artistic perception, personal appearance, and a certain bitter emotionalism of temperament.

Into Lord Byron's thirty-six years of life were crowded amazing literary achievements and romantic adventures. His childhood was unhappy and he was handicapped by a clubfoot. Early in life, however, his genius lifted him to success.

A pretty steady diet of vinegar-soaked bread discouraged his ten-

dency to obesity, and as he was extremely handsome and brilliant, it is hardly surprising that the poet's romances more than once agitated English society.

But Byron the man was scarcely happier than Byron the boy. His rages, his humiliations, and his misanthropic denunciations have made interesting copy for historians. On the other hand, he had moments of exaltation and frequently gave evidence of kindness.

Consider Gilbert. He, too, had an unpleasant childhood. Hard work and natural endowments resulted in artistic success. Romance went with him up the ladder of fame. Although Byron won and lost only one wife, Gilbert has undergone four marriages and three divorces.

Like Byron, Gilbert has his fiery enthusiasms, his thunderstorm rages, and his moments of lilting ecstasy.

When Byron's popularity waned he left his native England and died in voluntary exile.

When Gilbert's popularity waned he went into seclusion.

Apparently many of the poet's qualities live again in John Gilbert.

Lupe and Lola.

Lupe Velez is more or less a reincarnation of Lola Montez. In background, temperament, and method of

dancing, Lupe resembles the beautiful adventuress of eighty years ago.

Born in Ireland, Lola Montez was given a convent education. Early in life she became a dancer and toured Europe. While dancing in Bavaria she became a friend—ahem!—of the king. During her amazingly picturesque life she married and disposed of four husbands.

Coming eventually to San Francisco she promptly stood the gold miners of the '50s on their assorted ears. When the dark beauty performed her famous spider dance, gold nuggets fell about her feet like hail.

But it seems that some fellow failed to appreciate the art of Montez and said so in print. Lola's Irish dander rose, and she promptly sent him a note challenging him to choose and swallow one of three identical pills, one containing deadly poison, she to swallow one of the two which remained.

The critic, apparently having regard for his health, ignored the challenge.

Although Lupe Velez resents criticism she has not had the daring or originality to challenge her critics à la Montez. Once in writing about her I included a little well-meant constructive criticism. Upon publication of the article, Lupe indicated to another writer that she considered me a

Genius Repeats Itself

"damn fool." Since then she looks over my shoulder when we meet, and passes without speaking.

Like Montez, Lupe was educated in a convent and became a dancer early in life. Unlike Montez, however, Lupe doesn't seem to take to marriage, although her name has become almost a synonym for fervid romance.

The life of Lola Montez was as peaceful as a perennial earthquake. So is Lupe's. Lupe's dancing is similar to that of Lola for the reason that it is largely an exhibition of primitive vivacity rather than finished technique.

In view of the many respects in which these two characters resemble, the Montez mantilla belongs to Lupe Velez.

Jeanne Eagels and Sarah Bernhardt.

The most vivid description I have ever found of Sarah Bernhardt was written by Arthur Symons:

Her fingers were covered with rings, her long and slender fingers; the nails were dyed with red henna. There was the "golden voice," with the Jewish drawl over the syllables, a voice that penetrated one's very heart. She had the evil eyes of a Thessalian witch; she could enchant with her slow, subtle and cruel spells men's souls out of their bodies. There was in this tall and thin actress such fire and passion as I have rarely seen in any woman; together with her luxuriousness, languor, indifference, haughtiness and hate.

Whew! Not a very comfortable person to have about, I suspect.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 61

Crawford. So she's reached the height of perfection, has she? O. K. If you say so, Seybold, old pal, but I still say if that's perfection I don't want to be perfect. I still don't like Crawford, and I'm saying so.

I'm disgusted at those headlines about "Poor Heartbroken Joan," "Joan Bravely Carries On," and "Joan's Superior Soul." Everywhere I turn I see them. If she'd be herself and put that soul into her acting she could be a good actress. Yes, even I have enough appreciation of the finer qualities to see that. But as she is now, I'd rather see Zasu Pitts, who is no mean actress herself.

CLYDE CAUDLE.

914 East Twenty-second Street,
Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

"Sin and Succeed" Films.

TO Cherry Valley: When there is big money involved Hollywood doesn't stop to count the cost on the adolescent mind when producing such sin-and-succeed fairy tales as "She Done Him Wrong." Why Mae West wasn't brought to trial for murder as any one would be in real life, even if the murder was in self-defense, must be checked up to Hollywood's method of saving the expense of a screen trial. If example is the greatest teacher, God help the youth of to-day! You can't expect

The great Sarah, with her small green eyes, tawny hair, and Semitic features, was a master *poseuse*. Sleeping in a coffin was only one of her many eccentricities. Considering that she was not only a dramatic genius but a sculptor, painter, and writer as well, it must be admitted that her equal is not to be found on the screen—or on the stage.

But there was an actress, who died all too soon, whose acting ability undoubtedly rivaled that of Bernhardt—Jeanne Eagels.

Miss Eagels also had a golden voice, a voice that was trained to every chord of expression and charged with electric power. Compared to her subtle skill and brilliant versatility, our other actresses seem to be but painted manikins laboring at their trade. What a pity that her life was sacrificed at the age of thirty-six!

Jeanne Eagels and Bernhardt were endowed—or afflicted—with the same type of temperament, ruthless, daring, and violent. Each was an enthusiastic braggart; each was involved again and again in turbulent love affairs, tragedies, and dramatic crises. However, Miss Eagels seems to have been more spiritual, less hard and insolent, than was Bernhardt.

Even so, it is obvious that these two great actresses were sufficiently alike in talent and temperament to have been mother and daughter.

And thus ends this short list of comparisons—flattering and otherwise.

them to fill in the gaps of impossible screen stories as we adults do and take all with a grain of salt. But the result? Any newspaper will tell you.

Mae West in spite of her carryings-on is honest. She makes a business of being humorously vulgar, and if you've a sense of humor you can forgive her. In Mae's own words she "stifles the blush with a laugh." That's lots better than being made up to look like a lady and then give an exhibition that belongs strictly in the privacy of a boudoir.

I think Mae's fan following is mostly feminine. She looks human. All the normal nonstarved real women in the country like her. Robust, jolly, and with a real spiritual quality—honesty.

V. K. GUNTHER.

403 East Forty-eighth Street,
New York City.

Clara's Telltale Diary.

TO Clara Bow: I would like to know what some of the people you met in Europe really thought about you. It would be rather interesting reading. However, their inborn breeding and courtesy prevented them from broadcasting their opinions of a mere loud-voiced, uncultured movie actress. It is a pity you displayed such ignorance in your published diary, as

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND



SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, she felt like herself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful.

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What the Fans Think

I'm sure you were forgotten by those people when out of sight.

When talking of big hands and feet, you omitted to mention the big hearts of those people who offered their hospitality to honor you. There are a few things which you might copy from those cultured people and which would be of immense benefit to you, namely, voice modulation, refinement, manners, and good English. For after all, you are speaking our language, or trying to. Britannia rules the waves, also the talkies. JEAN McTAVISH.

19977 128th Avenue,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

"Pen Portrait" Appreciated.

THANK you, Madeline Glass, for your interesting pen portrait of Barry Norton in October Picture Play.

I wish to protest against the injustice done to a talented player by Dan Rohrig, whose letter was published in August Picture Play. Of course, Mr. Rohrig, you did not mention any name, but every loyal fan of Barry Norton's was aware when he read in your letter that "the South American who a few years back ran amuck in Hollywood headlines and who to-day is all but forgotten, save for his exquisite nostrils" referred to Barry. So, I feel it is my duty to come to his defense.

Barry Norton is not by any means "fast

on his way to Stygian oblivion," Mr. Rohrig. If this player has not been seen in American films during the past few years, it is because he was engaged in foreign versions. I see no obstacle in his way now that he has been given opportunity to appear in English language films.

Mr. Norton has ability, a pleasant speaking voice, youth and good looks—necessary requirements for the screen. In the past, his work has always won deserved praise from critics. I believe that fickle Lady Luck is at last with him and that he will soar skyward to take his place with the stars in the movie firmament.

As to his behavior in private life, if he does "run amuck in Hollywood," I am certain it is not for show, but because he is an *enfant terrible* by nature.

YVONNE EBRARD.

3858 E. Ontario Street,
Montreal, Canada.

Joan's a Knock-out.

HOW fortunate that all the verbal blows aimed at Joan Crawford are not physical ones! If they were, poor Joan would be battle-scarred and weary.

Dorothy Rogers! If Joan Crawford is not typical of the modern American girl, that is the girl's loss and not Joan's. There are people who resent such letters

as yours. Even though you say that Joan is not a cultured woman, she at least knows when to be silent.

Joan, not beautiful? Isn't she graceful? That is beauty in itself. Hasn't she a lovely figure and very wonderful eyes? Doesn't she radiate health? Hasn't she a glorious smile? Line up all of your so-called beauties and Joan will win out any time. She won't win on points, either, because she's a knock-out.

PHYLLIS CARLYLE.

3 Cumberland Terrace,
Portland, Maine.

Ireland Remembers Long.

I HOPE you don't mind me putting my two cents' worth into "What the Fans Think." My plea is for three young actors whom I have seen too little of during the past few years. They are Frank Albertson, David Rollins, and Arthur Lake. They were great favorites in the silent days and even in the early talkies, but of late the producers seem to have forgotten them.

David Rollins was a second Buddy Rogers, but he has got even a worse deal than did Buddy. Why don't the producers give them a break? They are young and they can act better than some of these so-called he-men we are seeing so much of.

F. JACKSON.

Belfast, Ireland.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

B. W.—Ralph Bellamy's latest is "Ever in My Heart." He was born in Chicago on June 17, 1904, is a little over six feet, blond hair, blue eyes.

E. H.—Stanley Smith was to have played in "Footlight Parade," but because of Dick Powell's greater popularity he was given the part. Stanley is now playing in the Joe Cook stage show, "Hold Your Horses." Write to Barry Norton in care of Columbia Studio.

NANCY.—The heights and weights of these players are: Mary Carlisle, five feet one, 100; Heather Angel, five feet two, 105; Toby Wing, five feet four and one half, 118; Joan Blondell, five feet four, 115; Mary Brian, five feet two, 109; Ruby Keeler, five feet four, 105.

TEDDY—MONTREAL.—C. Henry Gordon is in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." For some years he ran a silver mine in New Mexico. Born in New York City, five feet eleven, dark hair, brown eyes.

BETTY OHLAN.—See S. E. D. for information about Gene Raymond. For a list of his films you must send a stamped envelope.

ELIZABETH FOWLER.—Greta Garbo is five feet six, weighs 125; Thelma Todd, five feet six, weighs 117; June Knight, five feet five, weighs 110.

FREDDIE LEWIS.—Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee have been married for several years now, and have a six-month-old son. Bing was born in Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904. His hair is light-brown. Jean Harlow has naturally platinum-blond hair. The titles of the songs from "Gold Diggers of 1933" are "Remembering My Forgotten Man," "The Shadow Waltz," "Pettin' in the Park," "The Gold Diggers Song," "I've Gotta Sing a Torch Song."

P. B. A.—Dennis King had the leading rôle in "Vagabond King." Did you see him in "The Devil's Brother"?

J. M. M.—Heather Angel and Heather Thatcher are two different persons. Both the October and November issues contained photos of Miss Angel. There was a roto page in the September number with Lilian Harvey and John Boles from "My Lips Betray."

ARTHUR DUNKLIN.—Indeed the screen lost a fine actress with the passing of Louise Closser Hale July 26th. Her last picture was "Another Language." Here are those birthdates: Katharine Hepburn, May 12, 1908; Mae West, August 17, 1892; John Barrymore, February 15, 1882; Lionel Barrymore, April 28, 1878; Lee Tracy, April 14, 1898.

B. J. B.—For a list of Helen Vinson's pictures and the cast of "Clear All Wires," please send a stamped envelope.

MARCIA.—Often our films are released in England under another title. "Second-hand Wife" played there as "Illegal Divorce." June 17, 1904, is Ralph Bellamy's birthdate. Lyle Talbot played *Winston* in "The Thirteenth Guest." For a photo of Robert Armstrong, write to RKO Studio.

ALICIA P.—We have yet to have a cover portrait of Elissa Landi. We published an interview with her in the September number. This issue may be had by sending your order and remittance to our Subscription Department. Her most recent film is "By Candlelight." Frankie Darro is fifteen. "The Wolf Dog" his next.

LORRAINE SHEEHAN.—Betty Jane Graham was brought up in Hollywood. She has danced in Los Angeles theaters, and has been on the radio. She was ten years old on July 17th last.

JUST A FAN.—Some players claiming Illinois as their birthplace are Mary Astor, Gloria Swanson, Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young, Rex Bell, Virginia Cherrill, Polly Moran, Rod LaRocque, Louise Dresser. Write to each star individually to obtain his autographed photo. Janet Gaynor was twenty-six October 6th, and

on August 30th Joan Blondell will be twenty-five.

MARCELLA.—Write to Ramon Novarro at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, address on back page. He was born in Mexico February 6, 1899; five feet ten, weighs 160, dark-brown hair and eyes.

VIN.—Judith Allen doesn't mention that she ever was a resident of Hartford, Connecticut. She is a New Yorker, birthday January 28th.

THELMA WILSON.—"War of the Range" is one of Tom Tyler's current films. June Vlasek was born in 1916; Cecilia Parker on April 26, 1914; Frank Albertson, February 2, 1909.

GAY.—Lillian Miles, who played opposite Jack Holt, in "Man Against Woman," was selected by Columbia as a Wampas starlet but withdrawn when they discovered that she was no longer under contract. Perhaps Columbia will supply her photo.

A KAY FRANCIS FAN.—I have no fan club listed in honor of your favorite. Miss Francis has a very pleasant singing voice and is an accomplished pianist.

NOVARRO FAN.—You might refer to Louise Thompson for information about Jan Kiepura. "Be Mine To-night" was produced in England. Sonnie Hale, the comedian in this picture, was born in London on May 1, 1902. Jack Holt is divorced. Elissa Landi is married to John C. Lawrence, an English lawyer.

RUTH ELLIS.—There was an interview with Ralph Bellamy in the December, 1932, Picture Play. This will give you more information about him than I have space for here. I have no fan club for him.

RUTH L. WESTON.—Perhaps by this time you have seen Elizabeth Allan in "The Solitaire Man."

CAROLYN C.—Do not find any pictures listed under the title you mention. Is it possible that they were released prior to 1915, when my files begin?

BLOTS AND GINGER.—That is Jackie Cooper's right name. He was born in Los Angeles September 15, 1923. Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are teamed in "Dancing Lady." Franchot will be twenty-eight February 27th, and Bruce Cabot celebrates his birthday April 20th.

A FAN.—John Beal made his screen debut as Jerry Hallam in "Another Language." He was recruited from the stage and to date has not been cast in any other picture.

GERTRUDE ANDERSEN.—David Landau has appeared in a number of plays on the stage in New York and London, and was eventually brought to Hollywood. Among his films are "Street Scene," "Amateur Daddy," "Arrowsmith," "Horsefeathers," "No Marriage Ties."

G. I. WALSK.—So far I have been unsuccessful in learning the identity of that player. Have you any other questions?

PEGGY.—Now that you've subscribed, I hope you enjoy Picture Play more than ever. Barbara Kent was born in Canada December 16, 1909, is four feet eleven, weighs 103, and has auburn hair and blue eyes. There hasn't been any recent interview with her.

LAUREL B.—Amita Page played in "Soldiers of the Storm" with Regis Toomey. Winnie Lightner is in Joan Crawford's "Dancing Lady." Will Rogers is playing in "Doctor Bull." William Powell has a seven-year-old son by his former wife.

DALE BOSWELL.—Tom Keene was born in Smoky Hollow, New York, December 30, 1903, is six feet, weighs 170, and has blue eyes and dark hair; Bette Davis, in Lowell, Massachusetts, April 5, 1908, is five feet three and a half, weighs 110, blond hair, blue eyes; Charles Morton, Vallejo, California, January 28, 1906, six feet, weighs 170, brown hair, blue eyes; Sally O'Neil, Bayonne, New Jersey, October 23, 1908, five feet one and a half, weighs 104, black hair, dark-blue eyes.

A HOLT FAN.—Jack is now playing in "Man of Steel" and "World's Fair." May

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31, 1888, is his birthday. Why not write direct to Holt and give him your opinion?

MARY LOUISE.—Enrico Caruso, Jr., had a small part in Universal's "Air Mail."

POPPAEA.—In "The Sign of the Cross," *Pitrius*, Captain of the Guard, was played by Richard Alexander. You might inquire of the publicity department of Paramount Pictures, Paramount Bldg., New York City, if they can supply his photo in this character, and at what price.

M. MAE Z.—For photos of any players in the serials you mention try the Universal Studio. I do not record the casts of serials.

CLARINE.—Dennis King's latest picture, "The Devil's Brother," is based on the comic opera, "Fra Diavolo." In 1930 he made "Vagabond King" and played in "Paramount on Parade." He is married to Edith Wright. They have two children.

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State of New York, County of New York(ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Street & Smith's Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Connolly	Tim McCoy
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Dorothy Tree
Evalyn Knapp	Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Howard Lally
Frank Atkinson	William Lawrence
Lew Ayres	Boots Mallory
Warner Baxter	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Clara Bow	George O'Brien
Marion Burns	Una O'Connor
Henrietta Crosman	Gene Raymond
James Dunn	Kane Richmond
Sally Eilers	Will Rogers
Norman Foster	Buddy Rogers
Preston Foster	Raul Roulien
Henry Garat	Genevieve Tobin
Janet Gaynor	Merle Tottenham
Lilian Harvey	Spencer Tracy
Miriam Jordan	June Vladek
Victor Jory	Irene Ware

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Tad Alexander	Phillips Holmes
Elizabeth Allan	Walter Huston
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Una Merkel
Wallace Beery	John Miljan
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Virginia Cherrill	Karen Morley
Mae Clarke	Ramon Novarro
Jackie Cooper	Maureen O'Sullivan
Joan Crawford	Jean Parker
Marion Davies	May Robson
Marie Dressler	Norma Shearer
Jimmy Durante	Martha Sleeper
Madge Evans	Lewis Stone
Muriel Evans	Franchot Tone
Clark Gable	Lee Tracy
Greta Garbo	Lupe Velez
Lawrence Grant	Johnny Weissmuller
William Haines	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Robert Young
Helen Hayes	

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Katharine Hepburn
Bill Boyd	Dorothy Jordan
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Eric Linden
Bill Cagney	Anita Louise
Chic Chandler	Helen Mack
Dolores del Rio	Mary Mason
Richard Dix	Joel McCrea
Irene Dunne	Colleen Moore
Betty Furness	Gregory Ratoff
William Gargan	Bert Wheeler
Hale Hamilton	Gretchen Wilson
Ann Harding	Robert Woolsey

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Brian Aherne	Jack LaRue
Adrienne Ames	Charles Laughton
Lona Andre	John Davis Lodge
Richard Arlen	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Herbert Marshall
Kathleen Burke	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Ricardo Cortez	Randolph Scott
Buster Crabbe	Sylvia Sydney
Marlene Dietrich	Alison Skipworth
Patricia Farley	Kent Taylor
Wynne Gibson	Helen Twelvetrees
Cary Grant	Mae West
Verna Hillie	Dorothea Wieck
Miriam Hopkins	Toby Wing
Roscoe Karns	Elizabeth Young

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Ronald Colman
George Baneroff	Constance Cummings
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Gloria Swanson
Charles Chaplin	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Eiissa Landi
Madge Bellamy	Ken Maynard
Tom Brown	Zasu Pitts
Andy Devine	Onslow Stevens
Hugh Enfield	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Margaret Sullavan
June Knight	Slim Summerville
Paul Lukas	

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Paul Muni
Ruth Chatterton	Theodore Newton
Bebe Daniels	Dick Powell
Bette Davis	William Powell
Claire Dodd	Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Donnelly	Barbara Rogers
Ann Dvorak	Jayne Shaddock
Patricia Ellis	Barbara Stanwyck
Glenda Farrell	Lyle Talbot
Kay Francis	Sheila Terry
Ann Hovey	Helen Vinson
Harold Huber	Renee Whitney
Alice Jans	Warren William
Allen Jenkins	Pat Wing
Ruby Keeler	

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North
Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan
Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel
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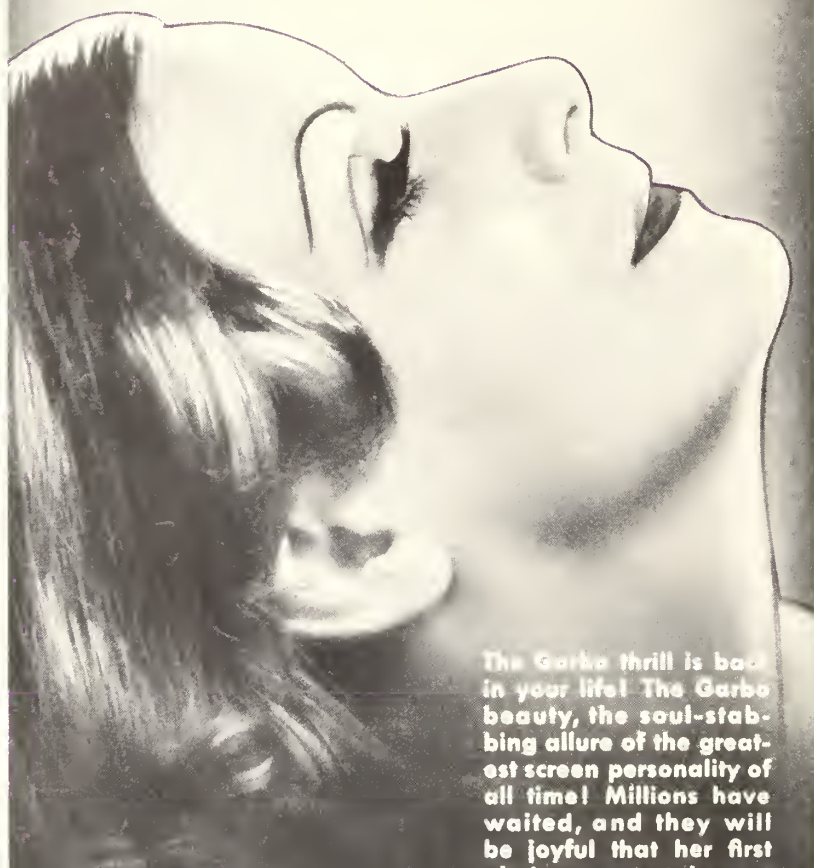


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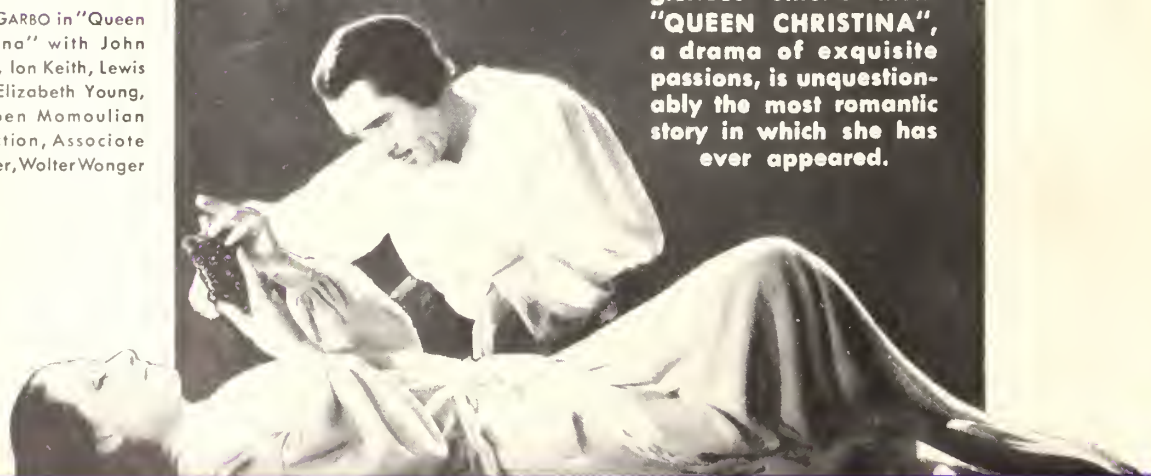


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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Stars Take a Mental Test

Haven't you often wished to know exactly how the intelligence of your favorite star compared with your own?

Haven't you wondered if it required a superior mentality to become a star and stay one? Of course you have: it's natural curiosity.

Consider, then, how happy Picture Play is to give you the result of a mentality test taken by the stars. You may undergo the same examination yourself and compare your answers to those given by the great ones.

Eighteen questions are asked such bright luminaries as Gary Cooper, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Mae West, and many others. Eighteen psychological questions such as reveal character and intelligence, test questions in the strictest sense of the word.

You will read the answers of the stars, you will ask yourself the same questions and then compare! Thus you will be able to learn which star you resemble mentally, and how you rate as an individual.

This is a fascinating, revealing experiment and you may make it by reading March Picture Play. Better order it in advance—it will be sold out early.



What Do You Like Best in Picture Play?—and Least?

Write to the editor and tell him. Every effort is being made to shape the magazine to the wishes of its readers. To do so completely, nothing is more helpful than an expression of opinion, of likes and dislikes, from those who make Picture Play possible and have made it a favorite for nearly twenty years. Write in!

GOOD NUMBERS FROM PARAMOUNT

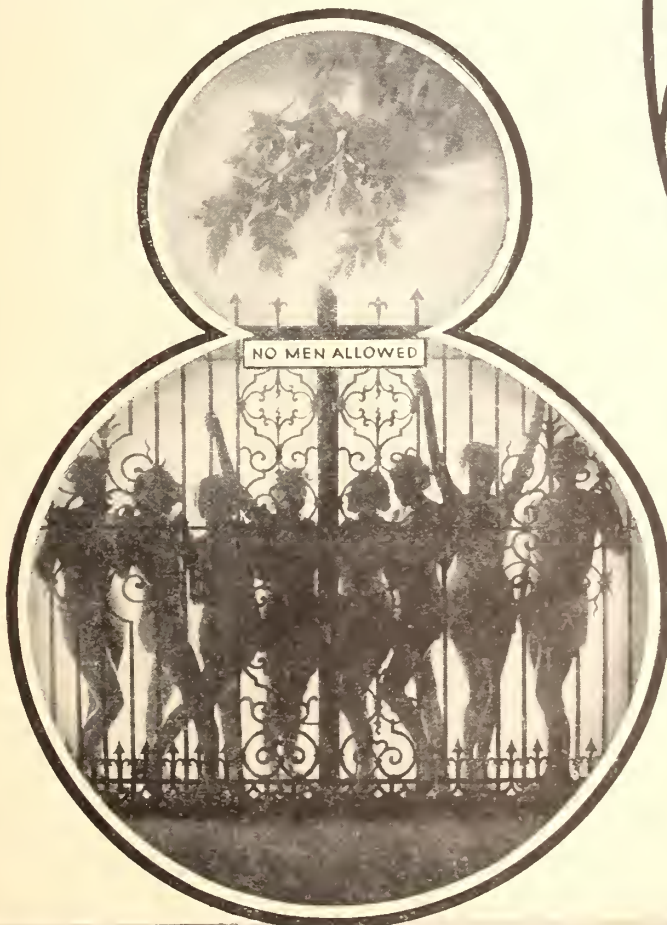


"FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE"

Four frightened people fleeing into a tropical jungle to escape from a plague-ridden ship... shedding their good manners with their clothes... casting civilization aside, being once more, "Male and Female." The people—Cloudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gorgon. *The director—Cecil B. DeMille.*

"SIX OF A KIND"

Six riotous comedians, out for fun... six larcenous picture-snotchers, stealing laughs from each other, six grand mirthmokers in a story made for mirth. The six—Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, W. C. Fields and Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen. *The director—Leo McCarey.*



"EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT"

Eight lovely girls in a school where men were forbidden. Eight girls dreaming spring dreams... a lover looked in at the window and then there were seven. The eighth girl—Dorothy Wilson... the lover—Douglas Montgomery. *The director—Richard Wolcott.*



if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE, it's the best show in town

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Even Kids Go Mae West.

FROM the various comments around me, I think I am the only person in the whole country who doesn't like Mae West. To me her pictures are the most disgusting display of vulgarity I have ever seen, and as far as I am concerned, vulgarity can never be condoned.

I think it is really pitiful to hear boys and girls of nine and ten using such expressions as "Come up and see me sometime" and "You can be had." Every time I hear it I want to give them a good spanking. Even if they didn't see the picture they can't escape hearing her imitators.

I don't think it speaks very highly for the intelligence of a neighborhood which can support a three-time engagement of such a picture. Some Los Angeles theaters have played it four and five times.

I don't think I am a prude. I enjoy the movies and the theater immensely. I thoroughly enjoyed such pictures as "The Guardsman," "Reunion in Vienna," "The Animal Kingdom," et cetera. All these are more or less spicy and risqué, but *not* vulgar.

The theme of "She Done Him Wrong" was rotten, and the improbable ending! Ugh! She wasn't even a diamond in the rough, but rather condoned and helped her "man" in his white-slavery dealings. As for "I'm No Angel," the less said about its morals the better!

This letter probably seems rambling and incoherent, but having just heard some youngsters outside the house talking *à la* Mae West, I became so angry I wanted to break things, and am really just letting off steam to some one. JANE DOE.

Los Angeles, California.

Keep Away from Hollywood!

BREATHES there a fan with soul so dead, who never to himself (or herself) hath said, "I wish I could go to Hollywood and see my favorites in the flesh." To such the best advice is *stay away!*

To a confirmed fan the stars become real personalities, not merely shadows on a screen. They are as tangible to us as our friends. We follow their activities with avid interest, gobble up the gossip about them just as a group of women around a bridge table go for the dirt about their own circle of friends. We actually feel as though we *know* them.

We go to Hollywood in the hope of seeing our favorite in person. Perhaps, if luck is with us, we catch a glimpse of our idol dashing along Sunset Boulevard in a stunning car, or dancing at the Ambassador. What now?

At the first thrilling glimpse the heart of the fan leaps with pleased surprise. A warm glow of friendliness fills the bosom. Then comes the desire to express that

friendliness, to get ourselves across to this particular person. And there's the rub.

I remember my own experience not so many years ago. I had followed the career of a certain player from its very beginning when he was a green youngster. I had applauded and patronized every picture he had done in his climb upward. At times I felt as though I myself

had actually had something to do with his success. Isn't that the very heart of being a fan, that feeling that these favorites are somehow our very own?

I was in Los Angeles on a vacation trip and uppermost in my mind, of course, was the hope of seeing my favorite in person. After a few days I was rewarded. I saw him dancing at the Coconut Grove, handsomer and even more exciting in the flesh than on the screen.

When he went back to his table, which he shared with a party, I found myself wanting to convey to him my feeling of personal friendship for him, and as I stared, or possibly ogled, he glanced my way. His gaze went right through and beyond me, as though I was no more than the chair I sat on. It left me with the blankest, most futile feeling imaginable.

It just didn't seem possible that I could know him so well—every little mannerism, the funny little way he quirked up one eyebrow, and since the advent of talkies, every inflection of his voice—when he regarded me as no more than a piece of furniture.

I could have gone over to his table and spoken the little piece I had prepared against just this moment, or I could have sent for him to come to me. Doubtless he would have complied graciously and mechanically. But would it have helped? I rather think it would have made a bad matter worse. The result was that I never could feel quite the same about that player again. Unreasonably enough, I felt as though a very dear friend had snubbed me.

My advice is directed at the average sensible fan who reacts in a normal way to the personalities of the screen. There is one chance out of a thousand that you'll be lucky enough to get a formal introduction to your favorite and enjoy a real personal friendship, for these instances are few and far between. It's usually a question of staying away or sacrificing your illusions, which after all, are lots of fun to keep.

MRS. RUTH NEWCOMB.

1531 Thousand Oaks Boulevard,
Berkeley, California.

Continued on page 9



A Los Angeles fan thinks Mae West's films are so disgustingly vulgar that she sees red when children of ten say "Come up and see me sometime."

MASTER OF THE ART OF LOVE!

Ten million women
will meet face to
face the secret
lover in their hearts!
... when Europe's
greatest romantic
actor appears in
his first American
picture!

FRANCIS LEDERER

sensational star of the stage hit, "AUTUMN CROCUS", and

ELISSA LANDI

in

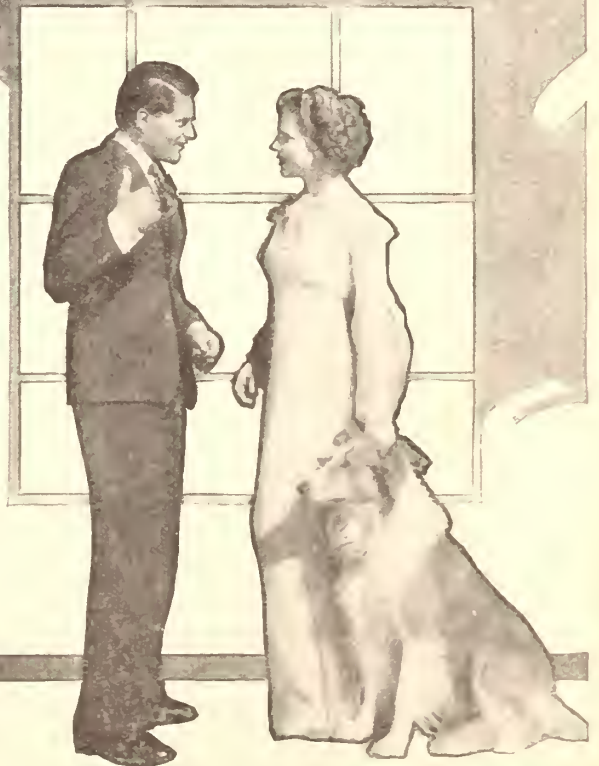
"MAN of TWO WORLDS"

with **HENRY STEPHENSON—J. FARRELL MacDONALD**

Directed by WALTER RUBEN

He—an untamed man of the wilds . . . She—a
siren of civilization . . . It's the thunderbolt thrill of the
year when they meet! . . . and struggle! . . . and love!

MERIAN C. COOPER, Exec. Prod.  A Pandro S. Berman Production



Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

VIRGINIA B. C.—Nils Asther is a very busy actor these days. Besides "Beautiful," opposite Ann Harding, watch for him in "By Candlelight" and "If I Were Free." August Picture Play carried an interview which touched largely upon his marriage and divorce. Nils is thirty-two. He and Vivian Duncan were married in August, 1930, and divorced in November, 1932. Their daughter was born about March, 1931.

HELEN KALE.—For scenes from any of the Gaynor-Farrell films, write to the Publicity Department, Fox Film Corporation, 55th Street and 10th Avenue, New York City.

L. M. SCHROEDER.—"Mary Stevens, M. D." was adapted from a novel by Virginia Kellogg. Scenes from this picture appeared in the roto section of this magazine for September. Back issues may be had by sending your order and remittance to our Subscription Department. Kay Francis was born in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, on January 13, 1906; is about five feet six, weighs 112, and has black hair and brown eyes.

RUTH GARNETT.—Pauline Frederick has been confining her acting to the stage. Others taking a recess from pictures in favor of the stage are Laurence Olivier, Jill Esmond, Jean Arthur, Helen Hayes, Lilian Bond, Bramwell Fletcher, Rose Hobart, Colin Clive, Dwight Frye.

BLUE LILY.—In "Cavalcade" *Edward* was played by John Warburton; *Jocelyn* by Frank Lawton; *Fanny Bridges*, Ursula Jeans; *Mrs. Bridges*, Una O'Connor; *Annie*, Merle Tottenham. The thirty-foot figure of the ape in "King Kong" was really only a foot or so tall. The scenes were shot with miniature, double and triple exposures, and process shots. Mary Carlisle is the actress you describe.

H. LOWNY.—Noah Beery, not Wallace Beery, played in the talkie version of "Tollable David." For the complete cast I must ask you to send me a self-addressed stamped envelope.

EDITH LAWRENCE.—David Manners is Canadian by birth, born April 30, 1905. He is six feet, weighs 175, and has brown hair and eyes. We published an interview with him in January, 1933, and in June preview stills from "The Warrior's Husband." Our Subscription Department will supply these numbers for ten cents each.

GEORGETTE.—Ralph Bellamy will be thirty on June 17th. For his photo, write to him at 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. His latest are "House of Murder" and "Trigger."

A KAY FRANCIS FAN. Your favorite is now playing with George Brent and Ricardo Cortez in "Mandalay." Frances Dec was born in Los Angeles, California, November 26, 1908; five feet three, weighs 108, and has brown hair, blue eyes; Bebe

Daniels, in Dallas, Texas, January 14, 1901; five feet three and a half, weighs 112, and has black hair and dark-brown eyes; Billie Dove, New York City, May 14, 1903, same height and weight as Bebe, brown hair, turning gray, brown eyes.

DESS.—Besides those you list, Chester Morris has played in "Breach of Promise"; Lee Tracy in "Big Time," "She Got What She Wanted"; Cary Grant, "Merrily We Go to Hell," "Devil and the Deep," "Hot Saturday," "I'm No Angel." You have all of Clark Gable's films. For the rest of the information you desire, please send a stamped envelope.

CELESTINE BRAMPTON.—Those footprints in the cement walk in front of Grauman's Chinese Theater are changed from time to time as new favorites, such as Diana Wynyard, loom up and crowd out inactive ones. Jean Harlow is the latest to be honored.

BILLIE.—Geoffrey Gill sang in "Peg o' My Heart." Jean Parker is five feet three; Beryl Mercer, four feet ten; Marjorie White, four feet ten and a half; Dorothy Janis, four feet eleven.

BARBARA LAWRENCE.—Irene Purcell has returned to the stage. She and Conrad Nagel have been playing in "We Meet Again." Miss Purcell comes from Hammond, Indiana; birthday, August 7th; five feet three and a half, auburn hair, bluish-gray eyes. Married since June, 1932, to an Italian engineer.

MAX PALM.—*Bob*, in "Tarzan the Fearless," was played by Edward Woods. Gwili Andre is no longer in pictures. Mary Carlisle's birthday is February 3rd. Refer to Addresses of Players if you wish to send for autographs of the stars.

CLYDE BEATTY FAN.—Clyde Beatty is now with the Hagenbeck-Wallace circus. On September 16th he married Harriet Evans, aerialist in the show. He was born in Bainbridge, Ohio, twenty-nine years ago; is five feet six, weighs 148.

ANNE ALTON.—Ginger Rogers is five feet five; Kay Francis, about five feet six; Virginia Bruce, five feet six and a half; Rose Dione and Aline MacMahon are five feet eight. These are five feet seven: Alice Brady, Juliette Compton, Fifi Dorsay, Lillian Tashman, Rita LaRoy, Gwen Lee, Hedda Hopper, Helen Jerome Eddy, Louise Dresser, Anna Q. Nilsson.

A FAN.—Perhaps Paramount's Publicity Department, Paramount Building, New York City, can supply you with the musical score of "Jennie Gerhardt."

MADDIE MAY.—Joan Crawford is five feet four, weighs 110; Charles Farrell, six feet two, 170; Alice White, five feet, 105; James Cagney, five feet nine, 155; Edna May Oliver, five feet ten; Victor McLaglen, Johnny Weissmuller, Rod La

Rocque, Richard Alexander are all six feet three. Scout was the name of Jack Hoxie's white horse.

JACQUELINE ALLEN.—Address Bing Crosby and Grace Bradley at Paramount Studio, and Claire Dodd at Warner-First National Studio. Miss Dodd is playing in "Massacre," with Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak. Miss Bradley comes from Brooklyn, New York; birthday, September 21st. She is five feet two, weighs 108, red hair and hazel eyes.

J. DUDNEY.—Their birth dates are: Claudette Colbert, September 13, 1907; Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911; Ramon Novarro, February 6, 1899; Kay Francis, January 13, 1906; Mae West, August 17, 1892; Lyle Talbot, February 8, 1904; John Mack Brown, September 1, 1904; Glenda Farrell, 1905.

ESTHER HADER.—Since Universal produced "Moonlight and Pretzels," perhaps they will forward Roger Pryor's mail. Although a well-known stage favorite, this was Roger's first screen appearance. Clark Gable's stepdaughter is about nineteen.

LOUISE PARKER.—Jack Oakie, whose right name is Lewis D. Offield, was born in Sedalia, Missouri, November 13, 1903; is five feet ten, weighs 150, and has sandy hair and blue eyes. His mother had a small part in "Too Much Harmony."

D. M. P.—Greta Garbo is five feet six, weighs 125; Ruby Keeler, five feet four, weighs 105; Jean Harlow, five feet three and a half, weighs 112; Joan Blondell, five feet four, weighs 115; Mary Pickford, five feet, weighs about 100.

HELEN KANE.—Sylvia Sidney's birth date is August 8, 1910, and Donald Cook's, September 26, 1901.

DOROTHY E. DOYLE.—John Beal, brought to Hollywood for the rôle of *Jerry*, which he created in the stage production of "Another Language," was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania three years ago. Just twenty-four, he comes from Joplin, Missouri, where his father is in business. For his photograph, write to Metro-Goldwyn Studio.

VIVIAN LOGAN.—Frankie Darro played in First National's "Wild Boys of the Road." Perhaps that studio will forward a letter. Frankie was born in Chicago, December 22, 1918.

N. L. M.—Write direct to Kay Francis for information about her relatives.

BEN OSTRO.—The Associated Screen News, Ltd., has a studio in Montreal at 5271 Western Avenue. Toby Wing was born near Richmond, Virginia, July 14, 1915; is five feet four and a half, weighs 118, and has platinum-blond hair and blue eyes.

Continued on page 64

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

Hepburn Has Only Started.

IN November Picture Play, Paul Boring had the audacity to pan the most scintillating personality on the screen today, our beloved Katharine Hepburn. You are more to be pitied, Mr. Boring, than censured. In but three pictures, Miss Hepburn has mounted to stardom, and she has not by any means finished her triumphant climb. She has only started. Watch her. Before she finishes she will eclipse many who are now at the top.

An artist to her finger tips, refreshing, so different from the regular run, and with a voice that holds one spellbound, I would no more think of missing one of her pictures than I would of going without my three meals daily.

For her work in "Morning Glory" I award the medal for the finest acting I have as yet seen on the screen to Miss Katharine Hepburn. Take that, Mr. Boring, and like it.

J. EDW. MULCAHY.

4 Oak Street, Room 5,
Naugatuck, Connecticut.

Three "So Nice" Girls.

PLEASE let me take advantage of the opportunity to express myself in your so-nice magazine. That which I have to say is this:

In Hollywood there are only three actresses that are really beautiful. And they are Loretta Young, who has a perfect profile and the so-beautiful features. *Elles muy hermosa!* She is the typical American girl, only there can be no other so beautiful as she.

Next, Norma Shearer. The word that describes her is "lovely."

Then there is Sidney Fox. If you will look closely you will see that she has the perfect profile, too. And all three of these lovely ladies are *graciosas*. You would like to know each and be one of their friends.

SENORITA.

Augusta, Georgia.

Mighty Lak a Rose.

OUT in the realm of moviedom there is a star who has suffered much, and through it all she has held on to the standard of progress. That person is none other than the glamorous Jean Harlow.

I am indeed very proud to boast of my two-and-a-half-year friendship with her. I became acquainted with Jean at the time when she was just another film beauty. She was perfectly charming to me—sent me gorgeous photos and letters and offered to meet me twice.

As time went on, however, and Jean became one of filmdom's greatest stars, I became a bit frightened, frightened for fear that she would "go Hollywood" and I would lose my treasured friendship with her. But when I tell you that success made Jean Harlow an even sweeter, more charming, and thoroughly unaffected person, I am sure that you all will believe me. Jean writes to me regularly, and these letters are indeed a supreme joy. I receive beautiful photos from her, and now I am eagerly awaiting my promised date with her when she comes to New York again.

In spite of the many great difficulties which Jean has encountered in her search for success and fame, she is one of the dearest, sweetest persons in all Hollywood.

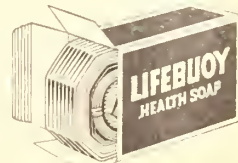
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ENEMY NO. 1—cold, biting winds that roughen and irritate the skin. Lifebuoy lather soothes—cleanses, gently!
ENEMY NO. 2—close, stuffy rooms that make it easy for "B.O." (body odor) to offend. Lifebuoy lather purifies—deodorizes pores. Its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tells you this rich lather stops "B.O."



What the Fans Think

Little White Whoppers.

ALTHOUGH her queer conduct and strange interviews have annoyed me at times, I do not think there is anything fundamentally wrong with Joan Crawford. Her habit of telling whoppers, about her age does not constitute a felony or even a mortal sin. One famous female, when asked what was the happiest time of her life, replied, "The six years I was eighteen."

And if Joan has altered with the passing of time, that is nothing to get excited about. Clara Bow, Lupe Velez, and Mary Brian have all changed for better or worse since first reaching the screen, so why expect the intelligent and feverish Crawford to remain immature? She is to-day better looking, better groomed, and vastly more interesting than the Lucille of the night clubs. It is only natural for a girl with her splendid vitality to go on experimenting.

The lady of the gardenias is essentially a dreamer. She loves to shed a glow of idealism over all her acts and aspirations. But she is a dreamer with a fighting spirit and an unquenchable thirst for fame. Try to beat *that* combination!

FRANK TULLY.

20 New Street,
Danbury, Connecticut.

Women in Gable's Way.

WHY has Clark Gable always to bear the brunt of the blame for this heroine-slapping business? Some actor or other has indulged in it, in various forms, ever since films began, but has any one ever got excited about it before? Why does Mr. Gable have to receive the brickbats, after all these years? Is it because his black eyebrows and firm chin make the fans more conscious of his actions?

If I have any complaint about his pictures, it isn't his treatment of the women; it's the fact that he is always so surrounded by 'em. And they are always so much of a muchness that he never gets a chance to show what a splendid actor he can be. Half the time he is falling over some female, getting entangled in her skirts and her wiles, and generally trying to escape the harem that dogs his footsteps in every picture. I wonder sometimes he isn't tempted to deliver a real knock-out in earnest. If he were a refined *Romeo*, instead of only a he-man, he probably would.

LOUISE MERRILL.

6 Third Road, Tyler Street,
Brightside, Sheffield, England.

A Matter of Taste.

THIS letter is written in answer to that of Donald Yaro. He is getting those brickbats and hisses he anticipated, for I am a very ardent fan of Katharine Hepburn's.

Men of his caliber *would* like Jean Harlow. I don't think she has ever seen the inside of a college. I don't suppose Donald Yaro will understand this—he couldn't—but the reason Katharine Hepburn is in movies is because she is so refined, has acting ability, and has such a refreshing personality.

Perhaps Donald is jealous because Katharine has gone to the top so fast and his pet, Jean Harlow, isn't even there. Why? Because Katharine is natural. All Jean Harlow amounts to is a walking beauty shop.

I am a girl and like to look pretty, but I would rather be natural like Katharine. I would much rather see a girl without any make-up than all make-up and no natural beauty, like Jean Harlow. You very rarely see Jean Harlow in any other

part than that of a gangster's moll, and it suits her.

Another point, I am copying Katharine Hepburn's style, as are a great many people. You can wear her costumes, but could you wear that sequin-and-tulle junk Jean Harlow wore in "Dinner at Eight"? No, of course not!

ADMIRING HEPBURN FAN.

Brooklyn, New York.

Lew Grows Up.

THREE cheers for Lew Ayres! That boy has grown up from a nice kid into a swell man and actor. In "State Fair" there was a superb cast, but the real surprise for us fans was the wonderful acting of Lew Ayres as the young reporter in love with the little country girl.

From his first appearance in the picture to the end of it he was just grand. And that scene in the rain! And the one with Janet Gaynor on his shoulder! How his eyes can "speak"!

I was angry when I read that they were to separate Charlie Farrell from Janet and put the Ayres boy in his place, but now I'm reconciled with Fox.

Come on, Fox, be nice to our Lew and give him more good rôles opposite Janet! We want to see more pictures with them together!

MATILDE ARANGUREN.

27 Escobar Street,
Havana, Cuba.

Doubtful Honors for Gable.

IHAVE a sweet little Boston bull pup, and his name is Bill. I think he looks just like Clark Gable. Isn't that marvelous! If he has puppies, I shall name one Clark and the other Gable. Of all our dear friends in the pictures, I like Clark Gable best, because he is such a he-man, and because he reminds me so of Bill.

I am a missionary in Tsinanfu, China. I have just come to Hankow for a visit, and seen such a thrilling picture of Clark Gable that I felt sure that fans would be pleased to hear of it.

PEGGY G.

Tsinanfu, China.

Picture Play Spots 'Em.

IWAS delighted to see that Picture Play recognized the acting ability and personal magnetic appeal of James C. Eagles. I've seen him in about three pictures in comparatively small parts, and I wondered how long it would be before he received the praise that is his due. He has something that attracts, and I think he is a forthcoming star. I know he is already one of my favorites. Good luck and better rôles to him!

Another word of praise, this time for the beautiful young Lona André. The only thing I don't like is her eccentric name, but then we don't have to look at her name on the screen while we can see her lovely face and figure.

M. E. V. J.

207 Winthrop Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Paging Olive Borden.

THIS letter is in the nature of an agony notice. My trouble is this: Am I the only person in the wide world who is an admirer of Olive Borden and who longs to see her return to the screen?

Every day we read of the impending comeback of players who either were popular years before most of us took an intelligent interest in films, or else stars who cut little or no ice at their best. But Olive, who is one of the most beautiful brunettes ever seen on the screen, who has one of the best figures on earth, who has a beautiful, low voice, who can act, who has "It," glamour, and all the rest—are we never to see her again?

Please, Hollywood, can't we have her back, instead of these imitation Garbos and horrifying platinum blondes?

JOHN L. CUMMINGS.

21 Spring Street,
Brighton, Sussex, England.

Joan, the All-American Girl.

TO Dorothy Rogers:

As much as I worship Joan Crawford, I don't hate you for what you said about her in October Picture Play. Your views, while they are decidedly not in accord with my own, are presented in a manner which bespeaks intelligence, and therefore command respect and consideration.

First of all, despite the fact that you claim she has, due to her artificiality and condescending manner, forfeited her rights to the title, it is because of these very things that she is all the more the "typical American girl." For she depicted, in that period during which you feel she fell from grace, certain qualities found in every average American female.

Haven't you, Miss Rogers, at one time or another, been very haughty and aloof? And didn't you, too, go through a period when you were decidedly the poseur? You lacked, perhaps, some of Joan's admirable frankness, and so did not show openly these manifestations of a subconscious development, but surely you can recall the time when you at least wanted to do what Joan has done.

Likewise it is that period of Joan's when everything took on an exaggerated importance, similar to that time in the lives of every ambitious and intellectually broadening girl or boy when the whole world seems against them, and they shed bitter tears onto their pillows and think only of the utter, abject futility of it all.

The only difference is that Joan's emotional growth was constantly before us, while ours can be our own secret. I think that that, more than anything else, was the reason for her divorce from Doug, Jr. She had grown so far beyond him that it was impossible for that first spark, born of his understanding, ever to be rekindled. Doug, in his phlegmatic self-satisfaction, did not keep pace with her as she progressed, and so lost his power to be her inspiration and understanding heart.

So think again, Dorothy, before you dispute Joan's right to the title of "typical American girl."

JACK SEYBOLD.

9229 Fifty-fifth Avenue,
Elmhurst, New York.

Cary Grant Recommended.

FRANK TULLY'S remarks in November Picture Play regarding Cary Grant inspire me to write my first—and probably last—fan letter.

Since first seeing him, I have neglected no opportunity of repeating the experience, and it is a joy to me that he finds increasing favor with the powers that be in filmland.

His voice is charming and different. I hope to hear him sing again soon. His song in "Madame Butterfly" was all too short for my liking. He had that slight air of restraint which is conducive, indeed necessary, to good acting.

I commend "The Eagle and the Hawk" as the most convincing contradiction of Mr. Tully's assertion that "he has a perfectly cock-eyed conception of dramatic emphasis."

He is no second Gable, but belongs rather to the Howard and Colman class, and I can offer no higher tribute than that. Lots of luck to him.

JUDY GRAHAM KYLE.

Winnipeg, Canada.

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XXXIX
NUMBER 6

PICTURE PLAY

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Photo by Vandamm

DYNAMIC, intense, Lenore Ulric comes back to the screen determined that fans shall get a taste of that quality which has brought her fame on the stage. She will first appear in "I Laved An Actress," written by none other than the well-known Gregory Rataff, who should know his subject for he is married to a temperamental star.

HOLLYWOOD'S FORBIDDEN SINS

The unpardonable crimes in filmland's social code are few, but the guilty ones are hounded till they break. What are these lapses that one can't get away with?

By Helen Louise Walker

Hollywood has found it utterly impossible to understand or condone the successful marriage of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster.



It resented Joel McCrea's long freedom from entanglements. Will they let up now that he's married to Frances Dee?

HOLLYWOOD will forgive most things. Things for which another community would cast you into an ignominious outer social darkness are regarded with amused tolerance by the film colony.

You may get drunk and fall on your face in the lobby of a hotel. You may be named in court and in the public prints as co-respondent twice in one week. You may black your spouse's eye at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. You may stage a scratching and hair-pulling contest with your best friend over your—or her—husband. You may do other less printable things, and Hollywood will register merely a mild snicker and invite you to the next smart party.

When the aggressively virtuous citizens of other towns were baying for the scalps of Roscoe Arbuckle and Mabel Normand, Hollywood not only forgave those two unfortunates; she took

them to her bosom and defended them savagely, if ineffectually, against those bayings.

Yet Hollywood has a curious code of her own. There are things which Hollywood will *never* forgive so long as a camera turns within her city limits. There are lesser offenses for which she merely spansks her citizens, after which she returns them to favor if they promise to be good.

Hollywood thinks nothing of the most blatant offenses against the sex code as it is understood in other places. Yet Hollywood has found it utterly impossible to forgive or to condone the successful and unspectacular marriage of Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster!

Claudette told me not long ago, "It would have been so much simpler if Norman and I had merely had an affair—had merely lived together without being married. Hollywood could have understood *that*, and would have thought nothing of it. But because we chose to be married to one another and to live under separate roofs, Hollywood has persecuted and nagged and annoyed us. It has punished us



The colony makes frequent use of Conrad Nagel's solid qualities while sneering at him for having them.

unmercifully, because it could not understand a marriage like ours.

"People watch and comment and gossip. There is never a day during which either Norman or I do not have to answer impertinent questions or deny that we are separating legally. They carry tales to Norman about me, and to me about Norman. They spy. They speculate. They won't let us *alone*. We must explain and explain a situation which seems to us both logical and sensible, and which has brought us years of happiness.

"I will say this for our marriage. Knowing what I do about our temperaments, I am convinced that it has lasted much longer than it would ever have done had we tried to live in the conventional fashion. How long any marriage can survive un-

Meddling and nagging broke up his first marriage, says Richard Barthelmess, and he's determined that Hollywood won't smash the present one.

Photo by Cosmo



Joan Bennett explains the situation by saying that no actor has a right to expect any privacy.

der the handicaps we suffer from outside interference, I don't know. But I do know this: if our marriage fails, it will be because *we have been punished because people did not understand us!* We cannot be forgiven because we are different!"

Rumors are rife now that their marriage is approaching those well-known rocks. And Hollywood will be pleased and triumphant if it turns out to be true. Claudette and Norman have fractured to splinters the local code!

It will take Hollywood a long time to forgive Johnny Weissmuller for his break with Bobbe Arnst. Not that Hollywood objects to a separation or a divorce, you understand. Such trivial matters are hardly noticed. It was the *way* in which Johnny accomplished it. He made his exit from his marriage so ungracefully and with such a woeful lack of showmanship. All the sympathy went to little Bobbe—and that won't do!

After all, she had given up her career on Broadway to come to California to be with Johnny. Her devo-

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He Knows He's HOT

When a prize fighter and potential world champion also reaps honors as a star—well, could you expect Max Baer to be a shrinking violet?

WITH the exception of Frank Albertson, Max Baer is the cockiest individual I've ever met. And like Frank, he is saved from giving the impression of conceit by a vast amount of personal charm.

"Your biography says you're bashful," I said to him. "Is this cockiness of yours assumed to give you color?"

"No," Max answered promptly. "I used to be bashful. Now I'm just naturally cocky."

Nothing seems to bother him very much. The studio describes him as the most irresponsible human being who ever walked on two feet. As, for instance, when I appeared for our interview at the hour he himself had fixed, there was no sign of Max. An hour and a quarter later they found him in his hotel at the beach. "What about this appointment you had at the studio?" asked the publicity man.

By Drummond Tell

"Appointment?" said Max. "Oh, I forgot all about it. Ask him to come down here." And that, as far as Max was concerned, was that.

When I reached the beach I was admitted to the royal suite by Ancil Hoffman, Max's manager. Max was attired in a sports shirt, gray-striped slacks, and house slippers. A couple of wardrobe trunks stood open, a miscellaneous assortment of clothing lay scattered over the bed, dresser, and chiffonier. A couple of suitcases lay open on the floor. Max was packing.

"The Prizefighter and the Lady" had been finished and previewed. I didn't mind telling him, in strict confidence, of course, that the picture is a knock-out and a sensation.

"Boy," I announced enthusiastically, "when that picture is released you'll be colossal. You'll be in exactly the same spot Gable was in a couple of years ago."

"Don't insult me," Max grinned.

With a little prodding, a very little, he continued, "I liked doing that picture. It was a lot of fun and I had a swell time, except picture-making is too hard work."

"Are you from the International News Service?" Mr. Hoffman inquired.

"No," I replied. "This interview happens to be for Picture Play."

"Quit insulting the guy," Max admonished his manager. "Give him credit for being on a good sheet."

I couldn't help laughing. "You never heard of the magazine yourself until a minute ago," I jeered.

"Don't kid yourself," Mr. Hoffman advised. "Max is a pushover for those magazines. He may not know the names, but he knows the tunes. He buys every one of them."

"In hope of finding pictures of himself in them?"

"Naw. He likes to look at the leg art. How do you suppose he worked up



Max is so frank about his cockiness that you admire it as part of the dashing personality he displays in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," with Myrna Loy.

such a wide acquaintance in such a short time? He knew before he ever got here exactly who he wanted to meet."

My admiration for Max increased. I've always heard that great fighters plan their campaigns ahead of time.

"Speaking of girls," I said, "to what do you attribute your great success with them?"

Max's explanation was prompt, logical, lucid, and terse—but unprintable.

"Still speaking of girls," I continued, "if I'm not too personal, what about your wife?"

"My ex-wife," Max corrected me. "We got a Mexican divorce a few weeks ago. I'm strictly single."

"Well, what about your ex-wife? You've been seen around with her. Are you going to remarry?"

"She's made me plenty of offers—if I want to," Max grinned.

Had any one but Max said that it would have sounded like conceit. But Max says what he blamed pleases and you laugh with him. He seems like an overgrown kid, and nothing he says sounds like boasting. If in this interview he seems egotistical, put it down to my bad writing. He isn't.

His studio biography mentions that he hated fighting until he was nineteen, and then one night he was placed in a spot where he was ashamed not to fight.

"That's right," he conceded. "I was the biggest coward who ever lived. I always figured I could outrun the kids so what was the use of standing still and scrapping? I did outrun a lot of them, too."

"Well, what happened that night?" I asked.

"People say it was over a girl, but it wasn't," he explained. "It was at one of those high-school dances in the country. Some guy had a bottle of wine hidden outside. A lot of us got into it and he found out. We were trying to decide who should take the blame. I was the biggest in the crowd so they asked if I'd say I took it. I wanted to act big so I said, 'Sure.' I didn't know the guy was standing right behind me.

"He came up and said, 'Do you mean that?' Well, I couldn't back out then, so I said, 'Yeah, I took it.' He clipped me on the chin and sent me reeling. I didn't know a damned thing about fighting—I'd never had a fight in my life—but as I recovered I swung a haymaker right from the floor and it happened to land and knocked him cold.

"Well, I've been fighting ever since."

"Do you like fighting?" I queried.

"Sure—as long as they pay me for it."

"You mean," I exclaimed incredulously, "if you couldn't get paid you'd never fight any more?"

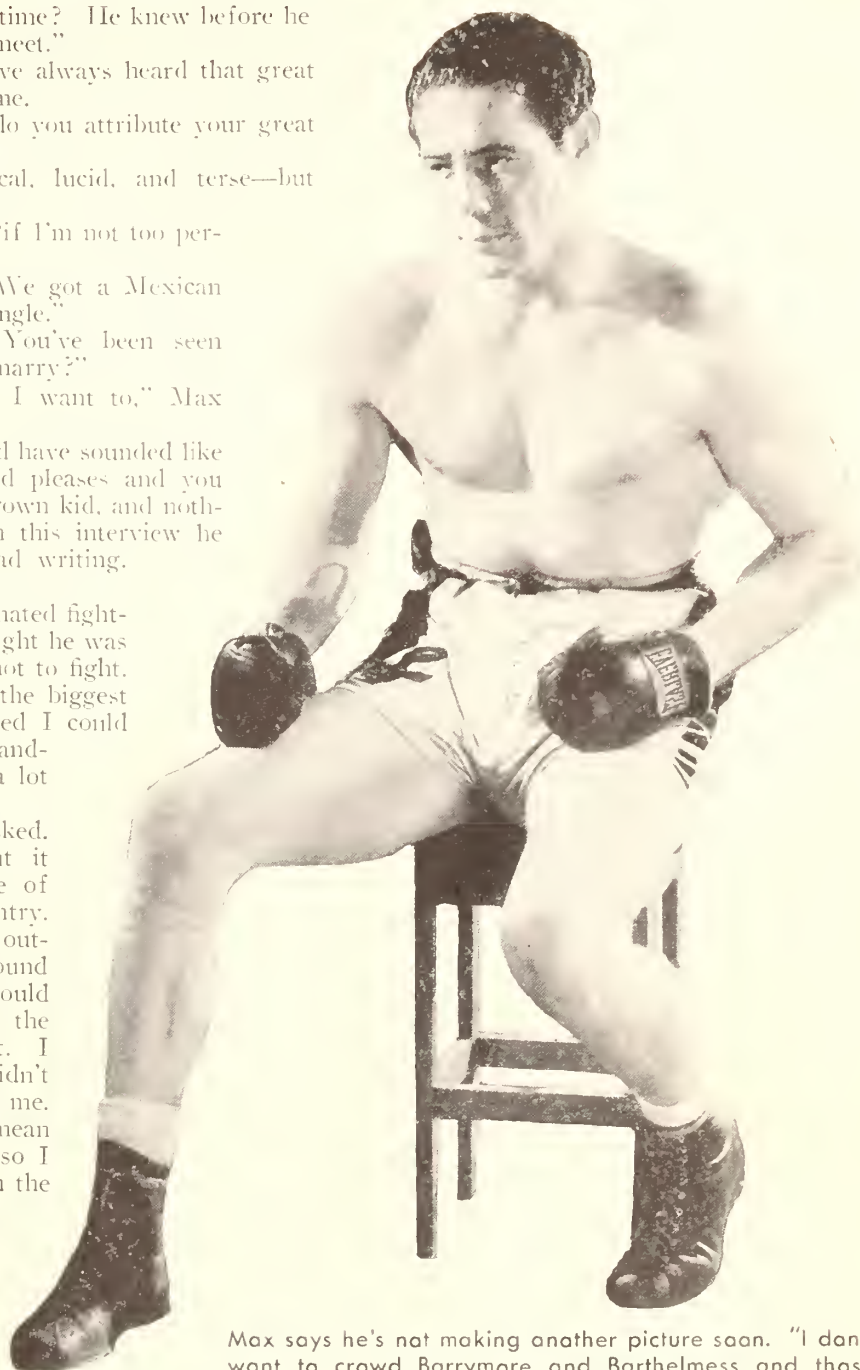
"That's it," said Max positively. "I've only had one fight in my life outside the ring—that was the one I just told you about. I don't believe in street brawls."

"I didn't mean that," I protested. "I mean wouldn't you ever put on gloves and spar around the ring?"

"Oh, that! Sure."

During all this time he had been industriously packing. That's another thing I like about Max. The ordinary star would have had half a dozen valets and butlers doing the packing. Max packs his own.

"I've got too damned many clothes," he muttered, throwing a couple of soiled shirts and handkerchiefs at one of the suitcases, some ties at an open drawer in one of the trunks, and a pair of shoes at the other trunk. "I think I'll leave these brown shoes out," he mused, addressing Mr. Hoffman. Mr. Hoffman seemed unimpressed.



Max says he's not making another picture soon. "I don't want to crowd Barrymore and Barthelmess and those guys," he explains.

"Is he always like that?" I asked Mr. Hoffman.

Mr. Hoffman nodded, and added, "Except with his wife. He's moody with her."

Max, without further ado, removed his shirt and slacks, and wrapped himself in a silk lounging robe luxuriously monogrammed "M. A. B."

"What's the 'A' for?" I wanted to know.

Max hesitated and grinned. "Adelbert," he admitted finally, and then, "Do you know what 'M. A. B.' stands for?"

"No," I laughed. "What?"

"My Adorable Boy," he announced triumphantly.

"That's what his wife used to call him," Mr. Hoffman explained glumly.

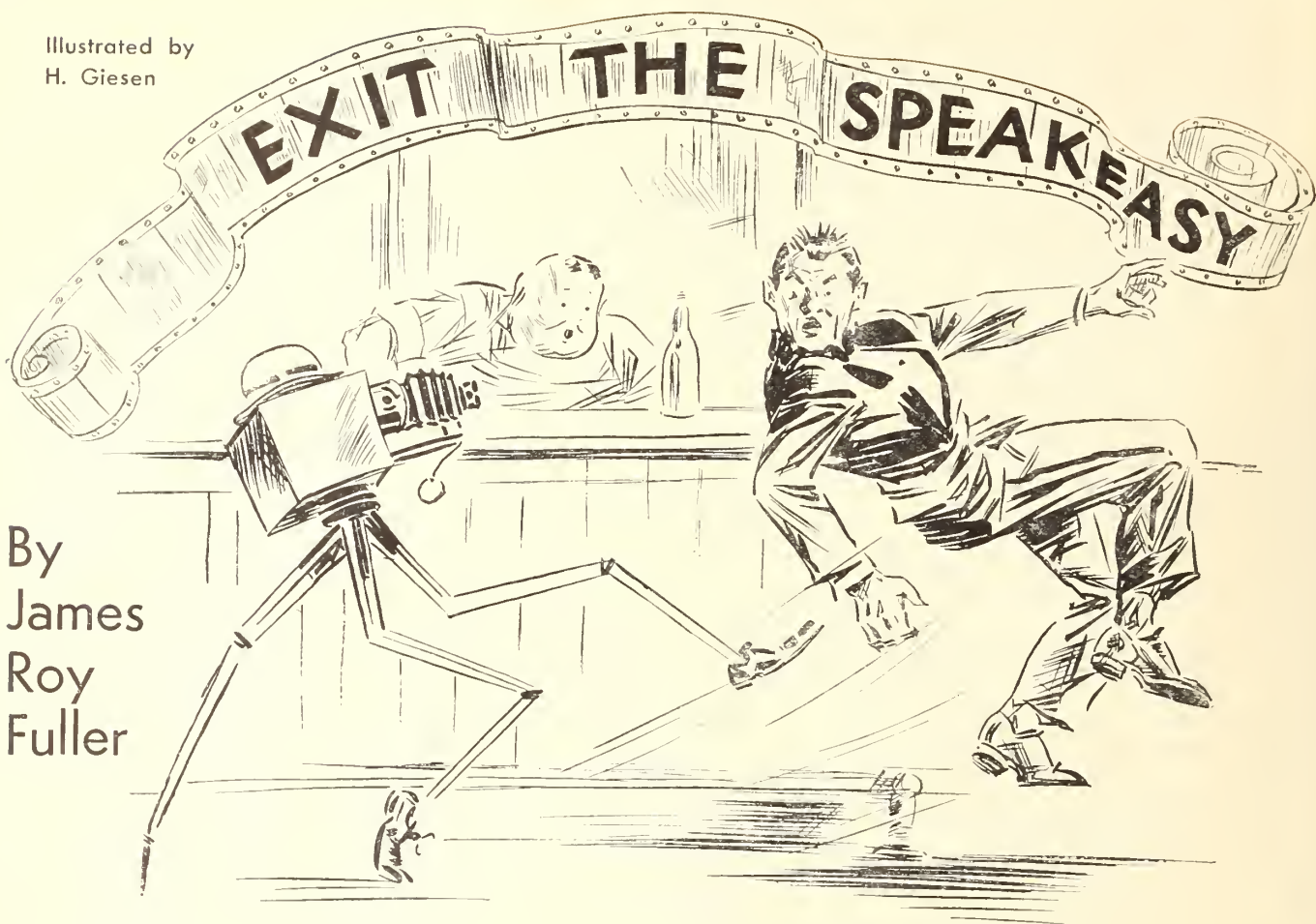
"Did you keep in training while you were working on this picture?" I wondered.

"No," said Mr. Hoffman promptly. "He didn't do a lick of training for three months."

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Illustrated by
H. Giesen

By
James
Roy
Fuller



The end of the night-club era is a blow to rum-king villains, routine plots and artificial, half-world heroines. The screen voted for repeal, too.

THEY got the boys out of the speakeasies by Christmas. *Santé!* And what does that have to do with movies? Plenty, Will Hays and N. R. A. permitting. Such a sweeping change in the social life of the country is certain to be reflected on the screen in plot routine, story material, dialogue, and even clothes.

The movies, too, will desert the speakeasy, and this will upset many of the old reliable situations. Repeal knocks the bad man of the screen a hard one, just as the government hopes to deal a knock-out blow to the real underworld. Our little heroine can no longer be menaced or led astray by the big bad bootlegger king, later to be handed over to the virtuous but forgiving young hero.

The rum barons of the underworld, seized upon when the public got tired of the old silent villain with an overdue mortgage, will be out of date

and a new Public Enemy must be discovered. Of course the speakeasy will be used now and then in the nature of a costume picture, just as there is an epidemic of Bowery-in-the-'90s films now. Even now books are being written about the late night-club age. A new era is already in.

Drinking scenes in pictures will be more civilized, more take-it-for-granted. It will no longer suggest "merrily we go to hell" if cocktails are served. New petty sins will have to be invented to suggest that the heroine is getting a bit wobbly in morals, for it will no longer be deliciously outlawish to have a nip.

Smooth drinking will be the thing. The famous Barrymore burp will have no place in Grand Hotels. It will be permissible only in slap-stick and at political clambakes.



Speakeasies and horsey drinkers will be catalogued with quaint Bowery revivals.



HEATHER ANGEL

PATRICIA ELLIS, though a new-comer, is slowly gaining ground and is getting better and better rôles. Did you see her in Poul Muni's "The World Changes"? She lost fiancé, father and fortune in a single morning—a triple disaster that Miss Ellis met with beautifully gowned calm.

Photos by Elmer Fryer



BEAUTIFUL Claire Dodd, doomed by the casting director to play wicked ladies, has a sense of humor that makes them human, if dangerous. Picture Play predicts that Claire Dodd will graduate from vamps in a year if she will put her foot down and be temperamental. Please, Claire!





ONLY fans with long memories recall Zasu Pitts as a great tragic actress and, believe it or not, she was. And still is. But the talkies developed her as a comédienne and Zasu cleverly adapted her hands and voice and entire personality until now she is valued almost beyond price as a getter of laughs. Wandering from picture to picture, magazines can't keep a record of her successes.

Photo by Freudlich



LORETTA YOUNG'S good fortune continues in being cast opposite two of the most popular men in pictures. Not that they're not fortunate, too! She has Spencer Tracy for her playmate in "A Man's Castle," and Cary Grant in "Born To Be Bad." Now, we ask, could a girl hope for more?

Photo by Kenneth Alexander





Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

DOROTHY MACKAILL is back in the swim again, once more in circulation among the studios where her sunny disposition and wit make her as welcome to stars as to the fans who've missed her. You will see her in Ed Wynn's "The Chief" first, and from then on.

CONSTANCE BENNETT found it so easy to croon a song in "After To-night" that she's plunging into a full-fledged musical, "Moulin Rouge." It's a spectacular girl-and-music show, with Franchot Tone and Tullio Carminati as her chief masculine aids in telling a dramatic story behind the singing and dancing.


Photo by George Hurrell





NO, Lupe Velez isn't setting a new style in wedding gowns though her yes-and-no marriage to Johnny Weissmuller seemed at first as insecure as her spangles. She wears them in "Hollywood Party" and had to deny herself a honeymoon to go on location in "Laughing Boy."

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



ALICE BRADY says she's lazy and likes to lie abed for days at a time—and does. No one will begrudge her a little rest after her extremely lively and artful antics on the screen, will they? In the story opposite she tells much of her stage past, her former stardom in films, and her current comeback, all as interesting and frank as she is, herself.

SECOND BLOOMING

Alice Brady left the stage for a grand comeback in pictures—and she's just as grand in person.

SHE made a grand hit in her comeback picture, "When Ladies Meet," as a gabby, irresponsible widow. In real life she makes an equally grand hit as an equally irresponsible but not so gabby woman.

Entering her dressing room, the lack of gabbiness is more than atoned for by a pack of dogs. Four canine noses are pointed heavenward and a chorus of yelps of welcome or protest make the air hideous. Presently the dogs quiet down a bit and Alice curls up on a divan, lights a cigarette, and surveys you amusedly. A Scotty tied to the leg of a chair in the next room eyes you inquisitively and the interview begins.

It starts with lunch, as all good interviews do. "Say what," she invites when you're hoping she'll ask you to "Say when." But no!

"Cottage cheese with sour cream," I mutter out of deference to my increasing waistline.

"Nothing else?" she gasps. "What is this—a diet?"

I nod miserably as she orders Welsh rabbit and beer with a piece of pie covered with whipped cream to follow. "Better have a glass of beer," she suggests and I weaken.

"Damned fool," she murmurs. "A diet with beer!"

It's when you start talking to her that you realize the irresponsibility is all on the surface. She's got a head and she uses it.

She is the daughter of William A. Brady, one of the few really big theatrical producers of the past two generations. Her stepmother is Grace George, one of the foremost comédiennes of the stage.

With all her connections, she got no encouragement at home so far as a stage career went. Instead of giving up, she took the subway to the Bronx and, under an assumed name, got herself a job with a stock company. When her father found out she was determined on a theatrical career he took her out of the stock company and put her into one of his own productions.

As nearly as I recall, her Broadway début occurred in a musical comedy starring Louise Gunning and called "The Balkan Princess." When that engagement ended she went into a revival of "Pinafore."

The following season found her entering dramatic parts. She played Meg in the dramatization of "Little Women," the rôle Frances Dee plays in the picture. And the next season found her in "Sinners."

Says Miss Brady, "In two years my father managed to cram as much experience into me as most actresses get in five. Managers were constantly offering me parts, leading parts, which he wouldn't let me take because he thought I wasn't ready for them."

"Didn't you feel rebellious?" I asked.

By Samuel Richard Mook

"At first," she admitted; "but he knew the theater. He used to say, 'All right. Take it. You'll be the lead

in the piece and the interest is supposed to be focused on you. What are you going to do if an actor starts fooling with his handkerchief or twiddling his thumbs to distract attention from you?' I had to admit I'd be lost. He said, 'All right. You stick with me and by the time you're ready for leads you'll know how to fight such tricks.'

"He put me into one small part after another. As soon as I'd get everything out of it there was to be had, he'd get somebody else for my part and put me into a new play. By that time the other New York managers were saying, 'There's no use offering her a part because as soon as the play has opened and she's made a hit in it, Bill Brady will yank her out to put her in something else.'"

Although not playing leads, Alice was becoming prominent on the New York stage as one of its important actresses. And, with the exception of the two musical-comedy engagements, all her plays were dramatic ones.

Then her father invaded the picture field as head of the World Film Company. Alice became one of the foremost picture stars of that time. She remained in pictures for nearly five years.

At the end of that time, about the close of the War, she returned to the stage as a full-fledged star. Her vehicle was "Forever After" and her leading man in his first Broadway appearance was Conrad Nagel.

From that point on her career has been one succession of personal triumphs, even if all the plays haven't been hits.

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"I never walk if I can ride, never stand if I can sit, and I never sit if I can lie. Sometimes I don't get out of bed for three or four days at a time," says Miss Brady.



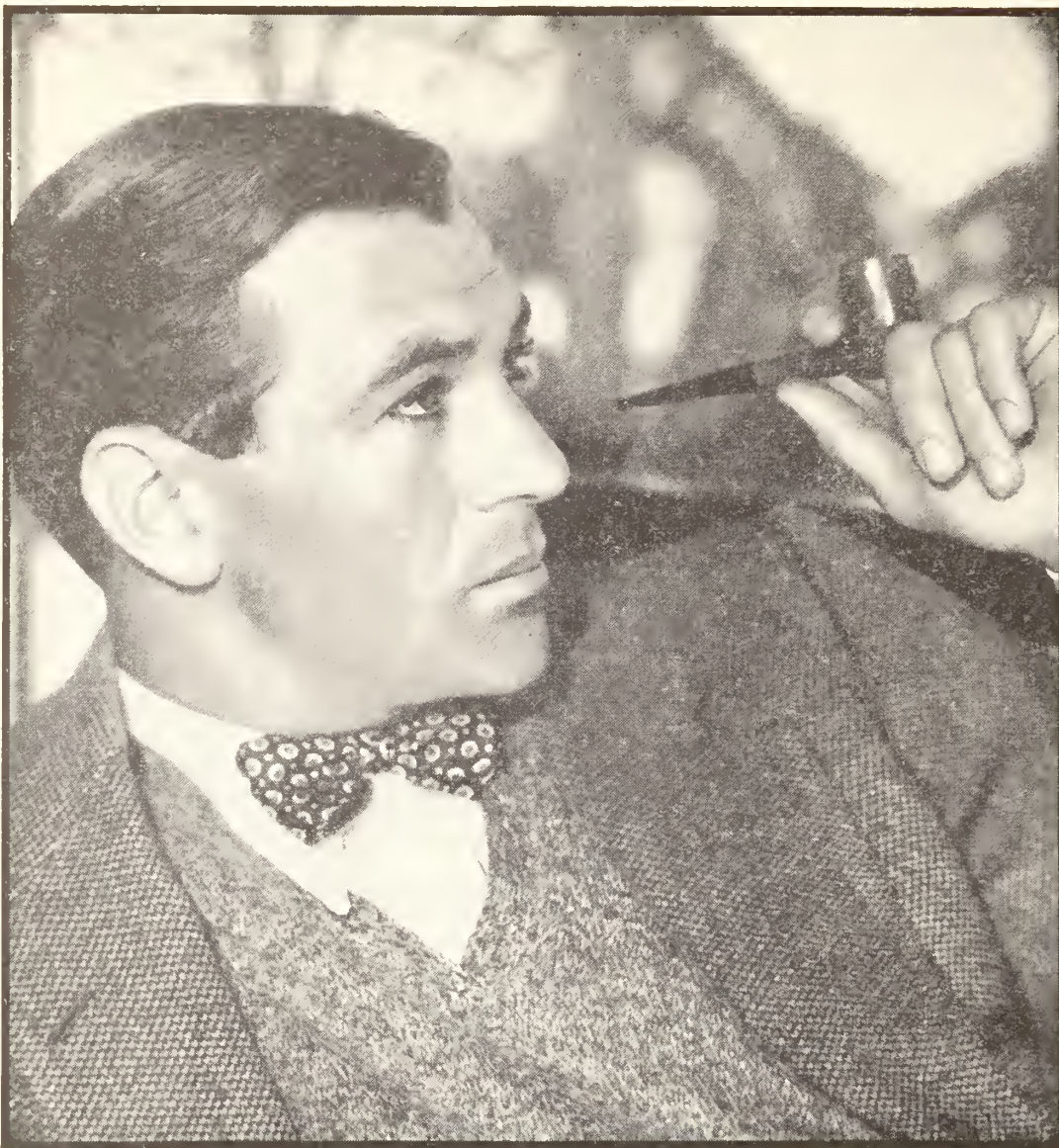


Photo by Ritchie

Gary's popularity is equal to a high-salaried star's, yet he has never been given the breaks in salary or billing.

The Cooper handicap is unique in Hollywood. He has an old-fashioned respect for women which was drilled into him in Montana, the heart of the yes-ma'am belt.

By Helen Pade

Gary's Woman Trouble

ISN'T Gary a fool about women?" a girl in the Paramount accounting department whispered to me.

It was pay day. The stars stood in line with the stenographers, office boys, and other workers at a certain little window, to get their checks. Gary Cooper and Evelyn Brent were just leaving.

"Didn't you see him?" the girl went on. "It's disgusting the way he lets Brent, or any dame he's with, tell him what to do. When he got his check just now, he halfway handed it over to her. She told him, 'Stick it in your pocket, silly!' He got so confused he just held it, and she said again, 'Put your check away and come along!' She practically dragged him off."

That was some years ago, as you will have gathered if you are versed in the chronology of Gary's affairs of the heart. Evelyn was the successor to Clara Bow, who initiated Gary into the mysteries of stellar romance.

At the time, I made a mental note in Gary's favor: evidently the girl in the accounting department was another of the many who were foud enough of the lanky, drawling Montanan to be jealous of the women he squired around.

Many a pay check passed through that window before something else happened that reminded me of what the gossipy little accountant had whispered. It occurred at the same window. This time it was Lupe Velez. Gary wasn't there. Lupe asked for her check.

"Who are you?" demanded the cashier banteringly.

"Me?" cried Lupe. "Me? I'm Meesus Gary Cooper!"

Her laugh rang out loudly. The cashier and all others who heard joined it. The joke seemed to be on Gary.

That laugh has had many echoes. Gary's recent social-climbing activities caused some of the mirth. Letting women steal pictures from him brought other patronizing giggles. The other day at a party some people went into hysterics over a picture of Gary seated in a corner of his den, with his stuffed African hunting trophies around him and a very solemn look on his face. When some facetious scribe said Gary was threatening to take Mary Pickford's place as social arbiter of the film colony, some of the inhabitants of that amiable settlement nearly died from laughing.

And when it became known that Judith Allen, whose name gossip had linked with Gary's, was the wife of Gus

Sonnenberg, heavyweight wrestler, nearly all Hollywood howled. It recalled Gary's rumored romance with Mrs. Jack Dempsey. The little accountant's remark about Gary was oft repeated in filmdom.

This sort of thing gets on the nerves of any sincere admirer of Gary. Presently I found myself defending him by tossing bombshells of counter ridicule—always an easy task in Hollywood. Yet as I did so, I wondered about Gary.

What, after all, *is* the matter with him? Why hasn't he become a star in name and salary, when he is definitely one in popularity? And why *has* he let women shove him around? It seems to me that he is deferring to them constantly, playing second fiddle not only to the Lupes, Claras, and Tallulahs, but to his leading women, his mother, and the rest of womankind!

Although I saw Gary almost daily during his romance with Lupe, and was in a position to know inside facts about him that may now be revealed without disloyalty to the studio that then employed both of us, it was only recently that I stumbled upon the secret of his quaint conduct.

It's woman trouble, all right, but such out-of-date woman trouble! And so out of place, too, in Hollywood. All of which makes it rather refreshing, and I think it will please Gary's big army of loyal fans.

That he has a great following is no mere press-agent claim. While I was at the same studio, fan mail and the various other barometers of popularity studied by the producers indicated that he had a name more valuable at the box office than that of many a highly paid male star. Yet Gary's salary remained relatively low, and he was not given that top billing that constitutes technical stardom.

Nor did Gary demand it. But popularity such as his shouted for proper exploitation, and at last a stellar vehicle was planned for him. An unknown German actress, discovered by Josef von Sternberg, was to be his leading lady. "Morocco," a very masculine yarn with a big hero rôle well adapted to Gary's personality, was chosen.

Now don't shout me down! I know that the picture came to light as Marlene Dietrich's starring vehicle. Here's why it was so introduced. Von Sternberg had wanted *la* Dietrich to capture many, many fans. Gary had them. So Von and the studio agreed—of course Gary agreed, too—to let Marlene bid for American screen fame in Gary's first starring picture. Being his leading woman was in itself quite a break.

But Gary had hitherto been coupled with feminine stars of great popularity. His backers now began wondering whether an untried star and a woman unknown on the American screen would pull in the fans. As a precaution against a possible financial flop, they began to build up Dietrich. So much so that Gary's connection with the picture was somewhat obscured, and one powerful theater chain deliberately made Marlene the star in its advertising!

It was a brilliant ballyhoo coup. The public, amazed to see an unknown name in giant letters and a name so popular as Gary's in small ones, concluded that the unknown star must be pretty hot stuff indeed.

Few people realized that it was only through Gary's good-natured deference that Marlene used "Morocco" as a stepping-stone to stardom. His contract was such that he could have demanded top billing and the lion's share of the ballyhoo. Instead, he sacrificed his own chance to becoming a star in order that a daring exploitation scheme might make a star of Marlene in a single picture.

At the time this happened, it struck many of us as a

rather extraordinary Sir Walter Raleigh gesture. Letting a queen walk on one's fine velvet cloak across a mud puddle, *à la* Raleigh, couldn't have been more un-Hollywood. It gave us a clew to Gary's secret.

More recently he told a Picture Play writer that he would demand a lily-white girl for his wife—one who came to him unsullied!

Yes, you've guessed it, although perhaps you must know Gary to realize fully how old-fashioned he is, and how idealistic in his attitude toward women. Born of English parents, he was educated partly in England, and was rather carefully reared by his father, a judge, and his mother, a stickler for the old traditions.

Their home was in Helena, Montana, and the open spaces thereabouts, where—yes, ma'am!—cowpokes respect good women! Deference, respect, and courtesy to the "weaker sex," were drummed into Gary for the first twenty years of his life.

Mental as well as physical stresses kept Gary haggard and thin during those strenuous days of his attempts to keep up with such rapid steppers as Clara and Lupe—particularly Lupe. He felt he wasn't doing right by the old traditions. And his mother was right on hand to agree with him.

Came Tallulah. Came the Countess di Frasso. Came Wera Engels, and others. Came Gary's social life, and Elsa Maxwell, and hobnobbing with nobility abroad.

Yet even to-day Gary is bashful. Laugh if you will, as you look over the gossip record of his romances. In that very record is proof of his bashfulness, for Gary's actual romances have been with worldly-wise women capable of breaking through a bashful man's reserve, women to whom that very bashfulness was especially attractive.

These traits make Gary a beau-ideal leading man. In his scenes with other men his dominating screen presence is plainly felt, but never, by any chance, does he steal a scene from a woman.

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While Hollywood gets many a laugh over Gary's attitude, the fans find him refreshingly different.





Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone hit the high spots together, but would say nothing about marriage except that Franchot will go on asking her.

MANHATTAN perks up quite a little when Lilyan Tashman comes to town, even though she comes six or eight times a year. Hat, gown, and jewelry designers, and theatrical, picture, and radio producers clamor for a few minutes of her time.

There are always her literary and artistic friends who want to throw parties for her. Society spelled with a capital Ultra whose pet charity balls will profit by her appearance, is trailing her. And last, but by no means

They Say in New York—

Aline MacMahon had the burden and glory of stardom thrust upon her.

least, just old friends gather around her at twilight with a clatter of laughter and conversation that would send a less indefatigable person into a nervous collapse.

Imagine then, if you can, the bustle and flurry that hit hotels, night clubs, theaters, and gown shops when not only Lilyan, but Joan Crawford, Miriam Hopkins, Bebe Daniels, and Katharine Hepburn—and head waiters only know how many others of the cinema-elect—barged into New York within a few days of each other.

It was old-home week done up in sables and emeralds.

Eddie Cantor, Gary Cooper, Randolph Scott, and Cary Grant, who arrived at about the same time, might have been just so many pallbearers for all the attention they got.

It was a few chance remarks about rest and seclusion in reference to Joan Crawford and Lilyan that sent me scurrying to a dictionary to see if those words had always meant a frenzied and dizzy scramble.

It seems that Joan has been working very hard for the past six months and that this trip is a vacation. The local Metro-Goldwyn office has orders not to bothy whose and the Waldorf-Astoria has strict orders to let of Gus phone calls, visitors, and salesmen.

With more stars
in Manhattan
than lights on a
Christmas tree,
gossip twinkles
and gleams.

By
Karen Hollis

So only about two million of New York's population have had the pleasure of seeing Joan, of lunching with her, or applauding her from a distance, or capturing her in a theater lobby to take photographs.

The first night she was in New York, she and Franchot Tone went to see "As Thousands Cheer," just as every one does on their first night in town. Crowds were there to greet her, and if an army of scenario writers had arranged her entrance and exit they could not have provided more graciousness under strain.

The next night they saw "Men in White," a grisly affair about revolt in an operating room, and lest the public should overlook their whereabouts, the management announced it in the papers.

Once more Joan looked poised, pleased, and very decorative. The broadly rouged lips which many of you have objected to so strenuously had shrunk to their natural lines, rather straight and thin above, full and rounded below. Her very long bob swirled in loose waves almost to her shoulders. Her clothes were sumptuous rather than flashy and cordiality fairly radiated from her.

She seemed always to be trying to recognize friends at the outer edge of the crowd so that no former acquaintances could fancy they had been slighted. She sailed along as decorously as a queen on parade, but once in the darkness just after intermission her feet skipped in a dance step as if her high spirits just had to come out somehow.

Obviously she was having a grand time, becoming answer to all talk of her marrying Franchot Tone, might as if she would be the last one to know.



Photo by Phylle

Picture scouts couldn't see Kitty Carlisle on the screen until she made a hit on the stage. Now Paramount has her.

Returning to the stage seems like a vacation to Laura Hope Crews.



He does the talking, and says he has asked her innumerable times and intends to go right on asking her until he gets a definite answer.

Seclusion à la Tashman.—Lilyan's motto in almost everything is the more the merrier, but in response to my plea that I would like fifteen minutes' uninterrupted conversation with her she gave orders to desk, elevator men, and phone operators at the hotel. After I arrived at her suite, they were not to let any one else in for a

while. So what happened? When I got there they would not let me in or even connect me with her by phone.

Surrounded by the lavish tea she had ordered, she sat waiting for half an hour, after which my indignant note was delivered. So the next day in response to a phone call from her, I burst into her suite in the midst of bedlam. Photographers were there. A fashion editor was there. Madame Frances, who dressed all smart New York until her retirement a few years ago, was there. So was a lovely child who was attempting to interview Tashman about clothes. And so was Madame Nicole, the mad hatter of two continents, and Nicole's staccato profanity could drown out a major battle.

Nicole shrieked, flashlights flared, bottles popped, and Lilyan slipped in and out of dazzling clothes.

Women pay fabulous sums to Nicole for the privilege of wearing her utterly insane but subtly flattering creations. If she tells you a hat is just right for you, you would prefer facing a firing squad to disagreeing with her and rousing her wrath. But Lilyan, after buying several of her hats, took one from Nicole and screamed:

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LITTLE GIRL, WHAT NOW?



Producers think Miss Sullavan is the perfect actress, but they would like to muzzle her because she isn't tactful—her opinions are as honest as her acting.

By
Helen
Klumph

Margaret Sullavan, hailed as the most important discovery of the year, faces the problem of an uncertain future. But there's no doubt of her independence.

THEY'RE crazy!" Margaret Sullavan objected incredulously when I told her that theater managers who previewed "Only Yesterday" said that she's good.

As a matter of fact, they say they've never seen anything so sensitive and so gripping as her playing of young love scenes, that she is the best news since Hepburn, and that in a few weeks the whole country will be javing about her.

"Just wait until the picture opens and you'll see that I'm terrible," she went on, and if ever I've encountered absolute sincerity it was in her eyes and voice. She was not tragic about it, however; she gave her verdict as dispassionately as if she had said that the sky was cloudy.

She curled up on the couch, miraculously disposing arms, legs, and body into a heap in one effortless movement.

"In the first scenes of 'Only Yesterday' I look just like a Pekingese. Later on I improve and actually look like a Scotty. But I never succeed in looking quite human.

"Look at this face," she insisted, jumping up and striding across the room. "Even my best friends can't say it was meant to be in front of a camera."

I don't know why not. To me it's a superior face. In fact, quite the nicest one I've seen in some time. It isn't conventionally beautiful, but it's piquant and individual. It has delicacy and radiance, and is a marvelous mirror of moods. It crinkles up with smiles one moment and is poignantly serious in repose. I would take it any day in preference to the standardized blank perfection that seems to be the studio make-up men's ideal.

"See this black eye?"

She pointed to a slight purplish bruise with great amusement. "Some one got annoyed at me and hit me. As long as I tell you that, you won't believe me. If I told you I bumped against something, you'd be sure to think some one hit me. So now maybe you're puzzled."

All right, let the black eye remain a mystery, except for her own comments on it. A man who works for her company said that whether or not any one had hit her, some one should do so every little while to batte down her independence.

She has the arrogance of youth and the assurance of a cultivated background, and it is, perhaps, an error on her part that she has treated picture producers as civilized human beings instead of primitive brutes who like women to be coy and adoring. I feel sure that no one could be more beguiling than she if she chose to wear the mask of a wistful little girl who wanted big, strong men to advise and protect her.

She happens to belong to that dashing young generation who value personal integrity more than success gained by sly trickery.

While in New York for a long vacation between pictures, she is the house guest of Mrs. Thomas Kurtz, with whose daughter she went to school. She intended to go to a hotel or take an apartment after a day or two, but on seeing how weary Margaret was after five months of strenuous work in Hollywood, the gracious Mrs. Kurtz decided that she needed mothering. So she insists that she stay. She forestalls phone calls, encourages her to sleep until noon, and makes her life merrier with her crisp comments. While you are envying the little Sullavan her charm and success, you might as well envy her for having such a friend as Mrs. Kurtz, who is one of my favorite human beings.

Mrs. Kurtz sat by and chuckled as I tried vainly to drag from Margaret her ten rules for success, what she learned from her early struggles, or what her ideal man is like. They both grow quite hilarious about interviewers. One had recently asked Miss Sullavan whom she loves. "I love Jesus," she had re-

plied in the devout manner of a little girl reciting her catechism. "Cheeses?" the interviewer asked, mystified but ready to compromise on data for the household hints department if she could not get anywhere on the romance angle. And that's the way an interview with Margaret Sullavan goes.

The people she most admired in Hollywood were the cameramen, particularly the Chinese Jimmy Howe, and the electricians. A notable event of her visit in New York was buying the first really grand wardrobe trunk she has ever owned. She had just been reading Robert Nathan's "One More Spring" and was so delighted with it she wanted to drop the subject of Sullavan and talk about the book.

A faint suspicion that she did not spring from a family that lived on the wrong side of the tracks or

trouped in small-time vaudeville assailed me when I saw her months ago on the stage in "Dinner at Eight." She had an air of quality about her.

She comes by it naturally. Her family live in Norfolk, Virginia, and they still hope that she will get over this absurd idea of being an actress and come back home where a girl belongs. She went to Chatham Hall prep school, where her main interests were the dramatic club, drawing, and dancing. Next she went to Sullivan College because of the good art courses, but by the end of her first
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Miss Sullavan and Jimmy Butler make the relationship of mother and son tender and real in the film.



A young girl's first love has never been portrayed with more poignant understanding than by Miss Sullavan, and John Boles gives his finest performance.



BOUND TO RISE

Many "pale hands like lotus buds" have known rougher tasks than pinning on a gardenia. Here's what they were doing before the movies claimed them.

By Mabel Duke

THE big business and industrial giants of America boast with eloquent pride of struggling up from humble beginnings. But they haven't got a thing on our big movie stars who started just as humbly and have climbed just as high, relatively speaking. Those up-from-nothing success stories can be written as easily about the flicker favorites as the business barons, and in most cases it didn't take the stars nearly as long to get to the top.

Picture Joan Crawford slinging hash. Or Ann Harding pecking a typewriter. Or Greta Garbo trimming hats.

It's a strain, I'll admit, on even the sturdiest imagination, and yet these girls aren't strangers to such jobs. Those "pale hands like lotus buds" that look as if they've never performed a task more strenuous than pinning on a gardenia, have known some tough assignments in their day.

Take Miss Crawford, for instance.

Our Joan, gone grand on us now, has difficulty in remembering even the days when she danced the Charleston all over Hollywood night clubs, not to mention New York chorus lines, so in all likelihood her mind is a perfect blank regarding the days when she used to call, "Adam 'n' Eve on a raft—wreck 'em!"

Yet Joan shouldn't despise those days. Many a butter-and-egg baron is proud of just such experiences. She had her eye on better things even then, waiting on tables in a boarding house for her keep, and going to school at odd times.

All the little shopgirls and stenogs who yearn to act, but know they haven't a chance in the world, can get a kick out of looking over some of their sister workers who used to do the same things—but would hate like the dickens to do them again.

Maybe they weren't the world's champions at speedy dictation, but at least they were ornamental office fixtures—some of these girls who used to hunt and peck the typewriters at twenty per.



Ann Harding, for one, made the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company brighter by her presence, and Sidney Fox added glamour to a New York attorney's office. Fifi Dorsay clicked a fast typewriter in Montreal and Janet Gaynor juggled a set of filing cases in a San Francisco shoe store.

How would you like to buy a yard of ribbon or a spool of thread from Lupe Velez? Yes, Lupe clerked in Mexico City, but the life of a shopgirl was just too inexpressibly dull for the little Mexican firecracker. A pair of dancing slippers and a couple of castanets fixed things up for her.

Barbara Stanwyck was a "hello" girl and she could give more wrong numbers in a minute than even the best of them. But you'll have to admit a PBX board offers little scope for artistic self-expression, and that's what Barbara was looking for when she left the switchboard for Texas Guinan's night club.

And then there's Greta Garbo. Greta was a wiz at trimming fancy chapeaux with frills and feathers. Maybe that's why she will wear nothing but the severest mannish felts now. Before that, Greta earned her first money in a barber shop—ye gods! Picture *la* Garbo lathering the neck of a fat Swede farmer! It's too much!

Esther Kalston has a grand beauty shop in Hollywood, a sort of secondary enterprise after her career. They give the swellest manicures there. Esther knows the value of a manicure. Once Esther, stranded in Salt Lake City, washed dishes in a restaurant kitchen and it took months to get those pearly hands like new again.

The boys, too, have their up-from-nothing boasts. Jack Oakie was a hustling messenger boy. And William Haines broke whatever it is they break in brokers' offices. If they'd stayed with it, they might be Wall Street bears today. But perhaps it's just as well they didn't.

A couple more prospective financiers who tried bank clerking, but thought better of it, were Fredric March and John Garrick, now on the stage in London.

Lew Cody was a snappy soda jerker in Maine where he comes from. All the girls from miles around gathered to drink strawberry ice-cream sodas for hours at a time. Lew has a way with him.

The printing business gave a start to two bright young men, Lew Ayres and Maurice Chevalier, and the newspaper

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DEAD-PAN WOW

Allen Jenkins is the rising master of comedy who doesn't hesitate to steal a scene from the best of them. And he doesn't hand out dignified interviews.

MR. JENKINS quirked his left eyebrow in the direction of a chair and croaked, "Sit down.

"Have a—" he started.

"Allen," roared William Seiter, the director. "Get on the set. Wha'd'yuh think y'are, a comic?"

Mr. Jenkins hastened set-ward, muttering.

A few minutes later he returned and demanded, "Don't these directors give you a—"

"Allen!" again bellowed Mr. Seiter, brandishing his arms. "Get on the set. We gotta take that scene over."

"Aw-w-w," grumped Allen. "Make up your mind, make up your mind, why don'cha? He thinks I'm an actor"—plaintively turning to me.

"A what?" screamed the now hysterical director. "I don't a-tall. You're a ham. I don't know what pitchers is coming to. Oooo!"—as Allen unconcernedly tripped over his foot.

"I'll tell yuh something about directors," Allen confided, after the retake had been made. "They're a bunch of—"

"All right, boy, it's time for me to talk," interrupted Seiter, sitting down in Jenkins's lap. "We call him 'Leaping Lena,'" he divulged sotto voce.

"Aw-w-w," mumbled Allen.

"Sure. You see, whenever he blows up in his lines he jumps up and down, like a tuna. Blow up in your lines for the gentleman, Allen," he ordered.

Allen wouldn't.

"Don't let him fool you with his pictures," continued the affable Mr. Seiter. "He can play the toughest muggs you've ever seen, and he can make gangsters funny even after they've been passé on the screen for a year. And that's something.

"But he's about as tough, really, as a dish of soft custard, and as hard-boiled as a newly laid egg. Look," and he pinched his human chair on the knee. "See. I'm still alive."

Mr. Jenkins suddenly stirred.

"Who's interview is this, anyway?" he inquired, with heat. "Go cut some film. If you directors only had the sense and tact of us artists, we'd have good pitchers all the time. Go—"

"He's out of his head again," beamed Mr. Seiter. "He gets that way most every afternoon. He's jealous because I'm a swell director."

"Pish, tush, and a tush," said Mr. Jenkins. "Listen to

By Whitney Williams



If you like your comedy hilarious and certain, and your boots regular, give thanks that Allen gave up marine engineering.

him rave, listen to him rant! Why, d'yuh know, I could have him fired off the pitcher if I wanted. On account of I'm such a peachy feller, I'm going to let him stay, though, so what do you think about that?"—playfully dumping the dignified Seiter on the floor.

William picked himself up off the floor and stalked away.

"I'll be back," he threatened darkly.

Jenkins regarded his departure with a grin. Then, "There's a great fellow and a grand director," he described Seiter. "I've made about fifteen pictures since I arrived in Hollywood, and I've yet to find a man with a finer sense of comedy values."

Jenkins should know. He's the comedy rave of Hollywood now, and his characterizations are something to write home about. They're the talk of the town, and when a comedian evokes that type of reception, he must be good. Hollywood becomes excited only when something different is offered. And Jenkins possesses this quality in goodly measure.

Director Roy del Ruth is responsible for Jenkins's desertion of the New York stage for films. He saw him in the foot-light version of "Blessed Event"

and persuaded him to go West to enact the rôle of the gangster in the picturization of that play. And who can forget his portrait of *Frankie*, the "hard guy with a reputation to uphold," whom Lee Tracy reduces to pitiable terror through his graphic description of the "hot seat."

In his early thirties, Jenkins has carved an enviable niche for himself during the year he has been in Hollywood. Getting off to a great start in "Blessed Event," one of the high-light productions of 1932, his popularity has been based on amusing characters not overburdened with gray matter.

He is at his best in "dead pan" parts and in portrayals involving smart cracking. Comedy is his forte, although on the stage he won fame also for his dramatic interpretations. Would you believe that he stepped into Spencer Tracy's rôle of *Killer Mears* on the stage in "The Last Mile," when Tracy turned his back on Broadway for Hollywood?

Originally, he didn't want to be an actor. Marine engineering was his goal. But it's in the blood, acting.

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HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



"As Husbands Go" has these six peppy beauties pointing the way to the primrose path.

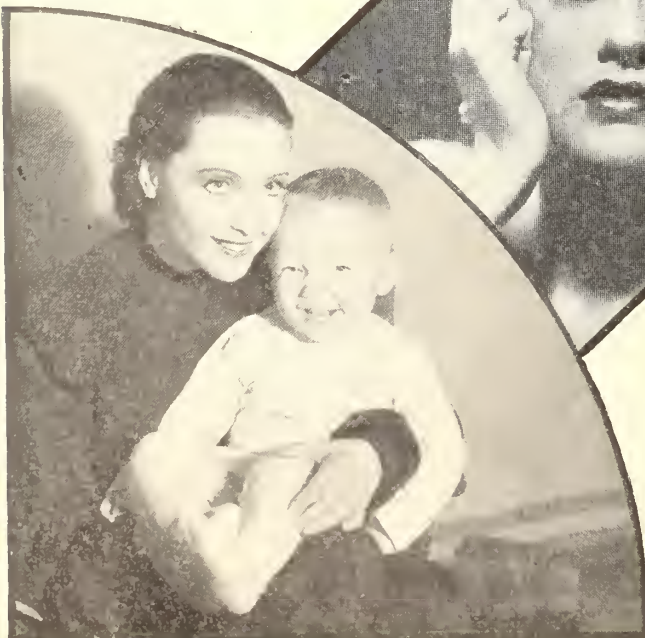
A pick-up of news and gossip of the studio world.

VACATIONING is dull business if you have to go alone. Hollywood doesn't—to its great joy, perhaps, and also its sorrow. The joy is one of companionship; the sorrow the attention that it attracts. Or maybe the stars like the attention, although they profess not to.

Here, anyway, we have the following couples who have lately sallied forth together:

By the time you read this Sandra Shaw probably will be Mrs. Gary Cooper, if she isn't already secretly married to him.

Baby Leroy grins his O. K. to Dorothea Wieck as actress and woman. They're together in "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."



Gilbert Roland and Constance Bennett, to Palm Springs.

Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, to Arizona, and then, though not together, to New York. They were chaperoned to Arizona.

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, a little sight-seeing trip to Yuma and points beyond, including Europe on separate steamers.

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, most sensational of all, on the same train to New York.

Two or three years ago the Marquis Henri and Connie Bennett started the fad when they went traveling to Europe together, and now it has become the routine thing to do, even if the journeys aren't always to such great distances.

Fifi Wants Busy Hubby.—La, la, la! Fifi Dorsay, who is making a comeback in pictures, is seeing to it that her boy friend, Maurice Hill, is self-supporting before she marries him. She is launching him on a movie career. She wishes him to be another Clark Gable.

Hill thought of being a doctor originally, but that means a long and tedious course of study. One can become a movie actor much easier, according to Fifi's way of thinking.

Also Fifi's fiancé won a handsome-man contest, so why shouldn't he be just right to help fill in that perpetual shortage of good-looking leading men? That's the way the lady Dorsay has it figured, and so she is right behind her Maurice in his bid for stardom.

Marriage a Thing Apart.—Joel McCrea and Frances Dee just don't see the idea of a young married couple appearing in a picture together and being exploited as newlyweds. They have held out steadfastly against the idea, even though RKO, to whom they were both under

contract following their marriage, had several stories suitable for their post-nuptial costardom.

McCrea declared for quitting rather than doing a picture, and Miss Dee voiced equally strong opposition. The studio, meanwhile, put on the pressure, but eventually the plan was called off.

The McCrea-Dee marriage looks the best in a long while. A pretty sensible young couple!

Will Weeps Over Marie.—Radio listeners heard the Marie Dressler birthday celebration, but they missed the sights. The party was a big splashy one, put on as only the M.-G.-M. studio can stage an affair of this kind. The studio stage on which it was held looked like a feudal hall, but probably much larger than any feudal hall ever thought of being.

The most amazing thing was to see Will Rogers go into a mood of utter mellowness while talking about Marie's long career, and even to start shedding tears when he commented on how much she belonged to the public. "Our Marie," he called her. He was more affected than the star herself. Such a thing has seldom happened to Will Rogers on any occasion.

Too Insane for Eddie.—Eddie Cantor declines to be the official spokesman for the film colony, probably preferring to stay on his own so he can make wild statements such as "the career of an actor lasts only four or five years." Talk of conferring this distinction on him went the rounds after he had been elected president of the Screen Actors' Guild. He was expected to take the place of Conrad Nagel, because Nagel is in the East most of the time now for stage work. But Eddie lightly dismissed the overtures made by the electioneering gentry. He said briefly:

"No, sir-ee. I'll never be spokesman for the movie colony. Let somebody else have the job. I don't want to be responsible for so many crazy people."

And that's calling a spade a shovel.

Sally Rand Rediscovered.—If producers ever had any inhibitions about whom they chose for stardom, those goody-goody days are certainly over. Proof is that we have it straight from Sally Rand herself that the fan dance she did at the Chicago exposition is what got her a movie contract. Imposition of a jail sentence didn't interfere either, and chances are that Sally will never go behind the prison bars.

We used to know Sally when she was just one of the throng of bit players, and not doing any too well at that. But the carpet of welcome was rolled out joyously when she returned to Hollywood, and the first part she had in a picture was rewritten to give it more prominence. Probably the next thing the fans will take her to their hearts, too, and then everything will be perfect.

She's the Only Miracle.—While she was on location for "Trigger," in which she plays a sort of miracle

woman of the mountains, publicity men tried to "sell" Katharine Hepburn on a supposed miracle woman who dwelt near where the company was working. But Katharine wouldn't "sell." She's so foxy that no ordinary publicity stunts mean a thing to her, especially such an old gag as that one.

Hepburn, who has a sharp and shrewish tongue when she lets go, is death on the ordinary run of press-agentry, but she has made a big go of it in Hollywood. Her friend, Laura Harding, is supposed to help her think up many of the bright ideas for remaining aloof and different. They worked out their little plot well in advance, and manage to keep most people guessing, even the directors of Katharine's pictures.

There is one director, though, who makes her toe the mark by administering a verbal thrashing to her regularly. Anybody who can outshout Katharine when she is in a tantrum is apparently her master. But she'll probably find a way around that soon. Incidentally, she can be full of charm, when she feels like it, and her smile is lovely.

Saved—One Schnozola!—Jimmy Durante's efforts to protect his "schmozzle" from infringement provide one of the laughs of the colony. Durante is serious enough about it, for he considers the situation very aggravatin' and mortifyin', seeing the "schmozzola" used in all kinds of advertisements from those of corn doctors to beauty specialists.

The height of injury to his pride was when one of the chiropodists compared his nose to a bunion on a big toe. That's when he commenced firing his broadsides at the patent office, seeking to prevent not only such obvious uses of his nose for exploitation, but also its connection with jig-saw puzzles and other games, jewels, clothing, food, watches, and watch fobs.

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Mary Brian, the most engaged girl in Hollywood, gives Donald Cook the lead in her affections.



"Smile for the fans," says Esther Ralston to Mary Esther—and the obedient daughter of a beautiful star does right by her public.

The CHESSBOARD

The kings and queens of movies are juggled around
for a while and then Destiny takes up [a new set.

'Tis all a chequerboard of nights and days,
Where destiny with men for pieces plays;
Hither and thither moves and mates and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

MORE things happen in Hollywood in a single year than anywhere else in a century. So far as radical changes go, Hollywood takes the cake. One is inclined to imagine that philosophic old Omar Khayyam had the picture mecca in mind when he penned the above lines.

While it is pleasant to cheer the present stars, it is somewhat sad to look back a little. Within the past eight years I can recall more victories and defeats than those who participated in them might care to remember.

Valentino tried to regain his place on the board as a romantic hero in "Monsieur Beaucaire."



Mary Brian was favored by the gods in "Peter Pan," although at the time the other girls got the cheers



Once all set for a brilliant career, Aileen Pringle has long been only on the fringe of the game.

Man," which was terrible. Gloria made "The Humming Bird," which was excellent. Pola made "Forbidden Paradise," which was excellent. Gloria made "The Queen's Love Story," which was terrible.

The game between the two greatest stars on the Hollywood chessboard at that time soon dwindled out. Neither is any longer the glamorous star, though Gloria is still intermittently starring and Pola is trying the stage.

"Peter Pan" brought Betty Bronson, Mary Brian, and Esther Ralston into notice. Most people placed their bets on Betty. Miss Ralston soon became a

The great film event of 1925 was Pola Negri's return to the direction of her old master, Ernst Lubitsch. The Lasky lot buzzed with excitement. La Negri was fully convinced that it had been her radiant dynamics that won for Papa Lubitsch his directorial laurels in Germany. Papa Lubitsch remained silent, smiling his knowing smile. Their joint efforts turned out "Forbidden Paradise."

La Negri was radiantly happy at the moment. She was deeply in love with Rod La Rocque. And their



Gloria Swanson still retains her position as movie queen—when she plays at all.

passion seemed strongly to resemble the plot of "Forbidden Paradise."

Gloria Swanson had moved to New York. It was a joke in the studio that both stars tried to outdo each other in making similar pictures. Pola made "My

OF FATE

By William H. McKegg

featured player, then a star. Poor little Mary seemed left out in the cold. But Mary now has the last laugh. She is one of our perennial leading ladies, while Betty has retired and Esther is inconspicuous.

Lilyan Tashman appeared at this period, as dazzling as to-day, though a little more ingénueish. She flashed into Hollywood's

Picked for her voluptuousness, Claire de Lorez found "Three Weeks" more than just a movie title.



The dynamic Pola Negri challenged the supremacy of Gloria in a series of successes and flops—and lost.



Lilyan Tashman flashed into the game as a sophisticated beauty and is still going strong.



Betty Bronson won instant fame as Peter Pan and then was neglected by fate.

the sheik motif. "Son of the Sheik" was popular, but how it hurt poor Rudy to make it!

Elinor Glyn introduced a new find in the person of Claire de Lorez. She played the gypsy in "Three Weeks," sufficient guarantee, according to Madame, to establish the artist for life. Claire was, she declared, "the most voluptuous woman on the screen."

chess game with hectic advance reports of her charms. Rafael Kirschner, an artist, had declared her legs to be "the most beautiful in the world." Open to doubt, perhaps, but *la* Tashman is still going strong.

That year also saw the sad decline in popularity of Valentino. He had soared to the top in "The Four Horsemen." He represented Sex Menace, appearing right after the World War. Poor Rudy lamented the fact that "The Sheik" was his most popular picture. "Blood and Sand," his most worthy effort and his favorite, never gained much notice.

Badly advised, Valentino essayed to return as a romantic hero. He never was that in its true meaning. Rudy personified the part tender, part brutal fellow. "Monsieur Beaucaire," "A Sainted Devil," and "Cobra" were all disappointing. Just previous to his passing, he got another move on Hollywood's chessboard by reviving

Another brilliant career was prophesied by Dame Elinor for Aileen Pringle. Though Miss Pringle played with John Gilbert, in "His Hour," and with Conrad Nagel, in "Three Weeks," the fans never agreed with Madame. To-day the dazzling Aileen plays bits whenever she can get any to play.

Corinne Griffith made her best starring picture, "Déclassée," and from then on her career took a slide. To-day she is being "considered" for various rôles.

Dorothy Mackaill came to the fore with George O'Brien, in "The Man Who Came Back." It was a splendidly acted offering. In those far-off days, Dorothy had beautiful long hair. I always maintain that Doty lost a certain something in her acting when she had her flaxen tresses shorn.

The 1925 fans saw nothing in Madge Evans, then a

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The SCREEN

By Norbert Lusk

"Little Women."

Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Paul Lukas, Frances Dee, Jean Parker, Douglass Montgomery, Henry Stephenson, John Davis Lodge, Spring Byington. Director: George Cukor.

THE widespread and phenomenal popularity of Katharine Hepburn's current picture needs nothing to further it. Its appeal is irresistible. There is nothing left for the critic, then, but to pay tribute to the most notable film of the year and to the genius of the star.

Something of a miracle has been wrought by every one associated with the undertaking. They have made intensely interesting, vital, and understandable a group of characters so remote from young people of to-day as to belong in a doll's house, their innocuous concerns only a quaint manifestation of the Victorian era. But so great was the feeling and talent brought to bear in making a New England family in 1862 feel and live in terms of the present, that the picture becomes an exquisitely detailed composite of youth in any age. Gay, tender, poignant, and uplifting, it restores one's faith in the verities of life and the fundamentals of normal character.

Every rôle is played with beguiling simplicity and understanding, yet there is no self-conscious effort to be quaint or innocent or sweet. You will find your favorites in the cast giving the best performance of their respective careers,

"Little Women" is said to be the most notable picture of the year, and public response confirms the verdict. Here are Paul Lukas and Miss Hepburn in one of its most appealing moments.

and you will discover in Miss Hepburn's the signature of a great actress. Conception, suggestion, and brilliant execution are here.

She is my ideal of what the screen's leading actress should be, because her methods are direct, incisive, and she uses no half measures to convey what she is

Miriam Hopkins, Gary Cooper, and Fredric March labor vainly in the airy nothingness of "Design for Living."



in REVIEW

Katharine Hepburn receives a critic's nomination for the screen's foremost actress. And he tells why.

thinking, what she wishes you to feel. She approaches every moment in the life of her heroine with the direct gaze of honesty without compromise. The half-closed lids and the slow, enigmatic smile have no place in her technique. She is an actress rather than an evocative *figurante*, and for this much thanks.

Of all the great idols in the theater of long ago, I think she most resembles Maude Adams in the marvelous appeal of her voice. The innocent glee, the ringing exultation and the sexless spirituality of Miss Adams's tones belong to Miss Hepburn, too, with the wistfulness and the warmth. Listen for her "*Marmec's* come. She's *here!*" But then one listens for the echo of every word she says long after one has left the theater.

"Design for Living."

Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Gary Cooper, Edward Everett Horton. Director: Ernst Lubitsch.

The design for a good picture was not included in the original play and it is less apparent in this adaptation which is said to contain only one line written by Noel Coward, the author. Try to find it! Not that it much matters, only the new version is neither especially witty nor dramatic. But whether kept intact or rewritten with the ruthlessness of an alien viewpoint, the story has no place on the screen. It is too frail, too "special" and too dependent on the brilliant individuality of Lynn Fon-

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Morie Dressler has the most worth while rôle of her screen career in her most substantial picture, "Christopher Bean."

"Eskima" is played by a cast made up chiefly of natives.



Darathea Wieck and Evelyn Venable are in the fragile porcelain of "Cradle Song."



GRAND GUY

That's what his intimates call Cary Grant, and his fans will cheer, for his main purpose right now is to do right by them.

SOME one has called Cary Grant "the epitome of Americanism."

Be that as it may, he has one distinction: he is that rarest of Hollywood mortals, an actor who confines his acting to the screen. Off-screen he is himself—over six feet and 170 pounds of clean-cut masculinity. He meets life with a grin, but is always ready to back it up with a stiff uppercut.

In spite of his gayety and levity, he knows where he's going.

"Life's just a mad mix-up," he will tell you. "I've quit trying to figure it out. But, boy, it's a *swell* mix-up. I want to get all the fun out of it I can. Then I want to settle down in southern France and let the rest of the world go by.

"But right now I want to do right by all these people who like me on the screen."

Born Archie Leach thirty years ago in Bristol, England, his boyhood was thoroughly saturated with middle-class respectability. Electricity first claimed his interest, but this soon gave way to an insatiable curiosity about the theater. He inherited his Thespian instinct from his grandfather, who was a well-known actor in his day.

At the age of fifteen, Archie ran away from home with a troupe of acrobats and came to America. He soon tired of the strenuous routine of the vaudeville stage and quit. He hoped to get a job as an actor, but no such opportunity presented itself. So he became a stilt-walker at Coney Island.

He still kept an eye on the theater, however, and finally got a job with a St. Louis repertoire company. He played leads in a dozen operettas. Then he came to New York where his rich baritone was blended with Jeanette MacDonald's lilting soprano for the delectation of blasé Broadwayites. He was not given a chance to sing on the screen before "Alice in Wonderland."

He spends most of his vacations fishing off Catalina Island. His favorite dish is baked swordfish. He has a very bad memory and is always dissatisfied with himself on the screen. He smokes very little because he says smoking reduces his weight. He wears turtle-neck sweaters and greets all and sundry with a flourish of the hand and a gay "Hi, baby!"

By Leroy Keleher

Once groomed to replace Gary Cooper, he combines the lean Montanan's wholesome virility with a boyish charm all his own. His one sentimentality is centered in the delightful person of Virginia Cherrill. He was the picture of forlornness when that young lady was vacationing in Hawaii.

"A romance?" he grins. "Well, hardly. It's just a very pleasant association." But Hollywood thinks otherwise.

His one great aversion is the cynic who regards everything as futile. "His blood isn't circulating right," Cary insists. His favorite forms of relaxation are golf, tennis, and music.

Although he is now a full-fledged star, he refuses to assume the trappings of a celluloid god. His only luxury is a flashy car in which he likes to go for long drives—alone. Ten years in this country have nearly obliterated his English accent.

He invests all his savings in two haberdashery stores, one in New York and the other in Los Angeles. His father, whom he fondly refers to as "Jim," is a clothing manufacturer in Bristol. He is an avid reader and can always discuss intelligently the current best-seller.

One entire week's salary goes to buy his wardrobe for each picture. He is enthusiasm personified. It radiates from him as power from an electric dynamo. He enjoys concerts and operas, but realizes that people look askance at a he-man with highbrow inclinations.

He is not a ladies' man, being equally at ease with both men and women. He admires intelligence and common sense in a woman and finds the sentimental, clinging-vine type unbearable. He likes to go to the beach and munch hamburgers and ride the roller-coaster. He gets a whale of a kick out of his new-found success, but he is not kidding himself about its permanency.

He is one player who takes a genuine interest in his fan mail, and although he hasn't the time to acknowledge every letter, he does read the majority of them.

When he first started to work on the Paramount lot, he told the fan mail department, "If I should happen to get a letter or two, for gosh sakes, give them to me. Not that I expect people to write to me. But I've heard that miracles do happen."

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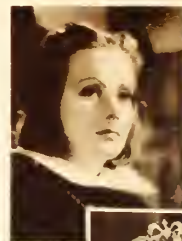
In answer to numerous requests, Cary Grant's personality is sketched by Leroy Keleher, who leaves no quirk or complex unturned.





YOU all know about Cary Grant: his birth in England, his joining a troupe of acrobats, his stilt walking at Coney Island—all this when he was known as Archie Leach. What Leroy Keleher emphasizes on the opposite page is Cary's likableness. That's what you can't get enough of, isn't it? We thought so!

Photo by John Erastoff



HAIL, ALL HAIL!

Imperial Garbo returns after these many months to resume her throne, and scatters these views of "Queen Christina" to quiet the tumult among her admirers.



GRETA GARBO is, of course, Queen of Sweden in the film and her tragic romance is with John Gilbert as Don Antonio, who is sent from Spain to plead with her to marry his king. They meet at an inn where the queen, costumed as a boy, conceals her identity until they meet again in the throne room.



TOPSY-TURVY

This is only an inkling of the strange adventures of "Alice in Wonderland."



CHARLOTTE HENRY as Alice, above, has for company Laïse Fazenda as the White Queen, left, and Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen. The amazing mask in the square photo conceals the handsome features of Alisan Skipwarth as the Duchess. Rascoe Ates disports as the Fish, below, and Miss Henry charmingly visualizes Alice herself in the large picture.



THE story is a highly exciting one with a splendid cast which includes, besides Miss Dvorak, Dudley Digges, Claire Dodd, Robert Barrat, Sidney Toler, the young newcomer, James C. Eagles, and Agnes Naicho, the latter in the poignant rôle of Mr. Barthelmess's sister.



THUNDER HORSE

Richard Barthelmess, always determined to vary his characterizations, now offers the portrait of an educated, modern Indian in his long line of thoughtful pictures. The new one, entitled "Massacre," has the advantage of Ann Dvorak as the heroine.

THE WITCH

Another brilliant, compelling performance is due from Katharine Hepburn as a wild girl of the mountains in "Trigger."



TRIGGER HICKS, uncouth, tempestuous, has the gift of healing by prayer, but when she steals a mother's baby in order to cure it and then refuses to part with the infant, she becomes the object of mob violence. The picture was photographed in California's Son Jacinto mountains, and Ralph Bellamy is Miss Hepburn's leading man.

BING and MARION

Mr. Crosby's sense of humor is matched with the incomparable comedy of Marion Davies in "Going Hollywood." And won't there be fun!



THIS is an amusing story of the studios with Miss Davies as a girl who, crazy about Mr. Crosby, a crooner, gets a job as maid to the French star in whose film Mr. Crosby is leading man. The story gives Mr. Crosby many opportunities to sing and Miss Davies to sparkle in some of her marvelous imitations.



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tanne, Alfred Lunt, and Mr. Coward who acted it on the stage and for whom it was written. Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Gary Cooper are artists of a different caliber, more substantial and matter of fact in training and methods. Therefore, they are unable to give their respective rôles anything more than was written in them. Properly light and playful, they suggest no undertones or subtleties of character. They are three favorite players who are on a romp and know it. In especial Mr. Cooper who, out of his element in worldly, glib comedy, conveys the disconcerting idea of a wry-lipped Abraham Lincoln in amateur theatricals. Mr. March is well cast as a playwright, but his most fervid admirers will not place this among his happiest performances. The same may be said of Miriam Hopkins.

She is a girl who can't make up her mind which she loves more, a painter or a playwright, so she is alternately the mistress of both until she marries a moneyed advertising man and is fretful away from the two bohemians. When they reappear, she is so carried away by their fun that she runs away with them. The picture lasts an hour and a half.

"Cradle Song."

Dorothea Wieck, Evelyn Venable, Sir Guy Standing, Louise Dresser, Kent Taylor, Gertrude Michael, Georgia Caine, Nydia Westman. Director: Mitchell Leisen.

The first American picture of Dorothea Wieck, the German actress, is something that the discriminating are cheering for. It is inexpressibly beautiful, too tender and fragile, perhaps, to appeal as widely as it should and to intrench Miss Wieck as strongly as a first effort should establish a newcomer. That is its only fault. For the rest, though, the picture and Miss Wieck's part in it are memorable, things of pearl that will be treasured by every thoughtful film-goer. While most actresses can be spiritual on occasion, Miss Wieck is angelic as the nun whose instinct for maternity finds outlet in her devotion to a baby left on the convent doorstep. She is like those pale madonnas seen in dim, cloistered aisles of old, old churches. But her unearthly beauty is warmed by life, for beneath the porcelain perfection of her features there surges womanly feeling and the actress conveys the emotions of *Sister Joanna* more surely than we would have a right to expect of a Botticelli seraph come to life.

It is a simple tale through which the lovely nun moves, its climax gentle resignation to the will of God. The foundling grows to girlhood, falls in love with a youth, and *Joanna*

and her sisters prepare the daughter of the convent for her wedding day. It is not alone *Joanna* who casts a spell of gentle melancholy over the spectator, but the detailed life of the convent that fascinates. The clash of character, the ritual and routine, and the breath-taking beauty of the Spanish walls—all these place the picture apart from all others and make it the superior of most.

It is finely acted by a splendidly chosen cast, Sir Guy Standing capturing major honors for his beautifully modulated portrait of the convent doctor, wise and sympathetic, and Louise Dresser for her prioress, ruler and peace-maker of the nuns. Evelyn Venable, a newcomer, plays the girl who brings to *Joanna* the joys and sorrows of vicarious motherhood, and I thought her dewy freshness just right for the part.

"Christopher Bean."

Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Helen Mack, Russell Hardie, Beulah Bondi, Jean Hersholt, H. B. Warner, George Coulouris, Helen Shipman. Director: Sam Wood.

Marie Dressler appears, for a change, in a skillfully written and substantial rôle, a real character, and there are some of us who think this her best picture. It has depth, charm, and plausibility and is, in short, worthy of the stage play from which it was taken.

Of course one has to make allowances for the intrusion of a bit of slapstick now and then to appease those of Miss Dressler's admirers who would feel cheated without it, but it doesn't weaken the structure of the piece.

It's a far different story than those which usually concern Miss Dressler who is here a servant of a New England family who have all but forgotten an artist named *Christopher Bean* who boarded with them years before. So contemptuous are they of paintings which he left at his death that some of them are thrown by *Mrs. Hagggett* in a bonfire. Then the art world discovers the genius of *Bean* and various scheming dealers descend upon the *Haggetts* to buy the pictures for less than they are worth. The result is a fascinating study in greed and cupidity when the family see wealth within their reach and they attempt by trickery to gain possession of their downtrodden servant's portrait. How she turns the tables on them and becomes the victor will warm the heart of the most ardent devotee of happy endings.

Lionel Barrymore has a showy part as *Doctor Hagggett*, gentle and forbearing until money comes within his grasp and conscience flies out of the window. Mr. Barrymore not only

takes advantage of the sharply contrasting moods, but etches in subtle detail until the performance becomes one of his finest. In fact, the entire cast is superlative, Beulah Bondi in especial capturing all the implications of *Mrs. Hagggett* until it becomes an amazingly lifelike portrait of New England character, a performance that reaches the plane of the stars.

"Eskimo."

The cast is made up chiefly of Eskimos, with Peter Freuchen, the author, and W. S. Van Dyke, the director, in supporting rôles.

Once it gets under way, this latest study of the frozen North is superbly beautiful, thrilling in its suspense and altogether extraordinary, a film like no other. Slowness in developing the story is, however, a defect which tends to cause the unprepared spectator to think he is witnessing an uncommonly fine educational film from which a story is almost entirely absent.

The first part is deliberate, contemplative rather than personal; but once inspection of the Eskimos, their hunting and fishing, social customs, and fight for existence is over, the picture picks up until it grips and thrills. From beginning to end it carries fine conviction and absolute authenticity. Toward the end there is a fight for life between the Eskimo hero and wolf which is terrifying in its desperate ferocity, and there are battles with whales, polar bears and walruses, not to mention a magnificent stampede of caribou.

The story has a young Eskimo husband killing a sea captain for attacking his wife, his arrest by the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police and the native's innocence of wrongdoing. His trust in his white friends betrayed when they shackle him, the Eskimo escapes in the night and begins his long, perilous journey back to his own igloo. Though caught up with by the police, they allow him to escape and he drifts out to sea and presumable death on an ice floe. All this is touchingly set forth and the superiority of the Eskimo and the degrading influence of the white man is never lost sight of.

"The Prizefighter and the Lady."

Myrna Loy, Max Baer, Otto Kruger, Walter Huston, Robert McWade, Vince Barnett, Primo Carnera, Jack Dempsey. Director: W. S. Van Dyke.

All pictures of the prize ring are outdistanced by this. Besides being enormously exciting, it is human and amusing, ironic as well as comic, and, as you undoubtedly have heard, it brings to the forefront Max Baer. He is the most worth while newcomer

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"How in hell *could* I train when I was working on that picture day and night?" Max demanded.

"You had plenty of time since you finished the picture," Mr. Hoffman was not to be put off with implausible excuses.

Max grinned once more. "The horn of plenty overflows in Hollywood," he announced. "Lots of crumbs dropped out that I didn't have time to gather up while I was working. I've got to look after those crumbs now while I've got time, don't I?" He turned to me. "Pardon me," he said and disappeared through a door.

"That's why I want to get him out of here and up to my ranch at Sacramento," Mr. Hoffman admitted. "I got a gate on that ranch so's I can keep people out."

"Say," said Max, returning suddenly and addressing Mr. Hoffman, "phone over to the studio, will you, and see if Pat di Cicco is there? I've got an engagement with him for lunch and it's after twelve now. Tell him I'll be late."

Mr. Hoffman nodded—and sat perfectly still.

"Did M.-G.-M. take an option on you for more pictures?" I asked.

"Nope. They hired me for one and they got their one."

"Well, aren't you going to make any more?"

"Not right away. I don't want to crowd Barrymore and Barthelmess and those guys. And, anyhow, if I kept on acting they might get sore and take up fighting."

"No," Mr. Hoffman put in. "Since that preview we've already got more offers than we know what to do with. Right now Max's job is fighting."

"What are you going to do after you win the championship?" I kept on.

"I've got to win it first," Max admitted. "After that I'm going to fight some more. I won't be one of those champs who sit around and do nothing. I've got to keep the old man here out of the breadline. Pardon me," and once more I watched Mr. Baer make a superb exit.

"From what I know of Max," I opined, "the story of 'The Prizefighter and the Lady' is a lot like his own life."

Mr. Hoffman nodded. "He took his ex-wife to the preview and she said that in a lot of places it was so true it was embarrassing."

"Say," said Max to Mr. Hoffman as he returned and began pulling a comb through his hair, "will you

phone the studio and see if you can get hold of Pat di Cicco?"

"Sure," Mr. Hoffman agreed, not budging.

"There's one thing else I wanted to ask you," I remembered. "Your friendship with Jack Dempsey—has he taught you much?"

"Sure," Max conceded.

"Just what has he taught you?"

"Oh, he gives me a lot of advice—which I listen to and don't take. I think"—to Mr. Hoffman—"I'll leave these black shoes out."

By that time Max had finished packing and dressing. We started through the door. He turned for one last parting word with Mr. Hoffman. "Will you call the studio and see if you can get hold of Pat di Cicco?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Hoffman, remaining in his chair. "Will you be home for dinner?"

"No," said Max. "I'm having dinner with one of those crumbs, but I'll be home early."

When Max wins that championship, I confidently predict he will be the most popular champion the world has ever known, with the possible exception of Jack Dempsey. But if I were to say that to Max he'd probably inquire, "Why the exception?" and grin!

They Say in New York—

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"But, Nicky, it looks just like Aunt Ella." A giggle from our corner made her whirl around and say "Then one of you should wear it."

Lilyan recently made her debut on the radio and did so well that she has been signed for twelve broadcasts for a cosmetic company. She is all for making a big success on the air, which with her highly individual voice should be easy. She is getting all ready for the onrush of television. When it comes Lil is all set to conquer it.

Try, Try Again.—Lenore Ulric is coming back to make pictures with just as much enthusiasm as if she had never tried before. Twice she has jumped from the stage into pictures, once in the silent days, once in the talkies, and both times she saw the camera make a caricature of her. Now, pleased with the enterprise that RKO has shown in their recent pictures, she has contracted to make two for them, assured that they will find stories, directors, cameramen, and electricians who will present Ulric as the intense, glamorous figure she appears on the stage.

Miss Ulric, who gives the impression of a savage in satins, has lately developed a desire to step out and do big things.

She is weary of playing a succession of sirens in flimsy vehicles on the New York stage. She wants to do high comedy on the screen, then invade the stages of London and Paris. She sees people dashing about the world doing first one thing then another, conquering space and time in planes, dashing over to London for a day or two, phoning their friends across continents and wonders if she is not missing a great deal.

Strangely enough, Lenore Ulric has always been a quite settled person. Laugh if you must, the fact remains she is essentially a home girl. She actually lives in a house in New York and has lived there for years among the accumulating bric-a-brac. She has a house up the Hudson to which she often goes after a night's performance. Her day can start only after she has sat around for hours in pajamas, drinking innumerable cups of coffee, attending to the details of housekeeping and getting keyed up to the job of acting. She is afraid she won't ever take to Hollywood's way of plunging into big dramatic scenes at nine in the morning.

Lenore Ulric attributes all her unhappiness to the intensity of her feelings. "I have always clung so hard to anything I wanted that I strangled

it," she told me. "Now I am going to take things as they come. If they turn out well, that's good; if they turn out badly, something else will take their place.

"But I want *terribly* to make a good picture," she added, slipping back into the old intensity.

Bebe the Buyer.—Bebe Daniels's trip to New York was strictly business. She came as buyer for the dress shop she and Mrs. Richard Gallagher are running in Beverly Hills. Formerly a shop in which all dresses were priced at about twelve dollars, under Bebe's direction it will also carry exclusive models at many times that. Dress manufacturers were impressed by the way Bebe drove a shrewd bargain. It was also their despair that she could put on their cheapest dresses and make them look dashing. They are a little afraid that Bebe will make bargains fashionable in Hollywood which they feel should be their most prosperous market.

Coming and Going.—Despairing of Tallulah Bankhead's early recovery from a serious illness, the producer of "Jezebel" for the New York stage has borrowed Miriam Hopkins from Hollywood for the rôle.

For the first time in twenty years in the show business, Eddie Cantor faced a luncheon for the press in New York and dared them to ask him questions he couldn't answer. He held forth seriously about the Screen Actors' Guild, rehearsing the arguments he will put up to President Roosevelt. He named Adolphe Menjou, Fredric March, Robert Montgomery, and Ann Harding as the shrewdest brains in Hollywood, and said they would all fight to a finish for the privilege of sky-rocketing their salaries as high as possible. Perhaps you and you, as well as I, won't get all excited about this until they take a similar interest in establishing a living wage for the little people in the picture colony.

Frances Dee and Joel McCrea set off on a motor tour of New England after their marriage. Arriving in Greenwich, Connecticut, after an hour or two of driving, they settled down there, amusing themselves by walking down the main street, looking in windows and signing autographs.

Joe Morrison, the handsome lad who first sang "The Last Round-Up," and a shade better than any one else, is to make pictures for Para-

mount, perhaps as a threat to Bing Crosby that they could get along without him if they had to.

Kitty Carlisle, a sweet young thing who was the hit of "Champagne Sec" on Broadway, was grabbed by Paramount at the close of the operetta's run. Fox has imported Pat Paterson, young and dazzling, from the London stage, and every one wants Lilian Bond, discarded by Hollywood, now that she is proving a young Mae West on the stage.

Katharine Hepburn stole away from rehearsals for a stage play and went to the Radio City Music Hall to see "Little Women." She was unmolested, largely because she looked less like herself than a dozen or so other girls in the throng. Clothes designed by Elizabeth Hawes and the Hepburn swagger are the current vogue in the younger set.

My favorite newcomer to the screen is Frances Williams, in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Who is yours?

She Won't Take a Bow.—Aline MacMahon came to town in time for the opening of "The World Changes," but spent the evening quietly at home rather than face the crowds. She

saw it a few days later, about the time that she learned she was to acquire the glory and burdens of stardom.

In all her prayers she wishes continued success on the stage to Jean Dixon, for Miss Dixon brings her luck. Playing the Dixon rôle in "Once in a Lifetime" brought Miss MacMahon her picture contract. Her first starring rôle will be the one Jean Dixon played on the stage in "Heat Lightning." Incidentally, Jean Dixon turned down the rôle in "The Warrior's Husband" which first brought Katharine Hepburn success on the stage.

Theater's Siren Call.—If Alison Skipworth, Marie Dressler, May Robson, and a few other old-timers ever hear how much fun Laura Hope Crews is having in New York, they'll come skipping back to the theater. "Her Master's Voice" has settled down for a long run. Miss Crews can sleep until noon, get about and see friends, wander over to the theater and drift through her performance blithely with no worry about more lines to learn for the morrow. It's a grand show out front, but with Miss Crews backstage it is hilarious.

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ever drafted from the sporting world. More than that, he puts himself across with originality, ease and magnetic sureness. In short, Mr. Baer can act. He has a long way to go before qualifying for teacup drama, of course, but there is no indication that he is headed in that direction.



He is, as you may suspect, one of those natural actors whose personal magnetism and exuberant spirits take the place of technique and enable him to achieve a characterization that is beyond the reach of the ordinary actor of greater experience. It isn't a matter of muscle, either, for's that

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pected that he would be convincing in the prize-fight sequence. It is Mr. Baer's acting without his gloves that shows him to be aware of what the part is all about.

Briefly, he is a bouncer in a speak-easy who is discovered by an old promoter and coached for stardom in the ring. Headstrong, conceited, and weak, he goes the way of all flesh until at the crucial moment in a thrilling fight with Carnera he wins back his lost laurels—and his wife.

Simple though the story is, it is brilliantly written—shrewd, revealing and always gripping because of the interplay of character and the unflagging zest behind the whole thing. Dominating though Mr. Baer is, you will find not one example of routine acting in the entire cast. Myrna Loy has never played with finer understanding and poise, flecked with rare and charming humor, nor has she looked more beguiling. Walter Huston's richly human fight promoter is among the best things he has ever done. But Otto Kruger is perhaps the greatest surprise of all for he overcomes the limitations of personality and creates a character by mental suggestion. There is hardly an actor more unlike a sardonic underworld leader than the ascetic Mr. Kruger, yet by nothing more than the

curl of his lip and a hardening of his voice he comes through with a crook seemingly born to threaten and command. *This is acting, this is a picture.*

"The Mad Game."

Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, Frank Morgan, Howard Lally, J. Carroll Naish, Kathleen Burke, John Miljan. Director: Irving Cummings.

The crime of kidnaping is the subject of this picture which has so many points of excellence that it ought to



be more satisfying than it is. Let us overlook, then, its haphazard fin-

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years in underworld life as well as on the screen. Last summer and fall already saw a swinging of the pendulum. The gangster picture had run its cycle. Films like "Reunion in Vienna," "Dinner at Eight," sophisticated things with an undertone of humor rather than horror, were coming in. These sounded the note of the new trend. The recent wave of the Gay '90s films only helped the matter along by strengthening the contrast. The revival of musicals, running another little circle of their own, is in keeping with the gayer trend.

James Cagney, Clark Gable, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and their cinema brothers are already pretty well catalogued as likable roughnecks—ambitious boxers, sharp ambulance chasers and blundering diamond-in-

the-rough guys. Edward G. Robinson has put aside the old gat and experimented with his "soup and fish" on the screen, and not as a gangster.

Two years ago, you know, a man in a dinner jacket was always the boss gangster in a clip joint. Tuxedos, guns, cocktails, and night clubs were always sinister things in the late speakeasy era. It is possible that tough guys on the screen will have to crawl back into their striped turtle-necked sweaters and again consort with molls in short checked skirts and black tams, for the real hero and heroine will be wearing the fine clothes. And penthouses may be occupied by married couples without a liquor racket to their name and gangsters will go back to the gas-house district.

Herbert Marshall, although he

played a jewel thief recently in "The Solitaire Man," is of the new order, an ideal opposite for the more gracious ladies of the screen. He can click glasses with the best of them. Adolphe Menjou's dapperness belongs to the gentleman-gambler element of the past. He can wear tails nonchalantly and make his way around the Ritz lobby without turning over the potted rubber plant, but he will always be too well-dressed to interest the new heroine—or the new fans.

To sum it up, the new deal will drastically change the habits of the people, and the screen will change to keep up with the times. Gay musicals and sophisticated comedy-drama are already in; the gangsters are out. And the more civilized a star the better his chances.

Exit the Speakeasy

Hollywood's Forbidden Sins

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tion to him, her anxiety to help and serve him, her pathetic explanations of the things he did, the *excuses* she made for him, all served to make Johnny's behavior look worse, perhaps, than it really was. His much publicized attentions to Lupe Velez while all this was going on and his abrupt announcement, over Bobbe's denials, that they were separating—these things irritated Hollywood.

It will take the film colony a long time to forgive Johnny Weissmuller. It isn't what you do, you see. It's how you do it.

Hollywood objects to imitations. Hollywood is proud of Garbo and her mystery legend. The colony preens itself over the interest the lovely Swede has aroused simply by saying nothing. But a flood of indignant criticism broke forth when it was announced that Ann Harding and Janet Gaynor were denying themselves to interviewers and that Ann's telephone had been adjusted to outgoing calls only.

"Huh!" said Hollywood. "Doing a Garbo, eh? Well, they won't get far with that!" As a matter of fact, they didn't. Janet had the good sense to see, after a short time, that this elaborate reticence was doing her more harm than good, and she lifted the ban an inch or two.

Ann was not so easily persuaded. But perhaps Ann has reason to be bitter. She told me that she and Harry Bannister were warned when they came here that Hollywood would never forgive a happily married couple for their happiness.

"Pauline Garon said to us," Ann recalled, "Keep this happiness of yours a deep, deep secret. Never let any one know, because there is nothing in the world that Hollywood re-

sents so much or punishes so inexorably as a happy marriage. They simply won't have it. They will destroy it as surely as you let them find out!"

That was why Ann and Harry built their house far up in the hills and lived like a pair of recluses. That was why they never went to parties or appeared at openings. They were afraid. Now that her married happiness has been destroyed, despite all their precautions, Ann is afraid even to let Hollywood call her on the telephone.

But Hollywood is annoyed with her. "Doing a Garbo, eh?" says Hollywood, all unaware of the bitterness Ann must be harboring.

If Hollywood finds it difficult to forgive a happy marriage, it also resents it very much if you decline to have romance in your life.

Joel McCrea was one of our most persistent bachelors for a long time, and he learned how much he was resented. Now that he has obliged us by marrying Frances Dee, it may be one of those frying-pan-to-fire hops, so far as the gossips are concerned. That is, it may, if we can trust the testimony of the people who have tried marriage in this community!

Gene Raymond has encountered a distinct resentment at his apparent indifference to the charms of beautiful and exotic women. And Hollywood is even becoming slightly irritated with little Mary Brian. Although Mary is the recipient of constant masculine attention, nothing ever seems to *come* of it. Hollywood wants engagements, marriages, and so on—*affairs*. Now when Mary is rumored engaged, Hollywood lifts a bored eyebrow and says, "What? Again?"

Mary tells me that she wants to marry. But she takes it seriously and doesn't want to until she is sufficiently in love, sufficiently sure of herself, to be willing, even anxious, to give up the screen. Hollywood can't understand an attitude like that, or any one who takes marriage seriously. So the colony is griped at Mary.

Hollywood cannot forgive a decent reticence about your private affairs. You must tell all or you'll catch it. Dick Barthelmess told me once that public meddling and nagging ruined his first marriage. He doesn't intend to let it happen a second time. But the indignation he encountered when he tried to separate his domestic life from his professional one was so bitter that he was finally obliged to make compromises.

Joan Bennett has a theory that no actor has a right to expect any privacy. "When a person decides to become an actor he makes a tacit agreement to give himself to his public. He has no right to complain if that public is interested in everything about him. He is literally their property."

Hollywood punishes you for success. No one was ever more maligned, more harshly criticized and unfairly judged than was John Gilbert while he rode the crest. And no one has more friends, more well-wishers, than has Jack at this moment when he is striving for a comeback. I'll wager that Gilbert himself would be very much surprised if he could realize how generally true that is after the punishment he took from the film colony.

Hollywood has no patience with you if you are not a sun worshiper. You must take the pursuit of health even Hollywood—outdoor games—seri-

ously. You must make a sort of religion of it.

Ronald Colman told me, "Any girl who can ride, play tennis and golf, and swim, will have a great deal of attention and a very good time here, if she is even fairly attractive. But the fluffy, sleep-until-noon, helpless, afternoon-tea-in-trailing-chiffon type of woman simply is not noticed. Hollywood will have none of her."

Well, imagine the situation in which a sedentary type of *man* will find himself! He will not only have a thin time of it socially, but his lack of athletic tastes will actually hurt him professionally. Many a contract has ripened in the sun at Malibu or on a golf course.

Hollywood will never, never forgive you if you give an unsuccessful

party. Betty Bronson made history years ago when she gave a tea at which only tea was served. There was a prominent producer who gave a party at which the liquor was not exactly—er—first rate. Two couples whose names would be headline material in anybody's newspaper broke engagements that evening, and one marriage went definitely on the rocks. Hollywood has never forgiven the host.

There was the party only recently at which there were more guests than there was standing room, with the result that delicate frocks suffered from spilled cocktails. The host, whose idea was to make friends, is most unpopular at the moment.

Last of all, Hollywood cannot forgive goodness. Goodness, I mean, of the variety which would make a man

a leading and respected citizen in most communities. Conrad Nagel is a good man. He never gives fantastic parties, and he never attends them. He has never been involved in any sort of scandal, he is a good husband and father, and a leader in various sorts of civic activities.

But Hollywood resents Conrad with a curious sort of bitterness. It makes use of his solid qualities while it sneers at him for possessing them. The fact of the matter is, Hollywood cannot forgive you if you are not just a little bit dizzy!

Hollywood's code may be a curious one, but Hollywood is just as stern about enforcing it as is Des Moines about its own code. Perhaps Hollywood's code is not so different from that of Des Moines, at that.

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Steadier Romantic Gleams.—These romances look fairly certain of developing into something: Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale, Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, Tom Brown and Anita Louise, although there is never any telling about young love in Hollywood.

Consider Mary Brian and her perpetually varying train of escorts. Mary has kept the spotlight on herself by virtue of the endless guessings as to who was her head man. When she finally marries there won't be any fun in Hollywood any more. Donald Cook, incidentally, is her preferred cavalier.

The Super-paternal Beery.—Tales of Wallace Beery's devotion to his adopted daughter, Carol Ann, are already pretty familiar, but it is worth remarking that when Wally went on location to Mexico for "Viva Villa," he left presents for the child sufficient in number that one could be given to her each morning of his absence. Also, just before he left he entertained her grandly at the Brown Derby, feeding her himself.

The rough-cut Beery of the old days is altering greatly; he takes his new responsibility pretty seriously.

Honeymoon Takes Nose-Dive.—One thing after another manages to spoil Jean Harlow's honeymoon plans. First it was work, and then it was an appendicitis operation, just about the time that she and Hal Rosson planned to sail to Honolulu. They had to give up that voyage, because Miss Harlow was wanted for a film with Marie Dressler, "Living in a Big Way," as soon as she had recovered.

Just the same, Jean says that the

Hollywood High Lights

longer she waits the longer the tour will last when she finally takes it. She is determined to win out against the hoodoo sometime.

Love's Dream Fades Quickly.—With all the flurry that went with it, nobody would have believed that the marriage of Doris Kenyon to Arthur E. Hopkins would have lasted such a little while. They separated after a single month, and though Miss Kenyon at first repeatedly denied the estrangement, probably out of embarrassment as much as anything else, the filing of a divorce suit made it an assured fact.

Inside information is that Hopkins wished Miss Kenyon to give up many of her associations with professional people. Her suit charged mental cruelty in the form of complaints by Hopkins about her career. And that rather confirms the idea that he didn't like actors.

Does It Run in Family?—Lupe Velez may be a stormy petrel, but she isn't the only one. An amusing dispatch recently carried the information that her sister, Josephina, was arrested in Mexico City on a charge of insulting two Italian women. They declared Josephina had yelled at them from an automobile as she passed their homes.

Lupe was noncommittal when asked about it. All that matters now apparently is that she is married to Johnny Weissmuller.

The Last Roundup?—There's a bad season ahead for youngsters who love their horse opera if the leading cowboy stars get away with their threats to hang up their sombreros and go more regular. Like-

wise the real cowboys who have been on call for extras will be out of luck. Objecting to making more Westerns are Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson, Tim McCoy, Ken Maynard, John Wayne, Tom Keene, and George O'Brien. Westerns are declining in popularity or else these stars are getting bored with horses all of a sudden.

Father Makes Trouble.—Sylvia Sidney's row with Paramount was barely patched up when she had to fight even for her name, which is that of her foster father. Her own father, Victor Kosow, divorced from her mother eighteen years ago, went to Supreme Court in New York and asked that the adoption by Doctor Sigmund Sidney be set aside on the ground that he had not been informed of the action. Mrs. Sidney and Sylvia in their answers included the charges that Kosow had threatened to annul the adoption unless the actress paid him \$18,000, and that he also threatened her with "bad publicity" and preventing her from using the name of her foster father.

Doctor Sidney, a dentist, adopted Sylvia in 1922 after he married Mrs. Kosow. Sylvia was then twelve years old and had not seen her father for six years. At that time the court held that the father was not entitled to notice of the application for the adoption. Kosow remarried and has two children by his second wife.

Intruders Fret Greta.—If it isn't one thing it's another that shatters Greta Garbo's privacy. Since returning from Sweden she has managed quite successfully to remain in seclusion. Her personal life has been her own, with very few much disdained

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The Screen in Review

ish—nothing more than a chase—and admire the earlier portion of the story, the fine acting of Spencer Tracy throughout and the discovery of a striking newcomer, Claire Trevor.

While the picture is inconclusive and proposes no remedy for the "snatch racket," as kidnaping is called by the underworld, it treats the subject with terrifying realism beginning when Mr. Tracy as a liquor baron whose occupation is gone refuses to join his henchman in kidnaping. Imprisoned for evasion of income taxes, he wins the confidence of the authorities to such an extent that he submits to plastic surgery in order that he may go forth transformed and track down the kidnapers of a judge's son. This is where the chase comes in which gets nowhere except to provide a proper rescue and a happy fade-out. But the dialogue is so good and the suspense so nicely calculated that you may overlook defects.

Mr. Tracy's surgical adventure is a fascinating detail for it subtly retains his identity while it changes his appearance. All in all, the rôle is one of Mr. Tracy's best and should be seen by all his admirers. Miss Trevor plays a newspaper girl and veterans say she is the most lifelike reporter ever brought to the screen. She is crisp, intelligent, and pretty and I think that when you see her you will want to know where she comes from and all else. Picture Play means to tell you.

"Dancing Lady."

Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Winnie Lightner, May Robson, Art Jarrett, Fred Astaire, Ted Healy.
Director: Robert Z. Leonard.

This most lavishly spectacular of Joan Crawford's pictures is destined to be the most popular with her admirers. Shrewdly it combines everything expected of her films, with the addition of the unexpected—in this case musical numbers and a magnificent finale which surpasses anything in pictorial appeal that you or anybody else has ever seen. Miss Crawford, you see, is a chorus girl who steps into the leading rôle at the last moment, saves the show, and wins stardom and Clark Gable.

It is naïve, elemental material assembled with great skill, a fortune has been spent on it, and every chance that could be devised by clever producers for Miss Crawford's exploitation is here apparent. Nor does she muffle one of them. She is every inch the popular heroine of standardized specifications.

Beginning as a virtuous performer in a burlesque show, she proclaims her love of dancing to the judge who

charges her with indecent exposure and refuses luxuries offered her by the young playboy who gets her out of jail. She prefers poverty—and dancing—to a life of sin and idleness. Her skill wins her a place in a show backed by the playboy who secretly sees to it that she is paid for rehearsing. Miss Crawford, affluent, wears gardenias, orchids, and Adrians, visits a country estate, goes yachting to Havana with a chaperon and still refuses the love of the playboy. It is because of Clark Gable, as a dance director, whose harsh rebuffs have softened into calling her "the duchess" and who understands her love for the dance. Mr. Gable gives a capital performance, too, his several outbursts of temper yielding moments of reality and electrifying intensity.

"After To-night."

Constance Bennett, Gilbert Roland, Edward Ellis, Lucien Prival, Mischa Auer. Director: George Archainbaud.

Suspense and drama have been carefully side-stepped in fabricating this spy romance, consequently it of-



fers nothing except a rich and careful production as a setting for the personality of Constance Bennett. It is as if every effort had been made to spare the star the exertion of acting and to give her the opportunity to be wistful, alluring and mildly provocative instead. Nicely she manages to be all these. But it is a strangely deflated picture.

Carla and Rudi meet on a railroad train, she an emissary from Russia, he a dashing member of the Austrian secret service, with neither, of course, suspecting the other's vocation. In Vienna Carla does everything to attract attention to herself, singing in a café for one thing, but it never enters the curly head of Rudi that the foreigner is there for any purpose save to make him love her more. True, he is on the scent of an elusive Russian spy and is bending every

effort to trap her. Finally he does and the poor fellow's grief is terrible on being confronted with Carla. However, nothing happens to spoil the spun sugar of this confectionery. The Armistice is declared, Carla escapes and she and Rudi take a train for the never, never land of happy endings.

"The Invisible Man."

Claude Rains, Gloria Stuart, William Harrigan, Henry Travers, Una O'Connor, Dudley Digges. Director: James Whale.

If you like horror films here is the best of the lot, a superior picture in every particular with the added distinction of bringing to the screen the most extraordinary character ever seen upon it. The invisible man really is that, a disembodied being who moves as freely as air and whose actions are violent and comic in turn. But this is no mere stunt of trick photography, although the latter is managed with fine skill. There's an idea, a real characterization, behind the invisibility of *Jack Griffin*. An experimental scientist, he has discovered a formula to make himself unseen and it works with such completeness that he can't become visible again. He is driven mad by frustration and despair and sets out on a maniac's campaign to dominate the world. There you have all you need to know of plot, though too much cannot be said of the brilliant manner of its handling.

In the first place the story is told with proper reality by means of exceptional dialogue and unusually apt casting. Though inescapably tragic, it is neither lugubrious nor somber but is shot through with grotesque humor as, for example, when the invisible man's bicycle careens down the street, its rider unseen, and when he smokes a cigarette, his face a blank. An unusual actor needed for this rôle, whose voice alone should convey emotions, Claude Rains has been brought from the stage to play the part and he is thrillingly competent. More than that, his voice mirrors the frenzy, sorrow, despair, and madness of the character as I feel no other actor could have achieved it, and there is no least trace of excess, of making a field day of the opportunity. It is all beautifully balanced, a performance to admire, a picture to enjoy and applaud.

"Only Yesterday."

Margaret Sullavan, John Boles, Billie Burke, Reginald Denny, Jimmy Butler, Benita Hume, and many others.
Director: John M. Stahl.

The director of "Back Street" gives us a companion piece in the

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Second Blooming

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I casually mentioned one of them that had impressed me—"Drifting." It's been ten years at least since she appeared in that play, yet she quoted a speech without a moment's hesitation.

"Can you remember all your plays like that?" I marveled.

"Practically," she smiled. "Usually when I appear anywhere as a guest star in stock companies they select one of the plays I've done in New York. The first day, if it's been more than two years since I've done the piece, I rehearse with the script, but after that I don't need it."

As a rule when stage stars, particularly the big ones, come to pictures it's with an air of condescension. Always the stage comes first.

"I can't understand," I remarked, "how any one who has had a big success on the stage could ever leave it for pictures, regardless of the money involved."

"Why not?" she demanded. "Suppose I weren't in pictures right now. What would I be doing? I'd probably be going from one town to another as a guest star with stock companies. It's a cinch I wouldn't be in New York—perhaps not even rehearsing.

"Here I have a swell home fixed up the way I like it, time off between pictures, and the knowledge that another part will be ready for me pretty soon."

"So many of the pictures turn out to be flops, though," I vouchsafed.

"I suppose plays don't?" she jeered. "Think back over *my* plays and figure out how many smashes I've had. Or rather, I should say, how few. I've been in a lot of moderately successful ones that would class with moderately successful program pictures, but you don't happen on a sensational play any oftener than you do a sensationally successful picture.

"Another reason for coming back to movies is the incentive it gives you to establish yourself in a new medium. I've often wondered if people come to see me on the stage because I'm good and because they enjoy seeing me, or if they come because they're used to seeing my name advertised. I've often been tempted to get myself a job in some obscure stock company under an assumed name and see if I would be successful."

She pondered a moment. "Oh, well. I suppose this engagement in pictures will tell me the same thing. The people who used to see me have

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Little Girl, What Now?

Continued from page 33

year stage ambitions were so definitely fixed in her mind that she determined to go to New York.

It had to be by a circuitous route because she was under age—she is still in her very early twenties. She persuaded her parents to send her to Boston to study art. Once she got there, she took more interest in dancing lessons and by the end of the school year she had found kindred spirits who were organizing the University Players at West Falmouth on Cape Cod.

When she speaks of those days, she glows with pleasure. The "U" players built their own theater and had a thoroughly democratic organization. One week Margaret would play the lead in "The Constant Nymph" or "A Kiss for Cinderella" and the next she would take tickets, wait on table in the tea room, or play a bit. It was grand experience, and she felt all ready for Broadway when fall came.

Broadway was ready for her, too, in a small way. She was engaged to be a voice offstage for a Theater Guild play. When the family got news of that she was ordered home.

She stayed until the following summer, but by her own admission made life so miserable for every one around her that they were willing, even relieved, to let her go back to the "U" players. Then came another foray on Broadway and she landed the job of understudy in the troupe that played "Strictly Dishonorable" through the South.

When she arrived in Norfolk, the family greeted her with open arms, thinking she had repented of her foolish ambitions. The afternoon paper quickly disabused their minds. To make matters worse, the leading woman chose that day to become ill and to send the young understudy on for her first performance—before a home-town audience.

To this day she is paralyzed with fear when the curtain goes up and she has to walk out on the stage. She feels a wave of antagonism surge up from the audience. That night was even worse because she could imagine her mother out in the audience gripping her father by the arms to keep him from rising to object when the undressing scene came.

Over all protests she went on with the company, playing one-night stands and loving it all, though ordinarily she hates trains. She was making seventy-five dollars a week and saving fifty of it as a nest egg to tide her over if Broadway proved obdurate about offering another engagement. She got other parts, and in New York productions, too, but the plays were short-lived until "Dinner at Eight," in which she replaced Marguerite Churchill.

When Universal sought her for pictures, she cannily signed to work in Hollywood only a few months a year. She wants to do something she considers really good on the stage. She is slated to go back to Hollywood soon to appear in "Little Man, What Now?" under the direction of Frank Borzage. She is delighted by all that she has heard of him. "It will be so nice to work for a director whose judgment I respect," she said candidly, implying whatever caustic criticism you would like to supply for those she has met so far.

"You can't say things like that," is the attitude of Universal executives to almost every word the little Sullavan says. On the screen they think she is perfect; off, they would like to muzzle her.

Now it is up to the fans to decide whether she or every one else is right about her performance in "Only Yesterday." And it is up to you, too, to urge her to go on being frank and fearless, genuine to the point of being completely baffling.

Hollywood High Lights

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hoi polloi ferreting out her home address.

But the world was told of it when a laborer, asserting that he had had a "spiritual friendship" with the Swedish star, frantically sought to meet her personally. He raised such a hullabaloo that Garbo's neighbors called the police and the man was arrested. The news accounts divulged that Greta was to be found at 1201 San Vincente Boulevard.

Immediately the peace of the solitude-seeking star was ruthlessly invaded, and she had to set about looking for another house.

Poor Greta! Why doesn't she live on a house boat or, better still, a yacht that could drift here and there during her leisure hours? Also, renting a dirigible might be suggested, but in that case somebody would be sure to fly up in an airplane to visit Garbo and the blimp might be crashed.

Ann Dvorak Initiated.—Ann Dvorak can now boast of being thoroughly acquainted with the wild and woolly West. She has been bitten by a rattlesnake. It was a grazing sort of nip which the reptile inflicted while Ann was on location, but dangerous none the less. Fortunately, first-aid treatment could be administered immediately.

An Executive's Mate.—Sally

Eilers got married to Harry Joe Brown and went off pay at Fox Studio almost in the same breath. She hasn't been able to agree with the studio about certain rôles, like the one in "Jimmy and Sally," and Claire Trevor was put in the Eilers part.

Well, Sally should worry about her future, as she has proved herself one of those smart girls who marries an associate producer and executive. It's always the clever thing!

Dead-pan Wow

Continued from page 35

Both his parents enjoyed long years of stage work, and Allen literally was born in the proverbial theatrical trunk.

For the first few years of his childhood, he saw nothing but back-stage life. Although it intrigued him in a general way, his interest, as time went on, centered more on boats and nautical engineering. At the age of seventeen he turned his back on a stage career to enter the shipyards for two years.

Once the theater has cast its spell over you, however, there's little you can do but answer its call.

So he returned to the stage—and how? Not via drama, not via comedy, not via any form of the legitimate stage. The truth, bitter though it may be, must be told. Allen went into the chorus!

And were his parents "boined"?

His mother threatened to disown him. A son of hers, of a fine old theatrical family, turning chorus boy!

For a year or so Allen pranced. One of his fellow prancers, next him in line, was Jimmy Cagney, the push-'er-in-the-face, knock-'em-down-drag-'em-out boy. The two struck up a warm friendship that has existed ever since. Fancy these two hard-boiled eggs as chorus boys!

Realizing that the chorus held no future for him, the lad destined later to be one of our best scene-stealers enrolled in an academy of dramatic arts to learn the delicate intricacies of the drama. He emerged with high honors to become a member of the cast of "Secrets."

He was definitely on his way to fame, which came on the stage through such plays as "What Price Glory?" "Rain," "The Last Mile," "The Front Page," "Five Star Final," and "Blessed Event."

Incidentally, he was the only actor in "Five Star Final" to be signed to play in the English company of that production. As a result, he spent one season in London, much to the delight of audiences in that world capital.

Recently he occasioned much mirth through his characterization of the second assistant stage manager in "Forty-second Street." His radio announcer in "Hard to Handle," with James Cagney, proved a masterpiece of satire.

He walked away with top honors in "The Keyhole," and panicked audiences as Warren William's dumb assistant in "The Mind Reader." He and Frank McHugh played a *Mulligan* and *Garrity* pair of detectives in "To-morrow at Seven," and appear together in "Professional Sweetheart" as a couple of artful press agents.

Small wonder that Hollywood recognizes him for the exceptional comedian he really is. His presence brightens any picture, and invariably he steals every scene in which he appears by simply wrapping it up and putting it neatly in his pocket.

Mr. Seiter reappeared.

"Did he tell you that he memorized, letter-perfect, ten pages of dialogue for 'To-morrow at Seven,' in one hour?" he asked.

"Yeah," came back Jenkins, "that's true. But during the making of that picture I've never muffed so many lines in all my thirteen years of stage and screen experience. Shouting 'black bugs blood' five times in rapid succession is nothing compared to some of the lines I had to speak in underworld jargon. How'd you like to talk nonchalantly about 'the ear-wigger killed a boogie for stoolin'?' That was one of the easy ones."

Frank McHugh drew up a chair.

"Say, y'know what I caught this lug doing one day between scenes? He was sitting out in the sun, giving his left leg a sun bath. When I asked him what he was doing, he said that he had sunburnt the right leg at Palm Springs over the week-end—and he was trying to match 'em up!"

A droll fellow, Allen Jenkins. If you like your comedy hilarious and certain, watch for him. And give thanks that he left marine engineering to others.

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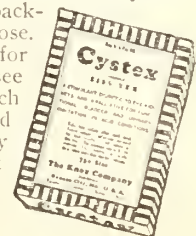
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The Screen in Review

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same tearful mood. Superior of its kind though the picture is, it is given importance beyond its calculated box-office returns by the presence of Margaret Sullavan, the stage actress who makes her screen debut an exciting success. Her dignity, skill, and charm unite in an arresting individuality which includes a voice, husky and vibrant, which recalls none so much as Ethel Barrymore's. That's all, there isn't any more, except to keep an eye open for Miss Sullavan's future appearances. Pending which I suggest that you read more about her on page 32.

Her picture is elaborately staged and lavishly cast, well-known players appearing in mere bits, but even with all the fine acting on view Miss Sullavan shines as a star should. She has a rôle such as any actress would be lucky to get. It is one of those parts that runs, as the saying is, the gamut until the tragic end, a death scene which is among the most touching ever seen.

It begins when Miss Sullavan, as a young girl in Virginia, falls in love with a dashing lieutenant during the War only to lose him unexpectedly when he is sent overseas. She goes to New York for the birth of her child and is taken care of by her modern, understanding aunt. Face to face with her lover during the Armistice parade, she discovers that he doesn't even remember her. So she becomes a successful business woman, her affections centered on

her son. Again her lover wins her when she visits his apartment and once more he doesn't remember having met her before. Dying, she writes him a letter which brings him to his son.

John Boles, as the lover, gives the best and most mature performance of his career and on every count the picture should not be missed.

"From Headquarters."

George Brent, Margaret Lindsay, Eugene Palette, Hugh Herbert, Dorothy Burgess, Robert Barrat, Theodore Newton, Ken Murray. Director: William Dieterle.

As a murder mystery this is unexciting and pretty calm, but as illustration of the workings of a metro-



politan detective bureau, it yields moderate interest. At any rate, the mechanics of documentation, of find-
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Second Blooming

Continued from page 57

undoubtedly forgotten me, so if I make a hit in pictures I guess it will mean I'm not *too* bad."

That woman is too much for me. Fancy meeting a big theatrical star who not only admits, but volunteers the information that there are people who haven't heard of her.

"What do you do during your time between pictures?" I queried, expecting the usual golf-tennis-riding-swimming-yachting answer.

"Rest," she answered promptly. "I love to rest. I'm lazy. I never walk if I can ride, I never stand if I can sit, and I never sit if I can lie. Sometimes between pictures I don't get out of bed for three or four days at a time."

"These interviews, do they annoy you?" I asked.

Alice grinned. "No. I can't see any difference between the stage and screen in that respect. It's true that

out here you have more interviews than on the stage, and they ask you more personal questions, but that's about the only difference. I can't see why people should care, but if they're interested I'd just as soon stand on a street corner and tell everybody all about myself."

"It seems strange to me," I observed, "that on the stage practically all your rôles were dramatic, and then you come to the Coast and make a hit in a comedy part. I can't understand how they ever happened to cast you in 'When Ladies Meet.'"

"That's not the half of it," she retorted. "When I'd finished the picture and they liked my work, one of the chief executives out here asked me if I had ever done any dramatic parts! When I assured him I had, they put me in 'Stage Mother.' I ran the gamut in that picture as a cold, conniving, string-pulling woman

and yet I had some grand comedy scenes in it, too." Her next, by the way, will be "Should Ladies Behave?"

"Which do you prefer—comedy or drama?"

She thought a moment. Nothing Alice says, apparently, is said without first giving it some thought. "Drama," she announced finally. "Last year I did a play in New York called 'Mademoiselle.' It was a comedy and I don't mind telling you it wore pretty thin before the end of the run. I often found myself wishing for a good strong emotional scene."

"What strikes you as the most outstanding thing about Hollywood?"

There was another pause, and then, "I think it's the habit people have of addressing every one by his first name the first time they meet.

I simply can't get used to it. When they call me 'Alice' and I don't feel I know them well enough to call them by their first names, I compromise by calling them 'darling!'"

It is impossible to get down on paper the vibrance of her personality, her charm and the humor you intuitively know is lurking just beneath the surface. Those are things you learn only through personal contact.

A longer conversation would undoubtedly have resulted in many more cryptic observations. But I'd already kept her sitting up for an hour when she could have been lying down.

I rose reluctantly. "So long, Alice. It's been a swell interview. We must do it again sometime."

"Good-by, darling," she grinned. "Drop in any time."

Bound to Rise

Continued from page 34

business helped a couple of other bright boys to get a start in the world—Gary Cooper and John Barrymore. In fact, the baby of the "royal family" wanted to be a cartoonist instead of an actor, but his funny faces didn't increase circulation. Maybe that's why he enjoys making faces like *Svengali*.

And guess what Ramon Novarro once did for a living. Bus boy in a cafeteria, believe it or not.

Leave it to Victor McLaglen to pick a romantic, he-man job. He prospected for silver in Colbat, Ontario. Vic didn't find silver in them thar hills but, coming south, he discovered gold in the trusty Hollywood

landscape. Something like that was Clark Gable's early experiences in Texas oil fields and Oregon lumber camps.

James Cagney certainly collected himself some experiences—office boy on the New York *Sun*; bundle wrapper at Wanamaker's; public library assistant, and then a jump to chorus dancing.

This could go on forever. You see, the boys and girls picked odd and assorted jobs to get a start in the world. And if worst came to worst, they might even go back to slinging hash or washing dishes or drilling oil or what not.

Yeah, they *might*—but I doubt it!

Grand Guy

Continued from page 42

About seventy per cent of his mail comes from girls and women. The rest are written by boys and men, the latter usually in business or professional life.

He always welcomes suggestions concerning his work. In several of his pictures, he had occasion to wear a bath robe. Now all bath robes look pretty much alike on the screen. Which may explain why Cary has received dozens of letters voicing the general complaint, "For Pete's sake, why don't you buy yourself another bath robe for a change?"

He likes modernistic paintings, although he confesses he is sometimes in doubt as to what they are all about. He lives with Randolph Scott in a comfortable abode in the Hollywood hills. A real Negro mammy cooks their meals. Cary's rollicking good

humor offers a vivid contrast to Randy's quiet dignity. Each names the other as his idea of a grand guy.

Cary Grant may lack the technique and bravura of an accomplished actor, but he has something that transcends all this—personality. If he continues to be as unconscious of it as he is now, he may achieve something more definite and lasting than the fleeting fame of a matinée idol.

He is not supercilious toward his work or his fans. He is one of the few actors who is reluctant to talk about himself and who, once persuaded, does not become an insufferable bore.

"You see," he laughs, "I know so much about myself that I know darn well people can't be interested in me."

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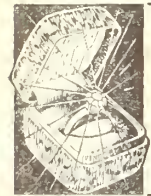
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The Chessboard of Fate

Continued from page 39

girl of sixteen, when she played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." To-day, Miss Evans is careering ahead, reaping an ever-increasing popularity. And Mr. Barthelmess's popularity is on the wane.

Colleen Moore gave what was considered her best performance in "So Big." Colleen was then at the height of her starring career. To-day, after several years' absence, she is back—as a leading lady.

Two stars who never even twinkled, so far as popularity was concerned, were Vera Reynolds and Lillian Rich. Cecil DeMille reported that both had what was necessary, "The Golden Bed" proved otherwise.

Ramon Novarro sailed for Italy to play in "Ben-Hur."

Frances Howard played in "The Swan" for Paramount. Miss Howard, like her sister Constance, gave up a cinematic career for marriage. To-day she is Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn. "But did I ever have a picture career?" she asked me recently, when I mentioned it.

Greta Nissen landed in Hollywood—all gold and pink, with cerulean blue eyes. It was rumored that she was a riot in the silent version of "Hell's Angels." But the talkies arrived. Jean Harlow took over the Nissen rôle and the film was remade. Greta is now in London for a picture.

Josef von Sternberg had been Chaplin's assistant. He decided to give more time to art and made "The Salvation Hunters." People most impolitely laughed at it. George K. Arthur, one of its odd players, gained considerable popularity later on as a comedian with Karl Dane. The Scandinavian has disappeared and the Englishman is on the stage. Georgia Hale, the leading lady, much to every one's regret, stepped out of pictures.

Neil Hamilton started to attract major attention in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" Mr. Hamilton gained a good place on the cinematic chessboard and, being a skillful conjuror in his spare time, knew the moves as well as the best. See where he is now.

Vilma Banky arrived from Budapest, the most ethereal creature ever seen on the screen. The talkies put a stop to Vilma's stardom. She and Rod La Rocque, her husband, once a popular star, are now in Hollywood—angling.

It was in 1925 that the greatest event in picture history occurred. Greta Garbo came to Hollywood. Hollywood at that time held its artistic nose high above Garbo's head.

To-day Garbo holds her nose high in the air. Such is life.

William Haines appeared. Bill soared, then descended. But now he is active in a new medium. He decorates dressing rooms and stellar homes.

The coming stars at the Lasky studio were Jetta Goudal and Ricardo Cortez. Miss Goudal let contentions kill her standing as the most interesting woman in pictures. She had the nerve to sue Cecil DeMille. One never sues producers. One can, but one finds it not worth while. Other producers shied clear of Jetta, and she found herself outside the city gates, pushed off the chessboard, as it were. Goudal now gives parties.

Ricardo Cortez was introduced to the public as a second Valentino. Fans resented this as much as Ricardo. But he was popular with many. Then he started to lose game after game. To-day, after several years of misfortune, he is back.

The year 1926 was one of discoveries. George Bancroft began stealing scenes from stars and gradually rose to stardom himself. In "The Pony Express" he overshadowed Cortez. And this was when Ricardo started to slide.

A newcomer, Lucille LeSueur, was under contract to M.-G.-M. She had been doing only extra work and bits for a couple of years. She attracted a little attention in Jackie Coogan's "Old Clothes," and also in a Harry Langdon comedy. To-day, as Joan Crawford, she is—well, you know.

Many of the big stars started to slide off the chessboard. A crowd of young players appeared. Clara Bow, in "The Plastic Age." Gilbert Roland played in it, too, and both rose to the top in the acting game. Bow dropped out for a while. Then both reappeared in "Call Her Savage," and are regaining popularity.

"Stella Dallas" was a memorable picture. Belle Bennett and Lois Moran both achieved a definite place on the screen. It won Lois stardom. But to-day she is acting on the stage. Miss Bennett did not fare so well. Just before her death, she said she still could not understand why Hollywood and the public lifted her to the heights and then did nothing about it.

This was the year of "Seventh Heaven." In spite of the upheavals in the past seven years, Janet and Charlie are as popular as ever—Janet even more so!

Constance Bennett was signed by M.-G.-M. to play in "Sally, Irene, and Mary." Joan Crawford and

Sally O'Neil were the other girls. Even in those prehistoric times, Connie had a shrewd business head. Though she was under contract, she started contacting another company, asking a tremendous salary. Then, with this in her grasp, she signed a third agreement for a still bigger wage. And, being the incomparable Bennett, she threw up all offers and married. As you may have heard, *la Bennett* is still in Hollywood, asking for what she wants and, what's more, getting it!

A sullen-looking young cowboy named Frank J. Cooper played in Westerns at Universal studio, with Hoot Gibson. He did trick riding for Valentino in "The Eagle." Eventually he became Gary Cooper. He soon rose to be the most popular of the strong, silent men. His recent pictures have been weak, but his splendid work in "A Farewell To Arms" showed what he could do, if given a chance.

Of course you remember Emil Jannings. He came and went. Charles Laughton is now king of character actors.

Dolores del Rio flashed into view—beautiful, dazzling, charming. The talkies set her back in the game. "The Bird of Paradise" was her comeback, but many games have been won and lost by dozens of others since Del Rio stepped out.

Buddy Rogers was being pointed out as the hope of Paramount. Buddy's film career was swift and exciting. He is now in stage engagements and radio broadcasting, after an attempt to get back his old place in the game.

Richard Arlen won popularity with Buddy Rogers, in "Wings." Dick has gone along, and is still popular, having improved his acting as he progressed.

Back in New York, a young girl named Anita Pomares played bits. Later she came to Hollywood, and as Anita Page got in the exciting game. Now she seldom appears in a picture.

A boy named James Murray soared to the top in "The Crowd." To-day I keep bumping into him on the Boulevard, a vague expression on his no-longer-boyish face, a puzzled look in his sorrowful eyes.

Looking back at the various studios, some no longer in existence, this chessboard idea is more apparent.

The old Lasky studio on Vine Street has long since been torn down. In the old studio I used to see Bessie Love, Buster Collier, Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Alice Joyce, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, Bebe Daniels, Betty Bronson, Betty Compson, Florence Vidor, Raymond Griffith, Thomas Meighan, Billie Dove.

All of them except Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Brian, and Warner Baxter, who were also on the lot, are more or less out of the game. And young Fairbanks has left Hollywood. Seven years ago young Doug had just returned to Hollywood. He used to prowl around the lot in white flannels and a multicolored English blazer. He was full of vitality and paid much attention to Betty Bronson. I used to wonder why on earth he ever had been given a break. Today I wonder otherwise, proving that time changes all things. Warner Baxter has lived through twelve years of upheavals in the Hollywood game. Warner never took on an artistic temperament, he never has worried about what is, or is not, art. Warner is a success and still succeeds.

At M.-G.-M. studio eight years ago were Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Lon Chaney, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Gwen Lee, Alice Terry, Antonio Moreno, and John Gilbert. Also an interesting young newcomer, Helena d'Algy, an Argentine.

First National and United Artists studios were where Paramount is now. Here one came across such popular players as Viola Dana, Blanche Sweet, Lewis Stone, Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Anna Q. Nilsson,

Continued on page 64

Gary's Woman Trouble

Continued from page 29

A woman who plays opposite other men of Gary's ability, such as Clark Gable, knows she has to fight for the attention of her audience. Clark dominates every possible foot of film, as Greta Garbo, Helen Hayes, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, Barbara Stanwyck, and Jean Harlow will admiringly testify. But Gary carries his old-fashioned gallantry right up to the camera with him. It doesn't

matter who the lady is, he lets her have the limelight.

In spite of that—or perhaps because of it—he retains his tremendous popularity with fans. Perhaps, after all, Gary's peculiar brand of woman trouble may be good in its ultimate effect. Decidedly there seems to be room for a romantic idealist, lanky Montana style, among the worldly wise or ruthless, predatory hero types now the vogue.

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Continued from page 63

Lloyd Hughes, Eugene O'Brien, and Norma and Constance Talmadge. The tragic Barbara La Marr used to cause palpitations whenever she went to or from her set in making "The White Moth."

Universal boasted of Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Pat O'Malley, Norman Kerry, Marian Nixon, and George Lewis.

Marian Nixon is now taking a new

The Chessboard of Fate

lease on movie life, and Hoot Gibson still grinds out Westerns.

The old Fox studio pointed a dramatic finger of pride at such luminaries as Lou Tellegen, Margaret Livingston, Jacqueline Logan, Leslie Fenton, Madge Bellamy, Olive Borden, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Edmund Lowe, and Barry Norton.

The disappearance of Madge Bellamy has never been clearly understood by her many fans. Like the

disappearance of Barry Norton, it is something to wonder about. However, she is now back in Hollywood.

Warner Brothers had John Barrymore, Clive Brook, Irene Rich, Dolores and Helene Costello, Kenneth Harlan, Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, and Louise Fazenda—all stars. The unlamented Audrey Ferris appeared later.

Oh, well, 'tis all a chessboard indeed.

Continued from page 8

AL CINDERS.—Helen Mack's latest is "Chrysalis" with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and George Raft. Ernest Truex and George Stone are five feet three; Richard Barthelmess and Theodore Kosloff, five feet seven; Edward G. Robinson, five feet eight; George Arliss, James Cagney, Paul Muni, Frank Morgan, Chester Morris, Leslie Fenton, Eric Linden, five feet nine.

ANXIOUS FAN.—The late Renée Adorée was born in Lillie, France, September 1, 1900, was five feet two, weighed 105, and had brown hair and eyes. Mary Nolan comes from Louisville, Kentucky, where she was born December 18, 1905; is five feet six, weighs 112, and has blond hair and blue eyes.

W. G. H.—If you don't find the addresses you want in the back of this magazine, it's because the players are freelancing and have no permanent studio address.

ANNA A.—"Who's Who in the Theater" does not list "Daddy Long Legs" as one of the plays in which the late Jeanne Eagles has appeared. The original production of this play took place at the Gaiety Theater, in New York, on September 28, 1914, with a cast of twenty-one, including Ruth Chatterton.

A READER.—No, Marion Davies is not married. Hope this comes to the attention of the right person, for the letter was left unsigned.

M. M. M.—See *Edith Lawrence* for information about David Manners. Write to him in care of Paramount.

LOUISE K.—Lee Tracy is a native of Atlanta, Georgia, and will be thirty-six

on April 14th. Your questions about Jean Harlow and Frankie Darro have been covered elsewhere in this department.

BILL AND FRANK.—"Living in a Big Way" is Jean Harlow's next. Marie Dressler also is in the cast. Irene Dunne in "Age of Innocence." A list of fan clubs will be sent to you upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

THERESA.—Katharine Hepburn is one of the outstanding stars of the year. After you have seen "Little Women," watch for her in "Trigger," with Ralph Bellamy and Robert Young. Dorothea Wieck is now making "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

ED WOOD.—These players come from Ohio: Clark Gable, Warner Baxter, Bill Boyd, Ralph Graves, Joe E. Brown, Robert Woolsey. Gable has been lent to Columbia for the lead in "Night Bus."

RIEL YOUNG.—Cheer up, for Lillian Harvey is still with Fox, and you will be seeing her soon in "The Lottery Lover." Her American films include "My Lips Betray," "My Weakness," and "I Am Suzanne." Helen Hayes and Billie Burke are two outstanding stars who hail from Washington, D. C.

C. C. N.—Elissa Landi is now under contract to Columbia. Jean Parker's latest is "Wild Birds." She is with Metro-Goldwyn.

INQUISITIVE.—The cast of "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men," includes Charles Farrell, Wynne Gibson, William Gargan, Zasu Pitts, Betty Furness, and Blanche Friderici. The film was adapted from a play by Joseph Kesserling, and directed by Mark Sandrich.

J. K. D.—Elizabeth Allan was born in Skegness, England, twenty-six years ago. Her marriage name is O'Brien. Young David Durand was born in Los Angeles on September 29, 1921, and has dark-brown hair and brown eyes. Ann Dvorak is married to Leslie Fenton. Kay Francis in real life is Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna.

ATTENTION.—The president of the John Boles Music Club would like to hear from all fans interested in seeing this player in more musicals. Address Miss Lillian Musgrave, 2700 Vincent Avenue, North, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

LARISE GEORGE.—All your questions have been answered above. Write in any time you are puzzled.

J. V. H.—The Robert Montgomerys (Elizabeth Allen) were married in 1928. Their first child, Martha, born in 1931, died in its first year. When a second daughter, Elizabeth, arrived on the 16th of last April, every one was happy. Richard Dix's baby girl was born on January 26th of this year.

FRANCES FAIRBANKS.—Mary Brian was born on February 17, 1908; Jean Arthur, October 17, 1908; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., December 9, 1907; Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., May 23, 1883.

M. N.—Perhaps the publicity department of Paramount Pictures, Paramount Bldg., New York City, can identify the extra to whom you refer in "College Humor."

ELMORE JOHNSON.—I haven't the casts of the stage shows you mention, but if there are any casts of pictures which you would like, send me a stamped envelope and I'll be glad to oblige. Bernice Claire was born March 22, 1909, in Oakland, California.

Continued from page 60

ing clues and running them down has never been shown in detail as profuse and authoritative. Strangely, the murder, suspects, and detectives are not nearly so interesting. This leaves the picture virtually without suspense.

George Brent, as a lieutenant of detectives, sets out to find the murderer of a blackmailer and his investigations show that several persons had reason to wish him out of the way and all of them visited him on the night of the crime. Among the callers was Margaret Lindsay, an actress to whom Mr. Brent is ro-

The Screen in Review

matically inclined. Eugene Pallette, as *Sergeant Boggs*, is as sure she killed the man as Mr. Brent is certain she did not. Hence a friendly battle between accuser and defender which keeps the film going.

Mr. Brent's tiff with Warner Brothers over routine rôles is justified in this assignment.

"Blood Money."

George Bancroft, Judith Anderson, Frances Dee, Chick Chandler. Director: Rowland Brown.

The return of George Bancroft to the screen after several years is

robbed of significance by a ramshackle vehicle. For the same reason the screen debut of Judith Anderson, one of Broadway's important luminaries, is unfortunate. Still another player, Frances Dee, gets a terrible break. Her balanced intelligence is at odds with a rôle that is as silly as it is offensive, a thrill-hunting society girl who shoplifts for fun, has a social urge for crooks and seeks a man who is said to attack girls who answer his help-wanted ads. The part is a strange choice for a nice actress who, one hears, is very careful of what she plays. But the weak-

ness of the picture is more than this. It is unsympathetic from beginning to end and is not well written.

Mr. Bancroft is a bail bondsman who rescues the underworld from legal entanglements, the picture contemplating almost lovingly his nobility of character because he never double-crosses his clients. His affections are not so stable, however, for he is thrown off his balance by Miss Dee and grows indifferent to Miss Anderson, his mistress. But when Miss Dee clopes with Miss Anderson's brother, a dapper bank robber, things take a different turn and Mr. Bancroft turns him over to the police. For this betrayal the underworld is out to "get" the bondsman, but in the end Miss Anderson saves him from a loaded billiard ball and forgives all.

Miss Anderson is miscast in such shoddy doings and every one, awed by her reputation and elegance, probably hesitated to tell her how a gangster's moll should be played. Her only concession to reality is frequent use of the word "guy." Otherwise she is magnificently drawing-room, stately, superior, a duchess slumming. Chick Chandler, a dancer famed for flexible leg-work, plays the bank robber.

"White Woman."

Charles Laughton, Carol Lombard, Kent Taylor, Charles Bickford, Percy Kilbride. Director: Stuart Walker.

The eminent Charles Laughton is handicapped by inferior material in this, though he rises above it as much as he can. Again he contributes a morbid, perverse character which, though fascinating, cannot be rated among his triumphs. He is *Horace Prin*, the Cockney king of an island somewhere in the tropics. Sly, cruel, and lecherous, it is an extraordinary character, but the motivating events rob it of any serious consideration and Mr. Laughton all but wastes his time in attempting to make the picture worth while.

Carol Lombard, too, is at a disadvantage for the same reason. She is a beautiful blonde who cannot return to England because of a scandal, so when Mr. Laughton proposes marriage—though you know he never would except for the censors—Miss Lombard goes with him to his island kingdom where she soon falls in love with the better-looking of Mr. Laughton's court of derelicts. In the end they escape and Mr. Laughton is overwhelmed and killed by the natives he has kept in subjection. All this is in the mood of "Island of Lost Souls," but it isn't even as interesting as that second-rate film.

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"Female."

Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Philip Faversham, John Mack Brown, Raffaella Ottiano, Lois Wilson, Ferdinand Gottschalk. Director: Michael Curtiz.

It's just that Ruth Chatterton's new picture is too far-fetched to be worthy of her. Her brilliant talent is as fluent as ever, her magnetism as apparent and her intrinsic ability to act is undiminished. It would seem, then, that she fails as a picker of stories. All the resources of handsome production and tactful direction cannot lift this out of the ruck of cheap fiction, more's the pity.

Miss Chatterton is a colossus of big business, a woman who makes momentous decisions, signs million-dollar contracts, and wields the scepter of a sovereign over countless employees. Like many another queen, she casts an amorous eye at the better-looking males on her pay roll and one by one they are asked to come up and see her sometime. Only she always sets the time. Next day, if they become familiar on the strength of what has happened the night before, she snubs them or banishes them to a distant branch of the business. This queen meets her Waterloo, however, in George Brent who is hard to get. So much so, indeed, that when he resigns in disgust, Miss Chatterton follows him and gives him the business. It seems that what she wanted all along was a husband and a family and her career was just a substitute, with her young men as sublimation of the mating urge. If you believe it, it's so. Anyhow, Mr. Brent gives an excellent performance and every one in the cast is good, even if the material isn't.

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Jack Holt	Dorothy Tree
Evalyn Knapp	Fay Wray
Elissa Landi	

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Victor Jory
Frank Atkinson	Howard Lally
Lew Ayres	Jose Mojica
Warner Baxter	Herbert Mundin
John Boles	George O'Brien
Clara Bow	Una O'Connor
Marion Burns	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
James Dunn	Will Rogers
Sally Eilers	Raul Roulien
Norman Foster	Spencer Tracy
Preston Foster	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	June Vladek
Lilian Harvey	Irene Ware
Miriam Jordan	

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Elizabeth Allan	Isobel Jewell
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Florine McKinney
Wallace Beery	Una Merkel
Charles Butterworth	John Miljan
Mary Carlisle	Robert Montgomery
Virginia Cherrill	Frank Morgan
Mae Clarke	Karen Morley
Jackie Cooper	Ramon Novarro
Joan Crawford	Maureen O'Sullivan
Marion Davies	Jean Parker
Marie Dressler	May Robson
Jimmy Durante	Norma Shearer
Madge Evans	Martha Sleeper
Muriel Evans	Lewis Stone
Clark Gable	Franchot Tone
Greta Garbo	Lee Tracy
Jean Harlow	Lupe Velez
Helen Hayes	Johnny Weissmuller
Phillips Holmes	Diana Wynyard
Walter Huston	Robert Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Katharine Hepburn
Bill Boyd	Dorothy Jordan
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Eric Linden
Bill Cagney	Anita Louise
Chic Chandler	Helen Mack
Frances Dee	Mary Mason
Dolores del Rio	Joel McCrea
Richard Dix	Colleen Moore
Irene Dunne	Gregory Ratoff
Betty Furness	Bert Wheeler
William Gargan	Gretchen Wilson
Hale Hamilton	Robert Woolsey
Ann Harding	

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Adrienne Ames	Baby LeRoy
Lona Andre	John Davis Lodge
Richard Arlen	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Herbert Marshall
Grace Bradley	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Buster Crabbe	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sydney
Patricia Farley	Alison Skipworth
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Verna Hillie	Helen Twelvetrees
Miriam Hopkins	Mae West
Roscoe Karns	Dorothea Wieck
Jack LaRue	Toby Wing
Charles Laughton	Elizabeth Young

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Constance Cummings
George Bancroft	Mary Pickford
Constance Bennett	Gloria Swanson
Eddie Cantor	Loretta Young
Charles Chaplin	

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Paul Lukas
Madge Bellamy	Chester Morris
Tom Brown	Ken Maynard
Russ Columbo	Zasu Pitts
Andy Devine	Onslow Stevens
Hugh Enfield	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Margaret Sullavan
June Knight	Slim Summerville

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Paul Muni
Ruth Chatterton	Theodore Newton
Bebe Daniels	Dick Powell
Bette Davis	William Powell
Claire Dodd	Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Donnelly	Barbara Rogers
Ann Dvorak	Jayne Shaddock
Patricia Ellis	Barbara Stanwyck
Glenda Farrell	Lyle Talbot
Kay Francis	Sheila Terry
Ann Hovcy	Helen Vinson
Alice Jans	Renee Whitney
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
Al Jolson	Pat Wing
Ruby Keeler	

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.



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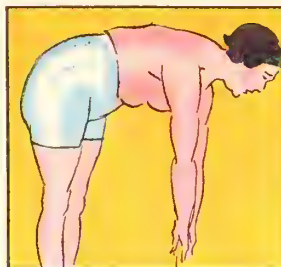
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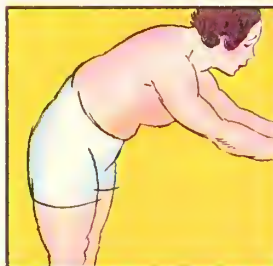
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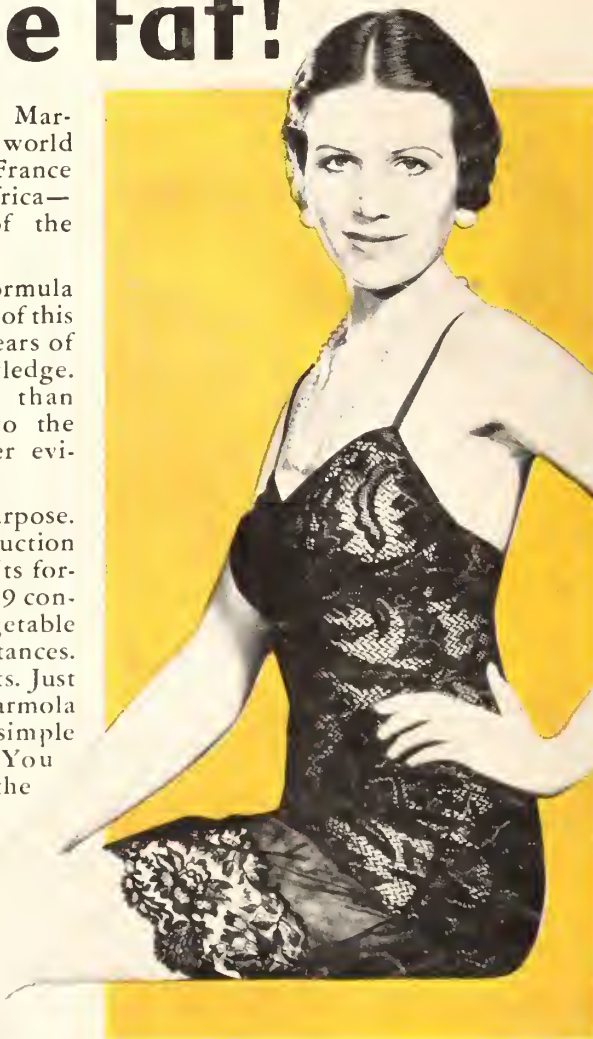
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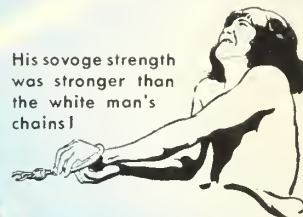


The fearless hunter leaps on the back of the whale!

Robbed of the wife he loved, Molo seeks vengeance!



His sovage strength was stronger than the white man's chains!



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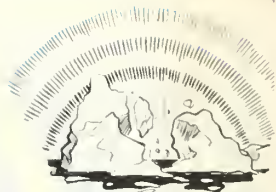
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HOW A QUICK, EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC



changed my name from "Miss" to "Mrs."

LESS than a year ago I was friendless, lonely, unhappy. No one seemed to take to me. Then came the amazing event that changed my whole life. Suddenly I found myself with hosts of friends—the center of attraction—the life of every party. I was popular everywhere!

Here's how it happened!
Somehow I've never had the knack of making friends. I was never noticed at a party. Always I found myself sitting alone. I guess it was my own fault though. I had nothing to offer! No musical ability—no gift of wit—nothing to entertain others. So I was left to myself more and more—left to dreaded solitude.

One night my spirits were at their lowest ebb. I sat in my lonely room gazing from the window. Suddenly from across the street through an open window came the sound of jazz and happy laughter. I could see couples dancing—others talking—all having a good time.

Everything seemed to center around the girl at the piano—Mary Nelson. How I envied her! She had friends, popularity, happiness—all the things I longed for—but didn't have. I was just an outsider. I turned away with a lump in my throat.

The next afternoon I dropped over to see Mary. I unburdened my heart to her—told her how lonely and depressed I felt. To cheer me up Mary sat down at the piano and began to play. The time sped fast as rhapsodies, waltzes, jazz bits, sonatas poured from her expert fingers. When she had finished, I sighed enviously. "Thanks, Mary, it was

wonderful. What wouldn't I give to play like that! But it's too late now! I should have had a teacher when I was in school—like you!"

Mary smiled and said: "Ann, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact not so long ago I couldn't play a note."

"Impossible," I exclaimed. "How did you do it?"

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Then came the night that proved the turning point of my whole life. Once more I was going to a party and this time I would have something to offer.

What a moment that was when our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed: "Isn't it a shame that Mary Nelson can't be here. What will we do without someone to play the piano?" Amazed at my own confidence, I spoke up:

"I'll try to fill Mary's place—if you're not too critical."

Everyone seemed surprised. "Why, I didn't know she played!" someone behind whispered. As I struck the first rippling chords of Novin's lovely "Narcissus", a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but I was holding the party spellbound!

When I finished you should have heard them applaud! Everyone insisted I play more! Only too glad, I played piece after piece. Before the evening was over, I had been invited to three more parties. And it wasn't long until I met Tom who shortly afterward asked me to become his wife.

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HEPBURN'S MYSTERY MAN

Extraordinary an actress as Katharine Hepburn is, she is equally amazing as a woman and a private individual. Her strong-mindedness is only matched by her consistency. Her aloofness is not a pose, not a reflection of Garbo's influence. It is part of an ordered career which was decided on before she became famous.

Consider her unusual attitude toward her husband and his toward her. When Katharine Hepburn crosses the threshold of her home in New York she sheds her career. That part of Ludlow Ogden Smith's wife which is given to the public has nothing to do with him or his marriage. This was their agreement at the time of their wedding three years ago and it has been rigidly adhered to, Mr. Smith even amiably refusing to be photographed for a great newspaper as part of the novel code which insures the harmony and permanence of his marriage.



HER HUSBAND AND HER MARRIAGE

Next month's Picture Play will tell you more of this unusual partnership in a fine article sensibly written by Hester Robison. Avoiding all that is shallow and sensational, she discusses the marriage of Katharine Hepburn and Mr. Smith, a marriage which gives him no rights as the husband of a star but every right in the world to a man in love with his wife. It's just that the two, actress and wife, never meet! A great story; don't miss it in Picture Play for April.



Marlene Dietrich

in

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

(Based on a private diary of Catherine the Great)

directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



WHAT THE FANS THINK

"Cradle Song" Daring?

ONE of our local theaters is running a trailer of Dorothea Wieck's first American picture, "Cradle Song." But how is it advertised? The actress is "an absolutely new sort of personality you have never seen before," "ten million women have raved about her," and the picture is "daring," "strange," "unusual."

What a shame that a fine actress and a fine story should be introduced to a new audience with such suggestive labeling as this! Undoubtedly the producers are attempting to reproduce the same stupid advertisements that preceded "Maedchen in Uniform" when it was brought to this country. I read Sierra's "Cradle Song" fifteen years ago and found it to be one of the simplest and tenderest of stories concerning mother love. Is there anything daring or strange in this?

I saw "Maedchen in Uniform" at the Criterion Theater in New York and failed, as did hundreds of others, to be shocked by any unhealthy significance in the story which the stupid censors who almost banned it from this country seemed to find in it.

When certain producers will use such unbelievable stupidity in trying to exploit a fine player, I am enraged. Miss Wieck is, I believe, the one genuine artist, at least among actresses, that the American screen has ever known.

JOHN CARROLL MASON.
Honston, Texas.

Let Old-timers Try It.

AFTER reading Paul Boring's letter in November Picture Play, I reluctantly arrived at the conclusion that the writer must be about fifteen years old, and my guess is that his magnificent piece of dramatic criticism was produced as the direct result of being "kept in" school.

I have never seen more perfectly finished, sincere acting than Katharine Hepburn's performance in "Morning Glory," and I have seen some of the finest English, French, and German players on the stage and screen, both here and on the Continent. I am not a fan in any sense of the word, nor do I intend to be "on Mr. Boring's neck"—God forbid!

But I regret to have to inform you, monsieur, that nowadays a blond Marcel and a yard of false eyelashes are not sufficient to make a star. I think I am right in saying that Claire Windsor, Blanche



John Carroll Mason tosses a brick at the producers for their love of suggestive advertising in connection with Dorothea Wieck and "Cradle Song."

Sweet, and Pola Negri had their heyday about six years ago. I am afraid I can't claim to have been an acute critic in those days, as I was still at school myself. But there is one thing I am certain of: the film world has progressed immensely since then. Bring back any one of those three as they looked six years ago, give them Miss Hepburn's rôle in "Morning Glory," and then watch the box-office returns go into a falling spin! Katharine is a great actress and a fascinating personality.

Can you American fans honestly tell me that you prefer the Claire Windsor type to anything so vital and compelling as Hepburn, consummate



Garbo's behavior toward people she meets is "pure rudeness," says a North Dakota fan.

actress to her finger tips? If so, all I can say is that I'm darn sorry for you!

MARGUERITE EDGELOW.
Westwood, Gerrard's Cross,
Bucks, England.

Just let the lamented stars of the silent screen try some of Katharine Hepburn's rôles, suggests Marguerite Edgelow.

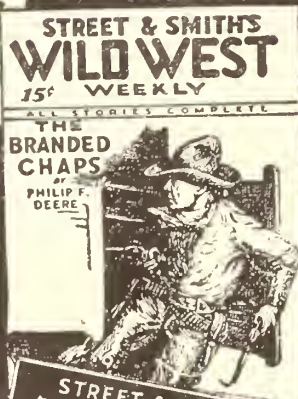
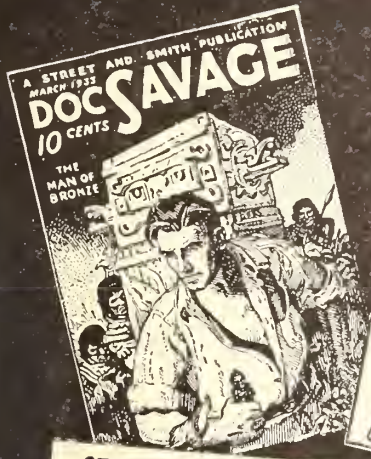


Garbo's Lack of Manners.

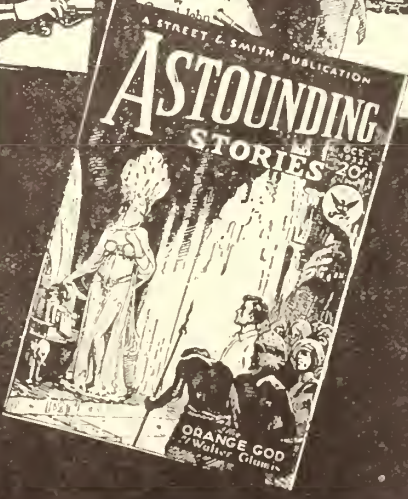
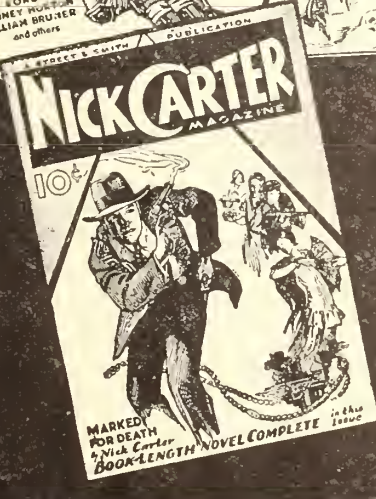
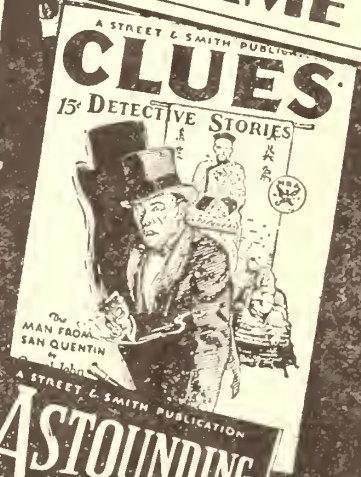
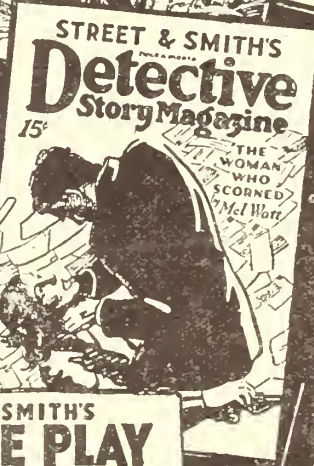
INDIFFERENCE is all right, perhaps, but when it degenerates into pure rudeness, that is something else. Why is it that when any one asks Greta a polite impersonal question, or shows respectful adoration for her, she ignores it and brushes the person aside? Does any one ever reach the point in life where he or she can afford to take such an imperial manner toward others?

It is quite likely that Garbo has more respect for Von Stroheim than for any one else in Hollywood, because he refused to be treated like a dog, something quite unusual from those who work with Garbo, or otherwise are admitted into the High and Mighty Presence. We need more Stroheims.

Continued on page 9



80 YEARS OF FAME BACK UP THIS NAME



STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS INC.

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

RAE.—Ramon Novarro, currently appearing in "The Cat and the Fiddle," with Jeanette MacDonald, is making "Laughing Boy." There are a number of fan clubs in his honor, and if you will send me a self-addressed stamped envelope, I shall be glad to mail you a complete list. Durango, Mexico, is Ramon's birthplace, and the date, February 6, 1899. He is five feet ten, weighs 160, and has dark-brown hair and eyes.

JANET.—I hope this isn't too late for you to win that bet. Janet Gaynor was chosen "Queen of the Movies" in 1930, 1931, and 1932. A popularity poll for 1933 had not been made up to the time of going to press.

SEVERAL LATIN WOMEN.—Gene Raymond is more than a hero to you, I see. He is now playing in "The House on 56th Street," to be followed by "Flying Down to Rio" and "I Am Suzanne." Gene was born in New York City, on August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum-blond hair and blue eyes. His right name is Raymond Guion.

MARIAN DENNIS.—I wonder if you read the article in September Picture Play entitled "Taking a Cue in Ages"? The birth date Joan Crawford gives for publication is March 23, 1903.

M. W.—George Brent toured the United States with stock companies before going to Hollywood. His right name is Nolan. Gene Raymond is not married.

PHYLLIS JOAN.—The John Boleses have a boy and a girl. Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill are very much that way about each other.

CAROL PETERSON.—Since you live in New York, why not phone the Universal Exchange and ask if they expect to revive "Dracula"? Also, you might ask if photographs of Bela Lugosi are available. Mr. Lugosi was forty-five on October 20th, and married his fourth wife, Lillian Arch, on January 31, 1933. His full name is Bela Lugosi Blasko.

AN INTERESTED FAN.—David Manners was born Rauff Aklom in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1905, is six feet, weighs 175, and has brown hair and eyes. He has two particular hobbies outside of his penchant for writing—astronomy and explorations. Plays a good game of tennis. Prefers blue, gray, and green in his clothes. For a list of his films, send me a stamped envelope. Space does not permit listing them here.

R. T.—Bramwell Fletcher is successfully appearing in New York in a stage play called "Ten Minute Alibi." His most recent screen appearances were in "Only Yesterday" and "The Right to Romance." He is a native of England; six feet tall, blond hair, blue eyes.

L. V. CUMERFORD.—No doubt if you write to the Publicity Department, Uni-

versal Pictures, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, they will be able to give you the names of the two selections played and sung in "Secret of the Blue Room."

PATSY.—Evidently Bing Crosby is your weakness. Here's the low-down on him: born in Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904; about five feet nine, weighs 168, blue eyes and light-brown hair. His real name is Harry Lillis Crosby. His wife, Dixie Lee, hails from Harriman, Tennessee, and was twenty-three on November 4th. Their son, Gary Evan Crosby, who won't be a year old until next July, was named after Gary Cooper, who is one of Bing's best friends.

RICHARD CROMWELL FAN.—Roto stills of "Hoopla" were published in January Picture Play. Besides those you list, Rich-

Requests for casts and lists of films should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Foreign readers desiring personal replies may obtain international correspondence coupons at any post office.

ard Cromwell has played in "Fifty Fathoms Deep," "Shanghai Love," "Emma," "Strange Love of Molly Louvain," "Age of Consent," "Tom Brown of Culver." Now playing in "Carolina," Janet Gaynor's starring picture.

BEA.—Ned Sparks is a Canadian by birth. His latest are "Alice in Wonderland," "Going Hollywood," "Hi, Nellie," "Hell's Bells." Write to Pat O'Brien in care of the Warner Studio. Some of the players take care of their own fan mail, but in most cases it is first opened by the studios, and letters of special interest are brought to the attention of the stars.

FRANCES V.—Address John Wayne in care of Monogram Pictures, 6048 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, where he has just completed "Sagebrush Trail."

L. B. LONDON.—Ruth Chatterton's contract was due to expire on completion of her sixth picture for First National, "Journal of Crime," with Adolphe Menjou. Up to now she hasn't signed a new one. In fact, she plans to go abroad for an indefinite period.

NOZY TOMMY.—Your brother is wrong in thinking that Anita Page played in Fox's "Protection," released in 1929. The principal players were Dorothy Burgess, Robert Elliott, and Paul Page. Anita has been cast in no current film. Her present plans include a vaudeville engagement.

J. E. C.—Their birth dates and right names are: Jean Parker, August 11, 1915, Mae Green; Mary Brian, February 17, 1908, Mary Louise Dantzler; Kay

Francis, January 13, 1906, Katherine Gibbs; Judith Allen, January 28th, Marie Elliott. George O'Brien, September 1, 1900; Maureen O'Sullivan, May 17, 1911; Dick Powell, November 14, 1904; Tom Brown, January 6, 1913; Kent Taylor, May 11th.

MARY E. KELLY.—Tom Tyler has been making pictures for Freuler Film Associates. He was born in Port Henry, New York, August 8, 1903, is six feet one, weighs 190, and has brown hair and gray eyes. Still single.

THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE.—Jackie Coogan was born and raised in California. By the way, he is to make a comeback in pictures in a collegiate two-reeler. He still attends Santa Clara University. I shall send you a complete list of fan clubs upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

DOROTHY J. G.—That is Robert Young's right name. He is with Metro-Goldwyn, but was lent to Fox for "Carolina," with Janet Gaynor and Lionel Barrymore, and to RKO for "Trigger," with Katharine Hepburn.

FRANKLIN DAVIS.—Blanche Sweet has been making occasional stage appearances since her retirement from the screen. She has been divorced from Marshall Neilan since 1929. Born June 18, 1896, in Chicago; five feet four, light-brown hair and deep-blue eyes.

MADELEINE.—Sue Carol recently made "Straightaway," opposite Tim McCoy, for Columbia. Nick Stuart has been trying for a stage engagement. Benita Hume is in England. Metro-Goldwyn may be able to supply a photo of Lawrence Tibbett. For stills of "Hypnotized," write to World Wide Pictures, 1501 Broadway, New York.

ANNA ANDERSON.—Anita Page seems to be the only player who celebrates her birthday on August 4th. She is not married. Dick Powell was twenty-nine on November 14th, and is divorced. Gary Cooper will be thirty-three on May 7th. There is a Mrs. Cooper now. The lucky girl is Sandra Shaw. If you have designs on any of our movie bachelors, you'd better hurry, for the number is dwindling! Mary Carr makes an occasional picture.

D. S.—I am sorry that the answer to your question must be "No," as I do not keep any record of the home addresses of the players.

A. E. WHITE.—Perhaps Bela Lugosi will return to the screen after the stage run of "Murder at the Vanities." His last pictures were "Island of Lost Souls" and "International House."

D. J. R.—In "Broadway to Hollywood," Grace was played by Jean Howard. Rochelle Hudson is with Fox. Helen

Continued from page 6

Yes, Miss Garbo has given us her dramatic talent and genius, and what have we given her in return? A fortune of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and fame, glory, and adoration. Are we not entitled to at least some courtesy and consideration from this great Garbo?

L. M.
Beach, North Dakota.

When Madge Judges Actors.

IN November Picture Play, I found the most amazing statement I have ever encountered. It was spoken by Madge Evans in the story entitled "Madge and Her Men." In the first place, she seems to have become an authority on what an actor has to have to meet with the approval of Miss Evans. Out of a blue sky Miss Evans decides to tell the world just which of the men she has met professionally deserve to be known as real Thespians. Several times she has the audacity to name such and such an actor as having been in "my picture." As far as my memory serves me, Miss Evans, you have never been starred; you are and you always will be just another leading lady.

The main reason for my astonishment is when that great star, Madge Evans, known from coast to coast as the star who made Garbo turn green with envy and rush away to Sweden, the lady who is an acknowledged authority on histrionics, comes out and, lisping from the treasure fount of her wisdom, says that Lowell Sherman is the "most artificial Thespian of them all." It's very naive of Miss Evans to fancy herself an authority, of course, but I object, not only because I happen to be an ardent admirer of Mr. Sherman, but in the name of common sense.

But there is something Miss Evans might do: she might let us see what real acting is like. I know that she must feel very self-effacing, going along in her unimportant little rôles like a good girl when underneath she knows that she could set the world's theaters on fire. For instance, she might cultivate more than two expressions. One has been displayed so much that I just know that when Miss Evans is in the cast that some time or other during the picture she will look appealingly at the dreat bid hero and say in a tear-stained voice, "Oh, please!" That her lips will tremble, and, fighting bravely to hold back the tears, she will gradually let loose her other expression, a sweet, sweet smile. Just tew, tew deevine. And now, Miss Evans, I should like to close by saying that if you still think Lowell Sherman is the "most artificial Thespian of them all," please, please try to become just as artificial as he is, and you may yet become an actress and not just a leading lady.

LONNIE NOLL.

Chicago, Illinois.

The Potter and Her Clay, Too.

DOROTHY ROGERS, next time you want to write to this department and you have no material or subject, please do not write, for you are bound to say only ridiculous things, as you did in your letter in October Picture Play.

You say Joan Crawford isn't cultured. Do you know what culture is? If so, why did you say such awful things about Joan? In society there are many things that must be kept to ourselves; if not, we are considered rude and uncultured. So who is the uncultured?

Joan is one of our most dramatic actresses and also one of Hollywood's most remarkable women. Many would give anything to be like her, but they can't; Joan is unique.

I admire Joan, for she has built her-

self without aid. She molded herself like any sculptor would mold his clay. Such a thing deserves admiration.

MARY OBEN.

Central Cortada, Santa Isabel,
Porto Rico.

Wholesome Fatigue.

I AM tired—
Of much publicized "secret charities" of film stars,

Of Joan Crawford's sensitive nature.
Of long explanations as to why Mary Pickford continues to make pictures.

Of arguments about Constance Bennett.

I am weary unto death of hearing about stars whose "exalted" conduct is actually nothing more than the common decency one encounters nearly everywhere. This goes particularly for interviewers who loudly proclaim the superb achievement of sainted actresses who remain married more than a year. Most people do. Or are civil to their mothers.

I faint with fatigue at the sight of Janet Gaynor being sweet.

I also believe that Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert, and Myrna Loy are endangering their careers by appearing in nearly every picture that is produced.

For a boost: Onslow Stevens, Mickey Mouse, Warner Baxter, Silly Symphonies, Mae West, and Charles Laughton. And will we ever again find another star as truly glamorous as dear, departed Norma Talmadge?

GEORGE D. TROLL.

110 Lorraine Avenue,
Upper Montclair, New Jersey.

Squawk No. 17,001.

I HAVE just seen her in "To-day We Live," and although I could have enjoyed the picture had another girl had the leading part—you know now I am no Crawford fan—I couldn't keep my mind off Joan's ridiculous hats and extremely cut dresses. If she had been dressed as one would have expected a girl to dress around the year 1918, the picture would have seemed more true to life. At the most stirring moments I would think of her silly hats and want to laugh when I should have been searching for a handkerchief to wipe the tears. And the dress she wore with the exaggerated rever which I thought any minute was going to cut her throat!

She is trying to be "different" and only making herself ugly and repulsive. Clothes seem to be what she gets by on, not acting; something to keep people's minds off her picture and concentrate on herself. All very well, but when one goes to a movie to see an interesting picture, one expects to see a picture, not just Joan Crawford dressed in one atrocity after another.

LILLIAN BAYER.

89 Kalmar Avenue, Birch Cliff,
Toronto, Ontario.

What's Become of Madge?

WHAT'S happened to beautiful Madge Bellamy of the dark, lovely eyes? I saw her last in "White Zombie" and then, presto! she was gone. How come? Surely Madge lacks nothing. She has beauty, personality, talent, voice. She's still very popular. Who could ever forget "Sandy"? All she needs now is a rôle good enough and big enough for her own individual brand of talent—and darn good it is, too. That gal has plenty of ability. In fact, she has everything it takes.

And how about Sharon Lynn? I saw her in "The Big Broadcast" in a very small rôle. What's the matter with Hollywoodendheads, anyway? Can't they recognize talent when they see it? Surely

Sharon deserves a better break than that. She's one of the most alluringly lovely ladies I have ever gazed upon. She can act, and she has plenty of poise and personality. There is certainly a definite place on the screen for both Madge and Sharon, and we want to see them in bigger rôles and more often, too.

Of the men, Neil Hamilton is my favorite. He's good-looking, a fine actor, and a perfectly swell guy. Here's hoping we see a great deal more of Neil, too, in the big rôles he so richly deserves.

BETTY CREW.

Buffalo, New York.

What Of It?

I'VE just finished reading the letter of Jane Weimer commenting on Joan Crawford's age. Before I begin I'll have you know that Joan is my favorite actress. Miss Weimer's letter made me angry. What if Miss Crawford was in that floor show? What if she did look a little hard? Ask Miss Weimer if she has ever done anything as hard as a show-girl's work, pounding boards in the rehearsal, et cetera. She's probably the kind who has been well protected all her dear life. Hasn't Miss Crawford improved herself, her dress, her manners, greatly?

If anybody happens to ask you, Miss Weimer, I, as one of Joan's fans, don't give a hoot what her age is, what she looked like or did fifteen or even ten years ago. All we are interested in is Joan of to-day and her splendid pictures. More power and glory to her, and more happiness if possible.

MRS. J. G. Z.

Mount Washington,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Mae Westian Flash.

I AM thoroughly convinced that Mae West is just a flash in the pan. After a few more of her pictures the public will yawn at her suggestive wisecracks, and the now-famous "Come up and see me sometime" will be a thing of the past.

Mae has neither refinement, culture, nor good taste, and her conceit has no bounds, if her current interviews are to be believed. Recently I heard her speak at the Hollywood premiere of "I'm No Angel." She had a chance to make a nice little talk over the radio, proving that, at least, she has some semblance of good breeding off screen, even if she has none on. But no, all she could do was make a few stereotyped phrases commencing with "Hello, folks," and ending with "Come up and see me sometime."

Mae lacks versatility, and that will be her downfall. As soon as the public discovers she has nothing more to offer they will turn to another favorite. She may be a big box-office attraction right now, but the public only sees her pictures out of curiosity and certainly not out of admiration.

DORIS J. HELM.

Palo Alto, California.

A Rave in Rime.

FOR Pola Negri's comeback I can't pretend I've yearned; with Greta Garbo's goings home my heart is not concerned. It isn't that I'm callous—I'm a sentimental bloke—but that to me these stars are very ordinary folk. If Pola had the flame divine, why has it died so soon? If Greta is so talented, why won't she change the tune? Now lovely Marie Doro, a brighter light by far, was not a one-rôle copyist, nor yet a five-year star. No players in the game to-day surpass her sense of fun, or hurt us more when there's a tragic story to be done.

Continued on page 58



*Warner Bros.' parade of stars
marches to greater glory!..*

"42nd Street"... "Gold Diggers"... "Footlight Parade"
... and now the most spectacular attraction the
show world has ever known—"Wonder Bar". Sensa-
tion of two continents on the stage, it comes to the
screen in a blaze of unrivalled splendor to give you a
gloriously new conception of musical screen spectacle!



"WONDER BAR"

Starring

A L J O L S O N	K A Y F R A N C I S
D O L O R E S D E L R I O	D I C K P O W E L L
R I C A R D O C O R T E Z	H A L L E R O Y
F I F I D ' O R S A Y	G U Y K I B B E E
H U G H H E R B E R T	K A T H R Y N S E R G A V A
R U T H D O N N E L L Y	R O B E R T B A R R A T
M E R N A K E N N E D Y	H E N R Y K O L K E R

Directed by LLOYD BACON • Dance numbers created and
directed by BUSBY BERKELEY • A First National Picture



Photo by Otto Dyar

JANET GAYNOR smiles at you over her fan because she has a secret and a surprise: she thinks her new picture, "Carolina," is the best she has offered in a long while. Not alone because of her part in it, but because it is from an uncommonly successful play, "The House of Connelly." Not only because it is charming, but because it is beautiful, substantial and satisfying, and she wants so much for you to like it.



Clark Gable.



Joan Crawford.



Lee Tracy.

WHAT STAR ARE

DO you need to consult a mind specialist? If you greet that question with derisive mirth, perhaps you *should!* A list of people who patronize psychoanalysts as regularly as they visit their dentists would include the names of many of America's foremost actors, artists, writers, scientists, statesmen, and financiers.

So it might be instructive, as well as a lot of fun, to take the mentality test given here. It was prepared under the supervision of an expert, and comes to you through the kindness of ten stars who answered the test questions so that you may compare your character traits with theirs. The stars are Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Fredric March, Joel McCrea, George Raft, Lee Tracy, and Mae West.

Here are their answers to the questions, and explanations of what these answers show about their characters:

1. *Do you feel at ease on being introduced to a new group of people?*

"Yes," Gable, Harlow, Frances, March, Tracy, West, McCrea.

Mae West.



George Raft.

This answer indicates plenty of self-confidence, a lively interest in their fellowmen, and a sociable nature, with primary qualifications for an organizer, politician, or salesman.

"No," Cooper, Crawford, Raft.

This answer reveals them to be shy, introspective, sensitive; dreamers dominated by imagination, most likely to succeed in any of the arts. No star answered "undecided," which indicates an eccentric nature, lacking in confidence.

2. *Are you inclined to worry about the future, rather than be happy-go-lucky?*

"Yes," Raft, March, Francis, Cooper.

These are cautious thinkers rather than speedy ones, and are capable in business affairs.

"No," Harlow, McCrea, Tracy, West, Gable, Crawford.

This indicates a typical phase of artistic temperament. Their decisions are snappy and impulsive; experience is their best teacher.

"Undecided," shows a nature like that indicated by "yes," except for too much caution.

TAKE THIS TEST WITH THE STARS.

Answer each question honestly to the best of your ability, with "yes," "no," or "undecided." Then consult answers by famous stars, given in this article, to discover what star you resemble mentally, and what a psychoanalyst would reveal about your own character.

1. Do you feel at ease on being introduced to a new group?
2. Are you inclined to worry about the future?
3. Do you judge people by surface indications and first impressions?
4. Are you likely to remember deeply old griefs and grudges?
5. Are you particularly happy when the center of attraction in a group of friends?
6. Do you appreciate good performances by others?
7. Do you attempt new tasks with confidence, and seek advice only when your own initiative fails?
8. Do you often purchase articles not particularly wanted because of susceptibility to good salesmanship?
9. Are you sensitive to slights and snubs?
10. Do logic and facts guide you, rather than emotion and intuition?
11. Do you like to play practical jokes?
12. Are you calm and confident in the face of emergencies requiring quick decision or action?
13. Do you seek to add to your list of close friends?
14. Are you methodical rather than easy-going in work?
15. Does wearing proper clothes for an occasion contribute strongly to your confidence and ease?
16. Do you consciously strive to be agreeable?
17. Do you mind being watched at work or play?
18. In answering the above, are you reasonably confident that your replies are correct?



Joel McCrea.



Kay Francis.



Fredric March.

YOU LIKE?

By Helen Pade

Do you have a Mae West personality, or is Kay Francis your mental type? Try this personality test and check with the stars' answers.

3. *Do you go by surface indications and first impressions in judging people?*

"Yes," Raft, Harlow.

It indicates faith in human nature and confidence in their own ability to form judgments. They are apt to get into difficulties through their associations.

"No," Cooper, Crawford, Francis, Gable, March, Tracy, West.

This reply identifies them as tolerant, understanding students of humanity. McCrea voted "undecided," which denotes caution.

4. *Are you likely to remember deeply old griefs, angers, and other emotional experiences?*

"Yes," Cooper, Francis, West.

This answer is a very simple indicator of an impressionable, retentive nature that profits fully from past experiences.

"No," Crawford, Gable, McCrea, March, Raft, Tracy.

This indicates cheerful elasticity, and ability to take punishment.

"Undecided," Harlow.

This answer indicates discrimination.

5. *Are you particularly happy when the center of attraction in a group of friends?*

"Yes," Crawford.

Indicates a person charmingly naïve, frank, and honest with close friends.

"No," Cooper, Francis, Gable, Harlow, McCrea, March, Raft, Tracy, West.

This reply shows either modesty or a desire to watch life rather than act it.

"Undecided" indicates justifiable doubt.

6. *Do you appreciate good performances by others?*

All stars answered "yes."

The indications are apparent; "no" or "undecided" shows misanthropy, jealousy, selfishness.

7. *Do you attempt new tasks with confidence, and seek advice only when your own initiative fails?*

"Yes," Francis, Gable, McCrea, March, Tracy, West.

This indicates alertness, originality, initiative.

"No," Cooper, Raft.

This shows caution and thoroughness in work; developers rather than explorers.

"Undecided," Harlow, Crawford; well-balanced ability.

8. *Do you often purchase articles not particularly wanted because of susceptibility to good salesmanship?*

"Yes," Francis, Harlow, Tracy, West.

This answer shows imagination, kindness, and generosity often to a fault.

"No," Cooper, Crawford, Gable, March, McCrea, Raft.

This shows a nature bolstered either by stubbornness or a clear logic that arguments cannot sway.

9. *Are you sensitive to slights and snubs?*

"Yes," Crawford, indicating sensitiveness.

"No," Francis, Cooper, Gable, March, McCrea, Raft, Tracy, West.

This shows a developed emotional armor.

"Undecided," Harlow, shows overcaution in self-judgment.

10. *Do logic and cold facts guide you, rather than emotion and intuition?*

Continued on p. 62

Jean Harlow.



Gary Cooper.





Carol Lombard, gay when seen in public with her ex-husband, William Powell, is really no happier than any girl who has lost the man she loved.

TRAGIC MANSIONS

The heartbreak houses of Hollywood are occupied by the unhappiest people in the world. If you think fame and money are enough, read this amazing revelation.

By Laura Benham

FOR years the press, parents, and well-meaning friends have united in warning boys and girls to stay away from Hollywood. The difficulty of getting a job, the slim chance of achieving prominence, the high cost of living, the indifference of the town to the stranger within its gates—all have been offered as arguments against a trek after film fame and fortune.

But to date no one has advanced the real—and best—reason why eager youth should not turn its footsteps toward Hollywood—and heartbreak.

That reason is, *there is no real success in Hollywood!*

Oh, that may seem like a sweeping statement at first and it may be called rank heresy. No doubt it will attract vehement denials. Certainly you can cite vast fortunes that have been made and world-wide fame that has been attained.

But the real meaning of success is happiness. The successful man is one who is happy, regardless of whether he lives in a cottage or a stucco mansion.

And the mansions of Hollywood are occupied by the unhappiest, most frustrated individuals in the world. Their

frustration is the greater because in their hands are all the instruments which should assure them complete content, but which fail abysmally to do so.

Let's start in Brentwood, where graceful eucalyptus and towering palm trees border the estate of Joan Crawford, monument of the love that she and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., once shared.

For three years Joan and Doug made love glamorous to themselves and a watching world. They had every-

Marlene Dietrich's tragic mansion is barred and bolted in fear of kidnapers, her daughter, Maria, and herself under constant guard. Do you think she is a happy mother?

Photo by Wide World



by

thing, those two—wealth, fame, youth, and that greatest of all gifts, love for each other.

It was during those years that Joan forged to the front ranks of young emotional actresses and won a place for herself among the box-office successes of the screen.

Not only in her work but in her personal life she progressed remarkably. Many there were who attributed her metamorphosis from a wild and noisy Charleston dancer to one of the most gracious ladies in films to her marriage into the Fairbanks family.

And young Doug himself climbed from rôles of little importance to a position of prestige. Joan received her share of credit for his development.

They were so happy in the beginning. But their happiness, like all happiness in Hollywood, was not destined to last. Rumors began soon after their wedding and culminated in their recent divorce.

Since getting her freedom, Joan has laughed a little louder, been a little gayer than before. She has divided her time and attention among several of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, of late concentrating on Franchot Tone. (Have you noticed his resemblance to Doug?)

Wealth, fame, youth she still has. But who is there to doubt that she would give them all in exchange for the bliss that she knew when she and young Doug shared their hopes and dreams?

No happier romance ever blossomed in Hollywood than that of William Powell and Carol Lombard—Bill, the poised and suave sophisticate; Carol, luscious young exponent of blond sex appeal.

Perhaps in another town Bill and Carol might have preserved the really fine feeling that existed between them. In the cinema capital their marriage lasted little more than a year.

No one knows just what caused the rift between them. The details are unimportant, anyway. The one significant fact is this: in her lovely new home, stepping into powerful motors, opening closets brimming with seductive gowns, Carol's life is just as empty as that of any girl in any town in the country who has lost the man she loves.

And Bill, worldliness and sophistication cannot dis-

guise the sadness and disillusionment in his eyes as he contemplates the home—and life—now void without Carol.

Richard Dix escaped the wiles of match-making mammas and marriage-minded maidens for so many years that he was considered immune to the machinations of the little blond Eros.

But when he met the reserved and dignified Winifred Coe he capitulated. From the first there were vague rumblings that all was not well in the Dix ménage. Shortly after a daughter was born to them, they separated, the excuse being that Mrs. Dix was unhappy because Dick's work kept him away from her so much.

Hollywood has poured its fame and its gold at the feet of Richard Dix. Yet the love of his wife and baby he is unable to enjoy. Such pleasures are the lot of the man in the street, of your neighbor and of mine, yet Richard Dix, one of the darlings of the gods, is not so privileged.

Even blasé Hollywood was aghast when Spencer Tracy and his lovely wife came to the parting of their ways a short time ago.

With a long record of years and hardships shared, with a mutual adoration of their small son to bind them together, even fickle filmland considered their marriage to be grounded on something more substantial than the majority.

Possibly if movie money had not flowed so madly into the coffers of the Tracy family, if dazzling young girls fresh and unwearied by years of poverty and struggle had not been so dangerously close and accessible, Spencer and his wife might never have decided on separate homes.

The list is in-
Continued on page 52

Nations have paid homage to Charlie Chaplin's artistry, but he is denied the companionship of the sons he adores, Charles, Jr., and Sydney.

Photo by Wide World



vel



Photo by Acme

Long years of struggle and hardship have ended in material success—and separate homes—for Spencer Tracy and his wife.



Spencer Tracy has revealed himself as being just an overgrown, bashful kid at heart—surprise number one.

In the depths of Constance Bennett's inner self are memories of heartaches, disillusionments, and troubles.

Actions are cited to prove that Chester Morris is not selfish.

SECRET SELVES UNMASKED

WE live together years and years
And leave unsounded still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
Each other's depths of will,
Until by accident one day
Some chance look or tone,
Lights up with instantaneous ray
A hidden world unknown.

IT'S odd how we live with people, see them day in and day out, think we know all the facets of their personalities and then suddenly some day a chance look or word reveals a hidden side of their natures we never before suspected. It's like watching a person light a cigarette in the dark. The flame, cupped in the hand, throws light on the face and brings out in bold relief features to which we had paid no attention. It's like unmasking them.

Sitting here in a cabin in the wood, miles from nowhere, thoughts of Hollywood and friends I have known

there flash across my mind. In almost every case some utterance under the stress of unusual circumstances connects itself with these personalities, utterances more indicative of their real selves than months or even years of ordinary association furnishes.

Constance Bennett, for instance. I've known her for years, and since our first meeting we've been the best of friends. I've regarded her as one of the wittiest, most poised, and brilliant girls I've ever known—and one of the best sports. But she has always seemed to me to be self-sufficient, more interested in herself than any one else.

Once we sat late at night gossiping. I was repeating a long conversation I had had with another star, how her marriage had gone smash after she had pinned all her hopes and faith on it. I think a tear splashed into my high ball.

"What of *me*?" Connie cried. "What of *my* marriage? I gave up everything for it, and what happened?"



Desperately ambitious, desperately unhappy, Joan Crawford's feelings are easily hurt, but she's a good sport about it.

When the stars are caught unawares with all "front" forgotten, you'll find some nice surprises.

By
Samuel Richard Mook

Do you think my heart didn't snap, too? Oh, I got a lot of money when we were divorced, but do you think money can compensate for the ideals and illusions and dreams you have to cast aside at a time like that?"

It was before her marriage to the marquis and she was speaking of Phillip Plant. I never see her now but that conversation recurs to me. It is more indicative of the real Constance than all the other pictures I have of her. It convinces me that beneath the surface, beneath that haughty poise for which she is noted, Constance has the same streak of tenderness, pins her faith to the same things, as other girls. And it convinced me that some one else—when it's the right person—can mean more to her than herself.

With the exception of Phillips Homes and Bing Crosby, Chester Morris is better company than any man I know. He's always good for a lot of laughs and you seldom find him in a serious mood. There are few men

better liked in Hollywood than Chester, yet he has the reputation of being more or less self-centered, interested only in himself and his immediate family.

In one picture he made, the director became romantically interested in the leading lady. Chester was nominally the star, but everything was being thrown to the girl—scenes, lighting, dialogue, *everything*. And she, quick to note the lay of the land, took advantage of the situation and did everything possible to make life miserable for Chester and to humiliate him.

Afterward a friend of the girl's came to interview him. He knew the writer would exploit her friend at his expense, and he declined to see her. The girl wrote a letter to the editor of the magazine putting Chester in a bad light.

Later the editor visited Hollywood and I took him to Chester's home one night to let him see for himself what a real sort of person Chester is. Incidentally, I wanted to give Chester a chance to explain his actions. I wanted him to tell the editor of all the humiliations and indignities to which he had been subjected and of the antagonism the leading lady had evinced toward him.

Do you think he did? Oh, no. Nor could all my coaxing move him.

Continued on page 52

Clark Gable secretly reads poetry about sailing to the moon "on a star-blue tide"—the he-man dreamer.

Photo by Bull





Robert **YOUNG** • Richard **CROMWELL** • Mona **BARRIE**
 Henrietta **CROSMAN** • Stepin **FETCHIT** •

DIRECTED BY HENRY KING
SCREEN PLAY BY REGINALD BERKELEY
 FROM "THE HOUSE OF CONNELLY" BY PAUL GREEN

Glorious love story in a setting vibrant with drama. Seven stars, the season's most illustrious cast, enthrall you as it unfolds. A human, pulsing romance that will be engraved in your memory for all of 1934.

FOX



POOR Sylvia Sidney—poor *Madame Butterfly!* Trouble dogs their footsteps, only Sylvia's Japanese heroine met with tragedy while Sylvia herself is headed for rainbows. First, it was a quarrel with Paramount over her illness and withdrawal from "The Way to Love." Then her father threatened a lawsuit to void her adoption, when a child, by Doctor Sidney. Her peace of mind destroyed, poor Sylvia couldn't begin her new picture until legal difficulties were disentangled. The suit withdrawn, she is now happily at work on "Good Dame" which you shall presently see. Brava, sweet Sylvia!

Photo by Eugene Robert Ritchie



Photo by Apeda

JUST a sweet little Irish lass, Ruby Keeler can't accustom herself to the attention she attracts although she has been in the public eye since childhood. She goes her serene way, pleasant to everybody in Hollywood and a little bewildered by the deference given her as a star..

JEAN PARKER'S exquisitely tender Beth in "Little Women" has endeared her to thousands, hundreds of thousands. She is on the cinema map to stay. She is an ingénue plus, who pulls that certain heartstring which no one else touches, because they can't get at it. But it's Jean's for the asking.





Photo by Elmer Fryer

WHEN Warner Brothers put their collective feet down and refused to allow Joan Blondell to change her name to Joan Barnes, she up and let her hair grow darker, as you see in the smaller picture. She thinks her name and herself too bland. But, Joan dear, you'll always have a blond personality. That's why we love you.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

EVERYBODY'S rooting for Jeanette MacDonald to sing the title rôle in "The Merry Widow." Whether it is produced as an operetta or as a comedy minus the original music, Miss MacDonald either as prima donna or comédienne is *ne plus ultra*.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

DIANA WYNYARD a murderess? Horrible thought! Yet that is what you will ask in shocked amazement when she is accused of slaying her husband in "The Paradine Case," her new film. But it can't be true. Anyway, the Wynyard will win you to her side.



CLARK GABLE'S long illness cost him several good rôles, but it gained for him rest, a becoming leanness, and a new repose and restraint in his acting. This photograph gives a glimpse of the new Gable, better than ever, as you shall soon see

Photo by Russell Ball



Photo by George Hurrell

WHATEVER part he plays, Gene Raymond manages to show the happy-go-lucky fellow he is underneath any rôle. This is what makes him a favorite with legions of picturegoers. This, and his ability to act better than a handsome chap needs to. His next? "Coming Out Party."



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

THE best, because it is the truest and most revealing, interview with Elisso Landi appears on the opposite page. Witty, frank and gracious, every word she utters bespeaks intelligence and a sense of humor. If you liked *la Landi* heretofore, you'll love her now.

SLEEPING BEAUTY

A noted interviewer compares Elissa Landi to a beautiful princess imprisoned in bad pictures. But a prince has come, who may put her into the superior pictures she deserves.

SLEEPING BEAUTY" is by way of being a very symbolic title for a story about Elissa Landi.

For years she has been a prisoner in celluloidia, a veritable *Goldilocks* with the three bears. Her theme song might well have been "Who's afraid of the big bad Fox?"

She has been a potential star of some magnitude, neglected, misdirected—a sleeping beauty awaiting the prince who will put her into the pictures she deserves. Will the prince be named Harry? But we are getting ahead of our story.

Elissa Landi has been playing hide and seek with popular acclaim for some three years. She has gone from very bad pictures to fairly good ones and back, with the grim good will of a martyr. She has suffered in Singapore, Delhi, and Madagascar. She has performed stoically the whimsical tasks imposed upon her by her masters. And when I met her she was frankness itself in self-appraisal.

She belongs to the intelligent group that includes such ladies as Chatterton, Francis, Hepburn, and Karen Morley. She has definite ideas about things and expresses them lucidly.

She is slender and blond, her longishly bobbed hair parted in the middle. Her smile is cordial, her manner gracious. Even if her mother is a countess she defers to the exigencies of the moment; she will be ingratiating. And so she is, but not without overaccenting the gesture a trifle.

Where the average star goes to great lengths to prove to the press that she is every inch a lady and that those décolleté gowns and rowdy actions in her pictures do not correspond with her real self at all, Miss Landi went to opposite extremes. At any rate, she insisted that pictures had misrepresented her as being a chill British lady.

"I have warmth," she assured me, "and I have humor, or I never should have been able to stick it out so long. I've told them what I am like and what I could do, but they've blindly gone on casting me as English ladies."

Miss Landi, besides being the daughter of a countess, has another connection with royalty. She writes novels. Two have been published, and a third is in press. When I called at her apartment in the Algonquin, her publisher

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

was going over her manuscript with her, excising expletives, smoothing transitions, and doing those little odd jobs peculiar to publishers and editors in general.

This new book, "Ancestor," is the first volume of what promises to be a trilogy. It will not have the somberness of O'Neill nor the pretentiousness of a Forsyte Saga, but it will attempt to cover several generations in American history, said Miss Landi.

I wondered whether she employed the same method in transcribing her thoughts to the printed page that Mae West described in *Picture Play* a few months ago. The diamond duchess uses two dictaphones, a secretary, and a handy man on special words. Miss Landi promptly whirled across the room, dove into a pile of magazines, books, manuscripts, and papers, and emerged with a loose-leaf notebook in hand.

"This is what I write in," she said triumphantly. "I sit in executive anterooms for hours, waiting to hear what my next picture is to be, and I find ample time then for writing. At home I write occasionally in the evening."

Miss Landi is not a gadabout. Democratic, yes, she said, but not overly social.

"I am doubtless accused of being 'high-hat'"—she put quotation marks round the words by her inflection—"but I insist that I am not. I chew gum assiduously, ride to the studio every day in a nondescript little Ford, and halloa at scene shifters and associate producers all along the way."

This aggressively democratic spirit might strike a captious critic as being a trifle forced.

Probably no one in recent years, if ever, has suffered from as many bad pictures as the fair Elissa. She has had so few good ones that they are the exception rather than the rule.

Meeting her, one's sympathy is aroused at her plight. For she is a poised, intelligent woman, well informed on all phases of picture making, and bereft of illusions regarding Hollywood and its geniuses. She talks rapidly with a precise diction that is faintly tinged with some alien accent, Swiss or Austrian perhaps. She harbors

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Photo by Fraker

The dignified Landi insists that she chews gum, rides to work in a Ford, and greets scene shifters and associate producers all along the way—extraordinary behavior for an intellectual star.



Photo by Acme

ANY fan who tried to keep up with the giddy whirl of Manhattan's suddenly augmented film colony these days could enter a six-day bicycle race or a marathon dance for a rest cure. Startling precedents have been established, various records have been broken.

Katharine Hepburn bids fair to be as great a sensation on the stage as she has been in pictures. Two weeks before her opening in "The Lake," seats had been sold for eight weeks in advance. When she was last here on the stage in "The Warrior's Husband" every one who saw her thought she had unusual talent, but, alas, not very many went to see her. Now just let them try to get tickets!

The engagement of filmdom's most famous bachelor, Gary Cooper, to Veronica Balfe, or Sandra Shaw, as film fans know her, was announced with the muted fan-

They Say

By Karen Hollis

fare of a social register alliance. Then they married and returned to Hollywood.

Mary Pickford, the most famous of all film *Cinderellas*, came to town bearing her marital defeat gallantly, and looking about for a play to distract her.

Charlotte Henry, debuting in "Alice in Wonderland," was launched on a public career and viewed with some misgivings.

Picture production in the East really got off to a big start at last with Marshall Neilan putting a cast crowded with popular favorites through their paces.

Helen Hayes won new triumphs on the stage in "Mary of Scotland"; and filmdom's noisiest and its most distinguished young leading men, Max Baer and Douglass Montgomery, came to town ready for stage work.

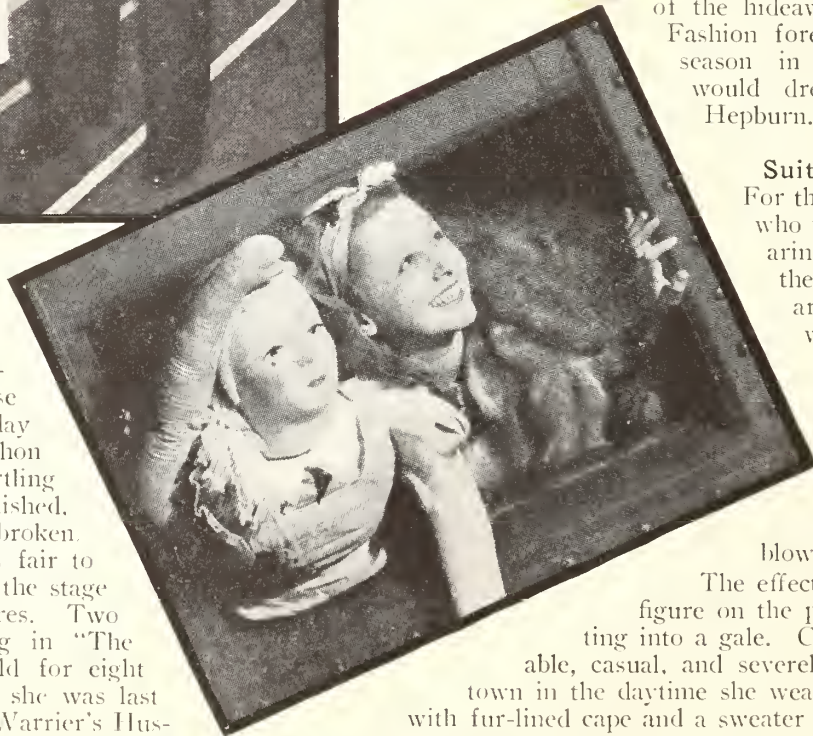
Enshrining relics of film stars reached a new high when a Brooklyn restaurant put on exhibition the high chair Mae West used to sit in, and the voice of the people was heard in theaters wherever a Lee Tracy picture was shown. Mexicans can't tell *them* who to support in pictures.

Repeat brought social life out of the hideaways into the open. Fashion forecasters predicted a season in which every one would dress like Katharine Hepburn.

Suited to any Purse.—

For the sake of those girls who want to add a Katharine Hepburn touch to their wardrobes, here are a few ways in which it is done: In the first place, the hair must be in a long bob, softly waved in deep billows and pushed back from the face as if blown by a strong wind.

The effect is that of a noble figure on the prow of a ship cutting into a gale. Clothes are comfortable, casual, and severely plain. Around town in the daytime she wears a dark-gray suit with fur-lined cape and a sweater blouse of light red. A scarf is worn flat around the front and is tied or hangs down the back. In the evening she wears a deep-blue velvet coat, very long and very plain, over a sheathlike gown of wine-red crêpe, long-sleeved and high-necked. But if those are beyond your purse, take heart from this: at rehearsals she wore an old khaki shirt and trousers.



Gary Cooper, gentleman, and his bride, Sandra Shaw — Veronica Balfe in the Social Register.

Charlotte Henry made her début before New York press gatherings and the scribes venture a forecast.

in NEW YORK—

Manhattan fans are dizzy trying to keep up with the doings of visiting stars.

The Ways of Society.—Gary Cooper suffered no loss of popularity with the larger public because of the announcement of his engagement to a society girl. The next week he appeared in person in a sketch at the Paramount Theater, with Sari Maritza and Raquel Torres, and the girls turned out in force to see him. He could have augmented his honeymoon fund by another four thousand dollars had he been able to postpone his next picture long enough to stay another week.

Now that he is married, he will be listed as the husband of Veronica Balfe in the Social Register, which is their way of being noble about their girls who choose husbands outside the listed gentry.

Social ranks don't let the bars down easily in the records, frantically as they may pursue film celebrities to lend a note of glamour to their parties. They speak of Mr. Cooper being "taken up" by society, not of his being "in."

That is all right with me, but how about film companies retaliating? They can always speak of the socially registered Elizabeth Young being taken up by pictures instead of being in them. Miss Young, known as "Libby" to her intimates, came East after finishing her part in "Queen Christina" and has been guest of honor at a dizzy round of parties.

She has to go West soon to appear in "The Trumpet Blows," with George Raft, but meanwhile she is praying for a heavy snow-storm. If a blizzard will just come, she means to rent a sleigh and dash up to Central Park Casino. This year the old custom is to be revived of presenting a bottle of champagne to the first guests to arrive by sleigh.

Libby Young landed her rôle in "The Trumpet Blows" partly because she is a very pretty girl, and partly because she doesn't flinch at the sight of bull-fights. She loves them. During the summers she spent in Biarritz with her family, she often went across the Spanish border to see bullfights.

Another Wonderland.—Charlotte Henry, who was chosen to play the title rôle in "Alice in Wonderland" after hundreds of others had been tested, was taken on

a tour of the country as soon as she finished the picture. From city to city she went being introduced to the press, autographing books in department stores—the shy and retiring Lewis Carroll must have turned over in his grave at that—bowing before multitudes. By the time she had reached New York and rubbed elbows at a crowded cocktail party, she knew all the answers. I wouldn't go so far

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The hit of the season in "Little Women," Katharine Hepburn is the coming sensation on the stage, too, if advance ticket buying means anything.

Margaret Livingston remained just Mrs. Paul White-man until film production came East to her. She'll be seen in "The Social Register."



GROWTH IS HER

Ceaselessly striving to advance herself both as woman and actress, Joan Crawford pauses long enough to discuss men, marriage, her past, and the state of her soul, with a sympathetic interviewer.

I'VE had enough drama!" Joan Crawford exclaimed. A sweeping gesture matched her decisive tone. "Professional or personal?" I asked. "Both!" She suddenly clinched her hand, then widely opened it, as though, having squeezed the last drop of

suffering, she thrust it from her forever. Or for quite a while, anyhow.

"I wanted to do dramas. I craved that form of expression. I did them. Now I feel light and gay, released from those dramatic emotions that lift one up, drop one down, and drain one's energy. So I turn to brighter stories.

"How long will this mood last?" Her face was lighted by a frankly amused smile. "I can't tell. I never prescribe any program for myself."

"What! Another Joan? But what would life be were the Crawford to become commonplace, any of her phases permanent?"

Each Joan, in her progress along the route of self-realization, is natural and sincere—at the moment. "I shall never marry again," she said with closed eyes. But don't be surprised if she does.

Now that she is almost inseparable from Franchot Tone, and is currently appearing in a spectacular musical film, she has an air of feeling free. Her marriage, with its summits of joy and its vales of heartache, is over, though her thoughts travel backward wistfully, as thoughts will do after a crisis.

She is outwardly happy. I question that she is contented. She radiates sparkle. Holding gardenias, intermittently smelling their fragrance in quick, appreciative sniffs, she is in circulation again, dining and dancing at the Coconut Grove and other night spots.

"Indeed, I get as much thrill out of attentions as I did before my marriage," she admitted. "But it's different. When I open a box of gardenias and fish for the card, I tremble inside. What sentiment has he written? And did he mean it? I never used to search for subtleties. Now I question more, yet I really *care* less. For I am through with romance!" Joan, Joan! But is Franchot through?

"Besides, dancing is just a pleasure, not a career. Winning cups used to be important, but largely show-off. Having the spirit that loves challenge, I always will be competitive. The trophy changes, however. *Growth is my goal.*"

It must be true that life is a series of circles. We return to the same situations, though we have learned and changed. For not even outwardly is Joan the hey-hey heroine of her dancing evenings. The spirit is identical; her manifestation of it differs. In her dancing there is less breathless abandon. Her gaze is speculative, less greedy for life.

"If a woman wants five qualities in man, she must look for five men," Joan continued. "No one person could materialize our imaginary ideal. Perhaps men are polygamous because each need is answered by each woman.

"Woman may be instinctively polygamous, but she is more practical. Wanting permanence, even with imperfection, she makes concessions, while restless man continues his search."

Joan wouldn't say what qualities Franchot possesses that appeal to her, other than to remark that he has two of them. "Which two?" I asked. Silence. After all, there's a limit to this personal interrogation.



GOAL

By Myrtle Gebhart

"Marriage naturally altered my male ideal. I used to be crazy about the good-time boys—the prodigal spenders. To interest me now, a man must have intellect and strength. I couldn't go with boys whom I thought grand five years ago."

She has learned also, I believe, to follow man's lead, herself amiably receptive; that's a subtle fascination. For she said, "Franchot is the only man I know with whom an evening doesn't have to be arranged. We just say, 'Well, where shall we go?' and dash out on some impulsive mood."

A Hollywood divorcee says that she still feels linked to her ex-husband.

"No!" Joan disagreed. "I no longer feel married to Doug. But always there will be a bond between us. I'm so glad that we had the courage to separate. Friendship is impossible between lovers. Desire is too selfish, too urgent. Only when that passes can there be understanding and generosity.

"It's sad. But had our marriage gone on to bitterness, it would have been tragic. We were too young to marry!" Her shudder was a graphic indication of her emotion.

"Too impetuous, too eager. Love is so largely illusion, such a fragile, delicate thing. We might have shattered all our ties. Now nothing can rob us of our exquisite memories.

"I shall never marry again!" Her eyes closed tightly. Her tone was very positive. "I am glad that I had it. But pain is too great a price to pay for a happiness that may not endure.

"Every woman needs marriage, even if it is only temporary. It isn't essential that it last. Life is like a movie: we build through little scenes to a climax. The climax of one woman's life may be marriage, another's high light may be success in a career. For the latter, marriage is merely one experience, an ecstasy which she needs, that she may feel and learn and interpret.

"A lasting marriage is less necessary for the actress than for the business or home woman. When we stew and boil, or feel repressed, we can let it all out in an emotional scene. They can't.

"In fact"—her smile was a bit wistful, as though haunted by memory—"we express so much before the camera that sometimes we haven't enough vital emotion left for our marriage! We are burned up, wilted.

"My divorce taught me to know my friends," she said, with spirit. "You think that those at the top professionally are never cold-shouldered? Yes?" Her lifted eyebrows were eloquently ironic.

"We dined here and there, we had guests frequently. When the separation was announced, invitations to certain homes ceased. They feared for their own precious names and fame. Their 'friendship' couldn't stand the test. Others, of course, were loyal, and they compensate."

She gives to all of that now only a sigh of regret. She has lost much of that fear which used to surround



Photo by Hurrell

"An inner urge directs me," says Miss Crawford. "Logic and reason are not the reins that control. It's a mistake when I think things out. When I feel I know!"

her. Either she is more calloused to pain or in her new evaluations insincerity isn't worth a hurt.

So she, consciously or instinctively, is readjusting her life. She has had her house done over. "I couldn't stand it! Memories in every corner!" Again an emphatic tone, an explicit gesture.

The current Joan increases in melodramatic emphasis. Each gown belongs in the spotlight. Only a dominant personality could wear them without being smothered, could give reality to their artificiality. Her publicity pictures show a trend toward bizarre effects. Each remark seems to need an exclamation point.

All actors dramatize themselves. An exaggeration of ego is in the very air. Ambition breeds that, progress necessitates it.

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Who's AFRAID of KELLY?

By Dudley Early

The big bad gangster of "Broadway Through a Keyhole" is really a quiet suburbanite who plays handball for excitement.

YOU probably saw him in "Broadway Through a Keyhole" as *Rocci*, the forbidding yet self-sacrificing gang chief. As *Rocci* he was imperturbable; nothing could shake his calm. It was a magnificent study in self-control. But in real life Paul Kelly is a likable young fellow who was visibly shy and nervous before his interviewer.

That, my friends, is notable. Not because Paul Kelly declines to carry his screen characterizations into real life, but because when an actor of long standing is reticent with the press, it's news! Like the story of the man who bit the dog.

And Kelly is a veteran actor. He has been working at it for twenty-six years. If this brings to mind the picture of an aging and slightly infirm gentleman, dismiss it. For he is but thirty-three years old, and vigorously alive.

You'll probably never see him playing romantic scenes on the screen in the manner of the sleek heroes, but if the part calls for strength and vitality, Mr. Kelly can give it. He is six feet of masculinity and one hundred and sixty pounds of virility. One feels it at first meeting.

Born in Brooklyn, New York, he reached the age of seven before any thought of the stage as a career entered his mind. Previously he had entertained thoughts of embarking on a diversity of vocations, among them that of cowboy, fireman, and ferryboat captain.

Wise friends informed him gently that he was slightly under the age limit for any

Paul Kelly started his stage career at seven and was in and out of films for twenty-six years before he clicked.

of the aforementioned, and for a time he brooded over the injustices of life. Then, as if by miracle, he saw clearly—he would be a singer!

The momentous decision was brought about in this way: His sister, somewhat older than himself, was a dancer, and had gained considerable fame in and about

New York. At this trying point in our hero's career, she was engaged by David Belasco for "The Grand Army Man." He needed child singers also. Upon hearing this, young Paul Kelly announced his intention to apply, and through the good offices of his sister he was engaged. Laying aside his cowboy suit tenderly, as one relinquishes a great dream, he was prepared to climb to success on the wings of song.

There was but one drawback—he couldn't sing. However, Belasco found a place for him as a drummer boy in the play. Paul was happy, for he soon learned that the drum could make more noise than the combined voices of the other children. This discovery almost lost him his job.

The play ran nearly a year, by which time Paul was contented with his lot. He belonged to the theater. At the age of ten he was touring the country with Robert B. Mantell, the Shakespearean actor. The rich costumes were the pride of his days and nights. He even slept in them for a while—until found out.

Following the company's return to New York, he played around the city in numerous stock companies. In those days villains were invariably dastardly, heroes noble, and heroines pure. Children were angelic; that is, while on the stage. In one play, part of Paul's job

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Photo by Alberts



FANS, MRS. RAFT!

One of Hollywood's most popular bachelors, George Raft is a nine-year benedict. His wife breaks her silence in this first interview—Picture Play's scoop!

By Frances Fink

THOSE impending romances of George Raft hinted at by the columnists will have to remain—alas for the ladies concerned!—just romances. You see, if Broadway scribblers had been doing the whispering they might have cleared up the impossibility of such rumors. That is, if they cared to mention the fact that Mrs. George Raft is still just that—Mrs. George Raft.

"They've all known me," says Grace—Madame Raft to you—"and they've always known that we were married. I never cared if they mentioned it or not."

The marriage is not in an active state. What with Grace in New York and George in Hollywood, that's obvious. But even if they were living next door to each other the Raft love would have a definite rift. Grace and George reached a peaceable decision to keep away from each other before he went to Hollywood.

"We just didn't hit it off together." That's the way Mrs. Raft would put the whole matter in a nutshell. Their present arrangement is perfectly satisfactory to both of them. While they're legally man and wife, they don't have to work at it. And Grace says that's fine with her.

She's young and pretty and has a good secretarial job, plus an allowance from George under the terms of their agreement. She is a niece of Edward P. Mulrooney, chairman of the New York State Alcoholic Beverage Control Board. She likes her job and she doesn't miss George at all. You don't believe it? Your reporter is not in a position to vouch for that, but after nine years of marriage even the most competent of screen lovers can reasonably become unsatisfactory as a husband.

The Rafts took their vows nine years ago when George was only twenty and Grace not even that. He wasn't particularly important. His photos didn't grace the bedrooms of adoring girl fans. He was just a dancer in a night club, and Grace hadn't married him because of the glamour that clung to his name. There wasn't any glamour.

Of course even then he was a favorite in New York night spots. Women used to beg the managers of night clubs to persuade slick-haired young George to dance with them. He often obliged, but it was not, as the story sometimes goes, as a paid partner. He was an entertainer, and his occasional whirls about the floor with women other than his partner in his act were simply a matter of courtesy.

Aha, jealousy was what broke up the Raft romance! Wrong again, Essie. It was nothing of the kind, Grace will assure you. They were never jealous of each other. They didn't stand in each other's way, because neither had what could be called a career.

There wasn't, she went on to explain, any possible thing they could fight about. George's disposition, she recommends, is excellent. He was always good to her—kind, thoughtful.

They were never separated for very long by the exigencies of his work, as she had nothing to do but spend her time with him. Grace was never a professional, had no connection whatsoever with show business, though she was offered jobs in clubs where George worked.

Love just flew out of the window and landed *kerplunk* on the pavement. It wasn't worth while to try to patch up the pieces.

"We didn't even quarrel about splitting up," Mrs. Raft said. "We just decided, in a friendly way, to call it quits."

She's far from bitter over their private crack-up. Even the extreme secrecy of it hasn't annoyed her. Nor do George's statements about his ideas of marriage—past none, future improbable, according to him—get under her skin.

"Why should I feel any particular way about it?" she asked, bristling under the question. "We were married because we were in love and we parted because we weren't in love any longer. Just because George has become famous, and only those who knew us realize he's married to me, that doesn't make any difference in my life."

And it seems to be the truth. She acts like a girl who's entirely heartfree. Think of that, you Raft fans, nine years with him and not a pang over losing him!

Continued on page 62

Marjorie King, long accepted by the film colony as George Raft's best girl, now has a rival—Carol Lombard. But Grace Raft holds the ace—she's married to him.

Photo by Wide World





Photo by Ball

Celeste Edwards is a dancing girl de luxe in "Hollywood Party."

Tuning in on the news and rumors of news in the film center.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

HOLLYWOOD is becoming socially ritzy. The stars are taking the attitude that their parties are for their own enjoyment, rather than show-off, and consequently private. Photographers and newspapermen who in the past had a merry time getting pictures and titbits of gossip at the larger functions are being excluded, and are very hot under the collar about it.

The idea crystallized at the first Mayfair Club supper dance, when an aggregation of cameramen were shut out, contrary to all precedents. Let alone not being invited to sup with the movie luminaries, they weren't even given a room separate and apart in which they might shoot pictures. They were told to shift for themselves as best they might in a hotel lobby. And did they burn about it?

Not a single photo of a Mayfairing sparkler appeared in the papers, and the stars who came all dressed up for the occasion complained not a little about the neglect. The Mayfair will doubtless find it necessary to change its tactics. The party turned out not to be a particularly lively one, anyway.

An Amazing Foursome.—The most interesting double get-together in movieland is

that of George Raft and Carol Lombard, and William Powell and Margaret Lindsay. It completely breaks up that post-divorce companionship of Carol and Bill. Also the Raft-Marjorie King duet receives a shock, and we wonder if George won't have to do some talking on that score. It is said that the Raft-Lombard mutual admiration started on a rainy day when George splashed Carol's car with mud from his and she became terribly irate

about it. The combination looks like the zippiest evolved in a long while in Hollywood. Naturally, the Powell-Lindsay is more placid. It seems to have brought the Lady Margaret from Iowa-via-England luck, for she is being considered for starring rôles.

Joan and Tone.—Here's our guess on the wedding date of Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford: April 26th.

Don't ask us how we managed to guess it thus far in advance, but if it isn't right,

This demure little costume is worn by Natalie Moorhead in "Long Lost Father." Gold and eel-gray plaid, with painted leaves, may have something to do with papa's disappearance.



Photo by Baerbach



Photo by Bachrach

the precedent, since Ricardo Cortez plans a Hollywood marriage to Mrs. Christine Lee, if the event hasn't taken place already.

Fifi had a big reception at Lew Cody's home following the ceremony, and Lew was the most amazed person in the place at the number of guests who showed up. Fifi had casually mentioned that just a few friends were coming over, and before anybody knew it the whole town had breezed in, some even staying on for dinner.

Fifi exerted no restraints on publicity. In fact, she got a big play in the press about her so-called trial marriage. With Maurice Hill, and a chaperon or two, she went to a mountain resort for a few days to demonstrate that she could cook and run a house. Evidently what she did turned out to be convincing, because Hill went right through with the wedding. Fifi, as a bride, made all the men at the reception happy by distributing her kisses liberally. A great Fifi!

Marriage or Engagement?—It wouldn't astonish us in the least to learn that Genevieve Tobin and Felix Chappellet have been married for some time. We have heard this emphatically denied and also persistently rumored. Miss Tobin does admit an engagement to Chappellet, but is always reticent about any date of nuptials.

When Chappellet was injured in an auto accident Miss Tobin rushed to his side. Then while he was in a hospital in Los Angeles, she was vacationing for a while at Palm Springs. It's all very mysterious, but possibly partly explainable by the fact that the Tobin family is very clannish, so clannish that weddings have generally been the furthest things from the minds of the various members. We're wagering that the Genevieve Tobin-Chappellet is a real match, none the less.

The line forms on the right and no crowding. Pert Kelton is Lulu, the manicurist, in "Once Over Lightly."

then there'll be some unforeseen change in plans. Joan and Tone, as they are being rhymingly called, are as much in love as two people can be. Joan is certainly more calm and discreet about this romance than she was with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., even though she is still as wildly impetuous as always. Joan and Tone traveled East and back together.

That Pointed Chin.—Katharine Hepburn is a *prognathist*. We rushed wildly to the dictionary when we saw that word in connection with a berating that Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, gave the stars on their lack of beauty, and startlingly enough discovered the following definition: "Anatomical and zoological—having the jaws projecting beyond the upper part of the face, as with the hippopotami." Now, is that a nice thing to say? However, the word is very highbrow, and thus probably fits Katharine to a T.

Less kind was the other description which we read somewhere describing her face as "horsey." We are reminded of the time that a press agent once referred to Katharine's visage as being as speckled as a trout. But for all the charges that may be launched at her beauty as such, she is the most interesting personality in pictures to-day. Raves are already being emitted concerning her work in "Trigger," the Southern mountain girl story.

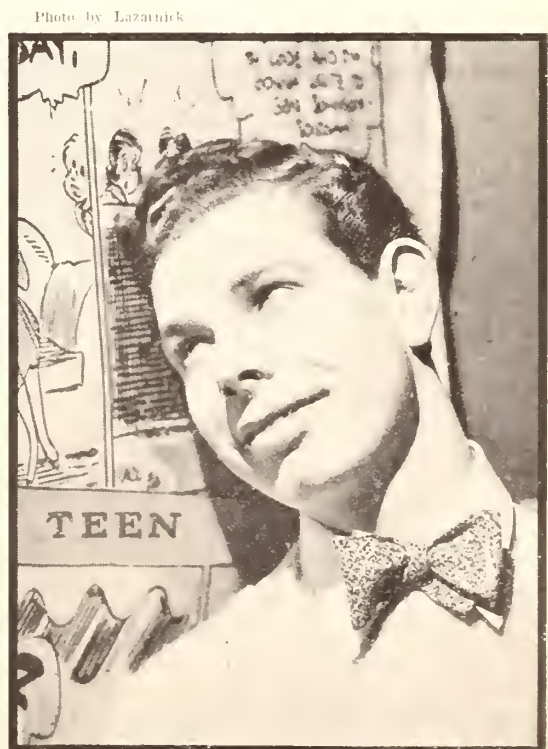
A Hollywood Reaction.—The very day that Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were married, we glimpsed the Countess di Frasso in the Vendome. She must have been thoroughly uninterested in the event, for with her were Rudy Vallée, Frances Marion, and Anderson Lawler. Lyle Talbot was not present, although he has acted as escort to the countess on several occasions.

The marriage of Cooper to Miss Shaw isn't a bit surprising. In fact, he himself forecast just such a wedding for himself in a story printed in Picture Play about a year ago.

Festive Fifi.—Fifi Dorsay has made weddings the merry affairs that they used to be, instead of the recent quick trips to Yuma, Las Vegas, and other outside points. Maybe she has really altered

What—Columbo Uncaptured!—Russ Columbo keeps the colony guessing regarding a heart attachment. At the Mayfair he was with Mary Brian, which is coming not to mean a thing any more, because of her train of beaux. Also he has seemed attentive to June Knight, but June also has a very fancy-free disposition. It will be a wonder, though, if Columbo can remain independent of romance for long, in view of his good looks and charming personality. He is so genuine that he was carried away by the pathos of the film "Beloved" at a preview and actually emerged from the projection room in a half-tearful mood. [Continued on page 55]

Hal LeRoy, Broadway dancer and actor, was finally chosen for "Hard-Old Teen."



What Hollywood Has Given Me—

Kay Francis is happy, but she has no illusions about herself or the film colony. Here's what she has gained—and lost—as told to

Dorothy Wooldridge

HOLLYWOOD has given me financial independence, a degree of fame, a husband, two Ford cars, and a dog.

"I have been married twice before. To whom? Never mind. That's my private business.

"With health, love, and financial independence, I'm as happy and contented as any one could be.

"Hollywood has given me a greater respect for the stage. When I finish in pictures, whether it be five years or ten years, I'm going back to it—if it will have me. What I'm fearful of is that when Hollywood is through with me, I'll be unfitted for anything else.

"It has given me a deeper insight into people and life. Hollywood is like Pandora's box—with all the evils and miseries of life, but with hope at the bottom. Here we live on hope.

"It has given me a tiny bungalow with Kenneth MacKenna. And love. But I knew Kenneth for seven years before coming to Hollywood, so it can't be said that Hollywood gave him to me. We lived in a beautiful, spacious residence for a while after we were married, but found it too great a responsibility. Now we have the smallest place in town. We still look upon New York as home.

"I've grown hard, especially in business, but I'm not bitter. My contacts here have made me that way. Fundamentally, though, I do not believe Hollywood has changed me.

"Hollywood has no sophistication. But it may have gained *some* since the advent of talkies.

"As a child, I was excitable, spoiled, and had a terrible temper until I reached the age of eight. Then my mother took it out of me. Her discipline gave me balance. Hollywood has helped advance that balance.

"I lost my Santa Claus at the age of six. I never have regained him. Hollywood has proved to me that there is no Santa Claus. It has shown me realities.

"I have no superstitions. I was born January 13th, on a Friday, the thirteenth month of my mother's marriage. Yet I've been lucky. Of course, if I forget something and have to go back in the house after it, I sit down and



Photo by Dyar

Money, fame, home and husband, not to mention a dog, is that enough compensation for the grind of stardom? Kay Francis considers the future in her answer. This photo shows her as she used to be.

count ten before leaving. But that's a woman's privilege, not a superstition. I open an umbrella in the house without hesitation.

"My first marriage was when I was seventeen. I had been divorced twice at the age of twenty-two. I went on the stage right after my first divorce in 1925, following a trip through Europe. I lied to get my first job on the stage—said I was experienced when I was not. Hollywood has not upbraided me yet for telling that little white lie.

"I went on the stage because I wanted to eat regularly. I had to earn my own living. My mother, Katherine Clinton, was of the stage and made a name for herself. The stage and screen agreed to buy some of the talents I inherited from her.

"Hollywood has taught the value of privacy. Here you have to change your telephone number every two months despite the fact that it's a blind-number. How

Continued on page 58

What It Has Taken From Me



Photo by Fryer

"Hollywood has proved to me that there is no Santa Claus. It has shown me realities," says the Kay of to-day.

HOLLYWOOD saps your vitality. It demands your strength in a constant struggle. It is like an octopus, always reaching out, always absorbing. It knows no pity. It takes far more than it gives.

"Everything good comes to Hollywood, but nothing originates here. It's a melting pot for talent developed in other parts of the world.

"You have no intimates here, no really close friends. When Kenneth and I were married, in January, 1931, we sailed out of Los Angeles harbor in his yacht, destination unknown. We put in at Catalina Island where a justice of the peace performed the ceremony in the presence of two witnesses we didn't even know—two strangers.

"I wouldn't own real estate in Hollywood because I have never felt that it was my home.

"When I came here to work, newspaper headlines announced—'America's Best-dressed Woman Arrives.' I make no claim to any such distinction. When Ken and I go out on our boat, I usually wear a bathing suit or

overall. I do the cooking and he does the skippering. We sometimes spend a week at a time at sea.

"As a girl I hated the idea of acting. Mother sent me to a New York secretarial school and I planned a business career. I didn't make good my intention. The stage got me.

"I hate interviews. I recognize them as a part of the game, but there's a time and a place for everything. A publicity man on my arrival wanted to photograph me beside a defeated prize fighter who had a black eye. 'Put on dark glasses,' I said to him. 'I don't want to draw attention to your misfortunes.' He thanked me.

"I have a dog, a dachshund, one of those creatures which looks like it was born under a bureau. I have one maid, Ida, whom I brought with me from New York.

"I cherish no ideals and have no illusions. 'Make the best of what you have and get,' is my creed.

"I know a group of nice people whose companionship I enjoy. I have learned that if you can't be exclusive in Hollywood you can be exclusive. That, it seems, is the ideal way to live.

"I like to watch prize fights, wrestling matches, and bicycle races. I like sailing.

"I do nothing in particular to keep physically fit. I eat anything I want without fear of getting fat. I drive my own car.

"I do not have photographs of myself scattered throughout the house. So far as I can recall, my husband and I never have had our picture taken together.

"I am in love with my husband. He is diplomatic. He never becomes angry. He prefers beer to champagne. His favorite dish is wild duck and oranges. He doesn't snore. He doesn't take himself seriously. Doesn't like to have his home life publicized. He is neither temperamental nor moody. His favorite indoor sport is bridge. His screen favorites are Lionel Barrymore and Greta Garbo. When through with the movies, he, too, expects to return to the stage."

(Since this was written Miss Francis and Mr. MacKenna have agreed to an amicable separation.)

In the circle of writers who hover about the Hollywood studios, I know half a dozen who have tried to interview Kay Francis. I have seen some of them emerge muttering, "Yes, and no! It depends upon the individual. Yes, and no! It depends upon the individual."

They had heard it repeated so frequently during their chat it had seared its way into their brains. Because Kay parries questions which call for conclusions or which touch upon her private life. To her an interview takes on the nature of a fencing match.

This much can be said, however, quite truthfully:

Continued on page 59

"Roman Scandals" is bubbling, joyous and beautiful, the best picture in which Eddie Cantor has ever appeared. Here he is with Gloria Stuart.

"His Double Life" brings Lillian Gish back to the screen, a finer and more profound artist than ever. Roland Young shares honors in a whimsical performance.



THE SCREEN IN



An honest appraisal of
new films and performances.

"Roman Scandals."

Eddie Cantor, Gloria Stuart, David Manners, Verree Teasdale, Edward Arnold, Ruth Etting, Alan Mowbray. Directors: Frank Tuttle and Ralph Ceder.

REPEAL has brought, among other things, Eddie Cantor in a picture that is as exhilarating as champagne, a magnum of it. Bubbling, joyous, and beautiful, all the thoughtful skill of experienced vintners has gone into the task of filling your glass with happiness to the brim. They have done more—the glass overflows.

Technically it is, of course, a musical film with a classical background, but it is really more than this. Not only has it been produced so discreetly that rhymes and tunes never obtrude, but it is delicately barbed satire as well as robust comedy and it is rich in humanities. All these virtues are unheard of in musical films and I am inclined to think this one is the best of them all. Certainly it tops "The Kid from Spain" and, lest we spin our enthusiasm into a spider web of delicate praise, you must know that the picture is terribly funny. It has a comic idea behind it and, though the gags are many, they are not strung on too thin a thread of narrative but are part of a very good story.

Mr. Cantor begins as a happy-go-lucky individual in an everyday American town called Rome. He befriends the poor and puts them in good humor with his song as they camp on the site of a proposed jail, all one happy family, and thus *Eddie* incurs the wrath of the authorities. Driven from town, he tramps the road, wondering if the Rome of old was as hard a place to get along in. Presently he is on the outskirts of Caesar's domain, being questioned by sentries, and before long he is



Marian Davies and Bing Crosby give full play to their respective senses of humor in "Going Hollywood," a lavish song-and-dance affair.

Charlotte Henry is in "Alice in Wonderland."

Bebe Daniels and John Barrymore, in "Counsellor-at-Law."

REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk

in the very heart of things—auctioned off as a slave, falling in love with a beautiful captive princess, exciting the amorous advances of the empress and gaining the post of food taster to the emperor whose fondness for stuffed nightingales implicates *Eddie* in a plot to poison him.

His comic adventures in beautiful settings are climaxed with a magnificent chariot race more thrilling than the one in "Ben-Hur" because it is staged on the open road instead of in an arena and is not only dangerous but immensely funny, especially when *Eddie* snatches up a live goose and squeezes out of it a series of honks. The picture ends in a blaze of excitement and laughter and, altogether, this is the big explosion of the month.

"His Double Life."

Lillian Gish, Roland Young, Montagu Love, Lumsden Hare, Lucy Beaumont. Director: Arthur Hopkins

Any picture that brings Lillian Gish back to the screen is important! Any occasion to admire her increased artistry and the maturity of her understanding is a gala moment in this reviewer's life. Now that it is here, what can he write that hasn't already been said? After all, Miss Gish's art is delicate, almost impalpable, and it seems to me it is more important for what it communicates to the spectator than to the reader who, like the writer, must always find cold type wanting in recapturing the fleeting impressions of her acting.

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THE NEW LOVE

The heroine is no longer crushed in sinewy arms, and billing and cooing has been laughed out of the better pictures. Then what is the new technique of love-making?

THERE'S a brand-new love code on the screen today. It's N. H. A.—No Holds Allowed! But the order doesn't come from Washington. It hails from Merry England, under the auspices of those old smoothies, Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall. And maybe Hollywood isn't doing its part!

James Cagney is being tamed, but he'll never prattle sweet nothings into pink ears.

Warren William is as smooth and collected as an Englishman in love.



The new deal for screen lovers, judging by the popularity of these two gentlemen from Lunnion, says, "Passion is passé. It's smart to be thrifty with kisses."

And no sooner did the Messrs. Howard and Marshall get their teeth into picture contracts than they up and showed us crude Americans how to do it. Look what happened!

Right away our juveniles did an about-face. They no longer breathed heavily into the face of the gal who shared their billing. They no longer crushed her in their sinewy arms while they murmured, "Beloved, you're the moon, the stars, and Heaven knows what, will you be mine?"

Instead, they now face her squarely, at a distance of three feet, articulate clearly, "Gee, you're swell!"

Somehow it's more convincing. And better box office. And you, reader between the lines, know what that means.

You also know what kind of cinema love you're likely to see when these names go up in lights on the marquee: Robert Montgomery, Fredric March, Franchot Tone, Lee Tracy, Warren William, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Bing Crosby, Maurice Chevalier, and Ronald Colman.

You know that Bob Montgomery doesn't go in for short pants—pardon—quick breathing and extravagant caresses. You know that when he meets Madge Evans and says casually, "Can I invite you to my apartment *not* to see my etchings, *Miss Van de Vere*?" he won't go into a strangle hold in the foyer. Of course, being wise in the ways of scenario writers, you suspect a little dirty work. But it's nice dirty work, so Will Hays can't object.

When handsome Freddy March persuades Claudette Colbert to join him in his hunting lodge, you're not shocked that the only thing he takes in his arms is a cocktail shaker. No, you expect him to be suave and smooth. You wouldn't like him if he went right up in smoke. You prefer to watch him smolder gently for a while. Then when he does burst into flame, you're sitting so far forward in your seat that the bald-headed man in front of you thinks you're a hussy.

There's no doubt about it. The English have not only taken the Davis cup away from us, they've swiped the loving cup, as well.

Leslie Howard, for many years a star on the stage, didn't want to make pictures. He didn't think screen audiences would like him.

And even astute producers were doubtful.

Leslie Howard started it—subtle, restrained, assuming the girl's imagination was still functioning.

Howard's technique was so subtle, so restrained, they were afraid Muncie and Peoria would find him

CODE

By Florence Ross

dull. But since he's appeared in "Animal Kingdom," "Berkeley Square," and "Captured," the hinterland has been talking of nothing else.

Marshall, on the other hand, had been making pictures in England even before he appeared here with his wife, Edna Best. But Hollywood didn't give him a tumble. It didn't know how to project that quiet Marshall charm onto the screen. But along came Ernst Lubitsch, who laid his cigar on an executive's desk and firmly announced, "Herbert Marshall and nobody else for 'Trouble In Paradise.'" And nobody else could have drawn that zipper on Miriam Hopkins's blouse with such insouciance, nobody else could have pulled the wool over chic Kay Francis's eyes the way Herbie did. He has that certain "know-how."

Herbert Marshall shares the honor with Mr. Howard in killing the pawing and panting hero.

And so it has come to pass, as Tammany Young, the gate-crasher says, that two Englishmen have brought a new kind of love to you and you and you.

Your taste in pictures has undergone a change. You want realism on the screen. And you've proved it by tossing your dimes and quarters into the box office for pictures that reflect life as you know it.

Sex is still important, but it's being taken, these matinées and evenings, with a whole sack of salt.

Do you remember the good old days when a girl couldn't go wrong in pictures without paying? Now, when she two-steps down the primrose path, she pays, too—for a diamond bracelet or an original Schiaparelli.

Naturally, when your heroines adopt a lighter attitude toward love, what can the poor juveniles do but follow suit? Gable would look rather silly reciting Verlaine to *la Harlow* if she counter-cracked, "Aw, nerts!" Fashions in stories have changed fashions in love.

Look at the pictures that flickered their way into big money during the past year. Did you like "When Ladies Meet?" Who didn't? Well, there was darn little swashbuckling in that fable and practically no swooning. Yet there was plenty of intrigue, plenty of suspense and puh-lenty of love interest. And it was done with wise-cracks, subtle tricks of acting—restraint. Montgomery's work in that film checked his slipping popularity and put him among the big-timers again.

And how about Franchot Tone, who elicits oh's and ah's from both dowagers and filing clerks? Franchot is hardly a Valentino. He doesn't go in much for the blazing eye and the sinuous caress. But he's blazed a trail, nevertheless. That crooked smile, that canny look of understanding, that flip crack, have brought him thousands of admirers. He's cool and intelligent, but he



Franchot Tone doesn't go in for the glassy eye, either, but he's quickened plenty of feminine pulse beats.



With Robert Montgomery's flip chatter, the gals don't know whether he's kidding or not—and like it.

makes your pulse beat so fast you have to run to keep up with it.

The effect of the English team of Howard and Marshall can be seen even on the real he-men of the screen. Clark Gable, in "Night Nurse," playing the menace opposite Barbara Stanwyck, was pretty rough stuff. He cracked a whip, he clutched at the white-capped Barbara and uttered some pretty harsh phrases. But a lot of grenadine has run under the bridge since then.

They clipped and chiseled and hammered away at cave-man Gable until he's as smooth as Warren William. They've given him sophisticated lines and crackling dialogue, and while they haven't exactly put him in a strait-jacket, they've tailored a dinner coat that fits.

At this point some bright young lady in the front row will wave her hand wildly at the professor and taunt, "What about Jimmy Cagney? I suppose he's just another little *Lord Fauntleroy*."

And sweet memories of a viciously hurled grapefruit, a swift sock in the jaw, and a graceful kick in the panties

Continued on page 59

A BLOND NATURAL

Jean Muir's quick rise shows she was made for the screen, although she's the exact opposite to the standard variety of Hollywood blonde.

By Maude Lathem

HER first ambition was to be a surgeon; her first appearance in motion pictures was as a corpse; and at this very moment she is the liveliest wire on Warner Brothers' lot.

Ten months ago Jean Muir was finding it necessary to supplement her meager earnings from the stage by modeling for artists in New York. Six months ago she was persuaded, against her better judgment, to accept a film contract. To-day, if you can believe your ears and eyes, she selects her cameraman, her director, and her stories!

"I thought they were making a fearful mistake to sign me for pictures," she told me with startling frankness when I met this promising new blond find.

"Not by the wildest stretch of my imagination could I think of myself as beautiful, or even that I'd photograph passably well. I am the exact opposite of everything that is demanded by Hollywood. At least," she added, green-gray eyes sparkling with sudden mirth, "so it seemed to me *before* I'd seen myself on the screen."

It's not unlikely that you remember Jean Muir as the lovely corpse in "Bureau of Missing Persons." And I'll wager that you spotted her in "The World Changes," with Paul Muni. Subsequent leads with Joe E. Brown, Warren William, and Richard Barthelmess have been climaxed by the unofficial starring rôle in "As the Earth Turns."

If this isn't a record for six months in anybody's history of pictures, I ask you to name it!

"Why, I've got bigger feet than Garbo," she exclaimed, "and tall—you'd never guess how tall I am!" She jumped right up from our luncheon table and threw her shoulders back, demonstrating exactly how imposing her five feet seven inches could be.

Imagine a girl pointing out all her defects! And all the while studio officials are as pleased as the canary-filled cat over the young lady who they believe will be a sensation.

Dick Barthelmess stopped to exchange greetings and inquired if I was discovering what a clever girl Miss Muir is. Before I could reply he almost took my breath away with his avalanche of questions. "Did you see her grand work in 'As the Earth Turns'? Do you know how beautifully

she photographs? That she has something no one else on the screen has? Do you know that she is going far in 1934?

"But," he continued, "isn't it too bad that she had to play all her scenes with me in 'A Modern Hero' on her bent knees?—because I am so short, of course."

I saw the twinkle in her eyes. "Isn't that like him to pretend he is short instead of saying I am too tall for words?"

Jean is tall, but so are Kay Francis and Garbo. Jean nevertheless gives you the impression of slightness. You must have noticed her tiny waist in that seduction scene with Barthelmess, or maybe you haven't seen the picture yet?

Jean lacks the artificial beauty so common in Hollywood, but she is thoroughly poised and charming and attractive. A dimple in her right cheek, and a peaches-and-cream complexion combined with a smile which warms you to your finger tips give you only a faint idea of her appeal. Luckily, as in the case of Ann Harding, the camera brings out every angle of her perfect features.

"It's not just my physical make-up that stands in my way," she insists. "You see the all-important requisite in Hollywood is sex appeal. And I've never had an ounce! I don't mind. I'm just stating a fact. While I was at the Dwight School in Englewood, New Jersey, and at the Sorbonne in Paris, the boys never liked me.

"Occasionally men ask me for a date now. But rarely do they make a second one. I know I am not chic-looking, and they liked neither the sandals nor the cape I wore when I arrived at the studio." I couldn't conceal my astonishment at such frankness. "I heard," she laughingly went on, "that some one described me as something between a Greenwich Villager and *Lady Macbeth*.

"But I am not attracted to young men—and young actors, of all things! All they want is some one to tell them how marvelous *like* him. Fiddlesticks! *en astute* procan only *rs* were doubtful parties toward's technique drunk ths so subtle, so re-picture rained, they were ways thraid Muncie and Pe-Ceria would find him

Twenty-two and never in love, the movie colony wonders how Jean can possibly be convincing in romantic scenes. The answer is that another real actress has arrived.

Photo by Welbourn





Photo by Elmer Fryer

him among

And how a most extraordinary record for six months
is hardly a Valentine you ever heard of! And her
blazing eye and this page is the most surprisingly
trail, nevertheless. a newcomer. Read it; then you'll
of understanding, learned why
thousands of admire



THE TWO

Hollywood and London are rivals for the honor of bringing to the are previews of the competing films, with Marlene Dietrich repre-

MISS BERGNER, celebrated European octrass, will give a more stroightforward interpretotion of the great queen in her story, which is called "The Rise of Catherine the Greet." She is seen in the first of the two smaller photogrophs, with Douglos Fairbonks, Jr., as *Grand Duke Peter*. He is seen, above, with Diana Nopier in a weak moment, ond the dowager with him is Flora Robson as *Empress Elizabeth*



EMPRESSES

screen the life of Catherine the Great, Empress of Russia. Here
senting the American conception and Elizabeth Bergner the British.

MISS DIETRICH'S version, entitled "Catherine
the Great," will have the exotic glamour
expected of her noted director, Josef von
Sternberg. The large picture shows her
early in her reign, the small one, with Jane
Darwell, as a young girl before her marriage
to Grand Duke Peter



KIDNAPED!

Dorothea Wieck plays a famous screen star known as *Miss Fane*, whose child is taken from her in "*Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen*." Baby LeRoy is the prized infant and Alice Brady is costarred with the appealing German actress.

THE beautiful camera study of Miss Wieck, below, reflects that fragile loveliness which makes her unlike any other actress. The picture adjoining shows Dorothy Burgess, of the kidnap gang, with Master LeRoy, his face darkened in disguise.





MELODIES

At last the demands of many fans are heeded: John Boles sings again! With Gloria Stuart, he is costarred in a sentimental romance called "Beloved." A gentle, appealing story, it depends on music for the telling and follows the stars from youth to old age.

THE pictures of Mr. Boles and Miss Stuart show them in Charleston, South Carolina, whence Mr. Boles, son of a baron, comes from Vienna in 1859 to teach music. He returns from the Civil War to find Miss Stuart in poverty, the family mansion dilapidated. As husband and wife they start North to seek their fortune, with the joys and sorrows of a long life before them. Mr. Boles's remarkable make-up is seen, left, and with him is Bessie Barriscale.





PARISIAN

The half-world of Paris in the '70s is the setting for "Nana," a famous story of passion, in which Anna Sten makes her American debut under the guidance of Samuel Goldwyn.

GLIMPSES of the Russian actress show an arresting, alluring personality that combines girlishness and guile, an ideal composite for the notorious Nana. With Miss Sten, above, are Moe Clorke and Muriel Kirkland. Below, Lionel Atwill; and the young soldier is Phillips Holmes.





AMERICANA

When Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor, and Edward Everett Horton get together for the purpose of comedy, you may be sure that bubbles of wit and humor will be tossed lightly, gayly.



THEIR picture, "Easy to Love," is a trifle, a thin slice of sophisticated married life, of husband and wife who stray to other partners until their daughter brings them to their senses by pretending to outdo them in outrageous behavior.





STRIPPED

Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, and William Gargan are "Four Frightened People" in Cecil DeMille's picture of that name.

ACCIDENT brings them together and sends them into the Malay jungle, where civilization is forgotten in the struggle for existence. Miss Colbert, a prim school-teacher back home, reveals her true self when forced to wear tiger skins, and Mr. Marshall, a henpecked husband becomes a brave provider and eager lover when he goes native.



The Screen in Review

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The obvious thing to say is that she has overcome those mannerisms which frequently were criticized in her heyday as a film star, before success on the stage gave her firmer standing as an artist. She doesn't dart any more, nor does she twitch, and a gentle humor tinges the part she plays here. Her acting has beautiful reticence yet is keenly mental and persuasive. She overlooks no least point in quietly perfecting a four-dimensional characterization, but she does it with such subtlety that the effect is like a faint perfume which pervades instead of stings. Believe it or not!

Miss Gish's picture isn't exactly strong, either, and the direction isn't emphatic, but the story is far out of the ordinary, distinctly a literary rather than a moviesque theme, as should be with Arnold Bennett as author. Briefly, it tells of an abnormally shy artist, a great celebrity who, when his valet dies, passes himself off as the servant and marries the girl his man has been corresponding with through a matrimonial agency. The complications are whimsical, unusual, and interesting, if not particularly dramatic in the film. The picture is superior but bloodless. Roland Young's performance is, of course, brilliant, but he is photographed atrociously.

"Going Hollywood."

Marion Davies, Bing Crosby, Fifi Dorsay, Stuart Erwin, Patsy Kelly, Sterling Holloway. Director: Raoul Walsh.

The best picture Marion Davies has offered in a good while is further enhanced by Bing Crosby whose performance is delightful, with that gently mocking quality which won him new admirers in "College Humor," and in this he sings even more. Nor does Miss Davies give short measure of her talent. In fact, she adds graceful and expert tap dancing to her accomplishments, while her persuasive sense of humor is present all along the way.

The picture is a lavish song-and-dance affair which gets out of hand toward the end and achieves a rather desultory finish, but it is exceptional until then.

It's all about a girl teacher in a seminary who falls in love with a crooner, gives up her textbooks, and decides to follow him to Hollywood where he is to make a film with his fiancée, a French actress played by Fifi Dorsay. If you know Miss Dorsay, you will realize why he shuns her synthetic attractions for the more golden virtues of Miss Davies.

It is all good-humored, spectacular, and rather charming, and Miss Davies must be given extra applause for

giving Mr. Crosby opportunities equal to her own, instead of subordinating him to second place.

"Alice in Wonderland."

Charlotte Henry, Richard Arlen, Edna May Oliver, May Robson, Louise Fazenda, Cary Grant, Alison Skipworth, Gary Cooper, W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and many others. Director: Norman McLeod.

If you approach this picture as a reverent member of the Lewis Carroll cult you will be disappointed. Any attempt to lift from the printed page the sustained and complex fantasy of this extraordinary work must necessarily fail to satisfy completely. It is too great a task. But if you look at the film with no preconceived ideas of what you would like to see, it will appeal as a quaintly nonsensical effort on which a vast amount of technical resourcefulness and trick photography have been expended. An array of famous names will further interest you, not so much on the score of performances, perhaps, as recognizing familiar voices behind masks, make-up, and other disguises.

Fans of Cary Grant, for example, will find him as *The Mock Turtle* completely unrecognizable except when he speaks. And they will hear him sing for the first time. They will hear the voice of W. C. Fields behind the laughable get-up of *Humpty Dumpty*, and Sterling Holloway drawing from the throat of *The Frog*. The chief interest of the spectator comes from the game he will play with his memory of familiar voices. Otherwise "Alice in Wonderland" must take its place as a curiosity of the screen, a technical stunt more than a satisfying picture.

"Counsellor-at-Law."

John Barrymore, Bebe Daniels, Doris Kenyon, Isabel Jewell, Melvyn Douglas, Onslow Stevens, Bobby Gordon, Vincent Sherman. Director: William Wyler.

A sort of "Grand Hotel" of a lawyer's office, this is interesting and unusual, lively, revealing, and altogether worth while, especially if you like character delineation more than formulated plot. There is little or none of the latter here, yet so cleverly are conflicts and clashes developed among the many characters that one's attention never relaxes in watching the absorbing pattern of their lives as it takes on color and substance.

Curiously, John Barrymore in the leading rôle is the weakest factor in the complete credibility of the piece, yet so vigorous is his acting that you overlook his failure to suggest the self-made boy of the Ghetto who has become a successful attorney, espe-

cially when his Jewish mother appears to remind you of his antecedents.

Both his domestic and professional life are traced in this hour-to-hour account, although the scene is laid entirely in his office. The infidelity of his selfish wife, the devotion of his lovelorn secretary, his defense of a murderess and her attempt to compromise him, the plea of a mother to save her communistic son from arrest, his threatened disbarment by the maneuvering of his wife's friends—all these and many other threads of interest and reality are woven in and out of a satisfying whole, with, of course, the lawyer victorious in the end.

There isn't a member of the cast that isn't superior, and I don't think that any showing of the picture will fail to bring a round of applause for the stirring speech of the young communist as played by Vincent Sherman. It has not failed so far.

"Gallant Lady."

Ann Harding, Clive Brook, Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Janet Beecher, Betty Lawford, Dicky Moore. Director: Gregory La Cava.

The gallantry of the lady and her companions here lies in their struggle to make a good picture, but everything—even the cameraman and the costume designer—opposes them. The result is a clumsy botch which, not content with telling a futile story in terms of trite, bromidic dialogue, goes to the extent of striving for disadvantageous camera angles and further handicapping Ann Harding with unbecoming clothes and grotesque hats. I mightn't have known about the latter until I heard women in the preview audience groan and titter.

It is a hodgepodge of a story that concerns Miss Harding and her associates, a yarn that can't make up its mind whether to be sophisticated comedy, "East Lynne" with variations, or just a movie. I am inclined to give it the latter rating.

Miss Harding loses her lover in an airplane crash and is befriended in the park by Clive Brook, a whimsical vagabond, to whom she confides her approaching motherhood. Mr. Brook sees her through, arranging for her baby's adoption, getting her a job as assistant to a woman friend of his. Both women are in love with Mr. Brook and are better friends for it. So far does Miss Harding go in the business of interior decorating that she is sent to Europe to buy antiques. There she meets a singing Italian count, encounters her child—whom she apparently knows at sight—and learns to know his adopted father.

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Tragic Mansions

deed endless of those hapless mortals who have gained the whole material world and cannot hold the things they cherish most.

Gloria Swanson's marriage to Michael Farmer, her fourth husband, is a mad attempt to capture companionship and contentment, despite her disillusionments of the past.

There are only a few outstanding examples of fame and wealth that have been as dust and ashes to their possessors. Nor is the price of so-called success in Hollywood exacted only in the divorce courts. There are other and sadder cases of loneliness and unhappiness.

What of Garbo, the woman who walks alone? Had the svelte Swede been as ordinary persons when first she invaded the land of make-believe, it is possible that she would to-day be forgotten.

But a smart publicity department decreed that Garbo should essay a rôle of inaccessibility. As a result of which, Garbo, the mysterious, has become one of the most sought-after women in the world. And one of the most famous!

To preserve her fame, she is forever excluded from life and *living!* For her there is no friendliness and warmth, no chance to mingle with people, no opportunity to lunch and dine and dance as she wills.

Instead, she must remain elusive and remote, always the stranger who walks by the sea alone.

Charlie Chaplin is another who has found solitude and pain his reward for making the world laugh. Until recently, when some happiness seems to have come to him through his association with Paulette Goddard, Chaplin's life has been characterized by tragedy.

His two marriages ended in disaster. He is deprived of the companionship of the two sons he adores. He has been entertained by princes and by potentates, and nations have paid homage to his artistry, yet the sadness in his eyes is mute testimony of the travail his soul has known.

All his box-office successes and money have not been able to buy health for Irving Thalberg. Back in Hollywood and much better after a lengthy sojourn in the health resorts of Europe, Mr. Thalberg's constitution is still delicate and must have exacting care. It is superfluous to add that his condition is a source of constant worry to Norma Shearer and himself. And that they would sacrifice, in a moment, all their worldly goods could they but secure his complete well-being.

One of the most popular women on the screen to-day is Marlene Dietrich, of the hungry eyes and lissom legs. Yet three years in Hollywood have wrought a vast change in her. In the beginning a somewhat buxom *fräulein* devoted to her little daughter, and with a natural loneliness for her native land, to-day she is

utterly unhappy away from Germany.

Iron bars guard the windows of her home. She is constantly under the protection of armed bodyguards and her little girl is always watched by two men and a nurse, in fear of kidnapers.

And the naïve friendliness that Marlene exhibited when she first arrived has been supplanted by a cold and bored aloofness. Only when she speaks of the Fatherland does her expression grow warm and completely human.

Perhaps she will once more become a normal woman, devoted to her home and husband and daughter, when she returns to Germany. As long as she remains in Hollywood, the bars must remain at her windows—and her life.

Of course, while Hollywood is to blame for some of the sorrow within its gates, it would be unfair to accuse it of complete responsibility.

Nevertheless, it becomes increasingly obvious that even those who scale the summits of screen accomplishment find no greater happiness than do the rest of us struggling in our small ways for the goals we have set for ourselves.

Our problems may be different from those of the film great, our lives less glamorous, but our chances of finding our hearts' desires are just as great in Elephant Gap as they are in Hollywood—perhaps greater!

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Secret Selves Unmasked

Chester had a swell chance to turn the tables on both the writer and the leading lady and pay off some old scores. But he never said a derogatory word about either of them. Selfish? Self-centered? Not exactly.

I haven't known Joan Bennett as long as Constance, but I know her almost as well. Joan is more subdued than Constance—less spectacular and possibly not so glamorous. But don't get the idea that there isn't a remarkable depth to her nature.

Once I was telling Joan of a girl we knew and how sorry I felt for her. Perhaps I dropped another tear into my high ball.

"Why?" Joan demanded. "Why do you feel sorry for her?"

"She's had such tough sledding," I replied. "Her whole life went on the rocks—marriage, career, heels over head in debt—and she's fighting herself clear of the whole mess."

"But," Joan exclaimed earnestly, "*everybody* has tough sledding. If you could see down inside of people you'd know that no matter how smooth things seem on the surface, we've all got heartaches, disappoint-

ments, and troubles. That girl *has* had a tough time of it but, really, it's no tougher than every one else out here has had. Why feel sorry for *her*?"

And then I remembered Joan's own first matrimonial venture. A mother at seventeen, divorced at eighteen. Left with a baby and her way to make in the world. And only people close to her know what she endured in those two years of married life. But no one ever heard a peep or a wail out of her. In adversity she was the same smiling, sweet-dispositioned girl she is in success.

Do you think when you see Spencer Tracy on the screen in a brash, wise-cracking rôle that you're seeing the real Spencer? Don't make me laugh.

Spencer is the most repressed, the most reticent, and one of the most naïve men I've ever encountered in my life. Because he's big and husky, because he's a good actor and because he's convincing as a smart-Aleck or a rowdy, you think of him as pretty well pleased with himself and quite able to look after Spencer.

He's like some bashful kid. The

most vivid picture I have of him is the time he fidgeted and squirmed for a few minutes and then turned to me, his face the color of a boiled lobster. "Say," he hesitated, "I want to ask you something."

"Shoot."

"It isn't as easy as that. It's the sort of thing a typical ham actor would ask, and I don't want you to think me that."

"Don't be stupid," I retorted. "I know you better than that. What is it you want to ask me?"

"Do you think," he blurted out, "there's any place for me on the screen? Any real or lasting place, I mean?"

Spencer is honestly unconscious of his ability. What can you do with a guy like that?

Joan Crawford is, to me, in certain ways one of the most interesting girls on the screen or off. I think at heart she is one of the most desperately unhappy people in the world. She has charm, looks, position, and ability. Yet she is beset by an inexorable, driving ambition that will

Hollywood High Lights

never permit her to relax and enjoy the fruits of her labors.

When she started in pictures she was a nobody. But she determined she would be some one. A few months before she was seen in the company of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she dropped her old habits and whoopee companions like a tree shedding leaves in the fall. She began cultivating people who would be proper companions for her when she reached the goal she had set for herself.

Once I wrote that she wouldn't permit herself the pleasure of inviting people she really cared about to her parties, unless they were also people whose names would look well in the columns of the papers. It hurt her feelings. The next time I saw her I told her I was sorry to have hurt her, but I felt I had written the truth.

"If you felt you wrote the truth," Joan said, "it's all right. I'm sorry you feel that way about me, but always be honest with yourself. The thing that hurt was that you, of all my friends, could think such a thing

matter for her to get back in just the right way. The most attractive report that we have heard about her is the possibility that she may again be directed by Cecil DeMille. At the moment, though, Claudette Colbert is the star most regularly cast in his productions. He considers her one of the biggest of his finds.

Support for Tracy.—The colony sided definitely with Lee Tracy during the recent Mexican fracas. They felt that he did not receive a square deal in being so quickly shunted off the contract list. When everything simmered down it was discovered that there really wasn't so much to Tracy's "outrageous conduct," and I thumbed through some books on his table—an old Hollywood custom. Most of them were poetry and many passages were underlined. One verse I remember:

We, too, shall steal upon the spring
With amber sails flown wide;
Shall drop, some day, behind the moon,
Borne on a star-blue tide.

They Say in New York—

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as to say that she was smug; she just had the self-assurance of a train announcer.

"I was playing in 'Growing Pains' at the Pasadena Theater," she rattled off glibly, "when I was taken over to Paramount to make a test for *Alice*. They sent for me to make a longer one and I got the part. I am in every scene of the picture. I'm to stop off in a lot of cities on my return West. There is some talk of making 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch' with me as *Lovey Mary*. No, I have no favorites on the screen. I like any of them when they're good."

Charlotte Henry is a pretty little thing, but strangely devoid of any of those ingratiating weaknesses that endear people to strangers. She seems like some curious automaton, meeting people tirelessly, going about in the childish and quaint costumes of *Alice* instead of in the conventional clothes of a nineteen-year-old.

"I detect the odor of the camphor balls that Paramount will pack her away in," some one at the party for her in New York murmured. I wouldn't have said that. I think that she may make two or three pictures before she goes off on a vaudeville tour leading to nowhere.

Revival.—Once more the old Paramount studio on Long Island is humming with activity. Marshall Neilan started out to make "The Social Register" for Columbia, with Colleen Moore and Alexander Kirkland in

the leading rôles. Then he added Pauline Frederick, Margaret Livingston, Roberta Robinson, Fray and Braggiotti, the popular two-pi'ed team of the radio, and a host of others. Off in the extra ranks you may detect Kathleen Key, of "B.P. Hur" fame. A bit is played by Percy Higgins, concert pianist and composer, who is slated for featured rôles on the Broadway stage.

Margaret Livingston had no more than got into make-up when other producers planning to make pictures in the East were seeking her out with contracts.

"I never retired when I became Mrs. Paul Whiteman," Margaret told me. "I just found it inconvenient to go on making pictures, because Paul's work was here and I wouldn't leave him to go off to Hollywood. If they'll only go on making pictures here and let me work in them, the old ham will be sizzling. I can't stand idleness, and just the sight of the lights and camera make me raring to go."

Margaret is one of those rare individuals who remains essentially the same in obscurity or the limelight. She fairly bristles with energy. Chuckles are sprinkled all through her most commonplace remarks. Her figure is young and buoyant, her face as sharply contoured as if two years of idleness had not nearly driven her frantic.

Margaret is one of those people who carry unpretentiousness to so

All's Well That So Ends.—Alice White counts herself a pretty lucky girl. First of all, she and Cy Bartlett were cleared of any connection with the beating up of John Warburton, since the assailants finally gave other causes for their action than any instigation by Bartlett. Secondly, Alice and Cy are at last married. They had a gala Mexican wedding ceremony, with a governor and mayor in attendance, and enthusiastic villagers staged an impromptu celebration.

Alice was aglow when she returned, and informed us that she is sure hers is a marriage that will endure. Cy and she had plenty of time to become acquainted during their five-year engagement, she asserts, and happiness is certain to be their reward for all the trials they have gone through.

Only once during the years that they have been going about together has there been a rift between the two, and that was during the time that Alice was being seen constantly with Warburton. During that interlude Bartlett was attentive to Boots Malory, now Mrs. Bill Cagney.

Which all somehow closes one chapter, and perhaps begins a new and smoother one.

The Emerging of Garbo.—Yes—Greta Garbo is really emerging from seclusion. And it's perfectly true that Rouben Mamoulian, the director, has, to all intents and purposes, inspired this change. Several visits by Garbo to the Russian Eagle café have been recorded, as well as one or two at lunch time to the Ambassador.

She also saw the previews of "Queen Christina." Never in years has she shown that much interest in her screen efforts. Gossip about a marriage between Garbo and Mamoulian has, of course, been rampant, but that would be surprising.

Incidentally, Garbo is not seen at highbrow affairs, like exotic dancers' programs, symphonic concerts, et cetera, as in other days.

Soft-shoed Ronald.—Ronald Colman's return isn't causing more than a professional ripple or two. He can slip into and out of town with less agitation over his coming and going than anybody in Hollywood. He is the master of the private life, whether it means anything or not.

Colman and Samuel Goldwyn never made up their spat, although he is working for an allied organization, Twentieth Century, and is reputedly still receiving about \$100,000 per picture. The first under his contract will be another "Bulldog Drummond" story.

A Blond Natural

Take heart, Jean. Elissa Landi assures me that intelligent women are becoming more popular with men.

By this time, I hope you want to know where this remarkably honest newcomer hails from. She was born in New York twenty-two years ago—Jean Muir Fullarton. That *a* is not an accident; it indicates her Scottish Highland lineage.

She is not ashamed of the fact that she was not reared in wealth. Both her parents still work. Her mother now owns and operates a bookshop in New York City, and her father is an accountant for a corporation.

I wondered how she is able to play deeply moving love scenes when she has never experienced the emotion.

"It is a handicap. You see, I've never married. I have never been in love. Nor," she amplified, "have I ever intensely desired any person or thing, aside from my one all-consuming ambition to become an actress. Therefore, I expect to have to work doubly hard to be convincing in love sequences."

My guess was that she wouldn't be long without friends. I couldn't fail to notice the admiring looks in her direction when the men were leaving the dining room. But I had reckoned without my hostess.

"I'm afraid I don't want to get married in Hollywood. I've changed my entire outlook since I came here. In the East I had very definite ideas about love and the sanctity of marriage, even though I didn't seem to inspire romance.

"Since my stay in Hollywood, I have been forced to conclude that *marriage can be more immoral than a mere affair*. Many marriages here obviously are made with the feeling that they can be broken as soon as the tie becomes irksome. To me that is far worse than *not* taking the vow. If I ever marry I'll have to believe that it's for keeps."

Jean's favorite rôle to date is the long-legged, strong-armed, farm girl in "As the Earth Turns." She was delighted with this character who knew how to work and spent no time in worrying about her looks.

"I know what a girl like that thinks," Jean told me, "because I'm like that myself. If they'll just let me do a few more rôles like that, I'll be able to show my best side—whatever it was that they saw in me when they brought me from New York.

"When I was on the stage, this is all I was: a plain girl with plain tastes and a plain, single ambition—to become a good actress. I wanted to be the sort of an actress who grows slowly, finally gets into her stride, and after years of work lands the sort of play she has spent her life trying to get.

"And if they try to make a vamp out of me now, they'll probably have to ship me back to New York!"

On the stage, Jean had three years experience, some on the road and some in New York.

"But," she says, "no matter how easily I learn lines, I know nothing about picture technique. I muff the

scenes terribly. Would you believe that I actually had to take one scene eight times?"

I chuckled and reminded her that the great Hepburn, whom she idolizes, had to take one scene *twenty-seven* times in one of her earlier pictures, because she didn't know picture technique.

Jean, though a long time in Paris, has never been to a night club in her life, nor to a speakeasy. She formerly smoked, but when she met Ethel Barrymore, who'd always seemed a divinity to her, Miss Barrymore offered her a cigarette. Jean was too nervous to speak and Miss Barrymore took it for a denial. "How refreshing, my dear," the elder actress exclaimed, "to find a young woman who doesn't smoke. Don't ever begin." So Jean has never puffed another cigarette from that day to this.

Her naïve bluntness causes both hilarity and incredulity in Hollywood. She never drinks, but she did accompany a friend to a cocktail party recently. Shortly after arriving she disappeared, showing up when most of the guests had departed.

"I suppose I was rude," she said to her hostess, "but I decided I just couldn't stand people to-day. I've been out in the hills having the grandest walk all by myself."

Jean is different and she knows it. What she doesn't know is that a personality as unique as hers is the answer to any producer's prayer.

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was to manipulate the lever that propelled the prop saw which was threatening to cut *Little Nell* in twain because she had repulsed the villain. One evening Paul grew too curious and, instead of stopping the dread instrument a few inches from the heroine's quivering body, he gave the lever a shove and the pasteboard saw crumpled up against *Little Nell*. Paul at once lost his curiosity about saws—and his job with it.

But such an inquiring mind was not to be denied. He asked for, and got, other jobs with other companies, finally landing in a real Broadway play by Hal Reid, further known to fame as the father of Wallace Reid, the famous star. At that time Wally was but a boy standing in the wings of the theater enviously watching young Kelly.

Pictures were just being introduced at that time. A company operating in Brooklyn needed actors, but couldn't afford to pay salaries such as the theater could. But Paul Kelly,

Who's Afraid of Kelly?

still curious, took a chance and joined up. They liked him very much, so much that when they needed furniture for interior sets they borrowed it from Paul's home, giving as compensation a photo of the Kelly home—unframed—which the photographer snapped in an idle moment.

One day it occurred to Paul that he wasn't getting all that he should out of life—or the furniture. The result of a conference with the picture executives was that they hired another actor in his place, one whose views were more liberal and whose furniture was newer.

Disillusioned, Paul returned to the theater. The boy became a man, as they say in literary circles, and with manhood came his first real leading rôle, opposite Doris Kenyon, in the Broadway play "Up the Ladder." The title was significant and prophetic. Paul hit his stride and became a much sought-after leading man.

In 1925 he was invited to join the cast of another picture. It was Ring Lardner's "The New Klondike," starring Thomas Meighan. Realizing that the days of furniture borrowing were over, he accepted. And he liked the work. The people were congenial and the pay good.

This one picture served to change his mind about film companies in general. He even wished to continue working for them. But executives had not been sufficiently impressed to offer him a contract, so back to Broadway.

In 1930 he played the leading male rôle in "Bad Girl," the part played by James Dunn in the picture. Opposite Paul in this show was a little girl named Sylvia Sidney, who also had taken a flyer into pictures and had returned to Broadway through lack of encouragement. "Bad Girl" got her another chance, but Kelly was overlooked until, two years later, he played in an independent picture op-

posite Fifi Dorsay. He prefers not to mention this effort.

"I played a Broadway press agent," he says, "and to this day the real Broadway press agents go out of their way to insult me."

Back to the Great White Way and three plays in quick succession: the Theater Guild's "Pure in Heart," "The Great Magoo," and "Angel," with Lenore Ulric. Another he bowed out of during rehearsals because he didn't like the part.

Following this run he went on a trip to South America, mainly because he wanted to see what it was like, and then he returned to his home at Long Beach, New York.

"Pictures were the farthest thing from my mind at this time," he says. "In fact, I was deeply concerned over the condition of my roof, which had sprung a number of leaks during my absence. Upon inspection, the leaks bore a great resemblance to auger holes. At first I was inclined to suspect Ben Hecht, who wrote 'The Great Magoo,' but friends assured me that he did not hold me entirely to blame for the failure of his play. I returned the compliment by giving him the benefit of the doubt about my roof."

He set to work repairing the roof, and while in the midst of the labor a telegram came. It was from Hollywood, offering him the rôle of *Rocci*, in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." And, as suggested before, perhaps you saw him in the picture.

"I'm just a small-town boy who made good in the city," he says with a smile. "Anyway, to the people of Long Beach. One of the first pieces of fan mail I got was a telegram from my butcher."

Now Twentieth Century has signed him to a contract, and he has settled in California. He is married to Dorothy Mackaye, the actress, and leads the average, normal life of the wedded and working. Long devoted to handball in the line of sports, he has lately taken up hunting, spending whatever time is allotted him for such things on the near-by ranch of a friend.

He has been assigned a rôle in a forthcoming picture, Irene Dunne's "Transient Love." This time it is lighter stuff, which doesn't bother him a bit, because, he says, an actor should be prepared to play any part that's handed him, provided he can make it believable.

And if he acquits himself as creditably in his second picture as he did in the first, you'll be seeing a lot of Paul Kelly from now on.



“ I PITY POOR IDA!
SHE JUST ABOUT PASSES
OUT EVERY MONTH ”


“ SHE WANTS TO SUFFER!
I TOLD HER HOW MIDOL
EASES REGULAR PAIN ”

How to Relieve Periodic Pain:

MARCH						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	X	X	X	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

Watch the calendar, take Midol in time, and you can often avoid even one twinge of the expected pain and be comfortable throughout the period.



Take one tablet  then drink a full glass of water. Even when the pains have begun or are at their worst, you're at ease in ten minutes.



Periodic pain is *out*. So is discomfort at this time. That's a fact, and it's just too bad for the girl who doesn't know it. A million women have had it proved to them. At least that many women now use Midol, keep their dates and keep comfortable.

Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. But don't be fooled by ordinary pain tablets offered as a specific for menstrual pain! Midol is a special medicine offered for this special purpose. Its action is unusual. Its relief is felt almost immediately.

Take a Midol tablet just before the expected pain. You may have no pain at all. If you do, a second tablet will usually check the pain in seven to ten minutes. That's how rapidly this remedy works! And the relief is unusually lasting. Two tablets should see you through

your worst day. Decide now your next period will be comfortable. Get some Midol tablets and have them ready. Meantime, you might try one on an ordinary headache for proof of its speed. Menstrual pain will be eased just as quickly, so it's folly to suffer. Midol is not a narcotic. It forms no habit. It does not interfere with the natural and necessary menstrual process—just makes it comfortable and easy.

These tiny, tasteless tablets come in a slim little case of aluminum. Tuck it in your purse and be prepared. Then make your engagements—and keep them—without worry as to the time of month. Every drugstore now has this relief for periodic pain. You'll usually find it on the toilet goods counter; or just ask for Midol. Directions telling exactly how to use it will be found inside.



What Hollywood Has Given Me—

people get it, I don't know. When I come in from an airplane trip, crowds follow me right into the station wash-room to stand and stare.

"My husband and I own a fifty-acre farm near Cape Cod with a house two hundred years old on it. When we went there for a visit with his parents, mobs of country folk came. They completely ruined our stay. In a few days we left. At Greenwich, Connecticut, I went to the county fair and literally was mobbed. I hate crowds.

"Some persons will tell you that you can't live in Hollywood and be a lady. That is absurd. You are here just what you are elsewhere. Effects of the 'Hollywood influence' depend on the receptive attitude of the individual. To accept certain things is to make them true.

"I believe in luck, particularly in Hollywood. Luck has boosted many stars to the positions they hold to-day.

"I expect to devote five or ten years to pictures. I see previews of those

films in which I work. I never go to premières. When my picture days are ended, I'll return to Broadway, voicing no regrets. The gain will have been worth the game.

"My poorest picture was 'The Keyhole.' My best, 'Trouble in Paradise' and 'One Way Passage.' But I have no choice in my stories.

"I love to play sophisticated rôles. In Clara Bow's picture, 'Dangerous Curves,' they dressed me in tights! Imagine it! Oh, well, that's Hollywood."

Continued from page 31

Joan is happy to remain at home some evenings, reading, wandering around the house, sewing. She enjoys all that she does.

A few years ago, when she didn't need it, she dipped into philosophy.

"No philosophy now. I'm studying English and American history with a tutor from the university. When I was so miserable, I could find no help in books, in others' thoughts. All answers must come from within, our spirit must sustain us, because our problems and their solutions are individual.

"Need manifests self." She hesitated, searching for words. "An inner urge directs me; instinct is never wrong. It is a mistake when I think things out. Logic and reason are not the reins that control. When I *feel*, I *know*."

Joan goes about, thrilling again, yet warily, to life. Ever thoughtful, she sends flowers to Mae Clarke when

Growth Is Her Goal

she is ill, a bicycle to Claudette Colbert, gifts here and there.

Fans have criticized her recent posing, even in emotional moments. She does exaggerate. But I can't describe her as being less natural. I think that each Joan, in her progress along the route of self-realization, is natural—at the moment. She is fundamentally honest.

The present phase is a reaction from domestic enthusiasm. Being an extremist, Joan hooked rugs and made curtains with a zeal perhaps excessive. Having lost her incentive for that, the pendulum now swings her the other way. Exhibitionism may be to her an emotional outlet. Joan has yet to learn temperance, that definite progress is accomplished by evolution, not by revolution. Yet for some strongly individualized natures, the first sign of change to another path must be an exclamatory gesture.

Joan, it must be remembered, is actuated by a keen desire to discover and to become and to display her real self. Each mood of her mercurial marathon is sincere, yet each is but a silhouette.

"When I am dissatisfied with my environment or with myself, I try to see what's wrong and improve it," she once told me.

Watching her changes, her pause upon each landing and her climb up the successive flight, is absorbing. They are of interest, likewise, to her fans, who grieve with her and laugh with her.

To-day Joan is vibrant and confident. Next week? Who knows? Never fear; to-morrow's to-morrow will give us another, perhaps even a more vivid, Joan. Will she ever find calm contentment? I doubt it. If she does, I believe she will be lost to us as an actress.

Continued from page 9

Since worth-while movies first began, the films I best recall are those of Marie Doro, and I'm glad I saw them all. For twenty years of stage success, for ten years on the screen—in her an *actress* showed our world what stardom *ought* to mean!

EDWARD J. FRASER.

27 Wallingford Avenue,
North Kensington, London, W. 10.

Dishing It Back.

HELEN KLUMPH. I don't know a thing about you, but I'm going to dish you out some of your own stuff. Who do you think you are to pass such remarks about Lee Tracy on to his fans? He was good enough to give you a few minutes of his time, but then what do you do but write a lot of things about a guy that a fan couldn't and wouldn't want to believe.

From the attitude you take, I presume you're some fussy teacher of journalism out to have a good time at Lee's expense. You certainly are *not* a writer.

I also happen to have met Lee on this same trip East. You say that Lee is not considerate and kind. I think you're all wet.

In spite of the fact that I had met numerous stars before, I shook as I approached him—which at least proves one point in that story of yours. I had in-

What the Fans Think

tended to say a few words to him, but I was speechless at the moment. Seeing the predicament I was in, he smiled, which gave me enough courage to ask for his autograph. He very obligingly complied. When I tried to thank him, he said: "That's all right. Glad to do it." Do you call that not being considerate? And what's more, when he went away a few minutes later, he waved and smiled at my friend and me.

Do you call all this ungracious and unkind?

And just a parting word. You remind me of Alexander Woollcott—you both know how to write perfect sentences, but you're forever finding fault with people who are really grand.

EDNA NORDSTROM.

131 West 112th Place,
Chicago.

All for Ruby Keeler.

WHY do people call Katharine Hepburn different? She's just another imitation of Garbo. Don't we have enough of those on the screen to-day? What the public wants is more actresses like Ruby Keeler. She's my idea of the perfect girl. She's fresh, beautiful, and can she dance! She's a fine actress, too. I hope to see Dick Powell and her as the stars of their

next film. I don't see how anything could be more delightful than meeting her. I wish with all my heart that I could meet and have this charming little actress for a friend.

DRUCILLA HANDY.

209 Kensington Avenue,
Lynchburg, Virginia.

Fine and Superfine.

AS far as I'm concerned, Barbara Stanwyck is the first lady of the screen. This young, charming, and attractive girl has talent and acting ability second to none. She is human, sincere, honestly *real*. There is no pose or pretense about her. She deserves all the credit and praise we can give her, for she is truly great.

Another little lady who deserves orchids by the basketful is the piquant and adorable Sylvia Sydney. That sunny smile of hers lights up her entire face with a radiant beauty. She is a superfine actress.

While we're giving out credits, I think pretty Ginger Rogers is very deserving, a clever little actress and a charming girl. Her "Professional Sweetheart" was very neatly done. How about more of the same, Ginger?

PEARL COWAN.

Buffalo, New York.

Continued on page 65

What It Has Taken From Me

Continued from page 37

She can draw into herself. She is totally disinterested in Hollywood. She is a one-man woman. She is wholly devoted to her work and can and does give it everything she has. She is versatile, talented—but colder than an ice gorge in the Yukon, yet always gracious.

An interviewer in a mid-Western city once wrote to a dramatic editor asking, "Is Kay Francis as dumb as she appears to be to us?"

The answer is "No!" But she has monosyllables which stand out like Pikes Peak in a Colorado blizzard. Each to her constitutes an oration.

Has Hollywood changed her? Yes! Just as it changes all who win success. But she is collecting her toll and laying it away to enjoy it among more congenial associates and surroundings sometime.

The New Love Code

Continued from page 41

parade before the professor's eyes. He pauses for thought. No, he can't truthfully say that they're feeding Jimmy buttermilk and whole-wheat crackers these days.

The great Barrymore, who *Don Juaned* and dined his way into marquee eminence, made his biggest hit in a comedy rôle, the mad Hapsburg taxi-driver prince in "Reunion in Vienna." In that delicious characterization he was asked to impart a smarting blow on the—er—to an old beldamé, and in turn received two neatly executed slaps from the dignified Diana Wynyard.

Ah me, times have indeed changed, for when a doll bites a Barrymore, that's news!

Whether the slapping, the scarping, and the sparring between film partners of the opposite sex will continue, no one knows. It may be that pictures will again revert to the tactics of a bygone era when men were mercurial and women cried, "How dare you?" as they allowed themselves to be swept off their feet for just so many yards of film.

Mayhap a new Valentino will arise Phoenixlike from the ashes on the cutting-room floor, and a whole nation of star worshipers will kneel in silent adoration. Perhaps. But I don't believe it. N. H. A. has too many adherents doing their share to kid the pantings off gushy screen love. They want emotion, but as for a quick shave, their instruction is "once over lightly."

And their emblem? Well, the eagle's been used by the President. They'll take the mocking bird.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 54

tricities of character wearing pretty thin.

There's no doubt of Miss Brady's skill as a comedienne. She's brilliant, if forced at times. Lionel Barrymore is eloquently disagreeable as her grouchy husband, Mary Carlisle is clever as the daughter, and a newcomer, Katherine Alexander, is cultured and charming.

"Girl Without a Room."

Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill, Charles Ruggles, Gregory Ratoff, Walter Woolf, Grace Bradley. Director: Ralph Murphy.

What more entertaining than a picture minus pretensions, which turns out to be far better than many a touted offering? Because of the surprise, it proves doubly enjoyable and the spectator, if he is a critic,

ing, temperamental crowd comes a young Tennessean with a scholarship and plenty of money. You can imagine what happens to his money.

There isn't any plot to detail, but the happenings are lively and hilarious, and there isn't enough music and rhymed dialogue to hurt.

Charles Farrell is excellent as the shy and backward youth from the States, and Charles Ruggles and Gregory Ratoff are at their best. The return of Marguerite Churchill is something to cheer. She's lovely to look at and her acting is perfect. By all means, don't miss the comic duel between Mr. Farrell and Mr. Ratoff and Grace Bradley's rough-and-tumble fight with Mr. Farrell.

"Convention City."

Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor, Dick Powell, Guy Kibbee, Patricia Ellis, Ruth Donnelly, Frank McHugh. Director: Archie Mayo.

Though this is vulgar and noisy, a farcical glorification of the traveling salesman's type of humor, it is lively and funny. It makes no pretensions, it has no object except to amuse, and it demonstrates the ability of some favorite players to adapt their acting to a robust mood. This is especially the case of Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor who acquit themselves with expert distinction. It is a nov-



leaves the theater all but skipping. That is the mood brought about by seeing this nonsensical comedy. Pardon me while I skip to the reasons why.

The first is, it's really funny. More than that, it's colorful and gay, with just the right touch of parody. Best of all, it is acted by players who know what their characters mean and what relationship they bear to the whole.

The scene is the Latin Quarter of Paris, not altogether unheard of, it is true, but it is more or less a novelty on the screen. The odd assortment of humans, most of them amiable derelicts, are new and freshly drawn, and all are in the hands of clever players who know how to squeeze the last implication from their lines.

There are the ex-Russian general and his baggage of a daughter, an artist whose masterpiece is called "Portrait of a Whistle," an American girl who is wise in the ways of bohemia, and a medley of nondescripts called by such names as *Trotsky*, *Sitsky*, *Walksky*, and so on. Into this seeth-



ing, and something of a shock, to hear the patrician-looking Miss Astor tossing off wisecracks with the ease of Joan Blondell, but no one can say she doesn't do it well.

The story deals with a salesman's convention in Atlantic City and all the pranks, intrigues, drinking, and general futility of go-getters on the loose.

Down the long list of players you

will find no one who misses the comic significance of his rôle and its place in the whole, Miss Blondell in particular playing a gold digger who is more than usually dangerous and unscrupulous, yet making you like her.

"The House on Fifty-sixth Street."

Kay Francis, Gene Raymond, Ricardo Cortez, William Boyd, Margaret Lindsay, John Halliday, Hardie Albright. Director: Robert Flory.

When, oh when, will Kay Francis have a really strong picture that will put her over with a bang? Never, perhaps you say, if you are one of those who insist that she is incapable of being a dominant figure in drama. But, ah, the pity of it, for



she is lovely and persuasive, giving such a good account of herself that you almost think she is a superior actress until the test comes and you find her wanting in all but superficial appeal.

Such, alas, is my evaluation of her in this, and I record it with regret. Heaven knows, the picture is nothing to rave about and Miss Francis's rôle is one that only genius could make real. Still, one had hoped she would rise to the occasion and overwhelm the weakness of her vehicle. But she doesn't. She remains perfectly charming, but the story would have you grant its heroine more than charm for she is involved in heavy, lugubrious dramatics.

Her adventures recall both "Madame X" and "Night After Night." The latter, you remember, had a young woman nocturnally visiting a speakeasy which once had been her home in its days as a mansion. Our current heroine does that, too, only the home she gave up when she was sent to prison becomes a gambling house where Miss Francis, with an inherited taste for cards, is con-

fronted by her grown daughter whose passion for gambling brings about her ruin and all but sends Miss Francis to prison for a second time. For when the girl shoots dead Ricardo Cortez, who is pressing her for payment, her unknown mother takes the blame. Whereupon the cruel, covetous proprietor promises to protect her from the police if she will remain in the house as his—well, I don't know if it was as slave, chattel, or blackjack dealer but I suspect it was a combination of all three. Therefore, we leave Miss Francis to the sad fate of one who entered the house years before as a young bride and is now a virtual prisoner.

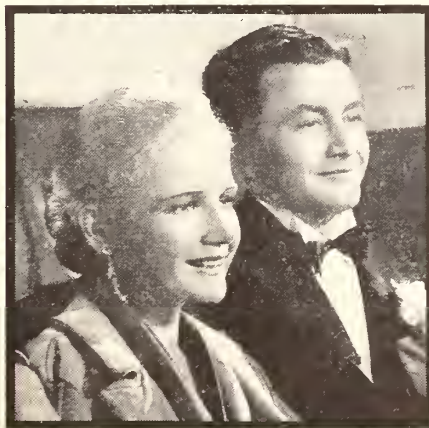
All this makes a tale that is more notable for its mechanical theatricality than for any warmth or freshness. It is strictly a scenario writer's pipe dream in which situations are more important than humanness.

You won't find a handsomer adventuress-heroine than Miss Francis, particularly in her old-fashioned hats and gowns which she wears with unusual grace, and her hair ages beautifully. But, like most heroines, the rest of her is untouched by time.

"The Right to Romance."

Ann Harding, Robert Young, Nils Asther, Sari Maritza, Irving Pichel, Helen Freeman, Louise Carter. Director: Alfred Santell.

Ann Harding, as a miracle-worker in plastic surgery, is faced with a dramatic problem. Shall she restore the countenance of the rival who has



lured her husband from her, or shall she refuse and let the girl go through life marred?

Now all this is the proper set-up for an emotional crisis in the movies, but somehow it doesn't come to a head. You have to whip up your imagination and catch at clues to sense the drama that is being withheld from you. I don't know why this should be so in a picture that depends on conventionality for its existence. Heaven knows, it's straight-

Continued on page 64

Clean Out Your Kidneys



...WIN BACK YOUR PEP

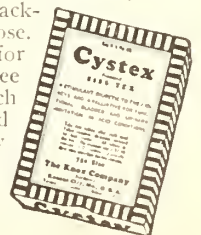
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Fans, Mrs. Raft!

Continued from page 33

George seems to be equally undisturbed over losing his wife. Grace hasn't heard from him recently, except for her regular checks, so she assumes he's still satisfied with their arrangement. With one matrimonial failure behind him, she says she doesn't wonder that he likes his present position in which he's free to stray among the Hollywood lambkins and yet not free enough for any one of them to tie him down to any certain pasture. He's had, Grace declares, enough of domesticity.

As for Grace, divorce is something she hasn't even considered. She isn't thinking seriously of any of her men

acquaintances, and she has as much fun as mixes well with a responsible job. She lives with another girl where both of them can be found most evenings. There George often joins her when he's in town.

"We're very good friends," Grace said, surprised when the interviewer asked for reassurance on that point. "When George is in town he takes me to dinner and sometimes sends me lovely gifts. But we'll never be that way about each other again."

So no matter where you read that the Raft is "that way" about one girl or another, you can be certain he'll remain only that way.

What Star Are You Like?

Continued from page 13

"Yes," Cooper, Crawford, Francis, Gable, Harlow, March, Raft, Tracy, West; self-confidence and healthy belief in logic and reality.

"No," not a star gave this reply. It shows an unbalanced, over-emotional nature.

"Undecided," McCrea—indicates a middle-ground temperament.

11. *Do you like to play practical jokes?*

"Yes," Cooper, March, Raft, Tracy.

This shows a sardonic sense of humor and a marked masculinity.

"No," Crawford, Francis, Gable, McCrea, West.

This indicates the warm, genial sort of humor. They prefer to laugh with people, not at them.

"Undecided" to such a simple question grades zero; Harlow got it for failing to answer.

12. *Are you calm and confident rather than excited in the face of emergencies requiring quick action or decision?*

"Yes," Crawford, Francis, Gable, March, McCrea, Raft, Tracy, West.

"No," Cooper.

"Undecided," Harlow.

These three replies indicate degrees of self-control and decisiveness.

13. *Do you seek to add to your list of close personal friends?*

"Yes," Crawford, Gable, March, Raft, Tracy.

This shows a choosy but not excessively narrow social disposition.

"No," Cooper, Harlow, Francis, McCrea, West.

This, unless an individual be afflicted by misanthropy, indicates wide social interest.

"Undecided" shows a middle-ground social temperament.

14. *Are you methodical rather than easy-going in your work?*

"Yes," Crawford, Francis, Gable, Harlow, March, McCrea, West.

"No," Cooper, Raft.

"Undecided," Tracy.

The answers show degrees of ability in organizing and systematizing one's work.

15. *Does wearing proper clothes for an occasion contribute strongly to your confidence and ease?*

"Yes," Crawford, Francis, Harlow, March, Raft, Tracy, West.

This shows common-sense logic and sensitiveness to opinions of others.

"No," Cooper, McCrea, denotes originality, artistic rebellion.

"Undecided," Gable. A middle-ground disposition.

16. *Do you consciously strive to be agreeable?*

"Yes," Crawford, Francis, Gable, Harlow, March, McCrea, Raft.

Shows social worth, ability to cooperate.

"No," Cooper, Tracy, West.

This may infer either a misanthropic or a devil-may-care spirit.

17. *Do you mind being watched at work or play?*

"Yes," Cooper, Crawford, Raft.

This shows timidity allied to bashfulness.

"No," Francis, Gable, Harlow, McCrea, March, Tracy, West.

Indicates ability to concentrate on work and career to the exclusion of salesmen's sentimentality and all

18. *In answering the questions you reasonably confident replies are correct?*

"Yes," Cooper, Francis, March, McCrea, Raft, W

These show themselves to be good self-critics.

"No," shows lack of careful reasoning.

"Undecided," Crawford, Gable, Tracy, shows a sane doubt of humanity's ability to judge itself.

By tracing the answers of each of your favorite stars, one at a time, through all eighteen questions, you will be able to form an excellent opinion of their characters; an opinion not based on guesswork, but scientific psychoanalysis.

And, of course, you may use the same method in analyzing your own character.

The scores given below apply only

to logical or reasoning faculties. They have no bearing on emotional temperament, although this factor may modify grades. Here is a table of average grades scored by the stars on the whole list of questions:

Kay Francis	87
Mae West	82
Jean Crawford	74
Jean Harlow	68
Fredric March	87
Clark Gable	82
Joel McCrea	82
Lee Tracy	77
George Raft	70
Gary Cooper	63

Sleeping Beauty

Continued from page 27

no affection for the films in which she has appeared. She thinks they were mostly bad.

Before she entered into a discussion of her pictures, she lighted a fresh cigarette, leaning forward to emphasize what she was saying.

"In thinking of a picture studio, I think of a large bottle with a very narrow neck. There is nothing personal in what I am about to say. It simply gives the impression of the studio I am most familiar with. This bottle contains many fine things—ideas, talent, settings, actors. Yet nothing comes of it all until it has been painstakingly filtered through the narrow neck, which represents to my mind the thick skull of the little man in the main office, call him supervisor, chief, what you please."

There was one picture Miss Landi enjoyed doing: "Warrior's Husband."

"I had to fight to get them to let me do it," she said. "You see I was imported originally as a sort of Garbo, I suppose. I was tall and blond and, yes, well-born, so I was immediately cast for glacial heroines, ladies, if you like, who were mannequin in manner and stereotyped in style.

"I said, 'Won't you . . . sit down?' and 'I'm afraid this is . . . good-by' until I was sure every picture was the same one being made

over and over in different settings, with different costumes. A rather terrifying state of mind to get into."

Finally Fox offered Miss Landi a script that was too much even for her patience. It had to do with a lady named *Smith* who married a duke and became a duchess. As Miss Landi explained to me, this would not make *Miss Smith* a duchess, and she told the writer of the script. "Who cares in Peoria?" he asked.

One word led to another and eventually Fox advised Miss Landi she would play *Miss Smith*, marry a duke, and become a duchess, or suffer the consequences. She had become accustomed to suffering, so she held out against making the picture, and her contract was voided.

Now the Landi fortunes are cast with Harry Cohn, the dynamic little man who has brought Columbia up from quickies to major importance. He has salvaged the careers of many stars. Jean Harlow and Lee Tracy were revived by the Cohn pulmotor. It will be interesting to see what he does with the unrealized possibilities that Landi possesses.

"I don't know what he plans for me," Elissa said, with a smile. Then she shrugged gayly, and tossed out her hands in a sweeping gesture that added, "After what I've been through, anything will be welcome!"

A TOAST

Many happy returns to you, Marie,
 For life wouldn't be worth while
 If I couldn't step into the movies
 And see your courageous smile.
 So I take my glass and hold it high
 And toast you ere I quaff—
 We can forget those who make us cry,
 But not those who make us laugh.

JEAN DOUGLAS.

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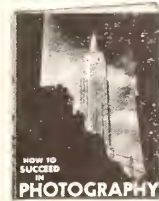
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Continued from page 61

forward and elemental up to the climax. Then it chooses to be vague and shy. Altogether, it is a tepid offering, nicely acted, nicely mounted, nicely photographed. But it has no backbone; it's theatrical, synthetic, an echo of many pictures that have gone before.

This is too bad for the players concerned, especially Miss Harding, whose successes are becoming more and more infrequent and her acting more standardized. In this she does no better than the material provided for her, although one hopes that a star will vitalize a character and accelerate a story, but Miss Harding's miracles are only performed in the operating room here.

Robert Young is the breezy juvenile Miss Harding marries and Nils Asther is naturally dignified and distinguished as the doctor who loves her more, while Sari Maritza is pertly pretty as the bad little girl.

"Jimmy and Sally."

James Dunn, Claire Trevor, Harvey Stephens, Lya Lys, Jed Prouty, John Arledge. Director: James Tinling.

Claire Trevor has reason to thank Sally Eilers for refusing to play the part which gives the newer—and more talented actress—her best opportunity. She plays with intelligence, charm, and individuality the rôle of James Dunn's girl in the best of the several pictures which have exploited his naïve conceit, blundering optimism and eventual reform. Best, I should say, since "Bad Girl," and Mr. Dunn gives an excellent and appealing display of those qualities which first attracted attention to him.

The picture is genuinely diverting, lively, believable, and, in spots, conspicuously out of the ordinary. *Jimmy* is a press agent who, when he overplays his ballyhoo, gets his employer in trouble and is fired. He sells himself to his former boss's girl, a night-club warbler, and puts over a publicity stunt which turns out to be dynamite because it involves the underworld. By causing newspapers to publish a yarn describing the singer as being yearningly infatuated with a nameless gangster, every bad man in town turns up at the night club convinced that he is the man of *Pola Wenski's* torch songs. The outcome is both comic and dramatic and I insist that the situation is unusual.

Miss Trevor plays not *Pola*, but a fellow employee of *Jimmy* who is disgusted with his lies and conceit, listens to another man in his absence and finally forgives *Jimmy* when he reappears. Harvey Stephens is fine as the pseudo-villain who makes love to *Sally*, and Lya Lys plays *Pola* with just the right accent of travesty.

The Screen in Review

Incidentally, Mr. Stephens has returned to the stage, but after his performance in this picture I am sure he will be recalled to Hollywood because it establishes him with unmistakable emphasis as being distinctly worth while. He is a gradual actor rather than a startling one and it has taken a few films to bring him out. His voice is especially good and his ability to play a nominal villain and make you feel sympathetic is an accomplishment which makes him valuable as hero or heavy. Fans, too, will be pleased to see John Arledge again.

"Hoopla."

Clara Bow, Preston Foster, Richard Cromwell, Minna Gombell, Florence Roberts, Herbert Mundin, James Gleason, Roger Imhof. Director: Frank Lloyd.

The familiar and not undramatic story of "The Barker" comes to the screen denatured and flattened. It

shows flashes of that gift for natural, unstudied acting which always has been hers, but unfortunately the gods of the cinema were not smiling on her when this film was produced.

Nor do Preston Foster and Richard Cromwell fare better as father and son. Mr. Foster's character never rings true and Mr. Cromwell's adolescence seems too painstaking—and painful—for the first time since he became a favorite. Yet their rôles are elemental enough to be sure-fire and have been just that in previous incarnations of this story of side-show life.

Minna Gombell is properly unruly as Mr. Foster's cast-off sweetie who bribes Miss Bow to seduce his son, and Florence Roberts is excellent as a fortune-telling hag. And this, believe it or not, was directed by the sponsor of "Cavalcade." Another studio mystery!

"The Chief."

Ed Wynn, Dorothy Mackaill, Chic Sale, George Givot, William Boyd, Nat Pendleton, Effie Ellsler. Director: Charles E. Reisner.

Again Ed Wynn falls short of turning out a good picture, but he gives a grand performance. So if you are one of his followers, you will find well worth while this second venture of his into films. It is typical Wynn nonsense, with moments of comedy that are nothing less than inspired, but a weak finish mars the whole—that, and a sort of formless meandering which leaves the spectator asking why cutters and editors didn't knit the film more closely together. However, it doesn't matter much, I suppose. Either one responds to the highly individualized fooling of Mr. Wynn or one doesn't, and all the king's horses can't coax a laugh when it isn't freely given, nor will any one who laughs at him find fault with the picture.

It is supposed to afford another glimpse of the Bowery in the '90s, but except for Dorothy Mackaill's costumes and a few horse-drawn vehicles there is scant reminder of the period. This, too, doesn't matter. What does count, though, is Mr. Wynn's soliloquy delivered into the ear of his horse, Queenie, his wrestling match with a bear, a scene with George Givot in a clothing store, and another sequence in which Mr. Wynn's dear old mother is kidnaped and wins over her captors by making coffee and flapjacks for them.

Mr. Givot, incidentally, a recruit from vaudeville where his Greek comicalities have long been liked, is an asset to the screen. Not only has he an original and laughable dialect, but he has a likable personality which should keep him in films for a while.



serves to reintroduce Clara Bow after a year's absence. A weaker vehicle could hardly have been arranged with malice aforethought. Instead of exploiting Miss Bow as the star, it subordinates her. She does not appear till the story is well under way and during the course of it her scenes apparently are chopped, and in the end you do not have the memory of a clear-cut complete character. "If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now" in sympathy for poor Clara.

Given the least opportunity, she

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 58

Naughty, Naughty Romney.

I AM positively disgusted with some of the letters published in this department. I think people should have more pride than to display their ignorance by writing a letter like the one written by Margot, of Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Some people do derive pleasure from such trash as written by Romney Scott. In criticizing one of our finest actors on the screen, Mr. Scott has most assuredly

not gained any friends. Yes, I am referring to Bob Montgomery. He is the cleanest, finest, most lovable actor on the screen to-day. Not only that, but he is one of the best-looking. Mr. Montgomery's acting is always so clean and fresh that it makes his pictures doubly interesting. As for his love-making—well!

BEBE.

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Compton, California.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

Twelvetees is a native New Yorker. Florine McKinney hails from Mart, Texas, where she was born on a certain December 13th. Jean Harlow is five feet three and a half. Mary Nolan recently underwent an operation, but is planning a come-back in pictures as soon as she is well again. Jean Muir with Joe E. Brown, in "Son of a Sailor"; Madge Evans with Robert Montgomery, in "Transcontinental Bus." The next Ruby Keeler-Dick Powell picture will be "Dames."

J. FARRUGIA.—Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald entertain no thought of marrying each other. Maria Alba has also played in "Goldie," "Almost Married," "Hypnotized." Maureen O'Sullivan's first screen appearance was in "Song of My Heart," with John McCormack. Edward Linden was the chief cameraman on the "King Kong" set.

ALICE McL.—Katharine Hepburn's latest screen appearance is in "Trigger." She is scheduled for "Joan of Arc." At present she is playing on the New York stage in a play called "The Lake."

MARIANNE LACHAPPELLE.—So you are movie crazy, are you? George Raft was born in New York City on September 26, 1903; Eric Linden the same place on July 12, 1911. Your friend is right. It was Kent Douglass—now known as Douglass Montgomery—who played with Helen Chandler and Walter Huston in "A House Divided." Mae West is a native New Yorker, born August 17, 1892.

FLORENCE.—Clark Gable was lent to Columbia for "Night Bus." Ann Harding will star in "Alien Corn." Mary Carlisle has been chosen to play opposite John Barrymore in "It Happened One Day."

JOHN ALOYSIUS.—That he-man of the movies, George O'Brien, recently completed "The Heir to the Hoorah." He and Marguerite Churchill were married last July.

JACKIE.—Be sure to see Jackie Cooper in "Lone Cowboy." He certainly is a clever little actor. He was just ten last September.

JIMMY.—Grown-ups as well as children are delighted with "Alice in Wonderland." Charlotte Henry, who plays Alice, was born in Brooklyn, New York, March 3, 1914, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. That was Jackie Searl as the *Dormouse*, and Edward Everett Horton as the *Mad Hatter*.

IRENE.—Yes, "The Finger Man" finally was released as "Lady Killer," with James Cagney in the lead. "Social Register" is

Colleen Moore's next. Ralph Bellamy has been signed to a three-picture contract by RKO. His first rôle is in "Sweet Cheat," with Ginger Rogers.

FRANK.—Movie fans in and around New York are having the time of their lives these days getting a glimpse of their favorites via the Broadway stage. To mention a few: Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Elissa Landi, Miriam Hopkins, Herbert Marshall, Edna Best, John Beal, Roland Young, Lyda Roberti, Jill Esmond, Laurence Olivier, Bramwell Fletcher, Bela Lugosi, Laura Hope Crews, Frances Fuller, Lilian Bond, Olga Bacanova. This by way of a recess from picture work.

ELIZABETH.—In "Death Takes a Holiday" Fredric March wears a make-up of graphite as the *Black Destroyer*. Freddie comes from Racine, Wisconsin, and his real name is Frederick McIntyre Bickel. He is married to Florence Eldridge.

MIAMI.—Joan Crawford admits now that she and Franchot Tone are in love with each other. But we knew it all the time, didn't we? Her next will be "The Latest From Paris." Nils Asther in "Madame Spy," with Fay Wray.

M. O.—Gary Cooper is to play opposite Anna Sten, in "Barbary Coast." Mae West is now making "It Ain't No Sin." In "Little Women" the daughters were Katharine Hepburn as *Jo*, Joan Bennett as *Amy*, Frances Dee as *Meg*, and Jean Parker as *Beth*.

CRAZY ABOUT CLAUDETTE.—I don't blame you one bit. Miss Colbert is charming. And now for the first time you will see her opposite Clarke Gable, in "Night Bus." The feminine players with Leslie Howard, in "British Agent," are Ann Dvorak, Margaret Lindsay, and Kathryn Seagrave.

A FAN.—Fred Astaire, who danced his way through "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio," comes from Omaha, Nebraska, where he was born on May 10, 1899. He is five feet nine, weighs 160, and has black hair and brown eyes.

B. N.—Refer to *An Interested Fan* for information about David Manners. At present he is in England, but a letter may reach him in care of United Artists.

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Jack Holt	Dorothy Tree
Evalyn Knapp	Fay Wray
Elissa Landi	

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Miriam Jordan
Frank Atkinson	Victor Jory
Lew Ayres	Howard Lally
Warner Baxter	Jose Mojica
Irene Bentley	Herbert Mundin
John Boles	George O'Brien
Clara Bow	Una O'Connor
Marion Burns	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
Florence Desmond	Will Rogers
James Dunn	Raul Roulien
Sally Eilers	Spencer Tracy
Norman Foster	Claire Trevor
Preston Foster	June Vladek
Janet Gaynor	Irene Ware
Lilian Harvey	

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Elizabeth Allan	Myrna Loy
John Barrymore	Florine McKinney
Lionel Barrymore	Una Merkel
Wallace Beery	John Miljan
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Virginia Cherrill	Karen Morley
Mae Clarke	Ramon Novarro
Jackie Cooper	Maureen O'Sullivan
Joan Crawford	Jean Parker
Marion Davies	May Robson
Marie Dressler	Norma Shearer
Jimmy Durante	Martha Sleeper
Madge Evans	Lewis Stone
Muriel Evans	Franchot Tone
Clark Gable	Lupe Velez
Greta Garbo	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Harlow	Diana Wynyard
Helen Hayes	Robert Young
Isabel Jewell	

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Katharine Hepburn
Clive Brook	Dorothy Jordan
Bruce Cabot	Francis Lederer
Bill Cagney	Anita Louise
Chic Chandler	Helen Mack
Frances Dee	Mary Mason
Dolores del Rio	Joel McCrea
Richard Dix	Colleen Moore
Irene Dunne	Gregory Ratoff
Betty Furness	Bert Wheeler
William Gargan	Gretchen Wilson
Hale Hamilton	Robert Woolsey

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Adrienne Ames	John Davis Lodge
Lona Andre	Carol Lombard
Richard Arlen	Fredric March
Mary Boland	Herbert Marshall
Grace Bradley	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Buster Crabbe	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sidney
Patricia Farley	Alison Skipworth
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Verna Hillie	Helen Twelvetrees
Miriam Hopkins	Mae West
Roscoe Karns	Dorothea Wieck
Jack LaRue	Toby Wing
Charles Laughton	Elizabeth Young
Baby LeRoy	

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Ronald Colman
George Bancroft	Constance Cummings
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Gloria Swanson
Charles Chaplin	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Paul Lukas
Madge Bellamy	Chester Morris
Tom Brown	Ken Maynard
Russ Columbo	Zasu Pitts
Andy Devine	Onslow Stevens
Hugh Enfield	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Margaret Sullavan
June Knight	Slim Summerville

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Jean Muir
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Bebe Daniels	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	William Powell
Ruth Donnelly	Edward G. Robinson
Ann Dvorak	Barbara Rogers
Patricia Ellis	Jayne Shaddock
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
Ann Hovey	Sheila Terry
Alice Jans	Helen Vinson
Allen Jenkins	Renee Whitney
Al Jolson	Warren William
Ruby Keeler	Pat Wing

Free-lance Players:

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Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

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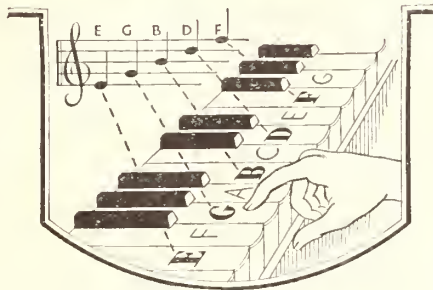
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PICTURE PLAY

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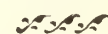
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IS MAE WEST A FLASH IN THE PAN?

Last year's sensational discovery stands at the crossroads of her career. Miss West is on the spot. Already critics and fans are complaining that she repeated herself, but not the success of her first picture, in "I'm No Angel." The more thoughtful are asking what will be the future of *la West*? She is criticized, too, for giving scant opportunity to her supporting players and monopolizing the camera. Gregory Ratoff, a superior artist, was permitted a mere bit in "I'm No Angel," but it was the subordination of Miss Grant in the picture, as in "She Done Him Wrong," that caused the ire of fans and critics of West. For Miss West, very, very many and is an "untouchable" so far as fan favor goes. Didn't Miss West know she was playing with fire when she tampered with Mr. Grant's rights as they exist in the minds of his admirers?




WHAT'S THE ANSWER TO ALL THIS?

In next month's Picture Play one of the shrewdest and best informed writers we know, Dorothy Herzog, the novelist, will discuss Mae West from every angle, including that of her future. She will describe Miss West on the set, what pleases her, what irks her, wherein she has genius and in what particulars she is lacking. It is the best article ever written about her and we are proud to present it to our readers.

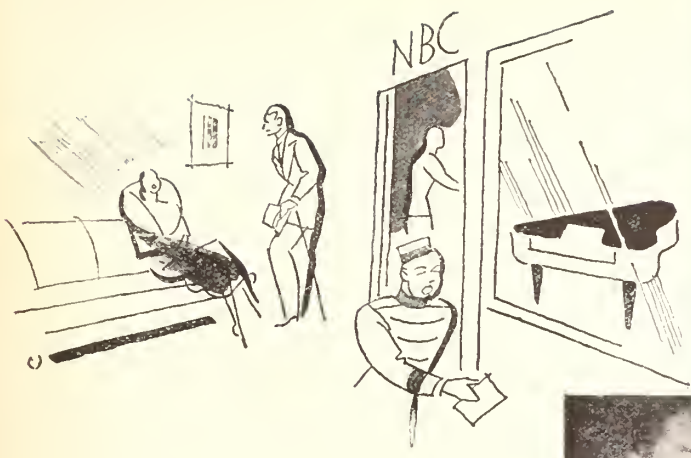
And while we are becoming enthusiastic about May Picture Play, haven't you wondered about Phillips Holmes? Then read "The Strange Case of Phillips Holmes." It's another eye-opening article.

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PHOTOS BY REMIE LOHSE

LANNY ROSS

From the radio to the screen comes Lanny Ross, singing star of the Maxwell House Coffee Snowboat Hour. For two years, one of the most popular performers on the air, his thrilling voice and charming personality will be heard and seen from now on in PARAMOUNT PICTURES.



"MELODY IN SPRING"

with
 Charlie Ruggles
 Mary Boland
 Ann Sothorn
 Directed by Norman McLeod. A Paramount Picture..will introduce Lanny Ross to motion picture audiences



WHAT THE FANS THINK

Give Tracy Another Chance.

BEING an ardent Lee Tracy fan and one of the public that pays his salary and M.-G.-M.'s expenses, I think I have a right to state my opinion. I consider Tracy the most sincere and natural actor on the screen. He lives every part he plays and his acting is without flaw. He dominates every picture in which he appears, and he has given me so much thorough enjoyment that I cannot sit idly by and see him thrown out of employment.



If Lee Tracy is taken off the screen because of his Mexican frolic, the fans would be punished too, argues Hilda G. Francis.

from the pay roll for six months, with a warning that another such occurrence would cost him his job. But discharging him altogether and robbing the screen of a personality as great as his is too much. Why punish us, too, by taking him away from us?

My friends and I hope to see a great many more Tracy pictures. We could never reconcile ourselves not to see him again. Should he be forced to go on the stage, he will be as good as lost to the movie public, for only a small number are able to attend stage productions.

HILDA G. FRANCIS.

316 Sargeant Street, Hartford, Connecticut.

Too Much Ralph.

SHADES of Ambition! How many pictures does Ralph Bellamy make a year? If we've seen him in one, we've seen him in at least a dozen. Not that we don't like Ralph; quite the contrary, we think that he's got everything.

But why not go in for quality instead of quantity, Ralph? You ought to be a star by now. Others who are far less talented and experienced are forging way ahead of you.

Don't support any one! And please avoid those roughneck parts.

New York City.

The public knows all about the Mexican affair, and while people certainly do not approve of such actions, there is a tolerance nowadays and a Christian willingness to give a person another chance. After all, it was Tracy's first offense. If every producer discharged those who went on binges now and then we should have few actors at all.

I am certain that the public feels that M.-G.-M. was entirely too severe with Lee Tracy, and after all the public has the final say in such matters. It would have been entirely possible and acceptable to have suspended Lee

Men Jealous of Raft?

WHILE I usually lift a superior eyebrow to the ravings of fans as expressed in movie magazines, dismissing half of them as sheer emotional fanaticism and most of the rest as individual idiosyncrasies, a recent contribution to this department shattered my complacency and left me marveling at the workings of a certain so-called brain box that was incapable of recognizing the innate artistry of George Raft's portrayals.

His characters are played with a striking strength and vigor, and yet he handles his rôles with a delicacy of technique that reveals the sympathetic understanding which George Raft, the man, has for the types that he portrays.

The much-lauded cattiness of women is inconsequential compared to the prejudiced jealousy of the average male theater-goer toward the more successful players of his own sex!

1418 West Euclid Avenue, Spokane, Washington.



Male movie-goers are catty about the "innate artistry" and good looks of George Raft, says Dorothy Cummings in answering a belittling letter.

Dorothy Rogers Explains.

FROM the study I have made of physiognomy, I have learned that rich, full lips like Joan Crawford's denote sensuality, not firmness, determination, or force. Enormous orbs are not unbeautiful, but enhancing their normal size to the degree of monstrosity gives an unattractive and unnatural appearance.

Naturally, Joan has gained in character since her dancing days; she is ambitious. Her life with Douglas brought her into contact with people and an environment that would add to any ambitious person's growth and character. Joan would be admired much more if she admitted now, as she did in the days of matrimony, that Doug inspired her, refined her, stimulated her to study and to the cultivation of her mental powers. True, the capacity to learn was always there, but it was Doug who made the discovery and gave her command of it.

I am not a Fairbanks fan, but I do consider him a brilliant

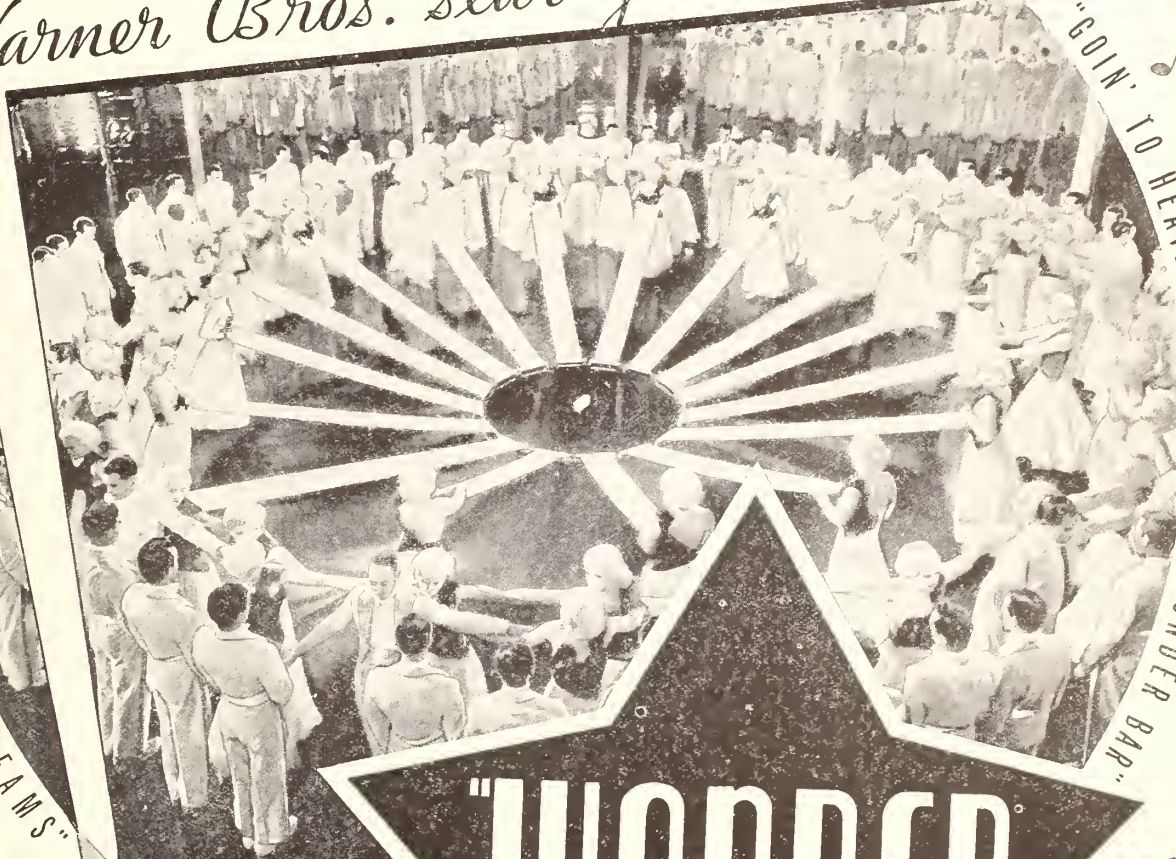
Continued on page 9



Ten New York fans unite in a plea for fewer and better Ralph Bellamy rôles.

HEAR—"DON'T SAY GOOD NIGHT"

And now—the greatest of all the great Warner Bros. star-gemmed musicals!



"WHY DO I DREAM THOSE DREAMS"

"GOIN' TO HEAVEN ON A MULE" • "WONDER BAR"

"WONDER BAR"

"VIVE LA FRANCE"

- KAY FRANCIS
- GUY KIBBEE

- DICK POWELL
- JOLSON

- HUGH HERBERT
- HAL LEROY

- RICARDO CORTES

- DOLORES DEL RIO

- FIFI D'ORSAY

LAUGHTER!
SONG!...
DRAMA!...
SPECTACLE!
 A First National Picture

The most amazing show ever conceived—the one and only "Wonder Bar"! The producers of the screen's most glorious musicals now bring you the master performances of the world's master performers! 4 breath-taking spectacles staged by Busby Berkeley, creator of the sensational numbers of "Gold Diggers" and "Fashions of 1934" . . . 5 rousing song hits . . . and a thousand other thrills and surprises from the director of "42nd St." and "Footlight Parade"—Lloyd Bacon!

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

C HERRY.—"The Women in His Life," with Isabel Jewell and Ben Lyon, will be Otto Kruger's fifth picture, the others being "Turn Back the Clock," "Beauty for Sale," "The Prizefighter and the Lady," and "Ever in My Heart." He comes from Toledo, Ohio; birthday September 6th; married to Sue MacManamy and they have a seven-year-old daughter. Write to him at Metro-Goldwyn studio.

MARIE SILOS.—In "The Wedding March," Fay Wray was the innkeeper's daughter whom Erich von Stroheim loved but was prevented from marrying by his avaricious parents. Others in the cast were George Fawcett, Maude George, Zasu Pitts, Dale Fuller, George Nichols, Hughie Mack, Mathew Betz, Cesare Gravina, Sydney Bracey.

P. B. A.—If it is only Elissa Landi's measurements you want, here they are: Height, five feet five; weight, 117; waist, twenty-seven and a half; bust, thirty-three and a half; hips, thirty-seven; wrist, six and a half; neck, fourteen; back width, fourteen and a half; sleeve length, eighteen and a half.

A MOVIE FAN.—Yes, there is a Dick Powell Club and a Peggy Shannon Fan Club in Illinois. I shall be glad to mail you a complete list of clubs upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

F. A. SEDDALL.—The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was founded on May 11, 1927. The Academy awards for 1927-28 went to Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings; 1928-29 to Mary Pickford and Warner Baxter; 1929-30 to Norma Shearer and George Arliss; 1930-31 to Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore; 1931-32 to Helen Hayes and Fredric March. There will be no awards this year.

LUCILLE.—So you have become a strong Nils Asther fan? Mauritz Stiller, who discovered Greta Garbo, saw a newsreel of Nils winning a ski race and decided that he was a film possibility. He came to America in 1927, making his first appearance in "Sorrell and Son." Born in Malmo, Sweden, January 17, 1902, six feet and one half inch; weighs 170; brown hair and hazel eyes. His early career was spent in the government service, as an athlete, and in occasional appearances upon the stage. Kay Francis was twenty-eight on January 13th; is about five feet six, weighs 112; black hair, brown eyes. She and Kenneth MacKenna are giving their marriage a "friendly" separation trial, a new fad among the stars.

F. SPENCER.—Space does not permit lengthy replies, such as lists of stars' films. Those of Sylvia Sidney and Donald Cook will be mailed to you if you will let me have your address and stamped envelope.

H. E. L.—The Helen Twelvetrees you see on the screen to-day is the only player who has ever used that name. She has

been in pictures since 1929, is the wife of Frank Woody, and there has been a Junior in the family since October 26, 1932.

B. P.—At present Lyda Roberti is appearing in New York in a stage play called "Roberta." This favorite comédienne was born in Warsaw, Poland, and celebrates the day on May 20th. She spent most of her childhood traveling through Europe with her father, Roberti, famous clown. While playing in the musical show, "You Said It," Paramount signed her to a contract which allowed her to divide her time between stage and screen.

PEGGY MCNEIL.—When he played in pictures a little over two years ago, Douglass Montgomery was known as Kent

Requests for casts and lists of films should be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Foreign readers desiring personal replies may obtain international correspondence coupons at any post office.

Douglass. Since his return to the screen in "Little Women" and "Eight Girls in a Boat" we know him by his right name.

PAT.—The address of Walt Disney Productions is 2719 Hyperion Avenue, Hollywood. You might write there for a photo of Mr. Disney. Did you see Doris Kenyon in "Counsellor-at-Law"? *Jack Breen* in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing," was played by Harvey Stephens. He also appeared opposite Benita Hume, in "The Worst Woman in Paris." He is back on the stage in "Dark Victory."

A FAN.—Miriam and Dorothy Jordan are not related. Patricia Ellis was Joe E. Brown's leading lady in "Elmer the Great." Miss Ellis is a native New Yorker, born May 20, 1916, is five feet five, weighs 115, and has blue eyes and blond hair. Will Rogers has been married to Betty Blake since 1908; they have two sons and one daughter. Jean Harlow was born on March 3, 1911; Clara Bow, July 29, 1905; Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911; Mae West, August 17, 1892.

ARTHUR H. COHEN.—Any number of the stars use their real names. However, Richard Arlen's right name is Sylvanus Van Mattimore; Dorothy Lee's, Marjorie Millsap; Marie Dressler's, Leila Koerber. Christened Frank James Cooper, Gary had his name legally changed to Gary Cooper just before he married Sandra Shaw.

SILVER.—The rôle of *Thomas Culpeper*, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," was played by Robert Donat, English stage and screen actor. He was born in Withington, Manchester, on March 18, 1905. You will find Addresses of Players in the back of the magazine.

R. E. F. B.—We don't deliberately neglect our cowboy actors, but we receive so many requests to print photos of the "drawing-room dudes," as you call them, that it is impossible to do justice to our Western heroes. John Wayne will make "Blue Steel," "The Lucky Texan," "Sagebrush Trail," and "West of the Divide" for Monogram Pictures, 6048 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Write to him there. He hails from Winterset, Iowa; born May 26, 1907, is six feet two, weighs 200, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. Last summer he married Josephine Saenz, daughter of a Panama official.

BEATRICE P. and G. E. H.—Frankie Darro is now playing in "No Greater Glory," a Columbia production. Write him at that studio. Frankie was fifteen on December 22nd; Chicago is his birthplace.

L. A.—Although my records do not include the titles of songs from musical pictures, I have learned that "Honeymoon Hotel," "By a Waterfall," and "Shanghai Lil" come from "Footlight Parade"; "Thanks," "The Day You Came Along," "Bucking the Wind," and "Boo Boo" from "Too Much Harmony"; and "Can This Be Love?" "Are You Making Any Money?" "I've Got to Get Up and Go to Work" from "Moonlight and Pretzels," which also has a number named after its title.

B. MACK.—Their birth dates are: Lew Ayres, December 28, 1909; Dick Powell, November 14, 1904; Joan Blondell, August 30, 1909; Liliai Harvey, January 19, 1907, right name Pape; Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911, real name Virginia Katharine McMath; Ruby Keeler, August 25, 1909, Ethel Hilda Keeler.

IRENE V. BROWN.—Elissa Landi is back in Hollywood making a picture for Columbia. If you wish a complete list of her films, I must ask you to send me a self-addressed stamped envelope. C. Henry Gordon was not in "Always Good-by."

J. M. L.—I suggest that you write to these publicity departments and ask them if they can supply the stills you desire and at what cost: Mascot Pictures, 1776 Broadway, New York; Universal Pictures, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York; Nat Levine Productions, 6001 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.

ELIZABETH MARIE.—We have to make up the magazine long in advance of its appearance on the news stands. That is why your answer could not appear sooner. The article you mention referred to Katharine Hepburn's stage appearance in "The Warrior's Husband." Marjorie Rambeau's latest is "A Modern Hero," for First National, where you might write for her photo; write United Artists for one of David Manners.

CLAIRE MORTON and POLA'S FAN.—Because of illness, Pola Negri was forced to cancel a stage engagement in New York. Continued on page 65

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

man—restless, tense, ambitious, and talented. It is incredible that one who, in his middle twenties, has received recognition for his poetry, his clever caricatures, his literary ability, and his finely sensitive, if a bit theatrical, acting in American and foreign films, should be looked upon by any one as a "sweet boy."

Reread my letter, Anne B., I said he was fine and clean, not sweet. Because Loug appeals mainly to the intellect, and Joan of late—she didn't always—rasps the sensibilities, they couldn't be anything but incompatible.

Too, Joan was too old for Doug. Until their thirties, women are always nine years ahead of men in mental development. Perhaps their divorce is spiritually good for both of them. Joan seemed to stifle Doug's expressive powers and he, I believe, being youthfully theatrical, can be blamed for the extreme superficial gloss she has affected recently.

Yes, I am the same girl that admired the hey-hey girl, but I'm five years older. It was Joan's sincerity and naturalness that first attracted me, and I still consider those qualities essential in great actresses. They are Harding's, Madge Evans's—give her time!—and Hayes's outstanding assets. I object, as do thousands of others, to the unnatural change in Joan. not to her improved acting. She is a much finer actress than the 1928 Crawford.

In a recent interview Joan remarked that my letter in Picture Play hurt her terrifically. I am sorry, Joan. I criticized your acting only to help you. You know how unnatural and insincere you have been in your recent films—you haven't *felt* the part. Others are creeping ahead of you, dethroning you, and I want you to regain your former prestige.

You are right; I had no right to condemn you for your divorce, but when youth is disillusioned and loses its faith, it is momentarily heedless and wants to crush and hurt.

DOROTHY ROGERS.

Detroit, Michigan.

Sullivan's a Grand Surprise.

BEFORE I saw "Only Yesterday," I saw pictures of Margaret Sullivan in movie magazines. I didn't think anything of it. I thought she would never make a hit. The way they talked about her being another Katharine Hepburn, who was at the time—and still is—my favorite along with Margaret Sullivan. I do hope she will make more pictures. She is beautiful and certainly a wonderful actress.

Compare Margaret and Katharine with any other actresses on the screen and see what it gets you.

PEGGY MCNEIL.

2240 Hyde Street,
San Francisco, California.

Why Pick on Barry?

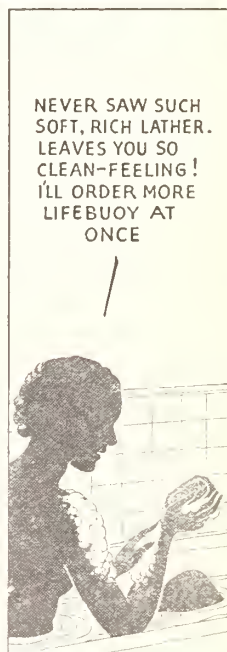
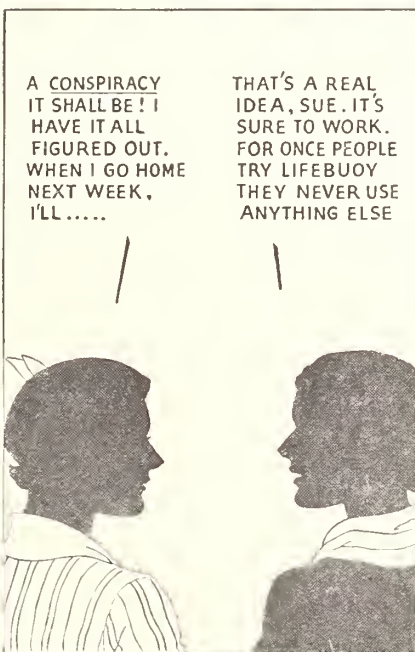
WHY pick on Barry Norton, Ruth Le Monde? Give the boy a break. With the host of successful foreigners in American movies, I can't see why you should complain of Barry alone. What about Garbo, Novarro, Dietrich and all the rest? They are all loved and admired regardless of accents.

And while we are on the "whys," why see pictures at all? Then you will never be in danger of gnashing those curly teeth or tearing those pearly hair.

Tch! Tch!

"JUST ANOTHER BUFFALO LASS."

Buffalo, New York.



HAVE YOU NOTICED HOW SMOOTH AND CLEAR BETH'S SKIN LOOKS LATELY?

YES, THAT'S ANOTHER THING LIFEBOUY HAS DONE FOR HER

YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (body odor).

Easy to offend—play safe!

Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you safe? Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the *extra* protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

What the Fans Think

All for Bing Crosby.

I'D like to know why all the talk about "Footlight Parade." Yesterday I went to the neighboring city especially to see it, and I was terribly disappointed. Besides the rather novel plot, I could see nothing out of the ordinary. The songs were too heavily plugged. The choruses were entirely too lengthy and tiresome. The dance routines were old stuff. There were no great beauties. And I thought Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler were very plain and not worthy of all the publicity they've had. They must have excellent press agents.

I think "Too Much Harmony" was the best musical of the year. There was nothing suggestive in the picture as in "Footlight Parade." The dance steps were new, the songs catchy, and the plot moved forward with such rapidity that there was not a dull moment.

I think this letter would be incomplete without a word of praise for Bing Crosby. I think he is the latest find in the whole movie field. He should be watched; he always steals a scene, unconsciously, of course, from the most talented and experienced actor or actress. However, he, like Ruby Keeler in "Footlight Parade," was miscast. He surpasses himself in a rôle like his in "College Humor," which demands a gently mocking performance, not the straight lead as in "Too Much Harmony." Paramount please note.

DOLOREZ E. SMITH.

Ramseur, North Carolina.

She Likes Onslow.

I DO like Onslow Stevens. He is a marvelous actor. Success has not spoiled him. He personally answers fan mail. He is a boyish, appealing young man, exceptionally handsome, yet not in the least conceited; enthusiastic, frank, appreciative of even the most trivial of favors; chivalrous, genial, courageous, handsome—that's Onslow Stevens!

DIANA MARGOT ALVAREZ.

14 Figueroa Street,
Santurce, Puerto Rico.

Now Here's a Fan!

OF all the ignorant, ill-bred, silly, prejudiced letters I have ever read, Jean McTavish's in January Picture Play is the worst!

Beautiful Clara Bow "loud-mouthed and uncultured!" Well, is that so! Miss Bow is neither of these; she is a refined, lovely, adorable, vibrant young actress brimful of pep, personality, and amazing vitality. She bubbles over with the sheer joy of living—a sparkling, vivid, gorgeous girl.

To me she is more fascinating and alluring than all the languid Garbos, Dietrichs, Hepburns and what-nots in Hollywood, because she's alive, she's sincere, she's natural, warm, and so gosh-darn lovable and human! Besides, she looks healthy and not like an anemic, sleepy-eyed automaton. And what an actress! She breathes life into every rôle, her every performance convincing and excellent. I saw "Call Her Savage" twenty-five times, but that's nothing! I am doing better with "Hoopla." VIRGINIA EDITH.

Buffalo, New York.

Earmarks of Genius.

WHILE going through a stack of old magazines I came upon a 1927 Picture Play. Turning to "What the Fans Think," there was a letter graphically pointing out the shortcomings of Greta Garbo, and another singing her praises to the sky.

It has been said that every great person is the object of criticism. This seems to

hold true of Miss Garbo. The fans who have followed her rise to fame are rejoicing that they are to be given a chance to see their idol in what seems likely to be one of her greatest triumphs.

A critic whose thoughts are printed in a leading Southern newspaper opines that Miss Garbo lacks the ability to portray a character without the glamorous superficiality that has marked some of her parts.

Recalling the grim realism of "Anna Christie" and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise," it seems absurd to say that "Queen Christina" is out of Miss Garbo's metier. For Greta Garbo is a genius. No rôle could ever be beyond her talents, ranging from the transition of comedy to exquisite beauty in "As You Desire Me."

To concern themselves over her mere physical appearance is absurd in view of her great talent. What matters it if her hair is stringy, if her mouth is oddly shaped, her face strikingly different? Admirers of Miss Garbo find her face intriguing and the most interesting on the screen.

Bernhardt and Duse were no beauties of note, but their names live. So will Garbo's name be remembered when the pretty-pretty actresses of to-day are long forgotten. She will be called the greatest actress of this generation, and a flaming personality. The petty little inconsistencies we read of to-day will be considered characteristics of a great actress and a great woman.

JACK HITT.

204 Main Street,
Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

Telling It to Tully.

FRANK TULLY, who called you back?

I'd hoped you'd jumped into that artificial lake you boasted of. No, Mr. Tully, the M.-G.-M. casting director should not be placed before a firing squad. He is right in casting Gable opposite the ladies you mention. Incidentally he was not cast opposite Constance Bennett, but was merely one of a supporting cast.

Any one of the actresses you mention are fully able to carry a picture by themselves, and casting Gable with them makes some people think he is box-office. Nuts! Ever since any one has heard of Gable, he was about to be starred in "China Seas," but the casting director knows as well as many others that he can't carry a picture himself, so he won't be in it.

I've heard that he is to play with Claudette Colbert and Myrna Loy. Those two girls are practically stars now. I think they both became stars in their latest pictures. How about giving Gable a starring part and some one like Helen Chandler or Patricia Ellis for a leading woman and watch him flop?

Clyde Caudle, hurrah! I agree with you. If Crawford is perfect, I don't want to be. Some of her fans say "Rain" was her masterpiece, but to quote Norbert Lusk, "Rain" dwindled to a mere drizzle. Now Joan blames her director and her leading man. Sadie Thompson was a frail blonde, buffeted by fate, trying to be hard-boiled. Crawford made her a big, robust, hard-boiled brunette who didn't care what happened.

M. JANICE LESLIE.

Lockport, New York.

Looking Ahead.

HERE are some of my most sincere wishes for filmdom's stars:

Madge Evans—more good films for being very sweet and prompt in answering her mail, besides being a good actress.

Barbara Stanwyck—please, producers, don't overwork Miss Stanwyck; we all know her health isn't what it should be and we all love her dearly. May we have more like her.

Lupe Velez—some good leads and lots of happiness for being just Lupe and oh, so lovable.

Myrna Loy—more nice-girl rôles—not too nice. She's swell.

Marion Davies—more of her good pictures; one grand person.

Ruby Keeler—more of her, too. She's grand and most unaffected.

Una Merkel—bigger and better rôles for Una. She deserves them.

Constance Bennett—livelier and more human rôles for her.

Colleen Moore—come on, producers, wake up and give Colleen some good parts! A sweet and charmingly shy person.

Marie Dressler—more health to her and God bless her. She makes us young ones wish we were her daughters.

HELEN KING.

88-90 Avenue "D," New York City.

If He Doesn't Like Hepburn—

KATHARINE HEPBURN is the most talented actress on the stage, screen, or radio. Not long ago I read a letter by Paul Borjg, criticizing her looks and acting. I think he must be quite "boring" himself if he doesn't know good acting when he sees it.

It may also please him to know that Miss Hepburn has been singled out as a shining example of classic beauty—if he knows what that is.

I'll probably be shot for this, but I don't like Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant, George Brent, George Raft, and the Three Little Pigs.

Besides Miss Hepburn, I consider Kay Francis, Alice Brady, Irene Dunne, Ann Harding, Miriam Hopkins, Elissa Landi, Ronald Colman, Leslie Howard, Walter Huston, Charles Laughton, David Manners, Fredric March, Herbert Marshall, Robert Montgomery, and King Kong quite good.

(MISS) ADLAY TALISMAN.

280 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Uncrowned Queens.

MILLIE WIST'S letter in December Picture Play telling of her meeting the lovely Dorothy Sebastian brings to mind the many uncrowned kings and queens of filmdom who have flashed in and out of pictures the past few years.

Those actors and actresses known as featured players, whom the fans have loved and admired as much as any star, have saved so many pictures from mediocrity by the sparks of genius that sometimes came from even their smallest efforts.

Dorothy Sebastian, with her calm, dark beauty, who used to give to each rôle such depth, yet such restraint, can we forget her in "Our Dancing Daughters," "A Woman of Affairs," and the like? She retired, yet the stars she helped to build went on. For we all know that supporting players have much to do with making a star.

No more beautiful and fascinating woman than Estelle Taylor has ever played in pictures. She is positively luscious, yet no producer has ever chosen a rôle for her worthy of her talents.

Gwen Lee, that tall, willowy, sometimes comic siren, does a bit now and then, and she was an honor to any cast.

Lilyan Tashman is one of the greatest uncrowned queens in Hollywood, but she has never really had a break.

Let us hope that the new queens like Adrienne Ames, Aline MacMahon, and Dorothy Burgess will have better luck.

RUTH WHITMAN BOWERS.

Box 57, Childress, Texas.

"LAUGHING BOY" promises that ideal rôle for Raman Novarra which all his admirers have been awaiting, and it offers Lupe Velez a fine opportunity as well. Between them they tell the story of a high-minded young Navajo who loves *Slim Girl* and the conflict between the idealism of the youth and the carnal instincts of a girl tainted by the white man's civilization. The direction of W. S. Van Dyke, who was responsible for "The Prizefighter and the Lady" and "Eskimo," is another augury of a superior picture.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



FAME'S BITTEREST CUP

What is it that poisons the joy of success and drives the stars to futile search for happiness?

By Samuel Richard Mook



Phillips Holmes, falling victim to that intangible something, was smart enough to run away from it.

Photo by Bull

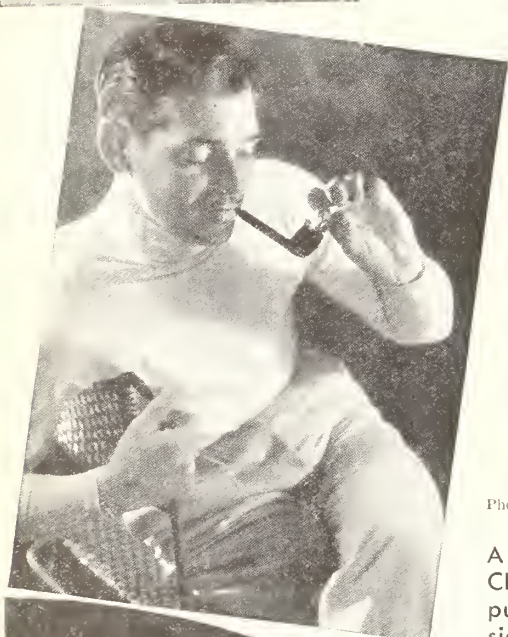


Photo by Bull

Although Clark Gable put the Indian sign on Hollywood first, he has not entirely escaped.



IT'S funny that Hollywood which sets such store by youth should do such horrible things to it. You can put liquor into a keg and age it for a year or two and it comes out better than it goes in. But take a youngster and age him—or her—in Hollywood and the result is not a pretty sight to see. Oh, they don't change much in outward appearance, but their souls are scarred and their thoughts turn bitter.

Many times in talking to them after they've been there a year or two—knowing them as they were when they first arrived—I've been reminded of Oscar Wilde's "Picture of Dorian Gray." Dorian never grew any older looking. Instead, everything he said or did or thought was reflected in a portrait of him and the picture was a horrible thing after a few years.

If there could be portraits of the souls of some of the people I know, on which were reflected all the disappointments, the heartaches and tears, the frustrations Hollywood has meted out to them, the place would have a lot to answer for.

But there are no such portraits and, since they keep their sorrows and disappointments locked up within themselves, no one knows what has happened to them. No one except perhaps a few friends who wonder casually what's come over Joe or Mary and why they aren't the same as they used to be.

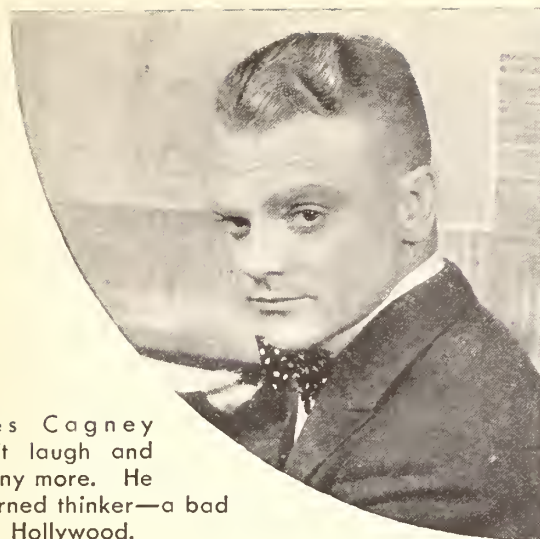
When I first came to Hollywood I met Dixie Lee, who later married Bing Crosby. Dixie was as new in Hollywood as I, so we banded around together.

Then Dixie's acquaintance widened and so did mine. She began playing bigger rôles and we didn't see each other any more. A year passed and then I met her at a party given at the beach in her honor. We were sitting on a veranda and the moon was shining on the water, as romantic a setting as any one could want—but we didn't talk romance.

Suddenly Dixie said, with a hint of desperation in her voice, "Dick, some day I'll give you a story that will curl your hair—the story of what Hollywood has done to me. I didn't think it possible for a person to become as hard and bitter and cynical as this one year out here has made me." She cried a little.

Luckily, Dixie met and married Bing Crosby and I believe the happiness she has found in her marriage has eased a little the hurt of those early experiences, but nothing, no amount of happiness, can ever erase the memory of her bitter days, nor can anything Bing can do bring back the faith she used to have in people.

Hollywood gat Dietrich in record time, changing her from the friendly, likable girl you see here into a bitter waman.



James Cagney doesn't laugh and joke any more. He has turned thinker—a bad sign in Hollywood.

Nor is Dixie the only one. Take Joan Crawford. So many stories have been written about the "new" Joan that announcement of yet another hitherto unrevealed facet of her character is no longer regarded as news.

I think Joan is fundamentally an honest person. I don't believe she tries to kid herself. She is extremely introspective and is constantly taking stock of herself. At the time she is going through one of these phases, I believe that *is* Joan at the moment. Yet there have been so many of them I don't see how even she can keep track of what she really is like. Every incident, every emotion, is dramatized until the last drop of excitement or anguish has been extracted from it.

But Joan wasn't always that way. In those hectic years when Joan was the life of every party she attended, and "eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow your option may not be taken up" was her motto, she got from life a frenzied joy which I don't believe all her success gives her now.

The sad part of life is that, having gone on, one can never go back. Joan has passed beyond that stage. I think it is a restless search for the happiness that she first knew in Hollywood that is responsible for these never-ending changes in her character.

Fans call her a great emotional actress now. She dabbles in French and she sings acceptably. She dresses for dinner and dinner is always served in courses, even when she dines alone. She knows important people and most of them are glad to be asked to her home. She's a lady.

I doubt if all her success can bring her the joy she used to get from those carefree nights when she whirled and spun on the floor of the Coconut Grove so giddily that her skirt stood straight out and showed the cute little trunks she'd had made to match her dress.

She can never go back to that. Even if she could, those same mad things would seem flat and stale and futile. But I'll venture to say that Joan was happier then, when she was heels over head in debt, than she is now with all her portable dressing rooms, house by Haines, gowns by Magnin, shoes by Miller, and scenarios by whomever she chooses. Hollywood has done that to her.

And James Cagney! Those who knew Jimmy before he came to Hollywood comment on the changes the place has wrought in his character. No one has ever accused him of going high-hat—you *couldn't* if you know him—but, oh, gee! In New York recently a friend told me



Has Joan Crawford changed indeed! Even Joan herself might fail to recognize this photo of the happy dancing girl she used to be.

that, when he was playing in "Women Go On Forever," they used to go to restaurants at night after the show, and Jimmy, in a threadbare suit and shirt with frayed cuffs, would put the place in an uproar with his clowning.

Hollywood has changed all that. He doesn't have to wear threadbare suits and shirts with frayed cuffs any more. But the change in his appearance is the smallest and most unimportant change. The thing I can never forgive Hollywood for is changing him from a delightful buffoon into a thinker. Jimmy is interested in Communism, in the fine arts, in classical literature, and other allied subjects.

A desire to improve oneself is thoroughly commendable. I don't mind that. What I object to is that in

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Katharine Hepburn is cheerful and friendly. Her aloofness is only a pose, as those close to her know.

HEPBURN'S MYSTERY MAN

The amazing story of the famous star's husband and their strange pact. Ludlow O. Smith refuses to recognize his wife as an actress. When she enters their home she puts her career behind her.

By Hester Robison

WHO is Ludlow O. Smith? In stories about Katharine Hepburn his name appears mysteriously, is rarely explained, and is then dropped from further mention. What is his association with this glamorous person whose taciturnity rivals Garbo's? What does he look like? What does he do? What is his influence on Hepburn, the independent, the girl who takes orders from no one? What is her honest attitude toward this man of mystery?

As you can readily see, we have set ourselves a task, a difficult one, but a most interesting one. We have put the pieces of a puzzle to one side of our typewriter so that when fitted together they form a complete whole. And that whole spells out the name of Ludlow Ogden Smith, who, to date, has been an enigma to the most enterprising writer.

First let us establish his identity. Ludlow O. Smith is the husband of Katharine Hepburn. They have been married almost three years, and a happier, more romantic marriage does not exist. When Katharine crosses the threshold of her home in New York City she sheds her career. Katharine, the star, does not touch her husband in any respect. Hepburn, the actress, is one person. Hepburn, the wife of Ludlow O. Smith, is another one. How completely different they are, how completely outside of her marriage is Hepburn, the actress, can best be illustrated by Mr. Smith's attitude toward her.

A reporter telephoned to her home and got Mr. Smith

on the wire to ask about the expected arrival of Miss Hepburn. The reporter repeated the name several times when it became obvious that Mr. Smith did not or would not recognize the name.

"You know Katharine Hepburn, the actress?" the reporter insisted.

"Sorry," said Mr. Smith courteously, "but I don't know the lady."

And he has persisted in that attitude. *He refuses to recognize his wife as an actress.* Both believe that her career is something apart and that if it is permitted to encroach upon their private life, disaster will follow. They are intelligent enough to safeguard their privacy even though it means being rude, even telling falsehoods, if need be. When Hepburn first gained fame on the screen she persisted in her statement that she was *not* married.

Hepburn's husband is decidedly an individual in his own right. No one would ever dare, even behind his back, to refer to him as "Mr. Hepburn." He comes from an old Philadelphia family and has money in his own right. He has a career, a business career as an insurance broker, which is just as important in its line as Hepburn's career is in the movies and on the stage. His office is at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, and all the building employees respected and admired him long before it became known that his wife was Hepburn, the star.



This striking pose of Hepburn's from "Spitfire," her next picture, shows her beautiful legs.

Katharine Hepburn and Ludlow Ogden Smith are deeply in love with each other, and so consistent is his desire never to touch her career that he refuses to be photographed or to be seen in public with her. That's how they safeguard their marriage.

What does he look like? Picture a tall, clean-cut young American of about thirty, the college type of man, and you have a fair idea of Hepburn's husband. He is more handsome than many of our stars, certainly more conservative and unassuming than any of them. His rich brown hair is combed neatly and his dark business suits lend an air of unusual dignity to his youthful appearance. He has a decisive, confident manner which has won him the respect of his business associates and which is the perfect barrier to prying souls who try to question him about his wife.

He has a horror of ever becoming a public figure through his wife's fame. When she visits him between pictures they spend the time away from New York and the crowds of reporters and photographers who would try to invade their privacy. They go to Hartford, Connecticut, and stay with the Hepburn family, knowing that whoever follows them there will not be allowed near them.

Fame did not mean the novelty of riches to Hepburn and her husband. Long before she first drew her movie salary Katharine Hepburn was riding around in her husband's limousine and being waited on by a maid paid for by her husband's money. She took trips to Europe and had jewelry and clothes provided by her husband. So as far as money is concerned, Hepburn's income is of no consequence to her husband.

If, one might ask, Mr. Smith is rich and has social prestige to share with his wife, why did he permit her to become an actress? Why did he permit her to go to



Hollywood for a prolonged absence? Isn't he the master in his own home?

If ever a man had complete control of his own home, that man is Ludlow O. Smith. What he says is law. But he adores his wife. He loves her with all the romance in his nature. And when she wanted to take advantage of a Hollywood contract he withdrew his objections and permitted her to do so. Had he continued to object, the chances are that Katharine Hepburn would not be on the screen to-day, for she is as much in love with her husband as he is with her.

In his presence she is completely the adoring and clinging wife, although Mr. Smith would be the last person to admit that he has any influence over her. He was once asked by a reporter to persuade Hepburn to pose.

"Sorry," said Mr. Smith after denying that he knew any one by that name. "I can't influence her at all. I'm more afraid of her than any one else."

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TRAGEDY

Ricardo Cortez appreciates a happy turn in love, luck, and career because bad breaks hounded him for years.



Photo by Longworth

A story about Cortez in *Picture Play* nine years ago was titled "Against All Odds." It's even more appropriate now.

SHE was looking for the same thing I was—*happiness.*"

Ricardo Cortez, whose sacrifices for love have never been equaled in the annals of Hollywood, said this to me about his new wife. And much more.

He and his bride, the former Christine Lee, are settled in the comfortably modest Beverly house which they have leased. Ric is properly ecstatic these days and a contented smile perpetually brightens his once extraordinarily serious face.

"I told you that when I found the right woman I wouldn't hesitate!" he exclaimed when I tracked him down at Warners studio for a statement on this matrimonial step.

"And how I'm reveling in domesticity!" he went on hastily. "Living in a Beverly hotel for four years was no fun. Now at last I have a *real* home and a *real* wife.

"I knew I'd never marry another actress," he explained to me. "An actress, however charm-

ing, simply cannot take the time to do justice to a home. Servants must run things. I wanted old-fashioned home life, and so did Christine. We both had almost given up hope of finding a person with the same unsophisticated desire. And then we met."

Used to wintering in Palm Beach, summering in Connecticut, and passing the spring and fall in the New York whirl, Christine Lee, who had been married to a broker in the metropolis, came West last June to visit Los Angeles friends. Erle Kenton, who was directing Ric in "Big Executive," chanced to invite the two of them to dinner one July evening.

Blue-eyed and auburn-haired, the personable Mrs. Lee turned out to be the most fascinating blind date Ric had ever had. It seems that she possesses all the virtues he used to picture as ideal. He declares that her marvelous disposition intrigued him first.

"She is vitally interesting without being precocious," he asserts. "Has a mind of her own, but fortunately enjoys to live as quietly and unostentatiously as I do. She is decidedly attractive, rather than beautiful in the screen way." After which description he confessed, "Strictly beautiful women have always bored me."

Her air of smartness, a result of association with New York's upper crust, distinguishes her in his eyes, too. "She doesn't wear an armful of diamond bracelets or bizarre clothes," he says thankfully. He is delighted when she insists a wife's place is in the home.

"I am a firm believer in marriage," Ric emphasized as we strolled to the studio restaurant for lunch. "Can it be successful in the movie colony? Assuredly. I'm making it my business to see that mine *will* last."

This conversation with Ricardo Cortez crystallized an impression I have long had.

Whenever an interviewer considers a player an indulgent soul the adjective "regular" is dusted off and injected into the write-up with studied ease. As a consequence, the majority of our stars are apparently boy and girl scouts dipped in glamour.

Actually, the percentage of nobleness is no greater than in your own circle. And being regular is usually confused in Hollywood with being the life of the party—a convivial pal with the men and a devil with the women.

My nomination for the most regular person in the movie colony goes to a man you might never name. After checking carefully, I propose a toast to none other than Ric!

"Hard knocks have taught me how lucky I am," says Ric. This instead of dramatizing the past.

Photo by Marigold



IS HIS TEACHER

By Dickson Morley

Suave and frequently too slick for his screen love's honor, he is not regular in the back-slapping, hot-air sense. He probably wouldn't have been rated a fraternity nugget had he gone to college. He doesn't maintain a road-house home, and doesn't particularly shine as host or guest in the Beverly sense.

The men who are not well acquainted with him unfairly dismiss him as conceited. That's because he can't affect a casual breeziness. Women who relish playing with fire give him plenty of leeway and are puzzled when he declines to live up to his dangerous, arrogantly romantic mien.

Yet think of the life of Ricardo Cortez to date. If ever a man has proved himself genuine and sincere, he has.

We have sympathized with him for his ill-fated marriage to the talented, unlucky Alma Rubens. But unless one has struggled as unceasingly as Ric, it is hard to conceive how much he went through for her sake. Literally, he gave up his spot in pictures and spent all his money in his gallant battle to save her.

Nine years ago *Picture Play* ran a story about him called "Against All Odds." A poor New York Jewish

boy, Jacob Kranz had fought his way to the film top and had become the famous Ricardo Cortez in spite of practically every variety of bad breaks. In that year, 1925, his troubles were supposedly ended, for he had reached stardom with Cecil DeMille.

Then, in 1927, he met and married Alma and for the following four years, and until a whole season after her death, his days were a succession of adversities topping all previous difficulties.

What is he like to-day? On the surface he is as handsome as ever. At thirty-three he has lost none of his romantic appeal. The years, in fact, have added a polish of experienced charm. Professionally, his popularity regained by important rôles, he is sitting pretty.

But inside, is he disillusioned, bitter? Certainly he is entitled to be, if any one ever was.

I am proud to be able to tell you that he is not a bit cynical. Proud because he has been put to the severest tests, and because, as a favorite of the silent era who has made good in the talkies, he is representative of Hollywood at its best. Knowing him and his record gives you a new respect for movie folk.

Tragedy has been his teacher.

"I have no desire to pose as a victim of unjust circumstances, to create an attitude of pity toward myself," he has repeatedly remarked to me. "Hard knocks have

taught me a lot. One of the foremost things is—how lucky I am." *This from Ric!*

"Last winter I was laid up in a hospital for five months." Many actors would moan at that, especially if it cost them three leads with Paramount! "When I was wheeled out in the sunshine and could talk with the other patients, I soon discovered how well off I was. Poor legless fellows were overjoyed if they were given cigarettes. They were im-

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Ricardo proudly introduces his bride, Christine Lee, whose only career is to make a home for him.



BABY FACE

Lew Ayres won this nickname long after he had generously sampled life, and to-day his boyish appearance is still strangely at odds with his opinions.

By Romney Scott

ONE thing I can say for a positive fact," Lew Ayres remarked. "In Hollywood you can sample everything life offers. Outside you may have to journey the world over to meet all the experiences you come across in the movie capital. Hollywood offers you *everything*."

He paused, suddenly realizing he might have said too much.

"But most actors," I informed him, also from experience, "are self-proclaimed semidivinities. Not one will admit he has as many shortcomings as the majority of us. Do you confess to being human?"

We were sitting at a table in the Fox restaurant. He turned so he could face me fully.

"I hope," he earnestly declared, "I'll never be anything but human. When I say you can sample everything in Hollywood, I don't mean you've *got* to," he added in extenuation. "But Hollywood is perhaps the only place where the strangest things are offered to those who want experience in life."

"Do you infer these things from experience, or do you speak impersonally?"

"Both," Lew replied, smiling grimly. "Look here, don't you think we ought to talk of something else?"

"Not on your life! Keep right on—everything Hollywood offers a youth."

"Well, the extremes of all things are in Hollywood," he continued. "That's why the place attracts all types of persons. It also accounts for its fascination."

"If you are a success, Hollywood gives you fame and fortune galore. You get too much—more than you need. As a failure, you never get a break. You are poor with a vengeance."

"Hollywood offers you the most inspiring people for friends. In their company you feel your place in the world is to work on to higher things. Not only professionally, but mentally and spiritually. It's hard to explain without making it all sound sort of ridiculous. But Hollywood also offers you the worst kind of people—men and women who become human barnacles, drifting along with the tide so long as they don't have to work."

It's hard to shake these people off once they get a hold on you.

"Actors are the most susceptible people to human emotions. Their work keeps their emotions on tap all the time."

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Hollywood has offered Lew everything—good and bad. The latest is a new professional and private life.



FAVORITES
of the FANS
MAE WEST

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



Photo by Carl DeVoy

JUNE COLLYER'S long absence from the screen has been regretted by all but one of us. That malcontent is her son, Stuart Erwin, Jr., who objects loudly to June's acting any rôle but that of his mother. Their differences have been patched up, however, and you'll see her often from now on.

HELEN MACK has a name that fits her and expresses her personality. It is sincere and unpretentious, the very qualities she puts into every word she utters. Her remarkable gift for spontaneous acting is placing her farther and farther ahead in the race for fame. Look for her in "It's a Pleasure to Lose."



Photo by Robert W. Coburn



Photo by Russell Ball

MORE a star than many who are so called by their bosses, Myrna Loy has the character that makes for great achievement. Unaided by anything but belief in herself, she fought till she succeeded in discarding the bizarre rôles that typed and limited her. Now she is recognized as an artist of depth, charm, and persuasive humor.

HAPPILY recovered from an illness that kept her off the screen longer than was comfortable for her admirers, Elizabeth Allan returns in a picture worth while. It is "Men in White," a dramatization of surgery, with Clark Gable in the leading rôle. As usual, Miss Allan will be coolly provocative and humorously aware.

Photo by Russell Ball





TWO wings from the same bird are Toby and Pat Wing, a sister team de luxe, though they never appear in pictures together. Toby is the blue-eyed flaxen-haired one, Pat the brown-eyed wren. They're Southern belles, Toby jingling for Paramount and Pat tinkling for Warner Brothers.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



HOW Fay Wray has come along lately! Studios wrangle for her and hold up pictures till she is free to join the cast, only to finish and skip on to the next engagement without a day's lull in the year. As for telling you what her next picture will be, Faysie has to consult her date book to find out!

Photo by Irving Lippmann



MALCOLM H. OETTINGER'S report of Miriam Hopkins, on the opposite page, is written in his most enthusiastic vein. He falls in a big way for her wit, wisdom, and charm and boldly places her above all the other stars he has met. Surely a new high in rashness, but there's no denying that *la* Hopkins has what it takes to overthrow old idols. Her fans know that.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

CREAM of the CROP

The elusive Miriam Hopkins leaves a skeptical reporter in a flutter over her all-around charm.

THERE'S a new sun in the sky.

For the first time in years my faithful typewriter misses a beat as it records news of a cinema queen.

The steam-heated Mae West failed to raise its temperature; Elissa Landi left it cold; Lilyan Tashman and Constance Bennett and Jeanette MacDonald all proved considerably less than galvanizing. Then came Miriam Hopkins.

Her eyes crinkle at the corners when she smiles, and her hair is worthy of a *Lorelei*; her ankles are slim and patrician, and her nose provocative. She has wit and sparkle and a sense of well-being. I like her.

She has more than the good old basic magnetism; she has charm. A faint Southern accent adds its share.

She thinks the world a highly satisfactory place to live in; she is not bored or blasé. She still marvels at being able to lie on the warm sands in California one day, and the next to find herself dancing at the Central Park Casino while snow curtains the long windows.

In a sunlit room high above the park harboring that same Casino we smoked and sipped and talked about Hollywood manners, child training, transcontinental flying, politics, George Raft, and art in photography. We hazarded guesses about the future of the speakeasy, the results of inflation, the origin of Mickey Mouse, the importance of radio, and the compatibility of matrimony and a career. Whatever the subject, Miriam Hopkins managed to be interesting with a minimum degree of effort. Obviously her horizon is broad; her world is not bounded by Kleig lights, press agents, and paste-board forests.

She reads, too. Not only books with likely Hopkins rôles in them—which is the extent of many a star's browsing—but such periodicals as the *Mercury* (American and London), *Fortune*, and the *Nation*. She also subscribes to the *New York Times* and the *London Observer* in order to preserve a balanced outlook on the world scene.

She confessed to being nervous when she sees her name in lights. Being pointed out in a crowd worries her, too. She loves to act at the proper time, in the proper place, but she detests exhibitionism of the type most characteristically Hollywood.

She refuses to attend luncheons for visiting potentates, dodges candid cameras and newsreel men, avoids interviews. Yet when Herr Lubitsch requested her to appear at the New York opening of "Design for Living," she obliged him because she felt that she owed him the courtesy.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Miriam has wit and sparkle and smartness besides a grand flair for acting, raves Mr. Oettinger.



She liked flying from Hollywood to New York in less than a day. Her companion chanced to be John Balderson, author of the eerie, memorable "Berkeley Square." They watched shooting stars just above their heads, sipped coffee at Kansas City and Chicago, and marveled at the altitude.

"Flying fascinates me," she said. When she talks about anything that fascinates her, her face lights up like a Christmas tree, her eyes grow wide, and her mouth spreads into an appealing grin.

She said that she likes Hollywood because it is so quiet and peaceful. *Her* Hollywood, she meant. She avoids the fancier brawls, the newer night clubs, the arc-lighted première circuses presided over by Ringmaster Grauman, and the restaurants grapevined with wires to the chatter reporters' desks.

The Hopkins group of friends is composed chiefly of writers and directors, with whom she spends her leisure time in much the pacific manner it is spent in less hectic communities.

She has definite opinions and well-clarified ideas. The old chestnut of Marriage versus Career she dismisses as belonging to the hoopskirt era.

"It would be very simple to act and be married if one felt so inclined," she maintains. After all, she has a household to which she plays housewife, even if there is no husband. For a time she was Austin Parker's wife. They are still friends.

At the mention of children, the Hopkins face grew radiant. She told me about Michael, her twenty-one months old son, adopted when he was a few days old.

"I talked to him last night on the phone. And he said 'Mamma' just as clearly—I thought the nurse was fooling me, but she swore that it was the baby himself. They're coming East soon. I've rented a house here in New York, for the baby and his nurse and me. I'll like that.

"Hotels are never home, you know. People don't observe your right to privacy in a hotel. They drop in on you with alarming regularity. When you have a house you are more secluded. I like seclusion."

Miss Hopkins has an ideal arrangement with Paramount whereby she makes pictures half the year and lives in Manhattan the other half.

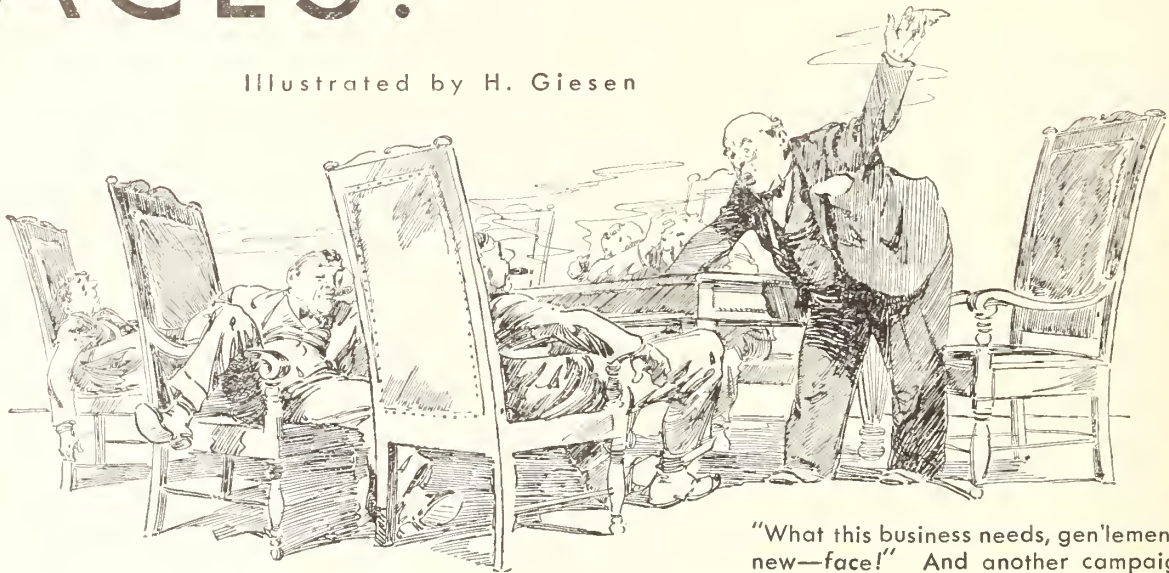
"Jezebel," her stage play, will occupy her for a while. Then she returns to the camera Coast.

Continued on page 59

WHO WANTS NEW FACES?

By Regina Cannon

Illustrated by H. Giesen



"What this business needs, gen'lemen, is—a—new—face!" And another campaign is on.

Producers go face-hunting when they want to whoop things up, fans cry out in their letters for them, but what would happen if an original type were found?

IN the not-so-good old days before sound tracks and recording apparatus were shipped in wholesale lots to West Coast studios, most of the noise rending the Hollywood air was made in the front office.

The front office, gentle reader, is quite as impressive as it sounds. Fitted with Oriental rugs, black cigars, mahogany furniture, and adjoining bars, it makes an ornate background for the distinguished movie gentry who meet twice a week to discuss the fate of the poor players.

When topics under "matters to be discussed" run low, as it invariably does after it's decided that several contract players will find themselves free-lancing soon, one of the brighter boys ups and makes a suggestion. It is a good suggestion, a tried-and-true one; in fact, it is just as good this year as it was the day the movie industry was born.

The executive with the Big Idea pauses importantly before presenting his brain child to his bored colleagues. When he feels he has their nearly undivided attention, he springs the surprise:

"What the movies need is new faces."

The monarchs around the table momentarily stop puffing to register concentration, consideration, and finally approval. This transition of emotion is both invariable and inevitable. Then they are confronted with the problem of how to find new faces.

It is no cinch, you understand, when you don't ride in the sub-

way, to spot something different and snappy in the way of physiognomies. But the movie mighties readily agree that anything worth having is worth working for. Elaborate plans are laid to unearth something new that has the requisite number of features allotted a normal human being, with a svelte figure thrown in for good measure.

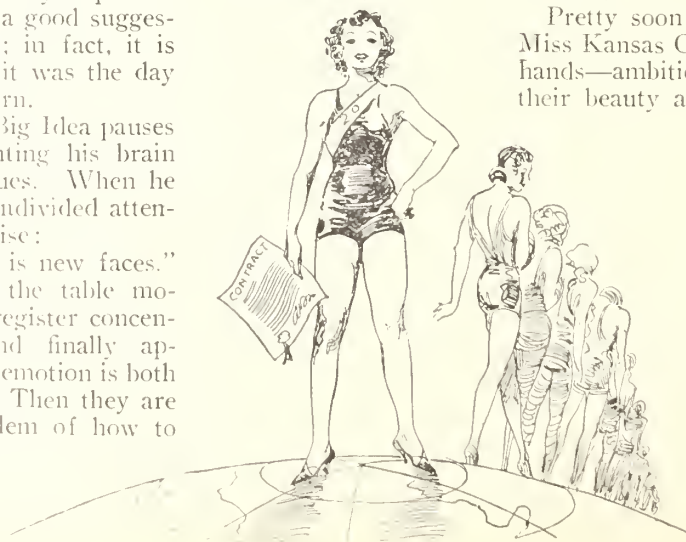
There are several approved methods of going about this talent-seeking business. The beauty-contest route is perhaps most popular, as it suggests great publicity possibilities and subtly flatters the world and his wife. Newspapers of the key cities immediately are enlisted to cooperate in the bigger and better beauty contests, and city editors, ever on the alert for copy with "woman interest," come through like gentlemen.

Pretty soon the country has a new list of Miss Kansas Cities and Miss Dubuques on its hands—ambitious damsels not selected for their beauty alone, but because they are the proud possessors of what has heretofore and dubiously been labeled a new face.

The new faces step forward in highly abbreviated one-piece bathing suits, receive tickets to Hollywood and contracts punctuated with options, all of which they have eagerly taken in exchange for a steady job and a watchful set of worried parents.

When the executives look over the recruits and com-

Pretty soon the country has on its hands another Miss Kansas City with a contract full of ifs and options.



mence to realize what they have started, the dizzy sensation that overtakes one halfway to Bermuda appears. But on closer inspection, when it is discovered that here truly are strange types resembling no one in particular, let alone reigning film favorites, the powers take heart. There is, of course, that girl who might be mistaken in a long shot for Joan Crawford, but they can easily eliminate her when things get going.

When the probation period has passed, nineteen of the twenty aspirants are discovered with tears in their eyes and one-way tickets home in their hands. Number twenty is the young lady who slightly resembles Joan offscreen and actually looks like her on. She is retained because she "registers." The others are undoubtedly prettier and perhaps possess better figures, but somehow they just don't get across, and no one stops to find the reason. Why go into it?—they argue; there is the result in black and white.

For even though the camera has a reputation for truth and honesty, somehow Lydia Languish's blond beauty appears to be a great splotch of ectoplasm when translated to celluloid, and the dark girl with the delicate features literally looks like nothing at all.

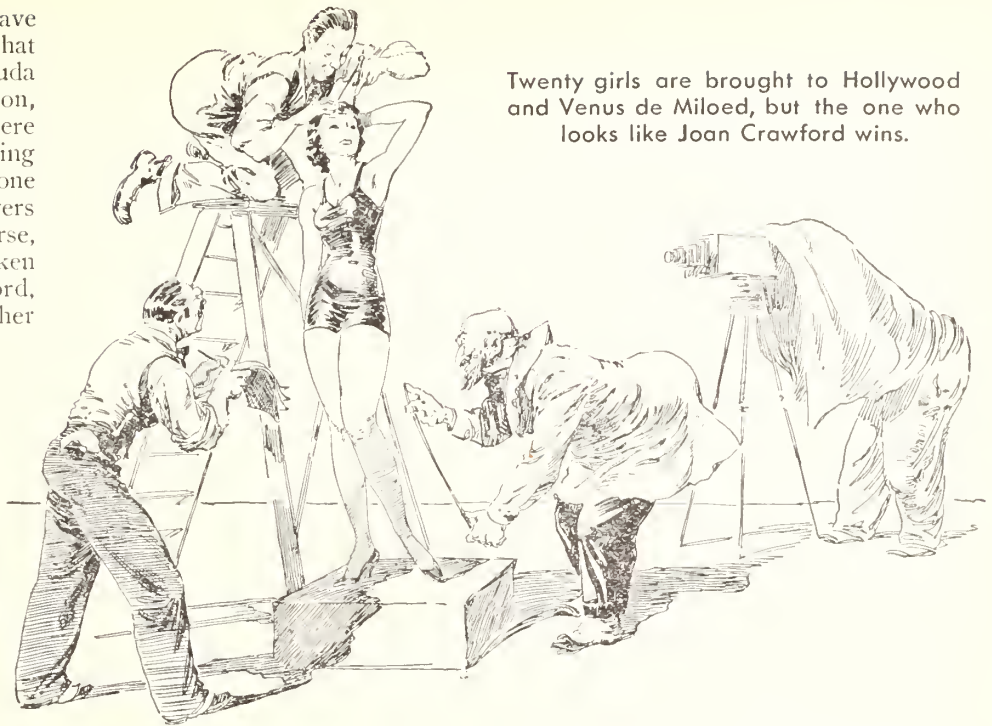
It seems that a certain combination of features, not necessarily beautiful, in fact, seldom pretty in the literal sense of the word, has been found to "photograph." Eyes set wide, high cheek bones, a broad forehead, and pointed chin fills the bill pretty adequately and is apt to constitute "a camera face."

But, much more important than beauty, or anything, for that matter, is illusion, the illusion of exoticism, of wholesomeness, of refinement, of mystery—of anything. The possessor of "It" has the pass-key to film fame and its attendant fortune.

And here is something strange and worthy of a thought or two. The most successful of the younger generation of film players, from point of popularity, not necessarily remuneration, are those who resemble in appearance a famous one who preceded them.

Surely no one enjoyed greater success for a longer period of time than Gloria Swanson. She would undoubtedly still be at the top of the cinema ladder except for her decisions—both business and personal. It was Gloria's idea to go independent and romantic early and often. Fate did not keep on happening to her as it did to *Lorelei Lee*. Miss Swanson was at all times the captain and entire crew of her soul.

But not to digress, Fay Wray is the young lady whose resemblance to Gloria did more to get her started than actual ability or good breaks. When it was Fay's turn to present her new face to



Twenty girls are brought to Hollywood and Venus de Miloed, but the one who looks like Joan Crawford wins.

movie executives and the general public, the fact that she resembled a current popular queen did her no harm at all.

Perhaps she didn't go into this aspect of her good fortune, but had she taken time out to do so, Fay undoubtedly would have realized the truth of this statement. Subsequently Miss Wray had to prove her worth, of course, or she could never have held a place in the shifting cinema sands. But to begin with there were those Swanson features upon which the public had already set its seal of approval.

Does Katharine Hepburn remind you of Greta the Great? Well, if she doesn't you are the exception that proves the rule that her face is decidedly Garboesque in contour and modeling. If Miss Hepburn felt well on the day you suggested that her resemblance to the Swedish siren helped at first, probably she would agree. On the other hand, if she had got out on the wrong side of bed that morning, she might have hurled her overalls at you and demanded, "Who is this Garbo, anyway?"

Back in the pre-talkie days, during the production of "Seventh Heaven," those who check in at the film factories daily were busy discussing the unknown ingénue appearing in the picture. Most of the Gertie Glooms turned thumbs down on Janet Gaynor before the first reel of film was shot. To give an unknown one of the most important rôles of that or any other cinema season! Why, it was little short of sacrilege. *Tch—Tch!*

You know the result of Fox's far-sightedness. Miss Gaynor proved to be a winsome, talented, pocket edition of Lois Wilson, whose movie career as a sweet, wholesome young woman was familiar to the public.

The story of Jeanne Eagels is perhaps as legendary as it is sad. Miss Eagels crashed the talkies because the theater was punishing her by refusing to permit her to work. The temperamental

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The new-face candidates have left a very thin trail on the cinema sands.





Photo by Burrill

Arline Judge came East with her husband, Wesley Ruggles, to dash around a while before helping ballyhoo Constance Bennett's new film.

Photo by Fryer

The sleek smartness of Kay Francis was a check to the newly launched wind-whipped styles.

THEY SAY

By Karen Hollis

THE queenly crown that for a while threatened to slip from the mysterious head of Garbo to that of the more dashing Hepburn is now securely moored on its first resting place. "Queen Christina," which is a spectacular success even for Garbo, settled that for quite some time. That and Katharine Hepburn's somewhat unfortunate venture on the stage in "The Lake," which that financially astute young woman estimates will cost her about a million dollars in loss of prestige.

Maybe she is right. She usually is. But I think that the nervous agonies that this stage play has cost her have brought her closer to the public. Admiration she had, but now she has their sympathetic support.

The Critical Wolf Pack.—Reviewers launched a vicious attack on Katharine Hepburn when they reported the opening night of her first stage appearance since her great success in pictures. It would have driven any one with the traditional prima-donna temperament to set out after them with a horse-whip. Instead Miss Hepburn set a new high record of good sportsmanship. She saw interviewers and told them that she agreed with the critics.

Something inside her, she explained, turned to lead as the opening performance approached. She wanted nothing so much as to run away and not show up at the theater at all. She walked around Central Park all afternoon in the bitter wind and thought enviously of that time when Ethel Leginska failed

to show up for a concert. "Miss Hepburn has decided not to act any more," she imagined some one announcing from the stage. What a blessed relief that would be, she felt.

But she went to the theater. All through the performance she realized her voice was growing brash and strident when it should have been tender and mellow. Flanked by two great technicians of the stage, Blanche Bates and Frances Starr, she felt her lack of experience. Try as she would, she could not project the feelings of the frenzied girl she was playing.



IN NEW YORK—

Visiting players consider the fate of Hepburn and Hopkins on the stage and decide to stick to films for a while.

I am glad that I did not see her that first night, glad that I went several nights later when she had a better grip on herself. It was not, even then, an expert performance that she gave. She still faltered when the big scenes came, but flashes of tenderness and gallantry illumined other scenes. At the worst, she is a distinguished young woman, a promising actress.

It was not a new discovery to Miss Hepburn that sustaining a rôle on the stage is infinitely more difficult than playing scenes bit by bit before the camera. She could have stayed in pictures and been fed on applause, but she feels that she just has to conquer the more demanding medium. So after more forays into pictures, she will keep right on trying to satisfy herself—as well as the critics—with her work on the stage.

"Let's all go to see that great actress Hepburn run the gamut of emotions from A to B." and similar poisonously clever remarks are quoted endlessly at cocktail parties. But the public swarms to see her. Kay Francis sat near me the night that I went, and I am pleased to report that Kay studied the proceedings intently, approved the good spots and sat quietly, seeming almost embarrassed, during those tragic scenes that remained always out of Hepburn's reach. And after the performance Kay scurried out to her car, paying no heed to friends who called to her, as if afraid that some one might ask how she liked the play.

They Liked Miriam.—In marked contrast to the vitriol they served up to Miss Hepburn, the critics offered their most honeyed phrases in reviewing "Jezebel" with Miriam Hopkins. She deserved praise. Miss Hopkins seems to have a rare understanding of Southern beauties who are mean and vicious as well as exquisitely beautiful. Also she relishes playing them. Remember *Temple Drake*? But in spite of her expert performance and hurrahs all around, the show closed for lack of public support. So several players who had been toying with the idea of appearing on the stage said, "Even if you win, you lose," and announced that they were open for screen engagements. [Continued on page 53]



Dolores del Rio captivated the writers who met her on her first vacation in New York. She is lovelier offscreen than on.



Photo by Vandamm

Katharine Hepburn set a high record for good sportsmanship in agreeing with critics who panned her in "The Lake."



Dorothea's appeal is mental and spiritual on the screen and off.

American fans have taken to their hearts—and minds—
a foreign actress who is truly different, Dorothea Wieck.

By William H. McKegg

FEW if any stars can stand the test of meeting Hollywood and not instantly changing. At the start, when their standing is uncertain, they gush over those they meet. If success gives them sure footing, they leap into fantastic moods and eccentric customs and withdraw from the common herd.

When Dorothea Wieck arrived in Hollywood, a lunch was given in her honor. She was gracious and charming. Every one liked her. When I spoke to her she paid me a nice compliment. It will not be repeated for fear of causing jealousy among the other writers. And then I let it go in one ear, out of the other. Long experience had taught me that stars rarely mean what they say, and all too soon forget the individual they say it to.

Well, it became necessary to see Miss Wieck again. What would she be like this time, since success in America had come to her? I visualized a very aloof person, vague as to previous meetings, a foreign importation with a decided "high" manner with interviewers.

A publicity man made the introduction. I vowed I was charmed. Miss Wieck looked slightly puzzled.

"We have met before," she remarked as we walked across the street to a restaurant. "Don't you remember?"

Found at last a star to withstand the test, a star with a memory!

But memory is not the only thing Miss Wieck possesses. She is so different in every way from the Hol-

lywood galaxy that that alone causes her to be singled out for special notice.

She is stately and has gray eyes of profound depths. She is mental, spiritual. Her work corresponds to her personality. "Cradle Song" appealed to discriminating fans, fans who recognize spiritual emotion when they see it portrayed.

Mae West might be said to be the exact opposite of Dorothea Wieck. *La West* controls her following with leering innuendos and come-hither writhing. Miss Wieck has a calm power with which she could rule dominions and command legions.

I saw her at the studio on the last day's work on "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." There was one sequence she had to complete, a highly dramatic scene in which she becomes wildly hysterical. Instead of looking haggard and exhausted by her emotions, Dorothea appeared bright and calm.

"I am going out of town to-morrow," she said, "with my husband. He has just arrived and I want to show him the country. I must get away from people for a rest after making two pictures one right after the other.

"Oh, I like people very much," she said when I asked her if she preferred solitude. "But I don't like crowds. Nor do I care for big parties. If I go to a party where there are a hundred people, I find myself speaking to only one or two.

"I say to myself when I get home, 'With all those

people, why did I not meet and speak to more?' That is why I never have more than a dozen guests at one time."

But perhaps, I insisted, she did not care for strangers to make themselves known when they recognized her. Again she proved to be a law unto herself.

"I think an actress must feel gratitude if people admire her. It's the only consolation she gets from her work—to know it is liked. I can't understand an actress ignoring her admirers, not caring for their admiration.

"One evening, after 'Cradle Song' had been shown, I was at a friend's home. Ten or twelve people were present. I felt greatly touched at the admiration those guests showed me. They congratulated me on my picture, and I knew their praise was sincere. One guest, an old lady, came up and kissed me. That seemed the loveliest thing. I was very much moved."

In her first American picture, "Cradle Song," Dorothea is exquisitely beautiful. It is a picture that only the elect will appreciate. It is not, as she admits, sensational.

"I turned down the script of 'White Woman,' the first story considered for me. It seemed unreal to me.

script, I often do not feel a thing. It is like reading a newspaper—news of other people. Then suddenly it's as if a light were turned on"—she switched on an imaginary light near her left temple—"and I have caught the entire story and characterization."

She has an intelligence that is impressive because of its simple manner of working. She has the ability to build up her imaginative powers to a perfect materialization. And though the millions might not understand her work, they will never fail to stop and watch, and will sense that they see something which, way down deep within themselves, they vaguely understand.

She is the type that might belong to any country. She was born at Davos, Switzerland, and has lived in Sweden, Austria, and Germany. She speaks half a dozen languages and intends to learn more!

Even though she is well-known here and abroad in films, Miss Wieck belongs to the stage.

"I want to play on the stage again," she said. "I would like to play in a Theater Guild production." She pro-
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Photo by Richee



Miss Wieck is winning the fans with the quiet force she puts into her porcelain characterizations.

Dorothea has stood the test of Hollywood—no strange moods or poses, and she confines her acting to the studio.

Photo by Richee



Perhaps," she summed up with a musing smile, "it would have been better had I made that story instead of the more artistic one I chose."

Did this hint at temperament? I inquired if temperament held her. Now for a heated denial!

Wieck pondered over this question, smiling the while. Gravely she nodded her head. "Well, three or four times a year," she confessed.

"There is one request I do insist on—that while I work, I am not to be disturbed. When I am not needed for certain scenes, I can stay at home and do other things. But I don't like to go right into other things—seeing people, talking to reporters—at such a time. As soon as I return to the set I can instantly draw down the character I am portraying, as if I had not left the studio at all.

"It is very strange, you know. Reading a

GENTLEMAN—

Mr. Scott stalled on going into business until a chance visit to Hollywood—more stalling—settled his career.



Randolph Scott means to forget his Virginia manners at the studio and do some barking back at people—so Hollywood will understand him.

THERE'S to be a new Randolph Scott this year, off the screen as well as on, if the young man knows anything about it. And judging by the firm sweep of his jaw he does.

I don't mean only that "Randy" isn't to play in any more Westerns. Randy rather likes Westerns because he owes a large part of his popularity to them. But if his producers aren't planning to make any more Westerns, it's all right with him.

Randolph Scott was born near Orange, Virginia, and you need only a few minutes with him to realize that he is a Southern gentleman. The clerks at the hotel where he stayed when he returned from a vacation in England described him as "that tall Englishman." But chatting with his friends over the phone he has a Southern drawl.

When he thinks about his speech he becomes "the tall Englishman"; when he doesn't, he's just Randolph Scott with the drawl. But in any event, his well-modulated voice and quiet, modest manner bespeak the gentleman.

Such a person is rare in the land of shout 'em down and make 'em like it, and Randy has suffered. He has suffered doubly because he is sensitive.

That is why he set his jaw and said, "This year I mean to be different. It's the chronic grumblers who gain respect in Hollywood. If you do what you're told and have any consideration for others, you're called a poor sap behind your back. Every one out there knows it. When some one shouts at you—and they usually do—you've got to be able to shout back, or they give you no quarter. I've been there several years now—long enough to know better.

"Jack Oakie learned. One day he had been told to be on the set at nine o'clock and he was. He sat around until two o'clock before they shot his scene. When he was told to report at nine the next day, he didn't say anything, but the next morning he went out shopping. He arrived at the studio at two.

"'What do you mean coming in at this hour?' the director barked at him and nearly dropped dead when happy-go-lucky Jack barked back, 'What do *you* mean? I was here at nine yesterday and you didn't use me till two. Well, to-day I'm here at two, so what?'

"There wasn't anything to do about it, and since that time Jack isn't called till he's needed. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, but your background," I persisted.

"I'll keep it for holidays," replied Randy. "I often envy Cary Grant, and the odd part of it is he says he envies me. But he ran away from home at fifteen to join a circus and since then he's been shifting for himself in all sorts of situations—that's why he's able to. My kind of upbringing where my family provided everything is not the right training for this game."

You probably know that Randy and Cary had a house together. They clicked as soon as they met on the lot and each has been able to be of great help to the other in giving sage advice.

ON HOLIDAYS

By Dena Reed

Randy adores his family, of course. "My mother's a wonderful mother," he told me. "She's the kind who has made each of us think we were the pet. And my father is a remarkable man. He is an expert in budgetary accounting. He can step into a business like the steel industry, and in a few months have it on a budget and paying."

There are five sisters—two at home and the rest married—and a young brother. At first the family objected to Randy's acting aspirations, but now every one is as proud as Punch at what he has done.

"It's certainly funny when you think of the changes a few years have brought," Randy observed. "As the eldest, I was supposed to go in with my father, so I studied at Georgia Tech and the University of Virginia. But I had been in the War and that left me at loose ends.

"When I look back at my War experience now it's probably the only thing I had to prepare me for Hollywood. I falsified my age at fifteen and enlisted. I went to France, and by some strange slip my records were lost. Although I fought, officially there just wasn't any Randolph Scott. For eight months I got no mail from home nor any pay. It was pretty hard on a kid.

"My family got in touch with Washington, but I didn't know that. There was a flu epidemic raging at that time, and for all I knew, they might all have died in it. Not for eight months did I hear one word.

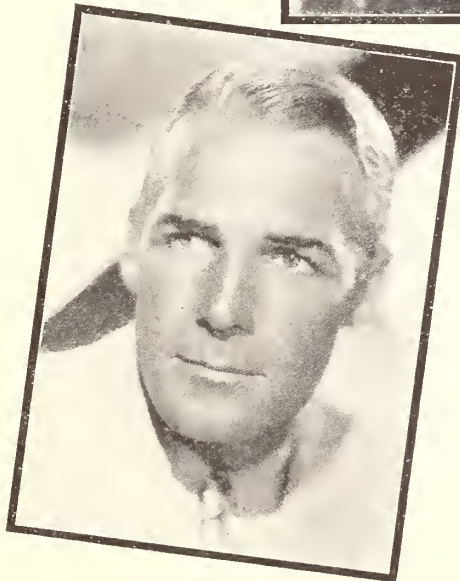
"Unknown to me, an order had come through from the Secretary of War saying I should be given my mail and my eight months' pay, for my records were found, but a second lieutenant who didn't like me pigeonholed this. Consequently, I saw all my buddies sent home and I just sat around over there another summer until the order finally came through.

"Every time I thought of an order from the Secretary of War being pigeonholed by a second lieutenant, I used



Photo by Wide World

Evidently this was snapped on a holiday, while squirreling his lady love, Vivian Gaye. Anyway, he's looking at her with a Virginia cavalier's devotion.



Fourteen pictures in a year is Scott's record, and anything from Westerns to cocktail drama is all right with him.

to boil. There didn't seem to be any sense in anything. Back home again, I started school at the university, but eventually dropped out.

"My father let me travel for a time and then I thought I'd go into the chemical business with a school chum. But first we took a vacation trip to Hollywood. While playing golf with Howard Hughes he suggested that I take a screen test. I had tried my father's business and was in a mood for anything out of the routine, so I took it."

Howard Hughes told Randy the tests were good. He showed promise and soon he was signed by Paramount with the understanding that he was to get some stock experience before entering pictures. He went with the Pasadena Players and other stock companies.

Randy's first film was "Sky Bride" and he has been at picture-making ever since. Last year he played in fourteen pictures in twelve months. He was glad to find that he needn't be typed. When he was a kid his father had owned a farm where he had learned to ride bareback. Now it stood him in good stead and besides he could play drawing-room parts with equal ease.

His recent trip to London proved his popularity. Cary and he were given an ovation whenever they appeared in

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HOLLYWOOD

Quick glimpses of life and times in the picture colony.

The pup is agitated because Dorothy Lee has just tuned in on Ed Wynn. Dorothy is in "Hips, Hips, Hooray!"

Photo by Miehle

Suzanne Kaaren doesn't take seriously all this revival of dignity for women, and why should she?

Photo by Dyar



LILYAN TASHMAN comes out boldly and denounces the Mae West styles. She says that she never heard of them, just as Marlene Dietrich did when she came back from Europe. Being a local fashion authority, Lil's words carry more weight than do those of the German star, whose pants penchant is equally derided by Mademoiselle Tashman.

Lilyan thinks that repeal is changing everything in dress. She contends that clothes will have to be more sedate, with people going out in public to seek gaiety and relaxation in greater freedom. She prognosticates an ever-growing era of rose-colored lights, tête-à-têtes and champagne cork-popping, and believes that women will have to meet this emergency by being more reserved. She sees no chance of the return of the short skirt, the trouserette or any of the foibles of the prohibition period.

Mae West's garb, she feels, doesn't belong to the modern day either; it's too stuffy. Clothes will be slinky to enable their wearers to navigate in an age of speed, typified by fast motor cars and airplanes, but they won't go to extreme exaggeration in brevity, wide-openness or any of the more obvious lures of a few years ago.

One gets the impression from conversation with her that women are reforming, but not too much. They will acquire dignity, but in moderation. And they won't wear bustles!

Garbo-Mamoulian Romance.—Don't blame us if we are late in reporting that Greta Garbo and Rouben Mamoulian are married. Certainly they have kept every one guessing about their maneuvers, what with their touring together, their being seen with each other in secluded restaurants, and with the sundry rumors about romance. Anyway, Mamoulian has brought a new mood into the life of Garbo. She has forsaken her solitude and has been seen at theaters and restaurants.

Mamoulian is a mystifying personage, but he *will* come out of hiding. He is most mysterious in veering from one to the other of the exotic screen ladies as director. Following Dietrich's "Song of Songs," he made Garbo's "Queen Christina" and he is now elected to film "Resurrection," with Anna Sten. That's going the rounds of rival glamour stars without any ado whatsoever. He probably knows that it spells publicity.

HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Who's Ann in Love With?—Ann Harding is blooming again. She looked radiant the night of the Screen Actors' Guild ball. Some think that it is because she and Harry Bannister are making up; others believe that there is some other mysterious fascination. We don't attribute it entirely to either, but to the far more mundane thing that Ann is happier about her career. She is drawing good pictures again.

Ann led the grand march with James Cagney at the ball. Quite a combination, that; but you'd never know Cagney all decked out in tails. People were inquiring during the evening whether it was really he or his brother Bill.

Guild Ball Spectacular.—The Guild ball was a huge affair, and the gates were thrown wide to the public. It is the first time hoi polloi have been openly invited to a big screen function in years. Certainly never to one as glittering. Almost any one was welcome who could pay \$13.75 to get in. Yes, that was the price.

As usual, there had to be one fly in the ointment. The newspaper and magazine fraternity were squeezed into all the odd corners. Some of them could hardly see the stage where the show was given, with Jeanette MacDonald, Bing Crosby, Ted Healy and his eternal stooges, and others taking part. Consequently, the event took the rap in some of the publicity aftermath. Naturally, if the writers felt they couldn't see the show, they weren't going to spread themselves writing about it.

There seems to be some rocking of the boat at almost every film function. Maybe Elza Maxwell is really needed in Hollywood.

Lederer Tempts Filmdom.

—Francis Lederer, hailed and rehailed as the new matinée idol of the screen, lifted Julie Haydon from semiobscurity to prominence by selecting her to be his leading woman in a stage production of "Autumn Crocus," his New York success. Miss Haydon is the girl who on the screen has suffered from an almost too acute resemblance to Ann Harding. She is an excellent actress.

The opening performance of "Autumn Crocus" found about everybody in pictures turning out, and Joan Crawford down in the second row with Franchot Tone and one or



Peekaboo! It's Doug, Jr., showing that those bally old top-pers around London haven't changed him a bit.

Photo by Bachrach

Sally Rand goes shopping for another fan for her famous dance, which you'll see in "Bolero."



Katherine DeMille, daughter of Cecil, makes her screen debut as the unwilling wife of the bandit chief in "Viva Villa."



two other men. We wondered whether Joan succumbed at all to the romantic charm of Lederer. She might have, because Tone looked a bit disconsolate when he went out between the acts. It

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FUNNY FACE *from* By Whitney Williams GEORGIA

Sterling Holloway brings a new type of comedy to the screen as different as he himself is in the Hollywood galaxy.

STERLING HOLLOWAY, the lank, ambling, taffy-haired lad who has drawled his way to prominence, is that rarest of creatures, a comedian with no longing, even deep in his heart, to play tragedy.

Chaplin's passion to portray the Melancholy Dane is well known. Langdon has expressed a desire to delve deeply in drama. Even Cantor has been heard to bemoan his relegation to comic rôles. But Holloway—never.

"One look at my pan and that's enough to cure any thoughts on the subject," he says. Which disposes of that problem.

This spindly, high-shouldered boy with the farmerish manner and repose of one utterly unconcerned with life, has introduced a new type of comedy on the screen that directors and public alike find most engaging. There is something pathetic in his anguished yearnings that clutches the heart, and his characterizations invariably are invested with a gentle, tear-tearing quality. His high falsetto voice and aimlessly wandering air of detachment add to his appeal. He's a masculine Zasu Pitts.

A native of Georgia—Cedartown, where cedars actually grow, yes, suh, he explains—Sterling as long as he can remember planned a theatrical career. Suspended from the Georgia Military Academy because he slipped away too often to attend theaters in Atlanta, his father, a cotton broker, sympathetic to his stage aspirations, sent him to a dramatic school in New York.

While there, he attracted the attention of the Theater Guild and gained experience in "Fata Morgana" and "The Failures." In his class were such present-

day favorites as Pat O'Brien, Spencer Tracy, Kay Johnson, and George Meeker.

"Of course, I thought I was going to burn up the world with my acting," Sterling confesses, in his hesitant way. "I first considered being a tragedian, but my teacher asked, 'Have you ever regarded yourself in the mirror?'" That decided me on comedy.

"My first real part, though, determined as I was to be a comedian, was in a terrifically tragic rôle. I played *Petie*, the half-wit boy in 'Shepherd of the Hills,' all through the West and Middle West, touring with a Chautauqua tent show. I died every night for months, and every old lady in the audience, as well as some of the younger ones, would weep buckets of tears. I was a 'huge success,' Sterling grinned broadly. Some one has described his face as roosterlike. Certainly it is sad enough.

"I made my first appearance on the screen in 1927, playing with Wallace Beery, in 'Casey at the Bat.' The picture was pretty terrible, and I was worse, as a sort of comedy heavy. Following that, I returned to New York, where the Theater Guild had just started casting the 'Garrick Gaieties,' a revue of youth and foolishness. We opened for one Sunday afternoon's performance—and the show lasted eleven months."

After the success of the first revue, four more editions were staged, and in each Sterling found himself in a featured spot. The last show toured the Theater Guild subscription cities, and the young actor developed into a favorite with all audiences.

Later he scored a hit in the musical comedy, "Rain or Shine," was Frances Wil-

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The taffy-haired boy with the tired falsetto drawl has the appeal of a masculine Zasu Pitts.

Heather's An Angel

But a very unimpressed one, so Hollywood hasn't affected her—nor has Cairo, Malay, and points east, for that matter.

By Ben Maddox

HAVEN'T you often wondered what chance an angel would have in Hollywood?

Now you can know! When her first name is Heather, she will go through the fire and water of the merry, mad town and emerge quite unaffected by it all. *Quite* untouched, I repeat.

You have a good idea of what a year in Hollywood means to most newcomers. Male or female, they are transformed from moths into such brilliant butterflies that their own mothers have to look twice to recognize the offspring. Fame and its attendant flattery alters appearance, mode of living, and opinions.

If the triumph be tremendous, as that of a West, a Hepburn, or a Dietrich, they either go eccentric or imperially exclusive. The subsequent publicity garnered by antics of a spectacular nature causes the old-time idols no little anguish.

Heather Angel celebrates her first anniversary in Hollywood this month. In her year here she has done five pictures, her remarkably adroit performance in one, "Berkeley Square," having inspired fans and critics alike with the hope that she will turn out to be more than merely another ingénue.

Before she was imported from London by Fox, Heather had seen practically all the world. She'd been everywhere but Australia and these United States. So when the bid came from Hollywood, she shed no tears at forsaking her native sod. She was used to that. In her case work and travel mix.

She landed in our midst with a past that is a press-agent's dream. In Heather's hands it is entirely wasted. Like the doctor in "Grand Hotel," she has plunged from one colorful episode into another, but to hear her relate her rise to her present eminence, nothing ever happens.

I first met Heather at a cocktail party at Elissa Landi's home. Which, in itself, tips you off to the fact that she is not naïve, even if she screens that way. That the discriminating Landi found Heather interesting was a great recommendation, for Elissa's attention is bestowed only upon the intelligent.

The Angel was a gracious guest, agreeable if in no-wise startling. She is petite, her brown eyes and hair endowing her with naturalness. Pretty, you'd say, in a passive way. Her manners are perfect. No man

could doubt her good intentions. That her studio believes in her was proved when they costarred her with Leslie Howard.

And then the time arrived for Heather to Tell All to her newly acquired American public. I presented myself at her establishment, presuming that an interview with a Miss Angel would, if just by contrast, be a stimulating affair.

But, oh, my, as Zazu Pitts is wont to drawl. The results of a chat with this placid young lady are disconcertingly negligible.

It seems that despite her vivid yesteryears, she has no decided opinions nor plans.

"I didn't expect to go into films," she relates, "nor did I make any effort to get an American contract. I've no particular schemes, for fate has invariably swept me into new and unexpected channels."

If she has traveled extensively, it is due to fate having offered her jobs in far-away places. She didn't deliberately set out to cover so much ground. The farthest she has been from Hollywood during the past year is a hundred miles to Santa Barbara.

She took an apartment for a while, but now she is settled in the beautiful Spanish house Dolores del Rio built in the Outpost district. There, accompanied by her mother and older sister, you discover Heather—as tranquil a soul as you could encounter in all Hollywood.

Her name is sugary. It's real, too, yet she is no fluttery child. She is a healthy sophisticate who gazes upon life with a calm, dispassionate glance. In another month

she will be twenty-five, and as she recounts her doings to date she recalls nothing worthy of emphasis.

Luck, not design, brought her into pictures. She was born in Oxford, England, the daughter of a college lecturer there, and boasts a genteel background. An uncle is a professor at Cambridge. She lost her father in the World War. He was an analytical chemist in London's largest bomb-manufacturing plant when it was blown up by the Germans.

At thirteen Heather was sent to Switzerland to school. She made the trip from London alone. Friends who were supposed to meet her in Paris failed to materialize. Fortunately, acquaintances she had made on the train came to the rescue and found the miss-

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Heather Angel is as different as her name, and after "Berkeley Square" she's living up to it.





Critics and public unite in proclaiming Greta Garbo's performance in "Queen Christina" the supreme triumph of her extraordinary career. This photograph shows her in an exalted moment at the climax of the film.

The SCREEN in REVIEW

A most exciting month of new pictures reveals amazing performances among newcomers and surprises from old favorites.

By Norbert Lusk

"Queen Christina."

Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, Ian Keith, Elizabeth Young, C. Aubrey Smith, Lewis Stone. Director: Rouben Mamoulian.

WHAT matter if Greta Garbo's new picture, after two years' absence from the screen, is heavy, a little dull, and a bit disappointing? She is a greater artist than ever and her Swedish queen is unquestionably the superior of all that has gone before in her extraordinary career. Garbo has new depth, more complete understanding, and her speech has gained new eloquence and beauty. There is a simple dignity to her queen that is more convincing of rank than regal robes and jeweled crowns. You feel that it is due to Garbo's spiritual belief in the part rather than any simulation of majesty or putting on royal airs. In short, Garbo's acting comes from within herself and her characterization is not a disguise that she slips on like a garment.

The story moves with stately tread and never reaches any exciting pitch, though it does achieve poetic ecstasy and authentic tragedy when *Christina* discovers that the lover for whom she abdicated her throne is dead, and she sails alone on the ship that was to have borne them together to a land of joyous freedom. Before she meets the Spanish envoy, who comes to persuade her to marry his king, there is



Elizabeth Bergner is infinitely appealing in the London production of "Catherine the Great." Soon Marlene Dietrich will appear in the same rôle and comparisons will be in order.

considerable statecraft to engage *Christina* and this is when the picture is least interesting. But once the queen is in love with the Spaniard without letting him know who she is, the picture is as romantic as any Garbo fan could wish. It is magnificently staged, skillfully directed, and the dialogue is admirable.

So, too, is the acting, especially that of Ian Keith. As for casting John Gilbert opposite Garbo, I think this was a grave error of judgment, more a publicity stunt than an artistic urge to better the picture, and his presence must therefore be excused.

"Catherine the Great."

Elizabeth Bergner, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Flora Robson, Clifford Jones, Diana Napier, Gerald Du Maurier, Irene Vanbrugh. Director: Paul Czinner.

The producers of "The Private Life of Henry VIII" contribute another picture filmed in London which is the best of its kind. Deliberately they challenge compari-

Madeleine Carroll's impressive acting in "I Was a Spy," a British film, makes her impending arrival in Hollywood more than usually important.

Richard Barthelmess's "Massacre," in which he plays an Indian, is his best film in months. Claire Dodd helps in a rôle that is all too small.



ARM RENDEZVOUS

so rushed with her demands that this crisp rendezvous was caught on the run.

Armond Tell

she was supposed to have been a rest, which rest she had with twenty-one days on the train.

Her first initial film hit was in "The Mad Doctor," a cigarette-rolling reporter who insisted on her persistence in mind when she met la Trevor. It took three dates to get the details.

When she failed to materialize at our first appointment, the publicity department declared she must have got lost in the rain. I later learned she'd been detained for additional scenes. As if she had time for inefficiency!

She was very late for our second rendezvous. She'd been to the beauty parlor. No matter what happens, a

Hollywood blonde must stay good and blondish. Her tardiness jamming three conferences with studio moguls into my hour, I concluded even Claire couldn't do four things simultaneously, and preferred to return the next morning.

At eleven a. m. I discovered her in the Fox portrait gallery, posing in a delectable bathing suit. If I may say so ad lib, she did it full justice. Despite the cold, she valiantly assumed a gala Palm Beach air. At each command to gaze at the birdie, she smiled generously, sparkled her hazel eyes, and gave her golden hair a fluff.

I noticed that she is interesting-looking, rather than beautiful.

The announcement that she was due in an adjoining gallery, in a complete Chinese make-up, didn't faze me. I'd noted, too, that her attention is gained by those who yell the loudest for her time. So she told the photographers to hold everything and we sped to her dressing room for this, her first magazine interview.

It was soon obvious to me that she owes her talkie break to her remarkable adaptability and courage. She has had none of the customary struggles. Common-place troubles—lack of money, heartbreak, complexes—have not disturbed Claire.

The only daughter of a well-to-do business man, she was born in New York City and grew up in comfort in near-by Larchmont.

"I intended to go to Smith College," she recounted as she relaxed a trifle. "But I changed my plans when I found I'd have to take a post-graduate course to improve

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OF course you saw Claire Trevor—and liked her—in "The Mad Game" and "Jimmy and Sally." Crisp, intelligent, to the point, these are unusual qualities in a newcomer and make you wonder how she got that way! Her story, opposite, is just as out of the ordinary as the girl is, herself. Read it and keep yourself informed for Claire is with us to stay.

Al
, above,
champagne
cocktails. Mr. Cortez
and Miss del Rio are
tango dancers in the
center picture, Miss del
Rio appears solo, be-
low, and Kay Francis
adorns the opposite
panel.



GLITTER

"Wonder Bar" has a dazzling array of stars
in a series of startling, spectacular episodes.

OF course there's a musical show going on in the picture. The photo, right, shows chorines glorifying the fan dance. Below, Frank McHugh, Bette Davis, and Mr. Powell look over a new model, while at the far right you get a glimpse of a revue number.



A STYLE PIRATE

William Powell, smoothest of screen rascals, tries his hand at a new racket in "Fashions of 1934"—he steals the designs of famous creators of modes and sells them to competitors. But he reforms after he has put himself and the other characters in a lot of trouble.





WALLACE FORD, excellent actor in any part he plays, is Miss de la Motte's prizefighter hero, left. Below, she is with John Holliday, another first-roter, who plays her director and gets a raw deal.



MISS DE LA MOTTE, whose loveliness is seen in the various small pictures on this page, plays a film star whose love life leads her astray. You fans who clamor for the return of old favorites, here is your chance to welcome back one of the most charming.

COMEBACK

Do you remember Marguerite de la Motte, one of the most beautiful stars of silent pictures? Here are glimpses of her in "A Woman's Man."



MISS CHATTERTON'S rôle is a complex one. As a jealous wife, she shoots her rival. While she is unsuspected, evidence points to a man who had nothing to do with the murder. Imagine Miss Chatterton's anguish when he is executed!



MISS CHATTERTON, above, with Adolphe Menjou as her husband. In the center is Claire Dodd, victim of a wife's jealousy, who gives her life that the plot may thicken, which it certainly does!



AU 

"The Journal of a Crilly one for Warner's, must napa"?
Let's not permit



CAROL LOMBARD, luscious blond heroine, is Mr. Raff's heartbreak in the picture, below, and also is his partner in the dance, right.



YOO-HOO, S Rand, fans all! She does famous flirts with nudity as can see, be



back one of the most charming.

COMING MAN

Do you remember Marguerite de... to sensational fame as a most beautiful stars of silent... novel... orchestral composition glimpses of her in "A Wat name.




GEORGE BURNS, Miss Boland, Gracie Allen, and W. C. Fields pause spell-bound on the staircase, right. They're looking at Mr. Ruggles and Alison Skipworth. The story involving this sextet of comedians is hilarious in its complications and all can be depended on to play them for all they're worth.



MIXED NUTS

There may be half a dozen in "Six of a Kind," but there can be only one Mary Boland and Charles Ruggles. Remember them in "Mama Loves Papa"? Here they have Burns and Allen to make things madder.



BESIDES giving the admired Fredric March one of his finest acting opportunities, "Death Takes a Holiday" promises to be a picture of unusual depth and originality. This scene shows Mr. March and Evelyn Venable, the innocent, idealistic girl who falls in love with a mysterious prince, unaware that he is death in the guise of a living man.

Photo by Eugene Robert Ritchie

turned up her nose at "Jimmy and Sally" and they rushed Claire in as a substitute. She did so nobly opposite Jimmy Dunn that she was again teamed with him in "Hold That Girl!"

She opines that the main thing in pictures these days is to be natural.

"The studios usually artificialize women. I vowed I wouldn't be beautified. But," she sighed, "it's a routine you have to go through every morning out here."

Hollywood is swell, so far as she's been able to observe it. Dates? She's seen at premières and night clubs once in a while with unknown admirers. So she is getting in a little run, though she has to scurry home at midnight to be on deck for the next day's schedule. There always is an array of duties.

Recognizing how Hollywood alters most girls, she hopes it will not affect her balance. I doubt if it will; she really hasn't time to be tempted.

Continued from page 31

Kay Francis Alters Fashions.—

Designers had it all settled that the new styles were to be wind-blown until they saw Kay Francis. Some of the shops decided to have everything flat in the front and trailing out behind. Schiaparelli sponsored one with wind-blowing fullness to the front. And then Kay Francis arrived looking sleek and svelte and using a regal eyebrow as she remarked that she preferred clothes that

Designers in a huddle agreed that perhaps it is more elegant for a great lady to look as if she had

"I Was a Spy."

Madeleine Carroll, Herbert Marshall, Conrad Veidt, Gerald Du Maurier, Edmund Gwenn, Anthony Bushell. Director: Victor Saville.

Another British picture comes to the fore because of decided merit, though it doesn't rate as high as it should. But it has the advantage of capital acting as well as a new star who will soon join the Hollywood cavalcade—Madeleine Carroll. She is a dangerous-looking blonde who knows how to act with coolness and conviction. She will be heard from whether she goes West or remains in England. Distinguished company is her good fortune here and Herbert Marshall, Conrad Veidt, and Gerald Du Maurier live up to their reputations.

The story is out of the ordinary, too, but it misses its opportunities because of underdevelopment or a determined effort not to be melodramatic and to tell the narrative casually instead. Hence some of the issues are blurred and because all the play-

"Prs are English one is in the dark market—they are supposed to be Bel-wish is that I'm an, or British. At any have sense en... worth seeing and la crash." Even...ful.

she don't Richard Barthelmess, Ann Dvorak, Dudley Digges, Henry O'Neill, Claire Dodd, Agnes Naicho, James Eagles. Director: Alan Crosland.

Richard Barthelmess's most powerful and engrossing picture in months is here for us to admire. It is a bitter, tragic indictment of the government's injustice to the modern Indian, thoughtful, dramatic, and convincing. It has the uncompromising quality of "I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang" and it is almost as merciless.

Mr. Barthelmess as a college-bred Indian named *Joe Thunder Horse*, is first seen as a trick rider in a rodeo at the Century of Progress exposition. In a scene at the home of a society girl admirer it develops that he doesn't know as much about Indian lore and curios as his white hostess, so he goes back to the reservation of his forefathers where he encounters conditions that motivate the story. There he discovers how the Indians are fleeced of their property, their tribal ceremonies and traditions flouted and scoffed at, and in avenging the wrong done his sister he kills one of the agents. For this he is convicted at a mock trial and imprisoned. He escapes and lays his case before the authorities at Washington and hope is held out to him that all wrongs will be righted as soon as the president is made aware of conditions.

A plausible romance is developed between *Thunder Horse* and an educated Indian girl played by Ann Dvorak, who contributes the best example of her ability since she deserted the screen some time ago. Other characters are equally well played and the picture altogether is dignified and eloquent.

"Man of Two Worlds."

Francis Lederer, Elissa Landi, Henry Stephenson, J. Farrell MacDonald, Steffi Duna, Walter Byron. Director: J. Walter Rubin.

Whatever the shortcomings of his first Hollywood picture—and they are many—Francis Lederer more than realizes expectations as an important addition to the screen. More than that, he proves himself an extraordinary actor with an engaging personality, a great deal of magnetism and an individuality entirely his own.

The combination of these exceptional gifts enables him to overcome the handicap of a preposterous story

and to make his part in it very real and profoundly touching. In every particular his performance is one of the brilliant high lights of the month.

It was an unfortunate lapse of judgment to cast him as an Eskimo for this important occasion. I do not think the average spectator finds it easy to accept a befurred primitive as a romantic hero, even when he is placed in a London drawing-room, nor do I think that any one can credit this particular Eskimo's rapidity in learning English and conforming with the demands of civilized deportment.

Once you overlook these implausibilities—and Mr. Lederer makes it possible because of his persuasive, skillful artistry—you find yourself actually sharing the emotions of *Aigo* in his pitiful delusion that his love for a white woman is reciprocated. But you feel, nevertheless, that so superior an actor should have had no handicap at all in accomplishing a triumphant début.

This *Aigo*, you see, is a hunter in the frozen North who assists a party of British explorers in their search for museum specimens, and his association with the white men is so happy that he persuades them to take him to England. He has naïvely fallen in love with a photograph of Elissa Landi and he takes for granted that his worship is a case of two souls with but a single thought. When Miss Landi's patience with the barbarian reaches the breaking point she turns in loathing from him and tells him of her hate. Then *Aigo* returns sadly home to his wife and child.

In the most unsympathetic part she has ever played Miss Landi achieves her best acting. She disguises her natural graciousness and compassion and becomes shallow and cruel. Think of it!

"Moulin Rouge."

Constance Bennett, Franchot Tone, Tullio Carminati, Helen Westley, Georges Renevan, Ivan Lebedeff. Director: Sidney Lanfield.

Followers of Constance Bennett will be enthusiastic over her first musical picture, and her singing and acting will seem to them just right. I have never met an admirer of Miss Bennett's particular talent, but I find theaters crowded when I see her pictures and there is no discernible difference between her audiences and those which applaud the films of Joan Crawford, for example. It is to this vast agglomeration that the picture is undoubtedly addressed rather than to those who are attracted by Garbo and Hepburn.

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Then again, to prove that he had no influence over his wife, he became involved in another incident. It was when Hepburn was returning to New York after her Hollywood debut. Among the few persons waiting at the station to meet her was Mr. Smith. He stood apart from the group and did not make his identity known. It was by chance that a reporter asked him if he was Miss Hepburn's husband and he admitted it.

"Then will you please see what you can do? She has wired the station master not to allow any one to meet her," informed the reporter.

That, naturally, meant that Mr. Smith also was excluded from meeting Hepburn. He seemed inclined to let the matter pass and prepared to leave, feeling that his wife's wish should be respected, but a member of RKO was present and helped him out. By telling his identity to the station master, Mr. Smith was permitted to meet Hepburn.

"But remember," the reporters pressed, "you've promised that you'll bring her up to be interviewed. It's a promise," they shouted after him.

"Yes," he turned around to answer. "I'll bring her back."

But neither Mr. Smith nor Katharine returned. They probably forgot all about the reporters when they met, after a long separation. True, they had kept the wires hot between Hollywood and New York, talking to one another every evening at first

Hepburn's Mystery Man

and then several times a week as the separation lengthened.

It was during the first absence from the studios that she and her husband took a trip to Europe. It was something like a second honeymoon. On this trip they visited the places they loved best, playing hooky from friends and acquaintances. They were making the most of their brief time together. They knew that soon she would have to return to Hollywood, and the impending separation was something they hated to contemplate.

When they returned on the *Bremen* it was like the home-coming of two sweethearts. Hepburn clung to her husband's arm while photographers tried to photograph them together. She seemed strangely bewildered and frightened and turned to him for help. She would not let him out of her sight, even when he went to attend to their baggage.

"It's all right, dear," he assured her, putting an arm around her shoulders. "Don't worry, dear."

And she became calm and less afraid of all the strangers that crowded around her. They were and are very affectionate toward one another. It is "dear" this and "dear" that when they address each other, and they are always holding hands and patting one another on the back encouragingly. Doesn't it seem strange to think of Katharine Hepburn as being demonstratively affec-

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some credits. Public speaking had been my favorite high-school course, so I enrolled in a dramatic school instead."

Six months of training did not transform her into a bustling actress. Finishing the junior course, the idea of going artist dawned on her. She registered in extension classes at Columbia University and sampled sketching and French.

"That didn't intrigue me much. Then I met the man who suggested I go on the stage. Martha Sleeper, with whom I'd chummed for years, went downtown with me when I started to tour the agents' offices. As we passed an oil sign the company's name of Sinclair impressed us and I introduced myself as Claire Sinclair.

"How did I get my first part? Oh, I told all sorts of tall stories. Said I was an actress of great experience. In a few weeks I was hired as an ingénue lead, thanks to my own build-up."

Sent to Ann Arbor for a six weeks' engagement, she was hailed by the newspapers upon her arrival there as a famous Broadway actress.

Three-alarm Blonde

And she had to act with none other than the veteran Margaret Anglin.

"My experience had consisted of performing in a couple of one-act plays given at the dramatic academy. No, I didn't confess I was green. Mother went along with me and we kept our own counsel. I had to act, having obtained the job, so I just did. The director stood at the back of the theater and politely shouted, 'Louder, Miss Sinclair!' And that was how I acquired voice culture."

Finishing this run with flying colors, she reverted to her real name and renewed her visits to the New York agents. Experimenting with stock companies, Warners shipped her to St. Louis to team with Lyle Talbot.

"Naturally, every one presumed I'd had much experience. I let 'em think so. In eight weeks in St. Louis we did eight plays, giving ten performances weekly. Was it hard to learn a new show a week? Oh, not particularly. Anyway, things went so fast I had no breathing spell to debate whether I could get away with it."

Seriously interested in acting by

the time she realized she needed more ground work before tackling pictures. She spent the summer of 1931 with a little theater group in Southampton. Her four leads there brought her from the biggest Broadway producers. She accepted the lead in Ernest Truex's "Whistling in the Dark" and played it for a whole year.

When the troupe came to Los Angeles she was given tests and offered by the major film companies. She declined, going back to New York to be featured in the play "Party's Over." At its close she signed with Fox.

"Last May, when I got off the train in Hollywood, I was put another and hustled out to the wide open spaces. I'd never even ridden a horse and they cast me in George O'Brien Westerns!"

Adapting herself being Claire, she was an expert horsewoman in a couple of weeks.

Enthused by her evident ability, Fox brought her indoors for "Mad Game." Then Sally Ei-

turned up her nose at "Jimmy and Sally" and they rushed Claire in as a substitute. She did so nobly opposite Jimmy Dunn that she was again teamed with him in "Hold That Girl!"

She opines that the main thing in pictures these days is to be natural.

"The studios usually artificialize women. I vowed I wouldn't be beautified. But," she sighed, "it's a routine you have to go through every morning out here."

Hollywood is swell, so far as she's been able to observe it. Dates? She is seen at premières and night clubs once in a while with unknown admirers. So she is getting in a little fun, though she has to scurry home at midnight to be on deck for the next day's schedule. There always is an array of duties.

Recognizing how Hollywood alters most girls, she hopes it will not affect her balance. I doubt if it will; she really hasn't time to be tempted.

"Pictures seem to me like the stock market—a magnificent gamble. My wish is that I'll go to the top and then have sense enough to get out before I crash." Every woman, she believes, yearns for a home and children and she anticipates retiring eventually to domesticity. Once, before Hollywood, she was on the verge of marriage. Currently she can't get around to paying the requisite attention a lover expects.

She and her mother have chosen a Spanish residence in the country, quite distant from Hollywood and Beverly. "I wanted to be where people couldn't drop in," she explains. "You have so many folks in your hair all day at the studio that you have to have some privacy."

Describing her tastes as unglamorous, her remarks betrayed that they aren't a bit ordinary. For instance, her pet dish is partridge stuffed with *pâté de foie gras*. In place of collecting boy friends or stamps, she gathers

old tapestries. Her nightcap is a gill of pure honey, consumed regularly because a busy bee must maintain a tantalizing complexion.

Her most embarrassing moment climaxed the afternoon she spent giving a New York producer a long sales talk. Having clinched her speech by referring to her splendid work in a particular drama, she was dumfounded when the important listener drawled that *he* had presented that play and did not recollect her part in it!

A calculating stare creeping into the vivid Trevor's eyes, I comprehended that she was considering her imminent Chinese poses. I shan't conclude, though, without recording one more distinct fact I learned before departing. This go-getting Claire spurns Parisian scents. She has her perfume blended for her by a Florida grapefruit grower. And honestly she refers to it as "Nuit de Grapefruit."

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 31

Kay Francis Alters Fashions.—Designers had it all settled that the new styles were to be wind-blown until they saw Kay Francis. Some of the shops decided to have everything flat in the front and trailing out behind. Schiaparelli sponsored one with wind-blowing fullness to the front. And then Kay Francis arrived looking sleek and svelte and wearing a regal eyebrow as she remarked that she preferred clothes that

Designers in a huddle agreed that perhaps it is more elegant for a great lady to look as if she had never been out in a high wind at all.

Another blow to the designers who hoped to launch gathered and shirred and ruffled frocks was the Miriam Haskell jewelry. As long ago as last summer Mary Astor and Barbara Stanwyck discovered some of her designs in a Fifth Avenue shop. Since then orders have poured in from Hollywood. She makes necklaces that are like collars and bracelets that are like cuffs, big cluster clips that go on anywhere and earrings that clip on. Frocks to show them off properly must be perfectly plain. One young newcomer in Hollywood has made the reputation of dressing exquisitely—with two frocks and eight sets of costume jewelry. The grand part of it is that the jewelry is not expensive.

Arline Sees the Town.—Arline Judge and Wesley Ruggles arrived in New York and hid themselves to the Hollywood restaurant for an evening of merriment just as Sophie Tucker got offers to make two pic-

tures. It seemed like good cause for celebration. Sophie Tucker, a knock-out in vaudeville houses and night clubs, has never quite recovered from the humiliation of that early picture she made.

Now that recording and photography are both less cruel, she is sure she can show off to better advantage. So after she finished singing at the Hollywood, she, with Ruggles and Arline, went on to El Morocco where they gathered up a few more friends, and then on to Peppy De Albrew's club. Along toward morning every one was sitting in a semicircle around Sophie while she sang, and sang and sang. Favorites of another day surrounded Arline. There was Mae Murray on one side and on the other Roszika Dolly looking hardly more than a child.

Unless a good part turns up for her right away, Arline is joining the "Moulin Rouge" caravan, a troupe including the Gleasons, Anna O. Nilsson, Sally Blane, Patsy Ruth Miller, Mary Carlisle, and Leo Carrillo. They will tour the country ballyhooing the Constance Bennett picture, "Moulin Rouge."

By Way of Tribute.—In other years Dolores del Rio used New York just as a port of embarkation for Europe. Now she has come with her husband, Cedric Gibbons, to make quite a visit. She had no more than arrived in town when rival exhibitors at the big flower show started quarreling over whether a new gardenia or a rare orchid should be named for her.

She is far lovelier in her dusky beauty offscreen than on, and camera and microphone have never quite captured all of her intelligence. Poised, serene, dignified yet girlish, the most informal meeting confirms the legend of her aristocratic background, even to her hands.

They have the patrician slenderness of an old-fashioned belle who has never wielded a tennis racket nor touched a steering wheel. She shares with Dorothea Wieck and Marguerite Churchill the rare distinction of having the most beautiful hands in Hollywood.

Her greatest enthusiasm is for her next film, "Green Mansions," from W. H. Hudson's marvelous book, and she is to be teamed with Joel McCrea again.

What Is Your Share?—Mary Pickford firmly believes that the public must first feel a personal interest in a performer before they will spend money to see her. So she has diligently set about winning friends, and no one can do it better. While a stage play is being written for her by her old friend, Frances Marion, who wrote all her early picture hits, Mary is playing a sketch in picture houses in a few big cities.

Between performances she visits hospitals, takes bows at charity balls, lunches and dines in public places, visits city playgrounds, and is at all times willing to get out her unusually extensive wardrobe and pose for fashion pictures. She really enjoys it. It so happens that she loves people, even jostling crowds.

But however it is explained, the film is indeniably destined for success. For one thing, it is quite unbelievable. It has a husband falling in love with a stranger who is his brunet wife in a blond wig, and it has that quality of sophistication which causes him to say "I knew it all along" when she throws off her disguise. It is quite a story, you see.

It is lively, too, and is acted for comedy rather than drama, and the revue numbers are sumptuously beautiful, tasteful, and imaginative, forming pictures that linger in one's memory longer than Miss Bennett's singing haunts the ear.

The picture has further appeal in providing Miss Bennett with her first dual rôle and therefore establishing her as a protean star. She is the down-trodden wife of a theatrical producer who changes places with a sprightly French star—and makes a hit, of course. It seems they once performed a sister act in vaudeville, which apparently explains Miss Bennett's ability to be both sisters to the bafflement of every one. I enjoyed "Moulin Rouge" though not as reverently as some will.

"Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

Dorothea Wieck, Alice Brady, Baby LeRoy, Alan Hale, Jack LaRue, Dorothy Burgess, Florence Roberts, Spanky McFarland. Director: Alexander Hall.

Painful in its intensity and emotional crescendo, this graphic document of a kidnaping is expertly arranged to excite terror and sympathy and bring the great relief which comes with the recovery of the child and a happy ending is realized. It is



an extraordinary picture and is acted uncommonly well.

Dorothea Wieck, who contributed much to the ethereal beauty and

The Screen in Review

haunting sadness of "Cradle Song," is seen in her second Hollywood rôle. To say that she plays it with distinction is to put it too mildly. Her acting is inspired by intelligence, concentrated grasp, and a lovely fluid quality that places her apart from all other actresses in Hollywood. As the mother of the stolen baby she is a madonna on the rack of an agony such as is rarely glimpsed on the screen. There is something cosmic in this mother's anguish and nothing that is histrionic or suggestive of the emotional actress out to show what she can do. She gives poetry to pain and a beautiful dignity to grief. Yet it is precisely this fineness that causes me to predict that the German actress will not remain long in Hollywood. Already she is said to be "hard" to cast. I can readily believe this because she is not an obvious type, an item in a standardized catalogue.

Indeed, Miss Wieck is so completely not an obvious or demanding star that she steps aside in the second part of the film and gives the spotlight to Alice Brady. The latter is of great help because her unflinching comedy relieves the intensity of the proceedings and advances the story. A little too glib and sure of herself for the shantytown woman she is supposed to be, Miss Brady cannot quite make us forget that she is of a different world; but her performance is effective and the character very sympathetic. Baby LeRoy again proves himself to be the *ne-plus-ultra* infant of the screen and one of its most engaging actors.

"Hi, Nellie!"

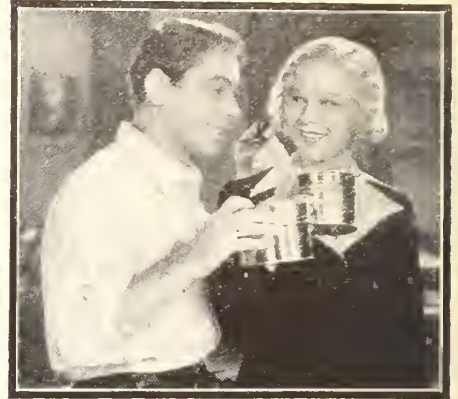
Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks, Berton Churchill, Douglas Dumbrille, Dorothy Libaire, Robert Barrat, Edward Ellis. Director: Mervyn Leroy.

The exciting picture you have been expecting from Paul Muni is here. You must not overlook it. The puzzling title, out of keeping with Mr. Muni's dramatic personality, should be explained. He is the exacting editor of a newspaper who is demoted to the job of conducting the "heart throbs" column, and "Hi, Nellie!" is the derisive nickname his taunting associates give him.

The film is more than a newspaper story, though. It branches off into the underworld just as "Advice to the Lovelorn" did and succeeds where the earlier picture failed. Here the drama is naturally exciting and out of the ordinary, whereas in the other picture it was forced and conventional.

I shall not go into all the details of the suspenseful plot. You must take my word, if you will, that it is extremely interesting all the way and

Mr. Muni creates a newspaperman as sharply drawn as his crook in "Scariace," and he is unlike all other reporters you have seen. He makes you share the thoughts and emotions of the complex character without



playing for your sympathy, and you find him likable even in his darker moods rather than feeling sorry for him. Mr. Muni is entirely too honest to be content with sketching a character sentimentally or sympathetically, and this, I assure you, is one of his deepest and most arresting portrayals.

All his co-workers are superior, too, and I urge you to see the result of their intelligent efforts.

"Cross-country Cruise."

Lew Ayres, June Knight, Alice White, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell, Eugene Palette, Arthur Vinton. Director: Edward Buzzell.

Another transcontinental bus ride is the subject of this picture, but it won't be the last. Hollywood apparently has just discovered that this method of travel has infinite possibilities for comedy and tragedy and no monotony at all. There isn't a dull moment on this particular trip at any rate. The extraordinary part of it is that any of the passengers lived to tell the tale or survived a nervous breakdown. One thing is certain: it isn't likely that any of them will embark on another long-distance journey by bus. This experience is too, too harrowing. But it is entertaining, all right, to you and me.

The villain alights at Denver with his wife, murders her by shooting an arrow through her, and places her in a department store window with dummies playing bridge! Among the passengers is the girl he promised to marry who solves the mystery with a surprising bit of information about the technique of murder by archery. This takes place at a country schoolhouse where all the passengers sit at children's desks during the investigation in charge of a police inspector who has overtaken the bus in an airplane. The villain, his guilt

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Fame's Bitterest Cup

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Hollywood you apparently can't join the intelligentsia without becoming solemn. If pushed into a corner, if you refuse to talk seriously with him, Jimmy will still clown. But the taste for it is gone.

Hollywood hasn't affected Clark Gable as it has a great many people, because Clark put the Indian sign on Hollywood before Hollywood had a chance to put the Indian sign on him. I'll never forget his saying to me the first time we met, "If I hadn't been here before, if I hadn't been broke and seen how cruel Hollywood can be to people who haven't arrived, I might be taken in by all this"—sweeping his hand to indicate the people who came up to slap him on the back—"but I *was* here before. I *was* broke. And I *have* seen how Hollywood treats you before you're successful. So Hollywood will never get me."

It hasn't got him in the sense that it gets many others, but the changes are there just the same, and so insidious is Hollywood, Clark probably fondly believes he is the same to-day as he was three years ago when he made a hit in "Dance, Fools, Dance." But he isn't.

Clark in those days was a rough-and-ready guy who could play gangsters or miners or longshoremen as though he was one of them. The Clark of to-day is a refined chap who speaks in a very low-pitched voice and who seems thoroughly at home in a dinner jacket. As an actor he has progressed more than his fondest admirers dared hope, but he's lost a lot of the color he used to have.

Look at Chevalier and ponder! There is a man of the people if ever there was one. They say Maurice was a child of the Paris streets. After the War he went on the stage and because he spoke the patois of the people rather than the language of the classes, he became their idol—and remained their idol for years.

Then he came to Hollywood and

in two short years Hollywood changed him so that that feeling of idolatry not only gave way to one of indifference, but went beyond that point and became one of active dislike. Feeling against him ran so high that on one visit home it was reported he was booed in his native Paris.

In Hollywood he is far from a popular figure. Writers don't fall over themselves in an effort to see him, and when you pass his dressing room you never see studio workers lounging around indulging in friendly chit-chat, as is so in the case of Richard Arlen, Bing Crosby, and numerous others.

I recall a Marlene Dietrich vastly different from the Marlene one meets to-day. On her arrival Paramount gave a press luncheon for her. One was struck by her fragile blond beauty, but one had a feeling that here was a desperately lonely, badly frightened girl eager, oh, so eager, to make friends and be liked.

It didn't take long to change all that. One picture released and *la* Dietrich became a domineering, overbearing star who swept imperiously through the streets of the studio, looking neither to the right nor to the left and speaking to no one but Von Sternberg and God, if outside conversation could possibly be avoided.

And Phillips Holmes. I'll never forget Phil as he was when I first knew him—full of dry, subtle humor, always ready for a laugh and a good time. When I'd known him for perhaps a year we took a week's trip together. I've never known a more amusing and agreeable traveling companion. It was when Phil was at the height of his success and success hadn't changed him. Magazines and newspapers were proclaiming him one of the finest of the younger actors.

Then suddenly, for no reason I have ever been able to figure out, all that was changed. It was as though

Hollywood had suddenly tired of smiling on him. He was a better actor than he'd been two years before, because he'd had more experience. But there were no more good rôles for him. Paramount let him out and M.-G.-M.—the secret goal of every actor's ambition—signed him. And at the end of a year on the Metro lot he was worse off than when he went there.

The worst of it is that Phil himself doesn't know what's happened to him. All he knows is that something terrible has happened. People who used to crowd around, eager to be seen with him, now avoid him entirely. Is it any wonder that he's become a little bitter, that his conversation is likely to carry a sting, or that sallies which formerly brought a roar of laughter from him now evoke only a faint smile?

Recently Phil took a drastic step. He cut loose entirely from Hollywood and its associations. He sailed for England where he went to school. I'll always carry a mental picture of him as he looked the day the ship sailed—hollow-cheeked, deep circles under his eyes, and sick with the sickness of a man fighting not illness but an intangible something that threatens to devour him.

He was happier in England than he'd ever been in his life, and I hope that among old friends and associates he may recapture some of that old zest that made him one of the most delightful of companions.

If I could go back to that point in my own life where the trail divided and one path led to Hollywood, I'd avoid that path as I would a plague. If I had children I would rather see them digging ditches than dwelling among the fleshpots of Hollywood. In exchange for gold and tinsel Hollywood squeezes the heart's blood out of you and leaves only the dried pulp of cynicism and disillusionment. And none comes through unscathed. What Hollywood does to people!

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doesn't look like anything but serene romance, though, when Joan and Tone are dancing with each other.

Landi Slams Ruddy Ladies.—Elissa Landi announces that she detests debased women on the screen, but she doesn't want her dictum to sound a bit prudish. She argues simply that the type is not for her. She thus joins in rebellion Ruth Chatterton, who some time ago took a stand on this question. Elissa, however, feels that actresses having sufficient glamour, like Dietrich and Garbo, may play them. She herself

Hollywood High Lights

wants to do more sincere and inspiring characters. She names the Christian maiden in "The Sign of the Cross" as one she liked especially.

Elissa recently assisted in contributing a song cycle called "Offering to Eros," which may be sung in concert by Nelson Eddy and Grace Moore in the near future. She wrote the words, while the music was composed by Abram Chasins, who visited her during the Christmas season. Elissa's book, "The Ancestors," the first of a trilogy, is just being published. Which gives some idea of her amazing versatility.

Expensive Songbirding.—Maybe the movies don't just throw money away, but some things are funny. While he was under contract to M.-G.-M., and he's back again, Nelson Eddy was reputed to have been paid about \$25,000 and during that time he sang one number in "Dancing Lady," which reached the screen in a full-fledged way. He did another number that was an incident in "Broadway to Hollywood," and not much of anything in "Hollywood Party."

He had no more than left the studio when he was called back and told to shorten his concert tour so that he

Hollywood High Lights

might get ready to appear in the much deferred musical version of "The Prisoner of Zenda" late in the spring.

His case is no more curious than that of Lenore Ulric, though, who was brought West to look over some scripts for pictures, and couldn't find one to suit her and that at the same time would please RKO studio. She was paid \$25,000 for her time when it was decided that she had better return to Broadway.

Norma Has Camera Fright.—Norma Shearer had the jitters terribly when she started working again in "Rip Tide." She admitted this quite openly. The first days were a trial, and for a time the set was blocked off so there would be no visitors.

Norma said that she had her first real chance since she came into films to get completely away from herself as a screen personality and to survey herself. There were so many things that she desired to improve and correct that she had a terrible fit of nervousness when she started acting before the camera again.

We hear that her performance will surprise everybody; she will be so different from what she has been.

Dorothea Wieck Pensive.—Dorothea Wieck has been suffering the pangs which every foreign star goes through at one time or another. She hasn't been able to find the right rôle for herself, and the studio seems to be perplexed by her type. Also a paragraph was printed in one of the newspapers that implied her husband, Baron Ernst von der Decken, was closely allied with the Hitler government. Which was just fine and dandy in Hollywood, Semitically ruled as it is.

The latter problem has been dis-

posed of by the fact that her husband has left the movie town. Meanwhile Miss Wieck has set about writing her own story. She would like to do Balzac's "The Duchess of Langeais," which Norma Talmadge once produced years ago as "The Eternal Flame."

Old Love Revealed.—Carl Brisson, new foreign star brought to Hollywood to play opposite Sylvia Sydney, and called a Chevalier rival, was formerly in love with Greta Garbo. This fact leaked out upon his arrival. Brisson used to sing in a cabaret to which Greta came as a young girl, and when she was known as Gustafsson. Much will probably be made of all this as days roll on in movieland, but to no great purpose, perhaps, in the long run, since Brisson is safely married. He is an actor who goes in for swank with a vengeance, for he has one of the biggest cars ever brought to even the movie town.

The Death of the Dye.—A terrible threat looms on the horizon for the hairdressers and cosmeticians. A new color process that is being experimented with may demand absolute naturalness in coiffure and facial make-up. And what a cataclysm that will mean for four out of five of the movie beauties, who have long subscribed to the code of artistic artificiality!

Probably the most extraordinary shade of hair visible at the moment is Fay Wray's, which approaches persimmon. But others flaunt equally curious tresses.

Ann Harding is one actress who is said to photograph marvelously in color.

Colman's New Geniality.—Ronald Colman astonished everybody by

"submitting" to a party upon his return from Europe and he was the most genial guest of honor imaginable. Ronnie is in a happier frame of mind; it is attributed to a settlement of domestic difficulties that have from time to time worried him. He also likes his new contract, which calls for \$100,000 and a share of the profits on each picture.

Gary and Sandra Fêted.—Gary Cooper is maintaining his place as a social king. His marriage to Sandra Shaw has only added to his distinction. Gary may actually prefer the simple rural life—he seems to since his marriage—but the world doesn't acquiesce in his desires.

He and his bride were fêted at one of the biggest supper dances ever held in Hollywood. Emanuel Cohen, production chief for Paramount, gave it at his hilltop home, and the colony thronged to the party.

Mae West drifted in late in the evening, accompanied by Jim Timony. She had been in court all week testifying in the case against the jewel robbers who took away some of her most valued ornaments a year or so ago. Her lateness was explained by this fact, but it was also surmised that Mae was determined to make a grand entrance, and she did. She was a sensation with the men, but the women were slightly more reserved.

The party was very gay, but it was noticed that Gary and his wife left early. They have been staying on Gary's ranch, but we gather that Sandra is not quite as enthusiastic about farm life as her mate. So probably they'll soon come to the city.

Sandra looked very chic in her supper costume—gown and matching jacket of vivid candy-striped gros-grain silk. She was a veritable model of sartorial perfection.

Who Wants New Faces?

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Jeanne proved in "The Letter" to be a screen natural. Her piquant features and sunny hair became glorified on the silver sheet. She made a great impression on producers and audiences alike. She made it, unwittingly, of course, just a trifle easier for Marlene Dietrich to find herself a place in the film firmament.

Miss Dietrich might easily pass for Jeanne's sister. That is not the sole reason she was imported to join the movie ranks. It is merely why we, without thinking much about it, liked her on the screen from her first appearance.

There are the cases of Julie Haydon and David Walton. Miss Haydon was originally given a small rôle in "The Conquerors," because she so

strongly resembled Ann Harding and, since she was to play Ann's daughter in the production, this point was essential.

However, studio officials did not count upon Miss Haydon's carving herself a niche in the celluloid. The fan mail proved she fooled them and so Julie won a contract from RKO.

Young Mr. Walton was engaged to play Phillip Holmes's son in "The Secret of Madame Blanche." He actually proved to look a trifle more Holmes than Phillip himself and, since that particular cast of features has pleased the public for several years, David has been encouraged to make Hollywood his home.

Thus the new faces that actually last in pictures are familiar, having

been formerly worn by established favorites. The camera is kind to these facial ensembles, because they radiate that intangible something known as illusion. Seldom does regularity of features, that is, the popular conception of beauty, register anything.

The new faces that are really old in the ways of the movies are not imitators. No indeed. They actually strive to be distinctive and different. It is the camera that catches up with them somewhere and makes them a carbon copy of a Swanson, a Bennett, a Garbo or who-have-you. And that is why you and I write these new faces for a photograph of a set of features that has been familiar to us for years.

Gentleman—on Holidays

Continued from page 35

public. One night a group of fans followed them through dinner, to a theater, and on to a night club.

"It's this tremendous popularity of screen actors that keeps us going," he said. "But I prefer the stage because you get to know the character you portray and you begin at the beginning. With the screen you need so much more concentration and imagination, for the simple reason that no script is ever begun at the beginning. They may shoot a scene from the end first and you have to make ardent love to a girl to whom you've been introduced ten minutes before. It's no joke, I can tell you! That's why we're all so jumpy. And it's good to get to a solid place like London for a vacation."

Just as gossip linked Cary Grant's name with Virginia Cherrill's, so there have been rumors about Randy and Vivian Gaye.

"But it's not the same with us," Randy told me seriously. "Cary and Virginia will be married when your article comes out. I? Well, I like Vivian tremendously. She's a lady from her head to her toes. She was educated in Europe and she has brains. She's the girl who put over Sari Maritza, you know.

"But marriage is a serious business. In the first place, I want to be as well-established as Cary before I marry. In the second, I've never believed much in marriage. I haven't since I was a kid and my sister's marriage turned out badly. I can count the happy couples I know on one hand.

"Given even the best set-up, it doesn't seem to work out, and I certainly wouldn't pick Hollywood as the ideal place for married people to live. Like every one else, I want to get married sometime and, like most people, when I do I want it to last. That's why we're not getting married now.

"I want to do more pictures like 'Cocktail Hour.' I want to see what this year will bring forth. I want to see how good I am at pretending to have a hard shell—and if I can actually grow one."

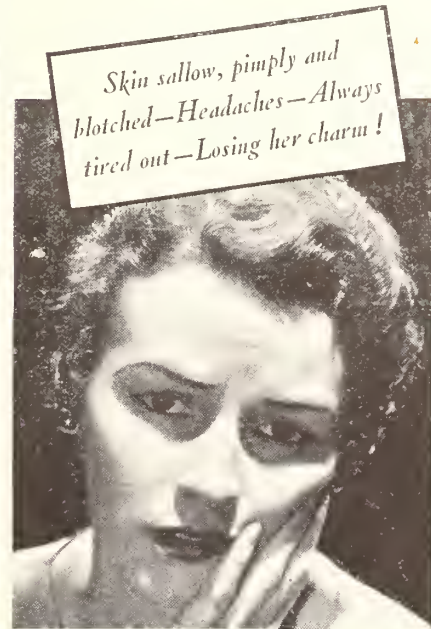
"Pretend if you must, but don't grow that shell," I begged him as we shook hands and wished each other good luck.

"I've enjoyed talking to you," he told me, and as I went down in the elevator I thought how many stars had said that and how Randy was the only one who made me believe it! That's what comes of being a Southern gentleman. And I hoped Vivian Gaye would change Randy's mind for him!

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ing reception committee. That predicament taught her to be self-reliant, and she has been ever since.

When she was sixteen she enrolled in a dramatic school in London, and a year later got her first stage bit—carrying a shield in a Shakespearean drama. She had to give a *Juliet* speech to demonstrate her eligibility. Gradually bigger rôles fell her way and she toured the English provinces.

Her nineteenth year found her in a repertoire company which opened its run at Gibraltar and played throughout Egypt, India, the Malay Straits, Burma, and ended in China. Heather varied in eight different plays and acted in such cities as Ceylon, Bombay, Singapore, Cairo, and Port Said.

There were performances in regimental clubs, in movie houses, in Egyptian desert camps. One-night stands through the interior of India. How any one could have taken such a tour and still recollect no incidents worth repeating is a bit puzzling, isn't it?

Returning to London, she did another show. And again came fate.

"One night a blond girl in the company told me to go to a certain film studio the next morning. She'd tried for a lead, but they wanted a brunette. I didn't even know where any of the studios were.

"I went to the place, made a test, and two days later was on my way to Italy for location shots. I had the second lead and it was Jan Kiepura's first movie. Four more London plays and I got into more pictures, this time doing leads. My eighth was for Ufa in Berlin." Fox officials ap-

Heather's An Angel

proved of her work in this latter production and sent for her.

Heather is neither awed nor disappointed with Hollywood. The people at the studio are "wonderful," and as for the rest of the city's inhabitants, she has neither praise nor slams. When asked how Hollywood compares with the rest of the world, she answers, "Certain streets here remind me of certain other countries." Pithy, if not profound, eh?

The one desire she expresses is for variety in her screen parts. Once she did a Bankhead rôle on the stage, which indicates that she needn't be stuck in the ingénue rut. She reads considerably, I understand from an authoritative source. Heather doesn't consider her art or her books worth talking about.

Her fondness for sports is evident. She relishes a snappy canter. It is possible that this skill on horseback is responsible for the Lardi friendship, Elissa being an enthusiastic rider. Appropriately gowned, Heather is not overly concerned with styles. She is said to be proficient in several languages and enunciates the King's English without slangy trimmings. She has a chauffeur, but prefers to drive her big touring car herself.

While you and I might think it likely that she would have stumbled onto a few men with romantic inclinations, she has no remarks to register on love other than that she will go on acting if she marries. It's nice to learn that a modern miss can tour the world nowadays without being bothered, anyway.

Exposed to Hollywood's males for

a whole year, Heather just hasn't formulated any opinions of the species. She has dates, of course, but they are shrouded in obscurity and there is no special favorite. So you see how safe this Angel has been in wild, passionate movieland? She hasn't come across any men thrilling or distasteful enough to mention.

She isn't bashful, mind you. "Unimpressed" is the most apt adjective. And by coming to Hollywood with this attitude ingrained, she has been able to do what few can point to—remain completely unchanged by the atmosphere of the town. If her stage experiences all the world over have left no mark on her, how can Hollywood influence her?

Those of you who are fed up with the manner in which our ladies of glamour dramatize themselves will greet Heather with cheers. She is impervious to the artificialities which usually accompany fame. There are no complexes to disturb her, no great loves to distract. And she's had more actual preparation for a screen career than most newcomers.

This, then, is the strange Angel of Hollywood. She is talented, if not exactly squeezing into the exciting category. Her intimates claim that Heather is singularly shy, that she is "frozen inside" in some typically British fashion which impedes her conversational powers. They are at a loss, however, to explain why a girl who roamed the globe in her teens with a theatrical troupe should be so extremely pent up.

At any rate, now she's seen Hollywood!

Continued from page 54

proclaimed, dashes away in the bus and runs full tilt into a plane stalled on the road to stop him. The bus plunges over a cliff into the rapids. But if you think this is all there is to the picture, you're very much mistaken.

Lew Ayres does well as a young idler who is being sent West by his wealthy father to "find" himself in a lumber camp. Alan Dinehart is the most hateful villain seen in months, June Knight is the heroine, Mimma Gombell the murdered wife, and Alice White is a pert passenger who makes the trip on her wits.

"Eight Girls in a Boat."

Dorothy Wilson, Douglass Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Walter Connolly, James Bush, Ferike Boros. Director: Richard Wallace.

This unusual film recalls the memorable "Maedchen in Uniform" in dealing with adolescent girls at

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school. The similarity ends there, however, for the problem of the heroine is neither tragic nor psychopathic: it is biological. She expects to become a mother and does not know



how to face the future. She has no confidant among her schoolmates and no relative save her father who, when she tries to tell him, brushes her aside as he hastens to catch a train, and the young man in the case cannot make up his mind to marry her.

So she goes on and on, her worry increasing until the athletic coach puts her through a terrific swimming drill to discipline her, she faints from exhaustion and blurts out the truth. All her fellow pupils come to the rescue, one pledging a doctor, another money, and so on, until the young man comes forward to take her away and marry her. The moral might be, go ahead and everything will come out all right in the end.

The picture is by no means as simple as this, however. It could not be for it is a director's picture. He tells the story and uses his players to illustrate it. You feel that the story is not motivated by the characters and their emotions, but the director's. Therefore *Christa's* trouble is viewed as an abstract case instead of the personal crisis of a particular schoolgirl.

Make no mistake in rating the picture unusual, though. It is finely di-

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Cream of the Crop

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Not since the days of the scintillating Aileen Pringle have I met an actress with such equipment. In addition to her charm and her intelligence and her poise, Miriam Hopkins can act with the best of them. Her métier is not limited to frothy comedies, in which, of course, she excels. She can do drama.

Her flair for acting, as acting used to be known, was brilliantly demonstrated in "The Story of Temple Drake," that clinical study of fear published by William Faulkner as "Sanctuary." In this picture, honestly directed and superbly photographed, Miss Hopkins ran what a less original soul might call the gamut of emotions. She was coy, she was capricious, she was wanton, she was reckless. Then the pace changed and she was frightened, panicky, horrified, and resigned. Through each mood she was believable in her counterfeiting.

"Temple Drake and the seductive hussy in "Jekyll and Hyde" are her two favorite rôles. "They're the sort of women I like to do—women with the courage of the damned! They know what they're doing, and they go ahead."

"Sanctuary" brought up George Raft's name. "The Harry Langdon of the drama," I remarked, "with one less expression."

"You're quite wrong," said Miriam. "He's a good actor. I just made a picture with him, and he cried real tears in one scene. That's acting."

The picture was from the stage play, "Chrysalis," retitled "All of Me," which in turn was the title of a story purchased for Mr. Raft.

"Probably," said Miriam, "his next picture will be the script of 'All of Me' which they will release as 'Chrysalis.'"

Among her favorite actors she lists Lionel Barrymore, Herbert Marshall, and Roland Young. I imagine she overlooks some of the Barrymore tendency to overplay because of the man's delightful personality. They were on location at a farm during the making of "The Stranger's Return" and Lionel entertained with pianoforte exercises and dramatic recitations.

What the cinematic future holds in the way of vehicles she does not know. For the present there is "Jezabel" every night, with matinées Wednesday and Saturday. And Michael surprising her with a new word. And coffee and cognac at Twenty-one.

Ah, wilderness? Ah, New York!

THEY'LL NEVER CALL ME SKINNY ANY MORE

QUICK, NEW WAY

... of the ... by the ... harajah was killed by a bullet shot ... in a revolver placed in an electric ... nor can I remember what part ... ndit Chandra played in the ... proceedings.

Yet the picture is far from a bore. It is well acted and photographed with considerable realism in the sound accompaniment of grinding wheels and the East Indian scenery along the way is interesting.

"Easy to Love."

... neevie Tobin, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor, Edward Everett Horton, Patricia Ellis, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert; Director: William Keighley.

Only tolerable is this attempt at sophisticated comedy. Wit is missing.

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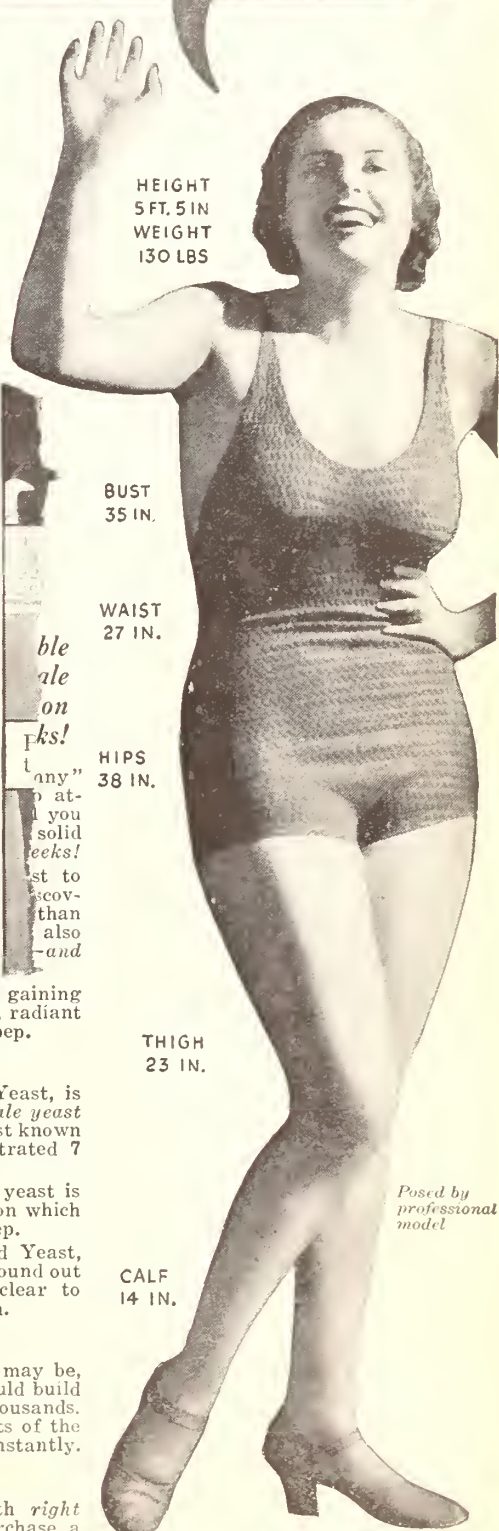
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THIGH
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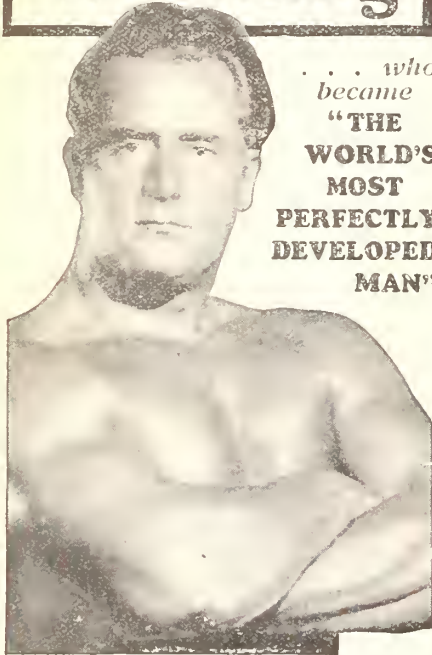
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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 58

rected and photographed, every turn of the camera conveying beauty and sensitive understanding of mood, and all the players do well. I thought, however, that Dorothy Wilson's *Christa* was overdirected to such an extent that she seemed in a trance and unable to give her acting any individuality, any personal inflection at all.

"If I Were Free."

Irene Dunne, Clive Brook, Nils Asther, Henry Stephenson, Vivian Tobin, Laura Hope Crews, Lorraine MacLean. Director: Elliott Nugent.

If the characters were free of their burden in this picture, undoubtedly they would make a better film. They have the ability, but a weak platform on which to stand. Even the most cursory glance at the material should

thoughtfully expressed. You feel yourself face to face with really nice people for a change. But nice people are often dull and their refined emotions attenuated, aren't they?

Nils Asther is capital as Miss Dunne's husband and her singing is delightfully easy and natural. It is a strain to consider Laura Hope Crews as Mr. Brook's mother, but that doesn't lessen enjoyment of her sparkling, crackling speech.

"By Candlelight."

Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas, Nils Asther, Esther Ralston, Dorothy Revier, Lois January. Director: James Whale.

Discreetly gay, unaffectedly amusing and altogether one of the best light comedies seen in many a day, this really shouldn't be missed by admirers of the players concerned. Miss Landi, Paul Lukas, and Nils Asther are at their best, Miss Landi in particular achieving a truly brilliant performance which justifies the faith of all her admirers who deplored most of the parts she played while bound by contract. Here she is humorous, sprightly, provocative and, of course, always intelligent, though you and I have seen her photographed to better advantage.

By no means does she overshadow other favorites, however. Mr. Asther is elegantly convincing as the nobleman whose sense of humor permits him to further his valet's flirtation with a mysterious woman whom he



have told them that intelligent dialogue, handsome settings and gentlemanly direction could not freshen stale situations nor make feeble characters interesting.

The background is British high society, very high indeed, where Clive Brook and Irene Dunne are unhappily in love because each is married to a disagreeable mate who refuses divorce. There is nothing for the lovers to do but be miserable in a well-bred way until their respective stumblingblocks are removed. They are too idealistic and socially conscious to be carnal, hence their capacity for unhappiness is infinite.

Miss Dunne's husband is the first to step aside, but there is still the obstacle of Mr. Brook's wife. Finally, of course, she does the right thing. One's gratitude to her for bringing the picture to a close is something that can't be put in words.

All this is smoothly acted and

thinks a lady of title, while Mr. Lukas is sly and ingratiating as the servant who wears his master's clothes and copies his technique of seduction.

One of the count's ruses is to have his valet turn off the lights at a critical moment and enter with candles, the lady of the moment always exclaiming "How lovely!" When the valet is masquerading as his master the latter follows precedent and snaps off the electricity, entering in servant's livery with the usual lighted candelabra.

The point of the picture is that the valet's unknown innamorata is only a lady's maid who thinks the valet is a count, and the poor fellow believes that she is a lady of high degree. When each discovers the truth they are enough in love not to care.

All this is unreel'd with taste and true humor, not to mention a lightness that never becomes too playful. It is merry throughout.

"Bombay Mail."

Edmund Lowe, Shirley Grey, Onslow Stevens, Ralph Forbes, Hedda Hopper, John Davidson, Tom Moore, John Wray. Director: Edwin L. Marin.

An express train racing from Calcutta to Bombay carries a colorful, melodramatic lot of passengers and none of the commonplace nonentities



and bores who do most of the traveling in real life. Every one of these pilgrims has a purpose. It is to make you suspect him of murdering the

governor general whose body has been found in a lavatory on the train. That is, all but the police inspector and perhaps the doctor.

Decidedly you will accuse the dead official's wife with her cyanide of potassium which she says she uses to kill butterflies for her collection. Suspicion also points to a French physician who carries with him a deadly snake in a basket; the turbaned *Maharajah of Zungore*; the governor general's secretary; a stranded prima donna who calls herself *Beatrice Jones* and speaks with a Russian accent on occasion; and an American mining engineer who is perhaps the most guilty-looking of all, not to mention a great many others.

The characters are numerous, you see, but that doesn't save the picture from occasional monotony and it certainly does make for confusion. For the life of me I don't know why the maharajah was killed by a bullet shot from a revolver placed in an electric fan, nor can I remember what part *Pundit Chandra* played in the proceedings.

Yet the picture is far from a bore. It is well acted and photographed with considerable realism in the sound accompaniment of grinding wheels and the East Indian scenery along the way is interesting.

"Easy to Love."

Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou, Mary Astor, Edward Everett Horton, Patricia Ellis, Guy Kibbee, Hugh Herbert. Director: William Keighley.

Only tolerable is this attempt at sophisticated comedy. Wit is miss-

Continued on page 65

Tragedy Is His Teacher

Continued from page 17

measurably grateful if some one sent them a book. I thought of the hundred books I have in my own bedroom, and remembered that I was physically whole.

"I may have had tough moments, but I'm not complaining. I'm glad that I'm not destitute. Having been broke a number of times, I realize how providential my present status is."

With strength of character which cannot be crushed, Ric has survived doses of misfortune and, naturally, has emerged a finer, more tolerant man. You wouldn't have supposed that many unhappy Hollywoodites come to him for advice, would you? They do. Friends have even phoned him in the middle of the night when they've had spats with their sweethearts. Ric asks them to come on over, patiently lets them cry on his

broad shoulder, reasons the problem out with them, and sends them home resolved to try again.

Obviously, tragedy has separated his true friends from fair-weather folks.

"One of my handicaps is that I am not an exhibitionist," he observes analytically. "I want to be friendly, and yet I can't go around greeting every one with great gusto. To me friends are people who don't have to be applaused. You don't have to phone every day to find out what a real pal is thinking about you. There should be the feeling that he'll be there when you want him, and no glib assurances are necessary."

Ric's sensitive face is full of expression. When he speaks he looks directly at you and flatters you into believing you are—at the moment—the most interesting person he knows.

A LESSON IN A COMFORT

HOW SMART WOMEN ESCAPE PERIODIC PAIN



BAD LUCK! THE TIME OF MONTH WILL KEEP ME FROM ENTERING THE CONTEST



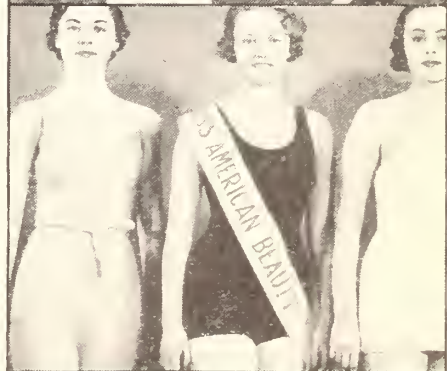
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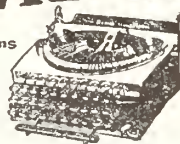
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Seldom seen at movie soirées, he visualizes himself as a business man whose job is acting.

"I've never had a valet, a secretary, or the gaudy Hollywood trimmings. I prefer to be practical. My ups and downs have taught me not to be fooled by fame—and have rid me of delusions about stardom."

He and Christine play golf and ride horseback for recreation and occasionally go dancing at the Coconut Grove. This dance place has a sentimental attachment for Ric, for it was there he got his first big opportunity. Mrs. Jesse Lasky, wife of the producer, happened to be there one night eleven years ago and watched Ric and his lady of the evening win the prize waltz.

She immediately informed her husband, who was searching for a second Valentino, about him. The next day Ric was signed to a Paramount contract and thrust into Rudy's shoes. That they were too large for him to fill was not his fault. He had no wish to imitate nor to be publicized as a Latin lover.

Considerable striving preceded that discovery. Selling papers on crowded corners after school and drudging in his father's small clothing store in New York, he had to shift entirely for himself at sixteen when his father died.

While officiating as a messenger boy in a broker's office, he landed his first theatrical work. He was an extra in a number of plays. Then he became "fly boy" in a theater, a position which kept him high above the wings of the stage, pulling the ropes controlling the scenery.

A newspaper ad for movie extras caught his attention and soon he had enough calls to provide steady money. He progressed to parts and ventured to Hollywood. Nobody cared until that eventful dance at the Grove. Abandoning his career to care for Alma, he found himself a forgotten man in 1930. Resolutely he went into vaudeville—as a singer, though he had never sung in public before.

The strain of Alma's illness and death causing him to have a nervous breakdown, he went to Europe to rest and recuperate. Upon his return he was chosen to menace Helen Twelvetrees in "Her Man" and that excellent portrayal reestablished him. Alternating heroes and heavies this year, he contends he'd rather be hissed at than yawned at.

His younger brother, who is a cameraman for M.-G.-M., has been invited to reside with the newlyweds. "It's tough for a kid to have to live alone in Hollywood, eat his meals out, and have no one to look after him," Ric comments.

Calmly Conquering

Continued from page 33

nounced it *jild*. She thought for a second and corrected her pronunciation, smiling at her slip. "That is, when I have perfected my English.

"I have been on the stage since I was eighteen. I think every film actress should have some stage training. And also," she added, "every actress should have had some suffering.

"It is surprising to see here in Hollywood how some young people waste themselves so needlessly. They make so much money, and often too early in life. Many of them have never gone through any heartaches, as you do when you have to gain a place on the stage. You hope and hope and have to put up with disillusion. You often see the great chance you desire taken from you and given to some one else.

"But it all helps." Dorothea explained lightly. "You can't pick up diamonds from the ground. You have to dig deep down for them. So it is, I say, with acting. To be able to do things with real feeling you must first have experienced every emotion. Then your least bit of acting is very real and true."

She enjoys living in Hollywood and working for Paramount. "I don't say that because I work for them," she insisted; "I mean it."

"And this climate," she remarked, holding out a slender, beautiful hand before her as if to clutch some sunshine, "it seems so strange for winter. Now my second picture is finished, I have many things to do: letters to write to my people in Germany, books to read, but in Hollywood you"—she sought for a word—"you relax."

But Miss Wiecek does not need to relax, for she is not the flamboyant type. There is a calmness about her that endows her with tremendous force and power. She has gained the secret of poise, a secret all actresses strive to attain. If you attain this rare quality you can go through any test. You are above the trivialities that trip up the undeveloped.

With it Dorothea Wiecek has gone through the test that trips most stars, proving herself to be greater than mere circumstances.

"But circumstances do not rule me," she said. "I rule them."

In all honesty, *die* Wiecek should rule an empire of fans!

Funny Face from Georgia

Continued from page 38

liams's partner at Ciro's in New York and a popular night-club entertainer on Broadway.

Among other achievements, he enjoys the distinction of being the first radio comedian to utilize neither jokes nor gags to make people laugh, using instead a tired voice expressive of an indecisive mind.

"I had no intention of entering pictures," the twenty-six-year-old actor, whom one might take for nineteen, declares. "My entire professional life had been the stage. In fact, I didn't even regard the screen seriously.

"But after a tiny bit in 'American Madness,' I made up my mind to give the studios a try. So I made out a list of directors I wanted to work for, men who I believed could help me. Under their direction I felt I could learn something of screen technique, and in so doing materially help myself upon my return to the stage."

Among those directors whom he placed on his list, it is interesting to note the names of Frank Capra, William K. Howard, Frank Borzage, Henry King, and Ernst Lubitsch, all men of exceptional ability.

"My decision to try pictures again can be traced, I suppose, to the poor showing I made in 'Casey at the Bat.' I wanted to make good. Even though pictures meant the abandonment of the stage temporarily, there would be the satisfaction of knowing I hadn't been an absolute failure.

"At first, I refused to work for any one but those directors on my list." The temerity of the youngster that any one should have the nerve to limit his appearances in a new medium to the pictures of a designated few! "I wanted to study under their direction. I thought I could learn more by accepting parts in their films than by working under any director who might call me. So far, I've been with every one but two," he adds proudly.

"Of course, now I realize the more I work the more I can master. My ultimate aim is to play as many dif-

ferent types of parts as possible, keeping in mind, always, the comic slant. I was afraid people would laugh at me in 'Hell Below,' in my death scene, but they didn't." Sterling enacted the young sailor who died in the gas-filled chamber of the submarine, you may recall. "Even so, I wasn't comfortable in the rôle. I seemed out of my element." Page those other comedians who insist they should play tragedy.

While Holloway's appearances have been brief in most instances, they have stood out with gemlike clarity. Where others are bombastic, energetic in their comedy, his is marked with whimsical reserve.

"Advice to the Lovelorn," which he recently completed, should speed his recognition in every picture theater in the country, and pave the way to a more complete fulfillment of his talent to amuse and entertain. In this picture starring the fast-talking Lee Tracy, Sterling portrays *Bennie*, the office boy whom Tracy selects as his assistant in conducting a romantic advice column, a rôle that's a natural for his bird-esque comedy.

When he sings he is worth listening to, for his voice is slyly appealing. His gestures, slowly timed but masterpieces in pantomime, cannot be rivaled by any actor on the screen.

His dancing is soft-footed, lissome, and underneath the awkwardness with which he endows all his portrayals there exists an unmistakable grace. His sober mien belies his keen wit and penetrating sense of humor and to his Southern drawl may be attributed the faculty of making the simplest lines funny.

Life's greatest problem lies in keeping his shock of forward-falling, taffy-colored hair out of his deep-set, sharp, blue eyes set far back under overhanging, clifflike brows. He has virtually no forehead. Asked what he would rather do than anything else, he arches his brow in the very best House of Lords manner and replies, very definitely: "Sleep."

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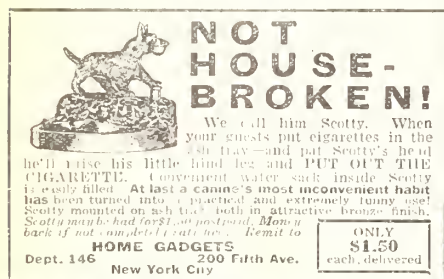


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Baby Face

Continued from page 18

And whatever appeals to the actor in his spare time he can get—only too readily.

"People have often poked fun at the actor's desire for solitude. Well, it's no joke. I like solitude at times, and I'll freely admit it.

"After a month or more of acting, with his days and nights filled with simulated emotions, a player must have solitude to regain his equilibrium. I know I have to get away—into the desert, up in the mountains, or away fishing. If an actor stays in town there are too many temptations—drink, women, or any other diversion he desires. They are all for the asking—too often without!"

Ever since I met Lew Ayres, I have always deemed him a sad boy. Not that he goes about with a long face or moans complaints. He doesn't. But you sense that often Lew feels himself very much alone in the world.

For one thing, he never had a father and mother in his childhood. They separated when Lew was a mere infant, and Lew was brought up by his grandmother. Though he has never mentioned it, I have surmised that Lew has bitterly felt this parental void. Of course, when he was older he went to live with his mother, but it was too late for him to feel at home.

At seventeen he was playing in an orchestra on the Mexican border. He played nightly in one of those café dance halls which, for want of a franker name, are called *cantinas*. There was little of human depravity that Lew did not see. He was so young, so innocent looking, that the hardened habitués called him "Baby Face." Even to-day Lew has one of the most innocent-looking faces in Hollywood. But of course he does not profess innocence.

When I first met Lew, around 1928, he was a member of Pathé's juvenile stock company, long since defunct. The day I saw him he was playing extra in a newspaper story. He was then a mere slip of a lad, thin and rather fragile looking. As

he walked over to me he resembled a boy walking out of some terrible nightmare. One thing I do know, he was miserable.

Whatever it was that depressed him, Hollywood had offered it!

One night I saw Lew in his Ford with a girl, driving in the direction of his apartment.

"Who was your lady friend?" I later asked him. "Evidently some young extra from the amount of make-up on her pretty face."

Lew refused to enlighten me. Later he said, "I get lonely, awfully lonely, at times. I scarcely know any one here." Then in almost a savage tone he said, "After all, I'm not a corpse, damn it!"

People who don't know Lew well—a very few do—refer to him as being "very hard to know." Evidently Lola Lane never understood Lew. Their courtship was hectic, to say the least.

While he was working in "Up for Murder," I paid Lew a visit.

"It's all off," he declared about his turbulent passion. "Lola and I are through."

A week later they were married!

Lola loved the spotlight. Lew, naturally retiring and indifferent to crowds, did not take to this very well. At several premières Lola made a pretty picture in furs and diamonds. But it was obvious that Lew had bolstered himself with too many cocktails.

There were parties and entertainments. Life was very hectic and fierce.

Hollywood was not surprised when a bill of divorcement broke up the Ayres-Lane passion. Lew's career with Universal had suffered. From being a big box-office attraction, he dropped down to the level of mediocrity.

To-day, free from marriage, free from his old studio, Lew faces a new professional and private life with Fox. His first rôle there was with Janet Gaynor, in "State Fair."

"I heard you and Lola were contemplating remarriage," I informed him.

"You heard wrong," Lew calmly remarked, unwrapping a stick of gum. "If Lola and I were able to make a hit of marriage we'd never have been divorced."

In his twenty-four years, Lew has seen life. But life does not frighten Lew. Instead of running away from it, he faces it unafraid. Hollywood has indeed offered him everything—good and bad. And Lew has sampled it all!

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Information, Please

Continued from page 8

Her French-made film, "Fanatisme," has been released. Pola was born in Yanowa, Poland, on January 1, 1897; five feet four, weighs 120, black hair, dark-gray eyes.

DORA RUMFELT.—Robert Barrat was *Archer Coe* in "The Kennel Murder Case." You'll see him also in Al Jolson's "Wonder Bar," "Gambling Lady," and "Upper World."

CLAIRE RYDEN.—Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are now playing in "Hips, Hips, Hooray," with Dorothy Lee, Ruth Etting, Thelma Todd, Phyllis Barry, George Meeker, Dorothy Granger. Bert will be thirty-nine on April 7th, and Woolsey forty-five on August 14th.

WILLIAM JOHNSTON.—In all the S. S.

Van Dine stories William Powell played the rôle of *Philo Vance*, with the exception of "The Bishop Murder Case," which went to Basil Rathbone. The others were "The Canary Murder Case," "The Benson Murder Case," "The Greene Murder Case," and "The Kennel Murder Case." As we go to press, Lee Tracy has not yet signed with any company. C. Henry Gordon is a native New Yorker, though he doesn't give his birth date.

OLIVE KLINE.—Before entering pictures in 1920, Tom Tyler was a singer and entertainer. He was born William Burns, in Port Henry, New York, on August 8, 1903; is six feet one, weighs 190, and has dark-brown hair and gray eyes. The other players you mention are free-lancing.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 61

ing from the dialogue and deftness from the direction, two essentials of entertainment in this mood. The acting, however, is good, quite up to the mark, and the picture is far from dull. But it doesn't sparkle as it should.

We have Adolphe Menjou as a husband who is "carrying on" with Mary Astor in the belief that his wife, Genevieve Tobin, knows nothing about it. Gayly she sets out to turn the tables on him and show that she, too, can have a fling. So she pretends that Edward Everett Horton is the tempter. Meanwhile, the daughter of Mr. Menjou and Miss Tobin, Patricia Ellis, plans a lesson that will cause her parents to settle down and behave themselves. She succeeds by a trick which surprises the spectator as much as it does the characters.

All this is pleasantly accomplished without annoyance or grave lapses of any kind. The surprise of the cast is Mary Astor as the wayward woman of Mr. Menjou's fancy. She plays with vivacity and humor and is even more beautiful than a fine actress need be.

"Four Frightened People."

Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland, William Gargan, Leo Carrillo. Director: Cecil DeMille.

The first half of this picture is superlative, but the rest of it is pretty nearly blah. The exciting beginning has a quartet of Americans lost in the Malay jungle whence they have fled from a plague-ridden ship. They are a cynical, laconic chemist, an old-maid school-teacher, a nitwit club-woman, and a boastful radio broadcaster.

The natural clash of characters is

extremely interesting and the beauty and strangeness of the lush jungle is fascinating while the terrors and hardships of the four frightened people are realistic, with some great emotional outbursts to heighten the tension. But when the plain teacher's womanhood is awakened and she becomes beautiful in form-fitting tiger skins artfully cut to show gleaming flesh, and the men become primi-



tive rivals for her love, the picture becomes musical comedy and about as real. You don't care when the people find the marmalade jar which tells them they are nearing civilization because you know it doesn't matter to them, either.

Their adventures are entertaining throughout, but suspense and all concern in them as human beings evaporates a long time before the happy ending. Complete admiration for splendid performances never wanes, however. It is just that the director substituted claptrap for sincerity after making us believe in him and his characters.

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Donald Cook	Tosliia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Ann Sothern
Evalyn Knapp	Dorothy Tree
Elissa Landi	Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Miriam Jordan
Frank Atkinson	Victor Jory
Lew Ayres	Howard Lally
Warner Baxter	Jose Mojica
Irene Bentley	Herbert Muddin
John Boles	George O'Brien
Clara Bow	Una O'Connor
Marion Burns	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
Florence Desmond	Will Rogers
James Dunn	Raul Roulien
Sally Eilers	Spencer Tracy
Norman Foster	Claire Trevor
Preston Foster	June Vladek
Janet Gaynor	Irene Ware
Lilian Harvey	

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Elizabeth Allan	Isabel Jewell
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Florine McKinney
Wallace Beery	Una Merkel
Charles Butterworth	John Miljan
Mary Carlisle	Robert Montgomery
Virginia Cherrill	Frank Morgan
Mae Clarke	Frank Morley
Jackie Cooper	Ramon Novarro
Joan Crawford	Maureen O'Sullivan
Marion Davies	Jean Parker
Marie Dressler	May Robson
Jimmy Durante	Norma Shearer
Nelson Eddy	Martha Sleeper
Madge Evans	Lewis Stone
Muriel Evans	Franchot Tone
Clark Gable	Lupe Velez
Greta Garbo	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Harlow	Diana Wynyard
Helen Hayes	Robert Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Katharine Hepburn
Clive Brook	Dorothy Jordan
Bruce Cabot	Francis Lederer
Bill Cagney	Anita Louise
Chic Chandler	Mary Mason
Frances Dee	Joel McCrea
Dolores del Rio	Colleen Moore
Richard Dix	Gregory Ratoff
Irene Dunne	Bert Wheeler
Betty Furness	Gretchen Wilson
William Gargan	Robert Woolsey
Hale Hamilton	

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Adrienne Ames	John Davis Lodge
Lona Andre	Carol Lombard
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Herbert Marshall
Grace Bradley	Jack Oakie
Maurice Chevalier	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charlie Ruggles
Buster Crabbe	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sidney
Patricia Farley	Alison Skipworth
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Verna Hillie	Helen Twelvetrees
Miriam Hopkins	Mae West
Roscoe Karns	Dorothea Wieck
Jack LaRue	Dorothy Wilson
Charles Laughton	Toby Wing
Baby LeRoy	Elizabeth Young

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Constance Cummings
Constance Bennett	Fredric March
Eddie Cantor	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Paul Lukas
Madge Bellamy	Chester Morris
Tom Brown	Ken Maynard
Russ Columbo	Zasu Pitts
Andy Devine	Onslow Stevens
Hugh Enfield	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Margaret Sullavan
June Knight	Slim Summerville

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Jean Muir
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Bebe Daniels	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	William Powell
Ruth Donnelly	Edward G. Robinson
Ann Dvorak	Barbara Rogers
Patricia Ellis	Jayne Shadduck
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
Ann Hovey	Sheila Terry
Alice Jans	Helen Vinson
Allen Jenkins	Renee Whitney
Al Jolson	Warren William
Ruby Keeler	Pat Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

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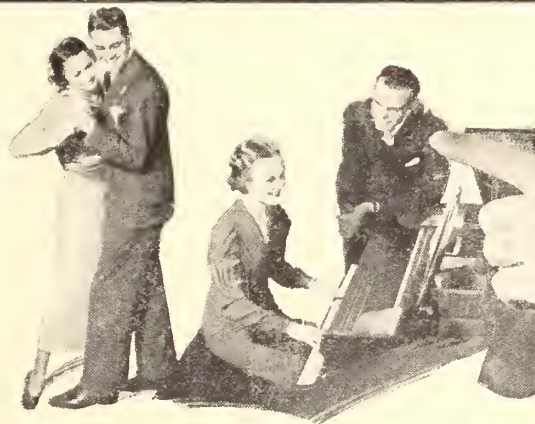
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PICTURE PLAY

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CLARK GABLE

Did you know that he proved himself the most popular star ever to come from Hollywood on a visit to New York? Why? Instead of shrinking from crowds and pleading for seclusion, he went out of his way to acknowledge and thank the public for making possible his success. What a man!

EVELYN BRENT

Do you often wonder about her? Wonder what has become of the brilliant leading woman of "Underworld," "Interference," "The Last Command," and a score of other notable pictures? She has been touring in vaudeville for lo! these many, many months. Why? Because Hollywood hasn't asked her to do anything on the screen. Do you understand that?

JOAN CRAWFORD

There can't be too many articles about her, or too many interviews. Her popularity grows and grows, her admirers becoming more vehement in defending her against criticism, her detractors losing ground daily. It looks as if the whole world will become Crawford-conscious in a very short time.

JUNE

PICTURE PLAY

All these players and many more will be subjects of illuminating stories next month. For example, Judith Field will tell you all about the Clark Gable she met in New York; Dorothy Herzog will account for Evelyn Brent's absence from the screen and relate amazing facts about her. Malcolm H. Oettinger, who has interviewed Joan Crawford at various times in her rapid ascent to fame, will describe her as he finds her to-day.

Next month's Picture Play will be up to the minute, packed to the brim with just what you want to know.

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WHAT THE FANS THINK

Jane Doe on the Stand.

MAE WEST is an actress and a great one. She is an expert showwoman and you can depend on box-office statistics to prove that. Mae West is giving the public what it wants whether it be a "disgusting display of vulgarity" or not.

Incidentally, Jane, do *you* know any vulgar people? They're really quite refreshing after a luncheon-bridge

going four and five times to see Mae West until she goes girlish, or perhaps I should say "virtuous." Cheer up! they're having the same trouble everywhere.

If you really thought the theme of "She Done Him Wrong" was so rotten, how did you happen to see "I'm No Angel"? Could it have been that fatal fascination working on you, or did you think *la* West had reformed or gone girlish on us?

G. M. F.

Fort Wayne, Indiana.



Mae West is giving the public what it wants, says an Indiana fan, answering Jane Doe's recent letter. And as for George Raft, well, just read what Jacqueline Swalwell says of him!

Slicked-up Bouncers.

WHY is it that the majority of leading men cluttering up the screen at present consist of such nature in the raw men as Max Baer, Johnny Weissmuller, and George Raft? No, I don't ask for and don't expect our leading men to display flawless technique and incomparable genius

in their every rôle, but certainly they can be colorful, appealing, and even have plenty of he-man qualities without appearing to have recently emerged from behind a fruit stand or look like a slicked-up version of a night-club bouncer.

Stick to your swimming and prize fighting, Johnny and Max, and you'll be doing your public an enormous favor. After all, your talents are largely muscular. Even if Johnny did give himself an annual hair cut, and even if Max did cease modestly to admit, "I know I'm hot." I'm afraid their charms would be lost on a great many of the fans.

Little Georgie may be a sophisticated menace to a few, but to me he looks like a peanut vender in his first new suit of clothes.

JACQUELINE SWALWELL.

3631 60th S. W., Seattle, Washington. [Continued on page 9]

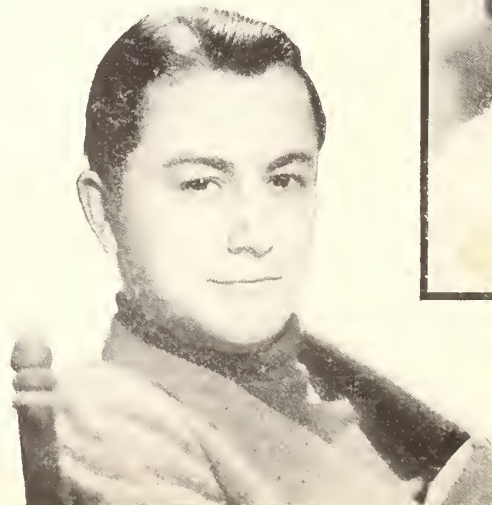


Charles Bickford may have faults, but snubbing his fans is not one of them, writes L. Ellis, of London.

sponsored by the College Club and attended by the local élite—young maids and matrons who are quite gaga with artificial sophistication, "Park Avenue via movies" mannerisms. That's why we like Mae West—she's so brutally frank.

Never obey the impulse you have to spank the boys and girls you hear saying "Come up and see me some time" and "You can be had." I'm afraid your constitution would never stand the gaff; you'd have an astounding amount of territory to cover with one small hand. Let me console you. The ten-year-olds aren't thinking what *you* are when they say these things.

I'm afraid you can't do much about that unintelligent neighborhood of yours. They'll never cease



Robert Young is turning into an ordinary, tedious sophisticate à la Montgomery and Noel Coward, laments Alwyn Tweedy.

“O, thou merry month complete;

MAY . . .

thy very name is sweet!”

THIS being May, we'd like to drop back through history a few hundred years and see the May-pole which James II (then the Prince of Wales) caused to be erected in The Strand, London.

The king wanted a kingly May-pole . . . a big one! So the topmost tuft of flowers and ribbons waved from a shaft ten stories high!

But the part we like best about old May Day customs was bringing in the hawthorn blossoms. The young folks did this; starting off “a-Maying” early in the morning through every country lane, they brought back enough branches to deck every house in the village.

There's something about this Maytime that makes us long to bring the Spring *indoors*. Have you thought yet about crisp ruffled curtains and cool, flower-shaded slip-covers and thin summer rugs, for your own rooms? A cotton bedspread is new pleasure, and just slipping your pillows into print and gingham covers cheers up the indoor atmosphere. Saves fine fabrics from dust and fading too.

So it's pleasant to change dress indoors for Summer and thrifty to take advantage of the many special offerings in the advertisements. Manufacturers have many fresh, novel new things for Spring and prices are surprisingly low.

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

G. A. H.—A popular young miss these days is Charlotte V. Henry, who celebrated her twentieth birthday on March 3rd. Charlotte comes from Brooklyn, New York, is about five feet one, weighs 104, and has light-brown hair and blue eyes. She is with Paramount.

GENE D.—Charles Starrett, who is free-lancing, played *Cadet Harvey Denby*, in "Mr. Skitch."

PATSY.—"Guilty Hands" is the title of that picture with Lionel Barrymore, Kay Francis, Madge Evans, and William Bakewell, released in 1931. Kenneth MacKenna and Kay Francis were married on January 19, 1931. Although he has appeared in films and has directed them, Mr. MacKenna is now on the stage. Ralph Graves is now an M.-G.-M. writer.

FLORENCE HARTMAN.—Russ Columbo is of Italian descent. He was born in San Francisco on January 14, 1908. Watch for him in "The Bachelor Wife" for Universal. Address Paul Kelly, Twentieth Century Pictures, United Artists' Studio

ANNE L.—The song Paul Lukas sings to Katharine Hepburn, in "Little Women," is "Nur Wer Die Sehnsucht Kennt," by Tschaiakowsky.

SAMMY.—Dorothy Wilson, whom you saw in "Eight Girls in a Boat," is not married. Born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, November 14, 1909. She is five feet one and a half, weighs 103, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Paramount may be able to supply her photo.

DONALD SULLIVAN.—Although you say in your letter you are inclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope, you neglected to do so. Therefore, I hope this comes to your attention. Richard Cromwell's right name is Roy Radabaugh. Born in Los Angeles, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair, green-blue eyes.

ANXIOUS.—Address Majestic Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive; Monogram Pictures, 6048 Sunset Boulevard; James Cruze, Inc., Guaranty Bldg., all in Hollywood.

NILS ASTHER FAN.—Your favorite is Swedish by birth, born January 17, 1902; six feet and one half inch, weighs 170, brown hair and hazel eyes. You will see him soon in "The Crime Doctor," with Otto Kruger.

BILLY M. MFCALFE. Jean Harlow has her own hairdresser, who shampoos and dresses the star's hair every day. It was because of her platinum hair that she got her start in pictures. A director saw her in an ice-cream parlor in Kansas City and asked her how she would like to be a movie star. When she was but sixteen she married Charles Fremont McGrew, whom she divorced in January, 1931.

KATE DUNN.—Norman Kerry played *Kauld*, in "The Phantom of the Opera."

Yes, "Broncho Billy" Anderson is still alive.

WYNDAH.—That is Ralph Bellamy's right name. He has blond hair, blue eyes, and is a little over six feet.

PICTURE PLAY FAN.—Mack Sennett Productions are at 4204 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood.

JANE GRAY SEACATE.—In "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," the rôle of Harry was played by Eddie Tamblin, and that of *Morley* by Charles Starrett. This picture was released by Monogram.

GERRY AND JENNY.—Joan Crawford will be seen next in "Sadie McKee." Joan was born in San Antonio, Texas, on

Requests for casts and lists of films should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Foreign readers desiring personal replies may obtain international correspondence coupons at any post office.

March 23, 1908; Zasu Pitts, in Parsons, Kansas, on January 3, 1898. Zasu, who is divorced from Tom Gallery, has a daughter and an adopted son.

RAY CLOSEMAN.—Since Jacqueline Wells played in "Tillie and Gus" for Paramount, perhaps that studio will send you a photo upon request.

DIANA ROMERO.—Sorry, but I haven't all those measurements for which you ask, but Dolores del Rio and Toby Wing are the same height—five feet four and a half. The former weighs 120, and the latter two pounds less.

DALLAS, TEXAS.—The following have dark-brown hair: Bruce Cabot, Sue Carol, Lew Cody, Bernice Claire; Marguerite Churchill's is auburn; Jackie Coogan and Virginia Lee Corbin have light-brown hair; Juliette Compton's is black, and Joyce Compton is now a redhead.

G. M. C.—There seems to be but one player whose birthday falls on January 30th—Greta Nissen's. And Oakland, California, is the native place of Buster Crabbe, Dorothy Revier, and Bernice Claire.

CATHERINE SPILLER.—You just keep an eye on future issues of Picture Play for that interview with Fay Wray. Lupe Velez introduced the song, "The Peanut Vender." Although Greta Garbo has always preferred privacy, of late she has been seen in public places much more frequently than heretofore.

GLENNYS BALSKE.—*Jack Griffin*, in "The Invisible Man" was played by Claude Rains, who is now appearing on the New York stage in "They Shall Not Die," a

Theater Guild production. Katharine Hepburn hails from Hartford, Connecticut, where she was born on May 12, 1908.

SUB-DEB.—It may have been suggested that Ramon Novarro and Myrna Loy should remake "The Sheik," but nothing has been done about it. Miss Loy will be twenty-nine on August 2nd, and Billie Burke—you just won't believe me—forty-eight on August 7th.

ENGLISH READER.—According to the thousands of letters received at the studios every day, some fans must find it worth their while to write to stars. Of course, you couldn't expect the players to read and acknowledge every letter, and that is why secretaries are employed. An interview with Clark Gable was published in the August, 1933, issue of this magazine. Back numbers may be had by sending order and remittance to our Subscription Department. Dorothy Burgess is now playing in "Fashions of 1934" and "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen."

A MOVIE FAN.—In "Broadway Through a Keyhole," Russ Columbo and Constance Cummings sang "You Are My Past, My Present and My Future." Lilian Harvey will play opposite Charles Boyer, in "The Only Girl"; Lew Ayres now playing in "Let's Be Ritzy." You will be seeing all the Fox stars in "Fox Follies," including Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter. A roto picture of John Boles appeared in Picture Play for May, 1933. Franchot Tone and Robert Young are six feet; Diana Wynyard five feet six; Lew Ayres, five feet eleven; Lilian Harvey about five feet two; Richard Cromwell, five feet ten.

E. M. C. L.—The Publicity Department, RKO Pictures, RKO Building, New York City, may supply the musical score of "Little Women." Bette Davis pronounces her name Betty. Elissa Landi and Francis Lederer are not related in any way.

DOTTY M.—Jan Kiepura was born in Poland on May 16, 1902. He is still single. Our Subscription Department will supply the December, 1932, issue containing an interview with Ralph Bellamy, upon receipt of your order and remittance.

CAROL GORDON.—Paul Kelly is thirty-three and will be seen next in "Fur Coats." The *Billy Anderson*, in "This Day and Age," was played by Michael Stuart. John Davis Lodge was the tutor in "Little Women." He is now playing in "The Scarlet Empress."

M. A. N.—Plans for Lenore Ulric to make a picture for RKO fell through, and she has returned to New York. Miss Ulric was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, July 21, 1894, is five feet three, weighs about 117, and has brown hair and eyes.

POLLY CAMAY.—I'm surprised you didn't know that John Boles is married and the father of two children. Mrs. Boles is the

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 6

Nice to His Fans.

THERE arrived in England recently a star who conformed to none of the Hollywood rules. His name? Charles Bickford. He came with the minimum amount of publicity—no blah about English pictures and policemen—and a perfectly human attitude to his fans, and he has many here. He acceded to all our requests for pictures and signatures without the usual apparent boredom.

On the evening before his departure, a note was sent up to his flat asking that he come down to say good-by to a few of us. Did he? Yes, sir. Within five minutes he was with us.

Maybe I sound as though I think him perfection itself. I don't think that. I guess he has faults, but snubbing his fans isn't one of them.

L. ELLIS.

56 Broadwater Road, Upper Tooting, London, England.

The Noel Coward Influence.

UNLESS my eyesight is at fault I'm afraid Robert Young has either lost—or discarded—those two invaluable characteristics that really determined his screen career, namely, sincerity and individuality.

Perhaps studio executives are responsible. They accomplish many blunders. And I consider the apparent remodeling of Robert Young à la Robert Montgomery, a typical blunder. Being molded into an ordinary, conceited, tedious sophisticate ought not to be the fate of Young. To say his trite acting materially weakened "The Right to Romance" is enough.

Perhaps, though, the personality alteration was Young's own idea. If so, his judgment needs to be sterilized of the Noel Coward influence.

Robert Young, hadn't you better reclaim those lost possessions? ALVYN TWEDDY.

15 Highland Street, Taunton, Massachusetts.

Hats Off to Laughton!

MUCH as I like John Barrymore, George Arliss, and other male stars of their kind, I take off my hat to Charles Laughton as the star supreme in his portrayal of *Henry VIII*. It seems to me that most of his acting is done from the chin up, with the exception of his expressive hands. Voice, eyes, mouth, perform his miracles for him. And isn't it a miracle to create a *Henry VIII* who is amorous, astute, cruel, tender, dignified, ridiculous, impressive, regal, and utterly pathetic! All this with unstudied ease. He reminds me of those marvelous acrobats who convince the audience it is easy.

M. Q. LOTT.

207 Kelvin, Ithaca, New York.

Not for Decent Eyes.

WHEN I read the letter of Jane Doe, of Los Angeles, I immediately considered her my pal. What she said is absolutely true in my opinion.

The majority of people that my friends and I meet do not care to patronize the theaters when the degrading Mae West is featured. The very billboards are filled with immoral, indecent, disgusting pictures of Mae West that are not fit for decent eyes to see. To walk along the streets and hear little children using those dreadful and suggestive expressions is simply scandalous.

MARYANN KOZMA.

Trenton, New Jersey.

Continued on page 55



YOUR FACE FEELS SO SOFT AND SMOOTH, MUMMY

LIFEBOUY IS KEEPING MY COMPLEXION AS NICE AS YOURS, JACKY

LIFEBOUY'S creamy, searching lather coaxes out pore-deep dirt—freshens dull skins to glowing health. Its pleasant, extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you that this rich, penetrating, hygienic lather purifies both face and body pores.

Care needed NOW

These warm Spring days make us perspire more freely. Unless we're careful, there's danger that others may notice "B.O." (body odor). Don't risk this unforgivable fault now or any time. Adopt the simple, delightful safeguard millions use—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy.

HAROLD TEEN

He's in the Movies
Now . . . Thanks to
WARNER BROS.



See Carl Ed's famous comic strip-ling brought to life . . .



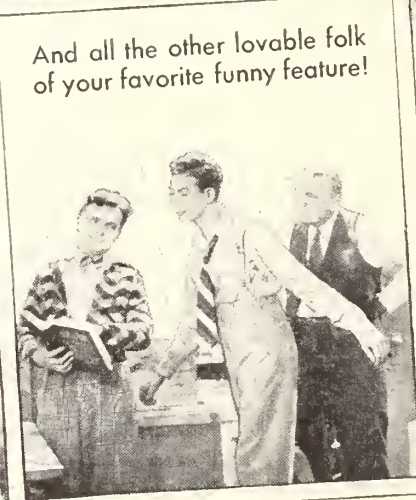
With Hal LeRoy, boy wonder of "Wonder Bar", as Harold...



And Lillums in the flesh, played by adorable Rochelle Hudson...



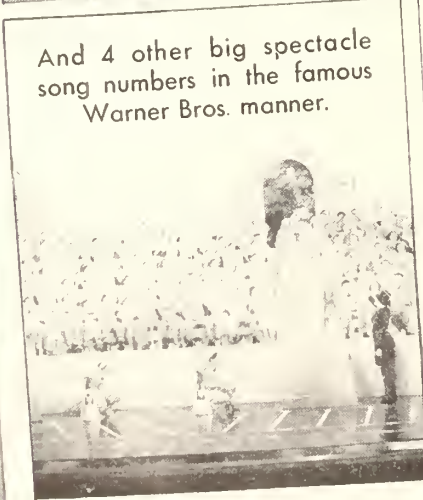
With Mimi (Patricia Ellis) and Pa Lovewell (Guy Kibbee) . . .



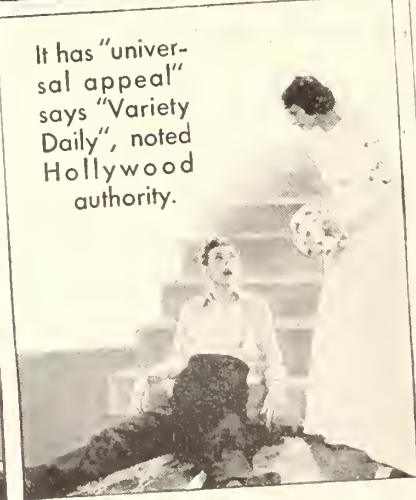
And all the other lovable folk of your favorite funny feature!



Watch Broadway's greatest tap-dancer do his stuff in "Collegiate Wedding" . . .



And 4 other big spectacle song numbers in the famous Warner Bros. manner.



It has "universal appeal" says "Variety Daily", noted Hollywood authority.



Don't miss it if you like to laugh. At leading theatres soon!

With Hugh Herbert—Hobart Cavanaugh—Directed by Murray Rath

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XL
NUMBER 3

PICTURE PLAY

MAY
1934



WARNER BAXTER and Madge Evans are enough to make the "Fox Follies" worth seeing, but they aren't the half of what the picture offers. James Dunn, Sylvia Froos, John Boles, Aunt Jemima, and a child discovery, Shirley Temple, are a few of the other personalities that flit through the 335 scenes and wear some of the 4,891 costumes. What with music, dancing, a chorus of 500 and wild animals galore, you shouldn't miss it all.



Speaking of curves, the curve of Mae West's popularity may drop if her new film does not establish her versatility.

IS MAE

A sensation a year ago, Mae West's recent picture failed to show that she could do more than repeat herself. Is she, then, just a one-rôle star, a flash in the pan?

not the men in your life that count, dearie. It's the life in your men."

As a result of "I'm No Angel," however, those of us who have seen other cyclonic successes in pictures began to wonder. Is Mae West just a flash in the pan, or is she really a legitimate actress?

If "It Ain't No Sin" isn't far superior to her last effort, I, for one, believe Mae will suffer the fate that many before her have suffered. She will find herself close to the funeral ranks of the ex-stars.

I agree with any one who claims Mae West is original. However, I consider her originality to be "type originality." Her drawl, her swagger, her audacious bandying of the conventions, these are part of her type, the type representative of the woman of experience who knows her seams as well as her smooth velvets. I have seen type after type crash the spotlight only to lose out because he or she had nothing more to offer than one characterization and one line of talk.

Mae is clever—very clever. No woman who wasn't clever could have startled and won Broadway as Mae West did. No woman could have given such a distinctive performance in a small part as Mae did in "Night After Night," without being clever. But is Mae clever enough to know where cleverness ends and discretion begins?

She has astounding faith in her own faith in herself. This was demonstrated by an incident that has come to my attention.

Mae in gala attire with Jim Timony, her business manager, adviser, philosopher, and pal.

Photo by Wide World

THE cyclonic rise of Mae West is now screen history. But to what does Mae owe her astonishing success? She isn't youthfully youthful. She isn't beautifully beautiful.

Then what? Well, she is different. She is—at least, she was—something new on the screen. She dared to depict sex with nonchalant boldness. She dared to be frank with the men in her pictures.

As I write this, Mae is beginning work on her third starring picture, "It Ain't No Sin," from her own story. Her first starring picture, "She Done Him Wrong," was adapted from her hit play, "Diamond Lil." Her second, "I'm No Angel," was also her own story.

Mae had a ready-made audience all over the country awaiting her second picture. But it was a disappointment. Two wisecracks saved it from being a stencil of the first: "Beulah, peel me a grape," and "It's



WEST A FIZZLE?

By
Dorothy Herzog

Among the thousands of letters Mae receives from admirers, one came from a woman who asked the star how she could hold her husband. Mae answered the letter. A few weeks later a second one reached her. "I did as you told me," the woman said, "and my husband socked me in the eye!"

There is a moral in this little story. I wonder if Mae perceived it. I think Mae West will be just another flash in the pan if she continues to write her own stories, and I join those who contend she will not survive the four-year optional contract by which, in addition to her salary, she receives a percentage of the profits on her films.

I've a notion that Mae is fully aware that she is in a critical position. That she doesn't mingle extensively in Hollywood proves nothing. She was never a social butterfly in her halcyon stage days in New York. Society in that city sought her. It was considered smart to have the risqué lioness of the footlights at one's party. Mae went to some parties, not to many.

She had other things on her mind, even then, particularly, the writing bee. She wrote several books that were published. She has just finished another novel. She had play ideas she wanted to work out.

Some people are of the opinion that Miss West has assistance in her writings. Mae herself admitted as much in a Picture Play interview. Whether she has help or not is, in my opinion, unimportant. Her ideas are her own, and she has the stamina to stay with them until they have been worked out to her satisfaction.

One success, however, doesn't insure another. It merely helps. Miss West knows this. Out of four of her stage plays, she had two successes. An actress's career isn't seriously jeopardized by a play failure. The screen is something else again, and Mae is very nervous about herself and her work. I'd like to take you back scene to see Mae in working harness and show you what I mean.

On the set, when she isn't before the camera, she sits in her chair, tapping one foot on the floor and humming to herself. In her eyes is a far-off look. That look usually bodes something. It finds voice when Mae says to her director, "I've been thinking——" Then she's off, explaining what she has been thinking. It may be



Photo by Wide World

Mae West is a clever woman. But is she clever enough to stop writing her own stories and giving her cast scant opportunities?

that she has a sudden doubt whether a scene is as she hopes it should be; whether her hair is arranged as becomingly as it could be; whether her costume fits to perfection.

A director of a West picture not only directs the picture; he has to spare the time to explain why she is wrong in thinking as she does, or else simply agree she is right and change matters to her current approval.

Mae isn't temperamental in the boisterous sense of the word. Given a logical reason that disputes any of her ideas, she'll usually agree with it and toss her own ideas

Continued on page 52



Mary Carlisle is outgrowing ingénue rôles and is ready for something much better.

IT probably will be no great surprise to fans to learn that Clark Gable is quite the most likable actor in pictures. New Yorkers have been striving in vain since he arrived here to find a word that describes his genuine, hearty manner.

It is easy to tell what he is not, difficult to put into words the completely individual quality of the man. He is not smug. He is not self-centered. He is refreshingly frank about his pleasure in having strangers make a fuss over him. And he has an air of quiet authority that makes one feel sure that if he were to drop out of pictures to-morrow he would go on being exactly as he is now, not bitter or crushed or deflated.

Men whose proud boast it has always been that they consider actors a shade lower in the human scale than patent medicine fakirs and pickpockets like and respect him tremendously. His attitude toward his career is that

he probably wasn't much good on the stage and he is more than a little surprised that people like him so much in pictures. When next you see him you can assure yourself that you would find him as interesting in person.

And by all means, let the next time you see him be in Columbia's "It Happened One Night." It is a delightful picture, giving him and Claudette Colbert a chance to play comedy in high, wide, and handsome fashion.

The Gang's All Here.—All this enthusiasm over Gable surged up at a time when the town was so full of picture favorites I tripped over them at almost every corner.

Billy Haines, the first wit of the movies, whose remarks unfortunately do not lend themselves to cold print, paused here on his way to Europe. He calls it a vacation, but rest assured he will be picking up little treasures

They

While players continue to dash to the East for one thing and another, Broadway stars are looking forward to a lucrative trek to the Coast after the theater season.

By
Karen Hollis



A favorite on the stage, Broadway expects Dorothy Stickney to triumph in films.

Say in NEW YORK—

of furniture and hangings that he will sell to those plutocrat actors at fabulous sums. And make them think they are getting bargains.

Sylvia Sidney was here smiling a little wryly because Paramount *will* put her in heavy dramas when she yearns to play smartly dressed comedy as she will in her next, "Thirty-day Princess." One of the inescapable hurdles of a picture career seems to be the tackling of a dual rôle and this is her chance. Just take Constance Bennett, in "Moulin Rouge," for example. Take it for example, but don't see it on my recommendation. It is a little crowded with Bennett, what with brunet wig and all.

Ramon Novarro was here singing at the Capitol before going off on a South American concert tour.

came East by plane even though the weather was reported worse than at any other time in the history of aviation. She arrived six hours late, but refreshed from sleeping through the worst ups and downs of the bumpy journey.

Aside to Eddie Lowe: Don't take too seriously all I said about Clark Gable. You know that I've always thought you the nicest actor in or out of pictures. All these years I have loved you devotedly even in Lil's hearing. But you do still owe me that sixty-five cents I paid the taxi driver when you, the big show-off, had nothing smaller than a fifty-dollar bill. When you pay me, I'll give back that beautiful monogrammed handkerchief I borrowed one hot day last summer.

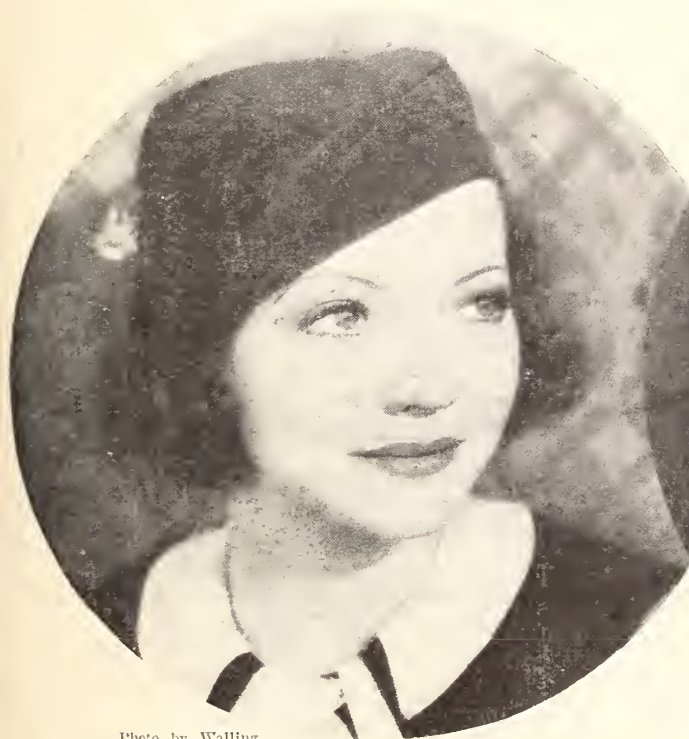
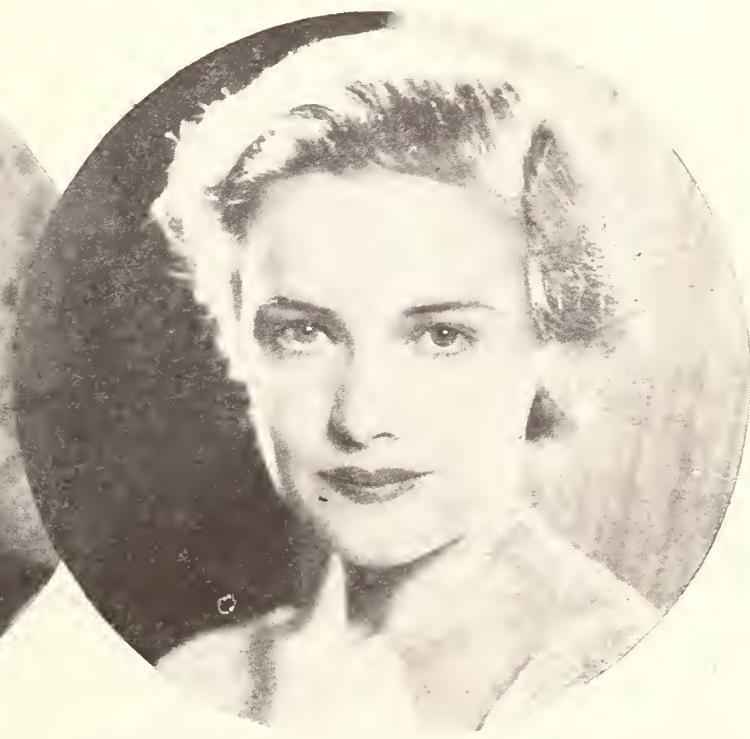


Photo by Walling

While Sylvia Sidney longs for light comedy and fine raiment, she seems fated for heavy drama.



A blasé press party was dazzled by Madeleine Carroll who was brought over from England for a Fox picture.

Laura La Plante, refreshingly candid as usual, stopped on her way to London to make pictures.

Colleen Moore is here to spend a few weeks with her husband between RKO pictures. She has taken an apartment on upper Fifth Avenue and those Sunday morning breakfast parties, at which she does the cooking, are gayer than ever.

Ricardo Cortez was here with his bride, flattering all interviewers by asking their advice on how to get to play heroes instead of always being the dirty villain who dies a horrible death.

Fay Bainter, who plays so expertly in "This Side of Heaven," is here because her promise to play in "Dodsworth" on the stage antedated her success in pictures.

Mary Brian, who recently finished "Ever Since Eve," with George O'Brien, was here to see "Men in White" on the stage and decide whether she wanted to play in the West Coast stage production or not. She has been given her choice of parts. Mary, a girl after my own heart,

They All Grow Up.—When the lines spoken by an ingénue begin to sound pretty affected and silly, then you know she is growing up. Mary Carlisle is still no further than the promising stage, but in "This Side of Heaven" she gave the impression that she might be much, much better if only given a chance. She came to New York with that strange assortment of also-rans and once-weres that made up the "Moulin Rouge" caravan, but no one thought any the less of her for wanting to get out and meet her public, regardless of the auspices.

The Mystery Woman.—Oh, well, let producers cast Zasu Pitts as a plaintive slavey if they must, but at heart she is just a dim, glamorous, and aloof figure. She was married last October to Edward Woodall, who seems to be known chiefly as a tennis player.

If he can beat Zasu, he's good. She kept her marriage a secret for four months. She is said to be in New York

Continued on page 52

The show of

"STAND UP



5 BREATHLESS SPECTACLES!

Introduction of Loveliness!

Revival of Laughter!

Garden of Beauty!

The Magic Transformation!

March of Prosperity!

FOX

1001 *surprises!*

Produced with a magnificence, magnitude and imagination unapproached in show history. Dazzling beauties...blazing splendor...amazing novelty...myriad surprises...laughs, songs, drama, thrills, romance, ... everything!

AND

CHEER!"



WARNER BAXTER

MADGE EVANS • SYLVIA FROOS

JOHN BOLES • JAMES DUNN

"AUNT JEMIMA" • SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ARTHUR BYRON • RALPH MORGAN

NICK FORAN • NIGEL BRUCE

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**1,000 DAZZLING GIRLS! • 5 BANDS OF MUSIC!
VOCAL CHORUS OF 500! • 4,891 COSTUMES!
1,200 WILD ANIMALS! • 1,000 PLAYERS!
335 SCENES! • 2,730 TECHNICAL WORKERS!**

Produced by WINFIELD SHEEHAN

Associate Producer and Collaborator

on story and dialogue: **LEW BROWN**

Director: HAMILTON McFADDEN. *Lyrics:* LEW BROWN. *Music:* LEW BROWN and JAY GORNEY. *Dances staged by* SAMMY LEE. *Dialogue:* RALPH SPENCE. *Story Idea Suggested by* WILL ROGERS and PHILIP KLEIN.



6 SONG HITS!

"We're Out of the Red"

"Our Last Night Together"

"Baby, Take a Bow"

"I'm Laughin' "

"Broadway's Gone Hill Billy"

"She's 'Way Up Thar"
(I'm 'Way Down 'Yar)

TOO MUCH ROPE

By William H. McKegg



Working feverishly to be the little French girl from Paree, Fifi Dorsay oo-lo-laed herself out of favor.



David Rollins first appealed to the fans by looking boyish, and then lost out by going too coy for words.

The line that papa's little pet must be tucked in bed at nine o'clock was overdone and it boomeranged back on Anita Page.



When a player spins too long a personality line he gets tripped up in it, often strangling his career. Here are some outstanding examples of players who overworked their imaginary personalities.

GIVE a fool too much rope and he'll hang himself. So goes the old saying. Not wishing to be tactless, I'll substitute "star" for "fool." For it is like this: Most players create a fanciful personality of themselves. They hide behind this imaginary being, but sooner or later reveal their true selves to the fans by playing with too much rope.

You've heard that Garbo is a recluse. She makes a picture, then instantly goes back into her hermitlike existence. The One and Only has impressed this idea on the fans so strongly that it seems fool-proof. Yet—

Garbo has as many friends as she desires. She goes where she wants to. Lately she has made a grave mistake. Instead of hiding behind her hermit personality she has permitted herself to be seen. Worst of all, not to such good advantage.

This winter she attended concerts and dance offerings. When Garbo arrived in her limousine a thrill was expected.

Instead of a dazzling creature, out stepped a strange person dressed in a leather jacket, a woolen skirt, ankle socks, and sandals. A somewhat inappropriate ensemble for a swell opening.

One fan said to me, "I recognized Garbo, though none of the others seemed to. While they were rushing after other stars, I went up to her and asked if she'd autograph my book. She partly smiled, shook her head, and dashed into the theater."

Continued on page 58

Tom Brown publicized himself as a combination Don Juan and stripling Henry VIII. Now he's sworn never to mention a girl's name.

Naughty, naughty, naughty—
as Tallulah Bonkhead's
wood paid more at-
tention to her acting.

A black and white close-up portrait of actress Constance Bennett. She has short, wavy blonde hair with bangs, looking slightly upwards and to the right. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment with a ruffled collar. The background is dark, and the lighting is dramatic, highlighting her features.

FAVORITES
of the FANS

CONSTANCE BENNETT



Photo by Otto Dyer

ALICE FAYE can take her place among the real beauties of Hollywood though she is more eager to make a place for herself among the girls that mean something on the screen. Famous as a blues singer, she will make her *début* in Fox's production of George White's "Scandals."

DOROTHY DELL is another beauty who is entering the Hollywood cavalcade. Known chiefly for her singing in the "Fallies," she faced the camera and was transformed into a dramatic actress! So dramatic, indeed, that she was given the lead in "The Man Who Brake His Heart"

Photo by Will Wallbank





Photo by Otto Dyar



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

WARNER BAXTER
LESLIE HOWARD

RALPH BELLAMY
ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Photo by Russell Ball



The ART of ACTING



Photo by Otto Dyar

JOHN BOLES
CLIVE BROOK

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach



Photo by Max Munn Autrey

SPENCER TRACY
OTTO KRUGER

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



S CARRIED ON



THERE'S no doubt that Pert Kelton has clicked and is on the screen to stay. Ever since "Bed of Roses" she has been getting better and better—perter and peppier—and prettier, as you can see from this new photograph. You will see the gal herself before long in "Sing and Like It."

Photo by Ernest A. Bachner



WHEN Harold Lloyd chose Una Merkel for his leading lady in "Catspaw," his new picture, he caused rejoicing among fans. For the Kentucky comedienne will shine with added brilliance in such good company. Una, in fact, sparkles when the company is not so good and her part is small. She hasn't ever given a weak performance and it's not too much to say that she never will.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

YOU'VE laughed at Mary Boland on the screen, but did you ever wonder about the woman behind her giddy rôles? The real Boland is wise and tolerant and understanding, poised and serene. Success is nothing new to her. You must read the story, opposite, to appreciate fully the great person she is.

Photo by John Enstead



SITTING PRETTY

Mary Boland never has an idle moment, thanks to her trouper training, and as a human being she's just as swell.

By Robert Fender

IF there were more people like Mary Boland in this funny town we interviewers wouldn't be the nasty old men we are. Our livers would be in better shape; our laughs wouldn't have that faintly acrid note; we wouldn't go around hitting innocent children and snarling at defenseless waitresses. We might, in short, be human.

Because, believe you me, readers, Mary Boland is swell. And to those like myself who apparently must spend a lifetime—unless I clip the coupon, study at home, and learn to be a street-car motorman—interviewing the self-important ladies and gentlemen of Hollywood, Mary Boland is eleganter than *Skippy's* elegant.

First of all, this grand gal is the world's best antidote for cutie trouble. Maybe you don't recognize "cutie trouble." Let me say briefly that the affliction arises from the town being full of cuties of both sexes out to impress the world with their rather dubious charms. Politely you laugh at their whiskery jokes; applaud their latest bids for space: "oh" and "ah" their yawn-inspiring antics; agree that they are the height of something or other—but not what they think—and that night fiercely wonder if it's too late in life to learn a decent racket.

But with Miss Boland it's different. As it happened, I arrived at her Beverly Hills place immediately after talking with some one up to her neck in the Hollywood grand manner. This blondined, Marcellled fly in my ointment had wasted no time, amid flutterings of fake eyelashes, assuring me of her importance. With her it was "But my deah, *shualy* you've heard of my interpretation of such-and-such rôle."

Everything about her had been phony. Her accent was broader than Kate Smith. Articles on her by studio publicity men, who are paid to write flattering tributes or nothing, had gone to her head. She had what we'll call three-sheet trouble. She wanted me to know she was an *Actress*. (I think she'd had two lines in her career.)

But we're talking about Mary Boland now, the Mary Boland who for many years has electrified Broadway; the Mary Boland of whom Hollywood producers got a glimpse in "The Night of June 13th" and ever since have implored to forsake Broadway for option-land.

Miss Boland followed this picture with "Evenings for Sale" and "If I Had a Million" and hurried back for the



One of the most "complete" persons in Hollywood, Miss Boland carries the same refreshing spirit into her acting.

New York winter season. Last summer she came out for Paramount and she hasn't had a moment to herself. Her salary, youngsters, is enough. Enough to more than supply her with all the Hollywood gilt and gadgets, including pale-lavender Rolls-Royces and light-yellow chauffeurs, which she ignores.

Mary Boland is the sort of woman you would like to meet. She is, for all I know, the only complete person in Hollywood. By "complete" I mean one possessed of a wisdom and serenity which only a full knowledge of life can bring. One is completely at ease in her presence. She is proud of her theater. And her theater is justly proud of her. For to-day Mary Boland stands, as surely as stood the immortal Sarah Bernhardt and the late Mrs. Fiske, for all that is fine and worth while in drama, which is to say, in life.

Knowing far too much about acting to criticize others' performances, Miss Boland had this to say about the younger crop of movie aspirants: [Continued on page 54]

HOW TO PHONE A STAR

What's it worth to call up Jean Harlow sometime? Or would you rather phone Mary Pickford and Constance Bennett *both* for the price of a Harlow call? If you're ever in Hollywood, the strangest racket in the country will fix it up for you.

By Hal Hall

THERE is no town in the world that boasts so many unlisted telephones in proportion to the population as does Hollywood. Likewise, and I challenge dispute, there is no town in the world where unlisted telephone numbers are so easy to get.

If you are in New York and want to get the unlisted phone number of your best friend—just try to get it! But if you are in Hollywood and think it would be grand to call up Clark Gable, all you need is money, and not such a lot of that.

The answer is—the Hollywood *telephonics*.

Chicago has its dry-cleaning racketeers, New York its poultry chiselers, but a bunch of lads in Hollywood, long before the mobsters of the big cities ever hit the headlines, had organized the most unique racket in the world. This group comprises the telephonics. They are not spectacular in their operations. They never break into print. But for years they have earned a goodly sum of money, regardless of depressions, stock-market slumps, or what have you.

A telephony is a man or woman who by one means or another has learned the private phone numbers of the stars and offers them for sale to curious tourists, love-smitten maidens, brother Elks, visiting firemen, insurance salesmen, newspaper editors, or to any one who wants a star's telephone number and has the money to pay for it.

There is, perhaps, no other town in the world where such a tame racket could be developed into so lucrative a business. Every star has a confidential number. To let your telephone number be listed in the telephone directory is to admit that you are absolutely nothing in the picture business. The tourist glancing through the telephone directory might think the picture people have no phones, but they all have.

The business of the telephonics developed from the same reason that caused the stars to have unlisted telephone numbers: that is, hundreds of people want to call them on the telephone. It started years ago when picture players first became famous and the first stories of their big salaries appeared in the newspapers. Then an avalanche of salesmen descended upon these unfortunate people by way of the telephone. In self-defense they obtained private numbers—and the privilege of undisturbed sleep.

There the telephonics stepped into the breach. At first their operations were largely a favor to overworked newspapermen who had to get statements from stars whose names had come before the public through the divorce courts or some other sensational route. Some bright lad saw the opportunity of making easy money and a new racket was started.

Now every hotel in Hollywood and Los Angeles is able to tip off a guest where he or she may obtain the number of Jean Harlow, George Raft, or even Mae West, who invited everybody to "come up sometime" and almost tears the telephone from its connection when a half-inebriated man calls up in the middle of the night to tell her he thinks it's a great idea, and won't she tell him the address.

The telephony racket is a serious one with this group. They go about it in a businesslike manner, with card-index and checking systems that would amaze you. Their business would not last if they were not accurate. A few wrong numbers given by them and they would be thrown out by the very people who now assist them.



The telephonics give Clark Gable Grade-A rating—\$5.00. Myrna Loy's number goes for \$2.50 and Bing Crosby's is quoted at \$3.50.

Since the stars frequently change their numbers because of this racket, they are kept on the jump to keep abreast of the changes. How they do it is a mystery many a star would like to solve. But get the numbers they do.

The price list of the stars numbers is something to marvel at. They are graded much like oranges, lemons, or potatoes. The following list obtained by the writer from a man who has been in the telephony business for years gives you an idea of the popularity of some of the players, so far as tourists and salesmen are concerned.

Heading the list we find that grand old trouper, Marie Dressler, right up front with the sensuous-looking Jean Harlow, the hip-wagging Mae West, the retiring Garbo, and that gorgeous night-gown wearer, Jeanette MacDonald.

Among the men stars, George Raft and Clark Gable are in the grade-A class, closely followed by Franchot Tone and Bing Crosby.

The women stars' telephone price list follows:

Jean Harlow	to general public	\$5.00	to salesmen	\$3.00
Mae West	" " "	5.00	" "	3.00
Marie Dressler	" " "	5.00	" "	3.00
Greta Garbo	" " "	5.00	" "	3.00
Jeanette MacDonald	" " "	5.00	" "	3.00
Joan Crawford	" " "	2.50	" "	1.50
Alice White	" " "	2.50	" "	1.50
Myrna Loy	" " "	2.50	" "	1.50
Constance Bennett	" " "	2.50	" "	1.50
Loretta Young	" " "	2.50	" "	1.50
Mary Pickford	" " "	2.50	" "	1.50
Lilian Harvey	" " "	1.50	" "	1.00
Claudette Colbert	" " "	1.50	" "	1.00
Clara Bow	" " "	1.50	" "	1.00
Dolores del Rio	" " "	1.50	" "	1.00
Sheila Terry	" " "	1.50	" "	1.00

Most of the other established players, and the entire flock of newcomers, may be telephoned for \$1.00 per head. Salesmen get the numbers cheaper in bulk, depending upon how many they take.

The men's list is headed by these stars:

George Raft	to general public	\$5.00	to salesmen	\$3.00
Clark Gable	" " "	5.00	" "	3.00
Franchot Tone	" " "	3.50	" "	2.00
Bing Crosby	" " "	3.50	" "	2.00
Leslie Howard	" " "	2.00	" "	1.00
Dick Powell	" " "	2.00	" "	1.00
Wallace Beery	" " "	2.00	" "	1.00
John Boles	" " "	2.00	" "	1.00

It is impossible for the stars to keep their telephone numbers a secret, though not one is listed in the phone directory. A group of men have developed a racket of ferreting out private numbers and selling them. Here are some of the prices:

Jean Harlow, Mae West, and Garbo	\$5.00 each
Clara Bow and Claudette Colbert	1.50 each
George Raft and Clark Gable	5.00 each
John Boles and Wallace Beery	2.00 each

A lot of the players' numbers go for a dollar a throw. Gary Cooper's has recently gone on the bargain list.

The rest of the men bring a dollar a throw. Salesmen get them dirt cheap if they take a big assortment.

"You see," explained one of the telephonies, "we grade 'em accordin' to demand. The prices I'm quoting you hold to-day. As a rule they stick about like that. But if a big convention comes to Los Angeles and we find a lot of men who are careless about how they spend their money, well, for the West gal we double the ante. If they want to hear her voice they have to pay.

"Times are not what they used to be in the racket. Before the depression we used to get a lot for people like Clara Bow and the other hot-cha gals. And you'd be surprised at the prices we've been able to get from women old enough to know better who were just dying to call up Clark Gable or Gary Cooper.

"The Cooper guy has gone on the bargain list lately. Bing Crosby is comin' along fast. So is this fellow Tone. Raft has been a big money maker for me. I hope he hangs on. I did a brisk bit of business in Lee Tracy right after he thumbed his nose at Mexico. The Harlow jane is a pip for us boys.

"We get our fancy prices from the visitors, but our biggest trade is with the business houses and salesmen who want to get next to the stars to sell them something.

They take 'em in wholesale lots and of course we have to cut prices. But it pays when they buy a flock of them.

"The toughest guy in the picture game as far as we are concerned is Will Rogers. He has an office and

Continued on page 64

The telephonies will sell you Lilian Harvey's private phone number for only \$1.50. Jeanette MacDonald's gets top rating, \$5.00, and Dick Powell's goes for only \$2.00.





This bevy of new faces will be seen in "Fox Follies."



Mitzi Green has grown up into the ingénue class for "Finishing School."

What they're talking about when members of the film colony get together.

By
Edwin and Elza Schallert

WATCH for a marriage for Ronald Colman. We haven't the least inkling yet who the lucky girl may be, but we know that Ronald has plans in the back of his head. Divorce from his wife, professionally known as Thelma Ray, is being sought by the star. This is only the second time in a dozen years that that has happened. About eight years ago Colman sought a legal separation, but it was never granted. English divorce laws are very difficult, if one wishes to live in England after remarrying. It looks now as if Ronald might be willing to give up the chance of returning to his native land, take an easier divorce route, and remain in Hollywood. Paris will probably be the scene of the proceedings.

Colman was married to Miss Ray in 1920 while they were playing together in England. They separated in 1924 about the time that Ronald was getting a real start in pictures. A suit for separate maintenance was started by Mrs. Colman in 1925 when she visited Hollywood, but it was settled out of court, and then about a year later Colman tried for a divorce, but unsuccessfully. He has been reported engaged only once and that was during this time—to Betty Jewel. And so that's that. A totally different marital story than the usual one!

The New Romantic.—Francis Lederer is spreading charm as no other actor ever did. While he is temperamental around the studio, he is the most agreeable public character imaginable. Women have been lining up by the dozens at the stage door of the theater where he has

been playing in "Autumn Crocus." Lederer has a smile for every one of them.

Also he's the delight of the women's clubs and other civic organizations. He has made as many as two or three speeches in a day. His pet theme is international peace, and he talks well on the subject.

He is famous for not losing his temper, but he is the most insistent individual in the world when he wants anything. He always manages to keep very suave through an argument, letting the other person do the raging. There has never been anybody like him in movieland.

Lupe-Johnny Skirmishes.—The actions of Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez are becoming just a bit foolish. Their antics in connection with their marriage were silly enough, but now that they've started separating, too, people are growing very weary of it all. Lupe and Johnny had a spat one evening, and she immediately advised a representative of a news service that they had quit. Two days after the story was printed they were together again, but continued talking separation. Somebody went out to see them to find out what it was all about, and, being ushered into their bedroom, found both sitting up in bed discussing whether or not they should divorce. Since then, almost any report about their marital status is immediately labeled ridiculous.

Connie Explains All.—Just because Gilbert Roland returned from Europe about the same time that the Marquis de la Valaise de la Coudray departed for Indo-



Photo by Coburn

A picture good to look at on a frosty spring morning—Frances Dee and Joel McCrea in a playful moment.

China, gossips sought to imply that Connie Bennett was checkerboarding the two men around. They made much of the fact, some of the talk even getting into print. *La Bennett* was very irritated about the whole thing. She averred, "Let it be understood once and for all that I have no control over train and boat schedules. Henri is going to Indo-China to make pictures because he wants to make them there. Gilbert Roland is home because he has finished his trip, and that's all there is to that."

While the marquis was in town Miss Bennett attended the first showing of his film, "Legong," which is done in color. She financed this production, as well as the Indo-China excursion.

War of Hokum.—We suspect that there was a lot more to-do about casting Jeanette MacDonald opposite Maurice Chevalier, in "The Merry Widow," than was really justified. Everybody got into that squabble at one time or another, including Ernst Lubitsch, the director, and Irving Thalberg, the producer, who made rather pointed statements about each other in what they said officially about Chevalier not wanting Jeanette for the lead.

A rather comprehensive view of Nena Quartaro is another reason to watch for Hal Roach comedies.

Photo by Stax

Maurice voiced his opposition some months ago, but apparently had a change of heart. Anyway, Thalberg, Lubitsch, Jeanette, and Maurice are all pulling together now. Chevalier even kissed the aggrieved lady's hand and put his arm about her while they were being photographed. Sometimes we have a grave suspicion that stars and studios try to make these casting problems intricate just to attract a lot of attention.

Introducing Wilcoxon.—Harry Wilcoxon, chosen by Cecil DeMille to play *Mark Antony* in "Cleopatra," was frightened when DeMille took him to his first Hollywood première, that of Greta Garbo's "Queen Christina." He was especially troubled when he was ushered up to the microphone and urged to say something to the public. Wilcoxon is a big husky fellow who looks like Victor McLaglen.

Another husky is Carl Brisson, the Danish star, who is appearing in "Murder at the Vanities." He is the famous "early love" of Greta Garbo. Greta had a terrible crush on him when he was in a cabaret in Stockholm. Brisson is now safely married, and has seen Greta only two or three times since she was a young girl. He did not know her the first time that he saw her in an American-made picture. He remembered her as Greta Gustafsson.

Verree's Lucky Days.—Curious how fortune smiles on engaged ladies in Hollywood. There's Verree Teasdale, for example. She's to marry Adolphe Menjou in August, and they're to travel at the same time. Marriage in Spain or some nice Latin country. [Continued on page 54]

Here's a tantalizing sample of what to expect in George White's "Scandals"—Eileen Gorlet in feathers and frills.



OH, HEPBURN,

An open letter from one of her home-townners tells Katharine how proud they are—and how much they'd like to spank her for her attitude toward fans and publicity.

THIS open letter, Katharine, may be the effrontery of a cat looking at a queen, or it may only classify me with the eccentric gentry that puts sugar on tomatoes. Be that as it may, it is what your home towners are saying, and so it may interest your fans more than you guess.

The mood of our cocktail and dinner-hour discussions is a changing one. There is the justifiable pride that one of our home-townners has achieved great success, and there is unbounded admiration for the tenacity which you have shown in sticking to it when the going was not easy. There is disappointment, though, that you have adopted as your slogan the outmoded "I don't care what they say about me." In the same breath there is hope that once you see the folly of such an attitude your high intelligence will prompt you to abandon it.

For the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker, to say nothing of their respective wives and daughters

hereabouts, all have a desire to administer to Hartford's one and only star a good spanking for the means she has taken to avoid publicity; or, when she has permitted it, for the out-of-date type she has indulged in.

Yes, we have read how you hid your face at the tennis matches when Bennett, Pickford, and the others showed theirs, because you "hated displaying your freckles." Freckles, be dashed! Yours aren't ugly, certainly no more so than Crawford's, and she never runs from cameramen!

Your contradictory statements, or no statements at all, are such infantile methods of publicity. Perhaps not for those actresses who have been pushed up to stardom by the accident of a beauty contest, but for you, who have such claim to worth and brilliance, most certainly so.

Of all the stars in Hollywood, you, one of the youngest, have probably had more experiences of interest than several other players rolled into one. Some folks are drama in themselves, and you are one of those few.

To begin with, you were born and reared in a tremendously interesting and enlightened circle. Your childhood and school life contain any number of engrossing stories if you could be made to tell them. Your coed fans would be enchanted by your reactions to Dartmouth's ice carnival, Annapolis's regattas, or Princeton's plays, and other college affairs. Brilliant girls such as you are seldom remain alone in the dorms while their sisters make merry in neighboring universities.

You haven't told fan writers anything about these days, have you, Katharine? And yet every college girl who follows your career would get a tremendous kick out of it. To say nothing of the thrill to those under-privileged girls whose only contact with such glamorous experiences is a vicarious one.

They say here in Hartford that you once hiked across part of Europe. Did you? Did you meet any interesting people? Tell us about them instead of running away.

Let your admiring fans hear about your background, your college life, your travels. It's part of the game, Katharine.

Photo by Baerach



BEHAVE!

By M. Oakley Christoph

Do you really read French originals? In the gallery of Molière, Racine, Corneille, et cetera, are there any characters you have a strong desire to play?

While abroad did you visit the places of triumph of Duse, Bernhardt, and Ellen Terry, or was the ambition to act not then fully crystallized in your young mind?

Do you see, Katharine, why the home town feels resentment that you have hidden your real and brilliant self, so rich in spiritual, intellectual, and physical experience, under a bushel? That you have given your literate public a bone to chew on when you could have given them a sumptuous feast, if only you would reveal the true girl your home town knows so well?

What wouldn't all the young *Juliets* give to hear from your own lips denial or affirmation of the story going the rounds in your home town that what really influenced you to forgo an extra film to appear in a hazy play was that your husband is kept East by his work, and that you wanted a "legitimate" reason to remain in New York with him?

We shan't press you on that subject, for perhaps the poets were right when they said love needs privacy to flower.

The sisters and the brothers of the world would like hearing about yours. Haven't you a brother who aspires to playwriting? Is he Hollywood ambitious? And do your sisters dream of following in your path?

There is so much about you and your family that is colorful. Recently your mother was the subject of news dispatches when she took her convictions for need of social reform legislation to Congress. The campaign for woman suffrage knew her as one of its staunchest workers.

Did she instill her fighting spirit in you by heritage and example, or by conscious teaching, Katharine? Those who enjoy inspirational articles would find in your answer much that was inspiring. Again, if you could but be persuaded to tell! What star

in Hollywood has a tenth as much to give to her fans, both in achievement and personality?

"But what has this to do with my work?"—you say. "I wish to be known only by my acting. My private life is my own."

Don't believe it, Katharine. In this day being interviewed is part of your work. Doesn't Maxwell Anderson say in one of his plays that what is said about us becomes us? The point being that the world takes what is written of a person as its conception of the person himself. And that mental image can aid or detract from the success of a star.

The American public lives at such a rapid tempo that the nine-day-wonder rule was never more in effect than right now. Between films, if you are not read of, others will be and the fickle public flocks to see its newest idol, to the exclusion of the star they have been permitted to forget.

Nor is your private life your own any longer, Katharine. And that because the star of to-day stands more for a spiritual quality vitalized, than for a particular, in-

High-hatting the public or kidding it with silly, contradictory stories isn't like the Katharine they used to know in Hartford. Here she is the friendly girl who returned from Europe unprepared for overnight fame.



Photo by Wide World

dividual person. You, for instance, stand for modernness. "As modern as Hepburn," they say. So what you do off-screen more than what you do on becomes the gauge of what is "being done" and what is not.

The movies have become more and more the arbiter of clothes and ways of living. What you wear, how you act, what you do offstage, sets the pattern for a hundred thousand girls who would be like you. Not only is that true of your influence but of every other star's. That is why the Better Films Associations throughout the country are actively concerned with all phases of picture production.

You may say that permitting your private thoughts to be heralded by writers is exhibitionism. And you may be right. But it is a vital part of all stage and screen work. And since it is, directed publicity is far better than a *laissez-faire* one. Certainly to a new star like yourself.

It is said that your shyness is not genuine. That is not true if local evidence is to be considered. From the

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Photo by Miller



What has kept him from realizing the brilliant promise of his early career? Why has he played small rôles instead of leading ones in recent films? Why have fans seen no photographs of him? His story is unique, even for Hollywood, where careers are mysteriously and abruptly ended.

By Laura Benham

The STRANGE CASE

Phillips Holmes looks optimistically at his future, determined to redeem himself in the eyes of his fans now that he is free of a contract that relegated him to the background.

WHEN Phillips Holmes recently sailed for Europe he terminated a period in his career unparalleled in the experience of any other actor or actress in Hollywood. His story is unique in a town replete with tales as fantastic as they are nevertheless true.

Five years ago Phil appeared upon the cinema horizon with no more, no less, than the usual publicity devoted to players newly signed by an important studio. Director Frank Tuttle "discovered" him at Princeton, where a Paramount unit had gone to make scenes for one of Buddy Rogers's film offerings. Phil, a student at that college, was just the type that Hollywood needed.

His initial rôle in the Rogers opus was followed by bigger and better parts, and before long he was being groomed for stardom. It was not strange that he should evidence such ready talent for the Thespian art, as his father, Taylor Holmes, had been prominent on the stage, for many years, and his mother, too, had been an actress.

Before a year had passed, Phil's name shone in elec-

tric lights on Broadway and points north, east, south, and west. Nor, apparently, was this recognition premature. For through the box-offices of the nation legions of fans confirmed the verdict of producers that here, indeed, was a young man worth watching.

Surely, then, Phillips Holmes in his very early twenties faced a future roseate with brilliant prospects and possibilities.

Up to that point, there is nothing remarkable about his story. He was neither the first nor the last young actor to enjoy a meteoric flight to film fame and fortune.

Nor, for that matter, was there anything remarkable

Mr. Holmes was all set to be an architect or a broker when a movie unit visited Princeton and he was selected as a collegiate type.



Photo by English

in the mere fact of his almost as rapid descent from the heights. Certainly, it has been the lot of many among Hollywood's elect to find themselves suddenly catapulted from the high places they have attained.

But in all other instances there has been a reason for the heartbreaking debacle. Too much liquor or too many women have spelled the death knell to many promising careers. Waning ability and unwarranted temperament have wrecked others. And, of course, fickle fancies of the public have been deciding factors.

In the case of Phillips Holmes there was apparently *no reason* for what befell him during the last two years. Or was there a reason, one of those secret reasons which shroud many unsolved mysteries in the cinema capital?

For even his most severe critics admit that Phil's ability increased with every picture. Handsome in the beginning, his good looks improved as each year brought an added maturity.

of PHILLIPS HOLMES

His army of fans remained loyal and as he was relegated to rôles of less and less importance, the remark was persistently overheard in theater lobbies, "Why are they giving Phillips Holmes such small parts? I like to see him play the lead."

A glance back over the last few years of his career is certainly not enlightening, unless one is familiar with the furtive politics of Hollywood, in which event a clew may be discerned.

After Phil had been with Paramount for three years during which time he appeared in such outstanding productions as "Devil's Holiday," "Broken Lullaby," and "An American Tragedy," and was lent to Columbia for "The Criminal Code," his contract expired. The organization was anxious to sign him for another term but Irving Thalberg of Metro-Goldwyn had become interested in Phil and made him a much more attractive offer than any of the others.

Not only did Thalberg offer him monetary gain, but he promised him rôles in which he would find every opportunity for artistic advancement.

So Phil signed a contract with M.-G.-M.—and therein, perhaps, lies the key to the mystery. Not that Phil himself will discuss it. But when I had tea with him just before he sailed for Europe, I could sense it in a random word dropped unintentionally, in a hesitant remark that stopped just short of being uttered, in an occasional flicker that crossed his mobile face as we talked around and about the subject.

"This is my first trip to New York in three years and it's swell," he began conventionally as we sat in the newly opened cocktail bar of the Waldorf-Astoria and imbibed—iced coffee!

"In fact, I feel in such a frank mood—let's be quite vitriolic about Hollywood!" he flashed me one of his most Holmeslike smiles. "I'll talk about how stupid and narrow it is and about how marvelous it is to breathe sane, intelligent air again. Isn't that the prescribed thing for us actors to say when we come to New York on a vacation?"

"But seriously," he went on, knowing full well

that I understood the intended humor of his first remark. "While I am aware of Hollywood's faults, I love it. I love being an actor. At first it didn't appeal to me.

"In college at Princeton we boys were inclined to be a little supercilious about pictures. The stage was all right, but the screen! When Frank Tuttle signed me and took me to Hollywood I considered it just a lark and expected to be back in college by the beginning of the next term.

"My ambition was to be an architect or a stockbroker—you know, one of those solid, substantial pillars of society who reside in a smart

suburb of New York and commute from luxurious, well-organized homes to efficient, modernistic offices.

"But before I finished my first picture, acting had begun to get me. Maybe it was because so many of my family had been of the theater before me. At any rate,

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The lead in "An American Tragedy" and a bit in "Storm at Daybreak"—these are extremes in Phillips Holmes's strange career





Photo by Lippman

GOOD GUY

Fredric March would rather
be called this than
"great actor."

There is no false modesty
about him, however.
He knows he's good and will
fight to prove it.

By
Leroy Keleher

Fredric March's next rôle will be *Benvenuto Cellini* in "The Firebrand," a part that promises to give him the great opportunity he found in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

THERE are those who will tell you that Fredric March is temperamental and conceited. Needless to say, they are the Hollywood wisecracks whose only claim to distinction lies in their profound inability to look beneath the surface.

First, let us analyze these accusations. There are two kinds of temperament. One is the affectation of mediocrity in an attempt to appear gifted. The other, as displayed by Fredric March, is the artist's honest pride in his gift and his work.

That Freddie is conceited could not be further from the truth, for he himself says, "I can't see how anybody in his right mind can get egotistical in this racket. No actor can rest on his laurels. He is only as good as his last rôle and the chances are that that wasn't so good."

He is not modest, however. He fully realizes his capabilities and will fight for the right to express them. Modesty is only a form of dishonesty.

But he is humble, particularly in the presence of older and more experienced actors. It is a humility born of the realization that there is much yet to learn.

"The king of actors," as he has been termed by some enterprising press agent, is a man of impulses and vagaries. No amount of success or fortune could make him lose his zest for living. He has a *macabre* sense of humor which comes to his rescue when he is inclined to take himself too seriously.

Since winning the Academy award for his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he has grown in dignity and sophistication. He has also grown a little bored with interviews.

A native of Racine, Wisconsin, he entered the State university with the class of 1920. He majored in football, boxing, and track. Following his graduation, he obtained a job in a New York bank. One day while at work he was stricken with appendicitis, and during the recuperative period he decided to become an actor.

His first important stage rôle was given him by David Belasco, in "Deburau." In 1926 he went to Elitch's Gardens in Denver to play leads in summer stock. There he met his leading lady, Florence Eldridge, and fell in love with her. They were married following his divorce.

In 1928, March came West to fill a stage engagement in "The Royal Family." He was an immediate success and Hollywood producers clamored for his services. In spite of some mediocre pictures, Fredric March has steadily advanced until now he is among the four or five important cinema artists.

His success may, in part, be attributed to his fine instinct for suavity and accentuation and to his amazingly copious knowledge of life. He believes love is the most important factor in a person's life.

"In fact," he says, "it is almost necessary to your work and peace of mind!"

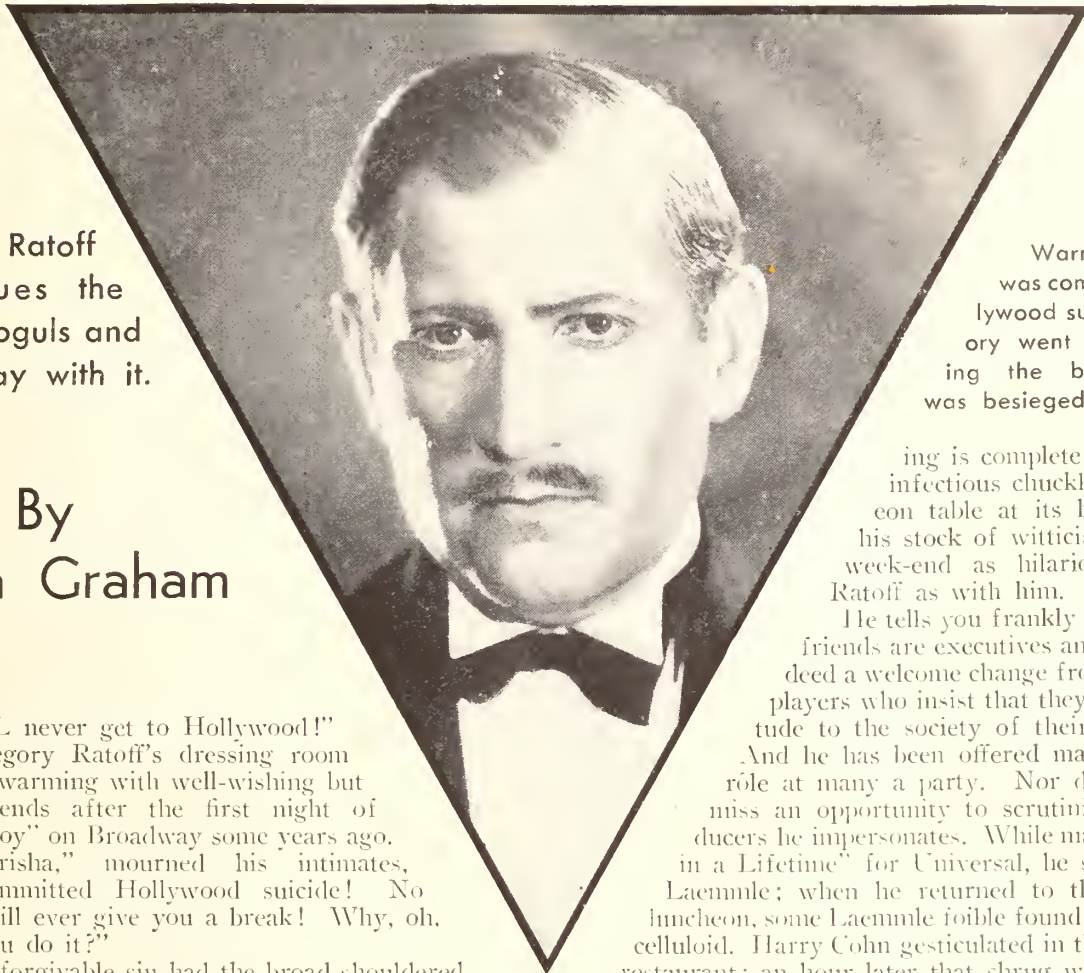
He thinks a subtle blending of sex and intelligence characterizes the ideal woman, and that the finest masculine trait is honesty. He always wears white shirts, generally open at the neck. When in New York, he attends art exhibits and frequents a certain restaurant in Forty-fifth Street.

[Continued on page 59]

ROGUISH RATOFF

Gregory Ratoff burlesques the movie moguls and gets away with it.

By
Fanya Graham



Warned that he was committing Hollywood suicide, Gregory went on mimicking the bosses—and was besieged with offers.

ing is complete without his infectious chuckle, no luncheon table at its best without his stock of witticisms, and no week-end as hilarious without Ratoff as with him.

YOU'LL never get to Hollywood!" Gregory Ratoff's dressing room was swarming with well-wishing but wailing friends after the first night of "Wonder Boy" on Broadway some years ago. "Oh, Grisha," mourned his intimates, "you've committed Hollywood suicide! No producer will ever give you a break! Why, oh, why did you do it?"

What unforgivable sin had the broad-shouldered, genial Mr. Ratoff committed? Why was he finished in Hollywood with never a film to his name? Because—time out for a deep breath—he had burlesqued a picture producer!

That was the sin of Gregory Ratoff. He had bitten the hand that might some day consent to feed him. He had looked a gift horse in the mouth. He had forgotten on which side his bread was buttered.

The roguish Ratoff accepted condolences blithely. He had liked the part; to this day it ranks as his favorite of all stage characterizations. Nor had he burlesqued the rôle lightly; he had painstakingly put into it every bit of business he could glean about the idiosyncrasies of the men who had inspired the part. He had played it so subtly and yet so broadly that every producer, from the veteran Carl Laemmle to the young and enterprising Harry Cohn, could not help but recognize himself as its inspiration.

And Ratoff had done it deliberately. He believed that the men who make the movies would recognize a good performance, even if the laughs were on themselves. He was right. Instead of being banished to Hollywood's doghouse, he was invited into its drawing-rooms; instead of being boycotted, he was besieged with offers. His signature was in demand with the helmsmen he had harpooned!

Popular though Ratoff has become on the screen, he is equally popular in Hollywood's social life. He is on the preferred list of every cinema celebrity. No gather-

He tells you frankly that his best friends are executives and actors, indeed a welcome change from the many players who insist that they prefer solitude to the society of their colleagues. And he has been offered many a prized rôle at many a party. Nor does he ever miss an opportunity to scrutinize the producers he impersonates. While making "Once in a Lifetime" for Universal, he studied Carl Laemmle; when he returned to the set after luncheon, some Laemmle foible found its way onto celluloid. Harry Cohn gesticulated in the Columbia restaurant; an hour later that shrug was being re-enacted before the camera for "Let's Fall in Love." To ape one's friends for profit, even if they do like it, does not satisfy Ratoff's artistic aspirations. Yet he believes these pot-boiling rôles, as he regards them, do serve a noteworthy purpose.

"I may be wrong," he remarks, "but I flatter myself that I'm doing good work for the producers, with these parts. I think that perhaps you who go to pictures understand them better when you see them, through me, on the screen.

"I think I show you that they are fine, honest, sympathetic men who may get hot-headed once in a while, but who are nevertheless brilliant and shrewd. Maybe I am wrong, maybe you watch me only to laugh, but I hope that is not so."

Ratoff, it is amusing to note, does not resemble any of the men he imitates. Five feet eleven inches tall and weighing 185 pounds, he is larger and heavier than the subjects of his satire. Nor is his accent patterned after theirs. Despite popular conjecture, many a Hollywood executive, American-born, speaks with no accent at all.

The Ratoff accent off the screen is not nearly as guttural as the microphone would have you believe. He splutters on purpose, for he believes that every actor owes it to himself to be an individualist. Capitalize on your defects and turn them into assets—that's the Ratoff slogan. So he garbles his words on purpose, and thanks to that plausible trick, you never fail to recognize him the moment he opens his mouth.

[Continued on page 62]

IS the SCREEN too



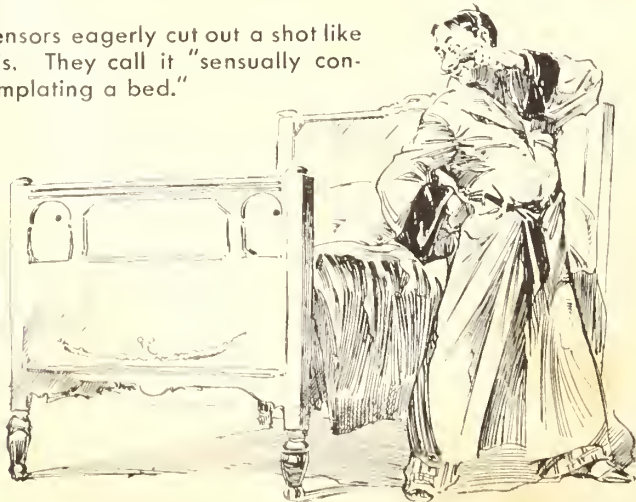
The big shots have laughed at clean-up talk in the past.

Widespread protest against movie morals causes producers to think of cleaning up from within the industry. But what is romance and what is "sex," they want to know.

WHOO'S afraid of the nice old censors has been the theme song of movies for several years. The hotter the situations, the nuder the publicity pictures, the better "the business" would prosper, it was thought. Give the public what it wants—good honest dirt and sizzling sex and label it "sophistication."

Reformers were already wrought up over sexy pictures when the shadow of the Blue Eagle fell over Hollywood. Producers found themselves working out a general film code and incidentally considering a moral housecleaning for the screen—from within. Leaders passed out word that it would be an excellent idea for Hollywood to do its own cleaning up before somebody else did it for them, when some pretty strong complaints had been registered in Washington.

Censors eagerly cut out a shot like this. They call it "sensually contemplating a bed."



A movie executive sounded a new note in Hollywood when he said that he saw no reason why films should not be as clean as radio. Religious leaders, social workers, and parent-teacher groups had been saying this for a long time and have been telling it to their congressmen in no mincing words. At the same time they advocated boycotting theaters showing films they considered harmful. Something had to be done.

Studios set about reconsidering some of the hotter films and stories on hand, according to the trade journals. Some could be soft-pedaled, others might have to be shelved. It is believed that if a clean screen is presented by early summer, legislative censorship will be avoided and at the same time local and state scissoring will be given a telling blow. The idea is to launder the films at home in Hollywood before they reach the public, and there will be no need of official inspection.

This worthy move got a bad start, however, when three films were banned by censor boards in the first month of NRA. "Damaged Lives" and "Elysia," independent productions, got the black marks, while "Blood Money" was banned in Maryland, though later reinstated. The first two are independent productions, "Elysia" portraying life in a nudist colony. How the major productions can go one way and the independents another without all getting in duteh is the question.

Producers are suddenly anxious to clean up, so they say. In the past such announcements have often brought forth only an impractical "moral code" and another series of loose-lady films or something of that sort. We shall see.

The trouble is they're running around in circles trying to decide where a nice romance ends and a sexy film begins. Nobody seems to know just where the merely risqué crosses over into dirt or vulgarity. Are Mae West's come-on-up gals too sexy, plain vulgar, or just

SEXY?

By James

Roy Fuller

Illustrated by H. Giesen

mildly and humorously shady? When is a flippant bit of humor just that?

Fans who cannot make up their minds on these points—and their letters show they do not agree—need not feel bad about it.

A psychologist on a studio pay roll is quoted by *Variety* as saying that every romantic picture is basically a sex picture. A studio head

gets more to the point in speaking of screen dirt: "A film has to be clean in essence. Any one can laugh at a dirty story, but it takes brains to make them laugh at a clean one." Applying this to films of young love, making hot-cha pictures is easy, but it takes brains to turn out a successful nice romance.

Still, this leaves "clean in essence" up in the air. The New York State board of censors last year cut out thirty-eight per cent of the material in pictures reviewed, according to *Nation*. Before that the Hays office had passed upon the story and film. And still the howl is abroad in the land that pictures are not clean. It seems that the sporadic deletions made by the censors fail to change the "essence" of the films after all.

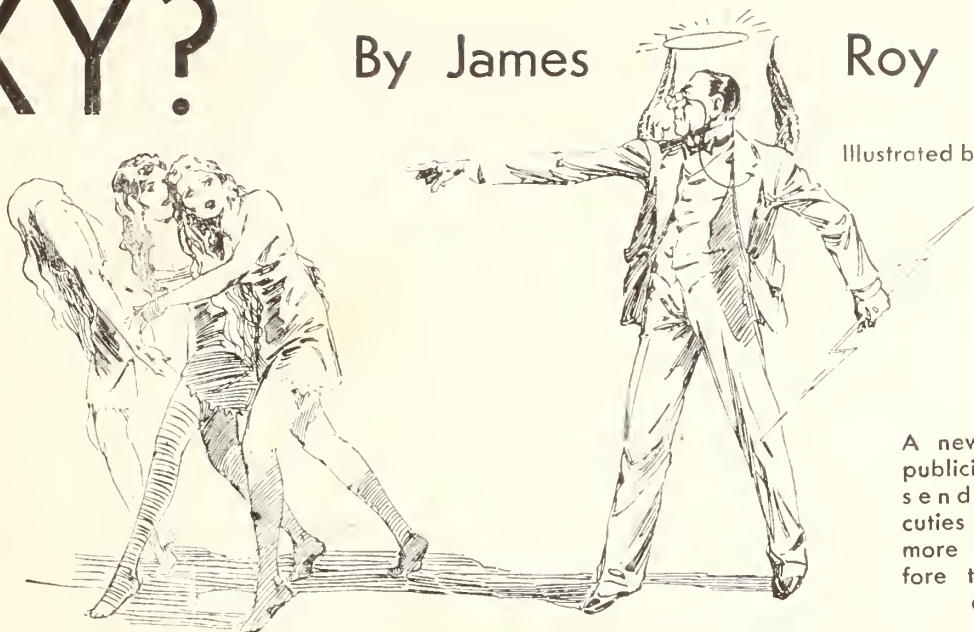
Once a film is completed, perhaps it cannot be changed. For instance, in "Cock of the Air" some time back the scene was ordered out in which *Roger* was "sensually contemplating the bed." Granted it was *Roger* who went too far in his contemplations, not the censors, the deletion had little to do with the entire film. It was little more than quibbling with the direction of the picture. And good heavens, what of Garbo hugging the bedpost and pillow in "Queen Christina" on leaving the inn? It's all in the way it's done, I suppose, or the mood of the censors.

The Federal Council of Churches, one of the groups campaigning for film reform, came to this pithy conclusion in a report on the subject some time ago: Pictures cannot be made good by the use of scissors.

To cut a minute kiss down to a split second, to reduce a "damn" to a "darn," to put pants on Micky Mouse.

That is only the waving of pious shears. Effective censorship should come from the studios themselves, and

While reformers are loudly clucking about naughty films, Hollywood talks of beating them to it by doing some home laundering.



A new ruling on publicity photos sends screen cuties home for more clothes before the camera clicks.

then you have a whole—and wholesome—picture, instead of a choppy one. It has been done often and the productions get both public acclaim and wholesale patronage. Look at "Little Women," "State Fair," and "Smilin' Through."

When a book is banned, the publishers are not surprised. Nobody has to tell them a book is smutty; they knew it all the time. Publishers are their own censors, and rarely is a book or part of one condemned. The \$100,000-a-year geniuses of Hollywood certainly should be able to turn out an acceptable product without benefit of any censorship if they would only stop trying to get away with things.

The censor boards put in much of their time cutting out three things which the studios are determined to put into as many films as possible: incomplete phrases with the actor's lips forming the sportsman's name for a mamma dog; men smacking their lady friends; and nude infants turned the wrong way. Since these are forbidden by the Hays code, perhaps the censors wear themselves out looking for these lapses and haven't the energy to spot the more subtle violations about which reformers are agitated.

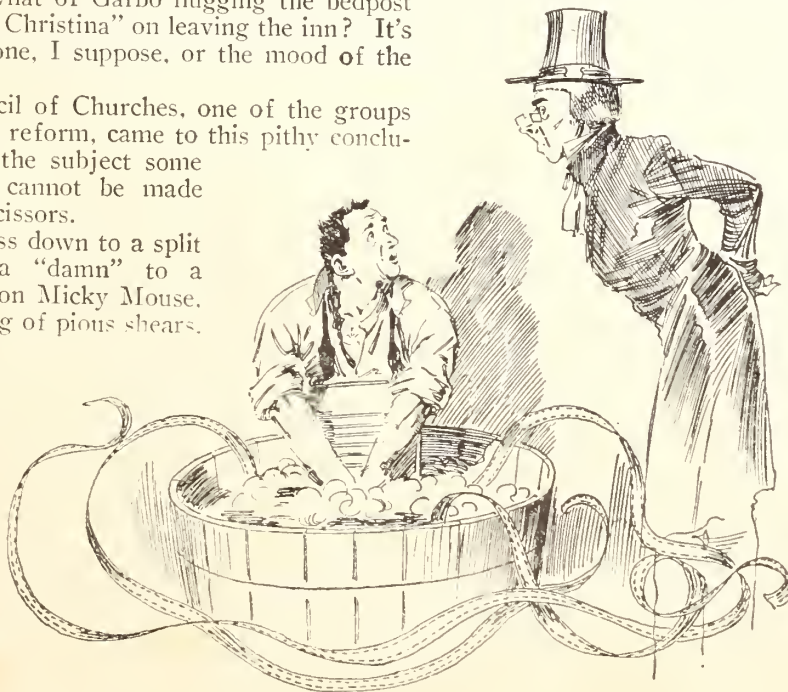
Since the greater part of the film deletions have to do with sex, and the clean-up campaign outside the industry is directed against sexy pictures, it would be well to refresh your memory on what the Hays code says on this subject. The high lights follow:

The sanctity of the institution of marriage and the home shall be upheld.

Adultery, sometimes necessary plot material, must not be explicitly treated or justified, or presented attractively.

Scenes of passion should not be introduced when not essential to the plot. In general, passion should

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THE SCREEN IN



Katharine Hepburn
disappoints
and Anna Sten
scores a big personal
success
in a month of
ups and downs.

Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable
take a long but lively bus ride in
"It Happened One Night."

© Columbia Pictures Corporation



Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Bellamy
strive valiantly to make a mountaineer
heroine live in "Spitfire," but it is effort
wasted on stogy material.

Lionel Barrymore and Janet Gaynor
make "Carolina" the best of its kind
since "State Fair."

"Spitfire."

Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young, Sarah Haden, Louis Mason.
Director: John Cromwell.

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S new picture, her first since the memorable "Little Women," is a dismal disappointment. It is a bitter pill for her more fervid admirers to swallow. For it proves to us that our forthright star is not above being decoyed into paths that she should shun, and that a juicy part in an unattractive film is not enough to keep us in a state of bliss. Once again we are discomfited by the knowledge that no star, not even our *Jo*, is better than the material provided.

True, Miss Hepburn does not suffer a complete eclipse and refuse to remind us of what she can do. But what she does give us is only a reminder and a fleeting one at that. She is spirited, eloquent, and individual, but it is only in one scene that she strikes an irresistible chord. That is when Robert Young makes love to the mountain girl and she responds. Awkward, timid yet candid, warm and at the same time reserved and a little frightened—all these states of mind are blended by Miss Hepburn in an exquisite picture of what an innocent girl feels when kissed by a man for the first time.

REVIEW

BY NORBERT LUSK

"Carolina."

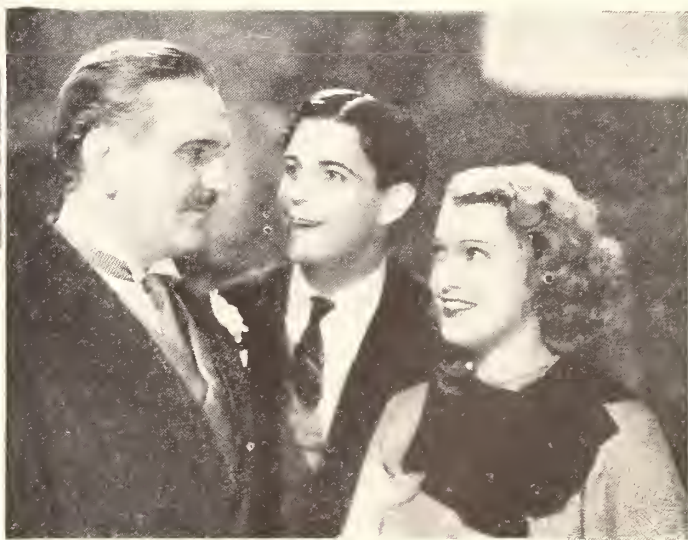
Janet Gaynor, Lionel Barrymore, Robert Young, Henrietta Crosman, Richard Cromwell, Mona Barric, Russell Simpson. Director: Henry King.

Her most legitimate film since "State Fair" and her best acted one since "The First Year," Janet Gaynor's new offering is among the choice pictures of the month. It has dignity, weight, and meaning for those who are exacting and it is romantic enough for those who sigh and ask for nothing more. Strongest of its virtues is that it offers character studies, clear-cut, believable, and not patterned after stock figures in the cinema. They are attractive because they progress as individuals and serve a more self-respecting function than cheering a happy ending for the young lovers.

Inspired by the play "The House of Connelly," this version is a rather free adaptation, gaining here and losing there, but causing no follower of films any



Anna Sten is more than a striking, magnetic personality in "Nana." She commands respect as a clever, resourceful actress with a great future.



Frank Morgan, Ramon Novarro, and Jeanette MacDonald are perfectly cast in "The Cat and the Fiddle," most tasteful and tuneful of recent musicals.

Aside from this, however, her valiant efforts to make the character live never pass beyond the limit of theatrical striving. Nor, for that matter, does the story ever help her. It is stagy and unreal, the only authentic note coming from the background, the beautiful and unalterable San Jacinto Mountains in California.

A Southern locale is stressed by the speech of the characters, including Miss Hepburn, whose dialect is uncertain and whose ordered curls and snugly seamed gingham scarcely bespeak honesty in approaching the character but rather the movie actress's determination to prettify.

Actually the most authentic acting comes from two minor players, Sarah Haden and Louis Mason. Especially is Miss Haden valuable in extracting all the comedy there is in a picture that should have been abandoned after rehearsal. Sadly I assure you that this report is reticent and leaves much unsaid, including details of the story.

misgivings for he has been entertained by a good picture. Visually it is quite the most beautiful and genuine representation of the old South that the screen has ever given us. The House of Connelly, you see, is an aristocratic establishment in Carolina, the slender income of the family coming from cotton raised on the estate. They are rich in land and traditions but poor in money and practicality until a young girl from the North, daughter of a tenant, points out to the son of the house his own possibilities as well as that of the unprofitable land. By raising tobacco instead of cotton the wealth of the Connellys is restored, a great business is established and the young couple have laid the foundation for a fortune for their children.

All this is pretty simple in the telling, but there are many aspects of the story and much revealing character portrayal, while the atmosphere of the scene is rich, appealing, and authentic, the spacious beauty of the old

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Photo by Monroe

Kathleen Key was Novarro's heroine in his first picture, "A Lover's Oath."

MY FRIEND RAMON

Informal, revealing reminiscences of
Novarro by a friend and fellow worker.

By Kathleen Key

EVERY friend of Ramon Novarro rejoices that he is at last realizing a cherished dream. He has finished his picture contract and after engagements in New York and Washington, will sing in Mexico, South America, and Europe on a tour that will last nearly a year. It is this temporary farewell of his to the screen that makes timely my recollections of him as a fellow player, I think. Ever since we played in our first picture, "A Lover's Oath," all of twelve years ago, he has been a friend without compare and always the most enjoyable and engaging of companions.

Twelve years is a long time to know a celebrity without disappointment. In all that time he never has changed. Although our paths have separated, when we run into each other in Paris, Berlin, or Hollywood, it is as if we'd met only the day before. Ramon is gay, solicitous and hospitable, eager to talk over old times and exchange news of mutual friends.

He has a marvelous disposition, of course. I've never heard him utter an unkindness, and as for *doing* one—well, I don't understand how he keeps his patience.

Naturally, he attracts a great many people who want to trail along with him because he's famous. But Ramon is gifted with second sight or something—call it Latin intuition, if you will—and he sees through any subterfuge in a flash and detects insincerity in any form. He loathes snobs, pretenders of any kind, and gush. He has a genius for friendship, though, and places no limitation on who his friends are, where they come from, or what they have to offer. His only requirement is that they be interesting in accomplishment or personality. I've never known Ramon to cultivate any one who could be of help to him.

Being extremely sensitive to people, he quickly adapts himself to any group or individual. I've seen him deep in discussion of his next film, the center of studio executives in a harangue of facts and

Ramon's career as a singer begins in earnest on a tour that will take him to Mexico, South America, and Europe for nearly a year.

figures. Shortly afterward I've encountered him at a gay cocktail party having the time of his life, only to see him leave to dine quietly with his family and perhaps later to attend a concert with a group of serious music-loving friends.

Yet, in spite of Ramon's unusual amiability, I recall a distressing moment when I made him angry and he did likewise to me. He never flares up or quarrels, but he came dangerously near losing his temper.

It happened in Rome when we were filming "Ben-Hur" and the scene was the hotel lounge one evening when several of us were waiting for something to happen. I started strumming "Dear Old Pal of Mine" on the piano. Ramon didn't know that I couldn't play at all and never pretended to. But recognizing the tune in my sorry attempt at a few bars, he came over and said, "That's one of my favorites. Let me sing it."

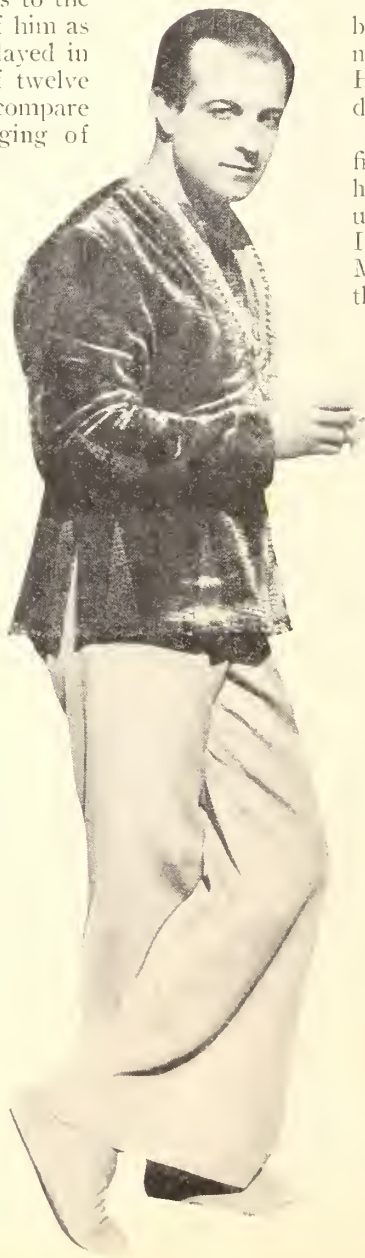
I didn't have the courage to tell him I couldn't play and thus lose the pleasure of his song, so I decided to fake it. Now Ramon is serious about his singing. When he sings everybody listens. So the company settled back. I managed to get through the first part and then began miserably to flounder. Suddenly Ramon swung around, his eyes blazing.

"You're kidding me," he hissed. "I won't have it!" Nobody was more surprised than I to see him get madder by the minute. Then I burned! I swished out of the room with "You *can't* sing it—that's the trouble!" They told me later the piano just missed my ear.

All the others were greatly upset. No one had ever seen Ramon angry and some thought I'd been trying to make him lose his temper. Peacemakers begged me to apologize, but by this time I had almost convinced myself that I could play the piano and that the star of "The Pagan" couldn't sing.

So I flounced into bed, my hair in curl rags, face smeared with cold cream, and my girlish form inclosed in a horrible flannel nightgown that I'd bought be-

Continued on



These scenes from "David Harum" indicate Will Rogers's most successful picture in years. The character of the shrewd, philosophical horse trader might have been written for the star and probably would have if he had been before the public when the novel came out many years ago.



S M A L L



T O W N

THE picture of Will Rogers in the circle is as characteristic of him as it is true to the description of *David Harum*. Lovely Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor capture the love interest of the story and a nicer couple would be hard to find for this pleasant assignment. Sympathetic Louise Dresser plays *David's* wife



IN the picture, right, are Otta Kruger, Mr. Gable, and Jean Hersholt. Below this group is a splendid study of Mr. Gable as Doctor George Ferguson whose love of his work nearly casts him the love of Myrna Loy. She is seen with Elizabeth Allan who is dying as the result of a nurse's indiscretion.



"Men in White" shows the professional and personal problems of surgeons with special emphasis on Clark Gable as the leading one.



HEROES





STUART ERWIN, as an American newspaperman, remains Villa's friend throughout his turbulent career. Here he is interceding for Villa in a domestic crisis, with Katherine DeMille as the chief-tain's exacting wife. Fay Wray charms Mr. Beery in the lower view.

BEERY



Wallace Beery, unique and extraordinary actor, finds the chance of a long and brilliant career as the star of "Viva Villa!" As Pancho Villa, revolutionary leader and self-appointed savior of Mexico, Wally will give a grand show.

GEORGE ARLISS is starred in what must surely be one of his greatest rôles, for he is the *Rothschild* who rises from poverty to riches, saves governments and changes world of-fairs. He is seen, right, with Florence Arliss, Loretta Young, Robert Young, and C Aubrey Smith. In the third panel is Boris Korloff.



THE POWER OF GOLD

"The House of Rothschild" is a dramatic history of the famous European bankers, their trials and triumphs.



and. Di-
below are Mr.
Jellamy and Can-
stance Cummings as
the charming dis-
turber of domestic
harmony. Miss Cum-
mings again in the
first panel and lus-
cious-voiced Kay
Johnson at her right.
A nice set-up alto-
gether!



"Transient Love" deals with a charming wife who turns the tables on the fascinating playgirl who steals her husband and who returns him somewhat damaged and ready for punishment. It is one of those sophisticated comedies in which the characters have no concern except with the game of love.

A WOMAN'S WAY

IRENE DUNNE as the
 sympathetic and re-
 sourceful wife is seen
 with Ralph Bellamy,
 dering hush-
 phillor-
 p
 rectly 1



BARBARA STANWYCK is about to win all Claire Dadd's jewels in the upper picture, and that means trouble if you know Miss Dadd at the screen. Joel McCrea, Miss Stanwyck's big moment, looks at What with Miss Dadd's enmity and Miss Stanwyck's willingness to help a pal in trouble, the poker business slows down and a long time passes before Miss Stanwyck and Mr. McCrea are reconciled at Monte Carlo, outer left.

POKER QUEEN

In "Gambling Lady" Barbara Stanwyck is lucky at cards and unlucky at love, which is true to the old adage, but she comes out victorious in the end. Which is as it should be in the movies,

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 41

mansion both inside and out providing pictures that live in one's memory.

Miss Gaynor is excellent in the rôle of the wonder worker. Sincere and direct, she subtly indicates the quiet power of the young girl who does so much and resists any temptation to be merely sweet and let her portrayal rest on that. Lionel Barrymore finds one of his best opportunities as a Southern gentleman of the old school and Henrietta Crosman is perfect as his proud, unyielding sister, mother of Robert Young through whom Miss Gaynor rehabilitates the family.

"It Happened One Night."

Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Jameson Thomas. Director: Frank Capra.

Third—and I hope last—in the trilogy of auto bus films, this falls midway between the first two, "Fugitive Lovers" and "Cross-country Cruise." Though more pretentious and, unhappily, longer than either of the others, it has the advantage of more positive players in the leading rôles, namely, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert. It is neither as dismal as the first nor as crazy as the second, but it was the sheer outlandishness of "Cross-country Cruise" that entertained me more than the current adventures and certainly more than the dour trip arranged for Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans. It is possible, however, that many will prefer to go on a jamboree with Mr. Gable and Miss Colbert at any cost. Let them go and welcome.

Certainly they will get their money's worth. If they are sensitive they will shudder at the thought of a nice girl like Miss Colbert exposed to the hazards of a long bus trip; if they are sensible they will vow never to take the same risk. For it seems that just about the most objectionable people living must select this means of travel, including the cream of the bores. Not content with showing what takes place inside a bus, the picture acquaints us with tourists' camps as additional warning to take a train next time we go anywhere. The reason for this is plain, though—undressing scenes for Mr. Gable and Miss Colbert, and the Dawn of Love.

That's the trouble; it's all calculated, transparent and moviesque. Miss Colbert a runaway society girl, pampered and headstrong; Mr. Gable a devil-may-care reporter, flip, humorous, hard-boiled. They insult each other with such ease and vehemence that you know love is just bidding his time. You are surprised when Miss Colbert

ding veil, as society girls have a way of doing, and Mr. Gable appears to save her from marriage to a worthless rival.

"The Cat and the Fiddle."

Ramon Novarro, Jeanette MacDonald, Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth, Vivienne Segal, Jean Hersholt, Henry Armetta. Director: William K. Howard.

A gay, tuneful, and ingratiating operetta teams Ramon Novarro and Jeanette MacDonald with happiest results. Though the music is familiar, the singers give it freshness and charm and their talent as comedians invests their singing and acting with a spontaneity rarely found in musical pictures. Which is to say they never are operatic, but always give the impression of singing on the spur of the moment. There isn't, in fact, any routine treatment expected of musical films in this one. No fancy formations of dancing girls, no waving plumes in simulation of flowers, no waterfalls or human harps, no nudity, and no traveling salesmen's humor.

What chorus numbers there are come from singers whose efforts advance the story instead of impeding it with showy irrelevancies. Consequently, the picture is never artificial, never just an excuse for music, and has neither a dull moment nor a forced one.

"The Cat and the Fiddle" is the title of the operetta composed by Mr. Novarro as *Victor*, in case you wonder about the name of the film. Miss MacDonald is an American composer of popular songs and the two musicians meet in Brussels where they fall in love. Separated by a misunderstanding, as all lovers are in fiction, they become reconciled when Miss MacDonald comes to the rescue of Mr. Novarro and sings the prima-donna rôle in his piece when he faces failure and ruin by the sudden withdrawal of his leading lady.

"Nana."

Anna Sten, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill, Mae Clarke, Muriel Kirkland, Richard Bennett, Jessie Ralph, Helen Freeman, Hardie Albright, Reginald Owen, Lawrence Grant. Director: Dorothy Arzner.

Preceded by the costliest and most determined campaign ever devised to introduce a foreign star, Anna Sten makes an American debut with complete personal success. More than a new and striking personality, she is a clever, resourceful actress whose career promises artistic and financial rewards to her astute sponsor, Samuel Goldwyn, and satisfaction to an interested public.

The Russian actress has every

quality for a high position on the screen, including not only magnetism but sympathetic appeal, and her slight accent does not stand in the way of reading lines with unusual intelligence. She does not merely speak clearly, but her inflections indicate that she knows what she is saying and her dramatic instinct gives color and depth to her speech. There is, in fact, no negative quality to report or gallantly to pass over, nor does Miss Sten's first appearance hint at limitations. Her youth and beauty and sensuous appeal are valuable adjuncts, of course, but more important still is that she commands respect as an actress.

Her picture warrants no such enthusiasm, though. It is unreal, a spectacle so crowded with devices to show what she can do that the pulse of life, of reality, is killed and the result is a display of technique, of showmanship. It is a splendid production, however, and Miss Sten's costumes are works of art for which we must thank Adrian. They capture all the grace and coquetry of the 1870s without ever suggesting parody to modern eyes.

Nana, you see, was a beautiful Parisian vender of sex whose exciting adventures ended with her horrible death from smallpox in Zola's novel of the same name. In the freely adapted film version she is ennobled by a pretty suicide in a ball gown when she discovers that love for her has estranged two devoted brothers. *Nana's* patriotism also is suddenly suggested in the whitewashing of her character for her suicide will free two men to fight for France at the timely outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. It is this calculated plotting that robs the picture of honesty.

"Mandalay."

Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Lyle Talbot, Warner Oland, Rafaela Ottiano, Ruth Donnelly, Reginald Owen. Director: Michael Curtiz.

A thousand dollars probably spent on research to determine the right mesh of the mosquito netting used in Rangoon, a grab into the camphor balls for the situations that make up the story.

That's the relative value of the production here and the tale that is incidental to it. Physical appeal is further emphasized by Kay Francis, the star, who is more beautiful than ever, wears a greater variety of costumes, and does more interesting things to her hair than ever before, but all to such little avail. Gracefully moves through the groove prepared for her, but the path has no unexpected turns; no new light or

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away for the time being. Her mind and the anxieties it causes her makes her a "mentally temperamental" person. She is constantly probing and turning things over, worrying and groping for satisfactory answers, continually discussing such thoughts or such fragments of thoughts with those around her.

She's superstitious, too, which is often another acute phase of nervousness. If she has to make a change of costume, she won't change in the portable dressing room prepared for her. She walks all the way to her own dressing room and makes a complete change, including lingerie. Her colored maid must have at least one scene in each of her pictures. It was the same with Mae's monkey. That monkey had to be in "I'm No Angel." Mae was as nervous as a kitten until she knew for certain the critter would be worked into the picture.

Of course, many people are superstitious, but a flock of superstitions that become a positive burden rest heavily on one's nervous system. Every one concerned with "I'm No Angel" was regretful when Mae's monkey died just as the picture was finished, but they all wondered what would have happened had the monkey died before it was completed. As it was, Mae was so grief-stricken over the little fellow's death that she missed the first preview of the picture, an unheard of remissness with her.

Mae is rarely alone on the set. Usually her manager, Jim Timony, and her style adviser, Boris Petroff, are with her. Timony dates back to the old days when Mae was prancing in burlesque. Petroff is a more recent acquisition. He used to be a stage director with Paramount theaters. Mae wanted him with her as adviser. He is with her. Paramount pays his salary. Petroff is usually

Is Mae West a Fizzle?

present when Mae is busy with costume or beauty engagements.

But even then Mae has dubious moments. I know, for instance, that in "I'm No Angel," she once appeared on the set almost an hour late because she had not liked the way her hair had been set. Arriving on the set, she asked Director Wesley Ruggles how she looked. Ruggles viewed her critically and answered she looked O. K.

Mae was satisfied. Work began. She did four scenes or more. Then, while waiting for the cameras to be set up for another shot, she began to experiment with her hair. She brushed it back and off one ear and the effect pleased her. She told Ruggles she meant to wear her hair like that in the next shot.

This, however, would not do. Ruggles explained why it wouldn't do. Her hair in that style wouldn't match up with the scenes already taken. Mae tapped her foot on the floor restlessly and hummed. Finally she nodded. Very well, she could see why she should keep her hair as it was. And she did. It is this sort of thing that makes *la West* a "mentally temperamental" person.

I met Director Ruggles after the preview of "I'm No Angel" and asked him how he liked directing Mae West.

"She's an interesting person," he replied.

"Does she strike you as capable of writing all these stories she is credited with writing?" I asked. Sometimes when a question is snapped at a person, taking him off-guard, you get an interesting answer.

"I can tell you this," Ruggles returned without hesitation. "Several occasions arose on the set when I asked Mae to give me new lines for such and such a situation. She

thought it over and came back with the lines."

Mae enjoyed working with Ruggles. She expressed her appreciation of him publicly when "I'm No Angel" opened in Hollywood. She didn't enjoy working with Lowell Sherman, who directed "She Done Him Wrong," and she said as much. But that is Mae. Those she likes, she likes. Those she doesn't—well, she doesn't, that's all.

But a Mae West director, whether he be Lowell Sherman or Wesley Ruggles—and both are important megaphone figures—cannot be held entirely responsible for a Mae West picture. Not so long as she writes her own stories.

And there, to me, is the crisis that confronts Mae—writing her own stories. Ruth Chatterton had an \$8,000-a-week contract with Warners that permitted her to select her own stories. Ruth Chatterton is no longer with Warners, nor is she the star she was. She has to make a come-back before she regains her lost prestige.

There is a degree of similarity between Ruth and Mae. Ruth seldom gave any of the supporting players in her pictures a chance to act. An audience saw more of the back of their heads and their profiles than their full face. Add to this the fact that Ruth's stories were pretty spineless affairs and it is obvious why people wearied of her films.

Mae has the same tendency, insofar as her supporting cast is concerned. A splendid scene is wrecked when the camera cuts from one player to a close-up of the star before that player has actually finished his scene. We may want to see the star, but we don't want to see her to the detriment of the story. If this occurs too often in a film, it becomes a monotony and a bore to the most lenient of audiences.

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at the moment, but do you think I can find her? Do you think she ever sends a telegram, keeps an appointment, or stays put? Mercurial, that's what she is. But I'll track down old Mona Lisa Pitts if you will only give me time. Do you know any unpleasant questions you would like to have me ask her? And do you think we wouldn't both drown them out with laughter if any one could think of a way of being disagreeable to the one and only Zasu?

Broadway Looks West.—The theater season is limping a bit and even the highly successful players are looking hopefully toward Hollywood. Dorothy Stickney is the most im-

They Say in New York—

portant to go as yet. She will play a slavey in Paramount's "Murder at the Vanities."

If I were to tell you what Broadway in general thinks of Miss Stickney, both as an actress and as a person, you would pigeonhole me as a hopeless gusher. So with great restraint I will merely report that she is the only actress considered potentially as great as Helen Hayes. She is far from strong and has been able to act only for a brief period each season. But her work is always memorable.

Eddie Craven, Frank Craven's nephew who has made a big hit in "Sailor Beware," is also going West for Paramount. When the play

opened his uncle wired him, "Remember one part does not make an actor." So, since it looked as if "Sailor Beware" might run forever, he is leaving the cast to make some pictures, hoping to prove to uncle that he is an actor.

Dressing-room Talk.—Backstage in Broadway theaters there is great reminiscing about Jean Fullarton who has made such a hit in Warner pictures as Jean Muir. She was one of those girls who was bound to rise. She used to go to the same play night after night, memorizing the leading lady's lines. Then she would go to the manager and apply for a job of madam. Usually she got it.

as it she

When she finally landed a part in "Life Begins," she went at her work with the most intent earnestness. She arrived at the theater early, wouldn't let the stage hands make the beds or put the props around because working in the set helped her to get into the mood of the play.

If you saw Hepburn in "Morning Glory" you saw a fair transcription of the Muir determination. Talkative, earnest, rather a pest with all her theories about how stage director, playwright, and every one else should do his work. But she was so serious about it no one was annoyed with her for long.

Good-will Ambassador.—Fox has borrowed Madeleine Carroll from England, and if you saw her in "I Was a Spy" I need say nothing about her great charm. She has that fresh, candid loveliness that is so often attributed to English women and so rarely encountered. Fox threw a big cocktail party in her honor before she left for Hollywood. Ordinarily at these affairs old friends get together and pay no attention to the guest of honor. But this time we were all quite hushed and dazzled.

Fashion Note.—Watch the feet of Paramount stars in future pictures. Travis Banton, their fashion arbiter, has been in serious conference with Zegorav, the noted shoe

designer, and foot appeal is about to be made a feature of their pictures. Admire the beautiful sandals as you will, but you may as well know the worst now. Seventy-five dollars might get you a pair of his shoes, if he wasn't too busy to bother. More likely, though, he would be in the midst of collecting a few thousand just for telling some shoe manufacturer what to make.

Lilyan, the Lucky Piece.—Just one big feature is being filmed in New York and what player do you suppose has been brought from Hollywood to play in it? Lilyan Tashman, of course. She is every director's bid for success in trying something different. The film is "Frankie and Johnny," based on the old song and placed in the gold-rush period. Helen Morgan and Chester Morris play the title rôles, and Lilyan is *Nellie Bly*, that wicked siren who stole the heroine's man.

The lines Lilyan has to speak are so vicious that she has decided to dress to look like a helpless innocent. The hero sees only her angelic get-up, never her gila-monster disposition.

As usual, Lilyan arrived and was swept into a whirlpool of activities. Eddie Lowe, who was with her, was rehearsing a personal-appearance sketch and doing radio work. While she selected clothes from her own

wardrobe for Eddie's leading lady to wear in the sketch, and tried to keep his nerves from snapping just before he went on the radio, she had stage producers to the right of her, costumers to the left of her, photographers waiting for her, and friends all around.

She seemed very tired. Her voice was about gone. But even now she is so grateful to the public who have supported her so lavishly that she said she would go to the hockey game and throw out the puck, she would go to this first night and that celebrity night, she would run over to the shop to see the dresses that so-and-so who used to know her when had designed. And believe it or not, she was toying with the idea of finding time to go to the voice coach who has worked over every one from Ina Claire and Helen Hayes to Hepburn. As if that voice hadn't done very well.

MacKenna, the Clothes Critic.—Innumerable family explosions must have taken place at the breakfast table when the newspapers reported that Kay Francis was getting a divorce because Kenneth MacKenna didn't like her clothes. When next a man doesn't like your hat, just curl your lips with a fine scorn and say "MacKenna." Which implies that these men don't know anything about smart clothes and it's foolish to try to please them.

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be so treated that these scenes do not stimulate the lower and baser element.

Seduction should never be more than suggested, and only when essential to the plot . . . should never be the proper subject for comedy.

White slavery should never be treated.

The treatment of low, disgusting, unpleasant though not necessarily evil subjects, should be subject always to the dictates of good taste and regard for the sensibilities of the audience.

Obscenity is forbidden in word, gesture, reference, song, joke, or by suggestion.

After the reports quoted in this article, I wondered how the Hays office felt about it all. A spokesman for the office didn't feel one way or the other about it. The Hays moral code had been handed down several years ago, and the code, there she stands. At the time there was no thought of revising the code, no need of it.

However, J. J. McCarthy is censoring all advertising art for the Hays office. Under the new edict, all drawings and photos must pass under his eye before being offered the newspapers and magazines. Mr. McCarthy started off by condemning a batch of screen beauties in underwear. A photograph of Mae West

Is the Screen too Sexy?

was vetoed on the ground that her dress was cut too low. In his first week on the job, Mr. McCarthy rejected about half the publicity stills under the edict against leg art.

Eddie Cantor and Marie Dressler represent the players on the Code Authority under the NRA. The scare created by the appointment of Doctor A. Lawrence Lowell, president emeritus of Harvard, to head the board was eased when he declined. Doctor Lowell has long been known as a campaigner against off-color and gangster films, which he considers harmful to young people. What he might have done in an official position was indeed a question.

Mr. Cantor, in accepting the appointment, was quoted as saying he believed "there should be a clean-up of dirty films." Not a very thunderous statement, that.

This country loves a crusade of some kind. That is, a comparative handful of people are chronic crusaders. There was the anti-tobacco crusade a generation ago. Cigarettes were "coffin nails." There was the dry crusade and all the schools were decorated with maps of drunkards'

innards, with a liver all blue instead of the fresh pink tint of the livers of us teetotalers. It is conceivable that there might be a film crusade, and every social evil be laid to Hollywood's doors, now that reformers need a new racket.

There should be a happy medium for screen morals and it is up to Hollywood itself to find it. Silly moral codes designed to preserve the innocence of boarding-school girls will do no good. That only befogs the issue, and challenges the producers to get around it somehow—which is what they have been doing all along, else why the clamor against shady films? And once a film is made, picky censorship can't change its general tone.

Now that a number of organizations, not to mention free-lance reformers, are pointing stern fingers at Hollywood for turning out so much that they label "dirty" and "tawdry sex," the movie moguls were at this writing singing "who's afraid of the big bad censors" just a little skittishly, wondering just what is dirt. Meanwhile, they were dusting off stories like "David Harum" until the huffing and puffing quiets down.

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"Let them," she said, "learn their business well. Their job, after all, is acting. It is a tough job, one that takes years and years of studying and trying. But it is a worth-while job and it will repay them in the end.

"In the early days," she continued, "acting in the movies was simply a matter of looking pretty. But that's all changed now. To-day the public wants *acting*. And for proof I point to Marie Dressler, certainly no stunner, who probably holds box-office records for all time.

"But I'm afraid the kids to-day don't see that. They'll spend hours on their make-up and with their tailors and fitters, although at that very moment they may not know their lines. And even if they knew their lines, that's not enough. They should want to rehearse and rehearse until, like Katharine Hepburn, they have charged their parts with all the vitality and life of which they are capable."

We talked of other things in Mary Boland's garden. Her garden, incidentally, is a real one and she is one of the few Hollywood garden lovers who knows a petunia from a fuchsia. Tipped off earlier of her amazing charitable work, I vainly tried to lead her out on the subject. It is common Hollywood gossip, however, that Miss Boland watches out for more indigents than any one in the place.

"I do very little organized charity," she finally admitted, "but when genuinely needy cases come under my eye, I do what I can. My favorite form of charity is taking care of the ill; of doing whatever possible whenever hospitalization is needed.

"I'm hard as nails with the average hard-luck story if the teller has his health. Because the person with health has fortune in his hand. It is

usually only those who want to work but cannot because of sickness that deserve charity. To contribute to an able but unwilling worker is to aid in that person's downfall. I've done it too often to be wrong."

Finally, because she seemed so happy and utterly complete, I tried to get at the cause. "You've got a lot of friends?" I started.

"I've enough," she answered. "Not an awful lot, but enough. And they're all old friends. I'd tell you their names but they wouldn't mean anything to you. They're not names—not celebrities. Most of them are nonprofessional people in New York, Boston, and Chicago.

"Not that I look down on people in my profession. As a matter of fact I usually prefer them. We show people have a way of understanding one another. But as for meeting more people"—she smiled her swell smile—"no. I've met enough. My circle is complete. I'd rather enjoy the friends I now have than make new ones."

Mary Boland looks a lot younger than she probably is—alert and on her toes. And the answer, she explained, is activity. "I try to keep busy all the time," she said. "If I awake in the morning and find nothing planned for the day, I immediately plan something—*anything*—to keep busy.

"That, you know, is part of May Robson's success. That grand old lady who is now celebrating her fiftieth year on the American stage, never knows an idle moment. If she is not actually doing something, she's planning it. Even when she sits still, May keeps occupied knitting, tatting, or sewing. I count that person dead who doesn't know what to do with his spare time.

"That's one reason I love New York. Every one's on the jump there *doing* something. Here in the West it is a far lovelier, easier existence. One can live on a fraction of what it takes in the East. But that isn't the blessing it sounds. Because, inasmuch as one doesn't have to keep scrambling to keep alive here, the idle time becomes a real problem. In the East one can usually get work done because there's no lovely beach and out of doors beckoning.

"But here there seems to be but two alternatives: either to make money or to acquire the world's most perfect tan. And I'm afraid there are a dozen sun-worshippers for every serious worker. Not"—she laughed—"that the sun isn't the grandest thing in the world. But simply that to do serious work calls for putting things like the beach, mountains, and loafing out of the mind. That's a lot easier in New York than the West because—well, have you ever seen Coney Island?"

I didn't want to leave Mary Boland's house. In fact I made three trips to the place on one pretext or another just to talk with her. I didn't even get lunch out of it. Or a drink. But I did get some of a wise and delightful woman's philosophy. I caught the spark that is only Mary Boland's, the spark that imparts to the films in which she appears a youthful freshness and beauty that are singularly hers.

I hope Mary Boland stays on the Coast. She's good for Hollywood. I know a batch of stars busy being the greatest successes in the world who might find it worth their while to talk to her. It might be next to impossible to make them understand why, but she'd be good for them.

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And here she is with everything breaking in her favor. A starring opportunity for Warners is in prospect. Also she has been getting good rôles ever since "Roman Scandals." And she may be *Josephine* to Edward G. Robinson's *Napoleon*.

Gloria Reblossoming.—Things are brightening for Gloria Swanson. She has been signed by Irving Thalberg. What rivalry! Gloria, queen of yesteryear, competing with Norma Shearer, reigning princess of to-day.

Strange fates are these of movieland. And curious, too, the fact that Herbert Somborn, Miss Swanson's second husband, has just lately passed away, leaving the larger part of his fortune to little Gloria, their daughter. While divorce looms for Gloria

Hollywood High Lights

and Michael Farmer, who has been in Europe for months.

Jean Harlow Wins Raise.—The battle between Jean Harlow and M. G.-M. has led somewhere for the star. She is reported to be getting \$3,000 a week by adjustment of her contract, as compared with \$1,500 prior to her fight for an increase. She wanted \$5,000 to \$10,000 a week. The fat amounts demanded by Jean evidently helped her financial situation, for the compromise is all in her favor. It always is when a player gets a higher salary as a result of an argument.

Marino Bello, Jean's stepfather, is understood to have helped considerably in the negotiations that led to the boost.

Elusive Margaret Sullavan.—Margaret Sullavan remains one of those untamed ladies of the movies. She out-Hepburns Hepburn in keeping her studio baffled. She made three airplane trips East within a month, turned up missing, was reported deeply attached to an Eastern theatrical manager, and generally is keeping everybody on the jump.

Her latest trick is to stay in New York until actually called for rehearsal of a picture. Then she takes flight to the Coast. She hates Hollywood, and who can blame her for that? But she's causing no end of trouble by not conforming with the pattern of conventions prescribed for a star. A pretty interesting girl at that!

Ann Yearns for Far Fields.—Ann Harding has a yearning to be off to foreign lands. She may go to Spain in the late spring. Purpose in part would be to take scenes for "The Sun Also Rises." Also to find peace and quiet which she so diligently seeks in the movie colony. But then the distant places are always more alluring in their prospects of seclusion.

Ann and Harry Bannister will not be reunited, reports notwithstanding. Ann will always have a great fondness for her former husband, because she is a womanly woman above all else, but when she marries it will be to somebody entirely different.

Stephen Ames's Consolation.—Who would have believed that out of the whole movie colony Stephen Ames would have selected Raquel Torres as the fair damosel on whom to lavish attention? Ames is the ex-husband of Adrienne, now Mrs. Bruce Cabot. He is celebrated for his wealth, having kept Adrienne in beautiful style during her sojourn in the colony prior to the divorce and her marriage to the actor. Raquel innuendoed her acquisition at the microphone at a première one evening, indicating that marriage was in the offing. Well, maybe it is. We'll wait and see.

Until Death—or Worse.—The usual marriage vows are made by cinema couples, but the old "out," mental reservations, must be employed in every case, particularly by the bride. For example, Sheila Terry is divorcing her husband, Laurence E. Clark, on the ground that he told her her hands and feet were too large—and hurt pride is worse than death with an actress, of course. And Kay

Francis, who has a reputation as a swell dresser with most of us, couldn't take some criticism from her husband, Kenneth MacKenna—real name Leo Mielziner. If all women were as touchy, probably Ma and Pop Ferguson of Texas would be the only married couple left in this country soon.

A Cloistered Priestess.—The loneliest girl in Hollywood is Elissa Landi. She'll never confess it, but we suspect it. There are pictures, of course, and a career. But Elissa lives a life apart—few friends, work, the determination to succeed against terrific odds. She is not a woman easily understood, especially by film producers who do not understand her learning or ambitions.

Novel writing is her all-consuming passion. She is in the midst of a trilogy, having written the first volume and is now immersed in the second. She has also written the verses for a song cycle for which Abram Chasins has composed the music. He has twice visited her during the past year, but there is no romance. Elissa denies any breach between her husband, John Lawrence, and herself, and as her attitude of mind is so totally different, it is all very believable.

Norma Gets Her Wish.—Norma Shearer has captured "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" for herself, though no one ever thought that would be possible, since Marion Davies had claimed it as her own. Norma long ago wanted to do the picture because she is such a great admirer of Katharine Cornell. The rights had been bought for Miss Davies. Through diligent negotiations of Irving Thalberg, Miss Shearer

wins the rôle, and she will have Fredric March and Charles Laughton with her in the production. No one ever thought this play was suited to Miss Davies, anyway.

Unlucky Mariner.—Mrs. Warren William is probably right. She didn't want her husband to buy a boat, but he went ahead and purchased a cruiser. Then he sailed to Catalina Island and was lost in a storm for a day or so. When he returned home, Mrs. William urged him to dispose of the craft. She always thought it would be a worry and now she knows.

Frank Morgans Hosts.—The Frank Morgans are becoming famous for their parties, which are about the swankiest held in the movie colony. The parties are likely to begin early in the evening or at midnight as the mood strikes. At the most recent were Maurice Chevalier, Tamara Geva, Florine McKinney, Mrs. Chester Morris, Ernst Lubitsch, Edward G. Robinson, Jean Hersholt, and Louis Calhern. Miss McKinney shone as the entertaining star, singing several songs while Lubitsch played.

Two Stars Re-glimpsed.—Two players who had slipped out of the spotlight have lately reappeared. We saw them at the Victorian costume party given by Zoe Akins, the writer. One was Mary Duncan, who swears she has quit films for good, and the other was Nancy Carroll, who has been signed by Jesse L. Lasky for "Springtime for Henry."

Everything is sweet and lovely between Mary and her husband, Laddie Sanford, while Nancy and Bolton Mallory are reported to be having trouble, though Nancy denies it.

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Sweet Inconsistency.

IT appears there are two kinds of contributors to "What the Fans Think," those who are sincere in what they have to say, and those whose sole aim is to get into print at any cost, offering contradictory statements from month to month just as a cruel pastime.

This Scot person, Dugald McAlpine, evidently thinks readers of Picture Play are saps, or else his thinking cap is twisted. A few months ago he modestly wrote: "We fans make or break the stars." In the December issue he writes: "It's annoying to be told producers cater to fan preference." Recently he chided a Buddy Rogers fan for being loyal, saying Buddy didn't have what it takes, but that George Raft did! Next month he said: "Raft's ordinary type is to be found swamping the streets."

Really! Such childish inconsistency is too exasperating and ought not to be dignified with a reply. But for the edification of British and Scottish fans who won-

What the Fans Think

der why some fans are printed more frequently than others, I'll say be brazen and not at all sincere. Contradict yourself from month to month. If you haven't any ideas, sling mud at the biggest stars, criticize producers for their wisdom in bringing money into the box office, and for their ability to give a constant stream of entertainment. Call them goofy for preferring unique color and personality in the stars to the carloads of actors and actresses who can emote all over the place!

VIRGINIA K. GUNTHER.

403 East Forty-eighth Street,
New York City.

Save Us! A Poetical Fan!

WHY go Dietrich-Garbo-Hepburn mad? John Crawford is getting just as bad!

Such personalities do not appeal to me, With charm and naturalness, I'd rather be Like Miss Harding, so ladylike and serene—

Of course, she's my favorite of the screen.

Keeler and Crosby—a musical hit, They'd put it over in doing their bit! Why not give John Davis Lodge a break? He wouldn't let you down as a fake! Now where is Phillips Holmes, I'd like to know?

He can play Caesar or Valentino; Such ability he has is rare.

Producers! He has plenty to spare.

WILMA C. VIGARS.

116 Peter Street,
Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

Tossing the Bricks.

PAUL BORING, you've got guts. You've had the courage to come out openly and say what I've been thinking secretly for nearly a year. I've seen three of Katharine Hepburn's pictures, and what any human being sees in this woman is utterly beyond me. She is worse looking than Crawford, and that's saying something.

After the ravings over her first picture,
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The Screen in Review

is thrown on her progress; you can walk beside her because you know the way.

Now I'm not one to say it wouldn't be swell to accompany Miss Francis anywhere, even to see this picture, but her producers should consider the elements of suspense and surprise in devising plots for her. They are too important in screen fiction to be ignored in favor of beautiful pictures.

There are plenty of the latter, though. Miss Francis, as vaguely Russian *Tanya*, deserted by her crooked sweetheart, forced to become



an inmate of a gorgeous dive in Rangoon. Escaping, she embarks for the green hills of Mandalay, there to begin life anew.

For the second half of the picture the action takes place on the river steamer. *Tanya* becomes a good influence in the life of *Doctor Burton*, miserable because he operated upon a West Point cadet when drunk and lost his patient. Then her absent paramour turns up, demands that she join him in operating a brothel, pretends suicide, and plants evidence which causes *Tanya* to be suspected of murder. When she is cleared, he reappears from his place of concealment for another chat and finally jumps into the water for good.

Last scene of all finds *Tanya* and *Doctor Burton* jauntily leaving the steamer in fashionable flannels for those green and presumably unhackneyed hills in Mandalay.

"Bolero."

George Raft, Carol Lombard, Sally Rand, William Frawley, Frances Drake, Raymond Milland. Director: Wesley Ruggles.

Hollywood makes the belated discovery that George Raft is a dancer and stars him as one in his new picture. It makes the mistake, however, of demanding of him the ability of a stellar actor. In the former capacity Mr. Raft is veritably a star, in the latter he is, to put it politely, the

weakest element in what might have been a striking picture. In spite of this the film is interesting and provocative in content, falling short only in the performance of the star.

As a coal miner who becomes the most famous ballroom dancer in the world, Mr. Raft relinquishes the possibilities of a splendid part and plays in the same mood and tempo throughout the varied career of the character. Consequently his dancing becomes the most interesting part of his contribution. Unfortunately for him, the rôle requires more than that to become convincing.

The picture shows his rise from amateur night at a cheap theater to world fame in smart night clubs, his ruthless ambition sacrificing any one who stands for an instant in his way, until his ultimate death from an overstrained heart.

Richly and glamorously staged, the picture gains in effectiveness through



the recurrent use of Ravel's famous musical composition, "Bolero," perhaps the most dramatic music ever used to color action in a film.

Carol Lombard, as Mr. Raft's partner, makes a pretty feint at dancing but is at her best as an actress, while Sally Rand manipulates her fans for a few minutes without any need for sending in a fire alarm.

"As Husbands Go."

Warner Baxter, Helen Vinson, Warner Oland, Catherine Calhoun Doucet, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Eleanor Lynn.

There must, it seems, be just so many photographed stage plays to keep up Hollywood's average of something or other. Egged on by the example of "When Ladies Meet," another of the same author's domestic comedies is elaborately and ostentatiously brought to the screen. The trouble and expense are hardly justified, however, for the result is very mild and very, very talky.

Two wives from Dubuque Iowa—

and right here let me wonder why Dubuque is looked upon by sophisticated writers as unfailingly hilarious. Why not Des Moines? Perhaps you know. I suspect it is only a cliché. Well, anyhow, the ladies get gay in Paris and each falls in love, the younger with a British writer, the elder with a foreigner strangely named *Hippolitus Lomi*. They flirt, titter, and waver. It's all so safely wicked.

Then they return to Dubuque where, I grant, the home of the younger woman fulfills the comic reputation of the Iowa city. Not that the director thinks so. But look at the house as a place to live in and you will agree that such fussiness, such studied daintiness would be unendurable. The civic authorities should be up in arms on this score alone. But let's not digress.

The respective swains of the women follow them from Europe and show themselves to be decent fellows instead of home-wreckers. The husband of the romantic wife makes a pal of the pseudo-lover, they get drunk together and neither is able to take *Lucile* to the country-club dance which, by the way, resembles an embassy ball. So her eyes are opened to the tried and true virtues of her stay-at-home husband.



Warner Baxter is miscast in this rôle. His performance is played down to the supposedly humdrum level of the husband, and we know that Mr. Baxter isn't a humdrum type.

"All of Me."

Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, George Raft, Helen Mack. Directors: James Flood and Thomas Mitchell.

Interesting but unsatisfying. A strong groundwork but an unstable structure. It seems to me that this is occurring more and more frequently in pictures on which splendid talent and a great deal of money are, in the final analysis, wasted.

Here we have a capital cast, a handsome production, a good story—up to a certain point—and exceptional

dialogue. All, in fact, that is required for a superior picture. But the treatment given it is undecided and the point never is driven home. This is how it is worked out.

Miriam Hopkins, a rich girl, is in love with Fredric March, an instructor in engineering, but refuses to marry him and face hardship in the West. In a speakeasy they meet George Raft and Helen Mack, underworld lovers, whose honesty and courage so impress Miss Hopkins that she enables Mr. Raft to make a successful though unconvincing escape from an island prison and also



gets Miss Mack out of an institution. United by Miss Hopkins, the lovers jump from a window rather than again be separated by police clamoring at the door. Their suicide teaches Miss Hopkins the lesson she needs to bring about marriage to her man.

Well played though all this is, the narrative never rings true. Individual performances are good, however, especially that of Miss Mack whose simplicity, directness, and avoidance of sentimentality are extremely moving. Mr. Raft is fine, too, in his moment of terror and desperation before he makes his fatal leap.

"Madame Spy."

Fay Wray, Nils Asther, Edward Arnold, Noah Beery, Vincent Barnett, John Miljan, Douglas Walton. Director: Karl Freund.

Judging from letters to Picture Play, no film in which Nils Asther

appears is unimportant. I agree to the point of saying that no picture featuring him is uninteresting. He is an extraordinarily persuasive actor. No matter what the story, no matter what his rôle offers him, he arrests and holds one's attention, always seeming to give more than is written in the part. Here he is indistinct at times, probably due to faulty recording, but his accent normally should not bar him from more frequent appearances and should not confine him to foreign characters. It is not pronounced enough for that.

As the title indicates, this is a drama of espionage and it gives us something new. It has the woman spy marrying an enemy alien who has no knowledge of her calling. Then comes the gradual realization, the shock, the conflict, and the reconciliation when, I think, the armistice is conveniently declared. But for all its seeming triteness the story is interesting. Finely directed, tastefully mounted, imaginatively photographed, it is far above the average. Miles above that other spy drama, Constance Bennett's "After To-night," for example.

Fay Wray is excellent as the troubled spy who marries a man who doesn't know what the trouble is, and minor rôles are well played.

"Search for Beauty."

Buster Crabbe, Ida Lupino, James Gleason, Robert Armstrong, Gertrude Michael, Roscoe Karns. Director: Erle Kenton.

Exploitation of Paramount's beauty-contest winners, male and female, is more cleverly managed here than you might expect for the beauties are wisely kept in the background and a story is given prominence. What one sees of the winners in a health drill, as well as at closer range, may cause you to question their superiority to your favorite life guard or hat-check girl, but you won't begrudge them the trip to Hollywood nor the return home of all but six. You will agree that they will be better off there.

The story has Robert Armstrong and James Gleason as a couple of racketeers who publish a phony physical-culture magazine and engage Buster Crabbe and Ida Lupino, Olympic swimming champions, as nominal editors. The young people object when they discover the magazine doesn't uphold health building at all but is filled with sexy "confessions" and "hot" pictures. Their fight for ideals is what keeps the picture going. It extends to a health farm which the racketeers mean to run as a do-as-you-please country club but which the idealists insist



shall be kept pure and invigorating. They triumph in a comic finish which has all the loose inmates forced to conform to a health regimen, and the hero and heroine united in a love fade-out.

All this is amiable entertainment to which Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Gleason, and Gertrude Michael give pungent wit and excellent acting, quite overshadowing Mr. Crabbe and Miss Lupino in interest. Miss Lupino, a pretty blond who resembles Helen Twelvetrees, is too slight and frivolous-looking to convince as a stern monitor especially when Toby Wing is the object of her restraint. She's cute, though, and her British speech is nice.

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beginning of your stardom, you have, even here among your townsmen, fled from anything smacking of public demonstration. The local Junior League itself could not drag you from your hiding place to take a bow. And last summer, when you reluctantly consented to go on a near-by stage to please a producer who had been generous to you in your salad days, you certainly appeared not to revel in it. If the blush which flooded

Oh, Hepburn, Behave!

your face didn't bespeak shyness, then we don't know what does!

It is a fact that people born into the traditions of your caste are naturally reluctant to contact personally with impersonal groups. Yet such contact, direct or indirect, is one of the rules of the game you are in. And if you are to find peace in your professional life you must learn to take it.

You don't have to seek the mountain of publicity, if you honestly don't like it, Katharine, and feel that you want to blaze the trail of establishing yourself without it; but if the mountain should come to you, then be generous! Give to others of the wealth of your experiences, and after the giving, if you wish, steal quiet into your ivory tower to await production of your next film.

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"On leaving, other fans spied Garbo. She has a stride equal to that of two other people. Scattering the army of fans to right and left, she plowed her way through them, growling 'No, no, no!'"

On a visit to New York, Garbo stayed at a popular hotel, yet she had expressed her desire for solitude. After this, can her demands for complete isolation be taken as sincere? To a certain point her move for reticence was good. But like most poses, hers gets boring.

Marlene Dietrich stated that after the completion of "The Song of Songs" she would return to Germany for good. She had made this declaration before. Just as often as she has made it, one has wondered why she has never followed it up. There was nothing to prevent her from gaining her soul's desire.

Marlene did go back to Germany when her first contract with Paramount ended. But, signed up again, she hastened back from the Fatherland to barbaric Hollywood, then returned to Europe.

Dietrich is an interesting personality, but she has harmed herself a great deal by professing open disdain for Hollywood.

From constantly hearing of Marlene's longing to go back to Berlin the fans have come to regard her as only a transient, a person here only for her current picture. She has given her homesickness too much rope!

You probably recall David Rollins who achieved some notice several years ago. David registered with the fans by appearing very boyish on the screen. For a while it went over. Instead of using this asset to advantage, David used it to death. Every photo revealed him in a coy pose. Mr. Rollins became aloof, reticent, a solitary soul—coming out of his solitude only to have more coy pictures taken.

To-day, he has plenty of time to enjoy the solitude he so eagerly craved, for his career was killed by coyness.

Fifi Dorsay was our prize packet of effervescence. Fifi is really a great gal, but her Gallic spirits soon became a little *de trop*. And her idea of publicity stunts annoyed rather than interested. She was a little French girl from France, she said. She spoke perfect French, so one was unable to tell whether she came from Paris—or Montreal. While keeping steadfastly to her stage accent, Fifi spoke fluent English. She was never at a loss to find the right word. In fact she knew too many!

La Dorsay's "Oo-la-la's" and her unsubdued manners began to pall even on her friends and most ardent ad-

mirers. They were given too much rope and crippled Fifi's promising screen career. Now, after a long vaudeville tour, Fifi is back in sporadic pictures.

"They made me do it," she says now in extenuation. "They told me I had to play up my French personality. But now I am going to be myself!"

Tallulah Bankhead certainly made an impression on Hollywood—and will again, if she gets a chance. Tallulah swept into the cinema capital under an aura of wickedness. She was thus, she was so. She had done this, she had said that. Tallulah was determined to teach Hollywood free speech. But freedom of speech is not always safe.

La Bankhead was a little too free with her talk. She informed interviewers of many amazing events. She was herself amazed when she saw them in print. You can overdo everything. Tallulah worked hard to keep Hollywood gasping. Hollywood was kept so hard at gasping for breath that it forgot Tallulah was there to act. Hollywood paid more attention to her startling disclosures.

Phillips Holmes was introduced to the fans as a young fellow of very spiritual mien. Whether this was true or not, it made people imagine that Phil was only half human. He was supposed to be a youth in constant torment on finding himself in the world. Producers came to see him so. He lost many parts that he could otherwise have played well.

Phil was not the least to blame—at first. Yet I think, as time went on, he did fall a little into the plot. He insisted he had no friends. He never went places. In short, a little too much rope was being given his spirituality.

Now, Phil Holmes is the most humorous soul alive. He is like the average young man, with a little more intelligence than most. Since severing his contract, Phil is no longer a languishing Saint Sebastian, but himself. And as himself he ought to prosper.

Constance Bennett all but hanged herself with money. The fans have always heard that she demands this, demands that; that she is hostile to interviewers, actors, fans, and Hollywood in general; that she uses them merely as mediums through which to amass a fortune. Now the fans don't like to imagine they are being made the goat. Neither does Hollywood.

From one who knows, I hear that *la Bennett* had nothing to do with this impression. Connie likes fans, loves making pictures, and is friendly to Hollywood. I'm told. She certainly is seen at every spot, premières,

new restaurants and so on. After all, Constance gets only what her box-office value rates her.

Another young player who came near to running out too much rope, and all but strangled himself with it, is Tom Brown.

Tom is a nice young chap. With "Tom Brown of Culver" he achieved a solid foothold in movieland. With this foothold came interviewers. Young Mr. Brown was determined to make an impression as to his eligibility in love contests. The result was that each story made Tom out to be a cross between Don Juan and Henry VIII. Each story suggested that his sole reason for being in Hollywood was to capture every damsel who came his way.

Tom stoutly maintains that all his allusions to pretty girls he had met, or had known back East, were made in the most friendly manner to help interviews along and cast a light upon his chivalry toward womankind in general. But the fact remains that Tom's incessant amatory discussions almost turned into a huge joke and cast a shadow over his sudden fame.

Tom has sworn never to mention a girl's name in any interview from now on. What girl is there left to mention?

Lupe Velez—Tom did not mention her—flamed into public notice as a little Mexican dish of hot *chili con carne*. She has worked hard at it, too. You can hardly remember the time when she was not in a turmoil, can you? And it always has been self-dramatized romance.

"Lupe is so 'appy. Garee—Johnnee—I loaf 'eem so mooch." Blah, blah, *ad infinitum*.

Anita Page was all but strangled by the early publicity given her private life. It was represented that Anita was guarded against Hollywood's wickedness with more than usual parental care. Indeed, a little too much rope was given this extraordinary vigilance.

Now Anita is far from being the young sultana of an Eastern harem. I can vouch for that. Not long ago Anita happened to be at a party I attended. Rather than not being permitted to be out after nine o'clock, it was not until nine that *la Page* arrived. And it was long after midnight when she left.

Abandoning the former nine-o'clock pose gives the present *la Page* a chance to be herself—in vaudeville.

In Hollywood, a player must be more than just clever to create a shadowy personality and live up to it. Live up to it, but not overdo it. The adage still holds good. Give a fool—excuse me, I mean a movie star—too much rope and he'll hang himself!

Good Guy

Continued from page 36

The Marches' mutual pride in their adopted daughter, Penny, is something to see because it is natural and thoroughly real. They are one film couple who have not sacrificed the decent, normal emotions of life for artifice and tinsel.

He is one of the few people who can retell a joke and not only retain its original humor but improve upon it. His greatest professional thrill occurred when John Barrymore came backstage and congratulated him on his performance in "The Royal Family." He is a member of Hollywood's "Four Hundred," being president of the Mayfair Club and an official in the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

When he retires, it will be to a picturesque farm in Connecticut. His favorite rôle is *Paul*, in "Laughter," and his favorite poem is one which his mother wrote. He would much rather people called him a "good guy" than a "great actor."

One of his most cherished theatrical memories is Maude Adams, in "Peter Pan." He has read the novel, "South Wind," many times. He remembers the people who knew him when, and follows their progress through life with genuine interest.

He gesticulates dramatically when he talks.

He believes actors should play rôles at variance with their real personalities. He also believes with Shakespeare that "there is a destiny that shapes our ends." Which may account for his refusal to bemoan the past or worry about the future.

His favorite screen actress is Katharine Hepburn, and he admires the work of James Cagney and the Barrymores. He affects no disparities of dress and comes to work every morning in a nondescript car. Emil Ludwig, he confesses, is beyond him. It was John Cromwell, the director, who suggested that he change his family name of Bickel to March.

He fraternizes little with his fellow workers, but maintains an aloof dignity except when he gives a big party. Has the habit of drawing the index finger of his right hand under his nose, a mannerism reminiscent of the Henry Irving school of acting.

He talks in the vernacular of the day, is solicitous of elderly people, and has judged more beauty contests than any other actor.

Above all, he is one of the few actors who do not confuse subtlety with eroticism.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 55

I thought to myself, "Guess I done her wrong"—or maybe it was the cameraman. Hence the reason for seeing the second and third. However, never again!

One reads occasionally of the beautiful and talented screen actresses who never get a decent break. Why they are overlooked for freaks with a little stage experience is a mystery. I suppose there will be fans who'll say that I can't see anything beyond a pretty face, which is quite wrong. Hayes and Chatterton are two of the finest actresses in Hollywood, yet they are neither young nor beautiful.

BILL GORDON.

708 Danforth Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

New Fan Blight.

IN reply to Paul Boring, what unwanted blight have we in you? This is the twentieth century, where brains and ability count. We were not all born to our own liking as to beauty or ability. Katharine Hepburn is a brilliant actress. She does not what she chooses but what her rôles call for. Don't forget she is "reef"-clothed, while her features are God's gift, not ones made over by Hollywood. Why be ashamed of them?

As to her parading off the screen with pride, she merits all the gestures worth parading. To think one could so far forget himself and have the audacity to ridicule boldly a person's physical defects, if there are any, is terrible. Miss Hepburn proclaims her talents, and you your lack of common sense.

I am not particularly a Hepburn fan, but a fan of good breeding. It shocks me to think in this day there are in our midst such utterly undignified persons. More laurels to Miss Hepburn and any other dyed-in-the-wool actress not of the beautiful-and-dumb species. Less beauty and more acting. The box office is speaking for Miss Hepburn. May she parade and parade. You were skeptical as to the fitness of signing your letter. Thanks for that flicker of judgment.

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After seeing such poor acting by Constance Bennett and Ruth Chatterton, we appreciate good acting when we see our wholesome Mae West.

Here's luck to our one and only rowdy actress who knows how to be rowdy in a high-class way. Three loud and long cheers for *Diamond Lil*.

ESTHER HADER.

1774 West Twelfth Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Continued on page 62

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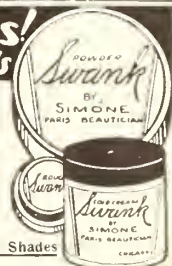
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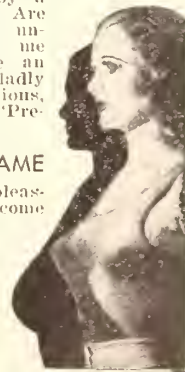
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DORIS KENT, T-5

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New York, N. Y.



Continued from page 57

"I've Got Your Number."

Pat O'Brien, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Allen Jenkins, Eugene Pallette, Gordon Westcott. Director: Ray Enright.

Every speech a wisecrack, every woman eager for the love-making of the man who comes to repair her telephone, not forgetting that she receives him in scanty attire, provocatively posed on her bed when possible.

These are some of the points established here in the interests of vocational advice or rowdy fun, however you choose to look at it. The career of a telephone employee is certainly made lively for those who incline toward it, with no drudgery and practically no work harder than thinking up the right wisecrack.

Most of the latter come from Pat O'Brien as the swaggering, self-confident hero whose adventures take him into more boudoirs than an ob-



stetrician would visit in a month. He meets his Waterloo at a switchboard where Joan Blondell is the presiding operator. Finding that she can give a wisecrack for every one she takes from him, Mr. O'Brien decides that it must be love and prudently quiets down.

Miss Blondell is innocently involved in the crooked scheme of a gang, this enabling Mr. O'Brien to become a hero, save her and bring the picture to a fitting close. Allen Jenkins and Eugene Pallette are helpful in supplying legitimately comic types.

"This Side of Heaven."

Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter, Mae Clarke, Tom Brown, Una Merkel, Mary Carlisle, Onslow Stevens, Henry Wadsworth, Eddie Nugent. Director: William K. Howard.

Apparently it is the joy of being a member of a united family that ex-

The Screen in Review

plains the title. The picture describes in no uncertain terms the loyalty to each other of a devoted family group, and very much worth while it all is both to the characters and the spectator. For this is a nice picture significant of the wholesome trend of the screen and obviously influenced by "Little Women."

Father gets into business difficulties through no fault of his own and is made to seem an embezzler. Mother sells her novel to Hollywood and is about to go to the studio for its filming. One daughter, a giddy schoolgirl, is about to elope with the wrong boy and leave the right one in the lurch; another daughter is attracted to the accountant who gloats over her father's shortage, and the boy of the family fails to make the fraternity he craves to join. All these separate problems are brought out in the two days covered by the story, and they are solved when the father attempts suicide as the only way out to save his loved ones. His wife and children gather around him and he is saved at the hospital where his son is being treated for injuries in an auto accident.

Simple in the telling and perhaps too coincidental, the picturization has quiet power and a great deal of appeal. All the characters are believable and are finely acted, especially by Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter as the parents. Miss Bainter, celebrated on the stage, makes an auspicious debut. Her acting is simple, direct and unaffected though her appearance fails to suggest that she could have brought up Mae Clarke, Mary Carlisle, and Tom Brown and kept an ingénue's figure. Una Merkel will delight you as a cook in search of an ice pick she never finds.

"Long Lost Father."

John Barrymore, Helen Chandler, Donald Cook, Alan Mowbray, Reginald Sharland. Director: Ernest B. Schoedsack.

This might be a perfectly grand picture if one knew what it was about, or cared enough to concentrate and puzzle it all out. But not enough is done to make one mind, to engage one's attention and nurse it along by interesting characters, dialogue, and situations. Consequently you relax and regard the picture in a tolerant haze.

There is nothing to resent exactly. John Barrymore is plausible as the father of Helen Chandler, even if she is not credible as a singer and dancer in a night club. Even the most indifferent employer demands that singers sing and dancers dance. Or rather that voices have melody and bodies have rhythm.

Father and daughter dislike each other because of his desertion of his

home years before. They meet by accident in a lawyer's office and care less than ever, especially when daughter upbraids him and he is contemptuously indifferent. But when she is employed in the restaurant where he is the amiable manager, they discover they are much alike and become friends after a fashion. When she gets into difficulties father is the first to help her out and see to it that she marries the man who is pursuing her.

All this obviously is supposed to be a witty, worldly comedy of unconventional people. Adapted from a novel and directed by a codirector of "Chang," the animal picture, may explain why it doesn't come through.

"You Can't Buy Everything."

May Robson, William Bakewell, Jean Parker, Lewis Stone, Mary Forbes, Tad Alexander. Director: Charles F. Reisner.

The fine talents of the veteran May Robson are superior to her first starring picture and it's a pity, too. It is a cut-and-dried affair which in its aim to strike the bull's-eye of widest ap-



peal oversteps the marks and unfortunately rates as hokum. Miss Robson is earnest and vigorous, though playing with unerring intelligence and skill and her acting makes the result mildly pleasing.

She is a grasping, miserly financial genius who professes poverty while piling up millions. In order to create sympathy for the character she is seen dispensing secret charity gruffly. It is this indecision on the part of the producers that makes the character unreal. You don't believe she is really avaricious nor can you credit her heart of gold.

Anyway, the son she is supposedly ambitious to make the richest man in the United States turns against her when she interferes with his romance. To show you what kind of a story it

is, I need only say that his girl is the daughter of Miss Robson's lifelong enemy who, in turn, is the man she loved in her youth.

"Fashions of 1934."

William Powell, Bette Davis, Verree Teasdale, Reginald Owen, Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert. Director: William Dieterle.

Glorification of ostrich feathers is the motif of this picture, believe it or not, and after they have been displayed no end, including flower formations photographed from overhead, you learn that further shipment of them is forbidden because they're diseased! What will scenario writers think of next?

This orgy of plumage is the climax of a story which purports to expose the racket of a style pirate in Paris. A smoothly charming countdrel, he sells to competitors sketches of gowns created by famous stylists before they are released, thus dramatizing the anguish of the woman who pays a big price for an exclusive gown only to find it worn by another in a cheaper model.

Yes, this is said to be a "woman's picture," which means that it doesn't make much sense but is glossy with superficial appeal—handsome settings, flashy costumes, shallow characters, and several spectacular revue

numbers. They include "The Hall of Human Harps," which must be seen if you would know to what ends Hollywood goes for the bizarre. After seeing this, the theme song of mothers of stage-struck daughters might well be "I didn't raise my girl



to be a human harp," but probably the chosen young women consider it a short cut to fame as actresses.

Anyway, the picture is lively, extravagant, and unconvincing, with not an honest character visible. But all the players do well and the film has the *cachet* of popular appeal, only the question of style piracy might have been handled far more dramatically and authoritatively.

My Friend Ramon

Continued from page 42

because the hotel was heatless. The thought uppermost in my mind was that I should never, never speak to Ramon Novarro again. Then Bess Meredyth, the scenario writer, knocked at my door. She knew I couldn't play the piano and had explained to Ramon. He had come up with her to straighten things out. How like him! Always ready to conciliate rather than harbor a grudge. I let them in, ready to be apologized to and be a martyr. But as soon as Ramon saw me he burst into laughter. "Let's stuff her," he said, "and send her to Madame Tussaud's!" I had forgotten my appearance, freakish nightgown and all, until Bess led me over to a mirror. Then we all laughed together. Apologies flowed so freely from both sides that we nearly got into another spat trying to out-apologize each other. And this was the first and only time I've even heard of Ramon getting mad. How few stars can say as much.

By this time the success of his recitals in Paris is pretty generally known, but as I was present at his every appearance I am one of his few friends who know how extraordinar-

ily he was received by the critical French public.

Audiences nearly went mad, cheering and yelling "Bravo!" until they were hoarse. Actually he had one of the greatest ovations that I've ever seen accorded any one.

Incidentally—quite incidentally—he is an enthusiastic admirer of Mae West. Her sense of humor appeals to him. In Paris he took every one he could find to see "She Done Him Wrong" until he himself had seen the film more times than he could remember. The Marx Brothers also are favorites of his. He always sees their pictures several times and his mimicry of the three funny ones is something to rave about. It has always been a regret of mine that Ramon never has appeared in a full-fledged comedy on the screen. None of this light and whimsical stuff, but regular down-to-earth fun. He would amaze his public.

In reluctantly bringing to a conclusion these reminiscences of a dear friend and a great artist, all I can say to fans who have admired him from afar is that Ramon Novarro is all that they sense him to be and more, much more.



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Roguish Ratoff

A human, lovable person, he is the delight of his coworkers. He never tires, no matter how long or strenuous the day. He never spoils a scene by forgetting a line, but he does take time out after the first fifteen hours to clown. And a shrewd director knows that a company that spends five minutes in hearty laughter will work twice as hard and twice as effectively for the next five hours.

It may surprise Ratoff's most ardent admirers to learn that he had achieved fame in Russia, Germany, and on Broadway before coming to Hollywood in 1932. Born in Samara, Russia, famous chiefly as his birthplace, on April 28, 1893, Ratoff confesses modestly that he is the beginning of his family renown. The son of Basil Ratoff, a shopkeeper, and Sophie Markson, he was sent to the Imperial School of Commerce, in St. Petersburg, to prepare himself for his father's trade. But he soon exchanged his textbooks for a play script.

Perhaps the only Russian actor anywhere who does not trace his theatrical training to the Moscow Art Theater, Ratoff made his debut in "Mad Money," quite appropriate, really, when you consider that the wealthy Ratoffs were chagrined at their son's choice of a career. But their one desire, like that of most parents, was to see their offspring

succeed. And success was surely on its way two years later when their Grisha was starred in the first presentation of that most famous of Russian plays, Andreyev's "He Who Gets Slapped."

But the War interrupted. Gregory served for a year in the lowest rank of all—"What you call a buck private, yes?" Then he returned to Russia, but that land was in the throes of the Soviet revolution. The Russian theater was a thing of the past—and of the future. So he went to Germany, where he devoted the next two years to making the name of Ratoff famous on the Rhine.

Post-war Germany was no actors' Eden, so Ratoff set forth for America, arriving on September 22, 1922. The same year found him playing in "Blossom Time" on Broadway, with another Russian refugee, the glamorous Eugenie Leontovitch. When "Blossom Time" went on the road, they were married at the first stop-over west of Broadway. "I think you call it Buffalo, yes?"

When the Ratoffs returned to New York, Gregory combined producing with acting and directing.

"Symphony of Six Million" was Ratoff's first picture and "Let's Fall in Love" his fifteenth. In only three, "What Price Hollywood," "Once in a Lifetime," and "Let's Fall in Love," was he cast as a picture producer.

But theatrical producers, and there were several, belong in the same category.

He achieved his greatest triumph, although he always runs his fellow players a close race for first honors, in "Sweepings" holding his own with Lionel Barrymore.

And it is to another Barrymore, John, that he loses the part of the theatrical producer in Columbia's "Twentieth Century," which he had played on the stage in Hollywood.

"But," says Ratoff good-naturedly, "if one must lose a part, is it not best to lose it to a Barrymore?"

Not content to be one of the highest-paid character actors, not satisfied with his sheaves of fan mail and social invitations, Ratoff wants to direct. He would like to make his own decisions instead of abiding by those in the script. With no cameras grinding up his every gesture, with no microphone recording his every mutter, he wants to make pictures as well as appear in them.

Ratoff will soon realize his ambition—or be very much surprised. He has already sold a scenario, "I Love an Actress," based on his own romance. Who could better direct it than its author? Who could enact it more realistically than its real-life prototype? And these are the tactics Ratoff employs to gain his deserts!

Is Mae West a Fizzle?

Continued from page 52

Joan Crawford allows her supporting cast a fair break of footage. Likewise James Cagney and many other topnotchers. Mae was warned to be more generous in both her pictures. Will she remember to be in "It Ain't No Sin"?

Mae has to be cautioned frequently about pronunciation. She has a trick way with words. Unlike the stage, pictures have to survive the stern eyes of censors. Trick pronunciation doesn't always pass the censors. To cut a scene because of this seriously hurts a film, interfering as it does with the story's continuity of ac-

tion. Mae has also to be reminded of this.

Mae is a genius at making wise-cracks, but it takes more than wise-cracks to justify six reels of celluloid. It takes an interesting, fairly plausible story that is different from previous stories in which the star has appeared. Comparison, even with oneself, is dangerous. It also takes good work from a good supporting cast.

Is Mae clever enough to understand this?

It is my opinion that the new story Mae has written for herself will an-

swer this and all such questions. Either "It Ain't No Sin" will be a corking picture or Mae will come to after its release to discover she tried to bite off more than she could manage to the downfall, not the betterment, of her career. That she failed the way others have failed before her and for practically the same reasons, and that her stellar light in the film firmament has begun to fade to the dirge of "another flash in the pan is dying out."

I hope I'm wrong about Mae. I hope she continues to be what we expect her to be. But I have very serious doubts. Have you?

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 59

A Rave for Evelyn Brent.

WHAT'S wrong with the producers? What makes them fail to see the genuine qualities of that grand actress, Evelyn Brent? I have seen all her pictures since "Underworld," and have nothing but the highest praise for her inimitable performances. She's a grand trouper

and I can't understand why she hasn't been acting for quite some time.

This star of stars needs no studio high lights to bring forth her charms. In every one of her pictures she alone stood out. Spasms of vitality flowed through her. She is electric. One never tires watching the fascinating depths of this intriguing personage.

Come on, producers, give this A-1

actress good stories and rôles that are worthy of her fine talents, something that will bring out the dramatic ability which is so dominant in her strong character, for if there is one star who deserves special attention, it is the incomparable, the unique, the one and only Evelyn Brent.

JEANNE CLAPS.

302 Atlantic Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

Continued from page 35

I soon found that I had conceived a hearty respect for the screen. I knew once and for all that I wanted to become an actor—and a good one!"

It is generally conceded that Phil has done just that, for which he deserves more credit than he realizes. Because when he first arrived in Hollywood it was expected that he would serve a publicity purpose for the picture for which he was signed, then return to college. Well do I remember those days when I met Phil for the first time and noted his awakening interest in films. And noted, too, the surprise of the cinema colony when he so soon proved himself a capable performer.

"My years with Paramount were pleasant ones," Phil resumed, after a slight pause devoted to ordering more cakes and coffee. "And when I left there and went to Metro, my hopes were high. I felt that while at the former I had been just one of many contract players, at the latter, because of Mr. Thalberg's expressed interest in me, I would have the chance to test my mettle.

"Unfortunately, just after I signed my Metro contract, Mr. Thalberg became ill. He was away from the studio for many months, then finally went to Europe for a real rest."

It was here that I could fill in the gaps in Phil's story.

For while Thalberg was away, David Selznick moved from RKO to Metro, on which lot he is naturally the crown prince. (His wife is one of the daughters of Louis B. Mayer.) As so often happens when a new régime assumes control of an organization, many old favorites are relegated to the background.

In Hollywood it was common gossip that those whom Mr. Thalberg had liked found scant favor in the eyes of Mr. Selznick.

Among those so to suffer was Phillips Holmes.

As month after month passed and his only assignments were for rôles that any moderately capable bit player might have handled, it was natural that Phil should feel discouraged. Fame is fleeting at best, and to have one's promising career retarded by forces for which one is not responsible and over which one has no control was devastatingly disappointing. But with the normal resilience of youth, Phil is optimistic about the future.

"I don't feel that I'm so old that I can't regain what I have lost," he explained. "My fans still write to me in the same numbers they used to. My contract recently expired and I am my own property once more. I

can work only in rôles which I think will be good for me.

"Of course I'm looking forward to a good time on this vacation in Europe. It will be my first visit there since I went to school in England many years ago. And when I return, I'd like to do a good stage play on Broadway before going back to Hollywood and pictures.

"I've never been on the stage, you know, and I do feel that stage training is invaluable to an actor. Just as so many of our biggest stars have pointed out, a career that alternates between the stage and screen has the greatest chance of surviving."

As to his rumored engagement to Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland Rice and the former wife of Sidney Smith, of Lily Damita fame, Phil was quite frank.

"I like Florence better than any girl I know and we've gone around together for several years. But if and when we become engaged, the announcement will be made by her family.

"The only reason the newspapers have been saying we are engaged at present is because I was advised to give them that impression. Just before I left Hollywood, my manager called me aside at the airport and said to me, 'Now, Phil, you know reporters and photographers don't meet airplanes to interview a man unless he has something romantic to say. Therefore, on your trip East, if you want any publicity, you'd better give out some news about yourself and Miss Rice.'"

Phil did so, with the aforementioned resulting rumors. Rumors, which by the way, caused his mother no little concern, Phil admits. For Mrs. Holmes was quite naturally surprised and disturbed to pick up a paper and read of her son's imminent marriage, when she had been given no inkling of such a possibility, and when there had been no reason for secrecy.

However, Phil's telegrams reassured her and he could devote himself to Florence and New York with a clear conscience. And frankly, I believe he means it when he says that he and Florence are just good friends—or maybe a little better than that—at present.

As to the future, he faces his return to Hollywood with a high heart and the firm belief and intention to overcome the handicap the last two years have given him, and to justify the faith expressed by those who witnessed his earlier work. In other words, Phil is going to work—and work hard—during the next few years to prove that Mr. Thalberg was right.

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28x5.25-18	2.90	34x4.50	3.45
28x5.25-19	2.95	34x4.50	3.45
30x5.25-20	2.95	34x5	3.75
31x5.25-21	3.25		
28x5.50-18	3.35		
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How to Phone a Star

Continued from page 29

a secretary in town. He stays out at his ranch most of the time. It's easy to get the number of the office, but you have to tell the secretary what you want. The secretary then calls Will on a private phone that is not connected outside. If he wants to talk to you he calls you up. What chance has a guy got?"

Business firms watch the gossip columns of the newspapers. When they see that a star is expecting a blessed event, they go after the telephonics and then after the star with every sort of baby equipment.

The same way with romances and boosts in salaries. The rumor that a star is to get a raise will boom the business of the telephonics because the real-estate, stock, bond, automobile, and jewelry salesmen start on the trail of the extra dollars. It causes annoyance for the star, but it is a harvest for the most unique racketeers in the world, the telephonics.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

former Marcelite Dobbs, a nonprofessional. The studios are not open to visitors.

ALICE NICKEL.—Billy Barty is the eight-year-old youngster in the Mickey McGuire comedies.

FRANK FERRERA.—As far as I know, Catherine Dale Owen is still appearing on the London stage. She comes from Louisville, Kentucky, and is just thirty. Her last screen appearance was in 1931 in "Defenders of the Law."

ART.—Consult studio addresses on back page. John McCormack is now on the radio and may be reached in care of Station WJZ, New York City. Rudy Vallée is making "George White's Scandals" for Fox at Beverly Hills. For a photo of Vilma Banky, try Universal Studio.

TOM AND HAL.—Write to Hoot Gibson in care of Allied Pictures, Pathé Studio, Culver City; Jackie Coogan, Talisman Productions, Hollywood; Lillian Roth, Eastern Service Studios, 2826 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York; William S. Hart, Newhall, California.

JAMES STYLES.—One of the first serials was "The Million Dollar Mystery," released about 1912 by the Thanhouser Film Company. I fail to find any record of "Trapped in Tijuana."

LULU.—Shirley Grey has the principal rôle opposite Ralph Bellamy in "Murder at Rexford Arms." Shirley was born in Naugatuck, Connecticut, and celebrates her birthday on April 3rd. She is five feet six, weighs 118, and has blond hair and bluish-gray eyes. Bebe Daniels's next is with Lyle Talbot, in "Registered Nurse."

MARIE.—Heather Angel hails from England, where she was born on February 9, 1909; five feet two, weighs 105, has dark-brown hair and eyes. Her next is "Murder in Trinidad," with Nigel Bruce.

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EVELYN.—For her second American picture Anna Sten will make a new transcription of "Resurrection," to be followed by "Barbary Coast," with Gary Cooper. Leslie Howard is now in Hollywood making "Of Human Bondage" for RKO. "Rival Wives" is Ann Dvorak's latest.

P. J.—Well, well! You'd better hurry up and catch up on all the good pictures you've been missing. Yes, Clark Gable is still as popular as ever and bids fair to endure longer than some of our screen heroes. A self-addressed stamped envelope should accompany a request for a list of new clubs.

JACK.—"All of Me" and "Bolero" are George Raft's latest. You'll like his dance with Carol Lombard in the latter. George was born in New York City on September 26, 1903; is five feet ten, weighs 155, and has black hair and brown eyes.

JENNIE SEYMOUR.—Donald Cook went to Hollywood in 1930 from the Broadway stage. Born in Portland, Oregon, September 26, 1901, is five feet eleven and a half, weighs 147, and has dark hair and eyes. For a list of his films, send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MARY D.—The Richard Arlens have been happily married since January, 1927. Their young son will be a year old May 7th. United Artists will release "Catherine the Great," starring Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; "Exit Don Juan," starring Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and "Zorro Rides Again," starring both the Fairbankses. These pictures are being made in England at the London Film Productions studio.

A READER.—You might write to the various studios and inquire if they can supply the synopses you wish. Of course, do not request too many at one time.

MARGIE GROSS.—So you, too, have fallen for young Eddie Tamblyn, Florence Lake's boy friend in "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"? You will next see him in "Harold Teen," Rex Bell and Donald Dillaway free-lance.

MARGE.—Address Ginger Rogers in care of RKO studio. She was born on July 16, 1911; Mae West, August 17, 1892; Jean Parker, August 11, 1915. William Jamney and Dorothy Appleby played the leads in Columbia's "King of the Wild Horses."

MARYBELLE GARRISON.—When requesting photographs of the stars it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover the cost. Mary Carlisle was born on February 3, 1912, is five feet one, weighs 100; Bing Crosby, May 2, 1904, about five feet nine, weighs 168; Buster Crabbe, February 7, about 1908, six feet one, weighs 188; Tom Brown, January 6, 1913, five feet ten, weighs 150; Buddy Rogers, August 13, 1904, six feet one.

LELIA JACKS.—Mitzi Green is returning to the screen in "Finishing School," with Billie Burke, Ginger Rogers, Bruce Cabot, Frances Dee. In "Lady for a Day," Barry Norton played Carlos, Jean Parker's suitor from Spain. Warren William is better looking off-screen than on. "Hit Me Again" with Joan Blondell, is his latest.

HELEN STANLEY.—George Brent is a native of Dublin, Ireland, born there on March 15, 1904; Franchot Tone, Niagara Falls, New York, February 27, 1906; Clark Gable, Cadiz, Ohio, February 1,

1901; Dick Powell, Mt. View, Arkansas, November 14, 1904. Lee Tracy is five feet ten, and Cary Grant six feet one. That is Franchot Tone's right name, and George Brent's is Nolan.

TOBY WINTERS.—Myrna Loy, whose real name is Myrna Williams, comes from Helena, Montana. Born on August 2, 1905; five feet six, weighs a little over one hundred, and has red hair and green eyes.

So Lo.—The birthdates for which you asked are: Robert Young, February 22, 1907; Joan Blondell, August 30, 1909; Randolph Scott, January 23rd; Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911.

G. A. T.—Young Tommy Conlon lives on a ranch with his father in Tarzana, California. You might write to him there.

A. R. D.—You will find Dick Powell's birthplace and date elsewhere in this department. He is six feet, weighs 172, and has red hair and blue eyes; divorced from Mildred Maund. Has two brothers, Luther and Howard.

M. M. R.—Gene Raymond was born Raymond Guion, in New York on August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum-blond hair, blue eyes.

WEE-GO.—That darling little Cora Sue Collins was born in Beckley, West Virginia, on April 19, 1928. For a photo of Boris Karloff as he appeared in "Frankenstein," write to Publicity Department, Universal Pictures, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York. His latest is another hair-raiser—"The Black Cat." Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson have no children.

DALLAS REDHEAD.—Henry Garat is five feet eight inches tall; Gavin Gordon, six feet two; Dorothy Gish, five feet two; Minna Gombell, five feet four and a half; Lillian Gish, five feet four and a quarter; Mitzi Green, about five feet; Dorothy Gulliver, five feet two; Hoot Gibson, five feet ten; Sally Blane, five feet four; Billie Burke, five feet five; Lillian Bond, five feet four and a half; Monte Blue, six feet three; Marjorie Beebe, five feet three and a half.

TERRY SCALELLA.—There was a nice roto picture of Gene Raymond in March Picture Play. Gene's "Coming Out Party," with Frances Dee, will be released shortly, as will Joel McCrea's "Green Mansions," with Dolores del Rio. Donald Dillaway is free-lancing, one of his recent films being "Marriage on Approval," for Freuler Films.

F. L.—Paramount Publicity Department might better be able to give you the information you desire. We cannot promise a picture of Joyzelle in the dance costume she wore in "Girl Without a Room," the film is old now.

A YOUNG FAN.—You may be sure that you haven't seen the last of that bright youngster in "Only Yesterday." Jimmy Butler is in the cast of "Men of Tomorrow," with Tad Alexander, Jackie Searl, Frankie Darro, and Donald Haines. Tad was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on December 29, 1922; has brown curly hair and blue eyes.

EVELYN LOVETT.—For addresses of players, consult the back of the magazine. I am sorry I cannot oblige with home addresses. Dick Powell is playing in "Hot Air," with Ginger Rogers and Pat O'Brien. Ruby Keeler likes dark clothes. "Dames" is her latest.



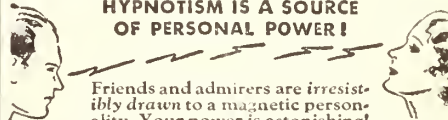
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Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Ann Sothern
Evalyn Knapp	Dorothy Tree
Elissa Landi	Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Lilian Harvey
Frank Atkinson	Miriam Jordan
Lew Ayres	Victor Jory
Warner Baxter	Howard Lally
Irene Bentley	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Clara Bow	Una O'Connor
Marion Burns	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
Florence Desmond	Will Rogers
James Dunn	Raul Roulien
Sally Eilers	Spencer Tracy
Norman Foster	Claire Trevor
Preston Foster	June Vlassek
Janet Gaynor	Irene Ware

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Elizabeth Allan	Helen Hayes
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Florine McKinney
Wallace Beery	Una Merkel
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Maurice Chevalier	Karen Morley
Virginia Cherrill	Ramon Novarro
Mae Clarke	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jackie Cooper	Jean Parker
Joan Crawford	May Robson
Marion Davies	Norma Shearer
Marie Dressler	Martha Sleeper
Jimmy Durante	Lewis Stone
Nelson Eddy	Franchot Tone
Madge Evans	Lupe Velez
Muriel Evans	Henry Wadsworth
Clark Gable	Johnny Weissmuller
Greta Garbo	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Robert Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Katharine Hepburn
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Anita Louise
Bill Cagney	Mary Mason
Chic Chandler	Joel McCrea
Frances Dee	Colleen Moore
Dolores del Rio	Gregory Ratoff
Richard Dix	Bert Wheeler
Irene Dunne	Gretchen Wilson
William Gargan	Robert Woolsey

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Adrienne Ames	John Davis Lodge
Lona Andre	Carol Lombard
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Herbert Marshall
Grace Bradley	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Gail Patrick
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Buster Crabbe	Charlie Ruggles
Bing Crosby	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sydney
Patricia Farley	Alison Skipworth
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Verna Hillie	Mae West
Miriam Hopkins	Dorothea Wieck
Roscoe Karns	Dorothy Wilson
Jack LaRue	Toby Wing
Charles Laughton	Elizabeth Young
Baby LeRoy	

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Constance Cummings
Constance Bennett	Fredric March
Eddie Cantor	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Chester Morris
Madge Bellamy	Ken Maynard
Tom Brown	Zasu Pitts
Russ Columbo	Onslow Stevens
Andy Devine	Gloria Stuart
Hugh Enfield	Margaret Sullavan
Boris Karloff	Slim Summerville
June Knight	Helen Twelvetrees
Paul Lukas	Alice White

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Jean Muir
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Bebe Daniels	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	William Powell
Ruth Donnelly	Edward G. Robinson
Ann Dvorak	Barbara Rogers
Patricia Ellis	Jayne Shaddock
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
Ann Hovey	Sheila Terry
Alice Jans	Helen Vinson
Allen Jenkins	Renee Whitney
Al Jolson	Warren William
Ruby Keeler	Pat Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Douglass Montgomery, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Avenue, Hollywood.

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NO MAN IS A HERO TO HIS VALEZ - AND JIMMY IS KNOCKED FOR A LUPE

SCHNARZAN AND HIS MATE - SHE PROVES TO BE A BUST.

HYSTERICAL FACTS! NAPOLEON IS STILL FRENCH PASTRY AND BISMARCK IS ONLY A HERRING.

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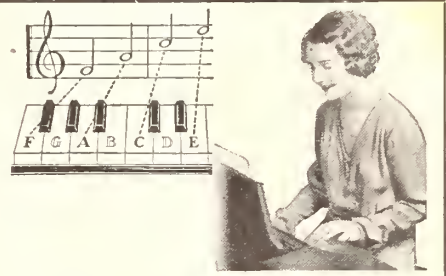
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WHY PICTURE PLAY IS THE HONEST MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

It is more than a slogan, this phrase that readers have come to know well—"The Honest Magazine of the Screen." It is, besides, a statement of the policy that guides Picture Play and which has brought it prosperity in the nineteen years of its existence.

In this case the word "honest" is not a figure of speech but an indisputable fact. For honesty guides the selection of material for Picture Play, honesty both to star and fan, and honesty inspires every word that is printed.

Overstatement is avoided, sentimentality is shunned, and the publicity story is rejected. Every effort is made to represent stars as they really are instead of fantastic people in a world of spotlighted glamour.

To Picture Play every player is a human being first, every reader is judged intelligent and wholesome. This is why scandal has no place in the magazine and why, too, Picture Play does not disillusion and degrade but builds up belief in normal character among the gifted of Hollywood. It is a friend to the star and the fan.

The July number will bear this out more emphatically than ever before. Watch for it.



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Mae West in "IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with Roger Pryor, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band... Directed by Leo McCarey
if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE...it's the best show in town!



WHAT THE FANS THINK

Ann's Tall, Blond Loveliness.

FOUR girls have taken up their residence, without so much as a "by your leave" or an "if you please," deep down where I live.

Joan Crawford began it. Kay Francis came along soon after. Katharine Hepburn joined them very shortly. But somehow Ann Harding is closest of all.

In spite of repeated weak stories or unsatisfactory rôles, Ann's tall, blond loveliness almost takes your breath away. She gets me, again deep down where I live. Her hold is so strong that I can think of nothing that would mean so much to me as the sure knowledge that no matter what life called upon me to face, I'd find Ann there to face it with me. She does that to me. I can't explain or fully understand, but it's true.

Being an only child has always meant being a lonely child. Friends come to mean the whole world to folk like me. I can think of no grander thing than being friends with her. "Gallant Lady" in fact and in truth. It was real. So is she.

Four pictures now—each better than the last. Surely it's Ann's turn for "Better days"—in many ways.

She's a grand person and I hope she's on her way to going strong. I'll be waiting most impatiently for the next picture that brings her to us. From the comment I heard today, a packed theater full of folk sincerely and emphatically feel as I do about her. Discerning people!

Whatever comes she'll be my Anne for always.

JUST
ANOTHER
ANNE.

Des
Moines,
Iowa.



Introduced as the new heart-throb candidate, Francis Lederer at last gets a proper reaction from Sally Kaye.



Better Late Than Never.

HAIL the new screen idol! I've just seen Francis Lederer, in "Man of Two Worlds," and I've completely lost my heart to him. Isn't he perfect? I don't know when I've enjoyed a performance so much. What charm! What a colorful personality! What marvelous acting! Eskimo or no Eskimo, he fascinated me completely. He might so easily have overacted his part. But he made it the most charming, the most delightful, the most appealing acting I've ever watched. Welcome, Francis! You rank with Colman in looks, with Chevalier in personality, and with Barrymore in ability. Hail the rising Lederer star!

SALLY KAYE.
555 West 173rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Ann Harding's beauty takes the breath away from an only child out in Des Moines.

555 West 173rd Street, New York, N. Y.

On Joan's Apron Strings.

Elsie Garner thinks Franchot Tone is losing his identity by "hanging on to Joan's apron strings."

I ENJOY Picture Play more than any other screen magazine, especially "What the Fans Think." I admire your

courage in printing letters of the fans, regardless of whether they are merciless criticisms or bouquets.

Recently I read a letter by Dorothy Rogers telling the truth about Joan Crawford, and I agree most heartily with her. Joan Crawford's whole life is a pose. I, too, saw her dancing in a chorus about twelve years ago, and she was no child at that time.

Her refusal to have William Gar-

gan in her last picture and her hatred of Jean Harlow show her up for what she really is. This is rather frank talk, but it is how I feel about Miss Crawford. I like Franchot Tone and think he is an excellent actor, but he is losing his identity by hanging on to Joan's apron strings.

ELSIE GARNER.


New Orleans, Louisiana.

Little Blond Bernhardt.

MY praise for a certain talented star is sky-high. I refer to Bette Davis. Having a fan club in her honor enables me to know her much better than the average fan does.

Bette is a perfect dear, but why in Heaven's name isn't she given bigger and better rôles? She is an excellent actress, one of the best in all Hollywood, and yet she is given rôles that aren't worthy of her amazing talent. If given the right rôle and story, I know that Bette would be a sensational knock-out. She has what it takes to become one of the cinema's greatest box-office draws.

[Continued on page 10]



★★ In this, the best picture made since "ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT," which was the greatest picture of all time, Carl Laemmle has the honor to present

Margaret Sullavan

with DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY

★ IN ★

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by WILLIAM ANTHONY MCGUIRE

★★ ITS A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

L AURIE ADMIRER.—Besides "Little Man, What Now?" Douglass Montgomery will be seen in "Canal Boy," with Dorothy Wilson. Douglass is a native of Los Angeles, born there on October 29, 1907; is six feet, weighs 170, blond hair and brown eyes; not married. Lionel Atwill comes from England, and celebrates his birthday on March 1st. He is forty-nine. Universal should be able to supply photos of both these players.

MAY.—Paramount is taking care of Charlotte Henry's fan mail. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, March 3, 1914; is about five feet one, weighs 104; light-brown hair, blue eyes.

CLAUDETTE.—One of our happiest screen couples is Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, who have been married since November 26, 1928. A year-old daughter now shares their happiness. Mr. Marshall was born in London, England, May 23, 1890; six feet, weighs 155; hazel eyes, brown hair. Mrs. Marshall, in Hove, England, March 3, 1900; five feet two and a half, weighs 117; ash-blond hair, blue eyes.

WILLIAM J. JOHNSON.—In all of the S. S. Van Dine stories, the rôle of *Philo Vance* was played by William Powell, with the exception of "Bishop Murder Case," in which Basil Rathbone had the lead. Lee Tracy is making "I'll Tell the World" for Universal. C. Henry Gordon is a native New Yorker.

GERTRUDE.—See Addresses of Players on back page of the magazine. William Powell was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1892; six feet, weighs 160; dark-brown hair, gray eyes.

HAZEL SCHRANK.—Edwin Phillips was *Tommy* in "Wild Boys of the Road." First National will send you his photo if you inclose twenty-five cents with your request; try Mascot Pictures, 6001 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, for one of Frankie Darro. Frankie will be sixteen on December 22nd. Florine McKinney is under contract to M.-G.-M. "Bitter Sweet," starring Anna Neagle and Ferdinand Graavey, was produced in England and distributed in this country by United Artists.

HARRIET KORNS.—Wedding bells rang for Buster Crabbe in April, 1933; the girl was Adah Virginia Held. Buster was twenty-six on February 7th; is six feet one, weighs 188; brown hair and eyes. Attended the University of Southern California. Tom Keene was born in Smoky Hollow, New York, December 30, 1903; six feet, weighs 170; dark hair, blue eyes; married to Grace Stafford, stage actress.

HAROLD SCHNEIDER.—Betty Furness hails from New York; nineteen on January 3rd; five feet four, weighs 100, ash-blond hair, blue eyes. I will mail you the cast of "When Knighthood Was in Flower" upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

T. A. S.—Here are those heights as given out by the studios: Greta Garbo, five feet six; Ramon Novarro and Tom Brown, five feet ten; Lew Ayres, five feet eleven; James Cagney, five feet nine; Johnny Weissmuller, six feet three; Eddie Cantor, five feet eight; Jimmy Durante, five feet seven.

KITSIE DEACON.—Eddie Tamblyn was *Harry*, Buster Crabbe's roommate, in "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." He also had a small part in "Flying Down to Rio," latest is "Harold Teen" for Warners.

JACK B.—Yes, Marion Davies was beautiful in "Going Hollywood," and credit for the photography goes to George Folsey.

Requests for casts and lists of films should be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope. Foreign readers desiring personal replies may obtain international correspondence coupons at any post office.

Roger Pryor has an important part in "I'll Tell the World"; is five feet ten, and weighs 160

CONNIE.—Two players celebrate their birthdays on April 7th—Gavin Gordon and Bert Wheeler. It is customary to inclose twenty-five cents when requesting a photo of a star. See back page for addresses. Joan Peers was the heroine opposite Richard Cromwell, in "Tofable David."

MARY Z.—No doubt by this time you have read the interview with Sterling Holloway in April Picture Play, which answers all your questions. He was born on January 13, 1905; five feet ten and a half, weighs 130; reddish-gold hair, blue eyes. Sorry I haven't the information you request on Roy Walker.

ELEANORE.—Joan Blondell became Mrs. George Barnes on January 4, 1933. Born in New York City, August 30, 1909; five feet four, weighs 115. Now playing in "Hit Me Again," with Warren William. I'll be glad to mail you a list of fan clubs if you will send me your address and a stamped envelope.

NANCY D.—Fredric March is with Constance Bennett, in "Firebrand." The final title of Norma Shearer's new picture is "Rip Tide." Marion Davies in "Operator 13." Miss Davies is not married. Jean Parker's big brown eyes first saw light in Deer Lodge, Montana, August 11, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105; dark-brown hair. Sari Maritza's real name is Patricia Detring-Nathan.

ARDENT READER.—Margaret Sullavan's second picture is "Little Man, What Now?" with Douglass Montgomery. Born in Norfolk, Virginia, twenty-five years ago;

five feet four, weighs 112; brown hair, blue-gray eyes. Little Jimmy Butler, who played with her in "Only Yesterday," had a small part in "Beloved" and is now appearing in "No Greater Glory." Mae West gives August 17, 1892, as her birthdate. Jean Harlow is in "Hollywood Party" and "Living in a Big Way." Most of the big stars have secretaries who take care of their fan mail.

MAX.—Watch for Donald Woods in "As the Earth Turns" and "Merry Wives of Reno." He is still single.

VERN.—Address Hal LeRoy in care of Warners. He has the title rôle in "Harold Teen."

M. Q. P.—Conway Tearle was born in New York City, May 17, 1882; five feet ten and a half, weight 160; dark-brown hair, brown eyes. Lenore Ulric, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, July 21, 1894; five feet three, weighs 117; brown hair and eyes. Miriam Seegar, Kokomo, Indiana, September 1, 1909; five feet two; blond hair, blue eyes. Clara Kimball Young, Chicago, Illinois, 1892; five feet six, weighs about 135; dark hair and eyes.

PEGGY KLEIN.—You may be surprised to know that the hero, *Mala*, of "Eskimo" is not an Eskimo at all, but Ray Wise, well-known in Hollywood. Metro-Goldwyn may supply his photo.

A MOVIE FAN.—It is true that players receive gifts from enthusiastic admirers. Some fans take that way of showing their appreciation for a star's work on the screen.

JERRY N.—While in England, David Manners made "Contraband" for British-International Pictures, which includes Greta Nissen and Camilla Horn. The film will be shown in the United States. Address him in care of United Artists. Born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, April 30, 1905; six feet, weighs 175; brown hair and eyes. John Wayne in Winterset, Iowa, May 26, 1907; six feet two, weighs 200; dark-brown hair and blue eyes. He is with Monogram Pictures, 6048 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

SUNNY.—Frank Lawton, who was *Jocoy* in "Cavalcade," is now appearing on the New York stage in "The Wind and the Rain." Write to him in care of the Ritz Theater, West 48th Street. Spencer Tracy was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, April 5, 1900; five feet ten and a half, weighs 165; dark-brown hair, blue eyes.

PITTSBURG, KANSAS.—Lanny Ross of radio fame, is making his screen debut in Paramount's "Melody in Spring." The youngster you saw in "Gold Diggers of 1933" and "Footlight Parade" is Billy Barty, the eight-year-old who is about as big as the ordinary two-year-old. Glandular deficiency is responsible for his remaining so small.

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Photo by George Hurrell

LILYAN TASHMAN, recognized wherever pictures are known, will be seen no more on the screen she loved. She died on March 21st, aged thirty-four, at a New York hospital with her husband, Edmund Lowe, present. Only a few days before she had finished her last picture, "Frankie and Johnnie," working without interruption from seven in the morning till midnight in spite of great weakness. Her last appearance was at a benefit for an orphan asylum when she thrilled to the applause of 22,000 persons in Madison Square Garden.

LILYAN TASHMAN will be missed by the casual picturegoer as well as the fan, while those who knew her will feel her absence with poignant regret. Fearless, frank, witty and urbane, she delighted all with her uninhibited individuality. But those who knew her best saw beneath her sharply faceted exterior. They knew her sympathy, tolerance and generosity, her devotion to her family, and her amazing capacity for self-cultivation, and they admired her strong-willed campaign which took her out of obscurity into the arena of celebrity.

Clark snatches a sandwich and beer in his dressing room before looking at his fan mail.

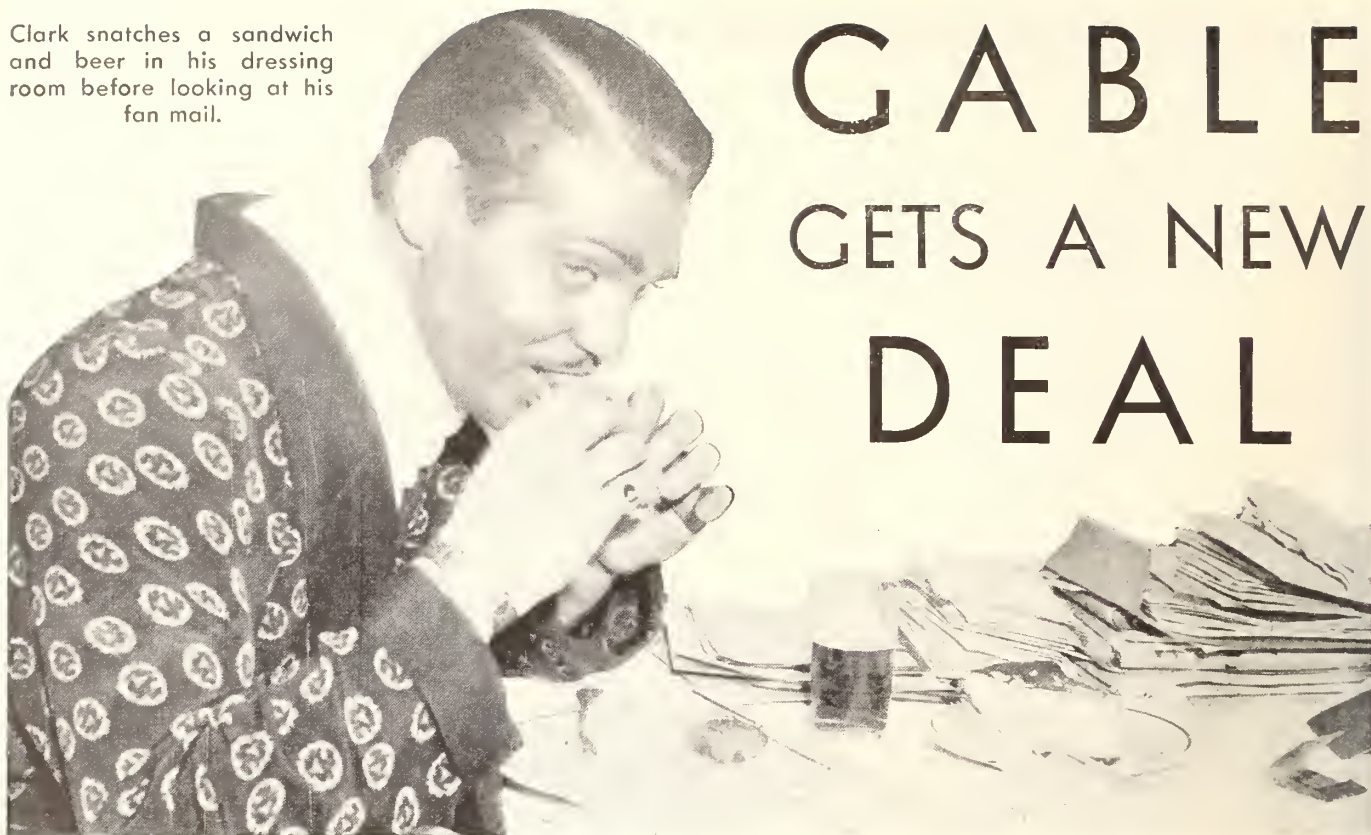


Photo by Acme

GABLE GETS A NEW DEAL

A sensation on his personal-appearance tour, Clark Gable's first vacation from Hollywood in four years gives him a fresh and optimistic grip on his career.

ALL you fans who have been fretting over Clark Gable's bad breaks, fearing that he was slipping from his place in the cinema sun, may as well stop your worrying right now.

After playing subordinate rôles for two years, working four without a vacation, and being seriously ill for months, Clark gets a new deal, a new kind of rôle, a new contract! And a vacation in New York with a fresh, optimistic lease on life, as well as a firmer grip on his career. Every one is very pleased about it, if one is to judge by the proud but restless press agents who prowled around the publicity office where he was being interviewed; the girls who were described as going ga-ga over him; the crowds who milled about him wherever he went; the fit and smiling person of Gable himself; and his extraordinary week of personal appearances at the Capitol Theater where he was a greater success than Robert Montgomery, Lionel Barrymore, and Ramon Novarro.

He deserves a new deal if ever an actor did. And should any one ask you, "Can you name a star who is not a disillusionment?" be sure to retort snappily, "Clark Gable!"

That's the correct reply, all right, for not even a schoolgirl with all sorts of glamorous notions about picture heroes would be disappointed in him.

By Judith Field

Yet while talking with him, if one was not positive that this is Clark Gable, whose popularity has been sensationally hailed as "the greatest since Valentino," it would be impossible to believe it from his easy, friendly manner. You would naturally expect him to bear some small, conscious reflection of all that adulation, but he doesn't show a trace.

On the contrary, he was almost naïvely enthusiastic about his new rôle in the screen version of "Men in White." That is, if it is permissible to use the word "naïve" instead of "boyish" in regard to a tall, well set-up and dashing he-man whose charm falls somewhere between the two. Anyway, it is a good stellar rôle in a hospital setting.

Clark acknowledged it was the hardest he's had, but as he leaned back comfortably in a desk chair and pulled out a lower drawer for a foot rest, he confessed, "I enjoyed that rôle more than any I've played in a long time."

He launched into an account of the psychology of the interne he portrays, describing the tenderness he possessed which lifts him above the other internes and makes him destined for great things, and the humor which makes him real and likable.

As Gable explained, "He's a man who loves his patients and sympathizes with them when they get the



Fans were delighted to find a star who returned grin for grin and even went out of his way to be nice to them.

suffered has had its advantages, even though he did play little more than foil for the feminine stars. At least it has given audiences an opportunity to see him in a new light—as an actor, instead of a “great lover.”

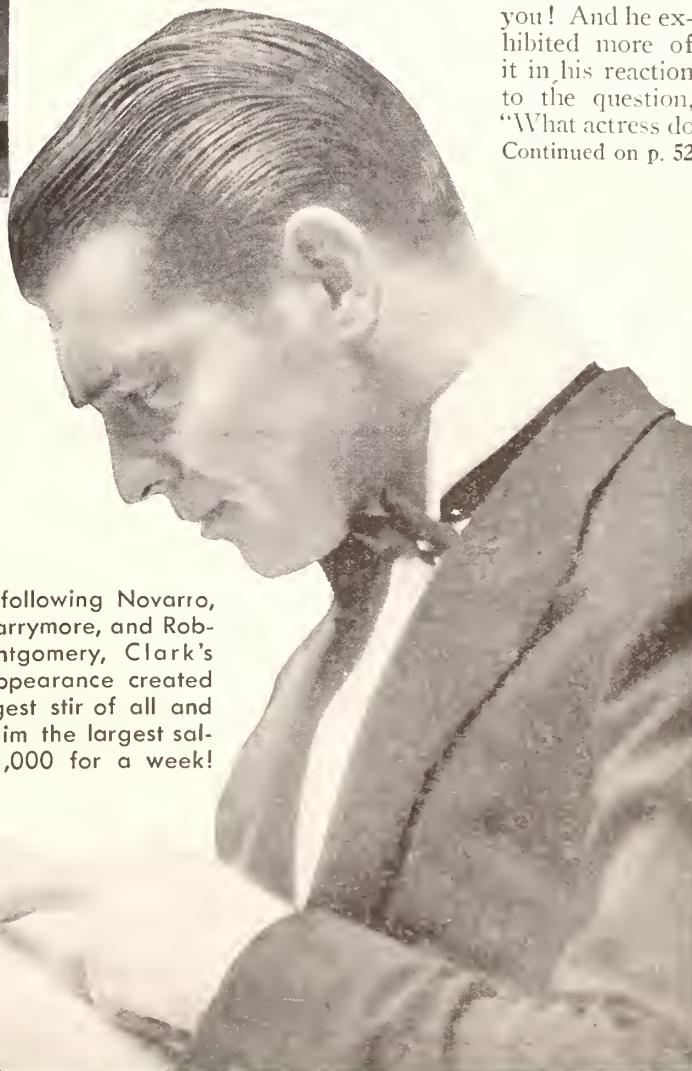
At the suggestion that he ever was the latter, he grew vehement—genially vehement, it's true, but vehement nevertheless. “O God, no! I'm not a great lover! I never wanted to be known as a great lover. I don't know where they got the idea. I think it was just a publicity stunt. When they started all that about me, I was afraid the flare-up was bound to go down.”

Mr. Gable likes to play heavies. He asked casually, “Did you see a picture called ‘Red Dust’?”

He liked that rôle; also the one in “A Free Soul.” But can you imagine any other Hollywood actor referring to a film in which he played as “a picture” instead of “my picture”? Or, as Gable did in discussing his last production, saying “we” tried to show this, or “we” tried to do that, instead of using the well-known “I”?

That ingratiating modesty isn't the only trait that sets him apart from the ordinary actor. Before he arrived for the interview, one of the publicity men was quick to denounce Alexander Kirkland's stage interpretation of the lead in “Men in White” as a hammy performance. Later it was suggested to Clark that he would be more interesting in the part. And do you think he agreed and expanded under the idea, as a great many of our movie males would have done? Not Clark! He merely smiled and went on with what he was saying.

That's tact for you! And he exhibited more of it in his reaction to the question, “What actress do
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Closely following Novarro, Lionel Barrymore, and Robert Montgomery, Clark's stage appearance created the biggest stir of all and netted him the largest salary—\$11,000 for a week!



It was a new deal for interviewers, also. Here Clark is waiting for an appointment in the M.-G.-M. publicity office.

bellyache, but who, when he closes the door of their room, turns his mind to other things.”

Checking up on the distinctions between the stage and the picture version, he questioned me concerning the important scenes of the play, which he had not yet seen. His favorites are the ones in which he saves the life of a child by disobeying the senior physician's orders, and his last scene with the nurse who has loved him.

He leaned forward in earnest demonstration. It seems there is a close-up taken of his thumb and forefinger—he extended his hand to show me—as he shuts the dead girl's eyelids. There is another close shot as he turns the spring of the bed—“You know how beds are in a hospital?” he interjected—and, as the head of the girl falls below camera range, due to certain lighting effects, a cross appears.

At my murmured comment that it sounded very dramatic, Clark assured me, “Yes, but it's not melodramatic. It just scares you.”

Here's an actor whose rôles are real to him. Now that his professional standing is being placed on a stronger basis, he doesn't mind admitting that the subordination he's

WHAT A PAL

Miss Harlow defies all the conventions of stardom by giving simple parties and sticking to old friends regardless of their social or professional status.

SAY what you will, Webster could not have written a more perfect description of Jean Harlow, even had he known the platinum blonde, than he did in his definition of *platinum*—"incapable of being fused."

The longer I know her, the more puzzled I am. Associated with movies for fifteen years, I should know something about what would happen under given conditions. But when it comes to Jean Harlow, I don't know nothin'.

When a player starts up the ladder of stardom, usually

we could take a trip to Spain and write his history with as much accuracy as if we stayed in Hollywood. We know all the steps of evolution—from flivver to Rolls-Royce; from the loosely collected group of friends to the closely knit circle; from the one-day-a-week maid to butler and servants; from the two-dollar-a-day seamstress to the Howard Greer models.

Most extra girls have all the program planned in advance. They even know the exact manner in which they

expect to high-hat Minnie Glutz when she is on the toboggan slide and they, by the grace of something or other, are on the top.

But no true-to-form history could be written of Jean Harlow. There is no rule she doesn't break.

We are also familiar with the unwritten laws applying to the conduct of players, which are far stronger than any laws laid down in their contracts. There is no evidence that Jean Harlow has ever heard of these laws.

For instance, the stars at the top of the ladder are perfectly willing to accept a newcomer when the perilous ascent is accomplished, no matter by what route he or she came. The brewer's daughter, the slim waitress, the prim stenographer, the ballet dancer, the laundry woman, all are equally welcome, *provided they conform*. This is the first commandment and all others are included in it.

Conform they must. They must be willing to obliterate the past, unless it includes a cultural background adding to the present glamour. Hoyle's rules for Hollywood are exactly the same as those governing the social "four hundred" of your city.

You know how it is when people move from the wrong

If one of Jean's ex-secretaries has an uncle from law on her hands, the glamorous star will run over to help entertain him. Imagine uncle's thrill!

Photo by Bull



JEAN!

By Maude Lathem

side of the railroad track? They never carry with them the friends who were sufficient for their earlier existence. It just couldn't be done. But even in your set some one occasionally slips the traces and marries on the wrong side of the tracks, and you elevate your eyebrows a bit higher, remarking, "It's too bad."

It was just as startling a move on Jean Harlow's part when she married her cameraman, that is, it was startling to those who have not watched her closely.

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While Jean plays voluptuous hussies to perfection, as in "The Iron Man," she is really as nice as her most ardent fans think.

There's no use trying to reconcile Jean to the unwritten laws of stardom. The stellar pattern simply does not fit her.



Photo by Buff

They Say

By Karen Hollis



Photo by Hurrell

Helen Vinson is climbing rapidly and having a swell time along the way.

Richard Ralston Arlen—"Elmer" to his beaming parents—has gone abroad for a vacation with Dick and Jobyna. Elmer is a player himself now.



BETWEEN the dark and the daylight, the hours from five to seven are crowded with cocktail parties for whatever picture celebrities that happen to be in town. Before repeal a few kindred spirits gathered in some smoky hideaway, and over a cocktail compounded of white mule and knock-out drops discussed the joys and woes of making pictures.

Not infrequently, players asked reporters not to mention that they were seen with glass in hand. It hurt them, they averred, not only with the public, but with their employers as well.

Now all that is changed. Perhaps the turning point was really months ago when Paramount gave a big

cocktail party for the début of the girl who played "Alice in Wonderland." And by the way, can't you recall her name either?

But to get back to the musical glasses. Any afternoon that there isn't a grand blow-out for Al Jolson or Frank Morgan or Fox's newest import, you can find in the Ritz or Savoy-Plaza bars the film beauties who are in town.

Lest you picture them as playing the face on the barroom floor, I might explain that a small glass of sherry followed by a cup of tea is their usual portion. A ranking beauty specialist in New York has recommended that as the only alcohol which a perfect complexion will permit.

A Hard-earned Vacation.—Only two years away from Broadway, Helen Vinson has as many pictures to her credit as most players make in four years or so. Under contract to Warner Brothers, they kept her on the treadmill. Now that she is free-lancing, she has awarded herself two or three months vacation in New York.

Catching up with her at the Savoy-Plaza, I observed that she was not a case for a rest cure. She was radiantly beautiful, intelligent, well-informed, and delightfully gay. We like her, but Hollywood needs her.

When she was working on the stage, people were always bringing out old photographs of Helen Hayes to show her. There is an amazing likeness. Not so much now, though, for Miss Hayes has grown so quiet, so settled, away from her work. And Miss Vinson is still climbing and having grand fun along the way.

You may have wondered, as I did, how this Texas girl could shed her accent so

completely. She did it by the arduous process of studying Italian opera.

The Arlens Are Off.—After ten years of steady labor for Paramount and the support of a flock of poor relations, Richard Arlen is off with wife and baby for a trip to Europe. "With pay!" he shouts gleefully.

He and Jobyna saw "Dodsworth" their first night in town and had a grand reunion with Walter Huston. Next they saw Helen Hayes in "Mary of Scotland" and found that their gay holiday mood was not one in which to appreciate dramatized history.

These Arlens are making history of their own with

FAVORITES of the FANS ANN HARDING

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach





TOO smart to allow himself to be catapulted into the limelight, too conservative to give a showy performance, Onslow Stevens wisely chooses to build for himself a reputation with fans second to none by consistent, balanced acting. His next example—"I'll Tell the World."



Photo by Robert W. Coburn

"OH, for another *General Yen!*" This is the prayer and the plea of all those who have Nils Asther's advancement at heart, for he created a legend when he played that subtle, complex rôle. Let's all burn incense to Buddha on the mantel. Maybe he'll help.



EVELYN KELLY



LAURIE SHEVLIN



BERYL WALLACE



RUTH HILLIARD

MARION CALVERT



HOOPLA! THE VANITIES GIRLS!

Here are eight of the Broadway beauties who will make their film bow in Paramount's picturization of Earl Carroll's show "Murder at the Vanities."

Will Kathryn Sergava's career be helped or hindered by her likeness to Greta Garbo? That's for the public to decide. Meanwhile the Russian actress is playing supporting rôles, feeling her way so to speak, as you will see in Leslie Howard's "British Agent."

Photo by Elmer Fryer



PAT PATERSON gayly trips over from London, makes a hit in Fox's big musical, "Bottoms Up," and marries Charles Boyer, the French actor, after a whirlwind courtship that lasted only a few days. If you still think Britishers are deliberate and have no sense of humor, Pat will laugh you out of it.





JOAN CRAWFORD
glories in stardom
revels in being an actress and loves all the
excitements of an exciting career. She is
anything but an isolationist. So says Malcolm H. Oettinger in
his skillful, sympathetic
interview with her on
the opposite page, the
latest of several encounters with
Crawford at crucial
moments in her progress to fame.

Photo by George Hurrell

TO-DAY SHE'S

Joan Crawford is herself again, loving every minute of it. She has recaptured since casting off the ermine of cinema stardom.

By Malcolm H. Oetting

WHEN Joan Crawford comes to New York there is a shining suite at the Waldorf, high enough to be exclusive, impregnated from the prying press by receptionists, hall clerks, secretaries, and personal representatives. There are flowers and candies, and oil paintings that have adorned magazine covers; there are bells ringing and messages to be signed for and invitations to be sidetracked. There is no calm.

If there isn't a delegation from the bootmakers to measure the Crawford feet for mirror-trimmed opera slippers—"There will be no charge, Miss Crawford. We are only too glad to have you wear them"—then it's a boy with an armful of photo-mailers in which the Crawford features will be broadcast. If it isn't a photographer begging for a sitting, it's a bevy of debs fluttering near the door to catch a glimpse of their Joan.

So it goes when Joan's in town these days. She is herself again, giggling and gasping and apparently loving every minute of the excitement.

When I first met Joan Crawford she wheeled me about Beverly Hills in her big car and we sipped champagne under the stars. Well, it was just as colorful as that; it was a delightful introduction to Hollywood and to Joan.

Then she married the literary and arty side of the Fairbanks house, donning the prickly ermine of cinema's so-called royal family. I called on the young people at their temporary chalet facing Central Park to see what changes matrimony had wrought in the dancing darling of the West Coast.

It had wrought plenty. The dynamic Crawford was gone; a thin, neurotic girl with pop eyes and masklike mouth brooded over luncheon with appalling dignity. She was showing the world what Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., was like, one may suppose.

In fairness to her, it should be added that their majesties at Pickfair had not been pleased at the marriage. She was gay and giddy, and Pickfair did not go in for that sort of thing. She was distinctly on probation, and she felt it.

Our third meeting was recent. The old Crawford personality was back in force. The eyes sparkled, the smile flashed, and the joy of living was getting a break. Doug was forgotten. Franchot Tone, of Cornell and Hollywood, was at her side. Things, anybody could see, had changed for the better.

to his place some . . . I hope w show. . . . I their new hideawa mosphere. . . . make a darb of do it. . . .



Photo by Hurrell

Life to Joan is as important as her latest picture, her next Mayfair party, or to-night's première.

HOLLYWOOD

capturing the most interesting bits of news and gossip in the cinema colony.

One might also note that Mae West wasn't given even a look-in at the prizes, despite that "She Done Him Wrong" was one of the year's most triumphant pictures, and she herself is rated one of the biggest attractions in exhibitors' reports.

The film that gained the Academy honors was "Cavalcade."

Madeleine Objects.—Madeleine Carroll is the most fêted star in Hollywood. She recently came from England, and if you've seen "I Was a Spy" you know her blond beauty. She was introduced at a cocktail party given in her bungalow at the Fox studio, and then later was honor guest at a luncheon, when a portrait by one of the studio artists was unveiled by Spencer Tracy.

She was referred to as typically English by the press agent who announced the unveiling. As she rose we heard her say in a whisper—"Yes, my mother is French and my father Irish."

Photo by Wide World



Virginia Cherrill and Cary Grant arrive at their Hollywood home after their marriage in London.

Marian Nixon keeps fit while waiting for another assignment.

The flawless figure of Ginger Rogers is an excellent argument for a daily tussle with a medicine ball.



ALL the bows were taken by the also-rans at the annual awarding of Academy prizes. Neither Katharine Hepburn nor Charles Laughton, the winners, were present to receive their golden statuettes. So Will Rogers, the master of ceremonies, presented the runners-up, Diana Wynyard and May Robson, and Leslie Howard and Paul Muni, to the assemblage in the Fiesta Room of the Ambassador Hotel, and they received a huge ovation.

Despite the fact that they had voted for Hepburn and Laughton, the throng did not seem especially enthusiastic about their choice when it was officially announced. Probably this was because one star was in New York and the other in London.

Most of the people present at the banquet seemed regretful that Miss Robson was not given the prize for her performance in "Lady for a Day," and Leslie Howard for "Berkeley Square."

Outside of an admiration for her acting ability in "Morning Glory" the movie colony is not especially crazy about Miss Kate. Nor is Laughton a great social favorite. The tokens of esteem, we would say, were honestly tendered for their work alone.

HIGH LIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Claudette Escapes Bath.—Claudette Colbert's battle to increase her weight was won just in time for her to go into the rôle of *Cleopatra*. She had to drink so much milk and cream, she said, that it was "coming out of her ears."

Claudette is happy over the fact that she will not endure the ordeal of a bathing scene in the new production. Cecil DeMille has spared her that, and instead will put the conspirators against *Cesar's* life in a Roman bath when they are doing their plotting. The nearest that Claudette will get to the water will be taking a ride on the royal barge.

It looked for a time as if Miss Colbert and Norman Foster were about to split. But since Norman was ill and had to have his appendix removed, they are friendly again.

Tiny Garments Notes.—There is almost continuous talk about Norma Shearer "expecting" again, but so far it doesn't seem to mean anything. Sally Eilers, on the other hand, is looking forward to a happy event along toward the fall. And Dorothy Jordan and Merian C. Cooper have been having the very deuce of a time deciding whether their youngster shall be born in Honolulu or on the mainland. Dorothy favors Honolulu, while Cooper is all for the American continent.

It's the quiet and seclusion of the Hawaiian Islands that seems to lure prospective movie mothers. The Hollywood hysteria over a stork arrival is quite devastating, what with showers, gifts, and hubbub of flowers and visits when a star goes to the hospital.

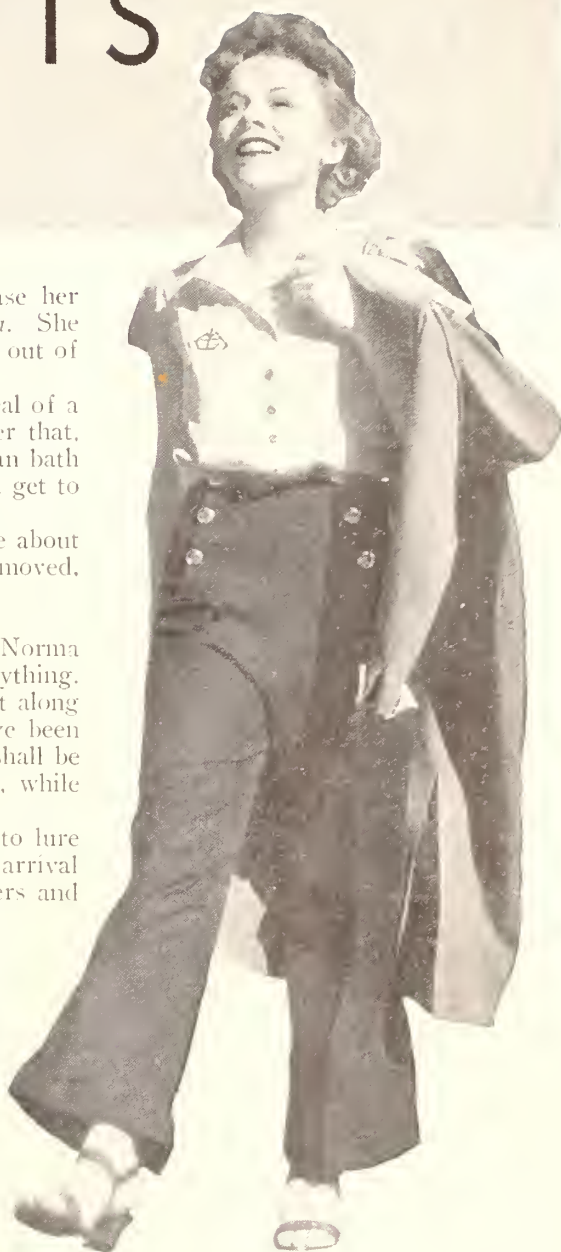
Tracy All Squared Up.—Lee Tracy is now fully exonerated for the little Mexican escapade. Universal has signed him on a contract, and he is also to make some pictures for Paramount, unless plans are changed. Lee and Isabel Jewell, devoted as ever, are often reported secretly married. They probably are!

A Tinkly-Tankly Rendezvous.—The movies have a brand-new rendezvous. It is called the Tingel-Tangel Theater, and is patterned after a similar establishment in Germany. Steffi Duna, in whom Francis Lederer is very much interested, is the star of the show, and Lederer himself was a regular attendant until he had to go to San Francisco to appear on the stage in "Autumn Crocus."

The theater is a patent-leather affair and has a refreshment bar. The show is of the smart vaudeville type. On the night we were there Claudette Colbert, Elissa Landi, Joseph Schildkraut, Maurice Chevalier, Lilian Harvey, and Charles Chaplin were among those who applauded the performers.

Hollywood's other great novelty show, "The Drunkard," a play of ancient melodramatic vintage, is still merrily running, with the

Continued on page 59



Adalyn Doyle, Katharine Hepburn's stand-in, has much of the latter's jauntiness.

This bevy of Warner starlets are, left to right, Maxine Doyle, Mary Russell, Eleanor Lovegrin, Joan Wheeler, and Pauline True.



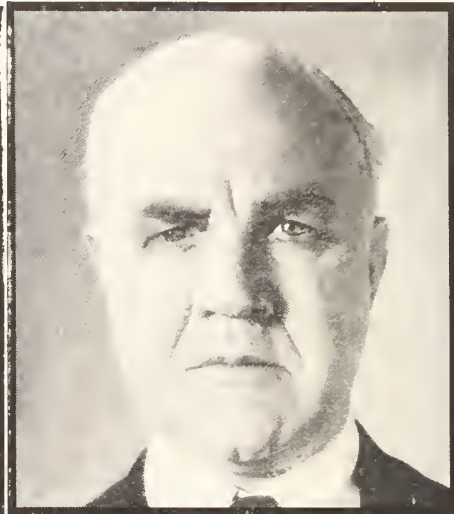
These CHARMING



Ned Sparks.



Edna May Oliver.



Berton Churchill.

The supporting cast of a picture has often run away with the honors, every fan with now take a long-deserved bow and then let you be-

THE supporting cast has been stealing pictures for years," Eddie Cantor said in a recent speech. At that very moment some one should have shouted, "Hear! Hear!"

But no one did. Nor do stars usually admit that pictures can be stolen from them. They'd much rather the public didn't notice, and all precautions are made to take care that the public doesn't. An advance publicity campaign is long and loud, and by the time film audiences are able to see the heralded favorite, they forget to notice the excellence of the surrounding shadows in the picture.

At least that has always been the habit of the average fan. Now things are beginning to be different. The eyes of the public are opening with a wider, more critical expression. Fans are becoming aware of the worthy subordinates. Whether they play comic relief, heavies, second leads, or just bits, they're noticed and applauded by satisfied followers who are at last concerning themselves with the grievance of the secondary actors, namely, insufficient recognition.

They go along turning in versatile characterizations year after year, but they aren't played up in the magazines. The fact is, the supporting players aren't good copy because they haven't glamour, youth, or beauty. But they do have talent and the finesse which often makes a weak picture entertaining and a good one great.

There's Edna May Oliver, for instance, and how she can enliven a picture with her particular brand of comedy is a tale most impressively told by the box-office receipts. Homely? Oh, my yes, with that tall, angular body topped by a long face. Generally she assumes the character of ladies who are wise fools.

Appropriately enough, Nutter is the name to which she was born. It all happened in Boston in 1884. At fourteen she began to work for her living. She toured in a summer opera company, lost her voice, so took up dressmaking and hat trimming. However, her heart wasn't in her work and she soon joined a stock company. After two years' experience young Miss Nutter decided that she deserved a raise and spoke to the manager about it.

"I must have more money. Another producer wants me," she lied.

"Who?" she was asked.

"If I told I'd break a confidence," retorted Edna May cannily.

She got the raise.

Edna May Oliver knows all about the inconveniences of salary squabbles, drab rooms, and the heartaches and disappointments of being stranded with fly-by-night troupes. Perhaps that is what makes her such a good comédienne.

You can't tell Alison Skipworth anything about theatrical trouping, either. Thirty-three years ago, as a reigning stage beauty, she was brought from London by Daniel Frohman. Unlike numerous other actresses who say the irresistible urge to express their art was responsible for their stage careers, Alison Skipworth bluntly discloses that hers began because she had to pay a two-year grocery bill. Now, though she is neither young nor beautiful, she is very necessary to the movies, which, in return for the use of her salty wit, twinkling-eyed face, and comfortable figure, pay her enough to cover her grocery bills—with a lot left over.

THIEVES

By Judith Ann Ice



Mary Boland.



Edward Everett Horton.



Alison Skipworth.

an eye for good acting, not just stellar glamour, will agree. These picture-stealers behind the scenes for informal chats about themselves.

She has endeared herself to countless fans, but her reactions to that feat reveal that offscreen she still retains her pungent humor, as well as a rare ability for self-kidding.

To an interviewer she once confessed, "I can't imagine what producers see in this present face of mine. Look at it! Isn't it awful? I'm simply amazed and incredulous every time I receive my salary check—and most grateful, I assure you!"

To the same interviewer she also showed that her regard for her love life is less serious than that of screen beauties of to-day. Upon being questioned, Miss Skipworth acknowledged solemnly, "I was married to a very, very fine artist. He died—two years ago."

However, she cut short the flow of sympathy with the crisp comment, "Don't be too sorry for me—I hadn't seen him in twenty years."

She should be a star right now!

Another ex-beauty from the stage, who came to Hollywood bearing an elegant sense of the ridiculous, is Mary Boland. She is an ace-high picture-stealer. This blond, still handsome dame gives priceless portrayals of amusing, giddy matrons who aren't nearly as dumb as they seem. Not dumb at all, in fact.

May Robson proves that a girl is never too old to be a hit in the movies. She has enjoyed fifty years in the theater, and now at the age of seventy-two she has made a real success on the screen.

The fact that she, too, is considered a picture-stealer is a great surprise to her. But it is easily understood by every one else, especially when she confided, "When I went into pictures, I thought it would be for a rest. But

I have worked harder during the last four years in pictures than I did during the first forty-six. And I feel better for it."

With an attitude like that, it is no wonder these old-timers get along.

Among those of the men in the supporting cast is John Miljan. He is tall, lean-faced and debonair, and by the glint in his eye one immediately senses that he isn't likely to do our heroine any good. Miljan's voice is cultured and persuasive, and whenever there is suave menacing to be done he is elected. Actually, however, this bad man is happily married and is the proud father of a young son.

The mention of Edward Everett Horton invariably brings a pleased smile to the face of every good film-goer. His gestures, sly wit, and whimsical perplexities have saved many a film from monotony. In one of the first all-talkies, "The Lion and the Mouse," Horton was technically the hero and his manipulation of the heart interest made other cinema romances appear too utterly utter—if it is permissible to go mid-Victorian in expression.

Horton played in one-night stands for years before he began to gain the smallest success. Such experience not only improved his acting, but developed a convenient proficiency in the art of track-walking. Later he became leading man to most of the popular lady stars of the day and was finally drawn to Hollywood.

The dry humor of Ned Sparks has also been carried over from the silents. He is the glum-faced, hard-boiled guy with the soft heart. And a great favorite with the audience. As a matter of fact, one fan was so much in

Continued on page 61

The STRANGE CASE

Why has Evelyn Brent been off the screen so long? Her personal-appearance tour supplies the answer. The producers are fickle, not the public.

FICKLE" is not a complimentary word. The picture public is said to be fickle. Producers say so. Producers also say the public is quick to turn from the favorites of yesterday and seek new ones for to-morrow.

I have always been of the opinion that it isn't the public who is fickle, but the producers. For several years now, Evelyn Brent has been absent from the screen. From a much sought after featured leading woman, Betty admits frankly that she became an "also was." Her name would be suggested for a rôle and would promptly be waved aside.

Inactivity and worry beat into Betty's nervous system. She decided to make a personal-appearance tour. In March, 1932, she left Hollywood on this tour with Harry Fox, vaudeville star.

Now a screen actress who enters upon such a venture is usually looked down upon by picture folk on the grounds that if she could get screen work she wouldn't turn to three and four shows a day on the stage. Betty Brent's reply to this is she couldn't get picture work.

She is the same actress who played in "Underworld," "The Last Command," "Interference," and other hits, but so long as no one in Hollywood cared to remember, why should she remain on the Coast and do nothing? There is no pretense about her. She faces facts. She has earned her own living since she was fourteen years old. She's still earning it.

During the past year, she has appeared on the stage from Montreal to New Orleans, in more than one hundred cities. She has played one-night stands and she has played engagements that lasted a week. She has ridden all night in an automobile in order to be at a theater next day in time for her first show. She has dressed in handbox dressing rooms in theater cellars with steam pipes running alongside the wall, and she has dressed in comfortable rooms with a star painted on the door.

It wasn't easy in the beginning. From the luxuries of Hollywood to the frequent hardships of trouping is no smoothly paved road to travel. But Betty Brent traveled it, and she's a new person to-day for the traveling—more slender, clear-eyed, humorous, quick to laughter. She has come to know people again, the same

people who the producers say are fickle—only Betty hasn't found them fickle.

As I write this she is in Boston planning her route back to Hollywood. Her future is in the lap of the gods.

"If I do make pictures," Betty says, "I should like to make stories on the order of 'Underworld'—dramatic stories that entertain. I have learned that people don't want to be educated. They don't want drawing-room wit and subtle smartness. They want *moving* pictures in the real sense of the word.

"Who do you suppose is the greatest drawing star in the country? And I don't mean New York or Chicago; I mean the smaller cities that determine whether a picture is a box-office success or a failure."

I hesitated to guess.

"Tom Mix," Betty stated. "The name of Tom Mix on the marquee of any theater brings in both grown-ups and youngsters. He is one player who has kept in touch with the public. He knows they want entertainment and he gives it to them.

"Oh, I know," she smiled wryly. "Hollywood isn't always kind to Tom Mix. There are those who poke fun at him and laugh about him. But Tom is one of the few stars who is really a star attraction on the road. That he isn't a big shot in Hollywood signifies nothing. What does signify something is his standing with audiences in the country. I suppose," Betty mused, "you'd be surprised to know who some of the real favorites are."

I should mention here that Betty is not speaking from hearsay. She has learned from talking with theater managers and thousands of people on her tour.

"Helen Hayes," Betty continued, "is one of the outstanding favorites. When an audience sees her on the screen, they know they are seeing an actress, a real actress, not a manufactured one. They sense that she is sincere in her work. She doesn't try to dazzle or distract by ultra-smart clothes or make-up eccentricities like trick eyebrows and trick hair-dressing. The people recognize sincerity and splendid acting when they see it. They know what they like, too.

"In the silent days, producers made real motion pictures. There was action in them, not merely talk, arty



Talking with fans all over the country, Miss Brent learned that Tom Mix is the greatest star attraction on the road. He gives the people what they want—entertainment and action.

of MISS BRENT

By Dorothy Herzog

sets, and flimsy plots. They didn't spend vast sums of money for plays and novels. The players did not have to uphold the reputation of being sophisticated or glamorous. No one had to tell people that Barbara La Marr, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, and Pearl White were glamorous. They still don't have to tell them who is glamorous. They know. No amount of advertising can persuade them otherwise.

"And people don't forget their favorites—not for one moment. I have been asked more questions about Bessie Love—why she doesn't make pictures—than about any one on the Coast. I have been asked why Viola Dana, Corinne Griffith, Florence Turner, Kate Price, and other stars of yesterday aren't given a chance in talkies."

"Of the current stars," I put in, "who seem to be country-wide favorites?"

"Marie Dressler and Wally Beery," Betty answered promptly. "Interviewers and people everywhere have asked me if they are as delightful and human off-screen as they are on. The answer, of course, is yes. No player can lie to the camera—or to the public. If he isn't sincere and capable, he is shown up very quickly, despite clothes, lighting, or make-up."

"Whom have you found to be other real stars?" I queried.

Miss Brent is convinced that fans never forget their favorites. She was asked more questions about Bessie Love than any of the glamorous stars.



Photo by Bachrach

Evelyn wants to make real motion pictures. Her reception on tour proves that the people are with her.

"Well, Joan Crawford, for one. When people ask me about her, they speak of her affectionately as just Joan. She has the same warm and sincere qualities as Helen Hayes. So has Kay Francis, another favorite."

"What about the men stars?" I asked. "Does Clark Gable still head the list?"

"Not now," Betty replied. "That is, he doesn't seem to. Six months or so ago people asked me about him constantly. Now they don't. They still inquire about Bob Montgomery, but then Bob has the warmth and sincerity that endear him to audiences. There are amazingly few men stars people appear to be really interested in."

"What about the vamps?" I had Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and Jean Harlow in mind.

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SIZING UP DUBS

This unusual nickname was coined by his family to fit the personality of an unusual young actor, Douglass Montgomery.

By Molly Lewin



Photo by Bebraich

Douglass has made a good showing opposite the two most erratic ladies of the screen, Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullivan.

His greatest concern at the moment is winning the affection of his new puppy, Padraic.



THERE was nothing particularly tête-à-tête about my luncheon with Douglass Montgomery. We were chaperoned by his press agent, several Montgomery relatives, and last of all, by his dog. And that dog of his is no mere incident. At the moment it is one of the absorbing interests in the young man's life. He speaks of it as his "puppy," and endearingly calls it "Babe," but don't be deceived. It's an eleven-month-old Irish wolfhound, and at that tender age it weighs more than one hundred and forty pounds. Douglass brought it to Hollywood with him on his return from his recent trip to New York.

When I saw it he had had it less than ten days, and the dog—Padraic is the formal name—wasn't any too well acquainted with its master. It loped about the studio restaurant, its muzzle hoisted above the level of the tables. It was quite oblivious to Douglass's whistlings and cluckings, dividing its attention impartially among the onlookers—and with a dog of his size, there is no dearth of onlookers.

"I rather like that in him," Douglass admitted. "I'm just as glad he isn't devoted to me right at first. Any other dog will wag his tail and love you if you just feed and pet him. Not Padraic. I like to feel that he's thinking me over, weighing me in his mind. He's warming up a little every day, and if he ever gets really fond of me, I'll feel that it's an achievement."

Not only a spiritual achievement, I'd say, but a comfort. I'd hate to antagonize a dog of that size.

"I got him to take the place of my other dog, Gallic King," Douglass went on. "That was when I was first making pictures, and not too happy about it. Gallic King was my sole consolation. He was killed." There was real solemnity in his voice, not mock affection. "That took a lot out of me. Gallic King was ace-high in my life."

Douglass no longer needs consolation in Hollywood, so Padraic will perhaps never be loved quite as desperately as was his predecessor. For the current cinema venture of Douglass Montgomery looks better than promising. But in his first screen efforts, he didn't hit his stride. Not that he's the least bit bitter about it.

"When I left pictures two years ago, they quoted me as saying I was returning to my first love, the stage, that I hated Hollywood, that I resented my name having been changed to Kent Douglass.

"That's nonsense. Why should I hate Hollywood? I've lived here all my life. I know my way around. It doesn't baffle me. My name wasn't changed without my knowledge. I agreed to it in my contract. I objected merely because it made it necessary for me to be billed under two names—and that was confusing. And I'll continue to return to the stage for an occasional rôle as long as good parts are offered to me. I've been doing that ever since I was sixteen."

But the hold of Hollywood is growing. Douglass journeyed across the continent to

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"Muzzi May" knows the secret of making life serve health, wealth, love, and fame on the same platter.

SHE'S MUZZI MAY

May Robson, now over seventy, gives the gayest and most distinguished parties in Hollywood, stealing honors as the most popular hostess.

By
Dana Rush

WH^O is the most popular hostess in Hollywood? Mary Pickford used to be the social leader in film circles for many years. Parties at Pickfair have gained world-wide fame, but those in the know do not acknowledge Mary as the most popular hostess, nor Marion Davies, the Lady Bountiful of Hollywood. She who maintains the most popular salon is "Muzzi May." Muzzi May—known to you as May Robson—entertains every second Sunday in the month and on that day all other hostesses close up shop because they know they will have no customers.

On these occasions you will find among her guests Clark Gable, Jimmy Durante, Ramon Novarro, Ruth Chatterton, George Brent, Kay Francis, Jean Parker, William Bakewell, and from the literary world such high lights as the Harold Bell Wrights, Charles MacArthur, J. P. McEvoy, Jim Tully, not forgetting the younger set of stars—Marie Dressler, Alison Skipworth, and Edna May Oliver.

The élite of Hollywood park their cars on the Robson driveway and gather in her sunny patio to pay tribute to Muzzi May, not because she is the dean of actresses,

but because they are sure of a jolly good time. May Robson celebrated her fiftieth anniversary on the stage last year and has now passed her seventieth birthday. But in spirit she is a Wampas baby star.

An "at home" with Muzzi May is not a stately affair where youth bends the knee to a dowager duchess, but rather where youth meets youth in a game of Hollywood poker; where cocktails are mixed properly, to say nothing of a buffet supper of orange biscuits made from Muzzi May's own recipe and for the pièce de résistance spaghetti *à la* Robson.

I think it was the desire to learn the secret of orange biscuits that lured me to climb a flight of steep stairs to Miss Robson's dressing room in the Capitol Theater on one of the coldest days New York has ever experienced.

I was rewarded not only with the recipe—and before I forget it, the formula is simply to use orange juice instead of water—but many philosophical truths on how to make life successful generally; words of wisdom sandwiched between stories which won, speaking in the vernacular of show people, belly laughs from those present

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FOUND - A HAPPY STAR

By Carol Lombard

As told to Dorothy Wooldridge



Photo by Jones

"When you hear people say they hate Hollywood, you may know they are putting on an act. I love it for what it is doing for me. What other profession offers so much?" Carol writes.

Carol Lombard is not a martyr to art. She says Hollywood has given her life, happiness and career, and has taken nothing from her.

THE Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce should put Carol Lombard on its pay roll. After ten years in pictures she says that she has lived in the lap of good fortune, that Hollywood gives and gives and gives. It has taken nothing away from her as the price of success.

The cinema capital has been lambasted as a place of sin where careers result from pure luck, where opportunity is open to few, and where there is a deplorable lack of intelligence and culture.

Vicki Baum is quoted as saying, "Hollywood is pathetic! The handsomest men in the cinema capital are not actors, but waiters and chauffeurs. Film stars are interesting on the screen, but in real life they are all alike."

Theodore Dreiser rises to declaim, "Hollywood is a city of shadows, nothing more. All they do is to reflect. They sit around glorifying the cutie and the kiss. They put forward everything but ideas."

Kay Francis says it's a town where one has no friends, and you become cold and hardened. Joan Blondell says it robs you of all the pretty dreams and fancies held over from childhood. And so on and on.

But read how Carol sums it up.

As a child, I not only was a blonde but worse—a tow-head. I had a round face, wore my hair in a Dutch bob, and was fat.

I was a tomboy and a fighter. Many a spanking I got for tearing my dresses climbing trees and back fences in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where I lived until seven. I was a fighter because I had two brothers, Stuart and Frederick. I was the youngest of the three.

No girl should be raised without brothers. What they can teach you! If I had a girl of my own and no son, I would adopt a boy rather than raise a daughter alone.

I have never sacrificed myself for another. I am not a martyr. Being a martyr shows lack of courage. There are more lives ruined by so-called martyrdom than are saved.

I do not believe in luck. You hear persons speak of his or her bad luck, but it isn't luck they mean. It's judgment—knowing how to take advantage of opportunities, grasping good ones when they present themselves, rejecting the bad.

It isn't luck that this actor or that actress gives a fine performance. It's a result of work and, in some instances, of a God-given instinct. Take, for example, Charles Laughton. To me he is the greatest acting

genius of this age. He works hard but he admits a God-given instinct. I acted with him in a picture and he taught me a great deal.

There is such a thing as an inspired performance, though. Katharine Hepburn gave one in "Morning Glory." Rising to such heights is rare.

I entered pictures when I was fifteen and have been at it ten years. Applied to the Fox studio and, unfortunately, was given the leading rôle opposite Edmund Lowe, in "Marriage in Transit." I was terrible—worse than that, if possible. At the end of a year they threw me out. They should have done it long before. No girl should start picture work in a leading rôle. It's unfair to her and punishment to an audience.

Right after Fox let me out, an automobile discharged me, too. I came out through the windshield. They took twenty-five stitches in my face and to this day I carry the scars, but they're barely visible. Strange, every accident I'm in something happens to my face.

I love people. I love life. I love Hollywood. I love its glamour. I love its personalities, its people.

When you hear some people say they hate Hollywood, you may know they are putting on an act. I love it for what it has done—is doing—for me. I wanted a career and it has given me an interesting one. What other profession pays so high and offers so much?

My best tutor was Mack Sennett, the old maestro of comedies. I was at his studio a year and a half. Sally Eilers and I were the last of his featured bathing beauties to get somewhere. Mack Sennett is a wonderful teacher. His knowledge of comedy, of timing, use of pantomime, of sudden changes from comedy to tragedy, from laughter to tears—well, he has grasped the psychology of the human mind.

From Sennett's I went to Pathé where I changed my name from Carol Peters to Carol Lombard. When I was a little girl, I changed my name from Jane to Carol because I didn't like Jane. I took the name of Lombard from a friend.

I have an instinct for business. I know every word of my contract, know what my rights are and demand that they be respected. My creed is "Look well to this day."

I am not temperamental. When I was accused of walking out on Warner Brothers it was not because they

meant to lend me out. I don't mind being lent. But a rôle Warners wanted me to play was not suitable for me. It was a typical Mary Brian rôle. In time the studio was convinced I was right. It isn't true, either, that I got riled up because my then husband, William Powell, did not get a rôle assigned to Jimmy Cagney.

I used to froth over untrue stories printed about me. Now I smile tolerantly. What's the difference?

It is not true that Bill and I were married in *Philo Vance* fashion, with an air of mystery prevailing. I dislike show. If our wedding had been public, there would have been all Bill's friends and all of mine, which

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As Carol Peters Miss Lombard was one of Mack Sennett's bathing beauties. She considers Mr. Sennett her best tutor.

Miss Lombard now believes that stars should not marry, because the work takes up all one's time and thoughts.

Photo by Riehee

THE

SCREEN



"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD."

The most substantial, impressive picture since "Cavalcade," the most human since "Little Women," and one of the perfectly acted films of all time! You will agree that such a combination of values is rarely found in the welter of so-so attractions that come out of Hollywood. And if that isn't enough, let me add that it is the best in which George Arliss has ever appeared. Better, even, than "Disraeli" because stronger and more stirring. It has the advantage of timeliness, too, because it makes an issue of Jewish persecution in Europe. That this occurs many years ago and is overemphasized in the film, doesn't lessen its applicability to present conditions. More, it gives the story an indignation that makes it truly dramatic. All in all, this is far more than just another handsome costume picture. Mr. Arliss plays two rôles and both are great. First he is old *Rothschild*, money-lender of the Frankfort ghetto, and then his son *Nathan*, chief of the five brothers who comprise the strongest banking house in Europe. Fighting prejudice and cabal because he is a Jew, *Nathan* triumphs spiritually and materially when his money supposedly brings about the defeat of Napoleon, saves the British Empire, and earns knighthood for a *Rothschild*. Magnanimously he permits his daughter to marry a Gentile.

"GAMBLING LADY."

This calculated, moviesque tale is so well played by an attractive cast that it must go down as entertainment in spite of itself. Barbara Stanwyck has never given us anything better than her *Lady Lee*, daughter of an honest gambler, whose forthrightness and luck bring her success at cards and trouble in marriage. Miss Stanwyck is one player who never loses her individuality with the passing of time nor becomes in the least standardized. She is as refreshingly different to-day as she was at the beginning of her film career, totally unaffected and as honest in her acting as the character she plays in this picture. Her adventures are many until she meets a certain young man; then they become hectic. Marrying him, she comes upon his old flame, Claire Dodd, and the cards are stacked against *Lady Lee* from the start. Miss Dodd is unusually effective, even for her, and Joel McCrea, C. Aubrey Smith, and Pat O'Brien also put the picture over to a degree it would never enjoy without their expert coöperation.



"BOTTOMS UP."

Far from being a hodgepodge of showy trivialities such as we get in pictures that go by the name of musicals, this gets the higher rating of a comedy with music. That is because it has charm, good acting and a pleasant story, with just enough music not to matter much and only one "big" number which happens to be very good indeed, "Waiting at the Gate for Katy," in which John Boles shows himself to be a comedian, believe it or not! Another attraction is the screen début of Miss Pat Paterson, of London, and she's perfectly charming. Unaffected, pretty, dainty but not coy, she's even lovelier when she sings than when she speaks. Furthermore, she has the nicest British accent I've heard in ages. Hers is the well-bred speech of London at its best, with no trace of Leeds or Manchester. Spencer Tracy is excellent, too, as a Hollywood racketeer who puts Miss Paterson over as a film star, daughter of a bogus lord played by Herbert Mundin. Sid Silvers, Harry Green, and Thelma Todd add greatly to the proceedings.



IN REVIEW

BY
NORBERT
LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

George Arliss for his sure and subtle performance in "The House of Rothschild."

The producers of "The House of Rothschild" for the most important and substantial picture for months to come.

Norma Shearer for her vivid, compelling acting in "Rip Tide," a splendid comeback for a beloved star.

Fox for giving us Miss Pat Paterson, a newcomer in "Bottoms Up."

James Cagney for his superb return to form in "Jimmy the Gent."

Oceans of sympathy to James Dunn and Claire Trevor for the handicap of "Hold That Girl."

"WONDER BAR."

Bigger and more ingenious musical numbers than in any other film are here for those who like this form of entertainment. The clever use of mirrors doubles, triples, quadruples the boys and girls who are dancing until their number is countless as they sway in a lilting waltz called "Don't Say Good-night." Another high light is Al Jolson's "Gonna Go to Heaven on a Mule," in which the blackface singer is transported to a Negro paradise. All this is at the floor show at Al Wonder's Wonder Bar, with Dolores del Rio, Ricardo Cortez, Kay Francis, Dick Powell, and Robert Barrat in drama and tragedy. A festoon of medals to Louise Fazenda for relieving the music, murder, and suicide with laughter.



"GOOD DAME."

Fredric March demonstrates all over again his versatility. When will the man stop surprising us? Echo thunders, "Never!" Anyway, he is a card sharp in a carnival show, tough, hard-boiled and quick. Sylvia Sidney, a stranded chorus girl, comes along, and the rest of the story describes their reactions to each other, with all the bickering that precedes the melting together of two minds with but a single thought in sophisticated screen fiction. Miss Sidney is a good girl, you see, and Mr. March can't understand the type. Though slow at times, the dialogue is entertaining and the acting of the stars is unusually true. Overstraining, Mr. March repeats once too often his trick of tightening his tie and throwing up his chin, as if three times were not enough to convince us of his character, but any one will let that pass in the general excellence of his portrayal. The picture strains imagination a bit, too, but perhaps you won't mind. Jack LaRue, Noel Francis, and Russell Hopton are good.

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"PALOOKA."

Rowdily funny, this yields almost continuous laughter and, for admirers of Jimmy Durante, it is the best film in which he has ever appeared because it gives him the fullest opportunities. He is virtually the star. It's a prize-fight story and is far from being the freshest treatment of such a theme, but it is so well acted for comedy and its pace is so unflagging that criticism is disarmed by laughter. All you know is that you're having a grand time and that Mr. Durante must surely be one of the greatest comics in the world. Here he is *Knobby Walsh* who promotes *Joe Palooka*, a fellow who hardly knows what it's all about. Stuart Erwin contributes a real characterization in the title rôle, Marjorie Rambeau proves herself a match for Mr. Durante in capturing laughs, and Robert Armstrong is fine, as usual. James Cagney's brother Bill is in evidence, too, but his resemblance to his famous brother doesn't include Jimmy's bite and sting.



HAND IT TO



Helen's experiences in holding her own against flamboyant rivals until recognized for what she really is will make every average girl a booster.

BEAUTY was almost her Hollywood downfall. But not, Helen Mack hastens to apprise one, in the ordinary way.

No judge has had to admonish her, as a magistrate once felt duty-bound to warn Barbara La Marr, that she is too beautiful to stand the strain of the great big movie city. It was just the other way around.

"My lack of beauty practically ruined me," this earnest young actress informed me. "I'd been waiting at the

swanky apartment which had been designated to me as her home. Nattily attired in a blue sports suit embellished by a huge sailor collar and nautical trimmings, Helen burst in with profuse apologies for being late.

"No, this isn't where I live," she enlightened me. "My mother and father and I have a small house. But relatives came to visit while I was at Palm Springs. When I came back there wasn't room enough for me, so I'm staying here with friends."

The fact that she has suddenly been awarded stellar billing by Paramount has not given her an importance complex. She's still the kind who obligingly accommodates traveling cousins and aunts.

"You'll excuse my face, won't you?" This remark was surprising, for I saw nothing wrong with her looks. Tiny, with large, poignant brown eyes and raven black, straight hair, she is distinctly interesting.

"People always say I give a better impression when I'm made up," she amplified. "So I wear regular studio make-up whenever I can, even when I go to talk about stories. I nonchalantly declare,

"Oh, I've been posing for stills and haven't had time to take the make-up off."

"But I got sunburned in the desert and can't put anything on for a while. I'm sorry," she ended forlornly.

When I protested that I considered her natural face most appealing, she disclosed that this beauty problem has caused her a world of grief. Her experiences in Hollywood strike such a human chord that the average girl who also has to compete with flamboyant rivals, is

HELEN

By Ben Maddox

Considering herself a failure at beauty and sex appeal, the little Mack girl concentrated on acting until she won out.

certain to be a Helen Mack booster or I miss my guess. Men, I'm sure, will appreciate her unusual sincerity and lack of affectation. These qualities, so evident on the screen, originate from her attitude toward her work. Motives will out, the psychologists say.

Helen Mack has not been swept into a career. She has diligently nourished her flair for acting since she was seven, and this devotion has imbued her with a true love for her profession.

"Thanks to a loyal agent who kept plugging me when every one said I was impossible, I stayed in Hollywood until I got my break," she confesses. "But, honestly, it's unfortunate to be a failure at sex appeal in any town, and—here"—she shuddered—"it's treason, that's what it is!"

When Fox brought her from New York three years ago, she entrained with unlimited enthusiasm. Her Hungarian mother and Scotch-Irish father had previously moved to New York from Rock Island, Illinois, her birthplace, when she was seven.

"Even when I was six mother took me to movies every evening," she recalls. "I was determined to be an actress. Vera Gordon made a personal appearance at a near-by city and mother managed to get backstage with me. I recited for her and she kindly presented us with letters to New York agents and arranged for me to enter the Professional Children's School."

From the first grade on Helen was destined for Hollywood. At thirteen she toured in vaudeville alone, being featured in a skit entitled "Sweet Sixteen." The tribulations of show business never daunted or toughened her.

"It's unfair to think stage children are precocious. They do miss the carefreeness of youth and are old for their age. But that's because they have responsibilities. I wouldn't trade my past for any one's. I felt actually ashamed, even in my early 'teens, when I wasn't working. I wanted to be doing something on my own."

"My mother was smart. Not a stage mamma, you know. She has been invaluable, for she taught me self-reliance. I always applied for jobs myself. Casting people figured if I had sense enough to do that, I could follow direction."

With headquarters in New York, Helen's maturing was landmarked by rôles in silent films and plays.

"They slam folks for going Hollywood, but if you'd worked hard for years and did climb into the money, wouldn't you buy the things you'd dreamed about? You couldn't *help* it." She hasn't splurged yet. Nevertheless, "I mean to buy an *enormous* car as soon as I can."

She admits it was lucky her mother saved her wages during her first year in Hollywood when she was with Fox. The savings account enabled her to weather the succeeding months when there was no salary.

"It would be nice to be glamorous like Garbo and Dietrich, but we all haven't faces like theirs," she observes wistfully. "The minute I landed here and saw that vast studio and the hundreds of beauties, I felt sunk. No one had rated me a beauty on the stage; neither had I been made terribly self-conscious because I lacked it. I'd relied on my acting."

As studios generally do with newcomers, her employers attempted to plaster standardized Hollywood allure on Helen. They plucked her eyebrows, reddened her hair, and then led her to Allan Dwan. As a child she'd played in Gloria Swanson's "Zaza," under his direction. He saw her in the test which won her Fox contract, and asked that she be put in the lead of Victor McLaglen's "While Paris Sleeps," which he was to handle.

"When he laid eyes on me he groaned, 'I wanted you as you were!' He tried to undo the fixing-up I'd undergone." The plot was weak and it was impossible for her to score. She was cast in two more insipid ingénue rôles. And for the following nine months did nothing but collect pay.

"It was partly my own fault. Mother had trained me to be polite, not to speak unless spoken to. I'll admit I didn't make friends on the Fox lot. I sat in the make-up department and chummed with a hairdresser, fearing to bother any of the executives. They didn't, therefore, have a high opinion of my ability. They couldn't have had, not having seen me do anything outstanding on the screen."

One day, near the end of her year, her spirits broke. She strode into a new executive's office. The sight of a pile of scripts at which she'd never get a chance enraged her. She proceeded to tell the man, whom she'd never met, that every one was a so-and-so and she was fed up with studio nonsense.

The impromptu rage so impressed him that he rushed her over to another official, shouting, "Found—a great actress!" To Helen's amazement a big rôle was then and there promised. But both executives happened to leave the studio before it materialized, and she was again the forgotten girl.

Fired and condemned by Hollywood as just an ineffective ingénue, she would have despaired had it not been for the faith of her agent. In those idle months she learned that you have to demonstrate to Hollywood, that otherwise no one cares a hoot about you. Finally, after a year in which she did a couple of Westerns and a play at Pasadena, her agent got her a test with RKO for a dramatic rôle in "Sweepings."

Informing her she wouldn't do, they tested ten more after she had emoted. When the head man examined the work of all the candidates, he unhesitatingly sent for Helen, and so well did she do her stuff that RKO signed her to a contract.

"They cast me in 'Melody Cruise,' and then I was back in the same old rut. An ingénue! More milk-and-water rôles followed. An ingénue is expected to be beautiful. That's all that counts. Now I know an audience doesn't care to gaze at me doing nothing for an hour. As a mere beauty, I was positively mediocre."

Came the dawn. Paramount, remembering her in "Sweepings," borrowed her for the vibrantly dramatic characterization in "All of Me," which had been slated for Sylvia Sydney. Fans and critics acclaimed Helen. Because of her very evident potentialities, Paramount took over her contract and is presenting her in worthy things.

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The BUSIEST BEE

While working in more films the past year than any other leading woman, Fay Wray is just as successful as an individual and a wife. How does she manage it all?

By Laura Benham

DURING the past year Fay Wray has played leading rôles in more pictures than any other actress in Hollywood. Her record of twelve films in as many months is a tribute not only to ability but to personal charm as well.

For in a town rampant with candidates for every part, where managers stumble over each other in frantic efforts to sell their clients to producers, it is evident that to create a great demand for her services, a girl must possess more than beauty or brains or talent, more even than popularity at the box office. She must have all these qualities and something more besides.

There, I think, lies the secret of Fay Wray's success.

For added to these other attributes, she is a trouper, too. Proof of that may be found in the steady march of producers to her door.

Miss Wray herself is inclined to disclaim any attempts to label her achievement remarkable. Quiet and unassuming, she insists that her attitude is the sensible one for an actress to assume toward her work.

"When I sign a contract for a picture I don't feel that I've obligated myself only for properly delivering lines before the camera," she explained in her soft, clear voice. "I feel that I've promised to give my most earnest efforts, my best appearance, my undivided attention, and my fullest cooperation.

"That, of course, means complete concentration on the picture, involving far more than merely studying my part so that I won't 'go up' in my lines and ruin my own performance as well as that of any one appearing in the scene with me.

It's Fay's sensible attitude toward her career and private life that makes her marriage to John Monk Saunders, screen writer, mutually inspiring.

"It means selecting my costumes and having them fitted in ample time for them to be ready on the starting date, in order to avoid last-minute rush and confusion with annoyance to all concerned.

"Often it means devoting any day I might have off to portrait sittings or to informal outdoor photographs.

"More than that, it means regulating my entire personal life to conform with the demands of the job at hand. Which is really the most difficult part of it all.

"Of course there are moments when I'd like to forget all about duty and what I owe my work," she confessed with a smile that lighted her blue-gray eyes and tilted the corners of her mouth. "When I'm having an especially good time at a party it isn't easy to leave at ten-thirty in order to be home and in bed before twelve. But eight hours' sleep are absolutely necessary if one is to look fresh before the cameras and have the vitality to work without tiring.

"But we have to make sacrifices to build anything worth while, whether it's a good name, a bank account, or a career," she added in a thoughtful mood.

Looking at Fay at that moment, one would not expect from her the sane judgment she had just expressed. In a white woolly sweater caught high about her throat, bright plaid skirt and low-heeled sports shoes, red-gold hair tumbling about her shoulders, she looked more like a high-school girl ready to discuss the boy next door than a young woman with a career firmly established and steadily progressing.

She has worked hard for every bit of the success she has achieved. Born in Wrayland, Canada, with her parents she moved to Salt Lake City when a girl. From the Mormon capital to Holly-

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BESIDES Fay Wray's all-time record of twelve films in as many months, there is much else that attracts attention to her. For example, the way she has systematized her life so that professional demands do not conflict with her duties as a wife. Another exceptional point is her refusal to scream her happiness with her husband from the housetops, or even to discuss her marriage at all. In this, too, she sets a record as you will realize when you read her story on the opposite page.

Photo by Irving Lippman



THE LONG JOURNEY

It is taken by the lovers in "All Men Are Enemies," but fail each other and their wonderful love bring them together a



A TOUCHING story produced on a big scale —this is what is promised by Fox. Also, American fans are introduced to Hugh Williams, brilliant young actor from the Landan stage. He is seen with Helen Twelvetrees in the large photograph and with Mona Barrie, right. Miss Twelvetrees is the Austrian heroine and he the British hero separated by the War.

BERTHA'S FURS



Aline MacMahon sells them as the star of "A Woman in Her Thirties," with Paul Kelly as her leading man, his first rôle since "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

MISS MACMAHON'S sad story has her falling in love and marrying Mr. Kelly, a happy-go-lucky roving seaman who is hard to hold except through his love of children. He is seen, right, with Dorothy Tree, a temptress. Miss MacMahon and Dorothy Peterson, above.



SHINING SHEARER

Let's not reproach Miss Norma for her long absence, but welcome her back in "Rip Tide" with shouts and murmurs



RIP tide is a disturbance caused by the meeting of opposing currents. That's exactly what happens when Miss Shearer, Herbert Marshall, and Robert Montgomery conflict in this gay but poignant story of sophisticated society in the mood of "The Divorcee" and "Strangers May Kiss." Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Lilyan Tashman, and Ralph Forbes also are in the brilliant cast.



HOSPITAL ROMANCING

It seems that life among anaesthetics and bandages is just as emotional and urgently sexual as anywhere else in the movies, what with virile doctors and tantalizing nurses about. Or so the story of "Registered Nurse" would have us believe.



BEBE DANIELS looks lovely as the heroine, doesn't she? John Halliday is the noble doctor, Lyle Talbot the philandering one who provides Miss Daniels with that outside experience which keeps the story moving. Then there's also her insane husband who sensibly arranges suicide to clear up her tangled emotions.

INSTEAD of being heavy drama, as most costume pictures are, this is comedy played in a modern mood, witty, sophisticated and gay. *The Duke* pursues *Cellini's Angela*, *The Duchess* is after *Cellini*, and following a merry mix-up both *Duke* and *Duchess* achieve their desires. The picture offers both Mr. March and Miss Bennett their first costume rôles as well as their first appearance together.



GENIUS AND SCAMP

Benvenuto Cellini, great artist in metal of the sixteenth century, is also a great lover in this lively account of an episode in his life involving a duke, a duchess and a simple girl. Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Constance Bennett, and Foy Wray play the respective rôles in "The Firebrand."



...at occurs when careful planning by
 ...expert closes every chance of de-
 ...tion. You should see how it is
 ...arked out in "The Crime Doctor," as
 ...vel and attractive a mystery as the
 ...ovies have dished up in many a
 ...on, especially with Otto Kruger,
 ...ren Morley, and Nils Asther in the
 ...ding rôles.

THE PERFECT CRIME



...S MORLEY returned
 ...he screen after a
 ...—too long—ab-
 ...e, and you will see
 ...she is just as slimly
 ...nguished looking
 ...ever. Mr. Kruger,
 ...hom she is married
 ...he film, is a detec-
 ...who is jealous of
 ...wife's admitted
 ...ference for Mr.
 ...er. There you have
 ...beginning—now
 ...the picture.



SHIPWRECKED with Bing Crosby —oh, what a lark! That's Carol Lombard's hoppy fate in "We're Not Dressing," a merry mélange of comedy, music, romance and plenty of songs for Bing. Burns and Allen are present, too, and Ethel Merman, famous blues singer, not forgetting Leon Errol, the comedian with the collapsible legs.



THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

Continued from page 39

"NO GREATER GLORY."

Two gangs of militaristic boys in Vienna fight for possession of a playground with all the pompousness of nations. Jimmy Butler, nice kid of "Only Yesterday," is the stern captain of the Paul Street boys and Frankie Darro is commander of the bigger, fiercer youths comprising the Red Shirts. In the midst of their decisive battle an old watchman observes "And all over a playground!" His crony murmurs, "Ah, no. It might be Alsace-Lorraine—it might be anywhere." This, then, is the moral, the message of a humorless tale that somehow hasn't the quality of youth in spite of the cast of talented male juveniles. There isn't a girl in sight. George Breakston, from the stage, is a pathetic little private bullied by his superiors until he dies a hero in mock warfare.



...has given me life and happiness.

GEORGE WHITE'S "SCANDALS."

A lavish revue that is often diverting and frequently empty, this is one of those pictures which you can see if you're in an indulgent mood, or you can pass it up with a clear conscience. Alice Faye, who makes her screen debut, will be seen in other films and perhaps they will be better ones, while Rudy Vallee's singing of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" hardly sets a new standard in comedy, and the fan dance of a precocious tot certainly does not open new vistas of good taste, nor does a whole chorus of smirking stage kiddies warm the cockles of one's heart. However, there is much to be gotten from the entertainment than these items. A trite backstage story is one of them, so feeble and so intermittent that it is all but forgotten in the succession of spectacular numbers and several easily remembered songs. One of them is "Your Dog Loves My Dog," in which chorus beauties and their male escorts troop up a stairway leading dogs of every breed while the principals sing the song. Attractive and unusual, except that one never gets a real look at George White's beauties in this or any other number.

little Elisabeth Marbury home on the East River in New York, a tiny house made glamorous by the great Miss Marbury who attracted and encouraged all the great artists of the past forty years.

Coronation Without a Queen.—

As soon as the news was flashed from Hollywood that Katharine Hepburn had been given the Academy award for her work in "Morning Glory" she sailed away to avoid the celebrations attending

"SIX OF A KIND."

With Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland paired, you logically think of them in "Mama Loves Papa," and quite naturally hope their current work tops that brilliant collaboration. It doesn't; but it has the advantage of W. C. Fields at his best and George Burns and Gracie Allen cutting loose from sanity as madly as any one could wish. Alison Skipworth has her innings, too, but she isn't given as free a hand as one would wish. Yet with this giddy sextet of intelligent comedians the result couldn't be anything but worth while. The only fault lies in the material given them. It is thin at times and the picture is made to seem too long because of this. Anyway, Mr. Ruggles, a bank clerk, and Miss Boland, his wife, start on an automobile trip which they sentimentally call their second honeymoon. At the last moment Mr. Burns and Miss Allen answer their advertisement for traveling companions. They bring along their pet, a Great Dane, and then the mishaps begin, climaxing when Mr. Ruggles is arrested as an embezzler. Mr. Fields takes first honors as the sheriff, especially when he plays his famous game of billiards.



"RIP TIDE."

Norma Shearer's return after a long absence—"Smilin' Through" was her last—is worthy of Irving Thalberg's shrewdness and her ability. Both elements are sharpened and refined in this. The result is a picture of strong appeal, especially to women. It is far more skillful than any of her other flights into sophisticated comedy although the main issues are there to satisfy the wish fulfillment of discontented wives. But it is much more deftly accomplished. The picture is suave, it is glamorous and it is somehow sound and modern without being phony. Miss Shearer, a wayward Park Avenueite married to a British lord, falls for a playboy. Though innocent, her husband does not believe her and applies for a divorce. In the interval Norma does stray, but in spite of her confessed affair, her husband cannot give her up. A flashing study of the psychology of marriage. Miss Shearer vivid, compelling; Herbert Marshall grand; Robert Montgomery ideal as the philanderer. Don't miss it, girls.



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you admire most?" He gave a wide smile—you know, the devastating one with the dimples—and said he couldn't answer that because if he named one, the others would be offended.

Just the same, Helen Hayes's play, "Mary of Scotland," was one of the first he saw after his arrival in New York, and he thought she was wonderful. So that may be the unofficial answer to an embarrassing inquiry, if you want to look at it that way.

Speaking of New York, Clark found it treated him a great deal better than when he left four years ago. This time three or four hundred people met him at the station.

"It was quite different the last time I left New York," he recalled humorously; "only my wife saw me off

Gable Gets a New Deal

took a satisfying breath—"now I'm part of the mad whirl. I'm going to try to come once a year, maybe twice. I like it!"

Clark gives the happy impression of being an enthusiast about everything, even the task of autographing his photos, a duty, by the way, which is supposed to be the bane of the successful actor's existence. A pile of photographs lay on the desk with typewritten slips clipped to them directing the inscriptions to various Shirleys, Libbys, and Lillys.

The official autographer had suggested in private, "I'll do those for you, Clark."

But the offer was hastily turned down with, "Oh, no, I want to do them myself."

He appears to carry this gallantry to a most considerate degree. During his visits to the company's publicity offices, the place usually armed with girls from the surrounding offices, who broke rules and ed past those on guard in order to catch glimpses of their idol. There the startling incident of the girl was moved to such ecstatic in-

discretion by his appearance that she threw her arms around him and kissed him.

To the gasp, "And what did he do?" the answer was, "Why, he kissed her right back."

Of course, that is all very encouraging, but I doubt whether he meant it to set a precedent. He doesn't look like the kind of person to be imposed upon. The character that shows in his face is not just a false front—it's real.

So is his good humor and sincerity. You find yourself relaxing in his presence, cozily content to listen to whatever he says. And he keeps you interested because he has the ability to paint colorful and sure word pictures. His personality does exude force and decision; that's revealed in all his actions.

There is little danger of his ever going soft or sitting back to take it easy with his career, no matter how many his comforts or how sure his status. He is as regular a fellow as his reputation has made him, and keen for more "strong sensible parts that audiences can believe in."

The Busiest Bee

looking a garden, and chintz curtains against cool cream walls.

It was a room that expressed both the owners, Fay and John. There were culture and background and stability in that room, gaiety and restraint, just as there are in their characters, in their respective careers, in their marriage.

"However, I'll admit one thing," she went on. "It's John who has made it possible for me to devote so much attention to my work. By his understanding and sympathy he has been the sort of inspiration and help that every woman needs."

The understanding and sympathy to which she refers are quite evidently mutual, and the keynote of their successful union. This success, despite Mr. Saunders's undoubted assistance, attests again to the versatility of Miss Wray.

For as every one knows, upon the wife lies the greater responsibility for the destiny of a marriage. And Fay has combined the demands of her career with the duties of running two homes—a town and a beach house—entertaining frequently, joining her husband in the sports they

both enjoy so thoroughly, while maintaining her health and good humor. Which, you'll admit, is a physical feat as well as a mental accomplishment.

The stamina which enables her to endure such a strenuous régime is due, I think to her detachment from the close associations and unimportant activities of the cinema capital. She does not clutter up her life with nonessentials.

It is this clear perspective and accurate sense of values that is so clearly reflected in Miss Wray's work. She is sure of her position, both socially and professionally, and so does not become embroiled in the jealousies and rivalries of Hollywood. The normal routine of living quietly, entertaining a few friends, going away for week-ends with her husband, leave her mentally and emotionally tranquil.

She is capable, thorough, and painstaking, and the camera catches these qualities as well as it does her glamour. In other words, she is a thoroughly satisfactory person and a fine actress. What more do fans or producers want? Shall I tell you? Why, more Fay Wray, of course!

mount for five years.

Her apprenticeship with Paramount brought her not only splendid training for her work, but a happy marriage, too. For it was while working in "The First Kiss" that she met and married John Monk Saunders, author of that film and many others, among them "Wings," "The Dawn Patrol," et cetera.

However, she refuses to discuss her marriage.

"I'm superstitious on the subject," she explained. "I've noticed that every marriage that has been publicized as ideal has eventually crashed."

We were sitting in the living-room of the English-style home which was her wedding gift from Mr. Saunders. It was one of the most delightful rooms I've ever seen—long and wide, with beams across the ceiling and yellow bowls of blue flowers on desk and tables and piano; long windows

NOW, NOW—

I said to Fräulein Dietrich,
As we dined on ham and eggs,
"I would give a million dollars
If I only had your legs!"

She hitched her manly trousers.
"You may keep your filthy pelf.
It may seem strange, but I am much
Attached to them myself!"

DYOLL SEMAY.

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would have necessitated about a thousand invitations. So we told no one the exact hour of the ceremony and were quietly married at the home of my mother, with only our immediate families present.

But you want to hear about my divorce, I know. Bill and I were married two and a half years, were seen everywhere together apparently happy, then suddenly last July I found myself in Reno filing suit charging him with extreme cruelty. The decree was granted in August. We see each other frequently and expect always to be friends.

Our divorce was simply an attempt to adjust our lives. Bill is forty-one and has lived. Under the terms of his contract, he makes but three pictures a year while I make from five to seven. He wants to travel—to go places.

I admire him as an actor and as a

man. I know that we are vital to each other. We have a mental balance founded on respect. We meet on a friendly basis. And when you speak of friendship *after* marriage, know that it is possible only when there has been no quarreling. Respect dies with quarreling and fighting.

I asked for no alimony when we divorced. My mother inherited a fortune from my grandmother. I inherited \$10,000 myself and would not have to work to-day if I did not want to. Bill insisted on a property settlement. I think it's fine when two persons who have separated can meet as friends and go out together with no feeling of bitterness.

I do not believe that screen stars should marry. The work is too consuming. One thing Hollywood takes from you is your time. Lack of time is one of the chief causes of divorce

here. Lack of time means neglect.

One reason I have never expressed a desire for children is that I couldn't devote the time to a child it is entitled to. That's the trouble with so many movie mothers. Working all hours, they can't be good parents.

I'm still young, eager, ambitious. I am ambitious to create something. I never am satisfied. I always see a chance for improvement in what I have done. I am at that age—twenty-five—when I must progress.

To-day I haven't any idea what to-morrow will bring. But when I leave pictures I will do *something*. It may be a hobby but it will amount to something. At present I am re-decorating the rented home where I live.

No, Hollywood has taken nothing from me. On the other hand, it has given generously, whole-heartedly. It has given me life and happiness.

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on the front pages gave a party for White and invited Vallée. The plan was to keep egging Vallée on until he took a sock at White.

Rudy trains daily with a boxer and is in fine form, and as many of White's associates have felt moved to push him in the face, it was figured that Vallée would too. But he did not even come to the party.

White is a bristling individual who talks big about how easy it was for him to toss off a picture in eighteen days. He does not go on to explain that the tangled reels of film he left behind him had to be taken in hand by experts and that even they had their troubles finding a picture of sorts in it.

Lilyan Tashman's Passing.—“Darling, I've just seen Picture Play, and if you had been writing my obituary you couldn't have said nicer things about me.”

When Lilyan Tashman said that just a few weeks ago, she was in her usual bantering mood in spite of ill health.

“So when you *do* write it, all you'll have to say is that you meant it.”

Now we know that the shadow of death was hovering over Lilyan then, and that knowing it, she was trying in her gallant way to tell us that we had meant something to her and that she wanted us not to have any regrets.

That was just one more instance of her insight, her consideration, which I never knew to fail in all the ten years that we were close friends. Less than two weeks before her death she had appeared at a benefit for a Jewish charity, because she had al-

They Say in New York—

ways appeared at their balls and some who had bought tickets might not believe her if she sent word that she was ill. Less than a week before she worked until midnight to finish “Frankie and Johnnie” that other players might get off to California in time to report for another picture.

I am grateful that Lilyan gave me my orders about writing this. I couldn't go on, anyway.

The Rush Is On.—Hollywood seems to be in the midst of one of those production lulls because players are scampering East.

Jean Muir is on the way to take bows during the showing of “As the Earth Turns.” Ken Maynard is off for Spain to see bull fights.

Frank Morgan has been taken into the family firm which manufactures the dominant brand of biters.

Constance Cummings is on her way to London—will make a picture there, probably, if she gets restless while her husband writes a play.

Agnes DeMille, on the other hand, is headed Westward. In the midst of a highly successful season of dance recitals in London, she was summoned to Hollywood to dance in Uncle Cecil's “Cleopatra.”

When filming of “Frankie and Johnnie” was completed, Helen Morgan paused just long enough to buy a flock of clothes, then went West to try out a play. She is determined to graduate from torch songs to heavy drama. “Sweet Adeline” is to be filmed, though, and if Helen has a heart she won't let any one else play her old stage rôle.

Miriam Hopkins has bought the

little Elisabeth Marbury home on the East River in New York, a tiny house made glamorous by the great Miss Marbury who attracted and encouraged all the great artists of the past forty years.

Coronation Without a Queen.

As soon as the news was flashed from Hollywood that Katharine Hepburn had been given the Academy award for her work in “Morning Glory” she sailed away to avoid the celebrations attendant on her honors.

Refusing to pose for the news cameramen who said that they would get pictures of her anyway, she remarked “If you do, the picture will be lousy.” Papers ran the photographs with the notation “Katie was right.” If she prefers to appear at her worst, let her have her fun.

And now I want you to help settle an argument that has been raging around New York. Miss Hepburn dashed into a store whose clientele is distinguished and whose salesgirls are ordinarily the last word in poise, and started looking at some clothes.

A salesgirl halted proceedings while she asked for an autograph for her darling little niece. Miss Hepburn gave vent to some good lusty Elizabethan epithets about the outrage of not being able to transact simple business matters without a personal approach and stalked out.

One faction says that she owed it to her public to be gracious.

Another feels that a casual business encounter does not give any one the right to badger her with requests. What do you think?

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THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

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"Men in White."—Metro-Goldwyn. Clark Gable's great performance in an absorbing, unusual picture makes an irresistible combination that every one should see. It also erases all thought of limitation in his acting and places him among the elect of the screen. One has only to compare him in the serious mood of this with his comedy in "It Happened One Night" to realize that he has come into his own with a vengeance and must now be accepted as a full-fledged artist by reason of extraordinary ability rather than an arresting personality. His *Doctor Ferguson* in this drama of hospital life has strength, dignity, tenderness and a degree of simple conviction that reaches mind and heart and causes you to make the young doctor's problems your own. When he leans over his little girl patient to console and cheer her you see a side of his acting that is more striking than his brutal moments in the past. It is not a gesture, you see, like socking the heroine, but is sudden revelation of soul. Nor is this the only such moment. There are many equally thrilling. Superbly produced, marvelously detailed, the story tells of *Ferguson's* struggle with himself and his profession: whether it is better to marry the rich girl he loves and practice comfortably, or give his life to study for the benefit of humanity. There is nothing maudlin in the solution and it cannot fail to please everybody because it is logical, if happy. The hospital background is the best ever seen and the acting of everybody is perfect, Myrna Loy and Elizabeth Allan sharing honors with Mr. Gable, and Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger, Wallace Ford, and Russell Hopton round out a perfect cast which even has C. Henry Gordon in a bit.

"Wild Cargo."—RKO. Frank Buck's literal chronicle of his wild animal hunt in the Malay jungles is splendidly photographed, skillfully edited and altogether is the equal of his successful "Bring 'Em Back Alive." Which is to say that if you like animal pictures this will meet your expectations, and if you do not it is well to remember that this offers nothing more, except that those who shrink from animal fights have no cause for fear here. Mr. Buck is concerned, you see, in capturing his quarry alive and unharmed for circuses, zoos, and private collections.

"Jimmy the Gent."—Warner. James Cagney's best picture in months has more than almost any of his previous

ones. A novel and ingenious plot, for one thing, and extraordinary dialogue, broadly funny and subtly witty in turn, while the cast is flawless. Mr. Cagney is as vivid and ruthless as ever, but there is much more reason for it than some of his pictures have offered. His racket here is providing bogus heirs and collecting from his confederates in a big way. Through ignorance of the value of a ritzy front, he isn't as successful as he becomes after he meets another crook in the same racket who carries on his business in the grandeur of a modernistic office where he makes a ceremonial of afternoon tea. One of the drollest scenes is *Jimmy's* induction into tea drinking and his attempt to practice it in his own office with Allen Jenkins. But this is only a flash in a rapid-fire comedy perfectly cast, with Bette Davis, Alice White, Alan Dinehart, and Arthur Hohl.

"A Modern Hero."—Warner. Richard Barthelmess's new venture is only tolerably interesting. Though well acted by every one, the various characters never come through as human beings, probably because writing and direction are wanting in penetrative imagination. The whole thing is diffuse. The character played by the star is the most unsatisfactory of all. He begins as a circus rider and becomes a rich business man, loses his money and looks up his mother, an ex-leopard trainer who has become a fortune teller. She consoles him and tells him there is no such word as defeat among circus people, implying that the show must go on. Between these extremes are many characters and incidents related to the extensive love life of Mr. Barthelmess, including an idolized son whose death is part of the retribution that overtakes his father. It is all intended to mean something, to present a deep character study perhaps, but the thesis isn't put forth courageously and you feel that the part played by Mr. Barthelmess is softened or evaded. Anyway, you cannot but admire Jean Muir (in the early episodes only), Marjorie Rambeau, Florence Eldridge, Dorothy Burgess, Verree Teasdale, and Maidel Turner.

"Melody in Spring."—Paramount. A listless musical introduces Lanny Ross, radio singer, and the effort seems scarcely worth the trouble. But at least it isn't a backstage story. Instead, it has a Swiss background with, among other things, a milking chorus instead of fan dancers, and mild complications in a hotel. It isn't displeasing, but it is tepid and innocuous make-believe without lilt or

charm. As for Mr. Ross, the star, he is politely but ruthlessly thrust aside by Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, and Herman Bing, the latter in a small rôle, because they know values in musical comedy and take advantage of their opportunities like raiding gobblers. They snatch every grain of interest, leaving practically none for Mr. Ross except when he sings. The latter he does very well, as you know, but a colorless singing personality counts for less on the screen than it does elsewhere and Mr. Ross, unfortunately, is so handicapped. Ann Sothern, of "Let's Fall in Love," is the heroine slighted by author Benn W. Levy who gives her little to do and nothing bright to say.

"Come On, Marines."—Paramount. A lively, inconsequential piece, admirably suited for time-killing but not to write mother about. A company of Marines in command of Richard Arlen is sent to a remote part of the Philippines to rescue a group of shipwrecked "children" who turn out to be débutantes though they look, speak and act like chorus girls. They happen to be bathing in all but the nude when the soldiers come upon them in a tropical swimming pool. Cue for rioting among the men in uniform who promptly join the girls in the water. From the depths comes Ida Lupino, and Mr. Arlen's search for beauty is apparently ended to his satisfaction, if not ours. Miss Lupino sulks, pouts, and kicks in the most provocative fashion that Hollywood knows and their blissful blending leaves us with no new ideas about Marines in general and Mr. Arlen in particular. Roscoe Karns, Grace Bradley, and Monte Blue are of great help to the picture.

"The Show-off."—Metro-Goldwyn. Even Spencer Tracy's biting performance hardly justified a third revival of this old friend. Penetrating and unusual as this study of a common American type was ten years ago, it isn't unusual now and the result is distinctly a routine picture. Madge Evans, Lois Wilson, Clara Blandick, and Henry Wadsworth, one of the pleasantest juveniles.

"Hold That Girl!"—Fox. James Dunn, an exuberant junior detective, and Claire Trevor, a newspaper girl, are mixed up in a stew of familiar situations and characters. Though the pace is fast and the performances of the stars are good enough, the picture is singularly unappealing. Alan Edwards, Gertrude Michael, Robert McWade, and Effie Ellsler.

SHE

There's a clamor for the glamour
Of a blonde who's knocked 'em cold,
One whose rasping has 'em gasping,
Who's as brilliant as she's bold.

Men insist they can't resist her,
Though there's danger in her curves.

Her advice is, "I ain't ice," and
She's too much for normal nerves.

She's a shady sort of lady
Who when worst is at her best,
Who despises compromises
And who signs her name Mac West.

BROCK MILTON.

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appear with Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?" and in leaving New York he left behind him two choice stage rôles and an opportunity to do a picture in England. The English offer he gave up with painful regret, because it meant going to Italy on location. For a lad of Douglass's imagination and romantic bent, a trip to Italy is not easily relinquished.

Adding to the hazards of a screen career, Douglass has had the privilege of playing opposite the two most erratic of recent finds. He had just begun his work with Miss Sullavan when I talked with him. He was a little nonplused.

"But she's so pleasant," he expostulated. "I don't know quite what I expected, but I guess I was a little frightened by the tales I had heard of the Sullavan temperament. Whatever grievances the girl may have, she doesn't take them out on the people she works with."

About Katharine Hepburn, whom he supported in "Little Women," Douglass speaks in superlatives.

"Of course, I knew her in New York before she entered pictures, and I know that her mannerisms are not affectations. She hasn't gone Hollywood. She's exactly as she was when she was struggling for recognition.

"We studied with the same teacher in New York. My lesson came right after hers and from time to time our instructor would sadly announce that Katharine had been let out of another play. I would spend fifteen minutes of my valuable hour—I paid steep prices for those lessons—denouncing the producers who were stupid enough not to recognize her talents. I knew that some day they would regret their short-sightedness. And they probably have.

"Of course, she's amazingly frank. But I like it. And she has that indisputable self-confidence. She thinks she's swell. She is."

There is a trace of that justifiable self-esteem, so characteristic of

young players, in Douglass. He's not arrogant. He squirms if you suggest that he's capricious, but admits that being in the public eye is lots of fun. He finds it exciting to be recognized and to be asked for his autograph. He hopes it will keep up for years and years to come.

Toward the end of our lunch he was approached by a photographer who wanted a picture of Douglass and his dog. Douglass was as excited as a kid posing for the first time on a go-cart. He even gave the dog the best camera angles. He didn't find it a bit of a bore. He hasn't yet achieved the superior attitude toward his public that a cinema career sometimes induces. He probably never will. He's far too earnest and enthusiastic.

He's honest enough not to strike poses or surround himself with false glamour, yet he very seriously immerses himself in his work. While studying for "Little Man, What Now?" he realized that his rôle called for his looking like a continually hungry, perpetually budgeting young German boy.

Six weeks of indolence between pictures hadn't left him particularly peaked; he was aghast at his robust and healthy appearance. He went into training for his part, and from Monday night when he boarded the train at New York until Thursday night when his family met him at Los Angeles, he had taken nothing but liquid nourishment. He stood the ordeal rather well. When I saw him, he was hardly gaunt, and he broke training in favor of a hearty lunch, but he had lost weight.

And for Douglass that is as noble a sacrifice as an actor has ever been called upon to make. For he loves to eat. He goes into ecstasies about food. And he swears he doesn't care about quality as long as he can get quantity. He never quits until he reaches capacity.

He has other vices, too—sleep. He adores it. He loathes getting up in the morning, probably because he is

afflicted with insomnia and has a hard time falling to sleep until dawn. The prospect of being on the set at 8:30 in make-up is simply painful. All told, he is devoted to the creature comforts. It's very wholesome; so many young artists are given over to a theatrical asceticism.

The Douglass Montgomery Hollywood knows is not a playboy. When he wants a holiday, he goes to New York for it. In Hollywood he works hard and isolates himself for rest. While on a picture he keeps a Hollywood apartment in order to be near the studio. On week-ends, Douglass—"Dubs" to his family—goes to his mother's home in Pasadena.

"Going home is an event for me," he explained. "I first left for New York when I was just out of high school, and to me coming back is similar to other boys' coming home from college. It's a vacation. I like just to loaf around the place. There's lots of room for Padraic, and he needs lots of room. I can knock about in old clothes, read, swim, do just as I like."

And also, he confesses, at home he can "play prima donna." He's enough of an actor to be high-strung. Before the actual shooting on a picture starts, he gets jittery. He spends the day alone, studying his part. He clammers up an ivory tower. He languishes in his most becoming manner. "With eau de cologne at my side," he adds impishly.

Douglass is the perennial boy—not the soulful juvenile, nor the wise-cracking young blade, but genuinely boyish. He has a full set of brains and is anything but trivial, although I think there will always be a fifteen-year-old freshness about him. His devotion to his dog is boy love.

He is disarmingly charming and utterly without affectation. He is everybody's son crystallized at the most lovable age.

Fortunately, he has talent. Without it he could devote himself to a career of being "typical"; with it, he's bound for the high places.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 53

A Name to Remember.—When Clark Gable appeared at the Capitol in a sketch, a young actress named Tucker McGuire from the stage worked with him. Mobs of women at the stage door all but tore her limb from limb demanding her autograph. It seemed odd that her performance in "Mackerel Skies," which ran only a few nights, should occasion all this furor. It didn't. The fans cruelly explained that she was important only as the girl Gable had kissed four times a day.

They will be around for her autograph a year from now, though, just because she is Tucker McGuire.

Pictures want her now, but she is a canny little person, wise for her twenty-one years under the most eager and engaging exterior, and she won't go to Hollywood until she has done an outstanding part on Broadway.

She has that intangible quality that distinguishes Margaret Sullavan, that arresting, appealing dramatic flair that cannot fail.

She comes from Winchester, Virginia, by way of a dramatic school conducted in England by Sir John Martin Harvey's son. She has played occasional parts in Southern stock companies. Several months out of the year she spends pounding the pavements from agent's office to agent's office looking for parts. More and more often nowadays, she lands them.

Incidentally, she was so nervous when she tried out for Gable she could not even read the lines at first.

but which Muzzi May unfortunately warned were not for publication.

Reviewing May Robson's career and interviewing Muzzi May force one to admit that she has found the answer of how to make life serve health, wealth, love, and fame on the same platter.

A brief résumé of her seventy years reads something like this: At eighteen a mother . . . at twenty a widow with a child to support and only the accomplishments of a gentlewoman of the '70s to equip her to earn a living . . . a year later playing her first stage rôle and winning, without experience, overnight success . . . eighteen years of featured parts follow . . . in her second year on the stage she marries Doctor A. H. Brown, prominent New York physician . . . for twenty-five years, though continuing her theatrical work, she manages to be a devoted wife and a charming hostess in their New York home . . . for years she stars in every city, town, and hamlet, going to London and repeating her success . . . after the death of her husband she enters the movies . . . in 1933 she makes a sensational hit as *Apple Annie* in "Lady for a Day" and is rewarded with stardom in pictures . . . at seventy she is acknowledged Hollywood's most popular hostess!

If that isn't making life a grand success I don't know what is! What other actor or actress can boast of twenty-five years of happiness in marital life, in social affairs and at the same time upholding stardom? Either career is sacrificed for marriage, or marriage goes on the rocks because of a career. And in many cases both are lost because of the individual's efforts to be a prince among good fellows.

May Robson has managed to keep all three in her life and to be physically fit and up and coming after fifty years before the public. One

She's Muzzi May

of the first remarks she made when I entered her room was, "I never use glasses and I haven't lost a tooth," displaying an even and uninterrupted row of pearly molars.

"Give me the recipe for this well-ordered life," I pleaded. "What has guided you over pitfalls and snares that have tripped the rest of us in one or the other of our ambitions?"

Her bright brown eyes grew serious as she considered. Then came the following sage advice:

"To be popular—be kind.

"To be interesting—be interested.

"Be tolerant—consider the other fellow's point of view.

"Be adaptable—and to be adaptable one must understand people. If you meet the poor—be poor. With people in trouble—be sad with them. If your soul is aching with sorrow, cover it with a smile when you meet the happy.

"In my work I've learned to do whatever I've been told to do—only to do it better, in a more original way, than was expected.

"In my second year on the stage, Charles Frohman asked me to do a dance in a musical play he was producing. I had never learned a fancy dance step in my life, yet I was expected to follow a chorus of trained girls with a solo dance.

"Of course, as *comédienne* of the show, I was only expected to burlesque the number, but despite this fact I dreaded that solo dance. During the weeks of rehearsal I walked through the part—and my mind kept seeking something unusual that would make my work funny.

"Passing a hosiery shop one day I was fascinated by the sight of a window trimmer slipping a stocking on a dummy leg. The man turned that dummy leg in all directions. 'If I could only do that with my own legs!' I had been practicing kicks at home and knew how difficult it was to turn and twist untrained legs. Then came the idea which was to give New York one of its biggest laughs.

"At that time Letty Lind's dance, in long accordion-pleated skirts, was the sensation of New York. The next day I bought an artificial leg and ordered a duplicate costume of the one worn by her.

"At rehearsal I followed the chorus number in my new costume, only I wore two skirts, a separate one for the artificial leg and the other for my own.

"Mr. Frohman, seated in the orchestra, called, 'Now, May, give us your dance. Do the best you can.' There was a note of condescension in his voice. Manipulating the artificial leg by a handle strapped to a belt at my waist, I began kicking higher than any ballerina, to say nothing of performing the split and other things. For a few minutes I had them fooled; then the strap that held the leg broke and the plaster thing tumbled to the floor.

"Mr. Frohman was so delighted that he had the idea patented, calling it 'The three-legged dance.' We put the dance on for the public just as it had happened at rehearsal. After amazing kicks I loosened the belt and walked off, leaving the artificial leg standing on the stage. It never failed to send the audience into shrieks of laughter."

There are many stories like this of May Robson's early days in the theater that stamp her as being the Katharine Hepburn of the '90s. No one ever knew what to expect from Robson. Though she was good-looking, she preferred comedy parts in grotesque make-up.

It is this choice that has given her fifty seasons of uninterrupted work in the theater. The character actress never grows too old, but the ingénue finds a time when she must retire for a younger woman. It is the Marie Dresslers, the Edna May Olivers, and the May Robsons who find that success continues long after forty, not begins there.

Continued from page 10

Like a Diamond.

I HAVE just seen "By Candlelight." Elissa Landi proved she can adapt herself to any rôle with her charming grace and varying moods. She is as many-faced as a diamond, with each facet radiating toward a dazzling ensemble. She is, in fact, magnetism and personality made tangible.

Producers, don't you think it's about time that you recognized her genius? Give Miss Landi better material and bigger rôles, and you will soon have another star who will be almost in step with the incomparable Katharine Hepburn. Then you won't need to worry about half-filled theaters!

GORDON SELLETT.

561 21st Street,
West New York, New Jersey.

What the Fans Think

Oh, For Such Poise!

MISS BAYER, why pick on Joan Crawford? I suppose no one but Joan wears extreme styles to-day? How about Harlow, Shearer, and Blondell? They seem to draw the crowds. I suppose you think they're different.

I admire Joan in more ways than one. Oh, for such poise, such manners! To be able to wear clothes like Crawford! We either look like stuffed manikins or like beanpoles. Not every one can wear what you call "silly hats" and look fascinating in them. Let us see the unconventional clothes on those who can wear them.

Most fans do not go to the movies to pick out silly little things and criticize them. We go to see the fine acting these stars are putting on for our entertainment.

Miss Bayer, why not step around the corner to your Wild West show just once? Then maybe you'll appreciate really fine acting.

Miss K. E. W.

Middletown, Ohio.

A Little Dirt Is Good.

I AM writing this letter in answer to Jane Doe's horribly abusive one directed at Mae West. I think this attack on Mae was entirely unwarranted.

It's a shame that an actress can't give the public what it really wants without being criticized. Why hide behind a curtain of innocence when your mind is most likely in the gutter hobnobbing with the rest of our minds? The wisecracks Miss West puts over have most likely gone around

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To-day She Lives

Continued from page 27

for Friday? . . . Let me auto-graph that picture now, dear. What was I to write for Milton? . . . Here comes luncheon!"

In the background, suave, diffident, almost grim in his silence, stands Mr. Tone, aloof, unbending, smiling ever so slightly at one thing and another, but obviously devoted to Joan.

Only once was the good nature of the star dissipated. The subject of certain lady interviewers brought forth savage denunciation from Joan.

"I'm always willing to be interviewed," she said. "It's business. And if people are good enough to be interested in me I'm only too glad to tell anything within reason. But when the stories come out full of slanders, lies, and insinuations, I see red. They can be so mean and petty and vile that I shudder when I think of them."

One of Joan's mistakes has been to confide too much in the press, to pour out her soul for the sake of a good story. This self-revelatory attitude, though page-one stuff, has hurt her in the worries it has caused her, and it has hurt her popularity in the gibes it has nurtured. The public isn't concerned with stars' souls. Souls are pretty intimate items and are better kept out of sight.

In her acting Joan has been up and down as consistently as an elevator tester. Now that she has abandoned her mannered style she is doing better work. "Dancing Lady" is a vast improvement over "To-day We Live." The Crawford glamour cannot afford to be submerged in masklike make-up; Joan has probably realized this herself.

There are those who say that Joan Crawford is a headline hunter; others maintain that she is nothing short of a recluse in her avoidance of Hollywood parties.

To my unbiased eye, Joan Crawford seems to be a highly successful young woman who is not letting success throw her. She is a chorus girl who has come up from the ranks to the rarer atmosphere breathed by the stellar lights. But she still permits the showgirl in her to assert itself. She still scoops out mascara with a lavish hand, giggles over auto-graphing pictures, and squirms with delight at the very thought of meeting Walter Winchell.

She is arresting looking, but not beautiful. She has a penchant for tracing her mouth half an inch above the lip line, and her finger nails are vermilion, but she is in earnest about

Continued on page 64



I'M GLAD SHE'S COMING TONIGHT, SUE SHE'S LEFT OUT OF SO MANY THINGS. SUCH A PRETTY GIRL, TOO. I FEEL SORRY FOR HER

SO DO I, MOTHER. SHE DOESN'T REALIZE HOW SHE SOMETIMES OFFENDS. I WANT TO HELP HER



TWO HOURS BEFORE THE PARTY

SO SWEET OF YOU, SUE, TO LET ME COME STRAIGHT FROM THE OFFICE AND DRESS HERE FOR THE PARTY!

DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU DEAR. THE BATHROOM'S RIGHT NEXT DOOR WHEN YOU WANT YOUR BATH



IVÉ JUST HAD MINE AND IT'S MARVELOUS HOW A LIFEBOUY BATH FRESHENS ONE UP. NO "B.O." WORRIES EITHER

"B.O."—SURELY THERE'S NO DANGER OF THAT?



YOU NEVER CAN TELL. WHEN THERE'S A CROWD AND DANCING AND THE ROOM GETS HOT.. WELL I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES



I NEVER REALIZED ABOUT "B.O." BEFORE BUT I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL NOW—BATHE OFTEN WITH LIFEBOUY, WHAT MARVELOUS LATHER!



NO "B.O." TO SPOIL THIS PARTY!

SUE, IVÉ HAD A MARVELOUS TIME! BILL'S WAITING TO TAKE ME HOME. HE'S MADE A DATE FOR TOMORROW. THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING—EVERYTHING!

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE—AND I DON'T KNOW WHO HAS THE PRETTIER COMPLEXION!

NO DIFFERENCE! WE BOTH HAVE THE SAME BEAUTY SECRET—LIFEBOUY

HAVE you discovered yet what a wonderful complexion soap Lifebuoy is—how mild its lather—how kind to the skin? Yet it cleanses thoroughly—deeply—washes away clogged impurities—freshens dull skins to radiant health.

Summer warning

Warmer weather means more perspiration—more danger of "B.O." (body odor). Lifebuoy's abundant lather—its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent tell you Lifebuoy gives extra protection against this unforgivable fault. Play safe—use Lifebuoy.

What a Pal Jean!

It was a perfectly natural step to those of us who know her well. A long time ago, when asked about her ideal man, Jean said, "I think honesty, kindness, a sense of humor, courage, and intelligence are the most important qualities."

Not a word about money, position, or prestige. She had all these things, but never dreamed of demanding them in the man she married.

"I still can't get over the fact that people seem to have forgotten that it is possible for a player actually to marry for love—plain, old-fashioned love—just as a few people do in every walk of life.

"If I had committed murder, broken my studio contract, or fallen from an airplane, I don't believe people would have been more astonished than when I married Hallie," exclaims Jean.

Maybe we had expected her to observe the rules and marry a man of prominence equal to her own. But let's see how she has conformed in the matter of friends through all these years of achievement.

I hate to disillusion you, but she has exactly the same friends that she had before she played in "Hell's Angels," the first picture that attracted attention to her.

Her closest friends are orchestra leader Johnny Hamp and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Lee Mahin—it was Mr. Mahin who was responsible for the dialogue, or part of it, in "Bombshell"—the girls who have been her secretaries, the writers who have given her breaks, the cameramen, and the press agents who have handled her publicity.

We are accustomed to the parade of stars at the Hollywood premières. They vie with each other in being seen with the right people. As they promenade around the lobby, the columnists take note of all this, and the next day the papers carry the line-up: "Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were in the Pickford party last night." "Ann Harding was seen chatting with Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone."

Does Jean avail herself of such an opportunity? Indeed, no. She and Hal Rosson perhaps take Carey Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty, because they are *friends*. This is no reflection on Carmelita and Carey, for they are both charming people, but there are names more professionally prominent that Jean could link with hers were she interested.

Several of the stars keep open house on Sunday afternoon but, even so, one does not go unless he has been invited. There are friends of Jean Harlow's who have enjoyed her swimming pool ever since it was com-

pleted. They do not need to be asked each week. As friends of Jean, they know they are always welcome; and if Sunday afternoon finds them free, they toddle up the hill to Jean's.

Speaking of this beautiful home about which so much has been written, to show Jean as the very last word in a nonconformist, she deeded it to her mother for her 1933 birthday present! This made Hollywood history. Most of the stars are busy trying to invent ways to wangle mother out by the time they have a home as elegant as the Harlow ménage. Instead of the usual thing, Jean and her husband moved into an apartment which is comfortable but by no means pretentious.

I mentioned that the Hamps are among Jean's oldest friends. They were in Los Angeles a year or so ago and Jean entertained for them in her home. Whom do you think she invited? Now you're guessing the Gables, the Thalbergs, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding, and so on. You are not even "warm." There was one star present, Colleen Moore, but it was not because she was a star. It was because Jean adores Colleen and thinks she is a superb actress. Then there were a magazine editor and his wife, a publicity director, Jean's secretary, Bobbe Brown, and a few others.

No star ever thought of entertaining in this manner, unless it were one who didn't know any better. No matter what you have heard about Jean and her mother not being able to adjust themselves to the feather-edged poise requisite to social sovereignty, Jean's mother was for eighteen years a social leader in Kansas City. She knows her way about, but both she and Jean have an absolute distaste for "society life."

Ruth Chatterton is like that, in a way. She always entertains in her home and in small groups, never more than ten or twelve at one time. But Ruth is exceedingly careful about her groups. She never brings into that circle one who might not fit. Her guests are certain to enjoy each other.

In Jean's case, she asks people *she* will enjoy, and she hopes they will enjoy each other. Usually they do. Jean infuses every one with a spirit of buoyant playfulness, and it's usually a grand party, with every kind of game from dominoes to "murder."

Can you imagine Joan Crawford inviting her secretary to one of her choice parties? No, Joan's guests are selected with great care. Like most other rising artists, she has gone through a process of elimination, each year dropping any one who

might not be just right. Nobody has ever thought of criticizing her for it. Even those who have tried to say that she has "gone Hollywood" have recognized that she was merely conforming, very brilliantly conforming.

Perhaps you may remind me that Jean did not run true to form when she married Paul Bern. I was coming to that. Aside from Bern, she has never had an intimate friend among either stars or executives. I am thoroughly convinced that she was just as sincere in her marriage to Bern as in her recent marriage. She entered into it because of her friendship for Bern and her great respect and admiration for him, and she hoped to make out of it something very beautiful. That it ended in tragedy was not her fault.

There is not the slightest evidence that she ever used her position as Bern's wife to cultivate any more intimate acquaintance with prominent people. She did not marry him for position any more than she married Rosson for position. She dared to love where she chose.

We crucified her in the first place because we thought Paul Bern was too good for any woman, and we criticized her last marriage because we thought Rosson might not be good enough for her.

As further proof of how different and unusual is the quality of Jean's friendship, prior to her marriage she was the only prominent player I have ever known who was as easily available for a friendly evening as a non-professional. Even you girls reading this know you hate blind dates and dislike having your friends put you in that spot, that is, if you are a popular girl.

But if a friend of Jean Harlow has an uncle from Iowa who must be entertained, and a girl is needed to complete a foursome, it's Jean who is called.

They say, "We have a man to-night we're taking to the Grove. Could you come with us?" Jean says, "I'd love to, if I finish work in time."

She doesn't even ask if he is old or young, good-looking or repulsive, whether he has ten cents or ten million. She just knows he is your friend, or at least your guest, and she is your friend.

She even pretended that her marriage was an elopement, when her family knew all about it, just because she didn't want her friends to give presents.

I could go on endlessly, but there's no use trying to reconcile Jean to Hollywood or Hollywood to Jean. If you can do it, "You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din."

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 29

house sold out three or four weeks in advance. This affair is conducted like the old music halls, with tables for the audience. Beer and pretzels are served.

Hosts to Hollywood.—The Harry Lachmans—director and his stunning Chinese wife—still give the most pretentious parties in Hollywood, and virtually the whole studio world is invited when they entertain. Diana Wynyard, who has become the talk of the colony because of her increasingly radiant beauty, now graces their functions, and the Frank Morgans are nearly always there, although recently they have been in New York. The Edward G. Robinsons are regularly present.

The latest Lachman party was given in honor of Marcel Archard, French playwright, who will do the Gallic version of "The Merry Widow." Among those present were Maurice Chevalier and Kay Francis, a familiar duet nowadays; Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale; Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson, recently married; Ketti Gallian, the new French star, Clive Brook, and various others.

The most striking thing about the Lachman residence, one of the older homes in Beverly Hills that has been done over, is that it is virtually a symphony in white—walls, rugs and much of the bric-a-brac.

Polo Gets Black Eye.—Polo playing is likely to suffer one of these days in the estimation of the movie folk. They've always made a big to-do over this rather swanky sport, but the hot games involve a share of danger which won't be enthused over by the general mob.

Even so experienced a player as Will Rogers recently got a terrific crack over the head from a mallet while in the midst of a frenzied contest, and Walt Disney, the "Mickey Mouse" creator, received a swat in the eye from a ball. He got a bad cut on his forehead and was just about knocked out for the rest of the day. The sport will probably soon go down as too gory.

Raft's Regular Rebellion.—George Raft has apparently got the habit of kicking over the traces. You remember the little row he had some months ago with Paramount about playing in "The Story of Temple Drake," the rôle that afterward went to Jack LaRue. Well, Raft didn't see his way clear to be a second fiddle

to Mae West in "It Ain't No Sin," and he arranged to step out of the picture and take a trip to New York and Europe.

The most interesting thing about his departure was that he went east with Virginia Peine Lehman, called Virginia Pine in pictures, the heiress with whom he has been seen lately. It is reported they will marry, when both are free from prior matrimonial bonds.

Evidently Raft's rebellions are approved, because his new contract calls for his being starred exclusively, and he gets lots more money.

Elissa Reduced to Want.—Elissa Landi has been enduring a season of trouble, combined with satisfaction. She is happy because she terminated her Columbia contract, which wasn't working out well. But the canceling of the agreement led to an altercation with her agents.

The agents tied up all Elissa's money for a week or two so she had nothing with which to run her house. Finally a judge showed clemency and released some of the funds to her. If he hadn't Elissa might have starved to death.

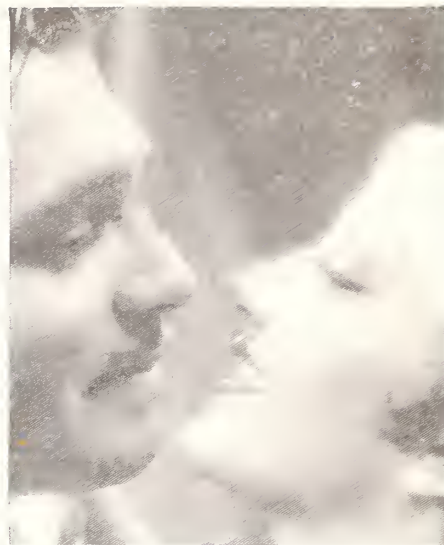
Love's Tokens Go Astray.—We have often wondered what becomes of the gifts that stars present to one another during days of fevered romance and joyous marriage. Presumably they are kept, if they are of any great utility, but if not—

Well, here's one case we have been able to satisfy our curiosity about, and reach the sad and ironical conclusion of a little love chapter.

Paul Muni, on his ranch, is now the possessor of the bungalow dressing room that Joan Crawford once so fondly ordered for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., so that he would be happy and comfortable between scenes. Muni is using it as a sort of study away from his house when he desires to be very much alone.

What might not have happened, though, if Chic Sale had acquired it!

On Malady Lane.—Laryngitis has been raging as a new malady of the colony, what with Dorothy Dell sent to the hospital because of it, and Bette Davis on the sick list, as well as others. Margaret Lindsay varied the monotony by getting badly burned while wearing a fur coat on the set one day, as well as going to the hospital for an appendicitis operation. On top of everything else Ruth Roland was bitten by Billie Dove's dog when she went to pay Billie a visit.



Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert in "It Happened One Night," a Columbia Picture

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MARIE DUNNE, Dept. T-6
122 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.



The Strange Case of Miss Brent

Continued from page 33

Betty shook her head. "There seems little interest in vamps. Men ask me quite a few questions about Garbo—is she high-hat and as mysterious as she is reported to be? I'm asked a few questions about Jean Harlow—is she off the screen as she is on? But there doesn't seem to be a great amount of interest in the vamp type. Nor in comedians either, for that matter. Interviewers have questioned me about Laurel and Hardy, but they're about all."

"Not about Charlie Chaplin?"

"No," Betty said. "Not once. Mickey Mouse seems to have stolen the lion's share of the comedians' thunder."

"And yourself—what about yourself?" I demanded. "Is there any curiosity as to why you haven't made pictures lately?"

"Well—yes," Betty admitted.

"And what was your answer?"

"There is only one answer," Betty retorted. "I haven't been asked!"

Betty rather surprised people when they met her in person. They were surprised that she could smile, that she had a sense of humor, that she was smaller than she appeared on the screen, that she was easy to talk to—so straightforward and unpretentious.

When she played in Bath, Maine, Betty met the owner of a drug store who was the uncle of Joel McCrea. Up in Waterville, Maine, the folks inquired about Lew Cody. That is Lew's home town where he worked as a youngster at a soda fountain.

In Montreal, a number of Pauline Garon's friends inquired about her. Pauline continues to be popular in her home town. So does Norma Shearer, another Montreal girl. The stage hands at a theater in Syracuse, New York, remembered Mitchell Lewis, old-time screen villain. Lewis had been a stage hand at that theater before he embarked on an acting career.

"It is interesting to meet people who knew this player and that one when he was quite young," Betty remarked.

Betty has thoroughly enjoyed her year of personal appearances. "I've

certainly seen the country," she laughed, "but what I really value is what I've learned from talking with so many people. To me, the story of a film has always been the main bid for popular favor. Now I'm even more convinced this is true. Some day—and perhaps it isn't so far away—I hope to make action pictures again. Perhaps I shan't be sophisticated or glamorous, but I'll darn well try to give people what I think they want on the screen.

"And don't you ever believe the public is fickle. It isn't. People are just sure what they like and whom they like, and they can't be kidded. No all-star cast will induce them to attend a picture if the story isn't there. No amount of ballyhoo alone can lure them to a theater in the smaller cities.

"It's public opinion that makes or breaks a screen attraction. One person in a given clique can say he saw a film and didn't like it, and that opinion will dissuade others of the same group from going to the theater.

"A producer can take a popular player from one type of rôle and put her in another—Clara Bow, for instance—but if that player isn't given the sort of stories that originally made her popular, the public will stop going to her films.

"A producer can also keep a player out of pictures on the grounds he means nothing at the box office, but the public doesn't forget a favorite because he is out. This has certainly been proved by the way people have attended the theaters where I appeared."

"And these people," I asked, "they want to see you in action pictures on the order of 'Underworld'?"

Betty nodded. "Yes."

Perhaps when Evelyn Brent returns to the Coast, some shrewd director will forget that producer opinion, not public opinion, decided she was no longer box-office. It seems to be the hope of the thousands Betty has met on her tour. I'm among those who hope this vital actress will get her chance again. Aren't you?

CARICATURE

She's not a motion-picture cutie
Who diets to retain her beauty.
The gowns she wears are not creations,
Nor are her hats the year's sensations.
And if you'd see her in her nightie
You wouldn't shout, "There's Aphrodite!"
In fact, she looks more like a wrestler,
But she's an actress, is Miss Dressler.

F. F. CAMERON.

Hand It to Helen

Continued from page 41

Helen told me she'd no idea they would star her along with March, Hopkins, and Raft. She didn't discover her boost in billing until she saw the preview. She was so excited she cried. Having worn mascara to please her public, her eyelashes ran black and she missed the first half of the film.

Although only twenty, Helen seems years older as she discusses her work. She belongs to the Puppets, however, the young club of Hollywood players. While not as gregarious as the rest of them, she betrays her youth in amusing ways.

For instance, when "All of Me" opened in downtown Los Angeles, she phoned to find when a show would begin. The telephone operator, in announcing the program, named Helen along with the three established stars. She was so thrilled she called eleven more times that day to revel in hearing her name reeled off in so prominent a fashion.

And on her recent birthday, a studio friend confides to me, Helen sported a new mink coat, although the temperature was hitting an all-time high in balminess. "It's my birthday!" she explained gleefully.

She prefers men. "You can't trust women, and girls are catty. I know: I am myself. I'd rather have one real man friend than five women chums." Her associates in the Puppets are not aware that love has entered her life. When I queried her, she acknowledged a disappointing affair of the heart.

"I never want to be hurt like that again, and I won't talk about it. Anyway, I don't anticipate both a career and marriage at the same time. That's too much!"

The best judges believe that, if intelligently treated, Helen can become an important star. What a kick she'd get if she listened in on her new studio's sales talk on her. Paramount stresses the point that she *isn't* just another dumb beauty, and hosannas her remarkable individuality.

I hope Helen Mack recovers from her beauty complex. Having met her minus screen make-up, I can report she doesn't need conventional Hollywood handling. She's too refreshing as is to be altered. And, if she failed at blatant sex appeal, fifty million women should be glad. She has proved that superficial glamour has been vastly overrated.



This . . .

is the time of month I used to suffer agonies. Today would have been my worst day.

But that's all over. Gone, but not forgotten! I'll never be tortured by menstrual pain again, because I'll never be without Midol.

A salesgirl gave me my first Midol tablet, when I nearly passed out in a department store. Ten minutes later I was back on my feet, and finished my shopping without a quiver.

Since then I've told a number of women about Midol, and believe me, they've all been grateful! I take a tablet just before my time, and the old pains seldom even start. If they do, a second tablet ends them in a hurry. The relief from Midol lasts for hours, so two tablets see any woman through her hardest day.

I'm sorry for girls who still slump at this time of month, when they might menstruate in comfort. I'm glad the old hours of agony are ended for *me!*

These Charming Thieves

Continued from page 31

favor of Sparks that she wrote a letter saying "I'd rather see him than Clark Gable any time."

Isn't *that* something?

As far as enjoying a varied career is concerned, Ned Sparks can't be outdone by any one. Canadian by birth, he studied law, took up railroading, went gold mining in Alaska, did concert singing and played on the stage. Eventually he landed in the movies. His first appearance, with Constance Talmadge, proved that one way to become an actor is to follow all other possible careers first.

Another Canadian is Berton Churchill. He is already a well-known bit player, although his film career is only four years old. When his image is thrown upon the screen, lips curl in the darkness, for every one knows that here's a bigoted hypocrite. His pompous, slightly protuberant person is generally cast as a crooked politician who makes promises to the "peepul" he never intends to keep, or a big business man who likes to swindle without seeming to do so. He represents all the unctuous humbuggery by which people are victimized in real life.

Berton Churchill puts all he has into his rôles, because he knows there is nothing more essential to audience enjoyment than a good, nasty character. He has learned that much from years on the stage, for he started playing in stock way back in 1903.

This business of naming all the men and women whose presence in a picture is necessary to the star's success could go on and on. Their reward, if the star has anything to say about it, is often not even that of a featured rôle. And that's where the public steps in!

The status of more deserving performers has been improved by a deluge of fan mail than can be imagined. Famous examples are the cases of Marie Dressler, George Raft, Edward G. Robinson, George E. Stone, and, yes, Clark Gable himself. Now who can say the public is wrong?

Those secondary players who have not been promoted to stardom can be philosophical about it. They can either look forward to winning their prizes in the next inning, or else content themselves with the fact that though they aren't stars, their careers last longer.

Long live
MIDOL





Margaret Sullavan

THOUGH she rebels against the conventions of Hollywood and vehemently states that she "looks lousy on the screen," the charming young modern from the South need have no fear of antagonizing her fans. As long as memory of her poignant performance in "Only Yesterday" persists, *la* Sullavan can be just as rebellious and tempestuous as she pleases. That is, if she will only make another picture for the world outside Hollywood. As practically the whole universe knows, that is exactly what she is doing right now in "Little Man, What Now?" with the sensitive Frank Bozage directing and the applauded Douglass Montgomery as her leading man.

Photo by Hal Phylfo

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 56

before as private party anecdotes. A little dirt has never hurt any one.

Miss West has given the public something it has needed for a long time. She has combined wonderful acting talent with shady innuendoes, and I'm in favor of it.

W. P. COLBY.

132 Griggs Street,
Waterbury, Connecticut.

One Real Kiss, Katharine.

WHAT is Miss Hepburn's aversion to a kiss? In "Little Women" she reached the climax of her romance—and patted her lover on the shoulder. Is this elegant lady so ethereal that she shrinks from what other mortals do? If so, how can she reach the destiny the patty-cake Miss Edgelow spreads before her, that of being the greatest actress of her time?

The greatest actress of her time will have to act like other human beings!

She did not kiss her leading man in her other pictures, either, except in "Morning Glory"—and that wasn't a real kiss at all. I was watching.

FEODOR IVANOVITCH KRYVONISHKO.
Royal Hawaiian Hotel,
Honolulu.

Better Ask "Adult Fan."

THINGS I've always wanted to know: What is a sex picture? Is it the prevalence of legs and bedroom scenes, or is it the inflection of an actor's speech that makes our imaginations run riot?

What is good acting? Is it the way an actor stands out from the rest of the cast, or it is the way an actor fits in with the cast and play?

What is a good play? Is it a play that seems too long, too boring to most of us, or is it a play that we all enjoy?

Why do we talk about the stars' salaries when producers, directors, even dress designers make so much more money?

Things I'd like to say: Joan Hart, I do not care for Clark Gable, but have you ever noticed the way he kisses? That is your answer.

Ella M. Payne, Norma Shearer overacted in "Strange Interlude." Did you find her so—or, are your idols perfect?

"The Doomed Battalion," "Girls in Uniform," and "Animal Kingdom" were the best pictures I've ever seen. Yes, I've seen "Cavalcade."

ADA WEINSHENKER.
2269 Tiebout Avenue,
Bronx, New York.

No More Mamma Rôles.

AFTER seeing Dorothea Wieck's sensitive portrayal in "Maedchen in Uniform," and the beauty and grace of "Cradle Song," I was furious to see the stupid farce, "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." The entire film consisted of the cute pranks and gurglings of Baby LeRoy—anybody's brat could be as charming, given a chance—and now and then a pose of Miss Wieck in a lovely gown, the sole compensation to a bored audience.

If the frauëin isn't washed up after this atrocity, it will be a miracle. To think that an artist, a descendant of the great Clara Wieck Schumann, and a student of Max Reinhardt, should be insulted with such a rôle!

Dorothea Wieck has an attraction far different from that of Garbo, Dietrich, or our own American Hepburn. Can't the producers realize this? There is a warmth in her, a vital touch, that is absent in the

impersonal, cold-as-marble air of the others. And her voice with its low cadences, how beautiful, how expressive!

It would be wonderful to see her do some of Ibsen, or perhaps a graceful costume film, perhaps the life of Marie Antoinette or some story from the history of the French régimes—anything that is suitable to her own individuality. And please no more movie mamma rôles!

VON SCHOENFELD.

San Antonio, Texas.

Answering a Childish Peeve.

LONNIE NOLL. I've just read your vitriolic outburst in March Picture Play. It is obvious that you were merely childishly peeved at Madge Evans for daring to tell the truth about one of your favorites. Instead of calling down invective on the girl's head, why not give her credit for candidly expressing a personal opinion? You seem to be an advocate of free speech, at any rate.

Your cheap wisecracks regarding Miss Evans's ability as an actress were not amusing. Madge is anything but a gaga, sickly-sweet ingénue. She has poise, intelligence, a wealth of personal charm and talent, and a perfectly grand sense of humor.

Madge's chief charm, however, lies in her utter naturalness. She's real, she's vital, she's honest. And, oh, such a welcome relief after a prolonged diet of so-called mystery and glamour ladies! She has proved that it isn't necessary to stumble about with half-closed eyes and a rapid expression in order to be interesting.

Given a worth-while rôle, she will prove that she is not only exceedingly lovely to look upon, but an exceptionally talented actress as well.

CORAL WINTER.

3691 West King Edward Avenue,
Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Three Great Tutors.

SINCE Picture Play published several letters of mine defending Joan Crawford, I have received letters from fans in all parts of the world, asking why I am so staunch in my devotion to Miss Crawford.

By way of reply, I can only say that it is not the actress I admire so greatly; it is Joan the woman who holds my interest. She is one of a trio of players who have been firmly entrenched in my heart ever since they appeared on the Hollywood scene, not because of their acting ability, which happens, in all three cases, to be of the finest, but because of certain other admirable traits I have found in them.

These three are Marie Dressler, Joan Crawford, and Phillips Holmes. In Phil, it is his unpublicized devotion to his mother, his natural refinement, and his unaffected modesty; with Joan it is her inspiring ambition and her faith; and in Marie, it is her wonderful philosophy, which stresses the importance of music, laughter, and religion.

These players, and the qualities which I associate with them, have helped me more than all the professors and tutors I have ever known.

Naturally enough, it was through the fan magazines that I got my first glimpse of their real selves, and since then, through closer observation, I have found that for once—pardon, thrice—the press agents have been telling the truth.

JACK WINDSOR SEYBOLD.

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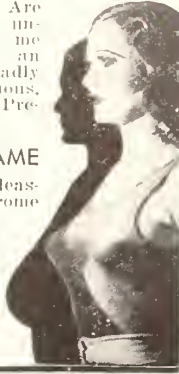
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Daisy Strubbing, Drpt. P.P.5, Forest Hills, New York.



To-day She Lives

Continued from page 57

making her pictures as good as possible. If dancing lessons are required, she is at the studio two hours early. If a French accent is requisite to a rôle, she studies French. Nothing is too much trouble.

Life to her is as important as her latest picture, her next Mayfair party, or to-night's première.

But in this tinsel whirl of bells and bustle and confusion, Joan surveyed Manhattan's spires with a happy smile. It was just another crowded day to her, another day in the headlong career of a star.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

ANN SHELLBERG.—Gwili André played in "Roar of the Dragon," "Secrets of the French Police," and "No Other Woman." Charles Buck Jones is married to Odelle Osborn. Diane Sinclair played opposite Buck in "The Fighting Code," but I do not have the complete cast. On February 15th William Janney was twenty-six.

E. M. H.—Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory have been separated since February. Miss Carroll is in Hollywood making "Forbidden Lips," an adaptation of "Springtime for Henry." Born in New York City, November 19, 1906; five feet four, weighs 118; red hair, blue eyes. Her daughter by a former marriage is about nine.

E. W. L.—We ask readers to send a self-addressed stamped envelope when requesting a list of a star's films. If you will do this, I shall be glad to mail you those of Judith Allen and Cliff Edwards. The heroine in "Tarzan, the Fearless," was played by Jacqueline Wells.

M. I.—Of those you list, Heather Angel and Dorothy Lee have brown eyes; Brian Aherne, Jean Arthur, Agnes Ayres, Robert Agnew, blue; Lila Lee, black; Arthur Lake, gray.

C. P.—Address Frankie Darro in care of Mascot Pictures, 6001 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, since he has been appearing in their serial entitled "The Wolf Dog." I'm sure he likes blondes with hazel eyes, and that he will send you his photo upon request provided you inclose the customary twenty-five cents. Frankie's birthplace is Chicago, Illinois, and the date December 22, 1918.

A. F. R.—Too bad you are having so much difficulty in obtaining those photos. Leon Janney gives Box 425, Hollywood, as his address. Fox Studio should be able to supply photos of the two boys in "Cavalcade." In "Rasputin and the Empress," the Czar was played by Ralph Morgan. Jean Parker was one of the princesses.

WILLIE.—Fans who have been asking about Clyde Beatty since "The Big Cage," will have an opportunity to see him in the Mascot serial, "Lost Jungle." Richard Arlen is playing in "Come on, Marines," and is all set to make "Ready for Love."

M. M. H.—In "The World Changes," Donald Cook played the part of Richard.

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and Gordon Westcott that of *John*. Jackie Searl was *John* as a boy. Donald Cook went to Hollywood in 1930 from the Broadway stage. His first screen rôle was in Ruth Chatterton's "Unfaithful." Born in Portland, Oregon, September 26, 1901; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 147, dark hair and eyes.

LULU.—Pola Negri has recovered from her recent illness and is appearing in the stage play, "A Trip to Pressburg." Walter Huston has been successfully playing in New York in "Dodsworth," and Irene Rich is casting her eye about for a stage play.

BOBBY.—Kay Francis will star in "Dr. Monica," and Lionel Atwill in Monogram's "Beggars in Ermine." Gloria Swanson is now under contract to M.-G.-M. Jeanette MacDonald will have the feminine lead opposite Maurice Chevalier, in "The Merry Widow." Her last picture was with Ramon Novarro, in "The Cat and the Fiddle."

ETTA.—Clark Gable's latest is "Men in White," with Myrna Loy. He was thirty-three on February 1st; six feet one, weighs 190; brown hair, light-gray eyes. Zasu Pitts and Edward Woodall were secretly married in Minden, Nevada, on October 8th, while Miss Pitts was on location.

PETE.—George Brent hails from Ireland, born there March 15, 1904; is six feet one, weighs 170; hazel eyes, black hair. Married to Ruth Chatterton since August, 1932. We have Tacoma, Washington, to thank for giving us Bing Crosby. He will be thirty on May 2nd; is about five feet nine, weighs 168; blue eyes, light-brown hair. Playing in "We're Not Dressing."

JULIA.—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are together again in "The World Is Ours." Norma Shearer, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," to be followed by "Marie Antoinette." Lew Ayres with Lillian Harvey, in "Lottery Lover."

C. Z.—Monroe Owsley is free-lancing, playing in "Birds of a Feather"—for Chesterfield, and "Gold Rush of 1934" for Fox. Alexander Gray has a radio contract. Write to him in care of Station WABC, New York City.

DIXIE.—You'll be glad to know that Ann Harding is to play opposite Robert Montgomery, in "Biography of a Bachelor," and Sylvia Sydney, in "One Way Ticket." Frankie Darro will play in "Happy Family" for Warners.

NATHAN A. MORRIS, JR.—The German picture, "Passion," introduced Pola Negri to America. Her first talkie was "A Woman Commands." Miss Negri has been married twice, first to Count Dombrowski when she was seventeen years old. The marriage lasted about two years. The second husband was Prince Serge M'Divani, whom she divorced in April, 1931. She is Polish, born there January 1, 1897; five feet four, weighs about 120, has black hair and dark-gray eyes. Polish, Russian, German, French, Italian, and English are the languages she speaks.

JEANETTE McADOO.—See above for information about Pola Negri.

K. ELLER.—Yes, Charles Farrell is free-lancing. He and Janet Gaynor will be teamed again in "The Sun Shines Bright." Isn't that good news! George O'Brien plays only in Westerns. Sidney Blackmer claims North Carolina as his native State. Susan Fleming and Dorothy Janis's birthdays are February 19th.

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ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Connolly	Grace Moore
Donald Cook	Toshia Mori
Richard Cromwell	Jessie Ralph
Jack Holt	Ann Sothern
Evalyn Knapp	Dorothy Tree
Elissa Landi	Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Heather Angel	Lilian Harvey
Frank Atkinson	Miriam Jordan
Lew Ayres	Victor Jory
Warner Baxter	Howard Lally
Irene Bentley	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Clara Bow	Una O'Connor
Marion Burns	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
Florence Desmond	Will Rogers
James Dunn	Raul Roulien
Sally Eilers	Spencer Tracy
Norman Foster	Claire Trevor
Preston Foster	June Vladek
Janet Gaynor	Irene Ware

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Elizabeth Allan	Helen Hayes
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Florine McKinney
Wallace Beery	Una Merkel
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Maurice Chevalier	Karen Morley
Virginia Cherrill	Ramon Novarro
Mae Clarke	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jackie Cooper	Jean Parker
Joan Crawford	May Robson
Marion Davies	Norma Shearer
Marie Dressler	Martha Sleeper
Jimmy Durante	Lewis Stone
Nelson Eddy	Franchot Tone
Madge Evans	Lupe Velez
Muriel Evans	Henry Wadsworth
Clark Gable	Johnny Weissmuller
Greta Garbo	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Robert Young

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Adrienne Ames	John Davis Lodge
Lona Andre	Carol Lombard
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Herbert Marshall
Grace Bradley	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Gail Patrick
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Buster Crabbe	Charles Ruggles
Bing Crosby	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sydney
Patricia Farley	Alison Skipworth
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Miriam Hopkins	Mae West
Roscoe Karns	Dorothea Wieck
Jack LaRue	Dorothy Wilson
Charles Laughton	Toby Wing
Baby LeRoy	Elizabeth Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Katharine Hepburn
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Anita Louise
Bill Cagney	Mary Mason
Chic Chandler	Joel McCrea
Frances Dee	Colleen Moore
Dolores del Rio	Gregory Ratoff
Richard Dix	Bert Wheeler
Irene Dunne	Gretchen Wilson
William Gargan	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Constance Cummings
Constance Bennett	Fredric March
Eddie Cantor	Mary Pickford
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Chester Morris
Madge Bellamy	Ken Maynard
Tom Brown	Zasu Pitts
Russ Columbo	Onslow Stevens
Andy Devine	Gloria Stuart
Hugh Enfield	Margaret Sullavan
Boris Karloff	Slim Summerville
June Knight	Helen Twelvetrees
Paul Lukas	Alice White

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Jean Muir
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Bebe Daniels	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	William Powell
Ruth Donnelly	Edward G. Robinson
Ann Dvorak	Barbara Rogers
Patricia Ellis	Jayne Shaddock
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
Ann Hovey	Sheila Terry
Alice Jans	Helen Vinson
Allen Jenkins	Renee Whitney
Al Jolson	Warren William
Ruby Keeler	Pat Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Bellamy, Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Lilyan Tashman, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Douglass Montgomery, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Avenue, Hollywood.

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JULY


ENTS
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MYRNA LOY
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ALBERT FISHER

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with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. *Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcomb Pinchon and O. B. Stode.*

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Anna Sten's Wonderful Romance

The Russian girl who made a hit in "Nana"—what of her private life? Every reader knows of her discovery by Samuel Goldwyn, the long and expensive grooming she underwent in Hollywood, as well as the vast sums of money spent on advertising her début. Yet the girl herself is unknown. She will no longer be a mystery when you read Harry N. Blair's great story of her wonderful romance in August Picture Play. It is one of the most beautiful love stories ever told about a star and it throws new light on the fascinating actress.

The Face on the Testing-room Floor

The rôles they have longed for—and lost! Did you ever think of the parts favorite players have wished to play—and then seen rivals succeed in them? You didn't know that Norma Shearer wanted "A Bill of Divorcement," did you? And then saw Katharine Hepburn leap to overnight fame in it. You never suspected that Sylvia Sidney was tested for Elissa Landi's rôle in "The Sign of the Cross" and lost it; that Marlene Dietrich craved "Nana," that Madge Evans coveted Myrna Loy's rôle in "The Prizefighter and the Lady." In next month's Picture Play Dickson Morley will tell you all about these disappointments, heart-breaks, and quirks of fate.

Gloria Swanson— Herbert Marshall

Their names are coupled by gossip these days and they are often seen together. Miss Swanson and Michael Farmer are to divorce, but Gloria says she will never marry again. So what? Miss Swanson and Mr. Marshall were interviewed for next month's Picture Play while both were in New York. Both are experienced in marriage. Will they try it again?

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"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



WHAT THE FANS THINK

Tully Troubled Again.

THE time is ripe for me to make a confession. I am troubled about Clark Gable. The boy from Cadiz, Ohio, is rapidly losing ground. All that made him such an unusual, arresting figure is being polished away.

Not until an actor learns to portray a rôle as a character rather than as a type can he hope to achieve anything worth while.



Gable is drifting into the "pseudo matinée idol" rut, Frank Tully warns.

becomes, I fear Gable will prove but a poor substitute for a Leslie Howard, a Fredric March, or a Herbert Marshall. Up to now he has shown only a genuine talent for hard-boiled drama. When it comes to fancy stuff the best he can manage is superficial, surface-motivated acting which not only weakens the character he is trying to project, but also makes him look foolish.

FRANK TULLY,
20 New Street,
Danbury,
Connecticut.

Curtain Call for Helen.

MAY I say a few words in praise of that very charming young actress, Helen Vinson. I first saw her in "Jewel Robbery" and decided at once that here was a girl who was not just another blonde. Her looks are quite distinctive. she has intelligence and a great charm, and her



Helen Vinson is not "just another blonde" an English fan writes.

voice is one of the most fascinating on the screen. In addition to these qualities, she has what is far more important—acting ability. Why is it, then, that producers nearly always cast her in comparatively small vamp rôles? I have seen her seven times and only twice has she had a likable part.

M. O'CONNELL,
8 Norwalk
Avenue,
London,
N. 13,
England.

Dick Cromwell Appreciated.

AN English reader would like to express his admiration for the fine acting of Richard Cromwell. This admiration is not only felt by the writer himself but hundreds of other men and women film-goers in this country. Richard Cromwell gets away with great success in all the rôles that have been allotted to him, and over moments which other young actors might make mawkish he always triumphs because of his sincerity and innate sensitivity.



Hugh Hamilton thinks Richard Cromwell is a fine actor and the best example of American youth.

Madge Evans is the favorite actress in twenty-seven schools and colleges, says Richard English, defending Madge against Lonnie Noll.



He reminds me a great deal of Richard Barthelmess in his early films and also sometimes of John Barrymore in his early pictures. His personality, youth, good looks, sincerity, and charm make him suitable for depicting America's youth on the screen. There is also a deeper impression which makes every performance memorable. After his splendid acting in "Hoopla" I shall see all his pictures.

As long as America has such splendid young players it needn't fear much about competition from foreign studios.

HUGH HAMILTON.

14 Hallam Street,
London, W. 1, England.

Leading Leading Lady.

I'd like to take exception to Lonnie Noll's comments on Madge Evans in March Picture Play which condemned her as conceited, of little ability, and derogatory toward Lowell Sherman. I have the privilege of knowing Miss Evans personally and she is a Hollywood paradox in her utter lack of vanity.

While Miss Noll condemned her as "just another leading woman," she is regarded in the screen world as the most consistently capable of all leading ladies, and is now being groomed for the stardom she has so long merited.

As to Lowell Sherman, Madge told me recently that she considers him "one of the screen's greatest actors and the most clever and witty man that I have ever known." I know, too, that she esteems and values his friendship highly.

It may interest Miss Noll to know that, while on a magazine assignment, I recently visited twenty-seven schools and colleges and learned that Madge Evans is the favorite actress, bar none, of college students and professors alike. Her very naturalness and ability have made her a pronounced favorite with college audiences.

Hollywood, surfeited with good actresses, considers her one of the best—and there would be no stars if there were no capable supporting players! RICHARD ENGLISH.

Hollywood, California.

Three Orchids.

THREE new magnificent stars have appeared again in Hollywood. It must be recess in heaven. The first is the one and only Lilian Harvey. In "My Weakness" she certainly was not afraid to distort her charming little face a bit for the sake of art. Although neither of her first three films has been an outstanding success, she'll climb the ladder of success without much interference. I have seen all of her German films and they were all grand. She is refreshing, full of humor and pep.

Dorothea Wieck is one great actress. She is an outstanding beauty and somehow you can't forget her once you have seen her. I consider her a finished actress. Please, Miss Wieck, don't let Hollywood spoil you as it does most of the others. We all love you just as you are.

Last, but not least, we have Margaret Sullavan. Her superb acting in "Only Yesterday" cost me a dollar to get my tear-spotted dress cleaned. She was so natural, as though she was actually living her part. You gave your audience one great performance, Miss Sullavan, and we are eagerly looking forward to your second production, "Little Man, What Now?"

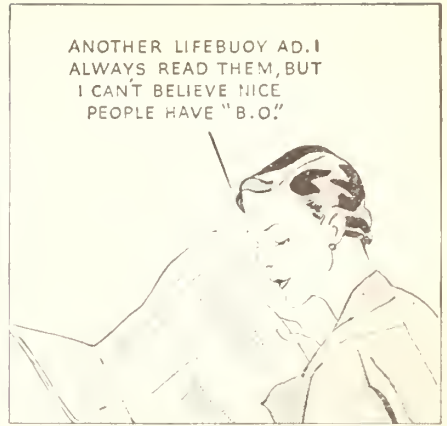
It looks as though only female angels have passes from heaven. Please, St. Peter, don't be too hard with the male angels and let one slip out to Hollywood once in a while. HILDEGARDE KIPP.

20 Walnut Street,
Islip Manor, Long Island, New York.

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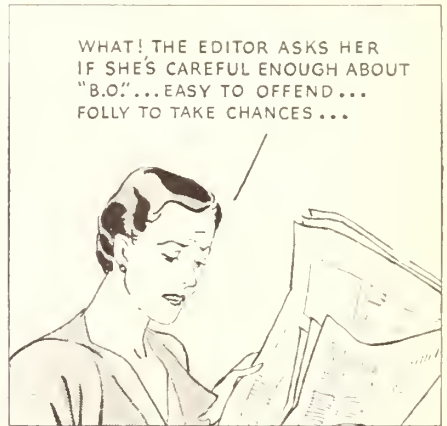
I'M BORED AND LONESOME.
LET'S SEE WHAT'S IN
THE PAPER TONIGHT



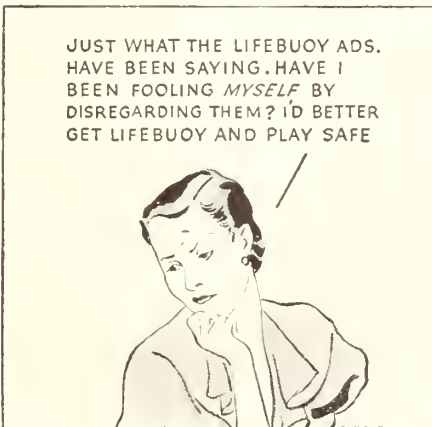
ANOTHER LIFEBUOY AD. I
ALWAYS READ THEM, BUT
I CAN'T BELIEVE NICE
PEOPLE HAVE "B.O."



HERE'S THE HEART PROBLEM
COLUMN... LETTER FROM A GIRL
SIGNED "LONESOME," NO FRIENDS,
NO DATES, WONDERS WHY.
MY EXPERIENCE EXACTLY!



WHAT! THE EDITOR ASKS HER
IF SHE'S CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT
"B.O."... EASY TO OFFEND...
FOLLY TO TAKE CHANCES...



JUST WHAT THE LIFEBUOY ADS.
HAVE BEEN SAYING. HAVE I
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GET LIFEBUOY AND PLAY SAFE



A DAILY HABIT NOW

WHAT A GRAND BATH!
OCEANS OF LATHER AND
HOW FRESH AND CLEAN
LIFEBUOY ALWAYS
MAKES ME FEEL

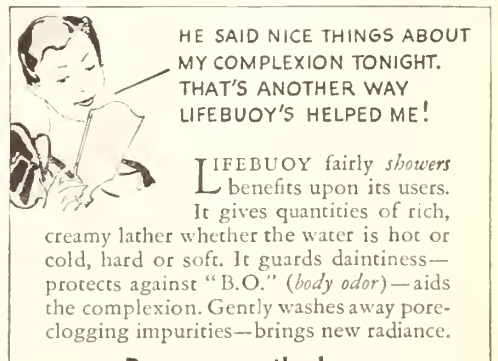


Popularity comes
WHEN "B.O." GOES

LOVE TO GO, TOM,
BUT MAKE IT NEXT
WEEK. I'M ALL DATED
UP THIS WEEK!



YOU'RE GETTING
SO POPULAR A
FELLOW HAS TO
STAND IN LINE
TO GET A DATE



HE SAID NICE THINGS ABOUT
MY COMPLEXION TONIGHT.
THAT'S ANOTHER WAY
LIFEBUOY'S HELPED ME!

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It gives quantities of rich,
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cold, hard or soft. It guards daintiness—
protects against "B.O." (body odor)—aids
the complexion. Gently washes away pore-
clogging impurities—brings new radiance.

Danger months here

Hot days make us perspire more freely.
Others are quick to notice the merest
hint of "B.O." Play safe—bathe
regularly with Lifebuoy. Its fresh,
clean, quickly-vanishing
scent tells you its
refreshing lather gives
extra protection.

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Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

ELLIE C.—Ann Harding's latest is "The Life of Virgie Winters," with John



Boles. Miss Harding was born Dorothy Gately in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 7, 1901; five feet five, ash-blond hair, blue eyes. Attended school in Montclair and East Orange, New Jersey, and at the Baldwin School at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. RKO Studio will supply her photo.

LATHROP.—In 1916 Billie Burke appeared on the screen in "Peggy," and this was followed by a long list of silent films including "Gloria's Romance," "Arms and the Girl," "Land of Promise," "Eve's Daughter," et cetera.

FRANCES SMITH.—Bill Boyd recently completed "Cheaters," with Dorothy Mackaill and June Collyer for Liberty Pictures. "Flaming Gold" is an earlier release. Write to him at RKO.



PAT O. AND MARY W.—"Dames," with Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Joan Blondell, may be released by the time you read this. Miss Keeler has decided to remain in pictures a while longer.

GINNY.—You are right. Belle Bennett was not related to the Richard Bennett family consisting of Constance, Joan, and Barbara. Nils Asther's latest is "Humbug." He was thirty-two on January 17th. We published a story about his marital difficulties in August, 1933, a copy of which will be mailed to you upon receipt of your order and ten cents.

TOBY.—That is rather a personal question, but it is true that a number of screen players have false teeth. I won't embarrass them by mentioning their names. An English favorite, Florence Desmond, played the part of *Flo* in "Mr. Skitch."



CONSTANCE MCWILLIAMS.—Eddie Tamblyn played Buster Crabbe's roommate in "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." He had a very small part in "Flying Down to Rio," and is currently appearing in "Harold Teen." His next is "Money Means Nothing."

H. S.—Dennis King was last seen in New York in the stage production of "Richard of Bordeaux." A native of England, born there November 2, 1897, not quite six feet, weighs 155, light-brown hair, blue eyes.

I. M.—It is quite possible that Walter Connolly passed through Chicago on February 18th and that you saw him at the Dearborn Station. A letter direct to his

secretary might be the best way to settle the argument.

R. H. M.—It is about fifteen years since Lionel Barrymore first appeared on the screen. He was fifty-six on April 28th, is six feet, dark hair and eyes. The "Danger Island" serial of a few years ago had in its cast Walter Miller, Lucille Browne, Kenneth Harlan, Beulah Hutton, Andy Devine, William Thorne, Tom Ricketts.

CAROL PETERSON.—Bela Lugosi now playing in "The Black Cat," with Boris Karloff and David Manners, with Jacqueline Wells the feminine lead. Mr. Lugosi may return to the stage in "Pagan Fury."



J. L.—In "Such Men Are Dangerous," Warner Baxter's face was changed by plastic surgery. Hoot Gibson played opposite Alberta Vaughn in "Wild Horse." Louise Fazenda, Frank Albertson, and June Clyde in "Racing Youth."

THOMAS BAKER.—You asked for so many birth dates that I replied by mail. The letter was returned by the post office, so I am hoping you will let me have your permanent address.

W. M.—Donald Cook was *Fedor*, the dancer, in "The Mad Genius." No double was used.

COLMAN FAN.—Ronald Colman has just completed "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" for United Artists. Loretta Young plays opposite. Diana Wynyard opposite Clive Brook in "Where Sinners Meet."

STURDY ADMIRER.—Ralph Bellamy may be reached at 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. A list of Addresses of Players is given in the back of the magazine.



RITA JANET KING.—I must ask you to send a stamped envelope if you wish a list of Ralph Bellamy's films. We published an interesting interview with him in December, 1932. He has been married to Catherine Willard since July, 1931. There are no children.

A MAX BAER FAN.—By writing to Metro-Goldwyn Studio, inclosing twenty-five cents, they will send you a photograph of the star of "The Prizefighter and the Lady."

G. A. R.—Greenville, Virginia, is Kate Smith's birthplace. Her height and weight are a big secret, or so it would seem, since this information isn't available.

BENJAMIN WARREN.—Here are those birth dates: Neil Hamilton, September 9, 1899; Irene Dunne, July 14, 1904; Francis

Lederer, November 6, 1906; Edmund Lowe, March 3, 1892; Ralph Forbes, September 30, 1901; Otto Kruger, September 6th; Ralph Scott, January 23rd; William Janney, February 15, 1908; Ben Lyon, February 6, 1901; Onslow Stevens, March 29, 1906.

RANDLE.—May Picture Play contained our latest interview with Katharine Hepburn, whose films to date include "Bill of Divorcement," "Christopher Strong," "Morning Glory," "Little Women," and "Spitfire." Miss Hepburn was twenty-six on May 12th.



D. A. B.—Gene Raymond was born in New York City, August 13, 1908; five feet ten, weighs 157, platinum-blond hair and blue eyes.

ANONYMOUS.—Tullio Carminati is a native of Zara, Dalmatia. He is a former stage player whose films include "Gallant Lady," "Moulin Rouge," and "Don't Fall in Love." Douglass Montgomery's home town is Los Angeles. He is still single, you'll be glad to know.

CLINTON E. OTT.—Joan Crawford is five feet four, weighs 110, reddish-brown hair, blue eyes; Ginger Rogers, five feet five, weighs 112; reddish-blond hair, blue eyes. In "Rafters Romance," Ginger played the part of *Mary Carroll*; in "Chance at Heaven," *Marge Harris*, and in "Flying Down to Rio," *Ginger Bell*.



S. C. J.—Stars prefer to be addressed in care of studios; at their request home addresses are not made public. Ann Harding comes from Texas, where she was born August 7, 1901.

P. BACKOS.—For stills of "Deception," write to Publicity Department, Columbia Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The usual charge is ten cents each.

EDDIE JAMES.—"Once to Every Woman" was released January 15, 1934. The rôle of *Number Five* was played by Billie Seward, who may be reached at Columbia Studio.

A CLAUDETTE COLBERT FAN.—Your favorite's right name is Chauchoin; born in Paris, France, September 13, 1907. Her latest is "Cleopatra."



DELL.—The character you mention in "Bitter Sweet" is not listed in the cast. The stars of that film, Anna Neagle and Fernand Graeven, are now playing in "The Queen" for United Artists.

Continued from page 7

Hi, Muni!

WITHIN two weeks I have seen the same actor in two widely different characterizations, that of *Orin Nordholm*, in "The World Changes," and of *Sam Bradshaw*, in "Hi, Nellie!" Only Paul Muni could have made those two men so real you think you must have known them. Coming out of the theater, I heard people say, "Well! I could hardly believe that was Paul Muni, it's so different from what he's done before." That is a tribute to great acting.

Muni ought to set up a school of acting and teach some of the dimpled personalities his own dynamic art. They could use it, and so could we who are getting bored with the sameness of Gable and Raft and Cooper.

BETSY MORRISON.

Seattle, Washington.

Girl of All Countries.

IT is said by those patrons of the theater who were contemporary with Bernhardt and Ellen Terry that the former broke your heart and Ellen Terry mended it. The years have passed and a hungry—artistically—public find their hearts being broken and mended by the same genius, the dauntless, intense, magnificent Katharine Hepburn!

She, of all the actresses who think they typify the modern girl, is the only one who makes her audience feel her modernity. In a recent letter I said Madge Evans is typical of the American girl. She is more so than Hepburn, because she looks the part. Hepburn is the modern girl of all countries, not just America.

She has the open mind of her own country—but one simply cannot analyze this amazing creature. She is too much an individual. How right you are, Norbert Lusk, in saying that "one listens for the echo of every word she says."

I wish I could coin some new phrases with which to pay tribute to the artistry of this genius, but words are so trivial with which to express one's innermost emotion. If Katharine never gave another good performance, the touching, unforgettable beauty of her *Jo March* will make her live forever in the hearts of theater-goers.

DOROTHY ROGERS.

2821 Wabash,
Detroit, Michigan.

If You Know Madge—

AFTER reading Lonnie Noll's biting remarks about Madge Evans in *March Picture Play*, I feel that something must be said in her defense. It seems rather small to condemn a person so harshly just because her opinion of another person happens to differ from one's own. I didn't read the article in question, but chances are that either Miss Evans was misquoted or Miss Noll misinterpreted the article.

A few months ago I had the good fortune to meet Madge Evans, and never have I known any one who was so completely different from the person Miss Noll paints. She is completely unspoiled and most assuredly does not have an overestimated idea of her own importance.

What's more, any casual onlooker could see how highly she is regarded around the studio. And really, Lonnie Noll, you could scarcely call the feminine lead opposite Lee Tracy, James Cagney, Ramon Novarro, Richard Dix, Warner Baxter, and other such stars "unimportant little rôles." If Madge Evans were not capable, her popularity with the public and the studio officials would have waned long ago. But it hasn't waned; it has grown stronger.

B. B.

Chicago, Illinois.

What the Fans Think

Joan's Shellac Sophistication.

THIS is both to commend and to criticize Dorothy Rogers's letter in *April Picture Play*, and also to ask Joan Crawford a question or two.

Now, Dorothy, I admired Joan every bit as much as you did and for the same reasons. I still do—with reservations. I agree that the face of Joan Crawford of to-day is certainly unnatural and unattractive. But compare it with the photo of the Joan of 1925 illustrating "Fame's Bitterest Cup" in *April Picture Play*. Could you honestly say that Joan's lips denote sensuality in that picture? They do *not*. Joan's own mouth is not sensual, but the mouth she paints on herself certainly is. So in your further studies of physiognomy, be fair to your subjects by analyzing their natural features, not their acquired ones.

But what a disappointment is the Joan Crawford of 1934! I look for a well-poised woman who has had ample opportunity of learning the business of acting thoroughly, a true sophisticate. And what do I see? A woman whose face is an unnatural painted mask, whose ideas of sophistication and originality consist of theatrical poses and shopworn discussions of complexes, who has not developed the depth of feeling she once had, but has affected a coat of brittle shellac that seems to deny all claims to reserve or sensitivity, and whose acting is mediocre compared with Hayes, Hepburn, and Harding. Oh, Joan, what a pity! MARIE BROWN.
Montreal, Canada.

A Doctor Answers Dorothy.

IN *April Picture Play* Dorothy Rogers again speaketh. And listen, ye lesser gods!

Instead of apologizing for her first ill-considered attack on Joan Crawford, she declares that, having made a study of physiognomy, a "science" as enlightening as phrenology, she has learned that "full, rich lips like Joan Crawford's denote sensuality!"

Further, Miss Rogers thinks "enormous orbs are not unbeautiful, but enhancing their normal size to the degree of monstrosity gives an unattractive and unnatural appearance, as in exophthalmic goitre, for instance!"

By the way, this sentence is comparable in literary beauty to some of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, poetry!

I hold no brief for Joan Crawford. In many ways I do not consider her attitude toward her fans as friendly, personal, and sympathetic as it should be. It does not have the warmth or the sincerity of Jean Harlow, Wynne Gibson, Marian Nixon, and others. But this does not give me the right to anathematize a really great actress. E. S. GOODHUE, M.D.
Honolulu.

Bring Anna Q. Back!

IF the "Moulin Rouge" caravan visited your city, you had the pleasure of seeing Anna Q. Nilsson in person, and, if you are a real Nilsson fan, wasn't it thrilling to see our gallant Anna walk on the stage to greet you? I'll say it was!

The audience that jammed a local theater applauded with all the vim and vigor in their beings, a sincere tribute to the victor of a courageous fight. They were happy to see Anna Q. Nilsson in person, and Anna Q. did not disappoint them. She was every bit the lovely, gracious, beautiful Anna Q. we have learned to love on the screen. Her well-modulated voice gave her an added charm that brought her closer to our hearts.

When Anna asked her fans here if they wanted her back on the screen, they an-

swered with applause that was long and deafening enough to warm the heart of our Anna Q. Miss Nilsson promised to fight hard to come back to us. We know she will, but we, her loyal friends and fans, can help her by telling Twentieth Century Productions how much we want to see Anna Q. on the screen again. You alone can make Hollywood Anna Q. Nilsson conscious! Come on, you Nilsson fans, we want action! JANNETTE RAYBOULD.

23 Louise Avenue, Highland Park,
Detroit, Michigan.

The Soul of Modesty.

WHAT a sorchead Lonnie Noll must be to write such a vindictive letter about Madge Evans! It is apparent that the writer of that letter knows nothing at all of Madge's character, which is the soul of modesty, good will, and generosity. Her ideals are very high. She is forever striving for further perfection in her own work, and naturally would judge people from her lofty standpoint.

Those fans who have the proper understanding of cinema art, who are not biased by a personal feeling of devotion to some male actor, will readily agree that Madge had already attained sufficient fame and distinction as a child star to justify her retiring. Did she do it? No! She felt that there was further work in store for her and that the road to the gods is a long way to travel. CLARA A. KORN.

302 West 109th Street,
New York City.

The Old Meanie!

PICTURE PLAY, how did you have the heart to print that terribly mean letter of Paul Boring's? I know "What the Fans Think" is a department in which the fans throw brickbats and bouquets at the stars, but how any one who is supposed to be human can bring himself to throw such a heartlessly hard brick at any one, especially at Katharine Hepburn—well, it's unforgivable!

I think so much of Katharine Hepburn that when I read Mr. Boring's letter I shed tears over the utterly cruel comments he made concerning her acting and personal appearance.

Believe me, I would rather have Miss Hepburn's acting ability than be the most beautiful girl in the world. To people who like sincere acting rather than pretty features and figures, Katharine's face is fascinating. PICTURE PLAY FAN.

Coxwell Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Calling on Reel Friends.

ALTHOUGH I am an ardent fan, there are only two players I would miss terribly if for any reason they should leave the screen. As I have already had a letter about my favorite actor, Ramon Novarro, printed in "What the Fans Think" readers know how much I love and admire him.

Just recently I fell in love with another player. No, I'm not fickle; this time it's an actress, Dorothea Wieck.

Miss Wieck's charming accent, captivating smile, and above all, her sincerity, won me completely.

Some people think it a waste of time and money to see the same picture twice, but I do not. You can call upon your personal friends any time—well, almost any time—but how can you spend an hour or two with your *reel* friends if you don't go to see their pictures again and again?

JESSIE MACFARLANE.

405 Coxwell Avenue,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

What the Fans Think

Code for Crawford Knockers.

DOROTHY ROGERS, we Crawford fans do not think that your "explanation" is enough! Since you think that Joan is a finer actress than she was in 1928, what is it that you dislike about her?

Don't you think it's rather poor taste, this minding other folks' business? Whether it is your next-door neighbor or your ex-movie favorite, when you start discussing private lives, it is nothing more than gossip.

If you do so dislike our Joan, may I suggest a plan that may prove helpful to you?

1. Never go to a theater when a Crawford picture is being shown.

2. Never mention her name.

3. Never think of her.

4. Never, never read anything written by one of her adoring fans.

In conclusion, Miss Rogers, I have never made a study of physiognomy, nor do I care what a large mouth means, but I have discovered that those "enormous orbs" of Joan's glow with the warmth of the biggest, kindest heart in the world.

PHYLLIS CARLYLE.

3 Cumberland Terrace,
Portland, Maine.

Garbo's Schoolmate Speaks.

FOR quite a time I have read the brickbats thrown at Greta Garbo. Being a Swede myself, it is only natural that I should want to support her. I think her a grand person.

The brickbats I refer to are those criticizing her solitude. This is not a pose, as most fans say. I knew Miss Garbo for four years. We attended the same school, Greta Gustafsson, as I knew her then, being in the senior class, while I spent two years in junior and two in senior.

I remember her as a quiet, shy, and sensitive girl. She had very few friends. She seemed to prefer solitude then as she does now.

It thrills me very much to have known her even for only a short time. I think she has great pluck to continue making films with all the uncivil remarks passed about her accent. I know how difficult it is to master the English language, and have to admit I cannot speak as well as Miss Garbo, even though I have been in an English-speaking country longer than she.

SIGRID SVENSON.

England.

More Good Old Novels!

NOW that some of our old favorites, such as "Little Women," are being put on the screen, what about some more? My idea of a good film would be "Vanity Fair," with Katharine Hepburn as *Becky Sharp*, Leslie Howard as *Dobbin*, and David Manners as *Rawdon Crawley*. Does any one agree with me?

Of course, I may be considered very old-fashioned, but I love all Charles Dickens's novels and I think Fredric March would make a marvelous affair of "Nicholas Nickleby." Wouldn't it make a grand film? And wouldn't Una Merkel make *Fanny Squeers* come to life in a grand and humorous fashion?

Talking about Fredric March, he is, to my mind, God's greatest gift to the movies.

KAY D'ALTON.

La Maya, Monte Buey,
Cordoba, P. C. A., Argentina.

Give the Men a Break.

SOME people complain of our lack of good male stars, but how do we know we have any? They are given so little to do, with a few exceptions such as Muni,

Robinson, and Arliss. Pictures are built around the women, but we women would like to see the men get more consideration.

We get tired of seeing women dominating all but a few of the pictures. Many of us go to see Gable, Franchot Tone, Warner Baxter, and Otto Kruger, no matter how insignificant their parts may be. The star gets the credit for drawing the crowds, when in reality the credit should go to the leading man in many films.

Clark Gable has been miscast so many times we are getting a little tired of paying our money to see him. He should play virile rôles such as he had in "Red Dust." And please, Clark, cut off that silly mustache. It's not becoming to you at all.

AUDREY HAYDEN.

836 East Washington Street,
San Diego, California.

A Question of Beauty.

ADLAY TALISMAN'S letter would give some amusement to any one with a sense of humor. So Katharine Hepburn is a classic beauty, is she? I must admit Miss Hepburn is one of our most dramatic actresses, but she is not beautiful, by any means. Miss Talisman also said she liked "King Kong." Well, Adlay, *King Kong* and Katharine Hepburn are on a par in beauty standards.

The real screen beauties are, in my opinion, Marion Davies, Madge Evans, Ruby Keeler, Marlene Dietrich, and Norma Shearer. Greta Garbo is in a beauty class of her own.

Mae West, the sensation of to-day, is just another actress who has not enough ability to scale the heights of fame without a lot of ballyhoo. I have read eight life stories of Miss West. One magazine even printed a photo of her being taken to jail after her play was raided. Many stars have reached their position in pictures, not by telling about how many times they have been in jail, but by marvelous acting. Take Ronald Colman, Elissa Landi, Madge Evans, Marion Davies, and a score more—every one a famous star.

MICKEY LEWIS.

Bridgetown, Anna. Co.,
Nova Scotia, Canada.

Works of Art.

I AGREE with Jack Hitt when he says that Greta Garbo is a genius, and I should like to know the name of the silly critic who panned her. One might as well scoff at Raphael's "Sistine Madonna," or the "Ninth Symphony" of Beethoven.

I have always held that Garbo, Arliss, and Chaplin are the three greatest artists the screen has ever known. Others only scratch the surface of the soul a little, but these go deeper and reveal strange, poignant beauties.

CHARLES G. OSGOOD.

315 Charles Street,
Fitchburg, Massachusetts.

Boring the British.

I HAVE just finished reading several English movie magazines, and here are a few of their criticisms of American films: "Baby Face"—A stupid, sordid story. "College Humour"—A weak, sickly story of American college life.

"Doctor Bull"—Will Rogers in a very dull drama.

"I Loved a Woman"—The story is tedious, diffuse, and largely meaningless, but the acting is fairly good.

"Supernatural"—A gruesome "horror" film, out of date in style, heavy in treatment, and unconvincing. Very unpleasant.

"Song of Songs"—This is just a tawdry and utterly unworthy story of sex adventure, spun out to unnecessary length.

Then a fan writing to this magazine, complaining about their double-featured programs, says "the supporting pictures are invariably boring American tommyrot."

All I've got to say is, judging from the number of American pictures shown in the British Isles each year, a vast number of these Britishers must enjoy being bored by "American tommyrot."

L. L. REHERMAN.

654 East Oregon Street,
Evansville, Indiana.

Two Grand Old Girls.

HAVING always been an admirer of character players, I wish to offer a vote of thanks to Henrietta Crossman for her masterly acting in "Pilgrimage." I pray she is not given insignificant parts in future films. She is star material—I thought so after "The Royal Family of Broadway"—and should have stories written for her. If we only see her occasionally as the star it will be worth it.

Too often a player begins his or her movie career with the leading rôle, then drops to small parts. Witness May Robson and Dorothy Peterson! Without malice, I say that May and Henrietta are every bit as good as Marie Dressler. More power to them! Now please, producers, give us more of these grand women.

CLAIRE HOLLOWAY.

51 Hargrave Road, Highgate, N. 19,
London, England.

Hepburn's Childlike Genius.

I'M not afraid! I'm not afraid! Why should I be afraid? I'm the greatest young actress in the world." And how true those words are from the lips of the most fascinating, interesting, and loveliest young actress on the screen! She is unmatched by any other star in the sweet and simple performances she gives.

I first saw her in "Morning Glory," then "Little Women." She was wonderful in both. You must have guessed who she is by now. Yes, that's it, the one and only Katharine Hepburn. One moment she makes you laugh at her antics—"Christopher Columbus!"—and the next she breaks your heart with pathos and childlike genius.

Please, Katharine, don't change. Just keep on being sweet *Eva Lovelace*. We do love you so. And please play again with Douglas Fairbanks. And even if I were to see you a thousand times over in "Little Women," or any of your pictures, it wouldn't be enough for me. Everybody loves you, sweet Katharine.

KAY GAMBLE.

132 Glen Manor Drive,
Toronto, Canada.

More Brains, Less Sex.

WE want better pictures and better entertainment than the cheap, tawdry sex pictures we have been getting. It is really wonderful the way the better pictures have changed in the last few years, showing that they can have intelligence and logic. That is due, to a great degree, to talented and intelligent actresses like Katharine Hepburn and Elissa Landi. They both have beauty and brains, character and versatility, and what vivacious, electrifying personalities!

If 1934 will only discover more like those two, we would have overpacked theaters and the movies would be close to perfection. We are bored with surface types like Garbo, Crawford, Harlow, et cetera, and shallow, sexy stories.

GRACE E. DONAHUE.

121 Palisade Avenue,
Jersey City, New Jersey.

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

JULY
1934

VOLUME XL
NUMBER 5



Photo by Manatt

SOUTHERN SKIES smile down upon Morion Davies and Gary Cooper in the course of "Operator 13," a stirring story of the Civil War elaborately picturized. Miss Davies is an actress who becomes a Union spy and Mr. Cooper is a Confederate officer in love with her. But don't let this set-up cause you to think the story is usual. It isn't, and we miss our guess if it falls short of being among the best pictures of the month.



TALES FROM HOLLYWOOD

By An Extra Girl

As Told To Helen Pade



TAKE Greta Garbo, for instance. She has a different attitude toward us extras. Most stars are condescendingly kind, or out and out high-hat with us. Garbo is just humanly considerate.

"An extra isn't a menial, a peasant, or a laborer," I heard her say to her friend, Salka Viertel, one day. "An extra is an artist, if he's a good extra, and he deserves treatment as such."

Some one told her that in another studio there's a sign that calls the extras "temporary actors." She laughed loud and long at that and said, "Hah, that is good! Very temporary, poor things. But a much better name than just 'extra.' In Hollywood that so often sounds like a term of contempt."

Garbo is always tired, because she has a sort of anæmia, as you probably know. It is not dangerous, but very enervating. She conserves her energy and pours it unstintedly into her acting, and that leaves her exhausted between scenes. Because she is always so tired herself, it is characteristic of her to notice the weariness of those around her, and worry about it.

That trait once caused her to start one of the few personal chats I have ever had with her, although I've often stood quietly by and heard her talking to other people.

"You look tired, my dear," she called suddenly from a dark corner in which her chair had been placed. "Sit down and rest yourself."

I explained that I felt a bit ill, but couldn't sit down because it would wrinkle my costume. She laughed scornfully.

"These costumers! Sit down anyway. Here is a chair. One should not get overtired. It is dangerous to the health, and it prevents you from doing your best work."

We extras not only have the chance to hear and see a good deal of such stars as Garbo, whom you writers can't even approach, but we get, I think, a great deal more inside information about many of the players you see frequently.

Now, for instance, I know a side of George Raft that has never been touched upon in stories published about him. You haven't heard of his interest in prison reform, have you?

Well, George was raised in a tough section of New York, and his boyhood playmates, many of them, grew up on the wrong side of the law. Some went to prison.



BY AN EXTRA

A brand-new slant on the stars at work, with not a writer in sight, shows most of them to be more human than when they are posing for their public.

In their behalf, he has been actively interested in prison reform, and has helped several of them to get good jobs and go straight after they got out of "stir."

Unlike Garbo, Connie Bennett pays about as much attention to an extra as she would to a telephone pole. For that reason, however, she reveals herself to us. I've heard her discuss personal matters right before several of us, and otherwise show that our presence didn't abash or restrain her in any way. Still, she's very human.

Once she threw an awful tantrum on the set and walked away from the cameras. She had a woman visitor on the side lines. When no one but myself and another mere extra were near them, she said to this friend, "Don't look so startled. I was just acting. In this business you must throw a fit occasionally to impress people. And if I do say it myself, I'm a swell fit-thrower! If I could only foam at the mouth—but that would require soap, and I hate the taste of soap."

I'll always like Clark Gable and his present wife, Ria Langham, after hearing their little family consultation about his former wife, Josephine Dillon. It seems that the latter had been writing articles about Clark. That brought her a flood of indignant letters from Clark's fans, who also bawled out the magazine editor for publishing her stories and then bragged to their dear Clark in letters about what they'd done.

In the sweetest, most human way you can imagine, Clark and his wife worried over this persecution of Miss Dillon by his enthusiastic but misguided fans, and tried to think of some means of stopping it.

Miss Pade, now you tell me something! I've often seen you around with Joan Blondell. But do you know

that Joan sometimes goes about the studio barefooted, even to executives' offices? No? I thought not. I didn't think she'd let a writer know about that kidlike trait, even if she doesn't mind having her bicycling, kite-flying, top-spinning and roller-skating ballyhooed. That's Joan—still a kid at heart.

You've heard that Katharine Hepburn is temperamental dynamite, haven't you? Well, some studio officials seem to think so, too, but the ones that get along with her best are those who talk right back to her.

I saw an executive approach her once, all smiles, apologetic shrugs and soft soap, and suggest that she write a letter to some one—I didn't catch the name—thanking him for something or other. Katharine promptly refused. Her refusal was good-natured enough. You got the idea that she said "no" just by force of habit. He became more insistent. Then she flared up, and walked away.

A bit later, a less important studio official marched up to her. He had one of her photographs, and a note he had dictated, both for her to sign. And they were both for the person to whom she had just refused to write a letter! Again she refused. He insisted jovially, and she grew angry. Then he thrust her into a chair, threw the picture and letter into her lap, and held out his fountain pen.

"See here, foolish, sign these, and don't sass me! My time's valuable, if yours isn't."

Katharine's eyes popped wide, but as she bent over to write the signatures, I could see that she was grinning.

You'd be surprised to know how many stars have socialistic tendencies. Jimmy Cagney told me that he was for Socialism and Communism, to the extent that

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LEE TRACY'S

Hearing of Lee's trouble in Mexico was the second blow for Isabel within half an hour. The other was learning that nothing could be done for her father's blindness.

Lee and Miss Jewell have been engaged for a long time but Isabel says she will not marry until she catches up with him professionally.



Photos by Freulich



By E. R. Moak

THE specialists had agreed that Doctor Lee Jewell's only possible escape from total blindness lay in a dangerous operation. It was a one-thousand-to-one shot they were about to play, but the patient had signified his willingness.

They had fixed 4 p. m. as the hour for their desperate effort.

Before a mirror in her studio dressing room, Isabel Jewell removed her screen make-up with trembling hands. At her side was her colored maid, waiting to slip a gray sports frock over the actress's blond head.

A diamond-studded wrist watch, a gift from Lee Tracy, warned her that it was already 2:35.

"No time to lose," she remarked, attempting a smile.

"Don't worry, Missy," answered the maid, sympathetically. "You'll make it."

Dressed for the street, Isabel seized gloves and purse and hied herself to the publicity director's office.

"I'm on my way to see my father, and I'd like to borrow the proofs of my new portraits," she told him.

"Can't be done," snapped the bureau chief, without glancing up. "Can't permit players to take proofs off the lot."

She choked back a sob. "I—I guess you don't understand," she faltered. "Dad's to undergo an operation this afternoon, and I wanted him to have a look at those pictures before—just in case—well, in case—"

"My God, Isabel, why didn't you tell me!" exclaimed the other, bounding out of his seat.

Isabel, a portfolio tucked beneath her arm, started for her coupé outside the gates. Shouts of the newsboys brought her to a sudden halt.

"Wuxtry! Lee Tracy arrested in Mexico!"

A quick perusal of the story, and Isabel stepped on the gas, pointing the car's nose in the direction of the nearest telegraph office. The message she sent to Lee in care of Metro's "Viva Villa" unit in Mexico City read:

"I know newspaper stories untrue, honey. Send me facts. All my love."

Faces of the surgeons at her father's bedside were grave as she entered the hospital room.

"Well, Babe, the operation is off," Doctor Jewell announced, feigning gayety.

Isabel's joy was short-lived, however.

WONDER WOMAN

The power behind the Tracy throne is the petite Isabel Jewell, whose dimpled chin is one of the most determined in Hollywood.

"Yes," spoke up one of the attending medicos, "we've just completed another examination, and we've told your father we can do nothing for him."

The ninety-five pounds of femininity that is Isabel Jewell winced under that blow, the second stiff uppercut handed her within thirty minutes! Yet she retained her equilibrium, this brainy, courageous maid who is the real power behind Lee Tracy's celluloid throne.

The petite Isabel's chin is one of the wonders of Hollywood. It's a mite of a jib, delicately carved, faintly dimpled, slightly upturned, in case you have eyes only for beauty. But as a buffer against life's cruel bombardment, it's as impregnable as old Gibraltar itself.

Isabel, diminutive though she is, is made of the stuff that drove the frontiersmen on beyond civilization's outposts. Sheer determination, an inheritance from her illustrious pater, has carried her over many difficult hurdles since she ran away from Hamilton College in Lexington, Kentucky, to launch her campaign for footlight fame.

She's an independent bit of humanity, insisting always upon paddling her own canoe.

"I want nothing that I haven't earned through my own efforts," she once told me. What's more, she meant it!

At twenty-five, she has learned to mix bitter with the sweet—and how!

It was almost thirty years ago that Doctor Jewell, brilliant young scientist, resigned his post with the Mayo Clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, to wage war on spotted or tick fever then ravaging the populace of the Rocky Mountain States and considered almost one hundred per cent fatal.

Accompanied by his bride, he moved to Shoshone, Wyoming, a hamlet of fewer than three hundred persons, hung out his shingle as a country physician, and began his search for a preventive as well as a cure for the dread malady.

Success crowned his efforts two years after the birth of the blue-orbed Isabel, and won him the acclaim of the medical profession the world over.

When the child was twelve, she was bundled off to St. Mary's Hall, in Fairbault, Minnesota, after which she spent two years in Hamilton College.

It was while she was in the Kentucky school that Isabel made her debut as a Thespian, portraying the 80-year-old charwoman in the Lexington Little Theater's presentation of "Outward Bound."

She was only seventeen when she slipped away to Chicago to seek a toehold on the stage.

Chicago producers, though, weren't receiving neophytes with open arms, so when the bank account she had piled up through coaching Hamilton College dramatic students and tutoring pupils in French was almost exhausted, she found herself a job as secretary to the head of a concrete-post concern, a far cry from her cherished goal, but a meal-ticket nevertheless. Her leisure was devoted to a never-ceasing hunt for a berth in the theater.

Isabel eventually won an introduction to Harry Minter, stock star and producer. She impressed him with her sincerity.

"I can't hire you because of your lack of experience," he informed her, "but you can stick around during our weekly rehearsals and learn something in that way."

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Isabel is climbing, so it may not be long till she gives in. Rumors are buzzing around that they have already elaped.



Ruth Chatterton stops at an old and staid hotel while she renews friendships in the theater.

A CENSUS of important Hollywood visitors can be taken backstage at "Tobacco Road" in Henry Hull's dressing room. Most of them are frankly envious of his triumph as an actor; many of them wonder why he wants to challenge Hollywood by going out soon to make pictures for Universal.

It is doubtful if pictures will let him play any such raw, crude, poor white trash characters as *Jeeter*. Producers, no doubt, will see him as he looks off-stage, a handsome juvenile.

To my knowledge, he has looked like an impish, quizzical, romantic young man for the past ten years, even when he got the news that his son was about to launch forth as *Peter Pan* in a Washington stock company.

Friends report that twenty years ago, at a tender age, he was expertly playing brash old men, arriving at the theater wearing chin whiskers and a wig so that the stage manager would not spank him and send him off to school. He has made forays into pictures off and on for several years without conspicuous success, but meanwhile he could always be counted on to bowl critics and the public over in another play. "Tobacco Road" is one of the outstanding hits of the past season, satisfying both critics and cash customers.

Just when everything is going great, Henry becomes the big playboy, and harassed managers seek a good reason for asking him to leave the cast. Only once—during the run of "Grand Hotel"—did they find it. But personally or professionally, Henry is dramatic suspense, so look out for the launching of the Hull in Hollywood. He might swipe the laurels of any one from Baby Leroy to Lionel Barrymore.

THEY

Hordes of Hollywood visitors swoop down on Manhattan, a few to give—but more to take what they can.

By Karen Hollis

Alice Faye flew East for a one-night appearance with Rudy Vallée's band, then flew right back again for a date with Lyle Talbot.

Cagney Grows Wistful.—James Cagney, Bebe Daniels, and Ben Lyon dropped in to see Hull one evening recently. Cagney sat in a corner and all but groaned, so great was the nostalgia for the theater brought back by this literally dirty play. When Hull slapped his threadbare shirt, and a cloud of dust flew out, Jimmy had that just-let-me-play-in-the-theater-once-more-before-I-die air.

Gloria's Test Flight.—Next to try the personal-appearance test to prove her unflagging popularity.

Betty Furness lands an M.-G.-M. contract.



Say in NEW YORK—

to say nothing of gathering in the shekels for the dazzling Hattie Carnegie wardrobe she has been assembling, is Gloria Swanson. She is all set with a contract to make "Barbary Coast" for Sam Goldwyn, and then re-make "Three Weeks" for M.-G.-M., but it seemed like a good idea for Gloria to remind the public, whose memory is notoriously short, that she is the one who always wins them back after they have gone scattering their plaudits here and there.

Gossip Rears Its Ugly Head.—Spending most of her time in her Waldorf-Astoria suite surrounded by frocks, hats, designs, and what not submitted for her approval—Gloria never goes shopping—she was none too pleased one evening when she went out night-clubbing with Herbert Marshall to find a tabloid photographer lurking near by.

Those plaintive, adoring glances that Mr. Marshall casts at her cause talk. To all who know Gloria, her husbands in job lots, her admirers in droves, arouse no surprise whatever and only the most tepid interest. She has the most extravagant capacity for living. It is inevitable that people who know her companionable, merry, magnetic way of swooping here and there should want to join the party.

Pauline Lord, original Anna Christie of the stage, makes a film debut in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



Irene Dunne is delighted with the reception given "That Man Is Mine."

Chatterton or Mackaill, but, such are the ill fortunes of the theater, most of them have neither money nor good plays on hand. And players are chary about investing money in productions. All except the gallant Hepburn. She wants to try the stage again.

The Empty Chair at "Viva Villa."—After "Viva Villa!" opened on Broadway, admirers with Lee Tracy's best interests at heart telegraphed him congratulating him on not being in the picture.

Ethel Merman is advised to try the new banana and skimmed milk diet for Eddie Cantor's forthcoming film.

Family Reunion.—Alan Dinehart brought his lovely bride, Mozelle Brittone, on for her first visit to New York, while he traded his home in Westport, Connecticut, for one in Riverside, California, arranged for production of "Alley Cat," a play he has written, and saw his son, aged sixteen, after three years' separation.

Alan's divorced wife, who had sole custody of the son, died recently and plans for his future were a little up in the air. Mozelle settled that instantly. She thought it was marvelous to have a son around the house, and quelled all his doubts about being the third that makes a crowd with one of her expansive smiles.

She had been looking forward to sight-seeing New York with Alan.

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WESTMAN HO!

Introducing one of the most amusing actresses to come from the stage, Nydia Westman, who is growing on producers and audiences.

By Franc Dillon

When appearing briefly as the comical character who couldn't believe my eyes. Surely Nydia Westman who rolled her audiences' eyes a few years ago. I saw her first time on the stage with Wallace Ford for two years later "Lysistrata"—all decided to see Nydia Westman?

That Picture Play readers had seen her in "The Lion Man," "Two Alone," and "The Girl Who Came to Stay" and to know more about her. The actress had left at seven o'clock

any one ever got up that early, she says does."



Her small rôle stood out in "Little Women," with Hepburn. She has her reasons for leaving her position on the stage and starting with minor parts in pictures.



Miss Westman was at the Columbia studio working with Grace Moore, in "One Night of Love."

"Is it a comedy part?" I asked eagerly, when I found her there.

"I hope so," she told me, "but I never know. When I opened in 'Two Girls Wanted' in New York, I thought I was playing a straight lead. Imagine my embarrassment when it came to my big dramatic scene to have the audience shriek with laughter. They howled! I knew I was a failure. I wanted to die."

So I venture to say you'll laugh when you see her in "One Night of Love," just as you always do when she appears.

"I had to get into pictures to protect what I had on the stage," she said when I asked her how she happened to leave New York, where she was a favorite with theatergoers, to appear in comparatively minor rôles in films.

"You see," she continued, "pictures have become so important in the amusement world. The publicity gained by playing in films is so widespread compared with what we get on the stage, that

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"If you can look at your rushes, you can take it," says Nydia. But the writer brings out that she is still very modest about her screen work.

Photo by Coburn

A black and white portrait of actress Madeleine Carroll. She is shown from the chest up, looking slightly to her left. Her hair is styled in an elegant, updo with curls. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, dress with a dark, high collar. The background is a soft, out-of-focus light color.

FAVORITES
of the FANS

MADELEINE CARROLL



GENIAL, glittering, and gorgeous, she needn't have a sense of humor to get over in a big way. But Thelma Todd insists that life is funny and acting is still funnier. She'll show you what she means in Wheeler and Woolsey's "Cock-eyed Cavaliers."

THELMA TODD



Photo by Ray Jones

JOAN MARSH

TO reduce or not to reduce, that is what Joan Marsh would like to know. She shed pounds and pounds at the behest of Paramount, and now there are those who say she has lost some of her magnetism and vitality. She still has her beauty, though—plenty of it



MONA BARRIE



CLAIRE TREVOR



PHYLLIS BARRY



KATHERINE WILLIAMS

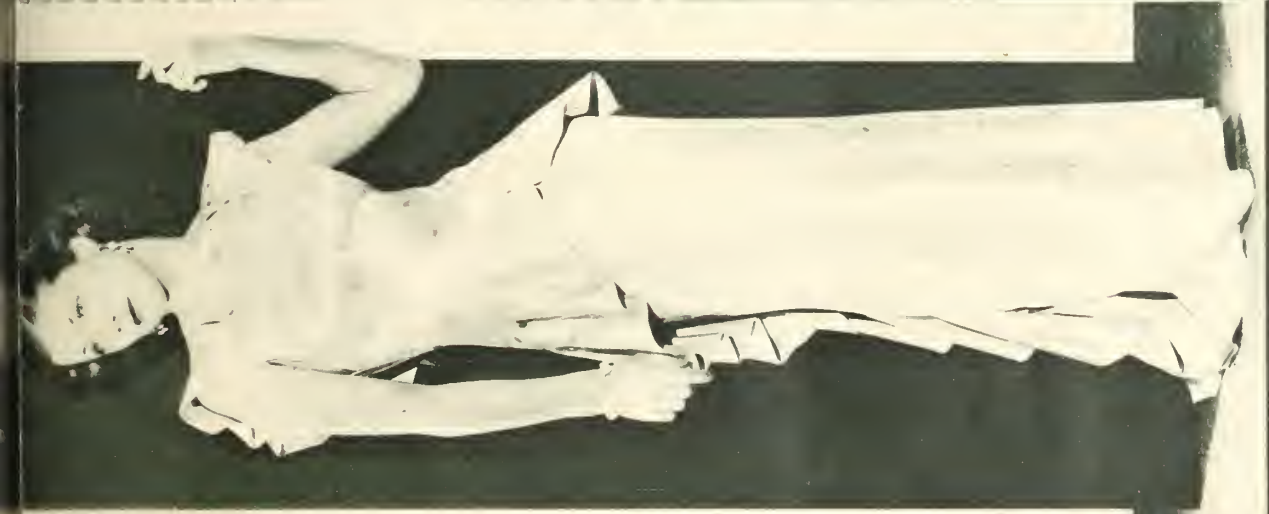
HOLLYWOOD MAKES A DISCOVERY-



FRANCES DEE



HEATHER ANGEL



IRENE HERVEY



LUPE VELEZ

SIMPLICITY IS ALWAYS SMARTER!



Photo by Elmer Frye

VERREE TEASDALE

SMOOTH, unstudied model of sophistication, Verree Teasdale can't help being elegant and discriminating—she was born that way. She's to have her best screen opportunity in "When Tomorrow Comes," with Kay Francis, and what a pair they'll make.



Photo by Henry Freulich

PERT, provocative, tiny, and blond, she has made her own place on the screen. There's no one to dispute it for there's not another girl in Hollywood who has what it takes to make an Alice White. She's a soubrette with Cleopatra's technique.

ALICE WHITE



Photo by Otto

THE amazing story of Jahn Bales and Mrs. Wagner on the opposite page is exactly what John's fans have been waiting for. It will gladden their hearts, it will raise him even higher in their estimation, it will—well, read it and be joyful.

DREAM SON

Stranger than fiction is this true story of the New England woman whose life is cheered by a son-who-might-have-been, John Boles.

By Sidney Riley



Upon meeting, their affection proved to be mutual, and now John invites Mrs. Wagner to visit him every summer.



Mrs. Violetta Wagner and her husband recognized John as their ideal son from the first moment they saw him on the screen.

TOO often the screen is condemned as a bad influence. The sacred missions it has performed to bring joy and gladness into barren lives are left untold. Its vices are overemphasized, its virtues overlooked.

Among the latter is one of the greatest human-interest stories ever to come out of Hollywood, the story of the friendship of John Boles and middle-aged, maternal Violetta Wagner.

All her life Mrs. Wagner had wanted a son. But through the many years of her marriage to the genial hotel man who was her husband, there had come no male child who could grow up to carry his father's name and shoulder his responsibilities.

One night four years ago the Magners sat in a small picture theater of their home city, Norwalk, Connecticut, and across the screen there walked a tall, dark, handsome

fellow, with straight nose, candid gray eyes, even teeth, white-toothed smile.

Mr. Wagner laid his hand softly over that of his wife's and said, "Mother, there is our boy—the one who might have been."

Silently, with tears ready to fall, Violetta Wagner nodded assent.

The picture was "Rio Rita," the actor John Boles. And from that remote meeting, a shadow man on a shadow screen, and a flesh-and-blood couple in their sixties, has sprung the tenderest, the most charming and yet the strangest friendship that has yet come from Hollywood.

Regularly, as Boles's pictures came to the small city of thirty thousand, the Magners would leave their bungalow, built high on near-by rocks, to see the man who

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Photo by Freulich

CANDID FORTY- NINER

Lionel Atwill scratches his leg as openly as he tells the truth about his age and everything else in a fruitful visit to his mountaintop home.

By Madeline Glass

"Forty-nine is indeed a gracious age—for men," says Miss Glass of Lionel Atwill, who informs us that he is four years younger than John Barrymore and six years the junior of Lionel.

YESTERDAY," said Lionel Atwill, "was my forty-ninth birthday."

Looking at his handsome, unlined face I truthfully said, "You don't look your age, Mr. Atwill. Why don't you lop off ten years?"

"Why should I?" he demanded.

After thinking heavily for a moment I admitted that my suggestion was pointless.

"I'm four years younger than John Barrymore," he continued, "and six years younger than my good friend, Lionel Barrymore."

Unconcernedly he reached down and vigorously scratched the calf of his leg.

I had been told that Mr. Atwill is a haughty Englishman. English he is, but not haughty. You can tell that by his servants. Look what greeted me when I took myself high up a West Hollywood mountainside to his isolated residence for a chat with him.

A Japanese gardener led me to a side door, the front entrance being on the cliff side of the house. There, instead of finding a poker-faced butler, I was met by a Chinese cook whose white cap reposed jauntily on the side of his head. Smiling toothfully, he gestured me inside. A colored maid, smiling even more toothily, appeared.

"Come right in here, honey," she invited cordially, leading me into a big living room where mellow eighteenth-century pieces stood among the snappiest efforts of Grand Rapids. "Sit wherever you like, honey," she added.

I wondered idly if she addressed Mr. Atwill in such flattering terms. No, smarty, I didn't ask him!

"Did you choose this place because of its inaccessibility?" I inquired.

"Partly," he admitted, with what I soon found was characteristic frankness. "That and the view. Look."

From the sun porch, which juts out over the mountainside, we gazed at the glistening Pacific twenty miles away. Far out in the blue distance lay Catalina Island. "My wife and I like California. We've found that we can have practically everything here that we had in the East, by heck!"

The present Mrs. Atwill is a wealthy Social Registerite. Her son by a former marriage lives with them. Lionel's son by a former marriage is studying medicine in London.

Mr. Atwill was born in Croydon, England, and at an early age set out to make something of himself. In his colorful life he has seen nearly everything worth seeing, done everything that a gentleman's elastic code permits, and known nearly every one who is anybody.

Unlike the late King Albert, who put his sons in a public school so that they might "get their shins kicked," Atwill, père, turned Lionel over to a private tutor. That seems to have been rather unnecessary, for one has only to look at Lionel's heavy cheek bones and cold blue eyes to know that he could have returned kick for kick with enthusiasm.

His education was polished off at Mercer's school in London, where he studied architecture. Nothing came of that, however, for at twenty he was on the Garrick Theater stage, playing a footman in "The Walls of Jericho." Since then he has starred in many plays, in-

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Ha, Count Dracula himself giving you the evil eye! But don't be fooled. He'd rather play *Don Quixote* or something jolly so you can see him as he is in the larger photo.

BIG BAD BELA

Lugosi, the screen madman and ogre, is tracked to his home and found to be a humorous, good-natured chap with a pretty wife and three pampered pups.

LUGOSI, the fiend! I anticipated our meeting with forebodings. Although Lugosi's residence in Manhattan was a modern apartment house, not even remotely resembling his Castle Dracula, I was certain that the interior would shame a sorcerer's chambers.

With a vision in my mind of Bela, the master of terror who has chilled millions with his screen demons, I pictured rooms with heavy black hangings, skulls perched atop the piano, and a host barely able to restrain himself from leaping at my throat.

When my fearful forefinger touched the bell, a tall, genial gentleman ushered me into a cheery suite of rooms. Surely this was not the home of the weird Bela Lugosi! (Pronounced Bayla Lu-go-see.)

Bela stood looking down at me. The features were those of the man who has raised the blood pressure and lowered the sleeping average of the nation, but the expression was actually benevolent. Benevolence on the face of *Count Dracula* was an amazing sight.

The Hungarian actor is a muscular chap with twinkling, intelligent blue eyes and an attitude that puts one at ease immediately. There are lines in his face, but they are not from the scowls of monsters. They are from smiling.

And strangely enough, the man who has become celebrated as a film madman and ogre ardently dislikes horror in all its forms. He would rather play *Romeo* or *Don Quixote* or comedy parts than creeping menaces.

He describes himself as a heavy by circumstance, not by nature. He bemoans his screen fate and says, "I am



By Joe Mackey

definitely typed, doomed to be an exponent of evil. But I want sympathetic rôles. Then perhaps parents would tell their offspring, 'Eat your spinach and you'll grow up to be a nice man like Bela Lugosi.' As it is, they threaten the children with me instead of the boggy-man.

"This typing is overdone. I can play varied rôles, but whenever some nasty man is wanted to romp through a picture with a wicked expression and numerous lethal devices, Lugosi is suggested. Why, they even wanted to cast me as the *Big Bad Wolf* in 'The Three Little Pigs'!"

The actor's tastes are in no way as *outré* as his film parts would lead one to believe. An example of his quite normal—and quite excellent—taste is Mrs. Lugosi. I had expected to meet an exotic with Machiavelian eyebrows and all the characteristics of a female *Dracula*, but she proved to be a charming, cultured woman who seems scarcely beyond her teens.

He is too busy for many hobbies but is an animal lover and is devoted to his dogs, Pluto, Hector, and Bodri, which he raised from pups. When his favorite, *Dracula*, a black Alaskan husky, died he could not work for days.

He is not a movie fan but chooses Mickey Mouse as his favorite screen player.

He considers his portrayal as *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the Royal National Theater in Budapest his best stage work, and the part that skyrocketed him to fame, that of the vampire count in "*Dracula*," best of his film impersonations.

I asked him if he, not being a horror addict, could explain the continued demand for horror pictures.

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Photo by Coburn

NORMA SHEARER

Norma uses material walls to assist her in building more strongly the psychological effect she wishes to achieve. At first glance, the white-washed brick wall that towers ten feet across the front of Norma's home at Santa Monica reminds one of a stockade. However, if you are privileged to enter, you are delighted at the flower garden that greets you on the other side, before you enter the cheery living room. This is suggestive of the wall of reserve that forever surrounds Norma. Always courteous and charming, she allows few people to enter.

THEIR HOMES

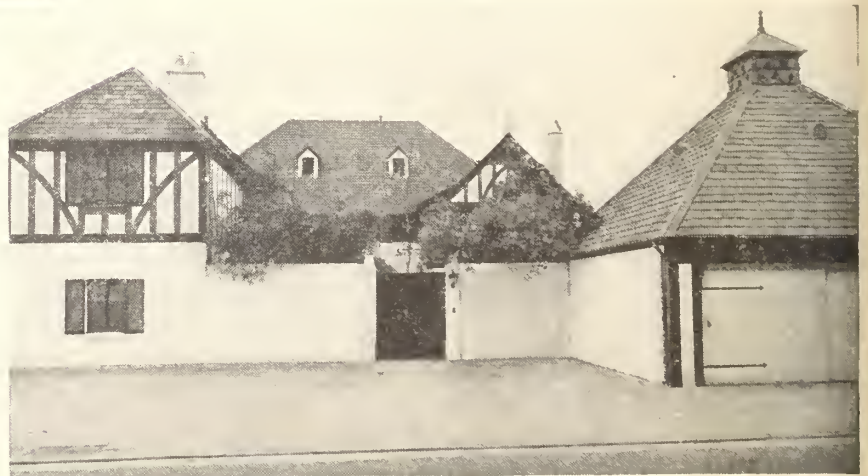
Unmistakable indexes of character, of taste
—are these exteriors behind which live stars

PERHAPS you are satisfied with one street number to identify your residence, but friends of Cecil DeMille, the superb showman, are not surprised that he has three numbers designating three separate entrances to his home, and all in Neon lights.

You may choose to give the individual touch to your drawing-room by a Rembrandt, but Tom Mix hangs on his wall five or six ornate saddles mounted on silver standards, a small saddle and the boots worn by Thomasina when a tot, and racks of guns and other trophies, all of which would probably cause Emily Post's hair to turn gray overnight. But Emily may never be entertained in the Mix drawing-room, so why worry?

DOLORES DEL RIO

When Cedric Gibbons created a home to fit the personality of his exotic wife, Dolores del Rio, he made it obvious that he meant to take her out of anything Spanish or pseudo-Spanish. The entire front is without any opening except the recessed door. This eccentric construction gives unusual wall space for the interior, and the back of the house facing the garden and swimming pool is almost entirely glass. Every latest innovation has been used, in the best of modernistic designs. Never have you seen so much glass in a house, all reminding you of the fragile beauty of Miss Del Rio.



CLARK GABLE

This is the home of any successful banker, only less magnificent. Notice how it sets by the wayside, perhaps thirty feet back from the street. No effort to place it in an inaccessible spot. Clark is a plain man with a great wealth of affection for his fellow men. He likes to be near them. In a marked degree, the location of his house, the simplicity of its construction, the absence of folderol flower beds on the wide lawn, all bespeak the character of a man who has learned that happiness lies not in showy possessions but in the attitude of the mind.



REFLECT THEM

—even of soul
you all know.

By Maude Lathem

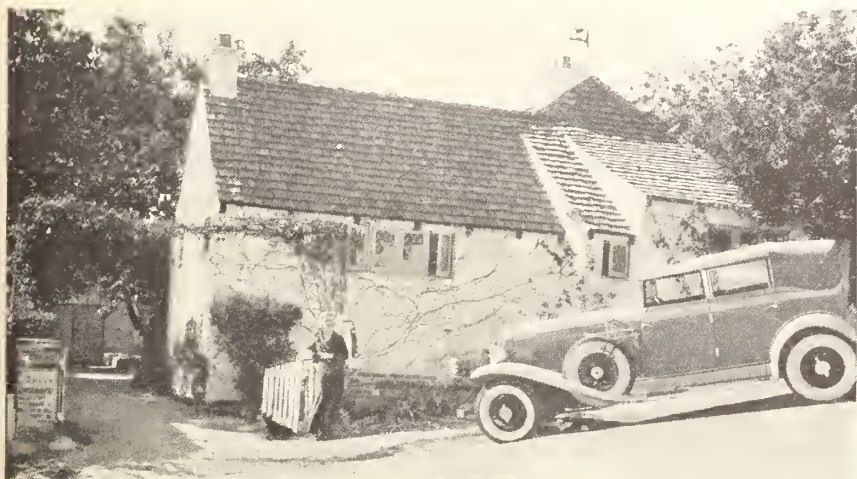
YOU may have thought of ermine only as a fur for your best evening wrap, but one glimpse at the alluring manner in which Dolores del Rio uses it as a cover for her bed, and a fetching blonde dyes it for her automobile robe, and you'll admit that individual taste finds many intriguing uses for it. Do you ever rush into your bathroom and stub your toe on the daily bugaboo, the scales? This agony may be eliminated by following the plan used by Harold and Mildred Lloyd in their palatial home. The scales are built flush with the floor and the dial in the wall on a level with the eye.

It is my contention that you don't have to see the inside of a home. You may read much about the player as you run, by merely noting the location of his house and the style of its architecture.

LEW AYRES

An unusual place, as you can see. Interesting in that one ponders the reason back of it all. It's a house of angles, a house of different elevations—one might say a groping house. It is the home of a young actor who is still not sure, still trying to find himself. Success came quickly to Lew Ayres, so quickly that he has not had time to adjust himself, and in this home you sense that struggle, that reaching out for a firmer foundation and understanding of himself and life.

This hillside home truly reflects Lew's search for peace and contentment.



BETTE DAVIS

Some players reveal themselves by a little touch here and there, as Bette Davis did, for instance. At the moment, she is reveling in the privacy of the former Garbo home, but a little while ago Bette showed her youthful pride in the size of her fan mail by displaying an enormous mail box in front of her house, that bore the name "DAVIS" in huge letters. That's all right, Bette, even if all your fan mail did go to the studio.

This charming place is a perfect setting for the blond Bette.

JEAN HARLOW

So you thought the sexy Harlow would build just the kind of home she did, on a knoll right in front of the fashionable Bel Air entrance, where every tourist could view it with envy? Just guess again. You missed the motive. Jean is a great lover of the beautiful and in so far as possible she desires to share the beauty of her possessions with those who like her enough to be interested.

She is glad for you to see the home you enabled her to build. It is up a steep hill, difficult to climb, but once there the beauty and artistry of everything delights the eye.



HOLLYWOOD

Pithy Reports From Cinema Headquarters.

A CONSPIRACY is on against Mae West. As you probably know, Hollywood stars are all against her. She hates socializing. She's bold and different. And what's worse, she is used as a club to keep salaries down.

When a star dashes into a big executive's office demanding a raise, the boss will start comparing the sparkler's films with those of *la West*, and the comparison is usually unfavorable. Mae's pictures are nearly always shown to make much more money and her salary to be much less.

Wherefore, the star goes out of the office filled with venom for Mae, and since this has happened a number of times in the past year, it has grown to be a widespread irritation. As a result, propaganda is being spread already that Miss West's next film, "It Ain't No Sin," isn't so hot. And if you've read or heard this particular tale, it may pay to wait and see the film before forming an opinion.

Jean Parker displays this summer's niftiest in beach togs, while Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell go for strange water gadgets. The cute youngster is Shirley Temple.



HIGHLIGHTS

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Cameramen Getting Break.—It's all the style now for stars to marry their cameramen. Jean Harlow and Joan Blondell started the vogue, and now Mary Kornman, former child star, has carried the precedent along by wedding Leo Tovar, who photographed her in Bing Crosby's "College Humor." Mary got acquainted with him at that time, and they eloped to Yuma.

Also it looks very serious between Evelyn Venable and Hal Mohr, who shot "David Harum." They are seen together constantly.

A Marital Prophecy.—Denial after denial has been bombarded at those who have questioned the solidity of the Gloria Swanson-Michael Farmer and Herbert Marshall-Edna Best marriages. Meanwhile the air has been full of rumors. The moves on that particular checkerboard of purported romance have been interesting. First Edna Best left Hollywood for England. Then Gloria Swanson set forth for New York. Then just a short time afterward Marshall hied to New York. And all the while Michael Farmer was in Europe. It's something to figure out, but there are plenty to prophesy that Marshall and Gloria will be married in a year or so. Gloria admits an impending divorce.

Ready to Fly to Wife.—No one can question Wallace Beery's devotion to his wife, Rita. All the time that she was ill, and while he was away on location for "Treasure Island," he kept an airplane ready to fly to her bedside. The company shot the picture around the bay district of San Francisco, which, of course, is some four hundred miles from Hollywood, where Mrs. Beery was in a hospital. She suffered from influenza, accompanied by a slight heart attack. Comparatively few people know Rita, because the Beerys have usually led a rather secluded life. But Wally thinks the world of her.

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Dorothy Granger is taking no chances with a perfect complexion while sunning herself. The gal on the flying trapeze is Patricia Ellis, who'll be seen in "The Circus Clown."



UNBLINDED BY



Photo by Hurrell

"I don't see how any living creature could have his head turned in Hollywood," says Helen Hayes, who knows how frail a prop is public favor. She's returning in June for "What Every Woman Knows."

EVERY now and then I become enthusiastic about a certain young player and think, "Now she will be the next idol."

I've been right several times, only my triumph turns to dismay when, after a season or two of success, there is a slump. Sometimes after another two or three years they rise again to popularity and sometimes they don't.

Now what?—thinks I. Is it Hollywood that licks

By

Helen Ludlam

them, or is it personal vanity? Or the fact that the young player has not remained on the stage long enough to acquire a thorough grounding in her art, a thing as necessary to good work and lasting success as water and sunlight to a flower?

When Helen Hayes came to New York in the Theater Guild's play, "Mary of Scotland," I thought now there's the gal who can answer all my questions. And when some weeks later Katharine Hepburn opened in "The Lake," I thought ah, ha! there's two of 'em—both brilliant artists and one of them tested and tried. For Miss Hepburn, in spite of the splash she made on the screen, may be just a flash in the pan. She'll have to rise above a failure or two before she can win the wreath of immortelles.

A coincidence turned the subject of my interview from generalities into hot news.

Apparently unaffected by her sojourn in Hollywood, Helen Hayes returned to Broadway a brilliant success.

After a meteoric success in Hollywood, Katharine Hepburn returned to Broadway, if not actually a flop, certainly an anticlimax. She left the stage less than two years ago one of its most promising young daughters, but "The Lake" was a sad disappointment.

Well, that doesn't prove anything. "The Lake," I hear, was indifferent material and Miss Hepburn was cast in a part unsuited to her. And yet, in a way, this very fact is a point in favor of my argument. If Miss Hepburn were thoroughly experienced, she could have put her personality harmoniously into the character she was portraying, or she would have refused a part she felt herself unequal to. Did the success she had in Hollywood warp her judgment, make her think she could do *anything* and get away with it?

It caused a lot of talk in New York.

When I asked Miss Hayes what, in her opinion, Hollywood did to young players if they made too much of a success before they were seasoned, she replied, "Are you referring to Miss Hepburn's reception in 'The Lake'?"

I explained that the basic idea of my story was actors in general, not a specific instance, although, things breaking as they had, Miss Hepburn would have to be Exhibit A.

STAR DUST

What does Hollywood do to stage players? It gives Helen Hayes, star of Broadway's most successful play, an inferiority complex. But what of Katharine Hepburn? What did it do to her?

We were in Helen's dressing room after the final curtain of her play. She who a moment before had been the proud, beautiful queen was now a tired girl trembling with the reaction of so emotional a rôle.

Miss Hayes overthrew all my theories at first and then unconsciously reinstated most of them.

"Generally speaking," she said slowly as she carefully removed the royal make-up from her earnest little face, "I don't see that it matters whether we go to Hollywood well-grounded in a stage career or not. I feel very strongly that it doesn't matter.

"I went there with years of stage experience behind me and it was said that I could act. A prize fighter appeared shortly afterward in a clever picture, and it was said that he could act. And a little girl who won a beauty contest caught the imagination of the press and the studio and it was said that she could act.

"Now we know that no one can act, no matter how gifted he may be, until he has had several years of hard experience. But on the screen this doesn't seem to matter. There was no distinction between the three of us."

Photo by Apeda

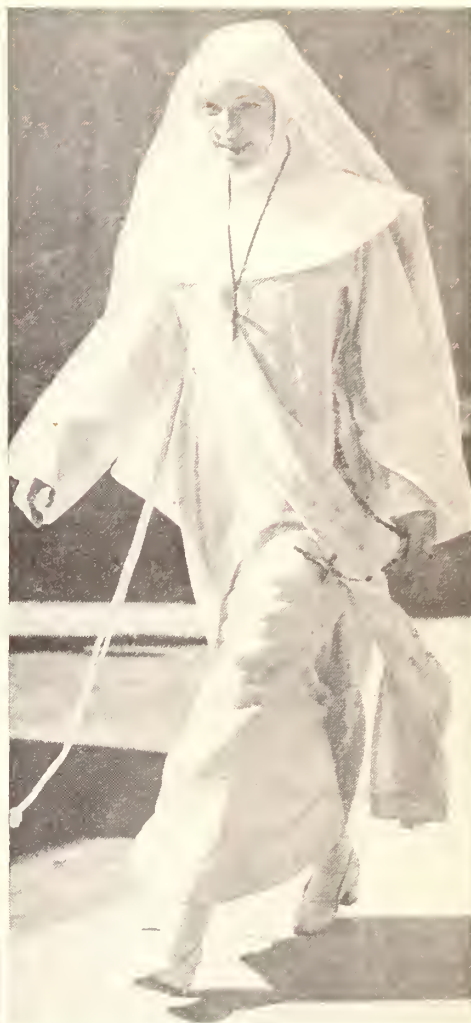


Photo by Wide World

This informal picture of Miss Hayes in "The White Sister" shows how earnestly she goes to her work, without fuss or pose.

Well, maybe there wasn't at first except to those who know their theater, but wait a season or two until the real values are shaken down to the box-office measure. Then see if the novelty of the prize fighter and the beauty-contest girl can compete with the personality and the experience of a Helen Hayes.

"As far as I am concerned," Miss Hayes continued, "I went to Hollywood a little too late. I think, because I have passed that early youth so important there. For me it had to be that way because I love the theater; but if one wants only a screen career, I don't think it matters.

"I feel that the two mediums of expression are so vastly different

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In the midst of her stage triumph Helen found time to do a few broadcasts with such success that now she's a full-fledged radio star, too.

KEEP ON THE



Ramon Novarro is a much gayer man about town than his fans like to believe.



Ann Harding disappointed the fans when she was divorced.



Let any one criticize Joan Crawford and a witch's curse is invoked.



"Fate kept on happening" to Jean Harlow, but the fans were loudly loyal.

It's fun to be fooled, and when you go realistic with a star the fans resent it, joy. Fantasy and glamour surrounding the stars, real or press-agented illusion,

ABRAMHAM LINCOLN said that you can't fool all the people all the time, and let it never be said that Lincoln didn't know things to spare about human nature. However, he did not go into figures concerning the number of people who *want* to be fooled and who become upset when the veil of illusion is stripped away and stark realism is laid before them.

Yet with no official statistics in, it is safe to wager that the world and his wife would spend their last dime on a pair of rose-colored glasses if the question of preference were brought to bear in this direction.

It may be that fiction, fantasy, and glamour are a means of escape from the reality that the Russian writers set such store by. Be that as it may, the public wants to believe the best—which is not always the truth—about its idols.

There is no asset as valuable to a man as showmanship, which is synonymous for salesmanship, and in the final analysis it insures a measure of fame and a considerable fortune. Greta Garbo possesses showmanship to a marked degree, although whether she came by it naturally or accidentally will always be a moot question.

Even the few privileged to call her Greta will tell you, confidentially of course, that the Swedish One really is not half as mysterious as what goes into corned beef hash; that she didn't know the answers on her arrival in this land of equal rights and unequal fights, and so she kept quiet. Silence certainly proved golden in her particular case, and it did not take Garbo long to discover the truth of this maxim by looking at her bank balance.

It was then that she decided to let "mystery" set in with a vengeance and thus she became more enigmatic with each option renewal. Her tactics drove Metro-Goldwyn slightly daffy, but the public loved it. What was hazarded served to whet its insatiable appetite.

Indeed, if a writer did not invest the actress with sufficient mystery, fans, by constant conjecturing, supplied the deficiency. And now the surest way to have yourself frowned upon, and ultimately excluded from any social gathering, is to state that Garbo is a mere mortal with one eye on the sweet mystery of fluctuating popularity and the other on the vagaries of the box office.

Statistics prove that Ann Harding suffered a cinematic setback after her friendly divorce from her erstwhile husband, Harry Bannister. The boomerang that she unwittingly permitted to strike her was the oft-repeated story of their wedded bliss. Miss Harding welcomed any listener that would lend an ear to the tale that she and her husband were the happiest married couple in the world and that the lasting quality of their union would make Tennyson's "Brook" seem a momentary trickle compared to their marital endurance.

For a time it was uncertain whether fans were "for or agin'" Janet Gaynor for telling it to a judge and sending hubby, Lydell Peck, on his way. In the hearts of the world little Janet is just about as sweet as a fudge sundae and it was doubtful whether fans would stand by their idol in her personal crisis or pass judgment upon her. Apparently several shrewdly arranged pictures turned the tide in Janet's favor. Now only Hollywood realizes that she has human failings. All the rest of the world adores Janet Gaynor.

Recently we learned the inside facts concerning why a famous Hollywood pair, both youthful and talented, decided to call it a day, matrimonially speaking. We thought we should set ourself up as a real "in the know" smarty by retailing the unlovely details of the story to a so-called sophisticated friend.

Not only were no thanks forthcoming for the intimate and authentic disclosures, but we rated severe censuring,

GLAMOR



Reversing the usual order, fans expect Mae West to be naughty.



Ruth Chatterton's fans will listen to no realism about their idol.



In the hearts of the world Janet Gaynor is as sweet as a fudge sundae.

calling you an old meanie and a kill-
that's the way we want our favorites.

By Regina Cannon

our highly intelligent companion remarking, "Please don't tell me any more. I prefer to keep my illusions about them intact. They are my means of release from grim reality." So what? So the public wants to be fooled.

If there is any one reason greater than another for Gene Tunney's lack of personal popularity, it is because he insisted upon being unromantic and "coming clean" with the masses. At the inception of his prize-fight career, Tunney lost no time in retailing that he was "in the racket" strictly for the money and that when he got what he wanted he would spend quiet evenings peacefully imbibing warm milk and reading Shakespeare.

If he had mapped out a campaign to make himself as unglamorous and matter-of-fact as possible, he could not have succeeded more completely. Consequently, almost every one you encounter who has not met Mr. Tunney personally feels a deep-dye grudge against the fighting Marine who did it for shekels instead of for glory.

Ramon Novarro is what is known in the vernacular as a good sport. He likes to take a drink, and another, and sometimes three. Ramon seldom declines an invitation to a party if there are to be sweet girls and soft music. And, while he does not sing "Sweet Adeline" at the end of a perfect night, I have seen him in the mood to do a little expert harmonizing.

Of his various amusing inclinations, the only one to reach the public prints is his vocal abilities. This story is good as far as it goes and, believe me, it has gone far enough insofar as Ramon's fans are concerned. Not that I'd even hint that Novarro is capable of dark, dire deeds. Oh, no. I've learned my lesson.

What we do know, however, is that his publicized psalm-singing has supplied the nucleus of the grandest *Little Lord Fauntleroy* build-up to see the light of print in many a day.

One of the quickest and surest means of acquiring a figurative—or perhaps even a literal—black eye is to remind an ardent Crawford fan of the time when Joan turned night into day in New York several years back. This excellent actress used to be as competent a female Good-time Charlie as she was a Charleston dancer.

Then came movies and marriage and conventionality to the point of staidness. Miss Crawford has proved to be the epitome of overambition. She has overcome overwhelming obstacles and her admirers have sat on the cinematic side lines and cheered. They give her an approval that is almost fanatic, and let any one touch one henna hair on her fair head and the witch's curse is immediately invoked.

The line her public has been conscientiously taught—and unconsciously learned—is that Miss Crawford abhors gossip. It is so scathing and invariably untruthful. We bet that will hold the few dissenting voices! But Joan's fans love her and they know and understand. Selah!

By a constant under-cover campaign, the last of the Harlow stragglers have been brought into line and made to realize that the little platinum has had a hard row to hoe. As *Lorelei Lee* so aptly put it, "Fate kept on happening" to Jean. Could she help it if she married too young a man first and too old a man second? Was she to blame because each sought release by a different method? No, indeed. We depend upon your fairness and good judgment to see the truth of this.

So now—and her fans will bear out the veracity of this statement—thrice-wed Jean has picked up the threads of a temporarily broken flicker career and is bravely weaving them into a big success pattern. Has she pluck? Don't dare deny it, even if you prefer brunettes, when one of the million Harlow followers is around.

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WHAT'S



Photo by Acme

As a child Katharine held her own with her athletic brothers and at the same time got a taste for acting through home dramatics à la "Little Women."

Cutting her European vacation short, Miss Hepburn hurried back to work on "Joan o' Arc."

After screen triumphs and stage setback, Katharine Hepburn returns to the studio with renewed determination. When you read this article, you'll know that she means it when she says "I'm going on!"

By Dorothy V. Rhodes

"I AM going on," said Katharine Hepburn when her first night as a Broadway star had passed and the critics had not been kind. It was her answer to the question, "What will you do now?" She went on with characteristic decision and candor.

"I came back to the stage to learn more about acting," said the girl who had flamed into unprecedented popularity on the screen less than a year after her first picture was released. "I am not ready to star on the stage, perhaps. After all, this was only my third appearance on Broadway in anything more than a bit.

"On the screen I've had the benefit of the help direction gives. I found I liked acting for the screen better than I expected I should. I love it and I'm going back to Hollywood, but I'm not going to give up the stage. To act before an audience, to feel its reaction and response, to play one's part afresh every performance, instead of playing it just once for the camera—it's experience I like and need. I'm going on."

The hundreds of playgoers who gathered after matinees and evening performances before the theater and waited to see her walk the few steps between the stage door and her car were not captious newspaper critics. They were movie fans who had loved Katharine Hepburn as their heroine in "Little Women" and "Morning Glory." They stood and talked about her, after having watched her move and talk and touch their hearts in "The Lake"—their screen idol in the flesh.

"I don't care what any one says," confided one stout matron to another on the way out. "Here she is with the theater packed and every one crying and crowds waiting to see her."

Sure enough, the crowds were there. Special guards were at the stage door armed with lists of those who could see the star. Her chauffeur, a burly, good-looking Irishman, stood at attention, a plush rug over his arm, and tactfully disposed of hordes of autograph seekers who sought to approach the screen idol through him.

The crowd overflowed on the stairs that climb the façade of the theater, and closed the passage from stage door to waiting automobile. Hundreds of patient waiters blocked the street. Then came a hush, a stir. The chauffeur sprang forward—"Charlie" they called him—and the stage doorman ushered her out.

Tall, slim, wearing her third-act costume under a mink coat, her head bearing its tousled auburn curls to rain or wind, her smile flashing as she moved swiftly to the curb, holding up her trailing gown and murmuring "So sorry" if she had to brush too closely by an impetuous admirer, Katharine went graciously by, stepped into the car and was driven away while the policemen who were on hand held back the press of the throng.

"Ain't she the lucky girl?" was a remark one often heard. So it seemed. Speeding off in a foreign car, wrapped in costly furs, sheltered under velvet robes, seeing her name in lights above a theater marquee, knowing

AHEAD for HEPBURN?

herself famous not only in the brilliant amusement center called Times Square but the world over, realizing that she was going home to a beautiful house all her own, with every comfort one could desire—how lucky she seemed.

But being Katharine Hepburn, she wasn't leaning back and basking in all this.

"I'm going on," she said. And undismayed by the fact that critics had found fault with her performance in "The Lake," and equally unaffected by the homage the public had paid her on her return to the stage, Katharine proceeded onward.

She is determined to be as triumphant on the stage as she is on the screen. Nor is she so egotistical as to discount the critics' opinions. In the advance hullabaloo which heralded her debut in "The Lake," several critics pointed with pride to the tributes they had paid her in earlier plays. Could they have hailed her return as a triumph they would have done so.

Katharine read their comments carefully. They thought her voice and gestures lacked flexibility. She took up the study of voice and movement where she had left it when she went to Hollywood two years ago. She did more. She studied French and fencing, diction, and dancing. For she is preparing to go on.

Those admiring thousands who make up her audiences and watch her on the screen have little conception of how hard this girl works to progress in her career, just as she has worked hard to reach success. She exercises, she diets, she has a Spartan scheme of life. She is a slave to her work and to her ambition. In those early years nothing discouraged her, though she had bitter disappointments. Nothing embittered her, either. She was determined to succeed.

Four summers ago, she was playing small parts in the Berkshire Playhouse at Stockbridge, Massachusetts. Her friend, Laura Harding, was playing the same sort of bits. Jane Wyatt, an outstanding ingénue of the stage, was a student at the theater's dramatic school. Players of Broadway reputation made up the company.

Miss Hepburn, after two years of repeated disappointments from the time she had graduated from Bryn Mawr and started her stage work, had no important experience behind her. Yet as she drove about Stockbridge in her little car, wearing a Russian smock or blue denim overalls, and carrying a cigarette in one hand and a paper-backed French novel under her arm, she had no doubt of her future.

"Just wait," she'd say to any one who would listen. "I may be playing bits now, but I'll be a star in two years.

Just wait." She was right. But her stardom was screen stardom, not enough to give her satisfaction.

And when that screen stardom came and she was besieged with requests for

interviews and autographs, when the whole world seemed resolved to tear apart her private life, pry into her personality and affairs, she had a prophetic fear of it all.

"If I become a success," she said one day in the lovely home of her parents at West Hartford, "if I become a success I want to do it on my own merit, not because of all this ballyhoo."

An outstanding screen star at that moment, one might have thought she had attained success, but it was not enough.

"This could all be swept away in a night," she said, her gray eyes brooding.

Did she remember those words when that first night on Broadway came, finding her terrified, as she admits? Was all her brilliant record on the screen to be swept away by that one night in a sad little play which would have failed promptly had not her presence as star brought thousands to see it?

Broadway really didn't do the right thing by Katharine when she came back to it. But the public loved her just the same.

While "The Lake" was having its run of seven weeks, a week less than the advance sale of seats had indicated, the women of the metropolitan area became more Hepburn-conscious than ever before. The show had not been running a week before the fashion illustrations

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Photo by Bachrach



She has taken up her studies where she left off two years ago, her answer to the critics who panned her in "The Lake."

THE

SCREEN



"TARZAN AND HIS MATE."

Better, far better than the first "Tarzan," this sequel is more satisfying than the usual continuation and is also a grand picture whether you know its forerunner or not. A year from now it will be rated one of the best films of 1934 when many other good ones are forgotten. Everything you liked in the earlier jungle adventures is here intensified, plus even more thrills and surprises, together with visual beauty that definitely places the picture in a class by itself. One of the most truly romantic subjects ever made, it is humorous and at the same time distinguished. The story begins with Maureen O'Sullivan mated to Johnny Weissmuller and loving it all, including her adagio jumps from lofty trees into *Tarzan's* arms, and her somersaults on the flying trapeze, with an ape to catch her. Neil Hamilton shows up with Paul Cavanagh on a hunt for ivory. The latter's attempts to do away with the mighty *Tarzan* and gain Miss O'Sullivan for his own are responsible for the dangers. A tribe of cannibals do their part, too. See *Tarzan's* ride on a maddened rhinoceros, his underwater fight with a crocodile! See savage lions pursue Miss O'Sullivan up cliffs! See the weird elephants' graveyard, the devoted chimpanzees, the battle of the elephants and the lions! It's the greatest show on earth!

"AS THE EARTH TURNS."

If for no other reason, this quiet picture of rural life is important because it tells us what Jean Muir can do. Because of the promise she shows, the future beckons brightly, and because of her coolness and care she makes us believe that her progress will be steady rather than spectacular. Her rôle in this unusual work is calm, but it dominates the whole more surely than if she indulged in outbursts. She has the rare gift of subdued eloquence, together with youth and an aura of beauty. The picture focuses attention on three families, their troubles, struggles, loves, and hates. Minus dramatic high lights, the evenly flowing story "gets" you all the same. You come to know all the characters understandingly because they are earnestly made to live by sensitive direction and natural acting. It is astonishing that production values should be wanting. The country isn't *real!* Backgrounds are picturesquely composed, but they are artificial looking and are far removed from the landscape of Maine.



"STAND UP AND CHEER."

Honors in this huge, spectacular musical are gayly and easily taken by a four-year-old actress, Shirley Temple. A lovable little darling without a hint of self-consciousness or a taint of infantile precocity, she is as clever as any child performer you've ever seen. But even if she did nothing but radiate charm she would be a hit. She's a star who positively must be seen. The picture is good, too, though uneven, and you'll like it because of a fine cast and more than the usual number of superior tunes. Unusual for a musical, it has a novel idea to motivate the songs and dances. *The President* appoints Warner Baxter as *Secretary of Amusements* to make people laugh themselves out of the depression, and he places Madge Evans as head of the children's division. Various talent appears, including John Boles, James Dunn, Stepin Fetchit, whose act with a talking penguin dressed as Jimmy Durante is funny, and hosts of others, but you'll stand up and cheer little Miss Temple longest.



IN REVIEW

BY
NORBERT
LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

"Tarzan and His Mate" is showered with praise as the best picture of the month because it is the most entertaining. It's better than a circus and has an unrestricted appeal.

Huzzas of welcome to newcomers, all girls and all beautiful. They are: Shirley Temple, aged 4, in "Stand Up and Cheer," the most important child discovery since Jackie Cooper.

Jean Muir, in "As the Earth Turns."

Dorothy Dell, in "Wharf Angel."

Katherine DeMille, in "Viva Villa!" and "The Trumpet Blows." But where are the men this month?

"WHARF ANGEL."

As soon as you see Dorothy Dell in her first picture you will like her. Shortly afterward you will admire her and before the end you will be enthusiastic. She has the beauty of the "Follies" girl she used to be, the ability of a real actress and a voice that is not only haunting but is used with the skill of a trained speaker. In short, Miss Dell rings the bell and doors fly open to welcome her to the small company of worthwhile discoveries. The picture is not, however, so hot. It rambles along the waterfront singling out Victor McLaglen, a hard-boiled seaman, Preston Foster, wanted for murder, and Alison Skipworth, mistress of a dive. Mr. McLaglen, lustily singing the praises of his pal, Mr. Foster, betrays him to the police when he discovers they are rivals for Miss Dell. And then repents.



"THIS MAN IS MINE."

Supported by a capital cast in an excellent picture, Irene Dunne, the star, graciously gives Constance Cummings and Kay Johnson as much if not more to do, with Ralph Bellamy and Sidney Blackmer adding brilliance to the group that bows to Miss Dunne as prima donna. A worldly comedy of the country-club set, it is dressy, witty, and believable. It's all about a wife whose husband strays to his former love and is brought back by his mate's clever knowledge of masculine psychology. She doesn't rage—she only shatters a highball glass in the fireplace where it will make the least muss. Miss Dunne is as refined as ever, recalling Florence Vidor's heyday as the most ladylike silent star. She's spirited, too, and that's what makes this her best rôle since "Cimarron." Miss Cummings is convincing as a destroyer of domestic peace, and Miss Johnson is hugely effective as her sister-in-law with a string of venomous comments.

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"VIVA VILLA!"

Wallace Beery dominates a violent picture made up of fact and fancy dealing with the life of *Pancho Villa*, revolutionary leader of Mexico. Savage, cruel, ignorant, and childlike, Mr. Beery's characterization, though compelling, is not satisfying. It is immensely vigorous but he overemphasizes the infantile side of the bandit's nature and goes in for clowning and puppyishness. This is all very funny, but it doesn't explain *Villa's* power to rouse an entire country. Rumors of his cuteness must have got around! Anyway, the picture is absorbing as an example of uninhibited passions though it lacks much to make it widely popular because it quite naturally ignores sympathy or anything that passes for romance. A grave and beautiful performance is contributed by Henry B. Walthall as *Madero*, idealistic president of Mexico, and by Joseph Schildkraut, his murderer, who is smeared with honey and flung to the ants by Mr. Beery. Katherine DeMille, daughter of Cecil B., certainly will go places unless these old eyes are hopelessly rheumy.





HIS OPEN DOOR

By Laura
Benham

After climbing up in the theater world and then the movies, Gene Raymond stands in the thrilling position of challenging the future. And the future beckons alluringly!

On his second climb to fame, Gene had even to start with a new name.

TO-DAY Gene Raymond is standing on one of the pleasantest rungs of the ladder to film fame. He has not yet scaled the dizzying pinnacle of supreme accomplishment; therefore, he still can thrill to the exhilarating challenge of the future. While he has already surmounted the first obstacles and can look back and down upon a series of increasingly important achievements.

For this is the second time that young Gene Raymond has fought and earned his way into the front ranks of his profession. Though little has been said about it, he literally has had two careers.

A career on the stage where, as Raymond Guion, he established himself with noteworthy success. And a career in pictures, which demanded that he begin all over again, with a new name, in a new sphere, a new work!

The three years since he made his screen debut in "Personal Maid" have been remarkably progressive, yet Mr. Raymond maintains a clear perspective, attributing his record simply to the policy of hard work which he has always followed.

"I guess I was what is called a 'stage child,'" he said, flashing his infectious smile, when I saw him recently. "I say 'guess' because I never *felt* like the commonly accepted picture of the stage child, a pitiful little object placed on the stage for one of two reasons: either to fulfill the thwarted ambition of a parent, or as a very necessary wage earner. Neither circumstance applied in my case.

"My mother started me on the stage because she has always believed that a child should be trained from infancy for his future career. Instead of waiting until a boy or girl has finished college and then asking, 'Well, what do you want to do?' she feels that the wise parent tries to learn from the child just how he is instinctively inclined, and definitely plans his entire education accordingly.

"Her first thought for me was the stage, as she recognized in it a medium offering the greatest opportunities for individual advancement. So, through a friend, she placed me in a child's rôle in a stock company performance of 'Rip Van Winkle'—I did not play *Rip*!

"Had I seemed unhappy in the theater, she

would have eliminated acting as my possible vocation and would have experimented along other lines until she found some work in which I seemed to be comfortable. Not for the sake of having me work at that time, but in order solely to discover what my training and education should be.

"From my first moment on the stage, I loved it. Other child parts followed my rôle in 'Rip' and I soon became the nuisance of every company with which I appeared. I was always being 'shooed out' of the theater."

In his se



SPENCER TRACY plays the leading rôle of *Murray Golden* whose exploits are inspired by the exciting life of the late *Arnold Rothstein*. *Alice Faye*, right, is a beautiful temptress with no respect for a man's marriage. In the lower picture are *G. P. Huntley, Jr.*, Mr. Tracy, *Helen Twelvetrees*, and *Barbara Weeks*.



HARD LIVING

Gamblers and their girls come to no good end in "Now I'll Tell, By Mrs. Arnold Rothstein," herself the widow of a big shot in the night life of Broadway.



SERPENT OF THE NILE



WHEN Cecil DeMille elects to tell the story of that eternal triangle, *Cleopatra*, queen of Egypt, *Julius Caesar*, emperor of Rome, and *Marc Antony*, expect a sumptuous spectacle, a dramatic feast and a throbbing tale of love.



THESE first glimpses of Mr. DeMille's ambitious picture, which he calls "*Cleopatro*," show Cloudette Colbert in the title rôle brought before Warren William as *Caesar*, who plans to take Egypt from her. But love makes him her slave.



SYLVIA SIDNEY faces a splendid opportunity to act and to wear beautiful clothes in the most refreshing story she has ever had, "Thirty-day Princess." Her rôle is that of a poor little actress whose resemblance to visiting royalty is so perfect that she is employed to take the place of the real princess. Needless to say, she plunges into a hectic masquerade that lasts exactly one month. Then she returns to obscurity, but is followed by Cary Grant. By the way, isn't Cary looking well after his trip to Europe, his operation, and his marriage to Virginia Cherrill?



ONE GLORIOUS MONTH

TEMPERAMENT UNCLICKED

John Barrymore plays a mad movie director and Carol Lombard his star in "Twentieth Century." Between them they give new meaning to stellar tantrums in what promises to be a most hilarious study of the artistic temperament unabashed and unashamed.



IF you know your Hollywood, including types of directors, you won't have to guess hard to find the model that inspired Mr. Barrymore's Oscar Jaffe, shawl and all. Miss Lombard begins as Mildred Plotka who is discovered by the director and transformed into Lily Garland, great star of the silver screen.



LIFE STREAM

"Of Human Bondage," Somerset Maugham's notable novel, comes to the screen with the ideal player of the sensitive, introspective hero—Leslie Howard. His struggles are common to all, his solution of life is simple, convincing.

COURAGE is shown in translating this story to the screen for it is mental, its characters reveal themselves gradually, and its climax is natural rather than forced. Bette Davis plays the shallow girl whom Mr. Howard loves. She is seen with Alan Hale, below, as she carries on a flirtation. Through her unworthiness she teaches the hero a great deal of life's futility and pain.



"THE OLD DOLL'S HOUSE" is more than usually significant. It is Richard Barthelmess's fiftieth picture, it is his last for Warners, and he is making it without compensation. This is his voluntary gesture in return for uncut salary. In the early episode shown on this page, Helen Chandler is the girl Dick adores.

Photo by Elmer Fryer

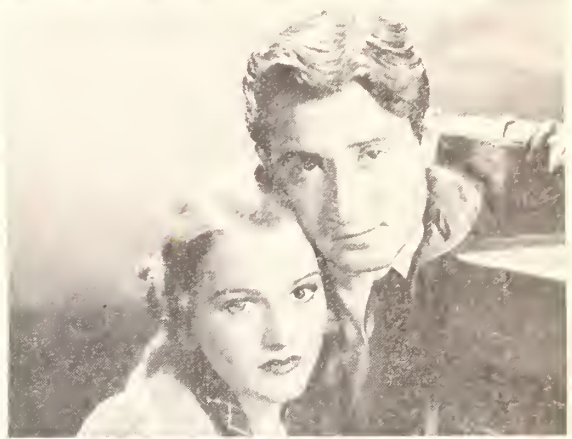


THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

Continued from page 41

"LOOKING FOR TROUBLE."

You may not believe a foot or a word of this picture, but you will get a great deal of excitement from it. Keyed in high tempo, vigorously and expertly acted, it is entertaining throughout and is far superior to its companion piece, "I've Got Your Number," which treated the same subject. Here the two telephone repair men are Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, the girls Constance Cummings and Arline Judge. The conflicts and adventures of this quartet are too complicated to detail. A fire, a bank robbery, an automobile crash, a murder, and an earthquake are some of the major violences that bring the double romance to a happy conclusion, and all have punch. But the total causes you to wonder if anything else could have been crowded into the picture. Besides the players mentioned, Judith Wood, long absent from films, returns to show us that she is one of the most depraved of screen baddies. Needless to say Mr. Tracy and Mr. Oakie are fine, the latter more restrained than he used to be and better for it.



"THE TRUMPET BLOWS."

Again George Raft fails to convince as a romantic hero in a part that might have been written for Rudolph Valentino. Hard and inflexible, he is unable, either by voice or pantomime, to make himself a part of the scene. Supposedly an idealistic youth educated in American universities, Mr. Raft cannot mask his menacing personality nor his typical speech. Consequently his performance is alien to the story. Not that the latter would have been saved by a different interpretation. It is weak on every count. Two brothers, one of them a reformed bandit, fall in love with the same girl and brotherly devotion turns to recriminations. Each tries to redeem himself in the other's eyes and they unite as friends, with the girl beaming on both. Adolphe Menjou is not well cast as a desperado but his performance is the most interesting, and Katherine DeMille again is conspicuous in a small rôle. Frances Drake is, however, too conspicuous as the heroine, a Mexican dancer.



"SING AND LIKE IT."

A genuinely funny idea inspires a comedy that's out of the ordinary. If the plot grows thin toward the end, the acting certainly does not. The result is perfect teamwork—and almost continuous laughter for the spectator. Zasu Pitts plays the star part, an amateur singer of a mother song which reaches the ears of a boss gangster while he is cracking a safe. Moved by the mawkish sentimentality of the lyrics, he vows that the singer must be found and made a stage star. Miss Pitts is dazed when snatched from obscurity, and a ritzy theatrical producer is likewise nonplused when told by the gangster that he must star Miss Pitts in his show, or else—. An example of the malicious comedy that runs through the piece occurs when the crook's jealous sweetheart induces Miss Pitts to take a hot bath and opens the window in the hope that poor *Annie Snodgrass* will catch pneumonia. Pert Kelton does splendidly as the sweetheart and Nat Pendleton is great as the bad man, while Edward Everett Horton and Ned Sparks are at their best.



"WHERE SINNERS MEET."

The author of "Winnie the Pooh" gives to the screen an exhibit of whimsy as sodden as the cold suet pudding of England. Perhaps A. A. Milne should not be held responsible. His play from which the picture was taken, "The Dover Road," was successful. But it is doubtful if the current version will please many. It is too slight and too strained. When Clive Brook enters stiffly, twirling a carnation, you know the picture will be painfully whimsical and will accomplish nothing. Its tepid, wintery romance is middle-aged. Poor photography includes Diana Wynyard whose enemy, the costume designer, sees to it that her dresses are more than plain. Though suitable for an eloping Englishwoman, they are dowdy for a screen heroine. The story concerns an elfish gentleman whose whim is to prevent unhappy marriages. Eloping couples are waylaid, detained in his home and made to see the faults of their intended mates. Besides those mentioned, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray, and Gilbert Emery take part.



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Chatterton-Forbes Hooey.—Sentimentalists of Hollywood were sure when Chatterton and George Brent split up that Ruth would rush to the arms of Ralph Forbes, her ex-husband. That's pretty far-fetched, though. Ruth and "Rafe," as he is called, will probably always be great friends, but the romance and marriage days are over. By the way, it was at one time reported that Ralph was very devoted to Martha Sleeper, who recently married Hardie Albright, with whom she had appeared in a stage play or two. Ruth will marry again, we'll wager, but it will be to an entirely different man. Brent, since the separation, has been attentive to Jean Muir, rising young star of Warner Brothers.

Hollywood High Lights

Howard All for England.—Leslie Howard will stay English. He may like Hollywood and all that but he feels that his real home is on the other side of the water. His boy is fifteen and his girl is eight, and they are both in school there. He has also bought a big country place for them. Howard says he has tried out American education, but it has been too difficult for the children. The language they were speaking as a result of going to school in this country was different from his own, and furthermore they were ribbed by their schoolmates, which was causing them to suffer from an inferiority complex. It became just too much of a problem; hence the establishment of the permanent home abroad.

Ames Loves Raquel Now.—Stephen Ames is just as generous as ever. It has often been told how liberal he was with Adrienne Ames while he was married to her—what with the beautiful Italian home, gowns, furs, cars, et cetera, Ames is now married to Raquel Torres, and a prewedding gift to the actress was a \$22,000 car of foreign make. That's real generosity, but it's apparently Ames's nature to be that way. Nevertheless, Adrienne forsook the comfort and wealth provided by Ames in order to wed Bruce Cabot. That union seems to be quite shadowless, and Cabot has even become the father by adoption of Adrienne's little girl, Dorothy Jane, aged eleven.

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it is not only advisable, it is almost a necessity, to appear on the screen if you want to remain in the theater."

Which point was brought out in a recent article by Frank Sullivan, in which he defines an important play as "a play by anybody, with a Hollywood celebrity in the cast. An unimportant opening is that of a play by Shaw, O'Neill, Sherwood, or Connelly, *without* a Hollywood star in the cast."

"It's true, too," Nydia agreed. "There are very few stars on the stage who have been able to maintain their stardom without a venture in pictures.

"The screen is doing a great deal for the stage. You learn things in pictures that are bound to help you on the stage. Even Helen Hayes, who had tremendous drawing power before she made a picture, has thousands more fans now. She says herself that the screen has taught her a lot.

"If you can learn to look at your rushes—if you can take it," she giggled, "you can learn things about your acting that people have been trying to teach you all your life. You acquire unconscious mannerisms, especially in a long stage run, that you can see in pictures and correct.

"I had picture contracts offered me when I was in 'Lysistrata.' They wanted to make tests of me then, but I was tired after a long season and thought it better to wait until I came to Hollywood."

When the play closed, Nydia left New York with applause still ringing in her ears. She was on her way to Hollywood in high spirits to accept some of the offers she had. It must have been a distinct shock to her, although she can laugh about it now, when she found herself ignored by Hollywood producers, the same pro-

Westman, Ho!

ducers who had clamored for her a few months before.

"They had forgotten all about me," she laughed. Nydia has a habit of sitting with one foot curled up under her and when she laughs she rocks back and forth on her foot. "I didn't know that to get into pictures properly you must literally be dragged out of a New York play. You mustn't wait until the end of the season or until the show closes, because by that time the producers' interest in you is over."

That is why you see her in rôles like the maid's part in "Little Women," parts so short that if she didn't bring to each one a fresh individuality, a certain something that makes each scene stand out, you might not remember her.

"It was disappointing at first," she admits, "but now I think it is much better this way. I'm glad now that I wasn't pushed immediately into important rôles. I'm learning the technique of the screen, which is so different from the stage. I'm learning how to make up to the best advantage. And besides," she laughed, "I'm having a good time on the way. I want to enjoy life as I go along."

After her first appearance on the screen she heard on all sides, "Oh, you're the image of Una Merkel and you act just like her." Which works both ways, because that is exactly what was said to Una when she followed Nydia in "Pigs" on the stage.

The girls do look alike and they do act alike, but that is neither the fault nor the intention of either one. They just happened to be alike. Nydia gets very distressed when the fact is mentioned because the two are very good friends.

"Supposing we do work alike. A lot of people work alike and that doesn't mean that either one copies

the other. And, anyway, I think it's better for every one to stand on his own feet and not depend on the success of another."

When asked if she thought success came through hard work, patience, pull, or prayer, she answered, "A little of all except pull. I don't think pull, in the sense it is applied to Hollywood careers, ever really helps. Of course we all need help sometimes. Right now, however, I'm content to go along as I am—slowly. I have more time to think of my rôles."

Although Nydia thinks she is progressing slowly, that opinion isn't unanimous in Hollywood. It seems that producers are just about to discover her cleverness, her wry little smile, her funny cracked voice. In each picture in which she appears her rôle is increasingly important. At the moment she is in demand for three pictures at different studios.

She comes from a theatrical family and will tell you proudly that she is the fifth generation on her mother's side to appear on the stage. Nydia made her début at the age of two.

There were too many Westmans—three children—to live comfortably in city hotels, so during summer vacations they always had a house somewhere in the country near New York City.

"We always had a play in rehearsal at home," Nydia told me. "My mother and father both wrote plays and of course they wrote just enough characters in them to go around the family. Our neighbors would hear a terrific din and ask, 'Are the Westmans fighting or rehearsing?' If we *were* fighting we could blame it on the rehearsing. That covered a multitude of sins."

Nydia doesn't play the Hollywood

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Photo by Kenneth Alexander

ABSENT from the screen for two years, Ronald Colman left a void that no one filled, or even tried to. Now he returns to take his rightful place among stars whose services really are unique and extraordinary, as contracts say. His new picture is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," a continuation of his memorable rôle, with Loretta Young his heroine and Warner Oland, Una Merkel, and Charles Butterworth his support. Let's go!

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

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"The Constant Nymph."—Fox. This British production of a well-known novel does not satisfy lovers of the book, nor will it perhaps entertain the average moviegoer unfamiliar with the work, but it is unusual just the same. For one thing, the set-up is different—characters, actors, and backgrounds, not to mention the story. The most obvious faults are found in the method of narration, too much being left to the imagination for commercial success, and the sound recording is poor and often indistinct. In fact, the picture offers a conglomeration of English speech that may puzzle and annoy some of us. Yet, in spite of this, the whole lingers in one's memory as a refreshing excursion away from Hollywood and the standardized touch. For one thing, much of the action takes place in the Swiss Alps and the scenery is breath-taking. Not that the grandeur of mountains and the coolness of flower-starred valleys can ever of themselves make a picture grand, but in this instance they add beauty and interest just as a novelist's descriptions help to embellish his story. Anyway, the tale concerns a mad musician and his family of girls by different mothers. Their topsy-turvy household attracts many bohemian visitors, including an erratic young composer. He is devoted to the girls and does not guess that the adolescent *Tessa* loves him. He marries, is unhappy in a formal life and runs away with *Tessa*, who dies. This is the substance of the slight story, but conflicts of character and unexpected incidents and outbursts of temperament make it fuller of interest than you would think.

"I'll Tell the World."—Universal. Lee Tracy's return to the screen should cause rejoicing among the legions who demanded it. To these it is a pleasure to report that he is in top form in a typical rôle, staccato, resourceful, and humorous. The background is new to him, a mythical kingdom no less, but he is the same reporter that you have seen before, although he is called a foreign correspondent here. He is in Europe for the purpose of covering the political maneuvers of *Archduke Ferdinand* when, disguised as an old man, he is run down by a beautiful girl on a bicycle. She turns out to be princess of the Graustarkian kingdom whose uncle is the archduke. As she has just returned from America, she speaks as beautiful English as *Gloria Stuart*, who plays her with intelligence and cool charm. In a jiffy Mr. Tracy has thrown off his disguise and breezily introduces himself to the princess who is, of course, delighted to meet him. But he has no idea that he has fallen in love with royalty. When he discovers the truth he is undaunted by a coronet, nor is her royal highness troubled by the difference in their rank. She loves him, too. Romance in an imaginary kingdom would not be real without sacrifice, however, therefore Mr. Tracy convinces Miss Stuart that she must marry *Prince Michael* for the sake of her country.

"The Lost Patrol."—RKO. If you like your pictures grim, uncompromisingly honest, and intensely dramatic, here is exactly what you've been hoping for. Though it is no romance of the accepted kind, it is one of the most romantic of stories, for it deals with the adventures of a group of British soldiers lost in the Arabian desert with not a woman in sight. Instead of concerning itself with love, the picture glorifies valor. Its fascination is found in the reaction of twelve men to the uncertainties and agonies of their terrible plight as one by one eleven are shot down by an unseen enemy, until only the sergeant is left to be rescued. *Victor McLaglen*, in this rôle, is magnificently capable. Vigorously dramatic and convincing, he is ideally cast in a part more suited to him than all the wise-cracking ones he has frequently played. Nor has *Boris Karloff* ever given so fine an account of himself as the religious fanatic of the group who goes mad under the strain. *Wallace Ford*, *Reginald Denny*, *J. M. Kerrigan*, *Billy Bevan*, *Alan Hale*, *Brandon Hurst*, *Douglas Walton*, *Sammy Stein*, *Howard Wilson*, *Paul Hanson*—all are cited for honors.

"You're Telling Me."—Paramount. *W. C. Fields*, the comedian, starred for the first time, proves his right to the ermine of stellar eminence. He puts on a great show as deft as it is hilarious. More, he proclaims himself a superior actor in a characterization of greater depth than you would expect of a funny man. His *Sam Bisbee* is reminiscent of a thousand small-town reprobates we've all known. Though a trial to his family and the community, Mr. Fields manages to make his character pathetic, too, if for no other reason than the complete futility of the man who is always at work on an outlandish invention, with plenty of hard drinking to help things along. His attempted suicide is a triumph of restrained and legitimate drollery while his golfing adventure, which he has often played in on the stage, is brought to the screen for the first time in a cloud-burst of laughter. There's a refreshing little story back of all this, too. *Sam Bisbee*, scorned by his fellow townsmen, meets a princess on the train and the titled lady is so pleased with him as an amusing type that when they arrive in *Sam's* town she pretends that they are old friends. Immediately *Sam* becomes the most sought after man in town, he sells his puncture-proof tire invention for a huge sum, his home becomes society's shrine, and the princess departs in the glow of having put over a delightful deception. *Adrienne Ames* is excellent in this rôle; so, too, is *Kathleen Howard* as a society leader. But *Joan Marsh*, reduced to a pencil silhouette, is almost wraithlike instead of being voluptuously beautiful as she used to be.

"I Like It That Way."—Universal. A musical drama instead of a musical comedy, for a change, and only fairly entertaining. This is because the idea on which it is based is out of date.

A gay man-about-town is shocked to discover that the girl he is about to marry sings in a gambling resort! Because she has pretended to his sister that she is the boss's girl, the young man believes that, too. You won't be surprised when everything comes out all right in the end. There's more plot than this, though. One of its tributaries has the young man seeing to it that his sister leads a sheltered life while he lives a free and easy one. There's drama—as well as coincidence—when she leads a clandestine night life as a hostess in the very resort where the heroine is the virtuous prima donna. All this fails to qualify as first-rate drama or as a superior musical, but it is lively and is well acted for the most part. Especially good is *Roger Pryor*, of the stage, making his second appearance on the screen. You remember him in "*Moonlight and Pretzels*," of course. He is an excellent actor who manages to make his part more real than it is. *Gloria Stuart's* limpid voice is always a delight in speech and she does pretty well when she sings. *Marian Marsh*, *Noel Madison*, and *Shirley Grey* are others.

"Countess of Monte Cristo."—Universal. A pleasant, unusual tale went into the making of a picture that is mildly diverting. *Fay Wray*, an extra girl in a Viennese studio, is scolded by the director. Angrily she decides to show him she can't be bawled out in front of a crowd. To get even, she takes an automobile and the fur coat she is working in and, with her friend, *Patsy Kelly*, sets out for a glittering hotel. She registers as the *Countess of Monte Cristo*, gets mixed up with jewel thieves and generally has an exciting time. *Miss Wray* has not the requisite light touch for a rôle of this kind, but *Miss Kelly* shines as her hard-boiled companion. Settings and lighting are tasteful and glamorous. *Paul Lukas*, *Reginald Owen*, *Paul Page*, *Carmel Myers*.

"I Believed in You."—Fox. A poorer vehicle could not have been arranged for the début of a promising newcomer, *Rosemary Ames*, if all the king's horses and all the king's men had conspired to overwhelm her. In spite of the picture, though, *Miss Ames* does manage to show what she could do—and probably will do—with a better opportunity. So let's be grateful for the film after all and be on the lookout for *Miss Ames's* next. The story is a sort of exposé of a radical agitator who jeers at coal miners for calling off a strike. *Miss Ames*, with liberal inclinations and nothing to back them up, is taken in by the glib talk of the agitator and accompanies him to Greenwich Village for a session of light housekeeping and heavy work on her book. *John Boles* appears as a dressy author who exposes the shallowness of the agitator's arguments and stakes *Miss Ames* while she continues her book which, of course, is successful. There's an idea behind all this but it doesn't come through with clarity or force. *Victor Jory*, *Gertrude Michael*, *Leslie Fenton*, and *George Meeker*.

They Say in New York—

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but spent most of her time in the hotel suite answering the telephone while he conferred with radio bookers—he produced some of the outstanding successes on the radio before he went into pictures—theatrical producers—he was author of two hits as well as leading man in many—and vaudeville bookers who wanted him to play opposite Swanson in her personal appearances.

It is nice to know that at last he has an unselfish and appreciative audience at home, and that he is slated for big parts in "British Agent," with Leslie Howard, and in "Resurrection," with Anna Sten.

Pussy Wants a Corner.—For years Louise Fazenda's heartfelt desire has been to play "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." So Paramount brought out Pauline Lord, the original *Anna Christie* of the stage, for the part. Gloria Stuart wanted most of all to play "Little Man, What Now?" and the part was given to Margaret Sullavan, who craved "One More Spring," which will be Janet Gaynor's next. And while Janet is waiting around for the producer to come back from a jaunt in Europe, Sally Blane is making "City Park" which will make a picture about a waif and three men in a park slightly less than novel.

A Weighty Problem.—On the same day that it was announced that Ethel Merman would play opposite Eddie Cantor in his next picture, the Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore announced a new diet, and somehow

I cannot untangle the two dispatches in my mind. Patients reduced from ten to twenty pounds in two weeks on a diet of bananas and skimmed milk. Ohoo, Miss Merman, could you spare a couple of weeks before going to Hollywood?

Up and Down Broadway.—Alice Faye flew East just to make a one-night appearance with Rudy Vallée's band. She flew right back again, the rumored reason being that she had a date with Lyle Talbot.

June Knight, who mislaid her screen career, anyway, is slated to appear at the Casino Varieties, the grand new outlet for wandering picture players who want to display their prowess at songs, dances, and funny sayings.

Helen Hayes is leaving for Hollywood to film Hugh Walpole's "Vanessa" and Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," but next season she will do her stage play, "Mary of Scotland," in forty-four cities that rarely see a real, live stage show.

George Arliss, who used to be a witty and worldly curtain speaker, told Broadway's second most threadbare anecdote at his radio debut, Twentieth Century's birthday celebration broadcast.

Ronald Colman was voted possessor of the most seductive voice on the radio.

Herbert Marshall came to New York with the announced intention of conferring with Gilbert Miller about a play and was slightly embarrassed to find that Miller had sailed for Europe the day before.

Betty Furness has furthered her social standing by getting an M.-G.-M. contract. It's all the rage for debs to get into pictures now, so they all angled for invitations to visit her when she was in New York recently.

Irene Dunne loves the way the public flocks to her pictures, and then complains that producers don't do right by her, making her play sweet, submissive creatures. It's when you play swell parts and no one comes to see them that a girl starts worrying.

Still the Pride of Tenth Avenue.—Whatever the opposite of being swell-headed is, George Raft is it. After a big week at the Paramount, he visited night clubs and when they asked him to get up and dance for the crowds, he did, just as if he were not accustomed to getting paid for his labors nowadays. He carried a force of four bodyguards at all times, chiefly because they were old friends who needed work.

Any Radio Celebrity Will Do.—The restaurant opposite the big broadcasting studios in Rockefeller Center won't be nearly so gay after Eddie Cantor leaves town. He comes in there with his song writers, gag men, and announcer, and just as he is having fun ribbing them, up comes a fan with the hardly original observation that he has seen an Eddie Cantor picture and liked it. Cantor stands it just so long, then as more fans approach, waves toward any lonely looking man in the room and calls, "Oh, look, there's Lowell Thomas."

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Unblinded By Star Dust

that they cannot be compared. It requires some special genius, I think, to be a success on the screen. Taking Miss Hepburn as an example, what do her millions of fans care that New York did not like her in a play? She has a brilliant screen personality; she has glamour, she has youth."

But Miss Hayes was picking out the exceptions. In mentioning one or two great stage names that didn't go over in pictures, she forgot that they had quit after making one film, before they had given themselves a chance to adjust their art to the new technique. And she completely ignored the fact that the majority of screen successes, big names as well as supporting players, were first stage successes and that comparatively few people remained on the talking screen who had been popular in the silent films. Who put them out if the public didn't turn thumbs down?

There is a vast army of flashes in the pan, however, who, for one rea-

son or another, miss the boat when they have every reason in the world, as far as natural ability and beauty goes, to make good. Is it because they haven't the experience, before they become famous, to protect themselves from type parts, or is it because their heads are completely turned by the glittering dust of flattery? This, Miss Hayes, herself a sincere and humble worker, could not understand.

"I don't see how any living creature could have his head turned in Hollywood. When you stand on a set and realize that you are only one small cog in the vast wheel of machinery, when minor studio executives or any one at all can move you about and tell you what to do—no, I can't see how Hollywood can do anything but make one an acute inferiority complex.

To this fine artist the bootlicking that goes on when an actor looks like a success means nothing. She knows

how frail a prop is public favor. Although she stands to-day in the first line of America's greatest artists she knows that no one reaches that dizzy height alone. Bit by bit they are aided up the winding path, given the courage to go on when the way seems dark and hopeless, given the chance when they have faithfully followed the strict discipline of the theater to spread their wings and fly.

Helen is too concerned with keeping faith with her public, giving them the best she has, to be dazzled by the star dust that blinds so many eyes.

A brilliant success on the screen and with New York at her feet at the moment, Helen feels that her days in Hollywood are numbered because she is not twenty. I wonder whether her fans feel that way about her. I for one do not. Who could have seen "Farewell to Arms," or "The White Sister," without waiting impatiently for her next film?

You can be sure of a fine perform-

Unblinded By Star Dust

ance from Helen Hayes no matter what the rest of the film turns out to be. And while she may not have the sub-deb curves the tired business man sets such store by, she is that thing for an exhibitor to bank on, a woman's favorite.

I wanted to put the same question to Katharine Hepburn that I put to Helen Hayes. I tripped up to the Jed Harris office, under whose management Miss Hepburn appears, and asked the press representative for an interview. To my surprise I was told in no uncertain terms that Miss Hepburn did not grant interviews to writers, particularly to writers for fan magazines.

Well, well, thinks I. What a lot of water has run under *that* bridge. The week before she went to Hollywood, Miss Hepburn played an engagement in "The Bride the Sun Shines On" in summer stock. I was backstage almost every evening during the run, and she certainly was not shy nor was she unfriendly in those days. If this is a pose, it isn't a good one. It may trip her up later if she gives it rope enough.

"Is she trying to imitate Garbo?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said the press agent, amused at my bewilderment; "Miss Hepburn prefers to spend the time she has outside the theater amusing herself in her own way. It would be impossible for me to arrange an interview."

That is understandable up to a point but, after all, a player need not be ungracious just because she is on the top wave of success. A writer doesn't mind waiting until an interview is convenient, but I was surprised at so blunt a refusal.

"What do you do for publicity?" I asked.

"Oh, we don't have to do anything; it comes in overwhelmingly," the press man said blandly.

And so it will for a time, Miss Hepburn being the spectacular success she has been, but the quality that makes Garbo's silence provocative to the press is lacking in Miss Hepburn. Garbo is genuinely shy and unresponsive to strangers and hates to talk about herself.

Moreover, when at first she was interviewed it angered her to find her words twisted out of their original



When Fay Wray goes in for Mexican jewelry, inspired by "Viva Villa!" she doesn't believe in stinting.

meanings, which is a common fault of reporters, sometimes because of carelessness, sometimes deliberately to give color to their own ideas.

I don't blame a player for tearing up the ground when this happens, particularly as it sometimes ruins a career. But Garbo has preserved a uniform silence through all these years. She talks to no one.

Young, independently wealthy, a whirlwind success, no one can blame

Miss Hepburn for having her fling. But a few of the things she does look like the symptoms of star-blindness to me. Because I admire her acting so much, I hope she gets over it, for sooner or later her work will be affected. Human nature is so unreasonable that, although the public will do all in its power to turn an idol's head, it is quick to note when it has succeeded and cools off amazingly fast.

I was told that when Miss Hepburn first started her stage career she was very much set up by her first good press notices and showed a little too much cocksureness in place of the sincere effort that had won the approval of the critics. She might have come to grief then had not an older player taken her aside and given her a verbal spanking.

"Why do you think you can act," I was told the lecture ran, "when you have been on the stage only a few seasons? You have ability and promise to be somebody later on, but, unless you forget your press notices and put yourself into harness, you'll stop right where you are."

She listened that time and settled down to hard, healthy study, but Hollywood must have come too soon afterward. I don't say it wouldn't be hard for a young girl to wake up one morning hearing the world declare at the top of its lungs that you are a genius and not believe it.

It would be pretty hard for one small girl not to believe the crowd, unless she is very wise and realizes that, her art being greater than she is, she never can reach the top. For to the true artist the top is always just out of reach and that realization brings humility, not arrogance.

What does Hollywood do to them? Helen Hayes says Hollywood is a chastener. But Helen Hayes is one of the most modest people I have ever met.

Dream Son

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filled their lonely, childless hearts as would have their own child. "Song of the West" they saw, and "La Marseillaise," "King of Jazz," "One Heavenly Night," "Resurrection," "Seed," "Only Yesterday."

It was not until a later Christmas that they sought to add to the seasonal joy of the man they admired. Carefully, with infinite delight, they wrapped gifts for John, for his wife, Marcelite; for his two daughters, Marcelite and little Janet.

A precious porcelain vase from Mrs. Wagner's own collection went to Mrs. Boles. At a later date, and as the friendship progressed, Mrs.

Boles was the recipient of a hand-crocheted bedspread, an exact duplicate of the one on Martha Washington's four-poster bed at Mount Vernon. Even the material, heavy carpet warp, was the same as used in Revolutionary days.

But on this Christmas with the first box of gifts went a letter asking indulgence for an old couple's whim, explaining their emotions upon first seeing John on the screen, their growing interest in him and in his family.

Deeply touched, Mrs. Boles wrote in answer. After that came a photograph of the Magners, of their home.

They wanted to show, they said, that they were not curious nor were they notoriety-seekers. They felt only love, devotion, and admiration for this man so like the child they had always wanted.

Then came the occurrence to mar this friendship, separated as it was by a continent. Just before Christmas, in 1932, Mr. Wagner died. At Christmas the Boleses wired a box of red roses to his widow. On her later visit to the Coast, Mrs. Wagner told Marcelite Boles of them. Delighted at the Boleses' kindness, she caressed the flowers, waxed a few to

keep permanently, and at the burial of a neighbor's little girl she placed three of the crimson blossoms in her small hand.

In September of last year, the Boleses received a telegram that Mrs. Wagner was in Los Angeles. She had made the long pilgrimage to see, in life, the man so like the son she had always wanted. She confessed at their first meeting that she feared they might not receive her.

"I sat down as soon as I reached the hotel," Mrs. Wagner told them, "and wrote notes to my friends saying, 'You will see me soon. It was too silly of me to come across the continent on a wild-goose chase.' They had all predicted that I could never get in touch with you, and, in the lonely hotel room after my arrival, I had my doubts, too."

The Boleses called on her as soon as they received her message. In the

quiet charm of John and the amiable hospitality of his wife, any doubts that she might have had about picture people being "too busy, too self-centered" were immediately dispelled.

In the radiant hospitality of the Malibu beach home, with John's youngsters playing in the sand, tumbling in the surf, with the Boleses' friends calling for cocktails and bridge, with actor-neighbors on every hand, Mrs. Wagner found her week-ends exciting.

Not only that, she found this tall, dark, often silent man who liked to fish, hunt, and swim, and who sang gloriously, was in every way everything that she had desired. Saddened by the death of her husband, she found herself surrounded, plunged into, almost, the center of a devoted family. It helped alleviate her grief.

Tearing herself away to return home was difficult for Violetta Mag-

ner. And she left only upon the promise, made to the Boleses, that the following summer she would close her bungalow, and bring her housekeeper to California and spend the summer of 1934 as a neighbor to her beloved Boles family.

Life works in odd ways to bring peace. The screen, oft condemned as evil, brought the precious nectar of friendship to this woman. Fate in denying the Magners a son, compensated by bringing about, through the medium of a motion picture, a friendship that is charming, tender, and beautiful.

Of all the amazing services, both good and bad, performed by the films, this story of the Magners and the Boleses is, I think, one of the most touching. Into a lonely old age the screen has brought comfort, joy, and friendship. It's a genuine human-interest story.

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Kate's No Winner.—Exhibitors of pictures caused a great shock in filmland when they made known that to them Katharine Hepburn is no claimer of gold and laurels. Everybody has been thinking that Kate is a great draw at the box offices, but the theater men say no. They feel she is very much overrated, and contend that the production in which she was most successful, "Little Women," had, after all, three other girls who were very attractive. Kate has had just one slap after another lately. It's going to be interesting to see how she takes it all on her return. The most unkind cut was when one or the other of the theater men declared he thought Margaret Sullavan would be a much greater hit in the long run.

Baxter's Temperamental Gates.—Modern conveniences are all right, but they can be a nuisance, too. Warner Baxter found this out when he had radio-controlled gates installed at his new home in Bel-Air. The gates did all sorts of freakish things, because they were affected by an iceless refrigerator which had the same wave-length or something in the neighborhood. The idea of the electrical contraption on the gates was that Baxter could drive up in his car, and by pushing a button have them swing right open to admit him to his estate. On account of the refrigerator the gates commenced acting up one morning, swinging back and forth so swiftly that he didn't dare drive his car through them, and he was consequently in danger of being late at the studio, until he thought of turning off the juice.

Hollywood High Lights

Slapstick Out at Home.—Something new in testimony was divulged during the divorce trial of Thelma Todd and Pasquale de Cicco. Miss Todd has often played in rough-and-ready comedies, but she was asked the following question by her attorney: "The effect of your husband's rude and surly treatment was profound, was it not, upon your *refined and delicate temperament?*"

The actress's answer being in the affirmative, the judge granted the divorce.

Jimmy's Great Passion.—James Dunn has flamed and flamed ever since he came to Hollywood. First it was Maureen O'Sullivan, then Boots Mallory, then Lona André, and also let's not forget June Knight. But this time they say Jimmy is really smitten, and the smiter is Patricia Lee, whom Dunn met while working on "Stand Up and Cheer." Like Jimmy, she is under contract to Fox. It's sworn to that they'll really marry.

A Bennett Outbreak.—There's always some excitement with the Bennett family around. This time it's Richard Bennett, father of the famous trio of sisters, who is spotlighted, on account of his divorce from Mrs. Angela Raisch Bennett, and also because, according to his separated wife's charges, he somewhat battered her up during the time when they were agreeing to disagree. Mrs. Bennett's face was cut and bruised in the fracas, and a family council was held right on the heels of the dramatic climax to decide what action would be appropriate on the part of King Richard under the cir-

cumstances. It was reported that Constance acted as speaker of the house in the parley and we bet everybody listened. And how!

Lodge's Triumphal Tour.—John Davis Lodge, who visited his socially famous relatives in the East recently, had the satisfaction of getting a new contract after his return to Hollywood. This attests the success of his movie career up to the present time. His pride was cheered in another way during his trip. Three different cities claimed him as their own—Washington because he was born there, Boston because his family lives there, and New York because he once practiced law in that metropolis. Who was it, Homer or somebody over whom municipalities once fought in ancient days? Only they waited until he was dead.

Paul Bern Successor.—A new "father confessor" of Hollywood has been discovered. This was the title that the late Paul Bern enjoyed for many years. He was the solace of the stars who needed advice and help. Now it's Edgar Allan Woolf, the writer, who is doing this duty. Edgar is an active social personage, a great chef, entertainer and wit, and he is forever going to the aid of somebody who needs help. May Robson, on the one hand, and such young players as Florine McKinney, Mary Carlisle and others have been the beneficiaries of his assistance when they had perplexities to solve.

Patsy Ellis Début.—Patricia Ellis held a big coming-out party, at-

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showed the influence of her face and her hair. It had not been going two weeks before the New York shops which sell replicas of stars' clothes were swamped with requests for "something of Katharine Hepburn's."

But this is not enough. She is working hard for lasting success, for triumph on stage as well as screen. Katharine Hepburn is going on.

She comes honestly by this determination. She is the daughter of a brave woman, Mrs. Thomas Norval Hepburn, who faced taunting mobs for the sake of woman suffrage, faces bitter opposition now for the cause of birth control.

While Katharine was winning applause on Broadway, her mother was pleading in Washington for national legislation along those lines. "Mother of six children, including Katharine Hepburn, the stage star," said press dispatches.

And she, too, is Katharine Houghton Hepburn. It is for her that the eldest daughter was named and the Houghton, maiden name of the mother and a name distinguished in American life, has been given each of the children. Alanson B. Houghton, once American ambassador to the Court of St. James, is a cousin of Mrs. Hepburn and his father was her guardian. She was early orphaned.

Mrs. Hepburn's sister, Mrs. Donald Hooker, of Baltimore, has, like Mrs. Hepburn herself, encouraged the younger Katharine's stage career. As a girl Mrs. Hooker knew Richard

What's Ahead for Hepburn?

Mansfield and was invited to join his company. She didn't. But she took a sympathetic interest in her niece's work, especially when it began right in Baltimore with the Knopf stock company in the summer of 1928.

Katharine is working hard, as she worked hard then. Brought up to an active outdoor life with her brothers setting the pace in acrobatics and athletics, she has a constitution that



Una Merkel and Harold Lloyd are happily teamed in "Cat's Paw," Harold's first picture in about two years.

defies hard work. As a kid she could perform on a trapeze slung between the trees around the family's home in Hartford, or dive from the highest springboard at their seaside cottage near Saybrook, on Long Island Sound.

No picture has yet shown the talent she possesses for a perfect swan dive or her graceful, intricate figure

skating. The slide down the banisters in "Little Women" is nothing to the feats of daring and acrobatic skill she could perform if the script demanded.

It was at Fenwick that she staged and directed the plays her brother Richard, recently graduated from Harvard, adapted in his boyhood from "Arabian Nights" and such tales as "Beauty and the Beast." The scenes in "Little Women" which show the hilarious amateur theatricals put on by the girls of the March family with Jo in charge approach very close to what Katharine really experienced as a girl.

It was before that time, much earlier, that she made her first public appearance in any rôle. This was in one of the woman suffrage parades arranged by her mother. Wearing white, perched on a float, bearing aloft a torch, Katharine was borne through the streets of Hartford above a sign which showed in green, purple, and white these words: "Our Challenge to the Future."

That is still Katharine's slogan. She has always challenged the future and probably always will.

In later years her mother sustained the girl's desire for a stage career because she believed that what any one wanted enough he could attain. She, in her campaigns, had been successful, even when she had to take a baby or two along on speaking tours.

"A Challenge to the Future!" That's Katharine Hepburn's stand in saying "I am going on."

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Lee Tracy's Wonder Woman

From Mintern, weeks afterward, she got the name of a Chicago agent who recruited talent for stock companies operating in the Middle West.

She paid the man a visit.

"I've only one call for an ingénue right now, and that's from a producer who insists on some one with experience," he said.

"Who is it, may I ask?" she inquired.

"Certainly; it's Joy Sutphen of the Joy Sutphen Stock Company in Lincoln, Nebraska," was his reply.

Isabel thanked him and departed—for Lincoln.

Sutphen took Isabel on, but at the end of the first week decided she wasn't an ingénue. Better still, he told her, her forte was comedy. Later he advanced her to character rôles, and she remained with his company for fifteen months.

Broadway eventually gave her a bit, and that was all she needed. She was soon hailed in "The Church Mouse."

It was while Isabel was in re-

hearsal for that drama that she dropped in at a rival showhouse to visit a friend trying out for a part. There she met Lee Tracy.

Lee invited Isabel to dinner—and all was lost for both.

Isabel, who never had had time for romance until Lee loomed over her horizon, discovered she was in love. Tracy, who had carefully shied away from heart entanglements up to that moment, began penning odes to the Jewell lass.

It wasn't long until Lee went shopping and bought the big solitaire that still graces Isabel's left hand.

Isabel insisted that their engagement be kept a secret—for Lee's sake.

"It doesn't make so much difference with an actress, but women theatergoers want their idols fancy-free," was her reason.

When Hollywood summoned Lee, he pleaded with Isabel to marry him.

"No, darling," she replied. "I'll stick right here in New York until the movie-makers send for me."

Isabel is a firm believer in intui-

tion, but she wasn't prepared for the invitation that came two weeks later.

Roy del Ruth, assigned by Warner Brothers to convert "Blessed Event" into a film, viewed the play on Broadway, saw Isabel in the rôle of the gangster's moll, and signed her then and there to repeat her performance for the screen.

And imagine her surprise, when she stepped from a train in Los Angeles, to be greeted by Lee with the news that he had been selected as the star of the picture!

Isabel forgot to knock on wood as she danced in glee.

As the day approached for the start of the picture, Isabel went to bed with a bothersome appendix. She refused to permit her illness to keep her off the set, however.

She struggled through the long days with a nurse at her side, then spent sleepless nights in ice packs.

When the final scene was in the can, she was rushed off to the hospital.

She had not yet fully recuperated

from the effects of the operation when "Blessed Event" was premiered in Hollywood. Business had called Lee back to New York before the arrival of the big night, so Isabel went to the theater, flanked on either side by a nurse.

Then fate administered a punch that left her gasping for breath.

She had struggled to give her best to the difficult characterization, the director and others had been loud in their praise of her efforts, yet as the names of the cast were flashed onto the screen, hers was conspicuous by its absence. She had been made the innocent victim of a factional feud in production headquarters.

A mutual friend had brought Isabel and me together. He had explained to me that she was threatening to return to New York because Hollywood didn't want her.

I took Isabel down to the Brown Derby. Over coffee, she dropped the information that a Hollywood stage producer wanted her for a part in "Counsellor-at-Law."

"But there's no use my wasting any more time in Hollywood," she added.

Before we left the table, though, I had extracted from her a promise that she would accept the offer.

She kept her word, and proved a sensation. Three major film producers tendered her contracts before she signed with Metro. She later left this organization, however.

I've seen a lot of Isabel since that noon. I know—and understand—her overwhelming devotion to Lee. I've seen her in tears when careless newspaper columnists have er-

roneously linked Lee with other belles of the movie colony.

Every now and then Hollywood buzzes with rumors that Isabel and Lee have eloped to this place or that. Which would be as Lee would have it.

But not so with Isabel, however.

"We will marry when I'm a star and as important a figure on the screen as Lee is," Isabel will tell you. "I don't want to give the gossips a chance to say that Lee or any one else aided me in climbing up."

That means that wedding bells are not far off for this pair.

Meanwhile, Isabel's troubles are centered outside her career.

I was with Isabel when newspaper reporters located her just after the tale of Lee's difficulties broke in the Los Angeles press.

"Of course you'll break the engagement now, Miss Jewell?" queried one of the scribes.

Isabel gave him a withering look. Then—

"Do I seem like that sort of girl to you?" she demanded.

Now that Lee is in the clear again, and back before the cameras, he is outspoken in his appreciation of Isabel's battle in his behalf. It was she more than any one else who was responsible for erasing the black mark after his name.

When things seemed darkest for the irrepressible Lee, Isabel bravely mustered the handful of pals who remained loyal to him and led the way into the enemy camp. She was ready and willing to sacrifice her own bright future to clear the man she adores.

Lucky guy, this Lee Tracy!

Westman, Ho!

Continued from page 52

social game. She refuses to do her acting at parties, openings, or on the Boulevard, because, she explained simply, "I've always thought it important to save my acting for the stage.

"When I arrived in Hollywood I thought I had to live right on the Boulevard and go every place that everybody went. But after a month or so of that I learned that if I ever wanted to get away from my work I'd have to get out of Hollywood."

Now she lives in Westwood in a comfortable, homelike, unpretentious house where she gathers her family and few close friends about her.

That it happens to be smart to be worldly-wise, bitter, and disillusioned about success means nothing to Nydia. She doesn't crave success, but she refuses to be bitter about it. "Praise is a barometer of success, of course," she says. "It's gratifying and, I sup-

pose, necessary, but I think it's much more important to satisfy yourself, to feel that you are doing a little something, adding a little something that may live on after you're gone."

She has a delicious sense of humor that her calm blue eyes set wide apart and her innocent appearance belie, but she talks interestingly and well on serious subjects, and really is quite serious-minded. Her poise is shaken only when she is asked to talk about herself. She recovers her balance immediately when she has steered the conversation into other channels.

She refuses to be "tired of it all"; she refuses to pretend indifference to things of interest, and confesses gleefully that she has gone Hollywood.

"I never thought I'd be the one," she laughs, "but I find myself telling newcomers from the East all about the California climate!"



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Continued from page 29

Lugosi laughed, not the bone-chilling rasp of his movie self, but a pleasant chuckle. "Although I do not relish having my hair stand on end, the popularity of horror pictures is understandable. The screen is the ideal medium for the presentation of gruesome tales. With settings and camera angles alone, the suspense that is so essential in this type of story can be built up.

"Supernatural themes, if deftly handled, are better entertainment for the average moviegoer than love stories or comedies. They are unusual, unique—a departure from hackneyed formula. And they have an almost universal appeal."

Bela began his movie career in the pretalkie days of 1923, as the villain in "The Silent Command," and has been playing increasingly heavy heavies ever since.

His current rôle is opposite that other film fiend, Boris Karloff, in Edgar Allan Poe's "The Black Cat." Following this it is planned to costar the two in Robert Louis Stevenson's "Suicide Club," and "The Return of Frankenstein."

"Incidentally," said Lugosi, "I was originally signed as the monster in

'Frankenstein,' but I convinced the studio that the part did not have meat enough."

It was this rôle that made Karloff his principal rival for the throne of King of Horror.

Lugosi, however, considers Karloff primarily a make-up artist, and a man inwardly too gentle and kind to be suited for grisly portrayals.

It is an interesting fact that Bela Lugosi was born in Lugos, Hungary, not far from the district where, in bygone centuries, vampires had been horrific realities to the peasants, and more than once a stake had been driven through the heart of a supposed member of the Undead.

One of Bela's ancestors was the first to settle in Lugos which grew into a thriving village and even today retains the family name of its first citizen.

In New York when he was starring in "Murder at the Vanities" I visited him unexpectedly. A little incident backstage, which he never dreamed would reach print, revealed the true Lugosi.

A youthful paralytic had been waiting to see his idol, Bela, at the stage door. Some one told him after the

show and he immediately had the lad carried to his dressing-room. He not only introduced the boy to members of the cast and autographed a photo, but broke a dinner engagement to stay and talk with him. And when the crippled fan left, he told Bela he was no longer just a shadow on celluloid but a wonderful man. And he meant it.

Lugosi! Human and humane to a fault. I had heard of a huge bat ring with ruby eyes that had been presented to him by the "Dracula" cast, and asked to see it.

"Oh, my ring. Some one stole it." His eyes became sad for a moment. "I loved that ring. But if whoever has it now will get more pleasure from it than I did, he is welcome to it."

That is typical of the man who wants to forget horror, and the vampires of Transylvania, the zombies of Haiti, voodoo doctors, monsters, maniac scientists, and live here as an American citizen.

And what do you think is the ambition of this premier fiend? It is, in his own words, "To own a dude ranch and live a natural, simple, wholesome life."

Lugosi—the man!

Continued from page 57

tended by most of the younger stars of the colony, including Tom Brown and Anita Louise, Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle, William Janney and others. And who do you suppose blossomed out in the midst of them? None other than Lew Cody in a suit of several shades of pea green.

Honoring Madeleine Carroll.—

The biggest film colony social affair was the party given by Winfield Sheehan to honor Madeleine Carroll, the English actress, who is a terrific favorite of everybody who has met her. Sheehan's party ran competition to another big event given by David O. Selznick the same evening, so a number of guests had to shuttle between the two. It's terribly tough when two big executives decide to give parties on the same evening.

Hollywood High Lights

Joan Adopts Singing Cop.—Joan Crawford has added Phil Regan, the "singing cop," to her coterie of friends. And that is a very exclusive and small circle indeed these days, with Franchot Tone dominating the scene. Phil Regan was taken up when he made a test for "Sadie McKee," and since then he joins the party from time to time. Others in the group are Lynn Riggs, Jerry Mayer, Francis Lederer, and Jean Dixon. Miss Dixon is one of the few women friends Joan has ever had.

Joan has done over her house completely and built a theater with a little stage. She plans to act in plays. Lederer dedicated this establishment.

Margaret Sullavan Flies!—Margaret Sullavan did one of her usual flying farewells to Hollywood. She

didn't wait a minute after "Little Man, What Now?" was finished. No sooner was the last shot taken than off the set she dashed, and nobody saw a thing of her after that. She didn't even go through the formality of bidding any good-bys. She just scrambled, with England as her final goal. She and Hepburn seem to be engaged in a race to see who can get out of town the fastest.

Menjou's American Honeymoon.

—Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale will marry in August, and they will not do their honeymooning in Spain, despite all the reports. Instead, they will probably go to the Canadian Rockies. Menjou, being a smart business man, doesn't see the idea of tripping to Europe, with exchange rates between America and foreign countries what they are.

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cluding the works of Shakespeare, Shaw, Ibsen, and Galsworthy, in every English-speaking country on the globe. Returning from Australia via Canada in 1912, Mr. Atwill visited the United States.

"I came very nearly staying here then," he told me. "In 1915 I returned to the States as Lily Langtry's leading man in 'Ashes.'"

Candid Forty-niner

"Then I must have seen you in San Francisco," I remarked.

"No, you saw Alfred Lunt. Mrs. Langtry's day was over and the play wasn't doing well, so she wanted to economize by cutting my salary in half. I left and Lunt took my place. Neither of us was old enough for the part, but Mrs. Langtry insisted on having a young man opposite her."

From his further description I gathered that the lovely Jersey Lily had a cactuslike disposition. Slaying women with caustic remarks was one of her pleasures.

"She should have met Ethel Barrymore," I observed.

"Ethel Barrymore wouldn't have got to first base in an argument with Langtry," said Atwill shortly.

Hi, there, Ethel!

"Now that you have had plenty of film experience, Mr. Atwill, what do you think of the movie—racket?"

"Thanks for the word," said he quickly. "In some respects I like it better than the stage. You hear many actors yawping about missing the applause of the latter, but I don't. I had my share of that, by heck. I didn't expect it to last always. Moreover, when a play runs for two years, as some of mine did, it is maddening to play the same rôle month after month.

"On the other hand, I don't approve of the long hours that a movie actor has to work at times. Producers assume that it is permissible to strain an actor to the limit of his endurance during production because usually he can rest between pictures. I consider that a poor policy. You cannot, for instance, treat a car like hell at intervals and expect it to give consistently good service. The same is true of actors.

"I have made two Technicolor pictures, 'Doctor X' and 'Mystery of the Wax Museum.' The lights used for them are three times as strong as those used for ordinary photography. They bake your brains and eat up the red corpuscles in the blood. People have put their hands on my shoulder

when I had come from under them, and the cloth of my coat was so hot that they would have to take their hands away. Underneath I was a lather of perspiration, by heck!"

Lionel's first picture was "The Silent Witness." When he saw his initial effort on the screen, he assured me, he wept with shame. Since then, particularly in "Nana," with Anna Sten, this talented actor has had no reason for remorse.

"What is Miss Sten like?" I asked curiously.

"She is very agreeable and talented, but you wouldn't recognize her off-screen," he told me.

Like all actors, Atwill is high-strung. Fortunately, love of sports keeps him in good physical trim despite the rigors of his work and his almost incessant smoking. He considers himself Americanized, and I agree. Only his pleasant British speech and the fact that he does not terminate an interview with a hand-clasp identify him with the "right little, tight little island."

After showing me his four great Dane dogs, as big as Percheron colts and as friendly as kittens, he toasted my health in a glass of sherry and thanked me for my visit.

Forty-nine is indeed a gracious age—for men.

His Open Door

Continued from page 42

which by the way, she finds distasteful—I have ever met.

Besides having the wisdom to start her son at an early age in the profession he was to follow, she had other definite ideas about the rearing of a child. She felt that once his natural tendencies had been discovered and directed along the proper lines, from that time forth her duty was not to concern herself with the details of his career, but to build the character of her son so he could take care of his career and his life for himself.

She did not intend to weaken his character by making his decisions for him.

Therefore, from the time he was twelve years old, he transacted all of his business himself. Discussions with managers over rôles, salary, et cetera, were not handled by his mother, but by the boy.

Thus his business judgment was developed. But even more important, his character was formed. He learned from experience to be self-reliant and poised and forthright—and unself-conscious.

Managers and producers were impressed, of course, at the unusual spectacle of a lad of twelve or thirteen dealing directly with them.

His first success came when he was sixteen, in "The Potters," which enjoyed a long run on Broadway and the road. Followed "Cradle Snatchers" which played on the Brightest Canyon for two years and followed with six months in Chicago. Several other plays ensued, and then, "Young Sinners."

"On the morning after that play opened, every paper in New York save one gave it bad notices and predicted an early closing. I was amazed, for from the moment that I had read the script, I had been convinced that it would be a successful play.

"Young Sinners" closed—but only after two highly successful years. And on the strength of his performance, Gene was the recipient of offers to enter pictures.

He signed a contract with Paramount and was cast in "Personal Maid," opposite Nancy Carroll, at the Astoria studio.

It was then that his second career began!

For just before he was to report for work, he was summoned to the high executive offices and informed that he would have to find another name. Movie audiences would never



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His Open Door

learn to pronounce "Guion," he was told, so something simpler would have to be chosen.

Mr. Raymond was silent for a moment—then the thought of his last rôle in "Young Sinners" came to him. In that play, he was *Gene*, and as he had played it for two years, he had become somewhat accustomed to answering to that name. So, with the "Gene" from "Young Sinners" and his own first name, "Raymond," Gene Raymond was born.

Not that it was as simple as it sounds. Changing his name meant giving up the followers he had won—until they discovered him again as Gene Raymond. It meant being forgotten by his audiences of the stage. It meant starting *unknown* in an entirely new field.

However, something in the prospect appealed to Gene's sporting instinct. Here was a chance to show what he could do, starting almost from scratch. With the gay optimism and enthusiasm of youth, Gene faced the cameras.

The three years since that day have been packed with progress—and with disappointments and worries, with small triumphs and with growth. Growth of the actor—and of the man.

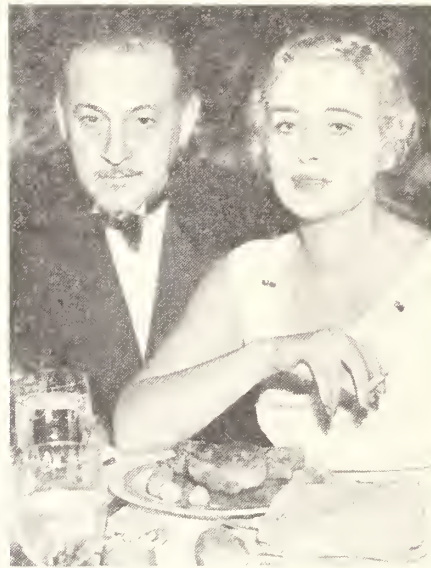
Upon completion of "Personal Maid," Gene was sent to Hollywood and the inevitable perplexity and discouragement followed. For four months he drew his regular salary for lying on the beach acquiring a good tan!

But eventually the studio sent for him and he started work in "Ladies of the Big House," opposite Sylvia Sydney, who had been a fellow student at the Professional Childrens' School. "If I Had a Million" was next, then "Forgotten Commandments" and "The Night of June 13th."

So, when the legal difficulties in

which Paramount became involved at the time automatically abrogated many of the contracts held by players, Gene took advantage of his chance for freedom and amicably settled his term agreement with the organization.

Since then, Mr. Raymond's wisdom in entering the free-lance field has been more than justified. "Red Dust" for Metro-Goldwyn; "Zoo in Budapest" for Jesse L. Lasky, with



Dolores Costello comes out of her retirement to go night-clubbing with John Barrymore.

whom he has his now-famous verbal gentlemen's agreement, sealed only by a handshake, to appear in any and all Lasky productions in which there is a rôle for him; "Ex-Lady" and "The House on Fifty-sixth Street" for Warners; "Ann Carver's Profession" and "Brief Moment" for Columbia; "Flying Down to Rio," for RKO; "I Am Suzanne" and "Coming-out Party" for Jesse Lasky are the films in which he has appeared during the past year and a half.

It was after finishing the last-named that he and his mother went to Europe for a vacation of two months. The two months were shortened to three weeks on the Continent, and Mr. Raymond returned to his native New York for the rest and relaxation he had been seeking. New York and Florida!

He returned to Hollywood on March 1st to work in Joan Crawford's "Sadie McKee."

Of all the actors I have ever met, he remains the most normal. He takes his work but not himself seriously. Of unfailing tact and courtesy, he is punctilious about his appointments, considerate of those who work for or with him, is straightforward in his opinions and has the courage of his convictions.

His private life is quiet and conventional. Though he looks like a "gilded youth," he is in reality extremely conservative, preferring always to associate with the more dignified members of Hollywood society, instead of the gay young crowd which frequents the night spots.

He is not seriously interested in any one particular girl, dividing his attentions among Mary Brian, Janet Gaynor, and Marian Nixon. He considers marriage as a vague and distant prospect of the far future, believing that a young actor intent on furthering his career has no time to devote to a wife. He hopes that he will not meet the "one girl" and fall in love until such time as he can give her the time and attention he feels will be her due.

But for the present, he expects to devote himself exclusively to his work. Which isn't such a bad idea at all. For at twenty-five he can look back upon two definite and distinct climbs to success—and the future beckons alluringly with promises of new worlds to conquer!

Tales Told By An Extra

Continued from page 13
they advocate freeing humanity from the slavery of poverty.

I've heard Warren William say it was a crime against God and man for one set of human beings to have yachts and Rolls-Royces while another set, for no reason but the stupidity of our economic system, lacks adequate food, shelter, and clothing.

Lee Tracy rages at the very thought that people are so self-seeking they'll allow riches and poverty to exist side by side when by a sensible, planned economic system nobody need be so poor that he's unhappy or insecure.

Lee Tracy? You think he keeps us extras in stitches with his wise-cracks? Guess again! Lee is lively,

yes, and he has a ready wit, but he saves most of his energy for his work. He puts plenty into every scene he plays. I never felt sorrier for any one than I did for Lee when he was taken out of the cast of "Viva Villa!" because of Mexican trouble. Never a smile, never a dash of bravado. He was just like a spanked kid who didn't know why he was punished.

There are several odd little differences between the Mae West you read about and the one we extras know. When she's talking for publication she uses very slangy English, but not when she's at ease among friends. She'll often let a regular college-

professor word slip out then. But she's strong for slang. Once I heard her say, "Know who used a lot of slang and invented the phrase, 'done me wrong'? Shakespeare!"

"Shakespeare?" some one echoed in horrified tones.

"Yeah, Shakespeare. And as you know, he was pretty good, too—as a playwright, I mean."

Another thing about Mae: she seems almost prudishly modest in private life. When she wears a revealing costume she keeps a robe handy and covers herself with it the moment she comes out of the scene.

"I guess I just haven't got the good old amateur spirit," she chuckled

when some one kidded her about it. "I'm professional enough to want to do my stripping for the benefit of the cash customers only."

I hear a lot of people saying that Gary Cooper is "dumb." Personally, I think he has them fooled. It's hard to read what is really behind those eyes of his. Ever notice that even when he otherwise appears very solemn, or when he's angry, his eyes twinkle?

Not long ago, before he married, I asked Gary why he goes from girl to girl—stars, extras, waitresses in the studio restaurant—kidding them and flirting with them. He put on that naive, baffling expression of his, and said, "Well, to tell you the truth, I'm just naturally so bashful that I have to keep in practice talking to the girls or some day they'd scare me clear away from the studio."

You may think that Joan Crawford is so frank and open with you writers that she leaves nothing for me to reveal about her. As a matter of fact, she likes us showgirls and is a sister under the skin to all of us. She doesn't forget the old hooper days. She gives us all sorts of confidences. She'll be bubbling over with enthusiasm or some other emotion each morning when she comes to work, and she isn't happy until she's told her pals all about it.

It may be something about Franchot Tone, or Franchot's new house,

or a rug they found at a little shop on Wilshire Boulevard. Or it may be over Joan's new automobile. Then again, it may be the reaction from some sad experience. If you want to make a real hit with Joan, weep with her over some poor unfortunate who has chanced to arouse her pity.

I suppose Barbara Stanwyck tells things to you writers and then ties your hands by making you promise not to pass on what she says. She does the same with us. And isn't it funny that nobody ever double-crosses her? She gets under your skin, and you just can't repeat anything about her or Frank Fay that she might not like.

Well, that's a story about her in itself, isn't it? That is, if you can make the fans see how she has won the loyalty of even the worst gossips in Hollywood.

An amusing thing I have noticed about the association of Maurice Chevalier and Marlene Dietrich is that they often get together to worry about losing their foreign accents.

Maurice says he can't be so naughty on the screen without his French accent. Marlene agrees with him. Maurice adds that he thinks an artificial accent isn't half as effective as a real one. She nods sadly. And then they'll sit, looking glum as anything, not saying a word for a long while—just worrying.

Keep On the Glamour Mask

Continued from page 37

Hollywood offers a relationship that has even the self-appointed sophisticates throughout the land temporarily stumped. It is the Chatterton-Brent-Forbes triangle, which geometrical problem has been solved by the courts to every one's legal satisfaction. But when is a husband a best friend, and why is a best friend an ex-mate, and which?

Yet, even with this nifty on the boards, Ruth's thousands of worshippers know she is a lady of great refinement, a purveyor of English "as she is spoke" and an exemplar of Emily Post. Even her gum-chewing failed to make mortal the goddess called Chatterton. And just try to tell any one anything not according to Hoyle about her and the sneer of pity that will be dealt out will give you a good foundation for one of those inferiority complexes.

Mr. and Mrs. Fan have gone for Mae West in a way that has made the voluptuous blonde and Paramount executives exceedingly happy. But

they want their Mae to be a baddie. The ringing of the box-office bell has proved that.

We are not trying to convince you that underneath all that paint and powder there beats a heart of gold, but—and please take it like little men and women—Miss West does not give a hang about bringing gwaite big men to her tiny feet, and she would not lose a night's sleep if she never saw a glass of amber liquid or a cigarette. But she is wise enough not to tell all this for publication.

In other words, Mae West knows that we want her wicked, and wicked she is going to be no matter where or how she sets the stage. And as long as we want to be kidded, far be it from the Eastern gal who went West to let us down. That's showmanship for you!

Yes, if Lincoln had lived in the days of the films we venture to state he would have edited his famous speech, for most of the people want to be fooled most of the time.

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Information, Please

Continued from page 8

SALLY RUTH COOK.—Norman Foster is married to Claudette Colbert. Born in Richmond, Indiana, December 13, 1903, five feet eleven, black hair, brown eyes. Needless to say, he likes brunettes. Donald Cook was born in Portland, Oregon, September 26, 1901, five feet eleven and a half, weighs 147, dark hair and eyes.

IRENE DAVIS.—Space does not permit my giving birth dates and color of hair of so many players. I suggest your sending a stamped envelope for a personal reply.

FRANCES GARSON.—The Hugh Enfield, of "Gordon of Ghost City," and Robert Allen, of "The Perils of Pauline," are one and the same.

GEORGE LODGE.—Since her appearance in "Siren of the Tropics," Josephine Baker has been entertaining in Paris and London, where she is quite popular.

ELIZABETH MARIE.—In the stage version of "Warrior's Husband," Katharine Hepburn played the part which Elissa Landi had on the screen. Marjorie Rambeau was in the cast of "Palooka" and "A Modern Hero." You will find the subject of religion omitted from all fan magazines. This at the request of the stars themselves who consider this a private matter.

CHERRY SMITH.—While still in the growing stage, it is practically impossible to keep a record of the height and weight of such youngsters as Mitzi Green and Frankie Darro. Jayne Shaddock, who is eighteen and under contract to Metro-Goldwyn, was married to Jack Kirkland, ex-husband of Nancy Carroll, on March 23rd.

VAGABOND LOVER'S FAN.—A letter to Rudy Vallée in care of Radio Station WEAJ, New York City, should bring the desired information.

PEGGY ANN M.—Margaret Sullivan, currently appearing in "Little Man, What Now?" is making "Elizabeth and Mary," with Lowell Sherman. This will be followed by "One More River," from the John Galsworthy novel, Lew Ayres in "Servants' Entrance," with Janet Gaynor; Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra."

A GARAT FAN.—Although under contract to Fox, Henry Garat has not appeared in any picture since "Adorable." He was born in Paris, France, April 3, 1905, five feet eight, weighs 158, brown hair, blue eyes.

BETTY F.—You will have an opportunity to see Charlotte Henry opposite Hardie Albright in George Arliss's "Head of the Family." Roger Pryor opposite Mae West in "It Ain't No Sin." Cary Grant with Sylvia Sydney in "Thirty-day Princess."

J. C.—Gertrude Michael is an Alabama girl who went to Hollywood after playing for a short while on Broadway. She is in the cast of "Cleopatra" and "Witching Hour." Henry Hull, of the stage, was *Nolan* in "Midnight."

ELIZABETH.—"Manhattan Melodrama" is Clark Gable's latest, and "One Hundred Per Cent Pure" Jean Harlow's. The cast of "Treasure Island" includes Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Dudley Digges, Dorothy Peterson, William V. Mong, Jackie Cooper, Cora Sue Collins.

LOUISE.—Elizabeth Bergner was born in Vienna, Austria, August 22, 1900. She

has light-brown hair and brown eyes. Another picture of hers, "Adriane," made in London, is being shown here. Fox is bidding for her services.

M. SANDERS.—Maynard Holmes played the part of *Bradley, Jr.*, in "Dancing Lady."

MARGARET.—Fredric March, with Constance Bennett and Fay Wray, in "The Firebrand." Loretta Young is a busy young lady these days, what with "The House of Rothschild," then opposite Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," and now with Cary Grant in "Born To Be Bad." Miss Young hails from Salt Lake City, Utah, and was twenty-one on January 6th; five feet three and a half, weighs 100, light-brown hair, blue eyes.

JOE.—Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1898, the son of James and Mary van Mattimore, who now live in St. Paul, Minnesota. Educated in St. Thomas College. Mem-



Irene Franklin, stage comédienne, is trying her luck in Hollywood, inspired by the success of other old-timers.

ber of Royal Flying Corps during the War. Five feet eleven and a half, weighs 155, brown hair, blue-gray eyes. Jobyna Ralston is the mother of Richard Ralston Arlen, whose birthday cake had its first candle on May 17th.

J. J. D.—In "Jimmy the Gent" the part of *Posy* was played by Nora Lane, and that of *Gladys* by Mayo Methot.

EILEEN.—There are a number of fan clubs in honor of Ramon Novarro. I'll be glad to mail you a complete list upon receipt of a stamped envelope. Mr. Novarro's contract with Metro-Goldwyn has expired, and he is now on a singing tour that will take him to Mexico and South America. "Laughing Boy," with Lupe Velez, was his last picture.

READER.—I do not recall now whether the sequence you mention in "Son of a Sailor" had any significance, but a letter to the Publicity Dept., Warner Brothers, 321 West 44th Street, New York City, might bring the desired information.

BERNIE.—Pat Paterson, who made her American film debut in "Bottoms Up," comes from the London stage and British studios. Her work in "Bitter Sweet" won her a Fox contract. Her next is "By

Royal Command." Miss Paterson, who is twenty-three, became the wife of Charles Boyer on February 14, 1934.

NORA.—Paul Kelly in the cast of "The Humbug"; Maureen O'Sullivan with Johnny Weissmuller, in "Tarzan and His Mate"; Dolores del Rio in "Madame Du Barry."

D. D.—You will see Will Rogers next in "Merry Andrew," with Peggy Wood, Eddie Nugent, Mary Carlisle, Paul Harvey, Frank Melton, Roger Imhof, Conchita Montenegro, Arlington Brugh. The principals in "The Personality Kid" are Pat O'Brien, Glenda Farrell, and Claire Dodd.

BOB PAJIL.—If you will send a stamped envelope I will mail you the addresses of those independent studios. There just isn't space here for long replies.

J. F. H. A. N.—Some February birth-days are: Frank Albertson, 2nd; Heather Angel, 9th; Mary Brian, 17th; John Barrymore, 15th; Joan Bennett, 27th; Ronald Colman, 9th; Buster Crabbe, 7th; Mary Carlisle, 3rd; Clark Gable, 1st; Chester Morris, 16th; Ramon Novarro, 6th; Robert Young, 22nd; Franchot Tone, 27th; Lyle Talbot, 8th; Charles Ruggles, 8th; William Janney 15th; Ben Lyon, 6th.

WILLIAM J.—Madeleine Carroll is married to Captain Philip Astley. She was born in West Bromwich, Staffordshire, England, February 26, 1906, five feet five, weighs 112, golden hair, blue eyes. Now playing in "World Moves On," with Franchot Tone.

C. C. H.—Sally Blane with Joel McCrea in "Alias the Deacon." Nancy Carroll and Bolton Mallory have separated. Her latest is "Springtime for Henry," with Otto Kruger and Heather Angel.

JOHN KALZITZ.—Their birthdates are: Patricia Ellis, May 20, 1916; Marian Marsh, October 17, 1913; Jean Parker, August 11, 1915; Lilian Harvey, January 19, 1907. Those characters aren't listed in the cast of the films you mention.

H. B. G.—In "Cross-country Cruise," Hugh Enfield was *Jim*, the bus driver. The other information for which you ask isn't available.

WENDELL GULDIN.—Hedda Hopper, who is divorced from De Wolf Hopper, comes from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and celebrates her birthday on June 2nd. Her right name is Elda Furry; five feet ten, weighs 148, dark-brown hair and eyes. Her son is about eighteen. Nita Naldi has the chief rôle in the stage production of "What a Man." Alice Lake is in Paramount's "Man Who Broke His Heart." Elinor Fair and Julianne Johnston, two former leading ladies, had bits in "The Scarlet Empress."

A WINNETKA READER.—I received your letter, all right, but you will have to send a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a list of Frankie Darro's pictures. Look for him in Columbia's "Men of Tomorrow."

LORRAINE SHEEHAN.—There was a John Sheehan in the cast of "Fair Warning" and "Criminal Code." Any relation of yours? Mary Pickford is interested in the stage at present.

C. C.—When Bela Lugosi returns from a vaudeville tour, he will appear on the Broadway stage in "Pagan Fury." Write to him in care of The Lambs Club, 128 West 44th Street, New York.

ANNA A.—Anita Page will be twenty-four on August 4th. El Brendel is married to the former Flo Bert. Onslow Stevens is still single. He was born in Los Angeles on March 29, 1906. Now playing in "This Side of Heaven."

ME.—Elissa Landi's first starring picture for Columbia is opposite Joseph Schildkraut, in "Sisters Under the Skin." Have you seen Toby Wing in "Search for Beauty"? Shirley Dunstead played *Harriet* in "Wild Boys of the Road."

PEENIE B.—In 1929 Fox released "South Sea Rose," with Lenore Ulric, Charles Bickford, Kenneth MacKenna in the leads. Greta Garbo's right name is Gustafsson.

PAULINE.—Since her retirement from the screen, Shirley Mason has devoted her time to her young daughter. In 1929 Miss Mason played in "Anne Against the World," "Flying Marine," "Show of Shows," "Darkened Skies."

E. M.—Perhaps by the time you read this Joan Crawford will have become Mrs. Franchot Tone, for her divorce from Doug Fairbanks was to have been final in April. Joan Blondell is five feet four. A stock company is a group of actors who perform a different play each week.

DOT MACS.—In April and August of 1933 we published interviews with Glenda Farrell. Back issues may be had by sending your order and remittance to our Subscription Department. Miss Farrell is twenty-nine, comes from Enid, Oklahoma; blond hair, gray eyes. Latest picture is "Merry Wives of Reno."

W. B. B.—Dorothy Lee, whose right name is Marjorie Millsap, was married in September, 1933, to Marshall Duffield, a University of Southern California law student. Dorothy was born in Los Angeles, May 23, 1911; five feet, weighs 97; blond hair, dark-brown eyes. Write RKO for her photo.

GENE RAYMOND ADMIRER.—A complete list of fan clubs will be mailed to you upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope.

PIPPA CHANCE.—Frances Dee's name is now among the RKO players. See above with reference to fan clubs. Miss Dee is now playing in "Finishing School."

J. A. A.—See *Peggy Klein* for information about "Eskimo."

MARTHA DU CHATEAU.—I don't know how Douglass Montgomery has escaped so far, but he is still among the single men of Hollywood. Born in Los Angeles, October 29, 1907; six feet, weighs 170; blond hair, brown eyes. His latest is "Little Man, What Now?" The birth-dates for the following are: Mary Carlisle, February 3, 1912; Dolores del Rio, August 3, 1905; Lona André, 1915; Buster Crabbe, February 7, 1908; Toby Wing, July 14, 1915; Lilian Harvey, January 19, 1907; Raul Roulien, October 8, 1905; Buddy Rogers, August 13, 1904.

EDITH BOSWELL.—Arthur Jarrett sang "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking" in "Sitting Pretty." If you saw "Ace of Aces" you'll recall having heard him sing in that picture also.

IRENE P.—Lila Lee is five feet three; Evelyn Laye, five feet five; Sharon Lynn, five feet four and a half; George Lewis, six feet. Astrid Allwyn was born in December, 1910; Agnes Ayres, April 4, 1901; Tad Alexander, December 29, 1922.

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Jack Holt	Billie Seward
Edmund Lowe	Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames	Lilian Harvey
Heather Angel	Miriam Jordan
Lew Ayres	Victor Jory
Warner Baxter	Howard Lally
Irene Bentley	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Clara Bow	Pat Paterson
Marion Burns	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
James Dunn	Will Rogers
Sally Eilers	Raul Roulien
Alice Faye	Spencer Tracy
Norman Foster	Claire Trevor
Preston Foster	June Vladek
Janet Gaynor	Hugh Williams

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Elizabeth Allan	Helen Hayes
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Florine McKinney
Wallace Beery	Una Merkel
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Maurice Chevalier	Karen Morley
Virginia Cherrill	Ramon Novarro
Mac Clarke	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jackie Cooper	Jean Parker
Joan Crawford	May Robson
Marion Davies	Norma Shearer
Marie Dressler	Martha Sleeper
Jimmy Durante	Lewis Stone
Nelson Eddy	Franchot Tone
Madge Evans	Lupe Velez
Muriel Evans	Henry Wadsworth
Clark Gable	Johnny Weissmuller
Greta Garbo	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Robert Young

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Adrienne Ames	John Davis Lodge
Lona Andre	Carol Lombard
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Herbert Marshall
Grace Bradley	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Gail Patrick
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Buster Crabbe	Charles Ruggles
Bing Crosby	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sidney
Patricia Farley	Alison Skipworth
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Miriam Hopkins	Mae West
Roscoe Karns	Dorothea Wieck
Jack LaRue	Dorothy Wilson
Charles Laughton	Toby Wing
Baby LeRoy	Elizabeth Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Katharine Hepburn
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Anita Louise
Bill Cagney	Mary Mason
Chic Chandler	Joel McCrea
Frances Dee	Colleen Moore
Dolores del Rio	Ginger Rogers
Richard Dix	Bert Wheeler
Irene Dunne	Gretchen Wilson
William Gargan	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Fredric March
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Anna Sten
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Paul Lukas
Tom Brown	Chester Morris
Russ Columbo	Ken Maynard
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Hugh Enfield	Onslow Stevens
Wynne Gibson	Gloria Stuart
Lois January	Margaret Sullavan
Boris Karloff	Slim Summerville
June Knight	Alice White

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Jean Muir
Ruth Chatterton	Paul Muni
Bebe Daniels	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	William Powell
Ruth Donnelly	Edward G. Robinson
Ann Dvorak	Barbara Rogers
Patricia Ellis	Jayne Shaddock
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
Ann Hovey	Sheila Terry
Alice Jans	Helen Vinson
Allen Jenkins	Renee Whitney
Al Jolson	Warren William
Ruby Keeler	Pat Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, 1416 Havenhurst, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes,
10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett,
Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building,
Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson,
Cora Sue Collins, Douglass Montgomery, 1509 North Vine Street,
Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly
Hills, California. Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Avenue,
Hollywood.

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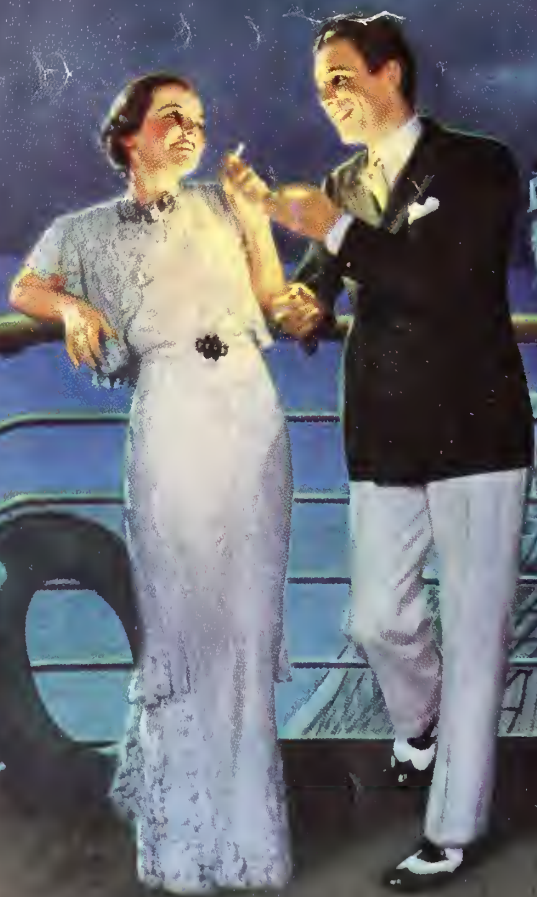


**MODERN
LOVE
STORIES
Thrillingly
WRITTEN**



CLEAN WHOLESOME READING

*I'm "that way" about
Chesterfields, too—*



the cigarette that's **MILDER**
the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**

STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

AUGUST



O
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CLAND

ANNA STEN
By
IRVING SINCLAIR

ANNA STEN'S
WONDERFUL
ROMANCE



If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera . . .



Wallace
BEERY
Jackie
COOPER
 IN ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S
TREASURE ISLAND

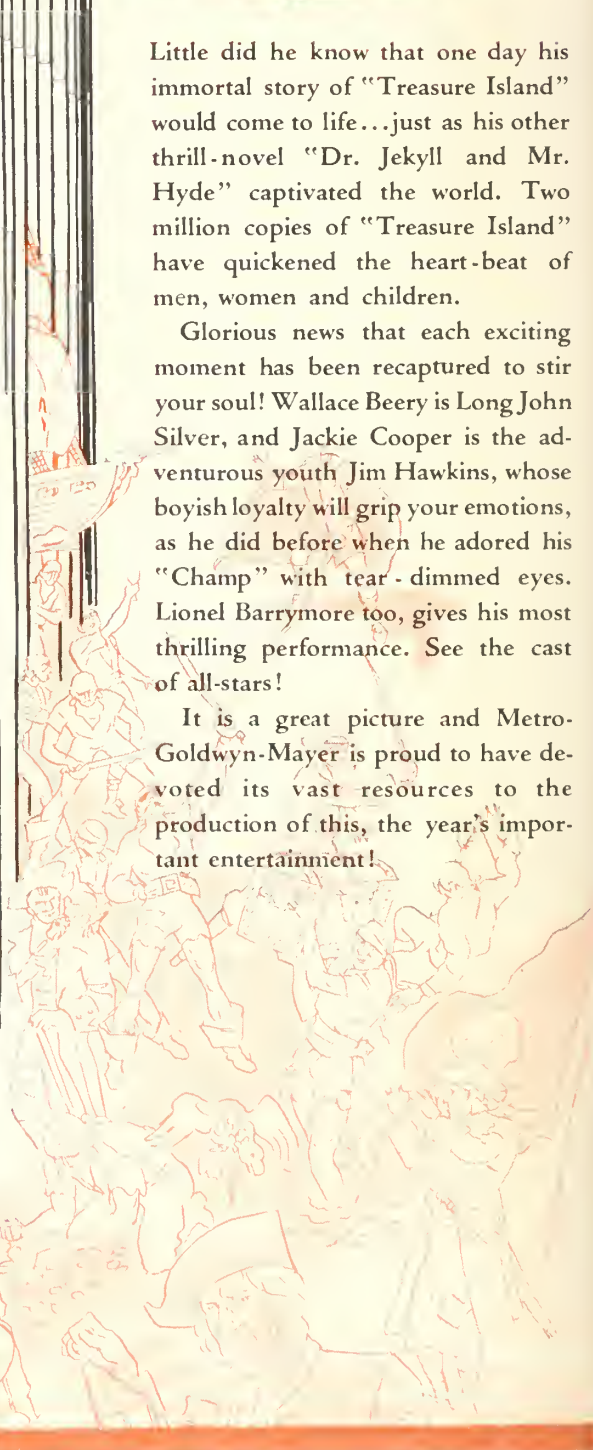
WALLACE BEERY *as Long John Silver*
 JACKIE COOPER - *as Jim Hawkins*
 LIONEL BARRYMORE *as Billy Bones*
 OTTO KRUGER *as Dr. Livesey*
 LEWIS STONE *as Captain Smollett*
 "CHIC" SALE *as Ben Gunn*
 WILLIAM V. MONG *as Old Pew*
 DOROTHY PETERSON *as Mrs. Hawkins*

Directed by Victor Fleming • Produced by Hunt Stromberg
 A METRO GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

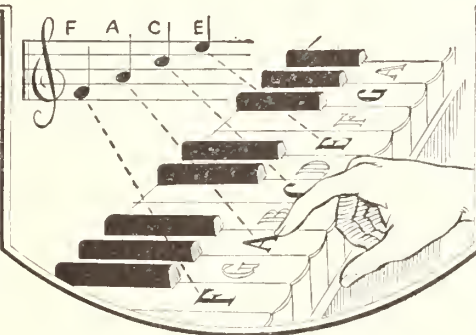
Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life . . . just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!



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You, too, Can Learn to
Play Your Favorite Instrument
Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

YES, over 700,000 delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Seven hundred thousand—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of these 700,000 didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly* easy. No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

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beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

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same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

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| Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor) | Steel Guitar |
| Clarinet | Drums and Traps |
| Flute | Mandolin |
| Harp | Ukulele |
| Cornet | Trombone |
| | Saxophone |
| | Cello |
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THE LOST LEGION OF HOLLYWOOD

Where are the stars of yesteryear—of yesterday, even? Why is there no place for the star whose salary was \$10,000 a week only a short while ago? How does it happen that a star of the not-so-distant past is an extra to-day and glad of the chance? Stranger still, what has become of the players of great promise, those with bright futures before them, who are not only idle in Hollywood but forgotten by former guests at their parties?

These are Hollywood's lost legion, more's the pity, and Samuel Richard Mook will sympathetically tell you all about them in next month's Picture Play. You will be amazed.


"I STILL BELIEVE IN MARRIAGE," SAYS JEAN HARLOW!

Far from disillusioned with men, Miss Harlow is all for 'em in this exclusive interview with Jack Smalley, who explains why the platinum blonde's three marriages ended disastrously. Yet Jean Harlow is without bitterness or blame or self-pity. Love has simply done her wrong. Don't miss this remarkable analysis of an extraordinary girl in September Picture Play.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MARLENE DIETRICH

What handicaps her? Too little temperament, a willingness to be submissive? Friends, facts, and figures contribute astonishing items to Helen Pade's article about the woman who should be America's most popular star—and isn't. In next month's Picture Play.

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Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

"THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS" brings together John Boles and Ann Harding in one of those simple, touching stories that glorify a woman's steadfast love and quiet self-sacrifice in the mood of "Back Street." Here Miss Harding is a small-town milliner whose affair with Mr. Boles is common talk until she gives him up rather than impede his political career, which climaxes when he becomes a senator and marries Helen Vinson. Accused of his murder, Vergie silently sacrifices herself to spare his wife and his reputation until justice belatedly vindicates her.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

In Memoriam.

LILYAN TASHMAN is dead. She was my first favorite. I loved her from the moment I saw her in "Bulldog Drummond." And for four years I loved her, and *only* her, devotedly. I wrote to her many times. She was one of the few stars who acknowledged fan letters by a photo, and she sent me many pictures and three letters.



Beverly Hook speaks for all those fans who miss Lilyan Tashman.

She was wonderful. I idolized her. I used to dream of meeting her some day and being overcome by the thought that here she was right before me! And I dreamed then that she was all graciousness and helped me out of my speechless fright by being friendly, sweet, and understanding. I know she would have been so if I had ever met her.

She was a glorious, human, likable person, a true woman beneath her pretense of caring only for smart appearance and fashionable clothes. This false front she wore was merely one of the tricks Hollywood women must use. How tragic that she died so suddenly when she had just come into her own as a clever, fast-stepping comédienne! And yet how fitting that her career should end while she had success, popularity, and adulation.

She has left behind her memories of her varied successes, such as her clever and rollicking performance in "Girls About Town"



Paul Muni is a man's actor, writes Frank Kennedy, whose girl friends bore him with eulogies of the Barrymore profile.

and her truly villainous portrayal in "Murder by the Clock." I shall never forget her. BEVERLY HOOK, 1339 Glenn Avenue, Augusta, Georgia.

A Man's Man—Muni.

I AM becoming rather weary of these cinema supermen that my feminine associates are continually yawping about. No, it isn't envy, either. But after listening patiently for months to their plaintive eulogies concerning the virility of Gable, Montgomery's nonchalance, and Jack Barrymore's profile, I'm inspired to rise to the defense of a man—and a magnificent actor as well—Paul Muni. Who can forget his remarkable portrayals in "Scarface" and "I Am a Fugitive"? Now Muni is no matinée idol, but for true brilliance and sincerity of performance he has all these would-be heroes lashed to the mast.



The tragedy of Karl Dane is sympathetically deplored by Ella Nikisher.

Muni is handsome in a harsh, brutal way and he never poses. I understand that he is being considered for "Anthony Adverse." To any one who has read this devastating tale of a rollicking buccaneer, the choice of Muni for the title rôle must be re-



Anita Page and her family won the heart of Demetra M. Hatzis.

garded as nothing short of a stroke of genius and positive assurance of another incomparably perfect picture. It may be that there is a more consistently intelligent actor than Paul Muni out Hollywood way, but I have yet to see him.

FRANK KENNEDY, JR.
Lake Zurich, Illinois.

Karl Dane.

THIS is a tribute to one who, though at one time a grand actor and comedian, died penniless and forgotten—Karl Dane. I wonder how many of you remember him? Though it seems only yesterday that I first saw him—a tall, gawky fellow with a broad smile and big blue eyes that fairly sparkled with life.

It was in "The Big Parade" that he played his first part. He was *Slim*, champion spitter of a regiment of doughboys and one of the buddies of Jack Gilbert—a grand comedian if ever there was one.

I shall never forget the scene where he ran to the rescue of a buddy and got caught, and finally his bullet-riddled body lay sprawled across the field. And I am sure most of us sat there with a lump in our throat, a tear in our eye, wishing he hadn't died. What a truly great fellow he was!

And one reads of him to-day, "Karl Dane, who skyrocketed to fame in 'The Big Parade,' now penniless and forgotten and living on the bounty of friends, shoots himself to death."

What a tragedy indeed!

ELLA NIKISHER.

1225 Lancaster Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Meeting Anita's Family.

HERE are cheers for Anita Page and her vaudeville tour. Meeting Anita backstage, I was introduced to her charming mother. Immediately I was at ease as I chatted with mother and daughter. I learned that Anita was leaving for the Coast after the vaudeville tour and how she enjoyed meeting her fans.

Meeting Anita and her family was a thrill for me, and as I left them, I couldn't help but wonder if those who found the former nine-o'clock publicity a little extraordinary gave any consideration to the fact that Anita was but seventeen when she made her screen debut.

One has but to listen to the audience to learn what an impression she has left with them. They reminisce over past parts and ask one another when she will be returning to the screen. It is for her screen performances that she is remembered. If the reactions of audiences mean anything, Anita will be back in pictures, continuing to endear herself to her many fans.

DEMETRA M. HATZIS.

132 Main Street,
Hudson, Massachusetts.

Mae West a Menace?

OF course, a smoking-car story gets the most attention and the loudest laughs—from a lot of people. Of course, picture postcards from Paris get more avid inspection than the Mona Lisa—from many. But which is the worth-while art, and the worth-while literature, and which of it really lasts? The question answers itself.

Certainly a woman walking down the street, flamboyantly dressed, swinging her hips and casting come-hither looks will arouse more attention than others with ladylike manners. But what does that mean?

Who are the stars who have lasted longest? The Theda Baras, the Louise Glaums,

or the Mary Pickfords? There's your answer, and the reason why I predict that Mae West won't last another two years, if she lasts that long.

The real trouble is that susceptible young women are confronted with magazine articles wherein Mae West advises females on "how to use sex appeal," "how to get your man," how to work him for presents, jewelry, et cetera, presumably giving nothing in return. These unsophisticated kids take it all seriously, and that is the trouble. Because any one with a modicum of experience knows that women who get all and give nothing, are as numerous as clothes in a nudist colony. So Mae West, who may otherwise be harmless, can do real mischief and *that* does call for objection. The Mae West furor itself will last the short life that the people she portrays do, but her influence for injury, unfortunately may not.

GEORGE POWER.
P. O. Box 2672,
Los Angeles, California.

Hepburn's Splendid Bravado.

IT is difficult to understand the vehemence with which the press has criticized Katharine Hepburn's performance in "The Lake." My quarrel is not that Miss Hepburn failed to fulfill expectations—I must accept the reviews for that—but the ill will behind those criticisms is cause for strong resentment.

Katharine Hepburn is young. She has four outstanding screen performances to speak for her. Even if she was not quite ready for Broadway, it was valuable experience. Instead of belittling her talent, it would be more to the point to acclaim her splendid bravado. The spirit which prompted her appearance on Broadway is rare in the theater and should carry her far.

JACK W. McELVENY.

960 Iglehart Avenue,
St. Paul, Minnesota.

Every Man to His Trade.

INSTEAD of signing up prize fighters, crooners, swimming champs, jugglers, male beauty-prize winners, radio entertainers, and vaudeville hoofers, I wish the producers would give the breaks to proved actors. There are any number of the latter being kicked around in small rôles and in quickies, while the above miscellany is given the acting plums—which is unfair to both actors and audience.

While a continuous mad hunt is going on to discover these trick stars, Hollywood is full of young actors of real talent who are being more or less ignored. Among them are Onslow Stevens, Nils Asther, Ralph Forbes, and Ralph Bellamy.

When will the movie moguls realize that the best acting is done by *trained actors*.

DEE CHAPMAN.

1532 Wilshire Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California.

Thalberg on the Carpet.

RAMON NOVARRO was once quoted as saying he has great faith in persistent effort. If one tries hard and long enough one will eventually achieve one's objective, he said. Well, I've been trying for years. I can still hold a pen, and if Ramon will promise to take care of the faith end of the situation and come back to the screen after his present tour, we fans will never stop trying to get better rôles for him. We will never stop, anyway, but it might help things along, you know, if the faith end is held up too.

We know Ramon will promise, and we know we will persist. But we do not, unfortunately, know what views Irving Thal-

berg entertains on the subject. We are firmly convinced that he has a most ambitious program in mind for Ramon. We know this because six or eight years ago, shortly after Ramon made his great hit in "Ben-Hur," a writer said that Mr. Thalberg's "belief in Novarro is manifest in a remarkable schedule of stories and directors."

Undoubtedly Mr. Thalberg, knowing that anticipation is the greater part of joy, merits the gratitude of every Novarro fan, for has he not given us six or eight years of joyful anticipation? Whatever became of that remarkable schedule of stories, Mr. Thalberg?

Washington audiences did not rise to their feet and cheer Ramon Novarro because they needed the exercise. He was not invited to the White House to let the President know that he does or does not like tea. And he did not draw large crowds in New York, without benefit of publicity, simply because New Yorkers are kind-hearted and did not want to hurt his feelings.

What can you hope to gain by willfully ignoring Ramon's great drawing power—he drew the biggest crowds abroad since the World War!—and his great versatility? What have you to lose by giving him manly, dramatic rôles? I do not mean to give him another "Ben-Hur"—nothing so unrelieved or limited in its scope. Give him another "Scaramouche," a picture that combines dramatic power, maturity, and the delicious comedy in which Ramon is so skilled. And flavor it all with his exquisite music.

F. C. CALIRI,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Billboards and Morality.

I OFTEN wonder what the writers of some of these letters think of their efforts when they see their squawks in print. They seem crude, unjust persons. The idea of Maryann Kozma being so shocked over the pictures of Mae West on the billboards! "Not fit for decent eyes"—phooey! Why not be fair and see one of Mae's pictures, then see if you still think her degrading? If you, Maryann, will keep your mind out of the gutter you will not see so much immorality about Mae's pictures on billboards. They are no more revealing than countless others among our stars.

To me, Mae West seems to be a very clever and beautiful person. She has sense enough to know what the public wants and gives it to them. Don't believe all the stories written about her. She's great, and I'm for her one hundred per cent.

Now for Bill Gordon. Aren't you the brainy cuss, though! What an eye for beauty and talent! What's wrong with Hepburn's and Crawford's looks? Hepburn has a very refreshing appearance and gives us something new and entirely different in her pictures. Nature must have given you a freakish brain for you to call so talented an actress as Hepburn a freak.

And what is wrong with Crawford's looks? To me she seems very beautiful. I love the way she dons her make-up, and would look just like her if I only could. She is one actress who has yet to give a poor performance. She is a queen among the stars.

Dorothy Rogers, and you, Bill Gordon, did you ever try writing a real boost for some star, forgetting those you dislike so much? Try it sometime. It's fun—and so nice.

AGNES GEARHART.

1746 Arlington Avenue,
Toledo, Ohio.

Continued on page 10

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

KEN BERGLUND.—For a photograph of Fred Astaire, write to RKO Studio, inclosing twenty-five cents. After making two pictures, "Dancing Lady" and "Flying Down to Rio," he went to England for a vacation. He is in Hollywood again for "Ringstrasse."



E. E. P.—David Manners is playing in Universal's "Black Cat." His real name is Rauff Aklom; born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, April 30, 1905; six feet, weighs 175; brown hair and eyes.

JEAN.—I am unable to supply the home addresses of players. Dorothy Wilson is with Paramount. I shall be glad to send you a personal reply if you will inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Dorothy and Gretchen are not related.

MARGUERITE McCOLLUM.—Henry Wilcoxon and Warren William with Claudette Colbert, in "Cleopatra." Paul Kaye was Patricia Ellis's fiancé in "Easy to Love."



L. G. AND H. H.—*Slim* in "Day of Reckoning" was played by James Bell. Robert Montgomery comes from Beacon, New York, where he was born on May 21, 1904; six feet, weighs 160; brown hair, blue eyes; Kent Taylor, from near Nashua, Iowa, on May 11th; six feet, weighs 165; dark wavy hair, brown eyes.

MONICA ORMSBERRY.—The birthdates you wish are: Randolph Scott, January 23, 1903; Bruce Cabot, April 20, 1910; Adrienne Ames, August 3, 1909; Virginia Cherrill, April 12, 1908; Claire Dodd, December 29, 1908; Warren William, 1896

R. M. H.—For information about Robert Montgomery, see *L. G. and H. H.* However, the subject of religion is always avoided in this magazine.



IDA DIETZ.—Fredric March was divorced from an Ellis Baker before he married Florence Eldridge. I guess this is a surprise to most fans because mention is rarely made of the fact that he had a former wife. Anyway, I hope the bet is in your favor.

RUTH ELLIS.—Little Jimmy Butler of "Only Yesterday" played the rôle of Charles as a boy in "Beloved." He is also in "No Greater Glory." Madge Evans is a native New Yorker, twenty-five on July 1st; Una Merkel will be the same age as Madge on December 10th; Raymond Hatton was forty-two on July 7th; married to Frances Roberts. Reginald Barlow was John Whipple in "The Big Cage."

JANINA.—Ramon Novarro sailed for South America on April 7th to begin a concert tour which is to last all summer. His sister, Carmen Samenigos, accompanied him. Ramon is now thirty-five. "Laughing Boy" is his current film. He is to make two more for Metro-Goldwyn.

MARGIE C. G.—You probably saw Patsy Kelly in "Going Hollywood" and "Countess of Monte Cristo." Now playing in Columbia's "The Party's Over," with Stuart Erwin, Ann Sothorn, and William Bakewell.

BETTE KESTER.—Adrienne Ames is five feet five. Lona André weighs 107. Glenda Farrell is twenty-nine.

HARRY BROWNEY.—Wynne Gibson is not a star but a featured player who divides her time between several studios; that is why you do not find her name regularly in "Addresses of Players." Her latest is "I Give My Love," for Universal, opposite Paul Lukas. Some Japanese players are Toshia Mori, Aoyama Yukio, Ned LaSalle, Sessue Hayakawa.



M. E. Z.—Here are those birthdates: Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901; Paul Muni, September 22, 1895; Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911; Gene Raymond, August 13, 1908; James Dunn, November 2, 1905; Janet Gaynor, October 6, 1907; Richard Arlen, September 1, 1898; Maurice Chevalier, September 12, 1893; Ruby Keeler, August 25, 1909; Cary Grant, January 18, 1903.

ALMA.—The reason you haven't seen Anita Page on the screen these many months is that she has been in vaudeville. "The Big Cage" and "I Have Lived" were her last films. Anita, whose last name is Pomares, was born in Flushing, New York, August 4, 1910; five feet three, weighs 118, blond hair, blue eyes.



J. J. C.—I understand that Elmo Lincoln is living in seclusion in a mountain lodge near Hollywood. In "The Last of the Mohicans," released in 1920, the part of *Uncas* was played by Alan Roscoe, *Cora* by Barbara Bedford, and *Alice* by Lillian Hall.

LADY READER.—The June and July issues were already in print when your letter came. After a short vacation in Europe, Eric Linden is at work on Universal's "I Give My Love," with Paul Lukas and Wynne Gibson. Richard Cromwell's right name is Roy Radabaugh.

VIRGINIA LEE.—We do not have facilities for supplying photographs. For one of John Wayne, write to Monogram Stu-

dio, 1040 N. Las Palmas Avenue, Hollywood. Wayne was born May 26, 1907, in Winterset, Iowa; six feet two, weighs 200, and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. About a year ago he married Josephine Saenz, daughter of a Panama official.

TOMMY.—Gary Cooper has signed a new contract with Paramount. You will be seeing him soon in "Barbary Coast," opposite Anna Sten. His marriage to Sandra Shaw was covered in "They Say in New York" last March.



SONJA B.—Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone may be married by the time you read this. Constance Bennett with Fredric March in "The Affairs of Cellini." Miss Bennett is about five feet four, and will be twenty-nine on October 22nd; Lee Tracy, five feet ten, was thirty-six on April 14th; Donald Dillaway, five feet eleven, thirty-one on March 17th.

ROSELLEA.—Jean Harlow is a natural platinum blonde, though she takes the greatest care to keep her hair that way. Jean Parker was born in Deer Lodge, Montana, August 11, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105; dark-brown hair, hazel eyes; Toby Wing, near Richmond, Virginia, July 14, 1915; five feet four and a half, weighs 118; platinum hair, blue eyes.



CHARLIE TRENT.—Their heights and weights are: Wynne Gibson, five feet two, 103; Ginger Rogers, five feet five, 112; Frances Dec, five feet three, 108; Miriam Hopkins, a little over five feet, 100; Fay Wray, five feet three, 114. Miss Wray will be twenty-seven September 16th. Victor Jory with Dolores del Rio in "Madame Du Barry."

TED MOORE.—The answer I mailed to you was returned. If you will let me know your present whereabouts, I shall forward the letter to you again.

SOPHIE SINGER.—Leon Janney seems to prefer the stage. He was last seen around New York in "Every Thursday." He was seventeen on April 1st. Address him at Box 425, Hollywood. Leon E. Janney is his full name; not related to William Janney.



GEORGE.—Helen Mack's birthplace is Rock Island, Illinois. She will be twenty-one November 13th; five feet three and a half, weighs 105; dark-brown hair and eyes. "Limchouse Nights," with George Raft, is her next.

JOSEPHINE.—Warren William, not William Powell, has the *Philo Vance* rôle in the next S. S. Van Dine story, "The Dragon Murder Case." Margaret Lindsay has the feminine lead. Patricia Ellis in "The Circus Clown" and "Here Comes the Groom."

C. LEARY.—Norma Shearer, Fredric March, and Charles Laughton in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Ann Sothern has been cast opposite Jack Haley in "Here Comes the Groom." Otto Kruger in "Treasure Island." "Dangerous to Women" is the new title for "The Humbug," with Nils Asther and Gloria Stuart.

Dor T.—Upon completion of her stage engagement in "Mary of Scotland," Helen Hayes will make "Vanessa" for Metro-

on August 9th. Georges Metaxa has left St. Francis Hospital, Miami, Florida, where he was taken after the automobile accident in which his wife was killed and he suffered a fractured skull.

TOD NOTTAH.—Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, and William Powell in "Manhattan Melodrama"; Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in "Change of Heart." Karen Morley has Tom Keene for her leading man in "Our Daily Bread."

BETTY.—After "Merry Widow," Jeanette MacDonald will make "Naughty Marietta," with Nelson Eddy opposite. Miss MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, June 18, 1907; five feet five, weighs 122, red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes.

A. G.—Here are some September birthdates: Greta Garbo, 18th; Richard Arlen, 1st; Ralph Forbes, 30th; Neil Hamilton, 9th; Fay Wray, 16th; Helen Vinson, 17th; George Raft, 26th; Otto Kruger, 6th; Paul Muni, 22nd; Dickie Moore, 12th; George O'Brien, 1st; Kathleen Burke, 5th; Claudette Colbert, 13th; David Durand, 29th; Jackie Cooper 15th; Donald Cook, 26th.

LOU.—That was Robert Donat as *Thomas Culpeper* in "Henry the VIII." He is now under contract to Reliance Pictures, and will have the title rôle in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

JOHNNY.—John Wayne is playing in "The Man From Utah" and "Blue Steel," to be followed by "Randy Rides Alone," all for Monogram. Elizabeth Allan is still in pictures. Look for her in "David Copperfield."

SARAH.—The Merian C. Coopers (Dorothy Jordan) were in Honolulu when their daughter was born on April 15th. Martha Sleeper became Mrs. Hardie Albright on April 7th.

ED.—Anita Louise is a native New Yorker, born January 9, 1916; blond hair, blue-gray eyes. Now playing in "Madame Du Barry." Tom Brown is her constant escort. Randolph Scott is with Jack Oakie and Dorothy Dell in "Thank Your Stars." Richard Barthelmess in "Midnight Alibi" with Ann Dvorak, Helen Lowell, Helen Chandler.

M. S.—The songs you heard in "Wonder Bar" are "Why Do I Dream Those Dreams," "Goin' to Heaven on a Mule," "Don't Say Good Night," "Vive La France," and "Wonder Bar." Those sung in "George White's Scandals" are "You Nasty Man," "Hold My Hand," "Six Women," "Sweet and Simple," "So Nice," "My Dog Loves Your Dog."

H. W. You will see Judith Allen in W. C. Fields's "The Old-fashioned Way." Miss Allen comes from New York and celebrates her birthday on January 28th. She has nut-brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Divorced.

L. N.—Gertrude Michael was *Pamela Banks* in "I Believed in You." Recent films are "She Loves Me Not" and "Cleopatra." Miss Michael is an Alabama girl who came to Hollywood from the stage.

M. B.—I shall be glad to mail you a list of fan clubs upon receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope. There are a number in

honor of Bing Crosby and Jean Harlow. "Kiss and Make Up" is Toby Wing's latest.

JOAN.—Claudia Dell was born in San Antonio, Texas, January 10, 1910; five feet five, blond hair, blue eyes; Mary Carlisle, Boston, Massachusetts, February 3, 1912; five feet one, weighs 100; blond hair, blue eyes. Kay Francis's right name is Katherine Gibbs, and W. C. Fields's is William Claude Duganfield.

OLIVER LANE.—Mary Brian's latest is "Private Scandal," with Phillips Holmes, Lew Cody, Zasu Pitts, Ned Sparks. Miss Brian born in Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908; five feet two, weighs 109, brown hair, blue eyes. See Addresses of Players for those you ask about.

CHRISTINE C.—The Wampas Baby Stars for 1934 are: Judith Arlen, Betty Bryson, Jean Carmen, Helen Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Ann Novy, Lucille Lund, Lu Anne Meredith, Gigi Parrish, Katherine Williams, Jacqueline Wells.

ISABEL.—Greta Garbo's next film will be "The Painted Veil." Robert Montgomery is to be costarred with Wallace Beery in "West Point of the Air."

INTEREST ED.—Otto Kruger comes from Toledo, Ohio, and celebrates his birthday on September 6th; married to Sue MacManamy, and they have a seven-year-old



As many letters come to Picture Play about Frankie Darro as the big-time stars. That's why fans will be interested to know that his new picture is "Burn-'em-Up Barnes," in which Frankie will, as usual, give a corking performance.

Goldwyn. When George Arliss returns from a vacation in England he will be in "Richelieu." Mr. Arliss is an Englishman and is sixty-six.

HARLOW-GABLE FAN.—When requesting a list of a star's films, we ask readers to inclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Jean Harlow was known as Harlean Carpenter before going into pictures, and Clark Gable as William Gable.

HELEN BIRD.—Creighton Chaney is freelancing. He is about twenty-three, and comes from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; six feet two, weighs 205, dark-brown hair and eyes. His next is "Virgie Winters."

V. L. A.—Rex Lease was born in Huntington, West Virginia, February 11, 1903; five feet ten and a half, weighs 150; brown hair, blue eyes. He has been divorced twice. Nat Pendleton will be thirty-five



Brian Aherne's splendid performance in "The Constant Nymph" brought him back to Hollywood for "The Fountain," with Ann Harding.

daughter. Write to Monogram Pictures for a photo of Bob Steele. Ben Lyon was thirty-three on February 6th.

S. L. STEWART.—I don't know that there is any reason for picking on Yonkers as being a funny city. Others that are the butt of movie jokes are Dubuque, Kalamazoo, Hoboken, and Brooklyn. No use being sensitive about it; just be a sport and laugh with the rest. After all, there is really no basis for any of these gibes.

What the Fans Think

For Hepburn and Picture Play.

THIS is to thank Picture Play for the unusual and interesting article "Oh, Hepburn, Behave!" by M. Oakley Christoph in the May number. This unique magazine has had the nerve to publish those little by-the-way things that seem to be part of the daily life of nearly all the stars, and the fans are delighted. However, I feel that the strong criticism of Miss Hepburn's attitude toward members of the press was unnecessary.

What difference does it make what her private life is so long as she delivers the goods on the screen? Each of Katharine's pictures has been distinctly individual and outstanding. This little girl handles her rôles with sincere understanding of everything she is doing. This is the greatest step in the making of a perfect characterization.

Katharine also possesses another distinction unknown to many stars—simple, perfect diction. She makes everything she has to say mean something vitally important.

BRYAN WALLER.

222 South Rampart Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California.

Settling Bow's Status.

IN April Picture Play I came across a letter written by Virginia Edith, of Buffalo, New York, in which she says that Clara Bow is more fascinating than Garbo, Dietrich, and others.

That was a joke enough, but she went on to say that Clara is also an excellent actress, her every rôle convincing. This was the line that burned me up. I consider myself some sort of critic, and even to hint that Clara Bow could hold a candle to Garbo is absolutely ridiculous.

Not that I don't like Clara Bow; I think she can hold her own with the best of them if given the right vehicle such as "Ladies of the Mob," in which I think she did her best acting. But in recent years any sane-minded person will admit that all her pictures were box-office flops. She gave a swell performance in "Call Her Savage," but what an awful story! And the least said about "Hoopla" the better. It was just about bad enough to keep her off the screen definitely.

JIM MONAHAN.

67 Springfield Street,
South Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Art or Vulgarly?

IN May Picture Play I note Esther Hader's opinion of "The High-class Rowdy," Mae West. I cannot agree with Miss Hader. I certainly can see nothing of fine acting in Mae West's "She Done Him Wrong." It was my first and last Mae West picture. There can certainly be nothing of art in the suggestive vulgarity of this film.

We Middle-Westerners appreciate real pictures—good acting. Katharine Hepburn was marvelous in "Little Women." There is something fresh and wholesome about Miss Hepburn that makes her pictures irresistible. Why can't we have more Hepburn pictures?

Then, too, give us Garbo in another picture in which she will be permitted to laugh as she did in "Queen Christina." We corn-fed Iowans really want good pictures and will support them! Do we get them?

L. M. M.

Storm Lake, Iowa.

Madge Is Climbing.

MADGE EVANS is one swell actress. Not a Garbo, Shearer, Hepburn, or Bennett, but I'd sooner see Madge any

day. She is no current rave—in one minute, out the next—but every performance she gives shoves her farther up the ladder. Despite the fact that she may have been a child star, she does not let this deter her from becoming a greater star as a woman.

When she came to the talkies, she had to fight the long fight all over again. Now she is closer to being a star than any of the leading ladies. Does it trouble her? No! She says that if she gave a good performance in her latest picture, she'll be better in the next.

Picture Play is good value for a dime. You give your own opinions despite what other magazines say. Oh, I'm not trying to say that you should emulate other magazines, but some, you know, have a habit of playing follow the leader in their criticisms. Some say of all pictures, "They're swell—not a weak moment in any of them!" Some magazines play favorites among the stars; all their pictures are "the best performances in their lives," and yet they may be as dull as ditch water.

VICTOR P. KING.

227—21st Street,
Brandon, Manitoba, Canada.

Don't Ask!

I WONDER:

Why Joan Crawford doesn't think up a new gag? Her gardenias are getting stale.

Why Mae West's mouth is always open? When are we to see Estelle Taylor again?

Why Barbara Stanwyck doesn't cease raving about Frank Fay?

Why Ramon Novarro is so smug?

If Baclanova will make a picture soon?

Why Madge Evans has such a monotonous voice?

If Alice Brady intentionally overacts?

Why Clark Gable is such a lovable chap?

Why John Boles is so creakingly stiff?

Why Billie Burke had to spoil "Dinner at Eight"?

Why Clara Bow doesn't either retire or learn to act?

How many admire Otto Kruger as much as I do?

Why Joan Crawford gulps so much in her dramatic scenes and wiggles her hips?

BERTHA C. LAMBERT.

Banning, California.

Sten Inspires Prayer.

FOR the first time in years the build-up ballyhoo and publicity preceding a new star hasn't turned out to be gross exaggeration. The star is Anna Sten, whose subtle charm and enigmatic beauty outdo even her most enthusiastic publicity.

Despite a rather trite story, Miss Sten raised "Nana" to the heights of superb dramatic achievement. She is an artist of the very first rank, if there ever was one. By comparison Garbo seems quite ordinary and Crawford but a clotheshorse.

If Anna Sten is to be taken as any indication of what's what in Russia under the big bad Soviets, may I offer a prayer that the revolution soon spreads to America—at least in the movies?

FRANKLIN KENNEDY.

2817 Warren Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois.

Cinema Immortals.

WHEN a complete history of the screen is written, I wonder how many of to-day's favorites will be singled out for mention? How many of them are great enough to be remembered when the rest are forgotten? To my mind, there is only one star on the screen to-day who has

really achieved greatness—Garbo. She alone will join that small group of cinema immortals; her name will be remembered and she will be discussed years after she has left the screen.

In that group already are Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Rudolph Valentino, and one or two others. Their names will be remembered so long as films are made. Then many will ask, "What of the other great stars—Hepburn, Dietrich, Crawford, West?" Mae West is a passing vogue and will, I dare to prophesy, not last more than another year or so, when she will fade into obscurity as do all similar sensations in the cinema world. She is not an actress, but a type.

Katharine Hepburn is a good actress but she will never dethrone Garbo, as has been suggested. She lacks restraint, and relies on her ultra-modern personality, which cannot remain ultra-modern.

There is only one actor in pictures to-day who has achieved anything approaching greatness, and that is George Arliss. Perhaps in movie history he will be mentioned now and then, but even he does not belong to that little band of immortals who will never be forgotten.

CISSIE RUFF.

Margate, Kent, England.

Landi Life-flavorer.

ELISSA LANDI, the most charming actress on the screen, is certainly deserving of better rôles. She is the very essence of romance. The mystery of her personality flavors our lives. She is magnetically high-powered. Her regal, fascinating beauty and her aura of romance are distinctly lovely. She makes Garbo and Dietrich look quite ordinary.

ELSIE M. STREPKA.

Brooklyn, New York.

Marlene.

THE moonbeams kissed your gleaming hair

To show the world they found you fair.
Two brilliant stars possessed your eyes,
And laughed at my despairing sighs.

At dawn, before the day's mad din,
The sun caressed your golden skin;
And all the wild, exotic flowers
Their perfume gave, to scent your hours.

Both heaven and earth your beauty sought
And with them, magic gifts they brought.
So, desolate, I stood apart,
For I but offered you my heart.

W. E.

New York.

Holding Out on Fans.

AFTER reading the Katharine Hepburn article in May Picture Play, I am thoroughly convinced that I am only one of the many who are in sympathy with the writer in wanting to know more about Miss Hepburn. I would like to see Hepburn succeed, but I honestly believe if she persists in keeping out of the public's eye, the public will eventually turn to some one else. After all, what we want from the actors and actresses is glamour, excitement, publicity, and Hepburn is one of the few who denies us these.

This open letter to Katharine Hepburn expresses a great deal of good common sense. I certainly hope she will read this article and will appreciate the spirit in which it was written.

DOROTHY BURKS.

1501 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

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STREET & SMITH'S

PICTURE PLAY

AUGUST
1934



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

"NOW AND FOREVER" brings Carol Lombard and Gary Cooper together in an intense story which revolves around Shirley Temple. What a combination! Mr. Cooper, a swindler, is the father of Shirley whom he hasn't seen since birth. Willing to give up his claim on her for money, when he sees her he will not sacrifice her for anything. So Shirley accompanies Mr. Cooper and Miss Lombard to the Riviera where she reforms every crook in sight and, for all we know, abolishes gambling at Monte Carlo. Shirley can do it, all right.

TWO HEARTS

By Laura Benham



Photo by Walling

Herbert Marshall is a man of integrity and honor, gentle and considerate, loyal and affectionate, but he is ruthless, too.

HERBERT MARSHALL is like a small boy who wants to eat his cake and have it, too. Also like a small boy, he has those qualities of potential strength and weakness which endear him to the heart of woman.

Even at casual meeting one is conscious of the paradox of his nature. He could be the ideal husband—or the lover of a girl's dreams. In appearance and many expressed and proved principles, he is a man of integrity and of honor. He is gentle and considerate, loyal and affectionate.

It is difficult to reconcile these qualities with ruthlessness. But those who have known him for many years recall the manner of his mating with Edna Best, his present wife.

It was about eight years ago, in England, that he and Miss Best first met. She was the wife of another man at the time, and the mother of twins. Mr. Marshall also was married.



Photo by Fryer

Edna Best, who is Mrs. Marshall, returned to London when gossip coupled the name of her husband with that of Miss Swanson.

His wife had married him during his first struggling years on the stage, soon after he had forsaken his position as a clerk to follow in the footsteps of his father, an actor.

During the long, arduous War years his wife waited for him, and upon his return from the front, wounded and battle-scarred, she succored and comforted him. His present limp is mute evidence of the suffering he endured, suffering that was shared by the woman who was then his wife.

Upon their introduction, Mr. Marshall and Miss Best felt no immediate attraction for each other. In fact, it was several years later, when they were cast in the same play that a real friendship began and developed into an emotion that swept all else before it—his wife, her husband, and the twins.

Despite the unpleasantness of their respective divorces, the English public forgave Herbert and Edna Marshall and took them to its heart. They had, apparently, the justification of a great love.

As Mr. Marshall once told me: "Audiences in London won't accept Edna and myself in rôles other than happy

Continued on page 58

in WALTZ TIME

Rumor pairs off Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson for a dance to Cupid's intoxicating music. Though neither will discuss the other, their remarks throw a revealing light on the most discussed romance of the month.

THERE was nothing disillusioned nor discouraged about Gloria Swanson when I saw her in New York just after she admitted the collapse of her marriage to Michael Farmer, and announced her intention of suing for divorce.

Instead, Gloria was her usual urbane self, glowingly radiant and utterly frank, with the disarming honesty that is the complement of supreme assurance.

Marveling at her composure during what is surely one of the crises of her life (after all, Farmer is the father of her youngest child), I wondered if the explanation might be absorption in a new romance. Certainly she had the manner and appearance of a woman who loves—and is loved in return.

Of late, gossip has linked Gloria's name with that of Herbert Marshall, whose wife, Edna Best, recently returned to England in what has been described by several observers as a dignified retreat. In fact, the rumors have even reached the stage of pithy paragraphs in print. If true, they could doubtless account for Gloria's unflagging zest for life.

And yet, her whole career has been a series of conjectures and rumors and front-page stories.

To know her is to understand that Gloria Swanson can no more stay out of newspaper headlines than she can change the color of her sea-green, limpid eyes. Perhaps that is the secret of her success. She captures not only your interest but your imagination as well.

From her earliest days, Gloria's one prayer has been "Dear God, please grant me an *eventful* life." And, the banners of her courage high, she has gone forth to meet this life, with its joys and sorrows, its trials and triumphs, its disappointments and moments of rapture. She has never learned the meaning of the word "defeat."

"If a man leaves his wife, it is not for another woman," says Gloria Swanson, "but because he has stopped loving her. As long as he loves her, no one can tear him from her side." Miss Swanson's four marriages have taught her all there is to know.

Despite weak and infrequent pictures, the lack of stage training when sound wrote *finis* to the careers of many silent stars, the birth of two children, and several marriages and divorces, Gloria Swanson's name is one with which to conjure whenever the most popular actresses of the screen are listed.

I think it is because she has dared to live!

She has painted the canvas of her life with broad, firm strokes, in colors vivid and strong. But at no time has she lost her perspective, her sense of proportion. As she explains:

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Photo by Bull



THEY SAY IN

A lead opposite Paul Lukas is Barbara Robbins's reward for perseverance in a checkered stage career.

Photo by Cosmo



This is the open season for new talent. Studio scouts swoop down on radio stations, theaters, and byways along Broadway and garner some interesting names for coming pictures, including Joe Penner at \$75,000.

TWO or three times a year Manhattan becomes just one big crossroads for the film colony, and this is the record month.

Scouts come on to grab talent from the stage. Producers take off for Europe. Actors facing the great option test pretend indifference while they come East and talk vaguely about doing a play.

Every railroad station, airport, theater lobby, and steamship pier has to put up ropes to hold back the fans. Not always a respectful or worshiping crowd, they have their own clan jokes. If a determined-looking female elbows her way through the crowd, pushing every one aside, they hoot, "It must be Hepburn."

The Dark Horse.—So rife was excitement over Katharine Hepburn's mysterious trip to Yucatan for a divorce, her wily refusals to discuss personal affairs with reporters, and the recurrent rumor that her next groom would be her manager, that crowds showed up at Newark airport to see what this Leland Hayward looked like. They saw a tall, thin, sandy-haired chap. He is interesting-looking rather than handsome, languid rather than athletic.

An Old Grudge, Perhaps.—In Hepburn's fickle attitude toward the press—she receives them civilly one day and literally thumbs her nose at them the next—old friends of Hayward's see his influence. Some years ago

With John Beal off to Hollywood, Broadway loses its pet matinée idol and fans rejoice in his return to films.

Photo by Vandamm



Elizabeth Allan comes back from a flying trip to England with two pictures waiting for her.



Nancy Carroll, her career temporarily at a standstill, is signed by Columbia for three pictures.

NEW YORK—

By Karen Hollis

he was a sort of apprentice press agent for United Artists. His job was to go around to the magazines with photographs and try to interest editors in Pickford, Fairbanks, and the rest.

It was just at that cloying period when people were a little fed up with them and Hayward often got a Bronx cheer welcome. He said then that some day he would have something they wanted, and just let them try to get it! He is paying them off with Miss Hepburn's regal indifference. Hayward, incidentally, is a successful literary agent now.

Not in Hepburn's Footsteps!—In Paul Lukas's next picture a girl unknown to film audiences will play opposite him. She is Barbara Robbins, who has had just such a tough struggle getting a break on the stage as Hepburn had. But don't expect another Hepburn. If Miss Robbins makes a big hit, it will be as herself and not an imitation. She is not gaunt, gusty, or cyclonic. She belongs rather to the cute persuasion. She is an utterly charming and level-headed young person, popular with the younger set around town.

Talent Raid Takes Gallery God.—Another Broadwayite commandeered for the Paul Lukas picture, "Hat, Coat and Glove," is John Beal who made an indelible impression in "Another Language." Letters commending him have poured in to "What the Fans Think" ever since the picture was shown. He has turned down picture offers galore, preferring to romp through "She Loves Me Not" on the stage, but finally the ante was raised to the point where a year's salary would enable him to produce plays or possibly even buy himself a theater if he wished, so he gave in. He can't figure it out, being rather shy and quite modest.

Theatrical producers can't figure it out, either. One actor in a hundred has

Continued on page 60



Photo by International

Katharine Hepburn celebrated her divorce by thumbing her nose at reporters one minute and being nice to them the next.

New York bade a reluctant farewell to Madeleine Carroll whose beauty and charm set a new standard even for England

PARTS they CRAVED



Mae West, all dressed up in Marlene Dietrich's costume for "The Scarlet Empress," must take it off to do "It Ain't No Sin."

Norma Shearer set her heart on "A Bill of Divorcement," but David Manners looked into the eyes of Katharine Hepburn instead.



Of all the vanished hopes and lost illusions in Hollywood, there is nothing to equal the pain of stars who wanted rôles they felt were theirs—and rivals ran away with. Especially when fame has come to those who got the lucky break. Here are some astonishing cases.

By Dickson Morley

DO you parade *your* all-important worry? Neither do Hollywood's darlings. At the slightest provocation they broadcast statements on modern modes and issue bulletins on designs for living. They fuss a lot about their lost loves. But what they are *really* distressed about is the great rôle they've missed.

Just ask them when they are in an honest mood. If you suppose the stars can have any particular rôle they set their million-dollar hearts on, you've made a very false guess. Yes, indeed!

The truth is that at some time in every player's career there has been one special part longed for, a rôle that he or she felt was an exact fit, one that promised to bring world-wide applause. Then some one else got the part—and the resultant glory. And were the losers' private adjectives strong!

Take the case of those two sirenish pals, Mae West and Marlene Dietrich. Because Mae has romped considerably ahead at the box office, her mental state is not necessarily happy. Actually it isn't, for she yearned mightily to exercise her detailed knowledge of *Catherine the Great*.

She may always round up her men, but she didn't get her story. And you'll recall how she's been reading books galore on history's foremost vamp. She had *Katie's* number, Mae did. But an executive did her wrong, and "The Scarlet Empress" was Dietrich's plum. Which makes the popularity of the picture a great big pain to Mr. Timony's erstwhile pride.

Being eased out of a regiment of Russian lovers is no laugh to the bust-and-bustle dame who showed us the importance of being earnest in the pursuit of males.

Stars have different notions concerning interpreta-

—and LOST

tions, too. Marlene has given us *Catherine* in her younger, comparatively innocent days. You just know Mae was prepared to illustrate the czarina in her purple prime. Come up *any* time to *la* West's Hollywood apartment and, if you get past the guards, the billowy star will sob on your shoulder.

If you should catch the glamorous belle from Berlin away from Von Sternberg, she would confide that she was crazy to do "Nana." Imagine her annoyance when Sam Goldwyn deliberately preferred Anna Sten! And so much money was spent launching the newcomer from Moscow that Dietrich is not only disappointed at losing the part she wanted above all others, but now she has more foreign competition to buck.

The overnight smash of Max Baer doubtlessly pleased every one but Clark Gable. Every noon for weeks Clark faithfully sacrificed lunch for boxing lessons, M.-G.-M. having planned "The Prizefighter and the Lady" for him. Illness necessitated a hospital trip and when he came back the lusty Baer was in his spot.

Furthermore, it was the sort of he-man rôle Clark needs. And it introduced to us a fellow whose s. a. equals Gable's!

Mention of this picture reminds me of Madge Evans. She has confessed to me that Myrna Loy walked off with two rôles for which she herself was gunning. Madge wished to be the lady in Maxie's arms, and she visualized

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Both Madge Evans and Clark Gable wanted the parts played by Myrna Loy and Max Baer in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," with Otto Kruger.

How would you have liked Marlene Dietrich in "Nana" instead of Anna Sten? It's the picture Marlene yearned for—and lost.

I think it is time to clear the air in regard to that asserted rivalry between Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford. Poor Irving Thalberg would have had to be a superman to develop these two stars, not letting his right hand know what his left doeth in passing out the rôles. That is, *if* he'd been between two deadly rivals.

It's not nice to brag, but it happens I am on confidential terms with both Norma and Joan, and they have told me what parts they prayed for—and lost.

Norma's critics who blandly assert she has her pick will be astonished to learn that she concentrated on playing the leads in "Seventh Heaven" and "A Bill of Divorcement." With all due courtesy to Miss Shearer, we have Janet Gaynor and Katharine Hepburn because she wasn't awarded those outstanding dramas.

As for Joan, she wept for "Millie." Joan didn't crave "The Divorcée," as you've often heard. She was most anxious for the part Helen Twelvetrees won. We can hardly say that Joan's progress was impeded by losing out.



BABY, TAKE A BOW

Shirley Temple, aged five, receives ovations because her natural charm and amazing gift for acting make her the most important child discovery in years. This first interview is as unaffected and sweet as she herself is.

STAND up and cheer for Shirley!

She is an artless ingénue, a seductive siren. She's the five-year-old dimpled darling over whose natural charm in "Stand Up And Cheer" the critics raved. She's the most important child discovery since Jackie Cooper, probably even since Master Coogan's pathos twisted all hearts.

Asked to pose with the newest baby star, Irvin Cobb groaned, "Another infant prodigy!" But, meeting her,

By Myrtle Gebhart

he was lost. He remained with her for two hours, loath even then to leave her sunlit, mercurial presence.

Though undoubtedly a prodigy, Shirley Temple is not precocious. She's clever but not cute. Her rosebud complexion is innocent of cosmetics, her manners of make-up. She knows no smart cracks. She's an anomaly in the studios: an unspoiled child genius, quite unmindful of flattery and fuss.

Though she hasn't had time to accumulate much of a career or a colorful background, she is far more interesting than the glittering stars.

Her two brothers, George and Jack, are in high school. They are average, intelligent kids, crazy about motors—and Shirley.

The Temples profess themselves unable to account for her rare gifts, as they have neither theatrical lineage nor yearnings.

"Unless my love of dancing explains it," Mrs. Temple said. "As a baby, Shirley would move her little body to the rhythm of music. She never walked, really—stood right up on her toes. The limit of my ambition then was to send her to dancing school, so we started her when she was three."

Shirley was born in Santa Monica, California, and prepared for her screen career by learning to talk and to dance. At half-past three she began acting in the Baby Burlesque series of comedies.

"I'm going to have a baby," she announced when we met, her big blue eyes solemnly holding mine.

She has been harping on that lately. It seems that the minute she "gets time" she will have the baby and they'll play in scenes together. She also aspires to be an artist, and fiddles around with a box of crayons. What about acting?

"Oh, I'll do that, too," she replied. "But it will keep me pretty busy dressing my baby, you know."

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Photo by Autrey



Baby talk never issues from Shirley's rosebud lips. She hears a word, remembers it, and uses it correctly. She likes her spinach and reminds her mother when she hasn't had her cod liver oil!



FAVORITES
of the FANS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Photo by Otto Dyar



NORMA SHEARER, on the crest of success in "Rip Tide," refuses to rest on her laurels and be satisfied with congratulations. Far from it. She goes right ahead with another picture, "The Borretts of Wimpole Street," in the distinguished company of Charles Laughton and Fredric March. What a triumvirate!

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Morlene Dietrich
doesn't need soft-focus
photography and the illu-
sion of maid-in-the-mist to be
beautiful, for she is one of the
loveliest ever to grace the
screen. When she shakes off
the shackles of camera effects
she will emerge as the
human being we know her
to be, vibrant and real.
Speed the day!

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



VIVA VINSON!



HELEN VINSON shed her cocoon of reserve and shows a first glimpse of her new self, dashing, glamorous, distinctive. She obliges with views of some of her new frocks, too. They're simple, of course, because Helen, like a number of other clever women, believes that it isn't necessary to be bizarre to be well-dressed.



THAT VENABLE GAL

THE rippling cello tones of Evelyn Venoble's unusual voice are enough to set the young actress apart, but she has some dresses she would like you to see as well. For example, an evening gown of brown taffeta outlined in tulle of the same shade around the shoulders and hem. Trick's no word for it. The fringed tea gown is powder blue.





Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

MARY CARLISLE might easily be just another blond cutie and be content with that, but it happens that the girl can act! Steadily improving in each part she plays, never neglecting her sense of humor, she's one of the really talented newcomers. Her next display: "Rear Car."



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

AS long as Jean Parker remains on the screen she will be remembered for the hearts she broke when, as *Beth*, she died in "Little Women." But she is not content with one outstanding portrayal—she's intensely ambitious and wants more and more. That's why she's studying and studying to improve herself.



ANNA STEN

THE sensational success of "Nana" catapulted Anna Sten into world-wide publicity and admiration, yet little is known of her except that she comes from Russia where she made a place for herself in Soviet films. What of her life there? What of the girl herself? These questions and many more are answered by Harry N. Blair on the opposite page in a story that brings to you the real Anna Sten more vividly, more intimately and more completely than anything you have ever read. It will make you realize that Sten is a great actress because her ruling passion is love.

Photo by George Hurrell



Photo by Harlip

Anna Sten as she looked before acquiring the self-confidence born of a great love.



Eugene Frenke, who fell in love with Anna Sten at first sight and furthered her career in Russia.



This is *la Sten* of "Nana," polished and refined and beautified by Samuel Goldwyn of Hollywood.

ANNA STEN'S WONDERFUL ROMANCE

The never before told story of the Russian actress's discovery by Eugene Frenke, the man she proposed to and married, and their extraordinary life together.

By Harry N. Blair

IT is spring in Moscow. A street car lumbers along bustling Twerskog Boulevard—comes to a sudden stop. Alongside, an automobile darts ahead. At the same moment, a lovely young girl alights. She is hatless and her golden hair gleams in the warm sun. In her arms are several books. The automobile grazes her and her books are scattered over the street.

The girl is a picture of indignation as she stands helpless, the car having gone on. But the driver of the automobile has stopped. He steps out and helps the girl gather her possessions as traffic waits. The girl is still further enraged by his apparent amusement. She accepts the books with an impatient gesture and hurries off. The handsome young stranger gazes after her in frank admiration.

Two weeks later the same young stranger happens into a cinema theater. He is bored with the film until he suddenly glimpses—the girl whom he almost knocked down! She is an inexperienced actress in whom the Soviet Film Bureau sees much promise. The young man feels that she is the most beautiful creature he has ever seen, that he must meet her. He learns that her name is Anna Sten.

The young man is influential. He is confident that an introduction can be easily arranged. He appeals to a friend with the Film Bureau. He waits one, two, three days. All the while he is burning with impatience. Finally he calls his friend. The friend is full of apologies. He

would like to arrange the interview, yes, but it appears that Anna Sten does not care to meet strangers. She is too busy to be bothered with admirers.

Time passes. It is now Christmas in Berlin. The year is 1929. The stranger has flown here from Moscow on business. Such flights are frequently necessary in his work as head of a firm dealing principally in safety razors. The revolution has brought about a change of face on the part of Russian youth. Gone are the beards commonly associated with the typical Russian. It is modern and efficient to be clean-shaved.

Although the young man has often thought of Anna Sten and gazed worshipfully at her shadow on the screen, he has yet to meet her. It is then that fate takes a hand. Entering the Russian Building of Trade in Berlin, his keen black eyes light on his dream princess! Radiantly lovely, she stands talking with a group of friends. The young man is suddenly bold. They are fellow countrymen in a strange land. More, they have mutual friends.

He introduces himself. The name is Eugene Frenke. The girl is startled. She blushes. She is cold until he mentions the incident in Moscow when he retrieved her scattered possessions. Then she suddenly laughs in remembrance. It is a free, joyous laugh, like that of a child. Her lovely round face is childlike also, and her big blue eyes are without guile.

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HOLLYWOOD



Photo by Coburn

Pert Kelton takes time out while yachting to give her hair the fifty brush strokes that keep it glistening.

Jean Muir also wields an industrious brush, her Scotty the docile object of her care.

Photo by Fryer



Stray bits of news and gossip from the cinema capital.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN caught the bride's bouquet at the wedding of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson, the scenario writer. That means something, of course. It ought to, with Maureen so long engaged to John Farrow. However, it wasn't a complete victory for the little Irish lass, for Mrs. Frank Morgan, wife of the actor, also had a grip on the stems for a moment.

Maureen didn't take the capture of the posies with complete rapture, either. In fact, she had tears in her eyes, and said she hoped everything would turn out well. You see, she's a strict Catholic, and there are problems of a previous marriage to overcome in Farrow's instance. So what with that slight uncertainty about capturing the prophetic flowers, and the religious complications, she couldn't be quite happy over the seeming good-luck sign.

Laughton Gets Scare.—Charlie Laughton had a terrible time making a landing on his arrival in Hollywood. He got out of the airplane which brought him from New York to the Coast for "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," looking fearfully wan and white. The ship had tried several times to land, but had to zoom away again, owing to the heavy fog. Laughton thought maybe it would never touch terra firma, and consequently enjoyed a nice case of the jitters.

Incidentally, this clever English actor has brought his wife, Elsa Lanchester, with him this time. Possibly he feels that he needs protection now that he has become a very celebrated star, winning the Academy prize and all. You know how it is in the movie town.

HIGHLIGHTS

Feuds Quickly Forgotten.—Fight and make up is now the rule in the film city. It looks like it when Clark Gable and Constance Bennett are assigned to play in the same picture. Darryl Zanuck is to present them in "It Had to Happen." It was announced within just a couple of weeks of the big-little argument that Clark and Gilbert Roland had at the home of Samuel Goldwyn. Clark and Gilbert, you know, tried to punch each other, but were prevented from doing so by Bill Powell and others. It will be interesting to see how friendly Clark and Constance are when they actually get together on the set, especially since it was some remark that Gable made to Mademoiselle Bennett which started the fracas.

Why Jean and Hal Split.—"Inside" on the actual cause of the break-up between Jean Harlow and Hal

Kate More Elusive.—Katharine Hepburn did the hide-out act during her brief visit to the Coast. The talk is that she has been told to "step on it" and make her next picture a good one, or else! It is felt that her career is in a very tremulous stage right now, and can sail merrily along or go quite flat. Neither her stage appearance in "The Lake" nor her frolickings in "Spitfire" has been helpful. So what with this and that, the Lady Hepburn may retire more deeply into her shell than heretofore. She has been pretty generously slapped.

In one way, however, she hasn't much to concern herself about, for some \$70,000 is reported added to her annual income, provided she makes an extra picture.

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Photo by Acme

For all her pearls and royal lineage, Elissa Landi enjoys a box lunch with the most democratic of 'em.

Corinne Griffith, former "orchid lady of the screen," dissolves her ten-year marriage with Walter Morosco.

Irene Castle, dancing star of two continents in pre-War days, returns to the screen for Warners.

Photo by Longworth



Rosson is that the star's cameraman-husband was too strict about what she should do and wear on the set. He was most devoted to Jean, but liked to rule in the good old-fashioned masculine way. And Jean up and revolted.

On the occasions when we have seen them together, Hal was always the perfection of attentiveness to his wife. But perhaps in the crazy film world, with its odd ideas and conventions, this husbandly attitude was carried too far.

Since the smash-up of the Harlow-Rosson marriage, there has been a revival of gossip about Jean and Maxie Baer. Well, we know Jean will marry again, and it probably won't be long until she does.

Mae Says She'll Stay.—Other people may have ideas about how long Mae West will last on the screen, but Mae is figuring things out her own way. She has heard all the talk about her arriving for only a picture or two more, but she thinks it's a lot of poppycock. She contends that she had a quick rise in favor because she was a "finished product" when she came to Hollywood. Either she would hit, or she would miss completely. And now that she has hit she doesn't see any reason why she shouldn't stay on. She intends to be extremely careful about the number of pictures that she makes. It will be some job cut-foxing this very clever woman.



at attention to accept the second high honor the crown had bestowed upon him within ten months.

"You are now a Knight of the British Empire," the king continued shaking the hand of the man before him. Thus, Commander Guy Standing of his majesty's navy automatically annexed a "Sir" onto his name a distinction few actors can boast.

The English actor made his screen debut as Miriam Hopkins's grandfather in "The Story of Temple Drake," and turned in a performance that established him as one of the foremost character actors on the screen.

Upon meeting him, one is immediately struck by the ease and grace of his welcome. Tall, distinguished in appearance, a man of the world, with just enough accent to let you know he is an Englishman, Sir Guy stands for all that is fine and clean, both on the

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Sir Guy spent many years on the stage before joining the British navy. That's why he gives such fine performance:

He likes to step out now and then with Alison Skipworth, with whom he played on the stage twenty-five years ago. No, this isn't another romance.

SOLITAIRE KNIGHT

Sir Guy Standing is the only actor in Hollywood to be knighted by the King of England for valor during the World War, but it is charm as a gentleman that sets him apart in the studio world.

By Whitney Williams

COMMANDER STANDING"—his majesty, King George V was the speaker, and a merry twinkle shone in his eye—"if this is to become a habit, why didn't you start with a lower order? We have only one higher than the one you are about to receive."

The scene was a brilliant ceremony at Buckingham Palace. The King of England was investing a number of army and navy men with royal orders, and Commander Guy Standing, C. B. E., stood rigidly



TOO PROUD To Be a PRINCESS

You would think that the kingly Cecil DeMille's daughter would have everything her own way in the movies, wouldn't you? But she made a place for herself without his help. She's that independent. **By Dudley Early**

IT was hot, so we sat in the shade on the cement steps of a building on the Paramount lot—Katherine DeMille and I.

Gary Cooper passed, his head down, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Then Cary Grant came breezing along. As he went by he flung back over his shoulder a greeting: "Hi, Katherine!"

It was not to her as the daughter of the almost legendary Cecil DeMille that he spoke, but as to a fellow trouper. The camaraderie in his tone said so. All the spoken and printed assertions in the world could not have proved, as did that simple greeting, her independence of her famous and powerful father.

People who have battled for success and attained it resent the upstart, the possessor of influence, and are slow to welcome newcomers into their fold until they have proved their real worth. Katherine DeMille is "one of ours." And with three good rôles to her credit, she plans to stride on—alone.

"It is only natural," she says, "that I should have turned to pictures. Raised in a family that revolves around the picture business, and where, when reading the newspapers, each member invariably jumps on

Katherine DeMille is as alluring as any of her father's screen sirens, but he hasn't even bothered to see her act. That's the way she wants him to be—aloof.

As Mae West's dark menace in "It Ain't No Sin."

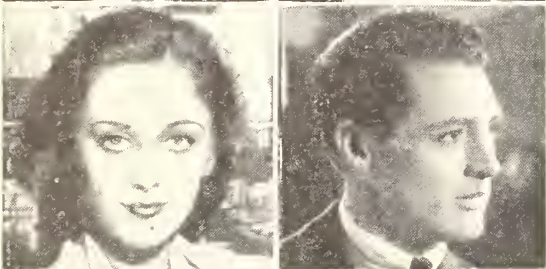


the most dramatic incidents and reads them aloud, well, what else could I do?"

But there are other reasons, mainly, five feet four inches of arresting brunet beauty, dark, intelligent eyes, and full lips over strong, white teeth. Her complexion is lovely. She weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds.

The first thing that strikes you about her, aside from the obvious fact that she is very easy to look upon, is her vitality. This, together with her beauty and intelligence, would have led her, living in Hollywood, to the studios no matter whose daughter she was.

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WELL,

Some stars change their names, others have alters by marrying two or three times. Yes, indeed, legal name. This article tells all about real and

By Madeline

ROSE by any other name would smell as sweet, and a star by his own name doubtless would twinkle as brightly. But many actors feel that the first step in a stage or screen career is to assume a professional alias. Some of them make several changes before one is permanently adopted. It's all pretty confusing to the fans, to say nothing of the actors who, in some instances, answer to one name at the studio and another one at home.

And when you realize that many actresses have their family name, one or more assumed names, a nickname or two, and the names of their various husbands to wrestle with, you wonder that they don't forget who they are. Perhaps some of them do!

An example of indecision in choosing a name is the case of Joan Crawford. Miss Crawford was christened Billie and her father's name was Cassin. Later she changed her name to Lucille Cassin, still later changing it to Lucille Le Sueur. When Joan learned the English translation of *sueur*—sweat—she decided that a brand-new name was in order. A magazine contest gave her Joan Crawford. She pronounces the first name Jo-ann.

An assumed name becomes legal only when the actor has it made so by law. Marriage and all private business is entered into under the star's real name, unless, as rarely happens, the professional name has been legalized.

In Hollywood so common is the practice of a wife assuming her husband's screen name that Florence Eldridge, for instance, would be very much astonished at being addressed as Mrs. Frederick Bickel, instead of Mrs. Fredric March.

Clara Bow is not Mrs. Rex Bell in private life, but Mrs. George F. Beldam. Probably she would hardly recognize her legal name if addressed by it.

Once established, a screen name sticks not only to the

actor but to his near relatives. Even mothers and children are often erroneously included in the assumed name.

Jack Oakie's real name is Lewis D. Offield. When he left Oklahoma as a youngster and went to New York, where he attended grammar school, his classmates called him "Oklahoma" because of his Middle-West accent. Later this was shortened to "Oakie," and Lewis dwindled into Jack. Thus was a trim stage name coined. To-day Jack's mother is popularly known as Mrs. Oakie.

Often the studio takes a hand in naming promising talent and frequently the result is dismal. Metro-Goldwyn felt that the name Mae Green was too prosaic, so by studio vote it was changed to the equally prosaic Jean Parker. The fact that they already had a conspicuous Jean on the lot didn't worry the christeners.

Although there were already several Richards in the studios, Columbia changed Roy Radabaugh's name to Richard Cromwell. The boy had already won some fame as an artist but, nevertheless, his name had to be changed. He is still called Roy by his family.

When Paramount changed Archie Leach's name to Cary Grant they may have forgotten that Cary sounds much like Gary. But possibly that was intentional.

At the beginning of Richard Barthelmess's career, his studio asked him to change his last name. Richard answered, "If I have any success, people will learn to pronounce my name; if I don't, it doesn't matter." And you will notice that Barthelmess is never confused with any other actor.

Many of the stars changed their names to avoid embarrassing unreasonable families. Marie Dressler was originally Leila von Koerber. Had Major von Koerber known to what heights his daughter would rise, he probably would not have accused her of wanting to disgrace his name by taking it on the stage.

Frank and Ralph Morgan were born to the name of Wuppermann. To please their parents and because they felt that almost any change would be an improvement, they took the name by which they are now known.

Usually, however, screen names are chosen for reasons



WHO AM I?

alias thrust upon them, and some complicate matters—it's a quick-witted player who can remember his assumed names, and reasons for changing them.

Class

of euphony. You can't blame Constance Halverstadt for changing her last name to Cummings, or Lucille Langhanke for assuming the simple, dignified name of Mary Astor.

Helen Jurgens isn't exactly a poor name, but Helen Twelvetrees has more distinction.

Hard-to-pronounce foreign names are taboo on the screen, so Muni Weisenfreund became Paul Muni—pronounced Muhny. Members of his family still call him Muni.

Gilbert Roland is really Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonso. Guadalupe Velez de Villalobos sheered off a bunch of syllables and emerged Lupe Velez. She pronounces it Lupy Vahlz'.

Ramon Novarro—pronounced Rah-mone' No-vahr'-ro—gave up the name of Samaniegos for obvious reasons.

Realizing that Anjuchka Stenski would simply slay English-speaking audiences, Samuel Goldwyn persuaded his new foreign star to become Anna Sten.

Marlene Dietrich—pronounced Marlana Dietric—was originally Mary Magdalene von Losch. Russ Ruggiero became Russ Columbo, and Marie Valikette changed to the ethereal June Knight.

Paul Lukas was shortened to the more agreeable Paul Lukas, and Jacques de Bujac assumed the name of Bruce Cabot.

Plain, drab names aren't popular with professional people. Katherine Gibbs was well and good for a stenographer, but when Miss Gibbs gave up stenography for the stage, she shortened the first name to Kay and hitched it to her first husband's surname which was—and doubtless still is—Francis.

Lola Lane found the name Dorothy Mulligan too utterly utter; hence the change.

When Jane Peters decided to act she changed her name to Carol Lombard. But fame seemed elusive and Carol consulted a numerologist who figured that *e* in her name would do the trick. Thus did Carol become Carole—to all except Picture Play. Since then, according to Miss Lombard, luck has been with her.



Ann McKim changed her name to Ann Dvorak—pronounced Vorak.

When Gretchen Young went to work for First National, the studio changed her name to Loretta. One of her sisters retained her real name of Polly Ann Young, while the third, Sally, was surnamed

Blane by Ben Schulberg, to whom she was then under contract. For some reason Mr. Schulberg did not want Sally to have the same surname as Loretta.

The Paramount publicity department gave Helen Johnson the name of Judith Wood. Johnson, they felt, hadn't a particle of allure.

The real label of the Barrymores is Blythe.

Fear of nationality prejudice has caused a number of players to change or Americanize their names. Warren William Krech struck off his last name following the World War, because it sounded too Germanic. He is, however, an American. Mae Clarke was originally May Klotz, and Ricardo Cortez's real name is Jacob Kranz.

On the other hand, the English-born William Henry Pratt went Russian by taking his maternal grandfather's name, Boris Karloff.

Lew Ayres's real name is Lewis Ayer, Richard Arlen's true surname is Van Mattimore, and Randolph Scott's is Crane.

Anita Louise Fremault amputated her family name for screen purposes. When First National put Alva White under contract her first name was considered too masculine. Alice was finally substituted.

Lyle Talbot's real name is Lysle Henderson. When he went on the stage he took his grandmother's name, which was Hollywood. On coming to the studios he realized that his assumed name was too fantastic and changed it to Talbot. By studio request he dropped the *s* from his first name.

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There are few more beautifully situated educational centers than Hollywood High School, and scholastic standards are tiptop.

SCHOOL of STARS

Hollywood High School is the Alma Mater of many stars, directors, and studio workers, but the faculty frowns upon the movie-struck student who considers the school a casting office. But let some of the famous graduates tell you whether or not it has served as a stepping-stone to a career.

By Jeanne de Kolty

IN several thousand schools scattered throughout the United States, countless boys and girls are nurturing the fond hope that some day they will be drafted into movies. Each year they pour into Hollywood from near and far, boys and girls of high-school age whose burning ambition has resulted in their leaving home to come to the capital of the picture industry.

Many of them go hungry for days while waiting for breaks. Hundreds accept any sort of work they can get—dishwashing, caring for babies, waiting on table—while looking for the coveted job in films. To discourage them is impossible. Some day if they can stick it out long enough, reason these hopefuls, the chance must come. Heartbreak, disillusion, hunger, face them all. Still they come. Still they hope.

What chance have these youngsters to succeed? Are they wise to leave school before graduating to search for the fabled pot of gold? Would they be wiser to complete their education? Should they spend their time making the rounds of the casting offices, or would they do better to enroll in Hollywood High School and continue their

education before giving their time to haunting agents and casting directors?

The questionnaires filled out annually at Hollywood High School by graduating seniors give an interesting insight into the attitude of the students toward the greatest industry in their town. Their views are a refreshing contrast to the illusions of the thousands from outside. Hollywood High is probably the one school in the entire country where the students are *least* interested in films. And, paradoxically, it is the Alma Mater of more film celebrities than any other school!

When I was a Hollywood student, Fay Wray, Marceline Day, and Creighton Chaney peeked over one another's shoulders in the same history class. William Janney sat behind me in English. Marion Burns and Karen Morley were members of the literary society. June Marlowe always did her homework, and Stanley Smith returned to school a year after graduating to sing the title rôle in the spring operetta, "Robin Hood." Marian Marsh quit school to become John Barrymore's leading woman. Patricia Avery, Barbara Kent, Ben

Alexander, Frank Albertson, Alice White, and Patsy Ruth Miller's brother Winston were fellow students.

With perhaps two exceptions, not one of these had any idea of entering pictures at that time.

To suggest that the institution is a training school for the movies is to bring down the wrath of the principal and William H. Thorpe, English teacher and faculty advisor of the Hollywood High School newspaper, upon one's head. Mr. Thorpe has been with the school as long as, if not longer than, any teacher. He has taught nine out of every ten of the school's celebrated movie alumni. According to him, Hollywood High is the last place on earth to learn about the movies.

"We make every effort to prevent movie hopefuls registering here," says Mr. Thorpe. "Our school has one of the highest scholastic ratings in the country. We want to keep it a school for students, not a training school for the films. The boy or girl who considers school years just an interval of boredom until he or she can break into the movies is never a worth-while pupil."

As to the students, now and then some of them do bits or extra work to earn an extra dollar, but few take the movies seriously. Ethel Hurwitz, editor of the school newspaper, and Corene Adelman, president of the Girls' League and school publicity manager, agree with Mr. Thorpe. Neither of them has any aspirations toward stardom. Neither believes that Hollywood High would be of any advantage in attaining a movie career.

Graduates who have won eminence in films have varied and interesting views on the subject. Many believe that they would never have made the grade had they *not* attended Hollywood High School. Others are of an opposite opinion.

Those who favor the school as an aid to their careers explain that, although they may not have had any direct contact with the studios while students, they were in that rarefied and glamorous atmosphere which permeates the film industry and its surroundings. There can be little doubt but that people behave differently in Hollywood than anywhere else. They are imbued, for one thing, with a delightful *joie de vivre*. Formality of any sort is taboo.

Secondly, every one who has met with film success is a salesman. Scenarists are all trying to sell stories, composers songs, players themselves. Boys and girls in school have the importance of salesmanship impressed upon them constantly.

Again, where one finds a large group of the most beautiful women and handsome men in the world, appearance takes on added importance. She who looks slovenly has little chance in the City of Stars. The very air of the town seems filled with an aura of beauty.

Then there is always the possibility of making contacts with film people during attendance at Hollywood High School. Children of many of movieland's famous are enrolled there. Among those now in attendance are Bryant Washburn, Jr., and Bill Reid, son of Wally Reid.

Two of the staunchest rooters for the school are Joel McCrea and Fay Wray. Joel feels that his high school years were a decided advantage in furthering his screen career. He studied drama at school and won no little success in school plays. Between times he worked as extra. Though this experience did not lead directly to fame, Joel says it was definitely valuable.

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Fay Wray, Alice White, Marian Marsh, and Joel McCrea were students at Hollywood High before the screen claimed them.



Marion Burns's graduation gown shows her movie aspirations.



THE

SCREEN

"TWENTIETH CENTURY."

The most hilarious burlesque since "Once in a Lifetime," the most merciless exposure of the artistic temperament since "Blond Bombshell," and better written than either—here is the inspiration of John Barrymore's amazing performance. In sheer comic brilliance it exceeds anything he has ever done. It is a breath-taking exhibit of viciously funny caricature, shrewd, unflagging in vigor and resourcefulness. Undoubtedly it is influenced by Mr. Barrymore's accumulated observations of eccentric genius in the studios and the theater. No part learned word for word would yield such a show as he puts on. It is doubtful, too, if the character of *Oscar Jaffe* and the circumstances that involve him will be understood or appreciated by those unfamiliar with theatrical life. This is the defect of the picture's popular appeal. For the initiated it is a feast, but for those with illusions I fear it is a famine. There isn't an honest motive in all the mad doings of *Oscar* and his ego-driven associates. He is a stage producer surrounded by employees, including *Lily Garland* whom he has raised from lingerie modeling to dramatic stardom. *Carol Lombard* is superlatively in the spirit of *Oscar's* craziness; her best performance.



"MURDER AT THE VANITIES."

On four points Earl Carroll's first picture is superior: as a murder mystery, as a view of backstage life, as a spectacle and because of a newcomer who is headed for high spots, Carl Brisson. The combination is heartily recommended, especially to those who are fed up with musicals. Against the colorful, exciting background of a "Vanities" first night two murders are committed while the show goes on. The drama is convincing, the clash of character plausible and fascinating, and the spectacular numbers are exquisite. Tasteful, imaginative, lavish, they are also highly individual and the undraped female figure has never been displayed on the screen so frankly and beautifully. Even ostrich plumes are used with imagination. Wielded by reclining girls, they simulate waves breaking on the beach. So it is with the entire picture. Mr. Brisson is handsome, stalwart, sings well and has charm and magnetism. Gertrude Michael, Dorothy Stickney, Victor McLaglen, Jack Oakie, Toby Wing, and Jessie Ralph interest, too, though Kitty Carlisle, from the stage, is a disappointing heroine.



"SADIE MCKEE."

Joan Crawford's new picture is, as usual, shrewdly put together to afford the Crawford cult the greatest satisfaction in wish-fulfillment. It has a cook's daughter denouncing a tableful of snobs and marrying the son of the household. If this seems not exactly an everyday occurrence, it is accounted for by convincing that Miss Crawford has youth, beauty, charm, wit, style, and the secondary virtues of principle, compassion, faith, and chastity and is, in fact, superior to all the persons revolving around her. But at least two of them are more lifelike. Edward Arnold's magnificent performance as Miss Crawford's wealthy husband who drunkenly loves her, gives the picture substance and reality because it is a penetrating study of character disintegration. Jean Dixon also is acidly realistic as a woman of the streets. Esther Ralston, Gene Raymond, and Franchot Tone do well, too, and Miss Crawford is earnest and sincere in a boldly painted scene, but subtleties come only from Mr. Arnold.

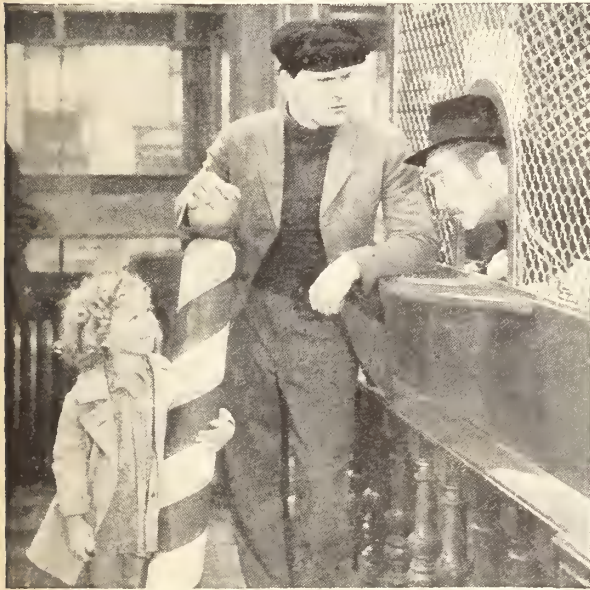


IN REVIEW

BY
NORBERT
LUSK

"THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI."

A gorgeously perfect comedy of the fourteenth century in a ribald, licentious mood is here to make the sophisticated chuckle. Every player scores a hit, every moment is entertaining and every scene is a gem of visual beauty. In this cascade of praise Frank Morgan stands out unforgettably as the fatuous *Duke of Florence* whose attempts to deceive his wife with *Cellini's* model laughably conflict with the affair of the *Duchess* and *Cellini*, who thrusts the girl at the *Duke* in order to hoodwink him. And so the masquerade of cross-purposes goes merrily on to a dramatic, romantic conclusion. Fredric March is a dashing, sly, handsome *Cellini* and Constance Bennett plays beautifully her best rôle as the arrogant, wanton *Duchess*. But Fay Wray is the greatest surprise. Unsuspected of a sense of humor, she plays the dumbly pretty *Angela* as only a humorous—and intelligent—actress could. We belatedly doff our plumed hat, borrowed from *Il Duca*, to Miss Faysie. Louis Calhern, Vince Barnett, Jessie Ralph, and the *Duke's* unprogrammed yes-man are equally inspired by a rare occasion.



"LITTLE MISS MARKER."

Shirley Temple, enchanting child discovery in "Stand Up and Cheer" last month, is already a star. But there isn't a soul hard-hearted enough to cavil at her promotion, nor an actor who wouldn't work his head off to support her in this heart-warming exhibition of winsome naturalness and little-girl appeal. She participates in a sure-fire success, one of those hokum pictures at which we smile indulgently yet cannot resist. The plot has her left with gamblers by her father as security for his twenty-dollar I O U. The child wins her way with the hard-boiled group and reforms them until they all unite in a grand masquerade party as characters in *King Arthur's* court, to restore her belief in fairy tales shattered by association with them. Charles Bickford becomes one's favorite hero for saving "*Miss Marker's*" life by blood transfusion, Dorothy Dell confirms the excellent impression she made last month in "Wharf Angel," Adolphe Menjou has never done anything finer than his subtle reformation, and the entire cast of sharply drawn types is perfectly at home in a welter of sentimentality which every one will like.

Continued on page 51

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK."

Ronald Colman's return to the screen is made in an attempted sequel to his admirable "Bulldog Drummond," but the follow-up is inferior and, strangely, with no virtues of its own that I can see. Characters and incidents recall an old-time serial more than the suavely polite dramatics expected. Even Mr. Colman's jauntiness is jaded. It suggests nervous fatigue rather than non-chalant humor, probably because of bad photography. We have a far-fetched conglomeration of mystery and comedy climaxing in *Drummond's* burning of a ship to prevent the unloading of cholera-infested furs. A dénouement centering on germ-laden pelts is not romantic, not even with Mr. Colman and Loretta Young interlocked at the finish. Imperfect casting weakens the picture and confuses by anomalous accents. We do not know why the American Charles Butterworth is Mr. Colman's pal, nor why Hollywood's own Miss Young is the niece of the very British Ethel Griffies.



LAST

By Ben Maddox

IF Lilian Harvey doesn't click solidly in "Serenade," the picture she's just begun, she's *through!*

An extraordinarily audacious statement? Certainly. But hold on—I've a further shock. It's Lilian herself who declares this is her last real try, not I, nor the Harvey fans, nor the producers.

"Unless this film is a distinct success, I'm washed up with Hollywood!" This is her very own decision.

Although the three American pictures she's made during the past year have done average business, she is thoroughly dissatisfied with the results. And because she is devastatingly honest and frank, she will not be content to go on

doing so-so. It's tops or quit America for her.

These stars are always an unknown, exciting lot. Interviewing them is like thrusting your hand into a grab-bag. Each is either a darb or a dub. Lilian Harvey falls emphatically into the former classification and it will be an unpardonable Hollywood crime if she's allowed to depart from our midst.

Although the fans liked "I Am Suzanne," Lilian herself was disappointed in the results.

Photo by Dwar



Her willingness to cooperate has won Miss Harvey first place on the Fox lot, though Janet Gaynor is nominal queen.

TRY FOR LILIAN

Not satisfied with her three American-made pictures, Miss Harvey sees no use trying further unless she clicks in her latest film.

She bowled me over with appraisal of her Hollywood experiences.

"I have failed here. I know it. My contract calls for two more pictures after this one, but I feel that 'Serenade' is my last chance. If it is mediocre, I see no use trying further. I might as well go back home." Home, for Lilian, is a villa on the Riviera. Back in Europe they would give her the best of vehicles again.

"But," I interposed when I recovered from her straightforwardness, "you've only done three films here. Each has been a little better. Perhaps it takes time to hit on the right story."

She shook her head. "I don't think the public should have a star foisted on them," she replied. "People want entertainment for their money. I go to theaters by myself and I overhear their comments. I am sure the fans aren't dumb, that they have good taste, and that they appreciate genuine entertainment. Abroad I pleased them."

Therefore, if you've been disappointed with Lilian's Hollywood appearances you now learn that she shares your feeling.

Almost a year and a half has passed since she was brought from Berlin, her German-made "Congress Dances" having delighted us. She was the most popular feminine star in Europe and a super-colossal publicity campaign inaugurated her Fox debut here.

The luxury "line" was tagged on her. She was touted as the last word in glamour. We all heard of her entourage. There were forty trunks, a bevy of personal attendants, and a showy white foreign roadster. Fox prepared an ultra-elaborate bungalow on the lot for her use during studio hours. It had every convenience, and the crowning glory was a lamp-shade trimmed with ermine tips.

Because Lilian is tiny and cute, the rumor spread that she would give Janet Gaynor a run for the Fox queenship. Lilian's acting, singing, and dancing, the novelty of her personality, however, couldn't dethrone Gaynor. She couldn't buck the fact that Fox comprehends how to cast Janet advantageously and, at least until now, hasn't done right by herself in the way of stories.

Regarding popularity on the lot itself, Lilian's constant willingness to cooperate has indeed won her first place. Whereas Janet refuses to give interviews, on the theory that she is important and needn't be bothered, Lilian has been ready and eager at all times to oblige every one.

I went to the celebrated Harvey bungalow, after contacting her by phoning her directly, and was ushered into the gorgeous living room. Yes, sure enough, there was the ermine-tipped shade beside the grand piano. I sank gingerly onto the divan and awaited the Continental cream puff.

[Continued on page 64]

We can't let Lilian leave us now. She has a fixed place in our hearts—even more than we realized.

Photo by Dyar



LOVE—

Publicly juggling hearts and sweethearts is a means of furthering careers in Hollywood, where no one gets along without a love-life, be it real or fictitious.

By Dorothy Lubou

Who garners most photographs in the fan magazines? Joan Crawford, of course. And her gardenias. And her Tone. That's where Joan is a little brighter than the rest. There's sex appeal in them thar flowers. It's Franchot's gardenias she's smothered in. It's Joan's gardenia in Franchot's lapel.

In a short while Joan's gardenias will have wilted as items of comment. And she will have to change the status of her romance. Hollywood fan writers decree that romance, to be worthy of the printed word, must be kept moving, either by changing partners or by fireworks.

Toby Wing looks mysterious when her name is linked with a famous star, and gossip does the rest.

Photo by Walling



Photo by Bull

When Lupe Velez announces a fight, a possible divorce and a reconciliation with Johnny Weissmuller, it rings around the world.

UNLESS a star can get herself publicized by collecting lawsuits or gardenias or patched overalls or next year's Paris models, her best bet is to capitalize on her love-life.

You can't avoid reading about Mary Brian's newest beau. And Carol Lombard's latest party for Bill Powell. And Claudette Colbert's ultramodern marriage. And Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller's fights. And separations. And reconciliations.

It's all a grand show, staged for you and me. Of course, stars simply *have* to keep in the public eye constantly, what with such actresses as Elizabeth Bergner and Anna Sten sneaking up on them every so often, and the cry for new faces echoing up and down the boulevards.

Writers are always willing to use up a typewriter ribbon over a new romance. Mr. and Mrs. Public and certainly little Miss Public will always shed a sentimental tear over dear old romance. That's why crooners were born.



Photo by Hurrell

Joan Crawford's romances and the state of her soul are discussed more often than her acting.



just a RACKET

Joan has never had any trouble breaking into print. But the slight attention drawn her way by winning dance contests was nothing compared to her marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

After the wedding, the "perfect" couple, the pet names, the "system" that kept their marriage successful: every angle of the Crawford-Fairbanks romance was freely discussed. Joan has ever been ready to unburden her soul to any reporter who rings her doorbell. And her public loves it. The introspective, turbulent, chameleon personality that is Joan, who loves intensely on the screen and off, is the glamorous girl her fans want to read about. The success of her pictures is proof that headline-hunting pays, that one front-page romance is worth a hundred critical laudations.

Mary Brian has been on the screen for years and years. She lives with her mother. And every writer in Hollywood has mentioned again and again and *again* how perfectly sweet Mary is. That's all there was to say a few years back. It was after she was dropped by Para-

Since Maureen O'Sullivan romanced with James Dunn and Johnny Farrow, she has had better rôles.

Photo by Ball



An unexciting, ladylike actress, Claudette Colbert became an exponent of sex appeal after her unique marital arrangement with Norman Foster was publicized.

Photo by Richee



Mary Brian out-smarts them all by changing beaux every week, her offering to the Great God Publicity.

romance, Mary decided on a flock of them. Nice, harmless publicity, because Mary is a nice girl and her romances never cause the underground whispering that makes Hollywood parties such fun.

Surely you've heard that Carol Lombard just can't wait until Bill Powell's new home is ready for a housewarming. She's already sent out invitations for one of her famous parties. Bill, you see, plays host at all her parties, also. Haven't you wondered how two people who adore each other publicly could bear to have their marital ties torn asunder?

Carol's career was at a standstill during her short married life. Mrs. William Powell, lovelier than ever, didn't register in the journalistic minds of two hundred assorted writers gathered in Hollywood to keep the world informed of its activities.

Continued on page 53

LOOK OUT, HARLOW!

Alice Faye means to give Jean Harlow a run for her money. She doesn't say so, but a few minutes with her convinces an interviewer that she knows how to put rivals on the spot.

By Dena Reed

HAS Jean Harlow a rival? There's a new blonde in Hollywood who skyrocketed to fame as quickly as Jean and still seems to be going places. Her name is Alice Faye.

Hard-boiled publicity men of studios other than Alice's had raved to me "She's a honey!" But there are lots of "honeys" in Hollywood. More important, it seemed to me, was the general impression that Alice was going to out-Harlow Jean. I myself had noticed the resemblance in several shots of the "Scandals" so

I went to do some personal investigating.

After five days of trailing Alice, I finally caught up with her in the broadcasting studio where she was rehearsing her "Nasty Man" song which she was going to do over the air on Rudy Vallée's hour.

Having been promised an interview on condition that we wouldn't talk love affairs and having learned that Alice had finished rehearsing for the moment, I braved the wrath of several attendants and went into the studio to find Alice surrounded by twenty of Rudy's Connecticut Yankees who hadn't seen her since she invaded Hollywood.

Since the codes of an interviewer and a Northwestern Mounty don't vary greatly, I marched into the group, murmured apologies and literally led Alice out by the hand. I didn't let go of her until I had sat her down where we could talk.

Well, if Jean Harlow is losing sleep these nights, I don't blame her. Alice is not a platinum blonde, but she does very well with her corn-colored ringlets—especially when she wears one of those little black hats perched on the side with a veil over one eye, as she did now. She looks one minute as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth and then the next—oh, those eyes, if you get what I mean! They are large and blue and can suddenly take on that certain something which is still known as sex appeal.

Alice modestly said she didn't think there was any resemblance between Jean and herself. "At least, I can't see it—although the studio seems to. I met Jean Harlow and she was very gracious and beautiful. Much more beautiful than I could ever be. She has a straight nose, you know, and mine turns up."

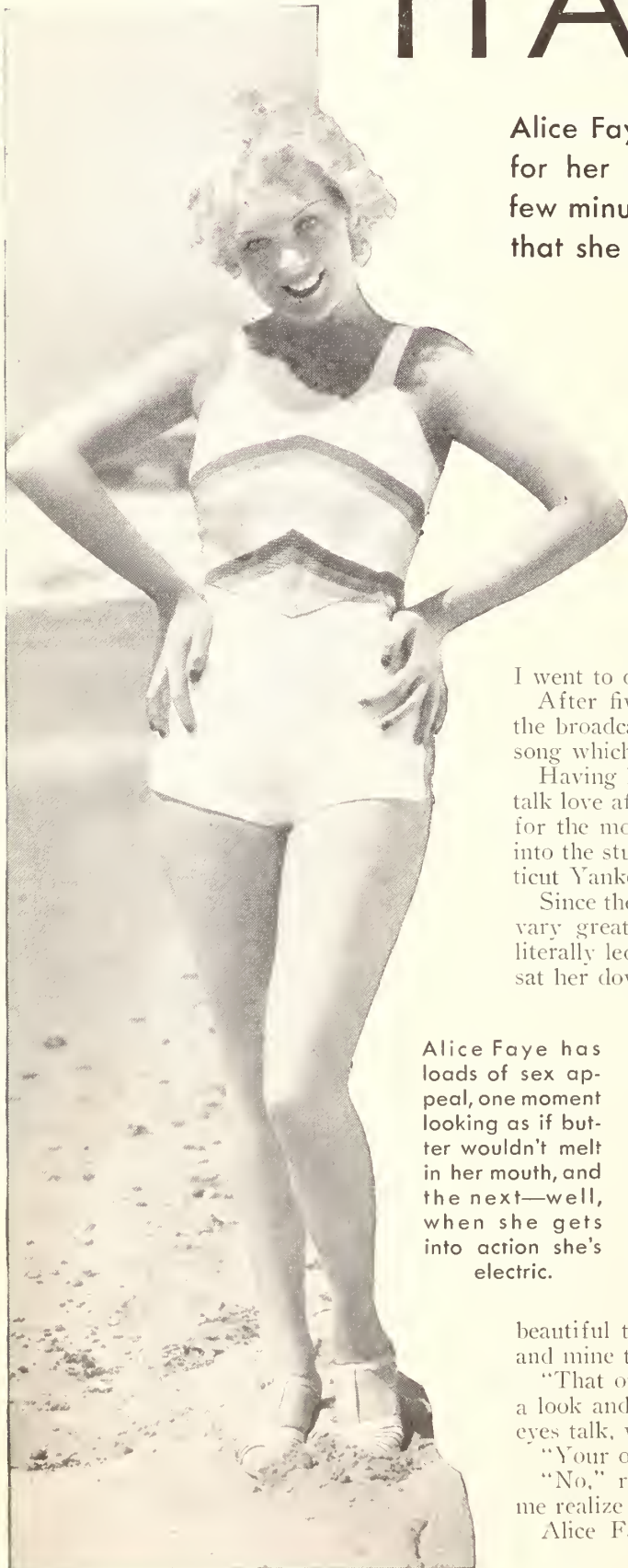
"That ought to help." I suggested, at which Alice merely gave me a look and shrugged. She has a way of being quiet and letting her eyes talk, which ought to get her far in garrulous Hollywood.

"Your other features seem to be alike," I remarked.

"No," returned Alice, "my cheekbones are higher"—which made me realize how minutely she had been analyzing Jean's beauty.

Alice Faye is a real Broadwayite. Born and educated in New

Continued on page 61



Alice Faye has loads of sex appeal, one moment looking as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, and the next—well, when she gets into action she's electric.



WHAT sort of a girl is Alice Faye? Is there any chance, really, of her upsetting Jean Harlow's apple cart? She says she isn't nearly as beautiful as la Harlow and had never spoken a line before she made her debut in the filmed "Scandals," but Alice doesn't need to excuse herself for anything. She has all that it takes to make a star, plus determination and electrifying sex appeal. So just wait, warns Dena Reed in the interview with Alice, opposite.

THREE GIRLS

Kay Francis, Jean Muir, and Verree Teasdale are pals in "Doctor Monica" until one of them betrays the other two by falling in love with the husband of one of her friends. Fit the pieces together and you have a strong, dramatic story.



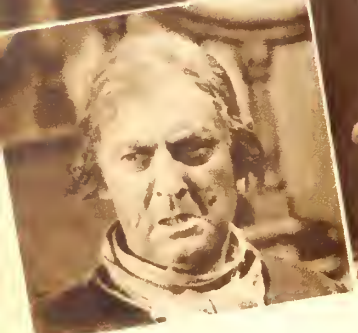
AGAIN Miss Francis plays a physician—she is Doctor Monica who is asked to bring into the world the baby that proclaims her husband's infidelity. Above, are the three pals with Warren William, the husband. Other views of Miss Francis show that a woman doctor can be as beautiful as a movie star.



STRANGE CARGO

An all-star cast of oddly assorted characters find themselves in the close quarters of a fruit steamer bound for the tropics. Love and hate, nobility and degradation are born of the long, tedious voyage in the picture called "Grand Canary."

BESIDES the players pictured on this page—Warner Baxter, Madge Evans, Marjorie Rambeau, Juliette Compton, and Barry Norton—there are numerous others, including relatives of some of those mentioned. Betty Bryson, Mr. Baxter's niece, for example, makes her film debut. Likewise Thelma Rambeau, sister of the great Rambeau, makes a first appearance. Altogether, it is a crowded passenger list and no one is left idle in the dramatics that ensue.



PIRATES!

Robert Louis Stevenson's immortal "Treasure Island," one of the greatest tales of adventure ever written, comes to the screen with a magnificent cast headed by Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery.



IN the picture at the top of the page Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper are glared at by Charles Naughton. Lionel Barrymore is in the inset. Directly above are Jackie and Cora Sue Collins, his sweetheart. The small pictures show Mr. Beery and Lewis Stone. The latter is Captain Smollett. Mr. Beery is, of course, the infamous and bloodthirsty Long John Silver.



DOLORES DEL RIO glows and scintillates as the latest partrayer of a king's favorite. She is seen in the picture, left, with Reginald Owen as *Louis XV* and Victor Jory as the *Duc d'Aiguillon*. The photograph below shows *Du Barry* alighting from her gilded coach.

INTRIGUE

The familiar story of the little French milliner who rose to power at the court—and the affections—of *Louis XV* only to lose her head on the guillotine, is told again in terms of modern magnificence in "*Madame Du Barry*."



ANOTHER of Miss Del Rio's sumptuous costumes is pictured, left, a marvel of black velvet with a headdress of coq feathers. Stately Verree Teasdale, *Du Barry's* enemy, is seen in the outer picture.

BEAUTY DOCTOR



"KISS AND MAKE-UP" promises to be the gayest of light comedies, elegant, sophisticated—but funny. For example, Cary Grant is a beauty specialist who holds forth in a Parisian establishment such as you see below. Helen Mack is his plain secretary and Mona Maris a lovesick patient. Genevieve Tobin, who is seen above, is a product of his skill in gilding the lily. When he marries her and sees her for what she is, his devoted secretary gets her reward.





ONE of the keenest mystery yarns of the year is "The Thin Man" and you are soon to see it on the screen, with the suavely redoubtable William Powell as the sleuth who ferrets out the murderer. In the upper picture you see him with Myrna Loy, Minna Gombell, and Nat Pendleton. At the right are Cesar Romero, Maureen O'Sullivan, William Henry, and Miss Gombell. Below, Mr. Pawell and Miss Loy.

DETECTIVE POWELL





THE charming scene, left, finds Wynyard and Mr. really appearing married, especially Wynyard who has a "settled" look. we find her looking not at all settled startled, with Hervey. The ex Theodore Newton with her in the

MARRIAGE

Witty, penetrating dialogue tells the story of a modern husband and wife, married for years, who try to escape the bond but find that the old love is best after all. Clive Brook and Diana Wynyard are the mates and the picture is "Sour Grapes."



THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

Continued from page 37

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS."

George Burns and Gracie Allen emerge as full-fledged stars and no one raises the slightest objection. They have what it takes and they give, and give and give to this characteristically funny picture which moves madly and hilariously to a whirlwind conclusion. So mad is the pace indeed, that it is difficult to figure what the proceedings are all about. Rhyme and reason are conspicuously absent, and the unities of plot are kicked aside more often than they are adhered to, and the result is all the merrier for it. After all, it is very doubtful if Mr. Burns and Miss Allen would fit into a mosaic. At any rate, they are concerned in a jodgepodge of nonsense which begins in a department store and moves on to Hollywood where little is left undone and unsaid to drag the movies. Miss Allen reaches a new high in silliness and Mr. Burns continues to demonstrate what an excellent actor and adroit comedian he is. Joan Marsh, Ray Milland, and George Barbier are capital.

"STINGAREE."

Irene Dunne and Richard Dix are in a highly colored romance that is not without archaic charm. It takes place in Australia of the '70s, where Mr. Dix, a bandit, recognizes Miss Dunne's vocal promise and teaches her a song which captivates an impresario. Loving her, he insists that she go abroad with the stranger. Here the picture loses what little credibility it has, for we are asked to accept a series of flashes as proof that Miss Dunne causes a furor in the opera houses of Europe, including La Scala and Covent Garden. When she returns to the Antipodes in arias from "Martha" and "Faust," Mr. Dix kidnaps her, showing that a bandit can be a music critic too, by compelling her to give up opera. Miss Dunne is a graceful balladist but she should avoid the "Jewel Song." Hard riding and gun play enliven the picture, but it is only nonsense, clean, but little else. Mary Boland, Conway Tearle, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson, Andy Devine, and George Barrard are good.

"NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN."

Spencer Tracy surpasses himself in this penetrating study of a gambler, the amazing story written by the widow of a famous one. It gains in fascination and suspense because the picture is consistently underplayed and is commendably devoid of forced melodramatics, Mr. Tracy in particular approaching his part almost casually, but how effectively! Extraordinary dialogue is another virtue of the work, perhaps the greatest of all, for without it even Mr. Tracy's fine acting would lose its ultimate emphasis. Too, there is the ring of authoritative in every word and action. In short, the spectator is made to feel that this isn't a pipe-dream of the scenario writer, but a skillful dramatization of fact. It is one of the definitely superior excursions into the underworld. Helen Twelvetrees is rather colorless as Mr. Tracy's wife with a martyr complex, but Alice Faye has all the color needed to make his girl friend seductive, and the remainder of the cast, including Robert Gleckler, is first rate.

"UPPER WORLD."

An ordinary movie melodrama is redeemed from utter banality by the intelligent acting of Warren William, Mary Astor, Ginger Rogers, J. Carroll Naish and everybody else in the cast, which goes to show that players frequently labor under burdens heavier than they deserve. Mr. William is a captain of industry married fourteen years to a gadding wife and suffering, so we are told, from loneliness. He becomes involved with Miss Rogers, whose refinement and delicacy of feeling as a burlesque actress is the only novelty in the picture, and whose companionship believably offers him consolation. Anyway, a blackmailer gets hold of his letters to Miss Rogers and attempts extortion. In the mêlée both the criminal and Miss Rogers are killed, with evidence pointing to Mr. William. A policeman with a grudge against the capitalist for having him demoted proves him guilty, but a jury decides otherwise for no reason at all except to create a happy ending, which even includes the forgiveness and devotion of Mr. William's wife.

[Continued on page 54]



...she was ... wife, one ... difficulty in ... the meantime to ... make enough money herself to enable her to do so.

"But I won't give up my work," she said seriously. "I'll come back to it."

"Wally ... and-humor-own play-you like ... By the way, if you like one-word descriptions, Katherine DeMille's is "warm." And that calls for no mis-interpretations.

It got hotter as we sat there on the stone steps. Gary Cooper came back from where he had gone; his head was still bent like *Old Black Joe's*. We watched him go past, and Katherine got up.

"Well," she said, "I guess I'll go ..."



Baby, Take a Bow

If it is as energetic as Shirley is, she's right! Changing her into a little red-and-white romper suit required patience, with Shirley wriggling and twisting eellike, darting away to show me drawings of Mickey Mouse and running everywhere.

Making friends with all, her blond curls ruffled and her eyes sparkling, she gave of her smiles generously, faithful to each with but a fleeting caress. Somewhat fickle, she is glad with all, angry at none, but ever seeks new diversions.

"Mommie, can I have some ice cream with chocolate gravy?" she begged, with much frenzied hugging and the blandishment of soft, moist kisses.

"Yes, if you'll prove that you *can* stand still for two minutes," Mrs. Temple laughed, "you may have a chocolate sundae later."

With a nervous prostration, try-

hear a serious scene for her guidance, she stops him with a wave of her little hand and says, "O. K. I know. We're only playing a game, aren't we? I know my part of it."

Practically no effort is made now to direct her, as she senses the mood of a scene with an uncanny instinct and pitches her voice accordingly.

Long speeches never ruffle her. Though she begs to hear the whole story in advance, her mother refuses, not wanting to confuse her. After breakfast Mrs. Temple reads her lines for the day to her slowly, several times, until the child can repeat them perfectly. In one picture she had a scene running to three pages of dialogue which she rendered without an error.

"The only difficulty occurs when they change lines," her mother said.

"She has a photographic memory

and once a speech lodges in her brain it gets her confused to have to alter it."

While she loves the movies, she isn't concerned about her own work, knowing just what's coming next. With a "Did I do all right?" and an affirmative reply, she dismisses it. She likes best to see comedies, even as in the studio she prefers such scenes of fun. Her favorite stars are *Mr. and Mrs. Mouse* and the *Little Pigs* family.

When she gets big enough to earn money, she says, she is going to buy her Mommie a new house and herself a Napoleon cart. And if you think "Napoleon" is a twister for Shirley, you should hear her twirl it off glibly.

No baby talk issues from her rosebud lips. Her pronunciation is really remarkable. She hears a word, repeats it, and uses it correctly, if not its meaning at least from association. For instance, she said to her father once in a joking spell, "Well, I guess the war has run long enough."

She has been punished and is now being spanked.

She has faults, and she has a temper. But it passes like an April shower. I just hope she must do something, or she will be bored, and she understands that she must obey," says her mother.

She is eager to get to the studio and likes to go shopping.

In fact, she welcomes every opportunity to go places and do things.

She is too young to be thrilled when she made her studio debut and still takes everything as a matter of course. She likes Janet Gaynor because the star invited her over and played games with her.

Her poise is astonishing. To celebrate her fifth birthday, she gave her first party. Her mother remained outside the studio restaurant, leaving her to run the affair as she pleased. When some one pointed out that her place was at the head of the table, Shirley demurred, "Oh, but I can't sit down until all my guests sit down, you know." Only when she had pushed in all their chairs for them would she preside. She must have observed the etiquette in a picture scene.

Under the care of a child specialist since her birth, Shirley eats her spin-

ach and likes it. She gets up at seven thirty and for breakfast she has orange juice, cereal, a coddled egg and milk. At noon she does with soup, a lamb chop or bit of chicken, and two vegetables. For dinner she is given a vegetable, a salad—avocado, when she is consulted—apple sauce or fruit, and milk. Occasionally she gets ice cream.

Every day she takes cod liver oil without a grimace and if her mother is forgetful Shirley promptly reminds her. Each night her father must read her a story; that's a bedtime rite.

She stands forty-two inches tall and weighs forty-two pounds, and wonders if, when she weighs one hundred pounds, she will be one hundred inches tall.

She has no allowance, having as yet no sense whatever of the value of money or the cost of things. When she gets a quarter, she deposits it in her little bank. To her mother's embarrassment, she begs pennies from every one, and stuffs them into her bank. She just likes to see it "all full" so that she can empty it and start all over again.

Being manager of a branch bank, her father naturally puts her weekly salary into a trust fund for her. He is both proud and amused by her sudden glory, particularly when depositors insist upon seeing him. "Such," he says with a grin, "is fame!"

Every star must have a hobby, you know. Shirley collects pebbles, bottle caps, bits of crumpled paper. Her mother empties her pockets hourly of the oddest assortment of junk.

This vest-pocket vamp likes to "cook and have company" in her playhouse, adores making mud pies, and never misses an opportunity to get as dirty as possible. She beguiles every one because she loves every one, and she's very demonstrative.

Her woolly pet dogs, "Poochie" and "Corky," are smothered with her embraces and receive her confidences. She lugs them around everywhere. Her favorite doll-children are an old "Raggedy Ann" and the beautiful "princess" given her by Dorothy Dell.

Next September she will start school with the teacher on the lot.

"But first," she reminded me, "I have to have my baby."

Surely, Shirley! May it be adorable, like your own little self!

TO JEAN HARLOW

Jean, I think you're fine.
Now that isn't much to say,
But it embodies all the words
Of yesterday, to-morrow, to-day.

For "fine" means many things—
Noble, delicate, and slender,
Subtle, refined, and elegant,
And all of them you render.

Jean, I think you're fine.
Now that isn't much to say,
But it embodies all the words,
That make you just that way.

ANN D. INMAN

Too Proud To Be a Princess

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She was born Katherine Lester, in Vancouver, on June 29, 1911, which makes her twenty-three years old. The difference in names constitutes no puzzle; she is the adopted daughter of Cecil B. DeMille.

Her real father was an officer in the Canadian army and was killed at the battle of Vimy Ridge while her mother lay dying in a hospital in Los Angeles. Alone and friendless, the child Katherine was placed in an orphanage, where Mr. DeMille found her when she was nine years old. He brought her to his home to grow up with his own daughter.

She was sent to the Hollywood School for Girls, and later to a similar but more advanced school in Santa Barbara, California. Finishing there, she decided to take up music, studying the piano under a member of the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra; but one day, when her instructor told her she would never make a concert pianist, she didn't argue, having arrived at that conclusion herself.

Then she went to Chicago to study sculpturing, but was soon back home disappointed with her attempts in that direction. A friend who knew Frank Tuttle, the director, told her that a bit she might be able to do in Tuttle's new picture. Without a word to anybody, she went over to the studio, asked for the part like any other struggling unknown, and got it. That was in 1928.

The DeMilles are independent by nature, and Katherine was so molded. "We come and go as we please," she says. "Nobody asks any questions, and nobody tells any lies." It was very right that she should go about getting her first job in pictures like any girl without influence.

But, holding her independent attitude, she was treated like the rank and file, and like them, she was soon doing extra work whenever she could get it. When this was slow, she did

use her father's influence to get jobs as a script clerk on his pictures. But if you think that's getting anything great even after you get it, think again. A script clerk's life is no bed of roses. The director uses the clerk as errand girl, stenographer, adviser, and stooge, according to the moment's need. It is a thankless job, and a hard one.

Then she became ill and was out of touch with the studios for two years, except for the news she got from her father and her friends. In this way she learned, several months ago, that Metro-Goldwyn was planning to make a picture based on the life of Pancho Villa and would send the company to Mexico. Now, Katherine had always wanted to see Mexico, so this seemed a good way to get there. She went to M.-G.-M. and asked to be considered for a part. Just considered, that's all. She was given the rôle of *Villa's* wife, one the studio had had some difficulty in casting.

She enjoyed working in that picture; the part was a good one, and the company congenial. "Wally Beery? Oh," she says good-humoredly, "he's just a big, overgrown playful puppy." And how do you like that, Mr. Bad Man Beery?

As is customary in Hollywood, a print of "Viva Villa!" was viewed by all the studios upon its completion. In the select cast of that picture, Katherine DeMille not only held her own, but stood out. Paramount hurriedly invited her to make a test. She accepted like the ambitious girl she is and was assigned a rôle in "The Trumpet Blows," with George Raft. Following this she was given an important part in Mae West's "It Ain't No Sin."

"I'm the menace," she said, chuckling. "But I don't care what rôles they give me as long as they're good, and human."

Incidentally, she was rewarded with a contract by Paramount following "The Trumpet Blows."

"I don't intend to get married for a long time," she said, hesitantly. "But just because of that I'll probably do it right away. That's what I'm afraid of." She said it like a child would say "I'm afraid of the dark."

"When I do marry," she went on, "the man will probably have to have a yacht. I love yachts. I'd like to be on one right now." (Dear Miss DeMille: The interviewer feels like a heel. It was so hot that day, and you were so nice, and he had, unfortunately, left his yacht at home in his other suit of clothes.)

Liking swimming and horseback riding, she abhors hunting, because she doesn't like to kill things. And she wants to travel clear around the world, hoping in the meantime to make enough money herself to enable her to do so.

"But I won't give up my work," she said seriously. "I'll come back to it."

By the way, if you like one-word descriptions, Katherine DeMille's is "warm." And that calls for no misinterpretations.

It got hotter as we sat there on the stone steps. Gary Cooper came back from where he had gone; his head was still bent like *Old Black Joe's*. We watched him go past, and Katherine got up.

"Well," she said, "I guess I'll go around and see some directors and tell them how good I am. I hate to wait between pictures."

So the proud princess went away to ask for chores like any serving woman, fearful that by being idle she might lose her job. And is her father interested in her career? He has never even bothered to see her on the screen!

She thinks it's better so.

Love—Just a Racket

Continued from page 41

Carol suffered a temporary eclipse, professionally and in print.

To-day? You have only to open a magazine or paper to see Carol and Ed, et cetera, et cetera. You have only to see "Twentieth Century" to realize her growing importance as a star.

Ann Harding's formal statement to the press on the evening of her separation from Harry Bannister didn't create nearly the comment and conjecture that Carol's refusal to talk did. I won't go so far as to say that Carol's divorce was deliberately planned for the press. It's only because I live out here that I'm discreet. A year or so ago Claudette Col-

bert was rated a fairish sort of leading lady who could wear clothes. Until Cecil DeMille took her clothes off (in "The Sign of the Cross"—don't get me wrong!) and proved that she could not only burn up the screen with sex appeal, but could act as well. Do you think DeMille visualized a luscious *Poppaea* merely by looking at some old releases of Claudette's? Not at all. More probably he saw a picture of Claudette and Norman Foster reclining on the sands of Malibu, dressed or undressed in the style so popular on the California beaches. Its caption undoubtedly alluded to the "let's keep romance alive by having separate homes" marriage.

Producers are impressed by the printed word, even as you and I. They look at the pictures in the magazines and are attracted to some pretty face or figure they might completely have overlooked. Claudette, after an inauspicious Hollywood debut, joined the stars who must give their all for the Great God Publicity.

What could we write about such nice, regular folk like the Fosters, if Claudette were to meet Norman every evening at the door of a vine-covered cottage with a kiss, and a lemon pie baked by herself? You see how gaga it would be, don't you?

Crammed down everybody's throat

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THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

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"The Crime Doctor."—RKO. A rather weak ending, one of those which insist that a murder is only make-believe after all, dulls the dramatic point of this picture. But it is engrossing until the let-down, due in large part to the brilliant acting of Otto Kruger and his associates, Nils Asther, Karen Morley, and particularly Judith Wood, who grows more depraved in each picture and makes you admire her for it. Mr. Kruger is a detective who decides to wreak a terrible vengeance on the man with whom his wife has fallen in love, and proceeds to use his ingenuity in fastening upon him a murder by circumstantial evidence. Succeeding in this fails to destroy the love of his wife for the doomed man, so Mr. Kruger confesses. All this is tensely and believably built up. Then we are told that it didn't really happen because Mr. Kruger, as a star, can do no wrong.

"Glamour."—Universal. Lack of courage again mars a film which might have been more interesting if the intent of the original author had been heeded by the adapters. Instead, in embellishing the story they have whitewashed the central character and obscured the motivation of her actions. Even so, Constance Cummings gives a fine performance in the rôle except that you never quite understand the character, and Paul Lukas again demonstrates his superiority to most of the parts handed him. He is a musical-comedy composer who is pursued by a dumb chorus girl until he marries her and they have a child. When the girl becomes famous she leaves her husband for another man, but comes back when she finds her paramour cheating. Careful, deliberate direction, tasteful settings and thoughtful acting fail to redeem the result from program mediocrity because of poor writing. Philip Reed will bear watching.

"Journal of a Crime."—Warners. Ruth Chatterton's temporary farewell to films is unworthy of any occasion. It is purely a routine exercise of her skill. While her proficiency fascinates, the picture does not. It is a little tiresome because of Miss Chatterton's unrelieved suffering. She is a wife who shoots the woman who has taken her husband from her and sees another accused and convicted of the crime. First Miss Chatterton's jealousy torments her and then remorse. Her husband discovers her guilt and taunts her with it, so that means more anguish. Then she is knocked senseless by an automobile and the doctors say that amnesia is her portion, that her mentality is that of a little child, and she must be taught everything all over again. At once her husband's love returns and last scene of all finds Miss Chatterton in chiffon reclining in an invalid's chair on a terrace while Adolphe Menjou patiently, lovingly begins with her a, b, c's. It's all faintly funny and unworthy of these two adroit players. Even the French atmosphere is phony, and that is unworthy of Warners.

"The Black Cat."—Universal. The names of Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi will attract admirers of their past performances, but the picture that teams them is unsatisfactory. Though pretending to be a horror tale, it is unstimulating, placid, and quite harmless. Ineffectual writing and direction muff opportunities for drama, even the skinning alive of Mr. Karloff communicating no terror. It is too bad, for Poe's tale which gives the picture its title is gruesome and thrilling but the studio substitute for it is neither. The adapter went Poe one better and wrote a story of his own. Mr. Karloff and Mr. Lugosi perform their prescribed tasks well enough, but the material is unworthy of them. One has only to see Mr. Karloff, for example, in "The House of Rothschild" and "The Lost Patrol" to realize what he can do with adult characters. David Manners and Jacqueline Wells are an American couple who stumble upon his castle of horrors and escape through no quick-wittedness of their own, but rather because the director tells them to.

"Change of Heart."—Fox. James Dunn and Ginger Rogers are of immense help in putting across the reunion of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. They give sparkle and authenticity to a picture that pretends to be realistic but is a fairy tale, in which everything is ordered to bring about a happy ending. But it holds one's interest and it is a new setting for Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell. They and Mr. Dunn and Miss Rogers are friends who step out of a California college and come to New York to seek careers, Mr. Dunn as a crooner, Miss Rogers an actress, Miss Gaynor a writer, and Mr. Farrell a lawyer. Setbacks and various adventures keep them moving and a love tangle politely complicates matters, until it's time to leave the theater with the thought that you've passed a pleasantly innocuous hour and a half, neither bored nor exhilarated.

"Double Door."—Paramount. A gloomy study of a woman's obsession for family rule is finely presented, but it doesn't make satisfactory entertainment. One reason, and perhaps the strongest, is that it is unrelieved by lightness or laughter and is pitched in the same key throughout. *Miss Victoria Van Brett*, head of the immensely rich *Van Brett* clan, is determined to guard her name and money against outsiders. She keeps her sister in terrified subjection and tries to control her young half-brother. When he marries, she concentrates her ingenuity and fury upon his wife and, unable to separate them, closes the door of a vault on the young woman. In the end *Miss Van Brett* is herself trapped and as she alone knows the combination her agonized shrieks conclude the picture, with no hope of rescue. Dark and morbid, the story is interesting but hardly palatable to the majority. Mary Morris, of the stage, is very fine in the leading rôle. So, too, is Anne Revere as her sister, while Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable uphold their

reputation as the nicest of adequate couples.

"Thirty-day Princess."—Paramount. Sylvia Sydney achieves a gratifying personal success in light comedy, and for the first time wears smart and elaborate dresses and wears them well. Aside from this, the innovation doesn't yield an eye-opening picture but only a tolerable one. It is disappointing, being neither romantic nor comic but a rather feeble compromise, yet it is mildly entertaining and the acting is first-rate. Miss Sydney is a poor actress on an automat diet who happens to be the double of a visiting princess from a mythical kingdom. So the actress is hired to substitute when the princess is laid up with mumps. Miss Sydney plays both rôles, which of course makes the girls virtual twins and somehow takes away from the plausibility of the story. Cary Grant, Edward Arnold, Henry Stephenson, and Vince Barnett are excellent in their respective moods, though Mr. Barnett's is so obviously a caricature that it obscures the intent of the story. But you laugh at him, which is perhaps all that was asked in the first place, and Miss Sydney doesn't lose by it.

"He Was Her Man."—Warners. Quite different from all James Cagney's former pictures, his departure from routine in this is to his credit though it is doubtful if his courage will be relished by the majority. The story is quiet and rather dull and Mr. Cagney, while a crook, is soft-spoken and restrained. However, his acting is all the finer because of his reserve. It is just that the slowly moving story is not interesting and is colorless. Mr. Cagney, in San Francisco, befriends a street-walker and accompanies her by bus to a coast village where she is to marry a Portuguese fisherman. At the moment Mr. Cagney and the girl—Joan Blondell—are about to run away, Mr. Cagney's enemies turn up and take him for a tragic ride. Victor Jory is convincing as the simple fisher-fellow, and Miss Blondell is also exceptional.

"Laughing Boy."—Metro-Goldwyn. Lo, the poor Indian gets a raw deal in Ramon Novarro's new picture and so, too, does the public. Certain portions of the film objected to and deleted by censors in various States, it isn't certain what fans will or will not see. But it will be clear to all that Lupe Velez plays an Indian girl who consorts with white men, and that Mr. Novarro, her idealistic Indian husband kills her and that, because of an unconvincing accent, it is one of his weaker performances. And because of the unpleasantness of the story, still apparent with cuts softening the main issues, the picture must be rated one of his least popular. Yet it has been carefully directed and the natural backgrounds are magnificent. But it has not played in New York City at this writing in spite of Mr. Novarro's personal following, although with cuts restored it obviously would be a better offering than it is.

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"I learned something about studio atmosphere," he says. "Also, I had an opportunity to learn something of acting, although I still have much to learn on that score."

Fay Wray agrees with Joel. "It is not so much direct contact with pictures that counts in the beginning," says Fay. "It is knowing your Hollywood. A girl coming here from the Middle West especially to enter pictures cannot have as good a chance as one who has gone to school here, knows how film people are expected to behave and what they are expected to talk about."



Joan Wheeler has a hobby besides acting. Here she is riding it for all it's worth when she isn't flitting through Warners' films.

Fay, incidentally, was one of the most popular pupils ever to attend Hollywood High. Teachers are always delighted to discuss the charms and intelligence of the talented Fay.

Perky little Alice White refuses to admit that her attendance at high school was of any advantage to her career. But perhaps Alice is mad because she got kicked out before graduating. Alice was an incurable ditcher. She would run away from school to sit on the beach and gaze at the bathing stars for hours. Studies would be completely forgotten. When the girls' vice-principal found out where Alice was spending her time, she promptly expelled the naughty child.

Alice never went back. She had won speed contests in her typing class, so she sought work as a typist. Before long she was secretary to scenario writers, then script girl. At last she graduated to acting. Although Alice says her schooling had nothing to do with her present position, there is surely reason to be-

lieve that at least indirectly her career was influenced by her school years. If it hadn't been for those speed typing contests, would she be a star now?

Marion Burns, featured in "Devil Tiger," says, "I learned little about the actual mechanics of the movies at Hollywood High School. After all, I am one of Hollywood's rare native daughters. I grew up surrounded by film people. I had no idea of acting until I finished school, but I did study drama under Arthur B. Katchell, the school's dramatic coach. I learned a good deal from him which has stood me in good stead."

Marion was a champion athlete at school, president of the girls' athletic association, star swimmer, and basket-ball player. She once had dreams of being a gym teacher.

On the "no" side of the question are Creighton Chaney and Mary Brian. Creighton was a boiler-maker before he became an actor. He goes so far as to say that he doesn't see how attendance at Hollywood High School could further *any* movie career. And Mary agrees with him.

Like most movie parents, Creighton's dad, the great Lon Chaney, thoroughly disapproved of the studio atmosphere for his child. Creighton was inside a studio just three times before becoming an actor! He had been raised to be a business man, expecting to manufacture water heaters the rest of his life. RKO studio, hoping his father's name would make Creighton a box-office attraction, offered him a contract. The studio wished to bill him as "Lon Chaney, Jr.," but he refused.

While under contract to RKO, he became a popular Western star. But Creighton doesn't want to star in horse opera. He gave up his contract to free-lance. He would like to play character parts.

Creighton is carrying on the Chaney tradition, never using a double. He has already gained a reputation for consideration and kindness, such as made his father beloved by all who knew him. At school he was head cheer leader. That's as close as he ever got to acting until he signed his film contract.

Mary Brian never actually attended Hollywood High School, but she does know enough about the institution to make her views of interest. Mary came to Hollywood from Dallas, Texas, and registered at Hollywood High as a sophomore. She attended school just one day, then was called to work in "Peter Pan." Being under eighteen years old, she had a tutor on the set. But she never saw the inside of a schoolroom again.

Every Hollywood High School student is a potential movie find.

Many directors working on films of school life haunt the school for atmosphere. When "Are These Our Children?" was produced, the director spent days on the campus watching the students.

Often prominent producers and directors attend performances of plays and operettas given by the students, in their search for talent. On several occasions youngsters have been offered contracts because of their performances in school plays.

Again, a number of our foremost directors are graduates of Hollywood High School. Naturally, they are interested in their Alma Mater and its students.

Now and then, as in the case of Marian Marsh, a boy or girl enrolls at the school simply to mark time until a break in pictures comes. But the majority of the students look upon the movies just as Minnie Zilch in Iowa regards the raising of hogs. It is merely one of the local industries.



Ida Lupino gets warmer and warmer, now that she has thrown off the chill of England, and her new picture is significantly called "Ready For Love."

If you are sixteen, beautiful, and set on becoming a star, come to Hollywood if you must. But don't expect sympathy from your teachers at Hollywood High School. You will be better off enrolled in a professional school.

And if you are wise, you will follow the advice of the school's famous alumni and give up your dreams. Stardom is too fragile a thing to bank your whole life on. Some day an accident may occur to give you a chance in the movies. After all, most film careers begin accidentally.

Anna Sten's Wonderful Romance

It was thus that Anna Sten's romance was born. The charm and perfect manners of the dark young man swept her off her feet. Besides, he was an important person, some one on whom she could rely for advice and encouragement. He became the trusted messenger between her mother and herself on his fortnightly trips to Moscow. From him she learned exactly how her little sister was faring in her stage career.

Anna Sten had been sent to Berlin by the Soviet government to make films for the Tara company. She was unhappy there and her work reflected her mood. Those in charge were dissatisfied with her. They were planning an elaborate production of "The Brothers Karamazov" in which the girl's part is important. They were afraid to trust her with the rôle.

Anna Sten was all unmindful of this, but Eugene Frenke was not. By this time he had assumed complete charge of her affairs. He had won her confidence as well as her love.

This was the turning point in Anna Sten's career. This was the decision which was later to sweep her to world-wide prominence as a star in America, the land she dared not even hope to visit.

Let me relate it to you as Eugene Frenke told it to me in Barbetta's restaurant in New York City. It was to this favored spot of the gourmet that we had gone following a preview of Frenke's picture, "The Girl in the Case" at a Brooklyn neighborhood theater, where it had been enthusiastically received.

Over a brandy and egg he grew mellow as he spoke of the girl to whom he is now married and whom he adores passionately. "Secretly I had learned that Anna was not to play in 'Karamazov,' that she was to be sent back to Russia—a failure." His dark eyes gleamed and he became fiercely eloquent as he struggled to express himself in his still uncertain English. "I determined they should not do this to my Anna. I went to them to force them to reconsider. Finally, by promising to pay

her salary out of my own pocket, they agreed to let Anna play the part."

Meanwhile, unmindful of what was going on, Anna Sten had been studying under the careful guidance of her mentor. Her taste in clothes having been rather flamboyant, it was to him that she turned for advice. Benefiting by his suggestions, she learned to dress appropriately. Under his ever-watchful eye, she forsook certain awkward gestures. Numerous faults in diction were also corrected. In a few short months she learned to forsake her peasant manners and act as to the manor born.

"In temperament, I am a gypsy," Frenke told me. "She was too much of the earth. I showed her how to take wing. I taught her not to fear life. Most of all, not to fear other people."

The result was a new, radiant creature—a poised, self-confident woman of the world who colored her rôle in "The Brothers Karamazov" with rich, vigorous shadings. The picture was a success, but even greater was the success of Anna Sten. From then on her position was assured. She became a star overnight. The little kitchen drudge who dared to woo fame found herself acclaimed.

"Did her success change her?" I asked Eugene Frenke.

He hesitated before replying. "No, but it frightened her. Often, after meeting some important person, she would ask me, 'Did I say the right thing? Did I act nervous?' With me she is still like a child. She loves to cook my favorite dishes. She likes to wear plain dresses. She finds pleasure in long walks and in playing 'Patience.' She has a mystical side, too. We have a mutual interest in spiritualism and have received spirit messages."

"Tell me more about your romance," I urged. "How did you propose?"

"I didn't," he shot back quickly, with a smile. "She did!"

Noting my surprise, he added quickly, "You see, I had rented to Anna one of two houses I had erected

in Berlin. I needed only one house, but in Germany vacant lots are heavily taxed. The government wishes to make owners build. So, like every one else, I erected another house. My wife having died, Anna would often visit with my little daughter and me. One day she hurried in, radiantly beautiful.

"'I'm moving!' she exclaimed. My heart stopped beating. I grasped her hand. 'Where?' I demanded. 'In here with you,' she replied. 'I'm tired of paying rent and, besides, I like this house better.' So we were married in the fall of 1930.

"Our marriage made little difference one way or the other. We were so completely in accord that a mere ceremony could not either add or take away from our love. Later, when the opportunity came from Mr. Goldwyn to go to America, I gave up my business and went along. We have never been separated for any length of time. I have made pictures my life work and Anna's success my chief ambition."

To be a great star they say that one must run the complete gamut of life's experiences. Anna Sten has fought her way through the most harrowing conditions to a position of importance. She is an international figure. Out of tragedy, drudgery, and humiliation, her great art has come into flower. She can portray any emotion, for she has known them all. Her life has been at once both bitter and sweet. If she has known the worst, she has also tasted of the best.

Like all the truly great, she walks alone. Yet ever in the background is the figure of a man—Eugene Frenke, her mate. Through him is projected the art that has given American fans a new thrill. To his strong arm she clings. Though she may continue on her way triumphant, at heart she is still the uncertain little peasant girl in a strange land. Humble, yet defiant, hesitant, yet confident—a curious and fascinating combination.

And this is the never before told story of her transfiguration.

E-MOTION PICTURES

I wish I were a movie star receiving Gable's kisses,
With handsome Bob Montgomery to teach me just what
bliss is!

I wish I were a movie star with Clive Brook's arms about
me,

With Conrad Nagel swearing that he couldn't live with-
out me!

I wish I were a movie star embracing R. Novarro,
With Ronald Colman scheduled for the same scene on
the morrow!

But here's a disconcerting thought that sets my brain to
whirling:

Suppose I were a movie star and had to hug—Ford
Sterling!

Suppose that Oliver Hardy took me in his fond embrace!
Or Harry Langdon! Harold Lloyd! Or even Charlie
Chase!

Suppose that sad Stan Laurel were the man of my desire!
With Charlie Chaplin filling me with cinematic fire!

So maybe it is just as well I'm not in Hollywood.
Although I wouldn't promise not to get there if I could!
And maybe it is just as well I'm married to John Smith.
(I see e-motion pictures, but it's John I see them with.)
And maybe it is just as well he doesn't chance to know
That I'd be wildly thrilled to catch Chevalier for a beau!

ALANE GRANT.

Continued from page 17

herself advancing to true drama in "The Animal Kingdom." Look what the latter "fillum" did for Myrna. It swooped her right past Madge to stardom.

Which leads us to a bit of guessing. What if Anita Page, chief runner-up to Jean Harlow in the tests for "Red-headed Woman," had been victorious? Would their positions be reversed? Anita, who is now back in Hollywood, needed but one strong part to restore the damage resulting from a series of mediocre assignments. For Jean, who'd been in the same position Anita is in to-day, the break meant immediate resuscitation.

Myrna and Jean, exponents of satiny silhouettes, are nourishing amazingly highbrow ambitions. Their pet rôles have not been adapted for talkies yet. The languorous Loy has her hopes pinned on presenting Ibsen's "A Doll's House," while the joyous Jean would give us a platinum-blond woman attorney in a screening of "The Merchant of Venice." If she begged, how could *Shylock* be such an old meanie?

The dominating Barrymores haven't been satisfied so far, either. Lionel used the high spots of his favorite stage play, "The Copperhead," for his recent personal-appearance jaunt. His motive? He wants his employers to feature him in an up-to-date celluloid version. John magnanimously declares he means to do "Hamlet." The tragedy simply awaits a producer.

Now it's safe to tell that Sylvia Sidney and Frances Dee yearned for the rôle of *Mercia* in "The Sign of the Cross." They were chagrined when DeMille chose Claudette Colbert to be the empress, and then insisted on a blonde for contrast. Elissa Landi was considered appropriate, even though Sylvia, in particular, took many tests for the part.

For that matter, many's the face on the testing-room floors. It would take hours to delve into that sad situation. To peek hastily, notice Marguerite Churchill's likeness on that

abandoned reel? After Marguerite had emoted elegantly, Fay Wray, who works so steadily she can barely remember who's her current hero, was selected for the "Viva Villa!" lead.

Fay stirred up grief for Miriam Jordan, too. Do you recollect that Miriam changed her name to Mimi and bobbed her gorgeous hair for the lead in "Shanghai Madness"? When the cameras began grinding, she was missing and Fay was doing the acting.

Fancy the present position of Irene Dunne if Dorothy Peterson, her rival in the tests for "Cimarron," had been the winnah. Irene had made only one film, a flop. The pioneer epic suddenly whisked her to permanent stardom. The other capable actress still waits for her luck to alter.

And what if Mary Brian had got the one part she really craved? It was the lead opposite Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square." She probably would have escaped the sweet ingénue brand, and Heather Angel might not be on the rise.

The grief that "Alice in Wonderland" caused still echoes. Aside from the amateurs who tried for it, a number of big names competed. Alice White, for example, dolled herself up as a naïve little thing and posed a-playing with her rabbit. No doubt she believed her appearance in this rôle would make us forget she'd had a boy friend rude enough to "smack her down"—as she put it.

Helen Chandler, noted for her delicate portrayals in fantasies, was given elaborate tests. But Paramount had committed itself to nominating a comparative novice. Mary Pickford herself dilly-dallied with the idea of doing *Alice*, as she once wished to play *Peter Pan*. In each instance an inexperienced person won favor over the veteran actress.

Yet did you know that Gloria Swanson had her heart set on the Barrie story, also? That she took extensive tests as *Peter*? Think how Swanson's career might have differed had she gone so unsophisticated on us. And let us wish that Charlotte

Henry's fortune will be better in the long run than Betty Bronson's!

Buster Crabbe and George Brent share a common cross. Both fancied themselves as effective Injuns. Brent had his eye on "Massacre," and his scrap with Warners might have been avoided had they not awarded the reservation romance to Barthelmess. Brawny Buster was confident his flair for nudity would win him "Laughing Boy," and he's plenty aggrieved because Ramon Novarro was adjudged a better redskin.

Way back when "Liliom" was being cast, if I may reminisce, Joel McCrea vied against Charlie Farrell. "I still feel," Joel insists, "I could have given the best performance of my life as *Liliom*, under Borzage's understanding direction. I'll never forgive myself for losing the opportunity."

That's how serious they get. Yet some stars have been lucky because they did *not* get the part for which they cried. Robert Montgomery, to be specific, toted a copy of "Billy the Kid" around the Metro lot for months. He argued himself blue in the face—and John Mack Brown was starred in it instead. It was Johnny's first and last stellar vehicle.

Richard Arlen remembers when Ricardo Cortez supplanted him. It was in an Agnes Ayres silent flicker, Dick's first crack at a lead. "After I'd worked one day the director said it was too much agony to continue with me!" Dick gayly reveals this now, but when his future seemed just passed—well, then it was no joke.

Our newest rave, the irrepressible Katharine Hepburn, hasn't been mixed up with Hollywood quite long enough to see a favorite rôle being captured by another gal. Her vogue will allow her a wide choice. But even she will eventually have to take it on the chin when a rival finally beats her to a coveted assignment.

Losing a light o' love may disturb a star for a while, but deprive him of his pet rôle and, like an elephant, he'll never forget!

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Leo's Vain Birds.—Leo Carrillo, who has shot right up to fame since he played the killer-lieutenant of Wallace Beery in "Viva Villa!" has built himself a real Spanish hacienda on a strip of wooded land he owns in Santa Monica Canyon. Also, he has acquired three beautiful peacocks. After getting them he was disturbed every morning because they insisted on tapping with their bills on the windows of the house. He couldn't make out the reason at first, but finally determined that it must be because they

Hollywood High Lights

were intent on admiring their reflections in the glass. So what did he do? He purchased a large mirror and put it in a conspicuous place, and now the peacocks do their tapping there instead.

Alice Plays Big Field.—The most difficult girl to keep track of romantically in Hollywood is Alice Faye. In the beginning, it was assumed that her one and only heart interest was Rudy Vallée, but later she was seen much with Nick Foran

and various other younger gentlemen, and then to top it all, who did she appear at a rodeo with one bright afternoon, but that grand old-timer of the movies, William S. Hart! So what?

Ginger Worries Joan.—Ginger Rogers gave Joan Blondell such a close race for a prize cup for showing the most progress in acting recently that it just wasn't pleasant. The trophy was awarded by the Wampas to the baby star who seemed to get ahead the fastest in the past

two years, and whereas Joan checked in the full two, Ginger had only had one year in which to demonstrate her mettle. She was only a few votes behind Miss Blondell, while Frances Dee, Constance Cummings, and Gloria Stuart tied for third place.

Joan got the prize just about the time it was made known that she is looking forward to a happy event, which will soon necessitate her retiring from the screen for a while.

High Tone to Honkatonk.—Are actors losing their dignity? It has

become a hot question since they put on a big carnival and circus, which took critical raps. It used to be that the big-moneyed people of the movies never thought of sponsoring anything so tingly-tangly as an outdoor show open to the public. Naturally, the project had charitable aims, but it also had a honkatonk flavor. And, after all, Hollywood is renowned for its swank.

Anyway, the queens of the event, which lasted three days and was called a frolic, made a pleasing impression. They included Ann Har-

ding, Mary Astor, Jeanette MacDonald, Miriam Hopkins, and Elissa Landi, who each appeared at a separate performance. It wouldn't do, you know, to have two queens at a single show.

Colleen "Scarlet-lettering."—Colleen Moore is pursuing her career by doing the rôle of *Hester Prynne* in "The Scarlet Letter," with Hardie Albright as minister *Dimmesdale*. Last time the picture was made Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson played these parts.

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and devoted ones. Once we appeared in a play which required that we fight most of the time. It was a flop."

And so it seemed for a time that the sacrifice of their former partners was justified by the depth and strength of their feeling for each other. About two years ago a daughter was born to them, and it seemed that no cloud could mar the blissful heaven of their life together.

Greater successes on the stage followed, and then pictures and Hollywood beckoned. Even then there was no reason to suppose that their idyllic existence was threatened.

When I saw Mr. Marshall in New York recently, he was very busy being the gallant and chivalrous male, protecting the names of both his wife and Gloria Swanson, who, according to rumor, was responsible for Miss Best's precipitate return to London.

Naturally, as befits an Englishman and a gentleman, Mr. Marshall refused to discuss the ladies. But by expressing his opinion of several apparently unrelated subjects, he unwittingly gave me what I think is the clew to the whole situation.

To begin with, I believe that he was bewildered by the turn events had taken. I don't think he had any intention of becoming one of the angles in Hollywood's latest and most discussed triangle, when he first began to spend time with Miss Swanson.

According to the simple, juvenile philosophy which he conveniently evoked for the occasion, there was certainly no harm in a man passing a few pleasant hours with a charming and glamorous woman—a safely married woman, at that—while his wife was in far-away London. Other men have reasoned that way before.

Unfortunately, when Miss Best returned to Hollywood to make a picture for Warner Brothers, she was not inclined to take the matter as casually as Mr. Marshall had ex-

pected. One word led to another. And the situation was in no way helped when the newspapers began to rumor that Miss Swanson and Mr. Farmer had reached the parting of the ways.

Result: Miss Best returned to London. Miss Swanson came to New York for personal appearances. Mr. Marshall arrived shortly afterward for a conference with the theatrical producer for whom he is to appear in a play next season.

Over our coffee cups in Mr. Marshall's apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria we talked of life and love, of men and women and marriage.

"More than anything it is important for a man to live up to his obligations," Mr. Marshall assured me. "Money is of supreme importance today because the world is geared to a tempo of speed and spend. And because so many have been out of work during the depression, every man's obligations have increased. With money, he can take care of all those dependent upon him, as well as assume the obligation for the support of others to whom he is bound by moral but not legal ties.

"If one has enough money, one can do about what one pleases, can buy anything one desires. Oh, you may say that money won't buy love, but it will supply those things which enable a person to win the love he wants.

"As a general rule, women are inclined to take their relations with men far more seriously than men do. A man can be sincerely devoted to one woman, want her always in his life, without losing his desire to be with others at times.

"The regard he has for his wife is a permanent and solid thing, unaffected by his casual friendships with other women. Much heartbreak would be avoided if wives would only realize that a husband's harmless contacts with other women in no way jeopardize their marriage.

"If she grants him enough free-

dom, the wise wife will find that her husband always returns to her."

Mr. Marshall's words reminded me of the play in which he appeared several years ago, "To-morrow and To-morrow." In that it was the wife who strayed and returned to her husband. Mr. Marshall was the "other man" and partner of her sins.

I remarked that I thought the dénouement outmoded, that under the circumstances of the play, a woman of to-day would remain with her lover. Mr. Marshall's terse comment revealed more of his feeling than he realized. "I think it was a swell 'out' for the other man," he remarked. "He had enjoyed a pleasant interlude with the woman, but managed to escape without a permanent entanglement!"

That, in view of the present situation that surrounds him, was enlightening. Considering his previous remarks about the sanctity of marriage, if a wife would only wait, I felt that Mr. Marshall does not clutter up his pleasant friendships with romantic notions.

Mr. Marshall returned to Hollywood to appear in "The Green Hat" opposite Constance Bennett. And that fact is likely to solve any problem that Miss Best may feel confronts her. For even though a wandering husband has promised eventually to return home, even though the recipient of his flattery and attentions may have no serious matrimonial intentions toward him herself, no wife of spirit can remain idly on the side lines waiting for him to grow tired of his new playthings.

It would surprise no one to find the Swanson-Bennett feud, which blazed so furiously over the marquis, flaming again, with Mr. Marshall as the innocent inspiration. In which event, the wires to England will probably hum with his frantic pleas to Miss Best to return to him.

After all, a wife is such a safe and splendid shield from any and all feminine entanglements!

Two Hearts in Waltz Time (Herbert Marshall)

Two Hearts in Waltz Time (Gloria Swanson)

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"The most valuable thing to remember is that each of us is but one tiny stone in the giant mosaic of Creation. Our personal problems, which seem so vital to-day, fade into insignificance and are forgotten a year from now.

"An event is important only in relation to the time in which it occurs. What seems like a catastrophe at one period would be but a casual incident should it occur later. Timing is what hurts us, time is what heals wounds.

"Our greatest suffering is caused by the things people fail to do rather than by what they do—sins of omission, not commission. That is our own fault, for expecting too much of them.

"I died a million deaths before I learned this. To-day, life cannot hurt me. I expect nothing of people and therefore cannot be wounded by them.

"By that I don't mean that I am cynical or hard or callous. I hope never to lose my capacity for sympathy and understanding. I mean that I have learned to live and believe in people for the pleasure it gives me to do so, not because I expect them to do certain things or act a certain way in return.

"Demanding that people live up to ideals we have created for them is a responsibility we have no right to force. Besides, our own standards change and there again it is the timing that counts. What we desire of a person to-day may be completely foreign to our wishes a year later.

"Of course, one of the great problems facing the world at present is the vast change in standards since the War and the depression. Women were reared to believe that men were strong. That they could turn to them for stability and sustenance, that they could depend upon them. Men were trained to accept responsibility and recognize obligations, to be persons of integrity.

"Now, we have a race of men who are willing, even eager, to allow women to carry the burden of earning a livelihood for themselves and their families, while they are satisfied to remain playboys. It is difficult to adjust oneself to this new point of view which is heartbreakingly prevalent on every hand, in every walk of life."

Miss Swanson insists that her opinions are not the result of her four marital experiences, but of life itself.

"Marriage is only a part of life," she explained. "Of course one learns

from marriage, but only as one profits from every other experience and relationship.

"For it is only by experience that one learns anything. No training, no amount of instruction, can give one the equipment necessary for facing the world successfully. The qualities which are instilled in us from earliest childhood are brutally false and inadequate weapons with which to meet life.

"We teach children to be honest, truthful, and fair! Words which have no place in the present-day struggle for existence. The world doesn't understand nor want honesty, truthfulness, nor fairness!

"It would be better if we taught a child the grim realities of deceit, chicanery, and unscrupulousness with which he will be forced some day to grapple. And still, we can't do that!"

Miss Swanson smiled ruefully and shrugged her shoulders. She seemed momentarily at a loss, and yet I am sure that in reality there is never a time nor situation which finds her helpless. She says, with quiet forcefulness, "Nothing is impossible," and in her case I believe it is true.

In her opinion Hollywood marriages fail because they are entered into only as concessions to the Great God Public, which demands that screen favorites enjoy love only within the circle of a wedding ring. They are not founded upon a sincere desire or intention that they be permanent. Emotional experiences are necessary to any artist whose duty it is to portray life, she believes.

As Miss Swanson has submitted to the Hollywood dictum and has conventionally married four times in the past, I think she is sincere when she says that she is not considering a fifth matrimonial venture soon.

Referring to Mr. Marshall, as I could not resist doing, Miss Swanson's answer was a *cliché*. It is unfortunate that bromides exist as the result of being true.

"Always remember, no woman can take a man away from another woman," she averred. "If a man leaves his wife, it is not for another woman, but because he has stopped loving her. As long as he loves her, no one can tear him from her side."

In this situation, Miss Swanson really deserved the relaxation of a bromide, for her opinion was based upon her own experience. It was not so long ago that tongues wagged that Constance Bennett was responsible for Gloria's divorce from the Mar-

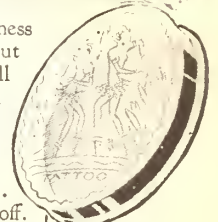
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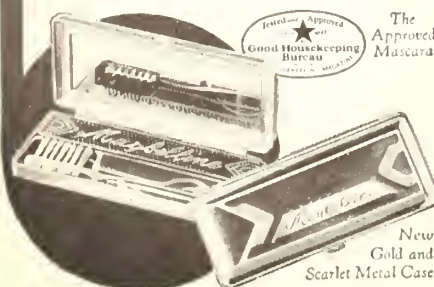


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Well, Who Am I?

Continued from page 33

Confusion results when two players have the same real name and neither wants to change. The two William Boyds were a case in point. The trouble ended when one went back to the stage and the other became Bill.

When Robert Douglass Montgomery was put under contract by Metro the studio asked him to change his name, as it conflicted with that of their previously signed star, Robert Montgomery, whose real name is Harry. So Robert Douglass Montgomery became Kent Douglass, although he was not satisfied with the change. To-day he is with another studio under his legitimate name, Douglass Montgomery.

Naturally, it requires time to become accustomed to a new name. When the *nom de theatre* is first used the actor or actress may pay no attention. In moments of absent-mindedness a star will sometimes sign a business paper with his assumed name, or attach his real name to a studio check bearing his alias.

It seems that people who enjoy assuming other characters enjoy assuming other names. In other professions one takes pride in lifting one's own name to success, but actors will enthusiastically accept a label which has been chosen by the studio and work tooth and nail to make it famous.

Bing Crosby brought his first name on himself. As a child he longed to be a Western bad man. With a toy gun, which wouldn't shoot, he chased imaginary sheriffs and other dangerous adversaries, all the while exclaiming, "Bing! bing!" as he pulled the trigger. Alas, see what happened! His real name is Harry Lillis Crosby.

Gary Cooper recently had the first name made legally his, dropping Frank James. Gary was originally a nickname. His mother still calls him Frank at times.

Buster Crabbe—pronounced Crab—has soured on his nickname and in future will be known as Larry. He was christened Clarence.

The full name of Will Rogers is William Penn Adair Rogers.

Walter Byron's real name is O'Butler.

To get as far away as possible from dreary childhood memories, Ruby Stevens assumed the name of Barbara Stanwyck. Mildred Linton wanted a "different" name, so she took Karen Morley.

Jean Harlow's real name is Harlean Carpenter. Janet Gaynor really is Laura Gainer.

Dignified Miriam Jordan was given the frivolous name of Mimi Jordan by Fox studio, and much publicity attended the rechristening. Miss Jordan rebelled, however, and resumed her original name.

From time to time, Ginger Rogers has threatened to change her first name to suit the more serious rôles which she wants to play. Change it she may, but Ginger will linger on.

After Buddy Rogers became known throughout the world as Buddy, he could not make the public accept him by his real name, Charles. An established screen name is as hard to lose as a bad reputation.

And so it goes—pretty names, dignified names, unusual names. Some day an actor may take the name of Smith—pronounced Smith—and when that happens he'll stand out like a giraffe at a horse show.

They Say in New York—

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some indefinable charm that makes girls flock to the gallery night after night, then stand at the stage door in worshipful silence. Young Beal is the only one of that ilk discovered on Broadway in the past five years, except for Francis Lederer.

Hollywood Will Make a Romance of This.—Some five years ago when John Beal was leading man in the Mask and Wig shows at the University of Pennsylvania, he went to a theater one night and saw Florence Rice, daughter of Grantland Rice the sports writer. He wrote her a fan letter, and you would too, for she is that radiant and lovely.

Last winter he suddenly found himself rehearsing in the same show with her. So he wrote another fan letter reminding her that he was the callow Pennsylvania youth. She confessed that his fan tribute had been her first.

Contrary to what you movie-minded romanticists may think, they did not fall in love with each other. They're just good friends. But now Florence, too, has signed a Hollywood contract, and no doubt when he sees her first picture he will send her another fan letter, and there is no telling what may happen.

Exiled New Yorkers under the influence of the Malibu moonlight have

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Look Out, Harlow!

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York, it was as a dancer and not a singer that she first attracted attention. She became a Chester Hale girl and then followed this with engagements at various night clubs.

"I danced all around New York," she told me, "but I never sang, although I did understudy Ethel Merman in the 'Scandals' one year."

Ethel herself had told me about Alice. "She was a kid in the chorus and she used to spend hours talking to me in my dressing room—telling me of her ambition to sing. Look—here's how she looked then." Ethel had brought forth an autographed picture of Alice which read "To a great artist and a grand person."

I looked at Alice Faye with her long hair then turned up in a bun. Her eyes were the kind that went very nicely with the song Rudy sings to her in the filmed "Scandals"—"Sweet and Simple." It seemed from that photo that Alice hadn't yet learned how to turn on her sex appeal.

It was Rudy's lawyer, a friend of Alice's, who induced her to make a home record of a song and eventually he got Rudy to listen. That twenty-five-cent disk changed Alice Faye's career. Rudy sent for her and gave her a job singing over the air until she got her Hollywood contract.

"Of course, although I adore New York and hate to leave it again, I'll be terribly happy if I'm a success in pictures," Alice said. "I like rôles like the one I have in 'Now I'll Tell.' I'm a night-club girl. In 'She Learned About Sailors' I'm a cabaret girl, too. I guess I'll always sing in pictures and I'm glad, because I love rhythm and blues singing. When I hear music, I can't keep my feet still.

"As to lines, I never spoke one in

my life before my first picture, but Fox seemed to like me and that's how I got the rôle in 'Now I'll Tell.' Of course, Jean Harlow's been speaking lines since the beginning—" she trailed off with another of those Alice in Wonderland looks.

Personally, I don't think Alice is in Wonderland. I think she knows pretty much where she's trying to get, and I think she will get there.

We had agreed not to talk love affairs. You may know that the papers came out with stories about her engagement to Nick Foran, son of a wealthy father and a newcomer to the screen. He is to be one of the sailors Alice learns about in her next picture. Judging merely by her voice as she spoke of this, I doubt whether this "romance" is anything more than a publicity stunt.

"And Rudy?" you're asking, since Alice is the girl Fay Webb named in her divorce action.

Well, we didn't talk about love affairs. But while I was in the broadcasting studio, there was a great to-do about the lyrics Alice was to sing in "You Nasty Man" that night. It seems some one had given her new lyrics and she wanted the old ones. It was a pitched battle.

"You're on the spot, Alice," an advertising man had said, and she had returned with determination, "So are you!" Advertising men usually get what they want, but Alice is the kind of blonde who, when she gets into action, is electric. I couldn't stay to hear the end, but that night I turned eagerly to my radio.

You guessed it! Alice sang the song the way she had always sung it.

Your guess is as good as mine about her romances, but I'll wager that Alice Faye means to give Jean Harlow a run for her money.

Two Hearts in Waltz Time (Gloria Swanson)

Continued from page 59

quis de la Falaise. So, in her forthright words, Miss Swanson has removed all stigma from Miss Bennett, as well as making her own present position clear.

Knowing both Miss Swanson and Mr. Marshall, I think it not too fantastic to hazard the opinion that between these two may be a very real admiration and friendship. It is not beyond the realm of possibility that in the dignified and reserved Mr. Marshall Miss Swanson finds many of the solid, substantial virtues she has missed in her two most recent husbands. In his friendship and com-

panionship she may find the stabilizing influence which every woman craves.

But marriage? I'll cast my bet with Miss Best to hold her own. I doubt that she will permanently relinquish her "Bart" simply because he finds association with a glamorous woman stimulating for a brief interlude.

Therefore, I predict that some day the friendship of Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall will end as painlessly as it began, with neither party harboring regrets nor disillusionment.

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Continued from page 60

been known to marry for no better reason than that they liked reminiscing about the boat races in Central Park.

Columbia Takes a Chance.—Just as people began to wonder if grim old Fate who goes around wrecking Hollywood careers had tapped Nancy Carroll for obscurity, Columbia signed her to a contract. The little red-headed firebrand was just at the point where something nice had to happen to her, she was that fed up with misfortune.

She had recently flown to New York to see her uncle, Billy La Hiff, popular owner of the Tavern, who was critically ill. Her marriage to Bolton Mallory had gone on the rocks. Her ex-husband, to whom she had been quite unpleasant about abortive efforts to write plays, suddenly bloomed out as the white hope of the drama by dramatizing "Tobacco Road."

What Happened to the Curve Craze?—Madeleine Carroll came from England to make "The World Moves On" for Fox just at the height of the Mae West triumph. Curves, the style writers said, were in. Miss Carroll was a trifle uneasy because she is quite thin. No sooner had she reached Hollywood than she got orders to diet. They wanted her to be even thinner.

She Liked Us, Too.—Although Madeleine Carroll spent only a few days in New York on her way to Hollywood and on her way back to England, her departure left an aching void. People did not merely like her. They were quite maudlin about her. She is one of those engagingly direct and candid individuals. Away from her, one cannot recall—at least this one can't—a single significant or clever remark she made, but as she speaks it all seems quite epoch-making. She is off now to film "Mary Queen of Scots" in London. But she says that she will come back.

Three Hostages From England.—Elsa Lanchester, Laughton's wife who played the tricky *Ann of Cleves* in "Henry the Eighth," accompanied him to America. Following in a few days was Binnie Barnes who played *Katherine Howard*. She will be in "There's Always To-morrow" for Universal.

The only one who rejects fabulous offers to come to America is Merle Oberon, the lovely creature who played *Anne Boleyn*. In her case loyalty means more than dollars, and since Alexander Korda who gave her

her first chance in pictures wants her for his next, she will stay in England.

However, Evelyn Laye who tried American pictures once before, is coming back to try again for M.-G.-M. And all we are sending to England this month is Charles Farrell!

The Lion Roars.—Charles Laughton returned from England en route to Hollywood to play in "Marie Antoinette" and "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," laughing robustly as usual, garrulous about the fun of acting Shakespeare's plays as if they were contemporary melodramas instead of classics, marveling at the success of "Henry the Eighth." He told with gusto of making Shakespeare as exciting "as a four-alarm fire." He roared over defeating arguments of scholars who maintained that his *Henry's* vile table manners were a bit overdone.

A New Mammy Song.—From England, where Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is making a success on the stage in "The Winding Journey," come reports that Londoners take a palpitant interest in the marital prospects of Junior and Senior. If Senior marries Lady Ashley, in whose divorce he was named correspondent, and Junior marries Gertrude Lawrence, there will be no end of embarrassment.

New acquaintances who don't keep up with cinema romances assume that the elder Fairbanks must be the swain of Miss Lawrence, who is considerably older than Junior, and that Lady Ashley, who is about Junior's age, must be his adored. If both marriages do take place, the quartet really should come to the United States where Mother's Day is celebrated in style. Think what fun Gertrude could have sending saccharine messages to the much younger Sylvia!

Still Another English Beauty.—Britain's beauties monopolize the spotlight with the arrival of every steamer. Back from London is Elizabeth Allan, who made such a good impression in "Men in White." As if to test her versatility, M.-G.-M. has cast her for "The Green Hat" and "David Copperfield."

Never Say Die.—The semi-annual threat to make the Long Island studios a center of production is booming again. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the bad boys who poke fun at Hollywood executives, but who write such good pictures for them, are going to make a picture

there called "Crime Without Passion," with Claude Rains. They are temporarily embarrassed by the lack of a leading lady and are no end upset because M.-G.-M. won't lend Mae Clarke to them.

In Person—What Of It?—Manhattanites just won't go to a theater to see stars in person. They stand out on the sidewalk instead and solicit autographs. Gloria Swanson played to sidewalk mobs at the Paramount Theater, but showed a loss at the box office, according to *Variety*. Ethel Merman could not draw them in. Bebe Daniels, stricken with mumps in the nick of time, canceled her engagement. Only George Raft drew crowds, which started a rumor that they were all gangsters familiarizing themselves with his looks and his schedule so that they could snatch him. They were a pretty tough-looking lot, but it is my theory that they were just potential doubles studying his technique, if any, in the hope that they, too, would some day have a chance to be matinee idols.

The Radio Exchange.—With Burns and Allen a big hit on the screen, Paramount is signing up radio stars again. The flute-voiced Jessica Dragonette will be in their "Big Broadcast of 1934." Also Joe Penner, who will receive \$75,000. Jessica is a girl who takes her public seriously and gives out those good old hokey interviews about "keeping faith with her public." She keeps her private life very private, always wears decorous and dignified clothes, and never dines in the noisier restaurants. In short, she gives the impression of not getting much fun out of her money and popularity.

Meanwhile, Norma Talmadge and Irene Rich, who did not do too well in talking pictures, are becoming the darlings of radio fans.

Clap In, Clap Out.—Talent scouts don't even wait for a play to open on Broadway nowadays before signing up promising players for films. After seeing her in a rehearsal of "The Milky Way," M.-G.-M. gave Gladys George a contract.

With her picture career practically wilting on her hands again, Helen Chandler came to New York and opened in a play. The play wasn't so good, but it served to remind New York picture offices of her existence, and once more she is headed for Hollywood.

Russell Gleason will take a flyer in summer stock in the Maine woods to satisfy an old impulse to find out if people who don't know his mother and father think he is an actor.

Solitaire Knight

Continued from page 30

stage and screen and in real life. He impresses you as a master of men, and one can readily visualize him directing battle maneuvers from the bridge of his ship.

Hollywood, during the little more than a year he has been in its midst, has come to regard him as an actor capable of handling the most difficult rôle. You will recall, no doubt, his portrayal of the colonel in "The Eagle and the Hawk," with Fredric March and Cary Grant; his impersonations in "Midnight Club," "Hell and High Water," and "Cradle Song." More recently, his work has been particularly outstanding in "Death Takes a Holiday," "The Witching Hour," and "Double Door."

Just who is this man, though, and what is his record? The question naturally is forthcoming from any one who even once has seen him on the screen, for he has a glamour most middle-aged players lack, his distinguished bearing indicating he is far more than just an actor.

Sir Guy is the eldest son of the late Herbert Standing, whom many readers doubtless will remember in the silent days. As a lad of fifteen, he decided to make his own way in the world, got a part in a London pantomime at one pound sterling a week, and although the engagement lasted but six weeks, his future, at least in his own mind, was cast—he would be an actor.

Later, finding himself penniless and stranded, far from home, he turned sailor, and for the next four years divided his time between the stage and the sea. If he could find theatrical work, he left the water, and if the stage didn't favor him, he would turn sailor again.

At nineteen he began what was to become a colorful stage career that took him to Australia and America. The list of his stage successes looks like a catalogue of plays.

In 1914, Sir Guy signed a contract with Paramount to star in "The Silver King." In a few days war broke out in Europe, and as a member of the Reserve Volunteer Corps, with a ship's master's papers, Sir Guy felt it his duty to return to England for service. Accordingly, he asked to be released from his contract, which was granted with the understanding he would return after the War had ended. With his release, he cabled the British Admiralty he was on his way home.

Reporting at the Admiralty, he learned that he had been made a lieutenant commander of his majesty's navy. He was to report immedi-

ately at Portsmouth to assume command of a submarine chaser that night, less than twelve hours after he had put foot on English soil.

From an important figure in the theater, overnight Guy Standing became an officer in the British navy, to see active service on the sea until threatened with retirement because of a shattered knee. Rather than undergo this action, he entered the intelligence division of the Admiralty.

One night, in crossing the Channel on a destroyer, he encountered a muffled figure on the bridge. The sea was kicking up a terrific fuss, so much so that danger threatened anybody who ventured on deck.

Presently, the figure crossed over to where the commander stood and asked his name. It was the king. He had slipped away from London to take his place on the bridge of his favorite craft, on a night most men would have preferred the safety and comfort of their own fireside. There on the bridge his majesty returned, for a few brief hours, to his first love, the sea. And for more than an hour the king and Standing swapped maritime experiences.

Eight months before the end of the War, Standing saw the king again, when he was honored with the C. B. E. (Commander of the British Empire) in Buckingham Palace, before an important assemblage. And shortly after the close of the War, once more he received royal favor, the K. B. E. (Knight of the British Empire), and became Sir Guy Standing.

Sir Guy knows men as he knows life. He is a master judge because he has commanded thousands, both in the navy and in commerce. And to him the most interesting of all are the workers in the studio, the prop men, electricians, carpenters, cameramen. He derives more genuine enjoyment from talking, associating with them, than in contacting any other class of men.

Now that he has dwelled in Hollywood for sixteen months, he declares he'll never go east of the Rockies again. His greatest pleasure comes from an outing with an artist friend in a trailer he has had constructed, getting up at daybreak to go sketching. While in town, he devotes much of his time to baseball and boxing. He attends every ball game and tries to see all the fights. On the nights there are no fights, he retires early.

A passing fancy brought Sir Guy out of a fifteen-year stage retirement. Now that he is back in harness, he intends to continue his professional career and enjoy life in his own way.

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Last Try for Lilian

Came the dawn. Rather, Lilian, who turned out to be a woman of beguiling friendliness and amazing candor, when the topic is herself.

She is exactly as she screens. Her loveliness enchants but, as soon as she commences to talk, you are thrilled with the discovery that she is much, much more than you anticipated. Gracious and intelligent, she is that rare creature—an artist who can handle her ambition sensibly.

Daughter of a London broker, and grand-daughter of an English rector, she was taken to Germany when a child and War conditions forced her family to remain there. Her good breeding is quite evident.

Coming to Hollywood from Berlin's UFA studio, where Negri and Dietrich preceded her, she has little resemblance to those two glorious pretenders, except the common bond of charm. Lilian is the essence of sincerity, the enemy of temperament and newly-rich front.

"I see you are gazing at that lamp," she said, detecting my glances. "It's caused me more trouble! I didn't ask for this fancy bungalow. I don't even understand what they mean by glamour. This silly publicity has not been my wish. And I think it must have reacted unfavorably on the fans.

"When the public read superlatives about me, they must have remarked, 'Well, now the world's wonder is about to appear.' They looked, and nothing stupendous materialized. They may have liked me, but my stories—too trite!"

Lilian, believing in loyalty to one's employers, requested I skip the "once in a lifetime" details of the manner in which her vehicles were concocted. It has been a most disheartening year for her, particularly as she followed orders implicitly.

"I came here to take the final step upward, professionally. In Europe I was the highest paid, with my say-so on everything. Yet I saw what marvels Hollywood had accomplished with players, and I was anxious to come and improve here.

"I expected to begin anew and I've done everything the studio has desired. Somehow, so far, I haven't jelled!" She means, of course, that she hasn't achieved the same standing with the American public that she had abroad.

"Whose fault it's been, I don't know. All I can say is that I've tried my best and I believe the fault has been poor stories. Now we've one which is good. We are making every

effort on it. I read seventy scripts myself before finding this one. I do so hope it will click big!

"If it doesn't, what's the use of going on? I will finish out my contract if they insist, but why? It's so discouraging to keep reading, 'She isn't what she was in Europe!' And in Europe I've suffered a drop in prestige. In Berlin, for instance, the most important newspaper ran an open letter asking me why I'd fared so badly in Hollywood."

Unwittingly she wrung her hands. Her face, generally a mask of gayety, betrayed her innate seriousness.

Her Hollywood experiences have taught Lilian Harvey to speak in our colloquialisms. She seems American, and still she relies strictly on merit to get ahead in pictures. Which, ahem, can't be said for most of our natives. She has never sought to advance by any means but hard work. As a consequence she is bewildered by Hollywood's fondness for ballyhoo, social connections, and strange studio methods.

"There are enough politics in the studios here to start a world war," she commented. "The main difference I note is that the studios, controlling chains of theaters, can be sure of a release for mediocre films. Abroad, a picture has to be entertaining or it's withdrawn immediately. Consequently foreign producers are directly concerned with utilizing talent."

She has not attempted to impress Hollywood society. She is a recluse, not from any wish to be mysterious but because she has always found joy in concentrating on her work.

"I don't know a soul here, outside of business friends. When do stars have time to party? I'm always busy doing something pertaining to work. This is no sacrifice, mind you. I'm a social flop. I've never cared for society. Even in Europe I'd only a handful of truly intimate friends.

"In Germany I usually arose at six thirty every morning and went to the studio. I got home about ten at night. We shot German, English, and French versions simultaneously. That meant two hours studying on my scripts when I returned home evenings. In the two years before coming to Hollywood, there were just fourteen days that I didn't have make-up on."

This steady grind has been Lilian Harvey's routine ever since she entered films at sixteen. She was an overnight hit. Now, presumably in her late twenties, she is different,

also, in not claiming that her career has been too stern a master.

On the contrary, she assured me she's reveled in every minute of her acting job. "I don't object to working hard all the time. I have continued the same schedule here, too. I've had no dates, nothing but work in Hollywood. Only once have I had on an evening dress away from the studio."

All work and no play might have made Lilian a dull girl had not her work been the business of being alluring.

She rents a very large home in Hollywood proper, but does no entertaining. "Why so big? Oh, I'm home every night and I get pleasure from walking around the rooms myself!"

This complete concentration of hers hasn't blinded her to the fundamentals of life. "I've had a nice career; I'd like to go on a while, advance to deeper characterizations. But I'm not avaricious for fame or money. I haven't forgotten that a husband and family are the lasting happinesses for a woman.

"I shan't go on acting here in Hollywood if I'm given mediocre rôles. I'd rather not take money I don't earn. Anyway, as for money, already I am well set." Even should Lilian resume her European career she won't go on indefinitely. "I shan't step down there, either. When there's no way but gradually down, I'll stop. I can 'take it,' so why hang on?"

Whatever the outcome of "Serenade" and her American venture, she intends to marry Willy Fritsch, German film star, next year. She fell in love with an actor, naturally, because she has spent all her time in studios. Her refusal to exploit her devotion to Willy is typical. Fox could endeavor to make her glamorous, if that's what American fans want, but she'll be darned if she'll resort to romance publicity. She didn't have to in Europe.

"This new picture is the love story of Schubert, with all his wonderful music. We've uncovered original material on him and it should be grand," she said enthusiastically.

If it isn't, and Lilian Harvey's sensitiveness forces her to abandon her fight to give her admirers their money's worth, Hollywood will have another black mark on its record. As for Lilian, I'd like to remind her that one of the noblest Romans of them all left us this axiom—"In great attempts it is glorious even to fail!"

Love—Just a Racket

Continued from page 53

by every newspaper, is the happy news that Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are together again. The darlings!

"We fight and we fight and we fight," Lupe was quoted as moaning, with photographs airmailed straight from the battle front. "We will have a trial separation for two weeks, Johnny and I, to see if we will divorce or go back together again."

Ah, Lupe, my shattered nerves! How was I to know that you and Johnny were even then dining at the Brown Derby, with all of Hollywood's cameramen and scribblers present to witness the reconciliation of two love birds separated for all of six hours! I'll know better next time.

Lupe is an experienced hand at front-page romancing. The echo of her great "loff" for Gary Cooper was heard around the world. For three years, with not an outstanding performance to her credit, Lupe was hot newspaper copy.

Do you recall the romance Lilian Harvey cooked up between Gary Cooper and her own petit self? It made her name known to American audiences prior to the release of her American-made pictures. She sent herself orchids and looked coy when gullible persons mentioned Gary's name. All the time she was engaged, and very much in love, with Willy Fritsch, a German star.

But who, in America, had ever heard of Willy? And who had not heard of the tall, lean Cooper who seemed so irresistible to the feminine half of Hollywood?

Toby Wing proves she's got ideas by looking mysterious and saying nothing when some one tries to get her to admit that the diamond flashing on *the* finger was given to her by Maurice Chevalier. That's the impression she allowed to make the rounds, unchecked. Of course, a gentleman can't call a lady a liar. Particularly if he is also a gallant Frenchman. Particularly if it's also good publicity for him while he is vacationing in his homeland. What harm is there in a divorced actor being linked with such a pretty girl as Toby? It's much better than having the fickle public forget one.

For quite a while Ginger Rogers was known more because she was Mervyn LeRoy's girl friend than for her infrequent screen appearances. They were photographed everywhere together. Swimming, playing tennis,

hiking, dancing. And I'll bet you've never seen Paulette Goddard on the screen, though you know immediately her name is mentioned that she and Charles Chaplin are inseparable. That just shows what a romance will do for a girl's career. She'll be Chaplin's leading lady in his long-awaited film. And Charlie doesn't have to waste any money on a press agent for Paulette. She is already famous as his fiancée!

Maureen O'Sullivan's career was dying a slow death when she attached herself to James Dunn. You don't catch me insinuating that Maureen knew Jimmy's rapid-change romances were good for plenty of black words on white paper. Maybe she was just waiting for Johnny Farrow to return from England. But the romance *was* short-lived. It *did* get heaps of space in the dailies. And Maureen *is* back with Farrow. And she *has* had better rôles since that flurry of publicity. Figure it out for yourself.

Perhaps I shouldn't mention this since Russ Columbo was an innocent victim, and he's such a swell guy, but I have to prove that hearts are pawns when Hollywood fame is the goal, don't I?

Columbo's overambitious manager was to blame. When Garbo was dashing about New York eluding Walter Winchell and the other nosy boys, Russ was singing at a hotel. The battle of the crooners, Columbo and Crosby, had petered out as publicity material.

That old wail, "What to do?" Then the idea worthy of a star press agent! Daily, Russ received telegrams bearing Garbo's signature, flowers bearing Garbo's card, telephone calls from a woman with Garbo's husky voice. Our sharpest press representatives were completely taken in, even as was the victim. For Russ wasn't let in on the hoax.

How was he to suspect such a deception? Of course it couldn't last. Maybe the florist was one of Winchell's spies or something, but the stunt was exposed and Russ and his manager parted company soon after. Russ is appearing in pictures now. Though he was ignored as a crooner, as Garbo's radio lover, he hit the Hollywood headlines and the eyes of the casting directors.

Juggling hearts and sweethearts while worshiping at the shrine of publicity is a racket in Hollywood—and like most rackets, it pays.

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Jean Arthur	Tim McCoy
Naney Carroll	Grace Moore
Walter Connolly	Ann Sothern
Donald Cook	Joseph Schildkraut
Richard Cromwell	Billie Seward
Jack Holt	Fay Wray
Edmund Lowe	

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames	Miriam Jordan
Heather Angel	Victor Jory
Lew Ayres	Howard Lally
Warner Baxter	Jose Mojica
Irene Bentley	Herbert Mundin
John Boles	Pat Paterson
Madeleine Carroll	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
James Dunn	Will Rogers
Sally Eilers	Raul Roulieu
Alice Faye	Shirley Temple
Norman Foster	Spencer Tracy
Preston Foster	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	June Vladek
Lilian Harvey	Hugh Williams

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Helen Hayes
Elizabeth Allan	Otto Kruger
John Barrymore	Evelyn Laye
Lionel Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Wallace Beery	Herbert Marshall
Charles Butterworth	Florine McKinney
Mrs. Patrick Campbell	Una Merkel
Mary Carlisle	Robert Montgomery
Maurice Chevalier	Frank Morgan
Virginia Cherrill	Karen Morley
Mae Clarke	Ramon Novarro
Jackie Cooper	Maureen O'Sullivan
Joan Crawford	Jean Parker
Marion Davies	May Robson
Marie Dressler	Norma Shearer
Jimmy Durante	Martha Sleeper
Nelson Eddy	Lewis Stone
Madge Evans	Franchot Tone
Muriel Evans	Lupe Velez
Betty Furness	Henry Wadsworth
Clark Gable	Johnny Weissmuller
Greta Garbo	Diana Wynyard
Jean Harlow	Robert Young

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Adrienne Ames	Carol Lombard
Lona Andre	Ida Lupino
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Jack Oakie
Grace Bradley	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	George Raft
Gary Cooper	Charles Ruggles
Buster Crabbe	Randolph Scott
Bing Crosby	Sylvia Sydney
Marlene Dietrich	Alison Skipworth
Patricia Farley	Kent Taylor
Cary Grant	Evelyn Venable
Miriam Hopkins	Mae West
Roscoe Karns	Dorothea Wieck
Jack LaRue	Dorothy Wilson
Charles Laughton	Toby Wing
Baby LeRoy	Elizabeth Young
John Davis Lodge	

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Nils Asther	Ann Harding
John Beal	Katharine Hepburn
Bill Boyd	Francis Lederer
Clive Brook	Anita Louise
Bruce Cabot	Mary Mason
Bill Cagney	Joel McCrea
Chic Chandler	Colleen Moore
Frances Dee	Ginger Rogers
Dolores del Rio	Helen Vinson
Richard Dix	Bert Wheeler
Irene Dunne	Grethe Wilson
William Gargan	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Fredric March
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Anna Sten
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Vince Barnett	Paul Lukas
Tom Brown	Chester Morris
Russ Columbo	Ken Maynard
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Hugh Enfield	Onslow Stevens
Wynne Gibson	Gloria Stuart
Henry Hull	Margaret Sullavan
Lois January	Slim Summerville
Boris Karloff	Alice White
June Knight	

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Ruby Keeler
Richard Barthelmess	Guy Kibbee
Joan Blondell	Margaret Lindsay
George Brent	Aline MacMahon
Joe E. Brown	Helen Mann
James Cagney	Frank McHugh
Ruth Chatterton	Jean Muir
Bebe Daniels	Paul Muni
Bette Davis	Theodore Newton
Claire Dodd	Diek Powell
Ruth Donnelly	William Powell
Ann Dvorak	Edward G. Robinson
Patricia Ellis	Barbara Rogers
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
Ann Hovey	Sheila Terry
Alice Jans	Renee Whitney
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
Al Jolson	Pat Wing

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, 1416 Havenhurst, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes,
10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett,
Helen Chandler, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 401 Taft Building,
Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson,
Cora Sue Collins, Douglass Montgomery, 1509 North Vine Street,
Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly
Hills, California. Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Avenue,
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PICTURE PLAY

SEPTEMBER



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STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC., 79 7th AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

COULD YOU LIVE ON \$1,000 A WEEK?

Of course you could—and save plenty, too. But not if you were a star in Hollywood. You could barely make both ends meet. And, in time, you would go bankrupt, with debts running into huge figures.

The average star of today who earns \$1,000 per week is worse off than the man or woman who earns \$30 weekly in some more certain work.

That is why Jean Harlow said that she not only couldn't get by on \$1,250 weekly, but was falling behind and into debt on that salary!

WHERE DOES THE MONEY GO?

It is not difficult for a star to spend \$1,000 weekly. You have only to read Helen Pade's article in next month's Picture Play to realize this.

Miss Pade gives facts and figures that will astonish you. She proves that it is impossible for a full-fledged star to save a cent out of an income of \$52,000 a year!

WHAT CHANCE HAS A MAN IN HOLLYWOOD?

He can achieve success, of course. But the chances are against him as tremendously as they are in his favor in any other business. He can go far on the screen, yes, but he can never be as successful as a woman star, never earn as much money, never be as influential!

Read Laura Benham's extraordinary reasons for this condition in Picture Play for October.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

*in
Fannie
Hurst's*

Imitation of Life,



Directed by **JOHN M. STAHL**
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET"
and
"ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Lonnie Noll Not Peeved.

CORAL WINTER'S letter in "What the Fans Think" amused me. It was addressed to me and was intended to bawl me out for daring to criticize Madge Evans. Miss Winter is not consistent. She begins her letter by telling me that my "attack" on Miss Evans was just a "childish peeve," and that I could not stand hearing the truth about one of my favorites. As for the "cheap wisecracks" which she alleged I made at the expense of Miss Evans, they were not meant to be funny. They do not express the way I feel about Madge Evans's so-



called acting and her wishy-washy personality. I assure Miss Winter that had I thought it over carefully, I should never have wasted any time berating Miss Evans for her ridiculous classification of Lowell Sherman as an artificial Thespian. I should have realized that Lowell Sherman's art has always been and always will be so far in advance of Miss Evans's that no one could expect her to be a competent judge.

Mr. Sherman's rise on the screen has not been a meteoric one, but he has retained his position just by being an exceptionally fine artist. His success as a director needs no explanation either, for Mr. Sherman knows all there is to know about acting.

Mr. Sherman's rise on the screen has not been a meteoric one, but he has retained his position just by being an exceptionally fine artist. His success as a director needs no explanation either, for Mr. Sherman knows all there is to know about acting.



"Ex-Mary Brian Fan" takes Mary to task for publicizing her romances and suggests a course in acting instead.

Lonnie Noll.

1153 North Kedvale Avenue., Chicago, Illinois.

Oh, Mary!

JUST who is Mary Brian's boy friend, anyway? First I read she is going with Dick Powell, then Jack Oakie, then Donald Cook, Gene Raymond, et cetera. Is Mary such a choosey, hard-to-please, fickle young lady, or can't she hold her man? The odd part of it is that these romances of Mary's never seem to turn into anything serious, and only last long enough for the cameraman to snap a picture of Mary and her new flame, which is promptly published in various magazines with a line or two telling of Mary's "new" love.

If it's a publicity stunt, Mary, it's getting to be very, very tiresome. Stop working your press agent overtime and take a few lessons in acting instead. After all, I think a career is more important than merely being photographed with one young man after another. Sooner or later you'll run out of boy friends, and then where will you be?

You've already been photographed with half the actors in Hollywood, and there can't be very many more left. So please think up a new gag, if you must, but please don't overdo it. Remember, there's a limit to everything.

EX-MARY
BRIAN
FAN.
Buffalo,
New
York.



Charles D. Bonsted asks if there are any real eyebrows left among the actresses, pointing to Jean Harlow's "incredible arch" as "most repulsive."

Those Eyebrows!

ARE there any *real* eyebrows left among the actresses?

The favorite woman star of a mere man is his sweetheart

Ralph Bellamy is praised for being "the most natural and perfectly spoken actor" by B. A. Lee in far-off Fiji.



ideal. That is, she must be like the girl he has always wanted to go with, raised to perfection of beauty, charm, and chic. Thin, flat, fresh-every-hour eyebrows completely spoil that ideal of perfect naturalness.

Garbo, Crawford, Harlow, and Ida Lupino have the most unpleasant artificial brows, the incredible arch of Harlow's being the most repulsive.

CHARLES D. BONSTED.

416 Danforth Street,
Syracuse, New York.

Even in Fiji!

I HAVE always been interested in the younger actors more than I have in the older ones—not that I entirely dislike such veterans as Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore. I appreciate a picture with those two just as I do one with Ralph Bellamy, but when it comes to a case of the most natural and perfectly spoken actor the screen has at present, well, my vote would most certainly go to Mr. Bellamy. My sincere wishes are that he continues as he is, because before very long he will rank as *the* actor of the movies.

B. A. LEE.

Care of Stuart Ogilvie, Ltd.,
Suva, Fiji.

India Speaks.

EVER since I saw Clark Gable in "Dance, Fools, Dance," I have liked him. He is a wonderful actor, and I think there is no one to surpass him. He is virile and versatile, and so irresistibly charming that the moment one sees him one begins to admire him. It is his natural acting, magnetic personality, and devil-may-care attitude that endear him to his fans. He is so different from other leading men. As a lover he is unrivaled and his supremacy is undisputed. Stars may come and stars may go, but Gable will always be my favorite star.

GOPALKRISHNA BHAT, M.

Dongerkery,
Mangalore, India.

Cynthia Blair on the Carpet.

TO Cynthia Blair, who wrote the article in this column entitled "The Wishing Post":

I wondered just why Cynthia goes to movies. All these little characteristics that she mentions about players is a little confusing. If an actor or actress cannot be recognized by these very things, I think they haven't much force of character or individuality.

All these stars have made themselves appreciated by critical audiences, though perhaps not by every person in the audience. It behooves none of us to criticize any one of them, let alone a number of the best.

But as my husband says, "God himself couldn't please some people." F. L.
Wichita, Kansas.

Vive Arliss!

IF there is one who doubts that the screen to-day can be one of the greatest prevailing influences for good or bad, to such a person I heartily recommend "The House of Rothschild." Here is a truly great picture and a glorious tribute to our beloved and down-trodden Jewish neighbors, admirably portrayed by the gifted George Arliss and a grand supporting cast.

There is an award each year, is there not, to the person who has done the most for the Jewish race? I sincerely hope, when the medal is given this year, that

Mr. Arliss's fine work in this picture will not be overlooked.

As I watched this thrilling tale unfold I could not help but think of the study, research, and tedious rehearsals that must have gone into the preparation of this perfect production. Every character was carefully drawn and acted, the photography and costuming were excellent, the music delightful, and Mr. Arliss has again convinced us that he is a power to be reckoned with either on stage or screen, and adds another beautiful portrait to his fast increasing gallery of celebrated characters.

Vive Arliss! J. EDWARD MULCAHY.

4 Oak Street, Room 5,
Naugatuck, Connecticut.

Rescuing Evelyn Brent.

LET your minds wander through your corridors of thought, and there ponder for a while, so that you may recall to mind the flawless acting ability of Evelyn Brent, that truly independent star who was riding the crest of the seas when she brought to life such successes as "Underworld," "Beau Sabreur," "The Last Command," and "The Show-down." At that time all was smooth sailing. Then came the storm, ferocious, overpowering, bewildering. She was holding on to the end of a long, long rope—little parts here and there—but she soon weathered that storm, triumphant and unafraid! Gradually she climbed higher and higher until she reached the top again, shining brighter than ever. More good rôles came her way—"His Tiger Lady," "Darkened Rooms," "Interference," and "Pagan Lady." Then a change of temperature, fickle producers, and once more put out to sea.

This gallant star has fought life's waters throughout her entire career. Won't some one give her a helping hand? Must she battle her way alone, taking the risk of being grasped by the mighty undertow, and thrust into the vast waters of this limitless sea, only to be swallowed up by a gigantic whale into oblivion?

Come on, Brent fans. Let your pens be your oars. Let each stroke bring her safely to shore. "BRENT FOREVER."

New York City.

Brickbats, Just Brickbats.

WHAT is all this fuss about Katharine Hepburn? I saw her in "A Bill of Divorcement" and thought her moderately good but extraordinarily plain. Now I've just seen her in "Little Women" and thought she was really dreadful. Apart from her overacting, she looked so awful—stalking across the screen like a great gaunt ghoul, with those unnaturally flaring nostrils and that really hideous mouth set in her bony, starved-looking face. She looked so repulsive that I couldn't pay attention to her acting, because her ghastly appearance distracted me. She quite spoiled the picture, which is a pity because the rest of the cast was good.

As regards some others:

Constance Bennett. Affected.

Joan Crawford. Poor Joan! How you suffer.

Greta Garbo. Nice, but insipid.

Clark Gable. A nice grin, no acting capabilities, and what ears!

Ann Harding. Moons about like a half-wit, dresses unbecomingly, and looks like a drab schoolmarm.

Ruby Keeler. So innocent! Almost too innocent.

James Cagney. A third-rate clerk with a peculiar accent (is it Bowery?) that London audiences cannot understand.

Rushes about and strikes women, which London audiences also cannot understand.

Ricardo Cortez. Oily.

Marlene Dietrich. Could give them all points on acting, grooming, and sophistication.

What a pity the Hollywood stars can't cultivate some real sophistication. They are all so soaked in Hollywoodism it makes them insufferably dull. The only American star that has any claim to real looks, acting ability, and poise is Barbara Stanwyck.

And all the men are awful, but their clothes are the worst part about them. For Heaven's sake! Who tailors these individuals? They look a cross between gangsters and confidence men.

Ah well, we mustn't forget that the movies are still in their infancy!

MARJORIE PAYN.

52 Maclean Street Limited,
Greenknowe Avenue, Potts Point,
Sydney, New South Wales.

Mourns Lilyan.

IT was a great blow to me to hear of Lilyan Tashman's death. I had deep regard for her, as well as sincere admiration for her charming personality; and now I find that her place cannot be filled. There is, if I may repeat that old phrase, a great void left by her passing, and in respect for her character, intelligence, and innate charm, I feel that I must voice my sympathy. She was a great actress and a lovely woman, a wonderful wife to Edmund Lowe and a fascinating addition to Hollywood. All too lightly and shallowly has her death been mentioned in all fan magazines except Picture Play. The irrevocable fact that she is gone is treated with a fltering indifference which is no fair tribute to Miss Tashman. She was a splendid person, and I will always remember her faultless acting, her grace and poise, and in the end, her gallant courage.

CHARLIAN BROWN.

P. O. Box 368,
Vernon, British Columbia, Canada.

Swell-guy Arlen.

THIS is the first time I've written to Picture Play, my favorite fan magazine, but I just had to write to tell you something about that grand actor who, without a heap of publicity, carries on through the years giving his fans one grand performance after another—Richard Arlen.

He recently paid us a visit in London, and I had the good fortune to see him every day while he was here, and I got to know him quite well.

Never once did he refuse to sign autographs, even one night when he was quite unwell. He answered all our questions as though it was a pleasure to do so and was most kind and courteous.

Greatest of all, before he left he asked me to call at his hotel as he wanted to give me something for remembrance. Of course, I was there on time, and I stayed over an hour.

If I had been Mr. Arlen's own brother he could not have treated me with greater kindness, and before I left he autographed a marvelous photograph of himself for me, and also gave me a gift which I will treasure for years to come.

I would like other fans to know what a swell guy (as you say in the States) Richard Arlen is. Long may he continue to dish out those grand performances!

ERNEST ROSSITER.

67 Grosvenor Road, Canonbury,
London, England.

Continued on page 9

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle



WINNIE.—"Death Takes a Holiday" is from the play by Alberto Cassella, adapted for the screen by Maxwell Anderson and Gladys Lehman. Janet Gaynor is five feet; twenty-seven years old October 6th.

JANET SHRADER.—Robert Young was born in Chicago, Illinois, February 22, 1907; six feet, weighs 170, brown hair and eyes. Married to Elizabeth Henderson, and their baby girl will be a year old December 13th. That is Bob's right name. Ralph Bellamy a little over six feet; birth-date, June 17, 1904.

MARTIN O.—Jeanette MacDonald's middle name is Anna. She comes from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, born there June 18, 1907; five feet five, weighs 122; red-gold hair, green-blue eyes. She is engaged to her manager, Robert Ritchie. Latest is with Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow."

L. O. W.—Binnie Barnes was *Katherine Howard* in "Henry VIII." Now in Hollywood making "There's Always To-morrow" for Universal. Born in London, England, March 25, 1908.



CHUCK DUNN.—There are a number of fan clubs in honor of Buddy Rogers, and if you will send a stamped envelope I shall mail you a complete list.

LUCIA SNYDER.—Walt Disney Productions are at 2719 Hyperion Avenue, Los Angeles. Their birthdates are: Warner Baxter, March 29, 1891; John Boles, October 27, 1898; Will Rogers, November 4, 1879; James Cagney, July 17, 1904.

LORRAINE KAPLAN.—Your comments are well taken. I don't suppose there is any critic who will get every one to agree with his opinions, but I am sure if you follow Picture Play's "The Screen in Review" you are less likely to be misguided. You see, we try to live up to the name of "the honest magazine of the screen."



B. S. H.—The song you heard throughout "Eight Girls in a Boat" is "This Little Piggie Went to Market." Douglass Montgomery played in the following films under the name of Kent Douglass: "Paid," "Daybreak," "Five and Ten," "Waterloo Bridge," "House Divided." Douglass was born October 29, 1907.

BOBBE.—There is no charge for listing fan clubs. Let me know when yours is organized and I shall be glad to note it on my list and refer it to readers upon request.

Perhaps the Hollywood sun heightened that red tint in Dick Powell's hair.

JOAN WINTERS.—Write to Kathryn Ser-gava at Warner Studio.

G. E. L. MANTELL.—A letter from India is especially welcome, and your comments on pictures there interested me a great deal. Norma Shearer in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and Dolores del Rio in "Madame DuBarry." Sally Eilers has retired temporarily from the screen to await the arrival of Sir Stork.

AIREL.—Frances Dee was born in Los Angeles, California, November 26, 1908. She has been married to Joel McCrea since October 20, 1933.



HOPEFUL.—When Elissa Landi completes "Count of Monte Cristo," opposite Robert Donat for Reliance Pictures at RKO Studio, she will make "The Great Flirtation" for Paramount. Miss Landi recently published her latest novel, "The Ancestor."

RITA D.—Nancy Carroll is now under contract to Columbia, where you might write for her picture. Lawrence Grey opposite her in "Sin Sister," and George Meeker in "Chicken à la King."

LOUISE K.—Mitzi Green was born October 22, 1920, is now about five feet, and weighs about 95; Buddy Rogers, August 13, 1904, six feet one, weighs about 160; Donald Dillaway, March 17, 1903; five feet eleven.

A LANDI ADMIRER.—Elissa Landi's contract with Columbia was dissolved by mutual consent. "Sisters Under the Skin" was released April 15th. She married John C. Lawrence in London, in 1928, and suit for divorce was filed by Miss Landi May 16, 1934.



E. E. BURKS.—Loretta Young may be addressed at United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood. Twentieth Century Productions at United Artists Studio.

CLIFFORD M. HOLST.—I enjoyed reading your verse, but it isn't clear just what you wish me to do with it. Isn't there some star you would like to know about? I am at your service if you have any questions to ask.

DOREEN S.—Perhaps Warner Brothers Publicity Department can tell you the name of that song from "Ever In My Heart." Otto Kruger's latest is "Treasure Island."

RUTH ELLIS.—Jack Haley is married to Florence MacFadden. Their son, John Joseph, was born in October, 1933. Haley is now playing in "Here Comes the

Groom," with Patricia Ellis. Anita Page is in Hollywood to resume picture work. Madge Evans has blue eyes. Ginger Rogers was twenty-three July 16th.

EUGENIA HOOD.—William Janney was born in New York City, February 15, 1908. Playing in "A Modern Hero." Eric Linden in Universal's "I Give My Love." Both use their right names.

LILLIAN.—David Manners in "The Great Flirtation." Canadian by birth, born April 30, 1905; six feet, weighs 175, brown hair and eyes. Divorced.



HANNAH.—Robert Young in "Whom the Gods Destroy," with Doris Kenyon, Walter Connolly, Jack Mulhall. Mary Carlisle in "Murder in the Private Car." Mary comes from Boston, Massachusetts, born February 3, 1912; five feet one, weighs 100, blond hair, blue eyes.

H. J.—Frank Lawton of "Cavalcade" is now playing in "One More River," with Diana Wynyard and Colin Clive, and Elizabeth Young of "Queen Christina" in "There's Always To-morrow." Miss Young is a native New Yorker; five feet five, weighs 110, blue eyes, dark brown hair.



L. K.—Bing Crosby is about five feet nine, weighs 168, and has blue eyes and light-brown hair. On May 2nd he was thirty. Latest is "She Loves Me Not." Miriam Hopkins, also in that film,

born in Bainbridge, near Savannah, Georgia, October 18, 1902. That was Cora Sue Collins as the baby queen in "Queen Christina." Watch for her in "Treasure Island."

E. R.—In George White's "Scandals" you heard these songs: "You Nasty Man," "Hold My Hand," "Six Women," "Sweet and Simple," "So Nice," "My Dog Loves Your Dog." I shall be glad to supply the words of the chorus of "Waiting at the Gate for Katy" from "Bottoms Up," if you will send a self-addressed stamped envelope.

RONALD.—That was Toby Wing as Nancy in "Murder at the Vanities," and Esther Muir as *Tillie* in "The Party's Over." John Mack Brown in "It Ain't No Sin."



M. B. E. S.—Bob Steele is playing in the serial "The Mystery Squadron." He was born in Portland, Oregon, January 23, 1906; five feet ten, weighs 165, dark-brown hair and blue eyes. Divorced. Leon Janney, Ogden, Utah, April 1, 1917. Appearing on the New York stage in "Every Thursday."

Continued on page 65

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 7

All Astir.

WHY must fans be so vindictive about their preferences? Why must their jokes be so pointedly personal—making mountains out of small things that have nothing to do with the players' ability or work? If a star does not interest or impress me, well and good, but nothing is gained by tearing his looks, or personal habits, or what ability he may not possess, into shreds. What possible bearing can the size of Garbo's shoe have upon her marvelous ability as an actress? It's a simple equation of nature, isn't it? A person of more than average height is naturally given a proportionate foot to balance that height.

Why not rave about Ann Harding's exquisite, shining beauty, and her lovely voice and acting that hold you tight in your seat? Or tiny Helen Hayes, who can make one choke with emotion one instant and laugh the next? Then there are the beautiful singing voices of John Boles and Irene Dunne. What more melody could any fan ask for? Oh, I could go on and on.

LOUISE DODD.

5133 Cornell Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Hail! Alice Faye.

MAY I say a few words about one of the newest rising stars to appear on the movie horizon? The person of whom I'm speaking is lovely Alice Faye whose work in the movie version of George White's "Scandals" shows that she is destined for big things. She is one of the most beautiful girls on the screen, and can act, too, which is more than can be said of a lot of the pretties. The gal has loads of personality, too, as witness the way she sang "Nasty Man." Keep an eye on Alice—she's going places, and going fast, and she's as sweet as she is good to look at. Three big, rousing cheers for Alice Faye!

SHARON SMITH.

Box 94, Ramseur, North Carolina.

Freedom of Speech.

MISS GUNTHER'S scathing denunciation of my several fan letters jumped out from the May issue and hit me plop in the eye. But—a little regretfully—I can't say I've been blackened any after the severe hauling across the coals.

In the beginning I wouldn't care to blame any fan for condemning me as contradictory in my opinions, but explanation is very simple.

The merit of pictures, generally speaking, varies tremendously just as the portrayals of the majority of the stars fluctuates from good to bad and back again in successive screen appearances. And I am clear-minded enough to drift with the tide.

Why commend a player's every performance as perfect because he or she delivered a flawless emotional achievement in some particular movie long ago? I refuse to permit looks, personality, or publicity to influence my ruminations unduly.

Freedom of speech is recognized as lawful in this day and age. Freedom of thought will always be, but I'll refrain from expressing my thoughts anent Miss Gunther's contribution to "What the Fans Think."

Sufficient to say that as Picture Play offers no monetary reward for fan ravings, I cannot imagine why any sane individual should concoct a sensational literary titbit to the best film magazine of all,

just to gloat over his name in print. Letters published in this magazine spring very obviously from sincere if, at times, very bold pens. Which, no doubt, is the sole reason they are thus honored.

DUGALD McALPINE.

149 Alderman Road,
Knightswood, Glasgow, W. 3,
Scotland.

Sympathy for Joan.

ELSIE GARNER. Must you criticize some one of whom you know nothing, and send your prejudiced opinions to be printed where people may read them who know no better than to accept them as truths?

To begin with, I'm sure you have never watched Joan Crawford's eager, friendly smile as she autographs stacks of theater programs until you can see the very muscles in her hand straining with fatigue, or you could not say that her "whole life is a pose."

Next you accused Joan of dancing in a chorus twelve years ago. If Joan were dancing in a chorus then she may have been "no child"; but according to her age as set down in the *World Almanac* she was just sixteen. Which proves nothing except that she worked for her success.

I don't know about her refusal to have William Gargan in one of her pictures. She may have made such a refusal; but if she did she had adequate reason. Do you know about the insulting manner the not-so-important Mr. Gargan assumed toward Joan while working in "Rain"? And have you ever heard of another actor, or actress, whether star, player, or extra, who has worked with Joan and not grown to admire and appreciate her?

I can't attempt to change your mind, Elsie Garner, but don't you think you're being a bit unfair to make such rash statements about some one you do not really know? Must you deliberately hurt some one merely to satisfy your passion for "frankness"?

CATHARINE M.

New York City.

Carol's Frozen Look.

CYNTHIA BLAIR, I can let a remark like "Norma Shearer's giggle" pass, much as I like her. Besides, what's wrong with it? But when it comes to "Carol Lombard's frozen look," well, my blood just boils. Before I go any further, let me enlighten you, my dear. Perhaps you have read some such thing as Carol having an accident? Well, if you haven't, just turn a few pages of the issue in which your letter appeared. If you are intelligent enough, you will learn a little more about Carol, how human and sweet she is. She went through a lot as a result of that accident, but she came out of it like a regular trouper. You may think she has a frozen look, but deep in your heart you wouldn't mind having a face like hers, frozen look and all, eh?

CAROL'S FAN.

New York, N. Y.

Call for Dorothy Jordan.

I HAVE been a reader of Picture Play for eight months, and in all that time you haven't printed a thing about Dorothy Jordan. She is my ideal and supreme favorite of the screen. I have seen all her pictures, and every one was wonderful. Dot believes in giving the best that is in her at all times. She is one of the most beautiful, most charming, and also one of

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
... at our expense!

"I have
REDUCED
MY HIPS
9 INCHES"

.. writes Miss Healy.



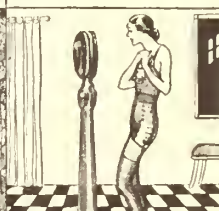
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"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away."



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

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You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

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What the Fans Think

the sweetest girls on the screen. And another thing, Dorothy has managed to keep her private life to herself, which is something of a novelty these days.

So here's more power to Dorothy, and let's hear more about Dot from her fans.

Three cheers for Picture Play, a grand magazine!

ROSE SALYMAN.

3623 Rocky River Drive,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Golden Personality.

I NEVER took much interest in movies until I saw that sweet, lovable girl, Elissa Landi. It would be hard to find a more interested fan than I am now. Surely an actress with such a golden personality deserves more praise than she gets.

What is the matter with Elissa Landi fans? Come on, let's hear from you soon.

IDA SIDLER.

3339 Murray Street,
Flushing, New York.

Gracious Bebe Daniels.

BEBE DANIELS is as gracious as she is great, and as clever as she is charming. I fully believe that she deserves all the complimentary things said about her. And having had the pleasure of seeing this star in about fifty films, I feel sure of my subject.

To begin with, if you saw any of her recent films you know that Bebe Daniels is beautiful.

Speaking of singing (and who doesn't these days of musical movies?) no one sings more delightfully than Miss Daniels.

As for acting, in each and every one of her films Bebe Daniels has proved herself an actress of tremendous ability. And if I choose her rôle in "Counsellor-at-law" to rave about particularly, I can only say that we all have our favorites. To me, the way she portrayed that part was incomparable as well as unforgettable.

Raven-haired, midnight-eyed star who is so gracious, I wish to thank you for many a pleasant movie hour. May we never see you less, and ever see you more, Bebe Daniels!

ADÈLE LOUISE SIMONDS.
General Delivery,
San Francisco, California.

Wake Up, Cortez!

THIS is something I've been wanting to write for some time and after seeing "Wonder Bar" I felt I could no longer put it off. I thought the picture was grand, but please tell me why producers can't wake up to the fact that real genius has been hiding right under their noses in the form of a corpse.

That was not meant as sarcasm but, you producers, when are you going to wake up and give Ricardo Cortez a break? In "Flesh" he was murdered, in "The House on Fifty-sixth Street" he was shot, in "Mandalay" he was poisoned and then staggered into the river by way of a convenient window, in "Wonder Bar" he was stabbed, and then after the audience was given a good look at the body he was shoved in a maniac's car which was run over a convenient cliff.

I guess in his next picture he'll be hanged, then shot and quartered, or should I say poisoned? I imagine it's because he makes such a handsome corpse that they wish on him these jolly rôles. Producers, if he is given some good parts I bet your ears will be ringing with compliments and applause instead of complaints and ridicule. Whew! that's a load off my mind and hope it makes a big dent in yours.

PHOEBE MAC DEVITT.

4740 North Camac Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Madge Is Perfect.

IT seems that some people favor stars because of their dress, hairdress, et cetera, giving many helpful hints to the theatergoers, instead of their merits as actors and actresses. There is a certain young lady who possesses all the qualities of a truly great actress. She is very beautiful, wears correct clothes at all times, is graceful, and does not put on the foolish, ridiculous airs that so many of our young actresses do.

She is just as natural as can be, and can fill any rôle to perfection. Her acting isn't just a matter of routine; she lives each part, and makes you live it with her, whether it be sadness or joy. Who? Madge Evans, of course! More refreshing than a cool breeze on a hot summer night.

ELLEANOR KUEHNEMUND.

St. Paul, Minnesota.

How Come?

WILL some reader tell me why a man who has Gable, Chevalier, Brent, and a dozen others I could name lashed to the mast, so far as appearance, sex-appeal and really fine characterizations are concerned, does not get the recognition he so richly deserves? Fans, hats off to Nils Asther, who has been in my mind and heart ever since "Wild Orchids."

MARIE LOUISE KAIN.

Hotel Mayflower,
Jacksonville, Florida.

Better Rôles for Lederer.

AS one of Francis Lederer's first English-speaking fans, I cannot altogether agree with Sally Kaye in her letter about him.

No one has more admiration for Francis Lederer than I have. I know him personally and value his friendship very highly. But his "Man of Two Worlds" is appalling, and will not add to his prestige as a star in American films. I don't care how much your critics have said in favor of this film, it will not draw the fans into the theater, and this is proved since Miss Kaye's is the first and only letter to date to appear in Picture Play, although "Man of Two Worlds" has been released since February.

Franz Lederer, as I knew him before he came to London, was a star in UFA silent films. They were all splendid stories, with magnificent settings, superb photography, brilliant acting and one hundred per cent entertainment, so you see you are a little late in your welcome. Franz arrived long ago. Comparisons are odious. He has nothing in common with the stars you mention. To me Lederer has no rivals—he stands alone and always will.

MARION ROSE THOMPSON.

77 Charlotte Street,
Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1,
England.

Our Buddy.

I HAVE just recently had the pleasure of meeting my favorite of seven years, Buddy Rogers in person while he was here in our city.

I want to say Buddy Rogers is every bit the real and human person I had always pictured him to be, and there isn't a finer chap ever lived than this young man. I hope some of these Hollywood producers get wise to themselves and give Buddy Rogers a chance to act. It doesn't matter one bit to fans if you have a million new screen personalities, we still prefer our favorites, and all Buddy's fans have remained loyal to him.

I had the opportunity of meeting Buddy's mother, who happened to be with him, and

I must say she is the loveliest woman this side of paradise, and now I should like to meet the rest of Buddy Rogers's wonderful family.

I say give us bigger and better pictures with Buddy Rogers and we'll break box-office records.

BEULAH M. KLINK.

713 Cook Avenue, S. W.,
Canton, Ohio.

Panning Our Critic.

I HAVE read the June issue and, to put it mildly, I am angry. Norbert Lusk, in reviewing "Melody in Spring," refers to Lanny Ross as a colorless singing personality which, considering Lanny's great success on the air, is not fair. It takes plenty to register on the air. Lanny's beautiful voice and personal charm have woven a spell which his picture strengthened rather than disturbed. "Melody in Spring" had one big fault—not enough Lanny Ross!

J. G.

106 Prospect Avenue,
Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

Dick Slays 'Em.

DICK POWELL, with an exclamation, dots, dashes and all the trimmings! I have just seen "Twenty Million Sweethearts," and I can hardly wait to go back and see it again. He is the find of finds, and the most marvelous one of them all. I cannot say all I think, but nevertheless, break your date and scam to the theater that plays "Twenty Million Sweethearts."

I have followed Dick's career from "Forty-second Street" to "Wonder Bar," yes, and the radio. But this beats them all. Although I have already written Dick, I must write again congratulating him on his singing and his acting in the above picture.

Here's to seeing him again with cute Ginger Rogers soon.

F. D. NEVILLE.

Ottawa, Canada.

Loyal to Her Fans.

DR. E. S. GOODUE in July Picture Play says he thinks that Joan Crawford is a really great actress but he also states, "I do not consider her attitude toward her fans as friendly, personal, and sympathetic as it should be."

As a Crawford fan, I resent this remark, and in defending Joan I speak from my own experience. I have admired and adored Joan ever since I saw her first picture. Every March 23rd I sent her a birthday greeting addressed to her studio. Though I received no reply, I hardly expected to. Fan mail at a studio is very rarely turned over to a star and on occasions when such letters are answered the studio employs its own secretaries to do the writing.

When I heard that Joan was living in Brentwood Heights, I sent the cards to her there. And, do you know, I always received a reply. True enough, they were typewritten, probably by her secretary, but I can well imagine how many birthday greetings Joan must get from fans every year. How I do treasure those letters!

I joined a Crawford fan club about a year ago. Let me tell you of just a few things that Joan has done for the club. She supplied the president with a mimeograph machine, had all the printing done, supplied the stationery, and when all presidents of fan clubs recently met in Chicago for a convention, Joan sent the president of our club her fare from New York to Chicago. Joan does this for the clubs in her honor.

ADA EPSTEIN.

573 Saratoga Avenue,
Brooklyn, New York.

STREET & SMITH'S

VOLUME XLI
NUMBER 1

PICTURE PLAY

SEPTEMBER
1934



HIGH hopes are held for the first big picture of the new season, "The World Moves On." Inspired by "Cavalcade," and also produced by Fox, it is a panoramic history of two families through several generations beginning in 1825 and ending in the present, with Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll, the lovely British actress, in the leading rôles.



Photo by Bull Success has lavished everything on Jean Harlow, including a magnificent home. This glimpse of the drawing-room indicates Jean's luxurious taste.

LOVE DONE HER

Why is Jean Harlow the darling of the gods—and the stepdaughter of fate? Successful in everything but love, thrice married at twenty-three, the adulation of a world of men is hers, yet three husbands failed her. But she is not bitter nor disillusioned. "I still believe in marriage and in men," she says. Read her courageously frank story!

By Jack Smalley

THREE men have failed her. This is her tragedy. Life has given her the adulation of a million men, but could not give her one true love.

At twenty-three she looks back over years that troop by with vases of tears and the blown buds of barren flowers—years that carried laughter and hope and the glitter of success. Success in everything but love.

Jean Harlow might be a disillusioned woman. She who gave herself to three men, and asked nothing in return but love, might find so great an unhappiness in disappointment as to make her hate all men.

Yet, in spite of everything, she has come through with her tolerance unscathed and her sympathy unwithered, sure in her own heart that she did not fail them. Each she married for love. And each went out of her life, through no fault of her own.

"Chuck" McGrew. Paul Bern. Hal Rosson.

What does she think as she looks back upon the men in her life? From what deep wells does she draw courage?

Courage she was born with. Her philosophy she has acquired through eyes that look widely upon life, with

sympathy and tolerance. The Italians, not the Greeks, have a word for it. She is *simpatica*.

That is what saves her from cynicism.

Wild horses could not drag one word of blame from her against these men, even though the world might pillory her for keeping silent. Even when Paul Bern solved his own unhappy problem in a selfish way, and one revealing word would have absolved her of the slightest suspicion of reproach, Jean Harlow refused to speak.

Why has Providence treated her so lavishly in her career, and so brutally in her marriages? Luck, kismet, fate—whatever you call it—has given with one hand and snatched away with the other.

She did not know what kisses were when she first fell in love. Jean matured early, brimming with that warm-blooded vitality, that *aliveness* which characterizes her. She was ready for love at sixteen, ready to become a woman.

But she knew little about men. When she met Charles Fremont McGrew III, attractive son of wealthy Chicago parents, Jean was in a boarding school, sheltered, chaperoned, unwary and unaware of sex. Like so many young

girls in their first courtship, she thought that the response of tingling senses to ardent kisses meant lasting love.

And so it did—to her. Seven years ago she eloped with "Chuck." It was an impulsive thing to do, of course. Yet that, too, is another characteristic of Jean Harlow.

"I knew so little, then" she says. "If I had gone much with boys, and had learned as most modern girls have learned, to distinguish between magnetism, infatuation, affection, love—all those emotions that pick you up and hurl you along—then I might have had a chance. But as for marriage, we both learned too late that it wasn't that kind of love."

Honesty, too, is a characteristic of hers. Honesty rings in those words. Honesty sounds clear and true in the few words she has said about the tragic ending of her marriage to Paul Bern.

A girl in the midst of the gaudy, tinsel carnival that surrounds a star riding the crest of popularity, Jean Harlow found in Paul Bern the kindly refuge and the honest devotion her spirit craved.

Impulsively and whole-heartedly she accepted the love that was offered her, and gave her love in return.

If her husband had possessed one-tenth the courage of the girl he made his wife, he might have told her the truth before it was too late.

Social-conduct codes may be changing, and certainly among artists a liberal moral attitude prevails, but the beliefs of Jean Harlow include reliance upon the old order of things. She believes that if a man and woman fall in love their mating should be permanent, upheld by law in marriage.

On the screen she has played the part of sirens and lawless women. Because she is a fine actress, she could sympathize with

WRONG



Few stars write as many letters as Jean does, as many fans can testify. She believes in the personal touch in keeping friendships a'live.



Jean is one star who doesn't affect aloofness. "People have a right to be curious about us," she says.

these rôles and do them justice. But it was play-acting. She knew none of the secrets of sex that such characters know. So she went innocently to her second marriage, to find that it was but a travesty, and that fate again had mocked at her efforts to find happiness.

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HOLLYWOOD'S



Norma Talmadge possesses influential relatives and a fortune, but no place on the screen. Yet she was a star for twenty years.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
All that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
GRAY'S Elegy.

AND, one might add, they also lead to oblivion. For here, in Hollywood, is a group of players who might fittingly be termed "The Lost Legion." Great stars once, to-day they pass, for the most part, unnoticed. To present-day fans they are merely names. Older fans remember them with a sigh and a tear and, perhaps, wonder why they are never seen any more.

I wonder, too, in a way. Comparatively young, they struggle desperately to regain the prestige that once was theirs, but they are fighting a losing battle.

It's one thing I've never been able to figure out. Important one day, all but forgotten the next. So long as they are under contract all the perquisites of stardom are theirs. Articles about them appear in magazines, and interviews are arranged almost to the day their contracts are finished. Then that swift descent to oblivion.

You would think the position they had occupied, their prestige, the avalanche of publicity they had received, would carry them on of its own momentum for almost another year. But it rarely does.

Consider Corinne Griffith. She was one of the highest paid stars First National ever had. Certainly no one has ever been handled with the kid gloves she demanded—and received. She made pictures regularly up to the time her contract was finished and then—

For over a year she did nothing. Then she went to England, made one picture, "Lily Christine," and entertained the Prince of Wales. That was the end.

Recently she started work in "The Crime Doctor," but

A great star one day—unwanted the under contract to a major studio for where. Why this swift descent to ob inhabit a purgatory in the

By Samuel

never finished it. One story was circulated to the effect that she asked to be released. Another, and to me more likely, story is that the studio was dissatisfied with her work and was going to release her. Miss Griffith is reported to have said if it became known that *she* was dissatisfied with her part and treatment, they would not

have to pay her for the picture. For it is what the Chinese call "saving face."

But would any one have dreamed when she walked out of the First National studio on that day long ago, on completion of her contract, that Corinne Griffith would have had to wait over four years for another part and then lose it?

Colleen Moore is another star who worked at the same studio. At the time her contract was completed she was drawing \$12,500 a



Only a few years ago studios competed for Sue Carol, delaying production to accommodate her. She is still freshly pretty and fans have not forgotten her. But she is idle.

week each and every week. Her agent asked \$15,000 a week on a new contract—and there were no takers. After a while the ante was dropped to \$12,500, to \$10,000, to \$7,500—and not even a nibble.

Billie Dove



William Haines



Mary Nolan



Don Alvarado



Gwili André



LOST LEGION

next. Why? Or a promising player a year, then unable to find work any-
livion? It is these luckless players who
land of sunshine and success.

Richard Mook

She acted in a play in the East, hoping it might lead to movie offers. It failed. She made a stage debut in "The Church Mouse" on the Coast and drew splendid notices for her work, but nothing happened.

Finally M.-G.-M. signed her at a reputed salary of \$2,000 a week for a year, but did not find a place for her in a single picture.

After what must have seemed a lifetime to her she went to Fox and supported Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory." Again she received excellent notices and again nothing happened for a long time.

Six months ago she played another supporting rôle, this time to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Success At Any Price," but the picture was far from being an unqualified success.

Last winter she made a picture in the East, "Social Register," which has certainly not caused any box-office riots. To-day, so far as one can learn, Miss Moore is again without prospects.

I have never met any one who knew Colleen or worked



Colleen Moore was one of the highest paid stars, her popularity enormous, and to-day she is a better actress than she ever was, but unemployed.

After the expiration of her highly lucrative contract, Corinne Griffith waited four years to receive an offer from Hollywood.



with her who didn't rave over her, and her fans were as rabid on the subject of Colleen as any present-day star's. Much good it does.

Look at Billie Dove—and, believe me, that's not hard to do. For years she, too, was one of First National's important stars. Billed as "The American Beauty," she was all of that. People used to crowd theaters to gaze on her breath-taking loveliness. Yet, when Billie's contract was completed, she did nothing for almost two years.

Howard Hughes, to whom she was engaged at the time, announced he would star her, but it was a long, long time until he got around to doing so. When the machinery finally started working, Billie made two pictures for him, "The Age for Love" and "Cock o' the Air." Her name was omitted from all advertising when the latter was shown in New York. The Hughes contract was canceled and she finally played a supporting rôle to Marion Davies in "Blondie of the Follies." Since then—nothing.

To-day Billie is happily married, has a beautiful baby and, apparently, is willing to forget the screen. But would any one have dreamed that she wouldn't even be offered parts?

And Sue Carol. The screen has produced few ingénues who enjoyed the vogue Sue did—for a while.

During her first year in pictures she often worked in two films at once. Schedules were arranged, productions held up until studios could obtain her services. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, the scene changed. Had Sue grown old, fat, or unattractive this would be understandable. But she hasn't.

There is still the same fresh prettiness she had when she first came to Hollywood. According to theater

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Peggy Shannon



Dorothy Mackaill



Lawrence Gray



Estelle Taylor



Jetta Goudal



THEY SAY IN



Photo by Freulich

After working in practically every picture in Hollywood, Fay Wray invaded New York to appear in one.

KATHARINE HEPBURN and Joan Bennett both happened to shop in the same New York store one afternoon recently. Composed and serene, Miss Bennett bought gloves, thanked the clerk for her help and departed, followed by admiring glances.

Around Miss Hepburn and her sisters the air fairly crackled with the anger in her voice. "Let's put up a sign," my companion suggested, as a curious crowd started to gather. "In this aisle 'Little Women,' or 'Little Woman' to be exact, is playing; in the next aisle 'Spitfire,' and a much better performance than Hepburn gave on the screen."

The Old Homestead.—Abandoned for a while in favor of the more swanky Park Avenue hang-outs, the Algonquin once more is the haunt of stars. One day recently Fay Wray and Margaret Sullavan—not together—were there. Miss Sul-

lavan was in that tempestuous state of disarray that makes her look like a frenzied coed who has dressed while running from the dormitory to class. Fay Wray was startling in a floppy hat about the size of a beach umbrella, a black-and-white plaid taffeta blouse, and silver nail polish.

By Karen Hollis

A Decade of Progress.—A group of people more or less connected with pictures were discussing the typical stars of ten years ago, and together we formulated this composite picture.

She was nineteen years old and never went anywhere without mamma. She thought a girl really ought to read the scenario of a picture she was working in instead of depending on the director to tell her when to look sad and when to look happy, but she realized that it was important for her not to strain her eyes.

She always carried a limp leather copy of "The Rubaiyat" when traveling, because interviewers commented on it if there were no books around. She really didn't care anything about clothes—and she looked it—and all her friends told her she should have been an interior decorator.

Margaret Sullavan celebrated her temporary freedom from Hollywood by playing "Coquette" on the stage.



NEW YORK—

The white fur rug, the white tulle and blue taffeta curtains, and the hand-painted shelf for perfume bottles in her bedroom, to say nothing of the baby pillows and long-legged dolls, showed real artistic talent. And she always wore practically everything but a fur coat under her nightgown when she had to play in a bedroom scene.

She felt that her public would not like it if she married, so she always called the man around the house "Uncle John."

Leading Lady, Modern Version.—This all came back to me when I rushed up to the Hotel Pierre to see Fay Wray. It came back, because it was such a contrast. She was in New York to make Dashiell Hammett's "Woman in the Dark." She could not resist playing one of his vicious characters. She had just played the dumb model in "The Affairs of Cellini" and hoped to get a good laugh out of reading that she had given a natural performance. She had stayed up until four the previous morning reading the life of Nijinsky and had about a ton of books her husband wanted her to read right away. If she ever has to choose between home life and career, she will choose her husband without hesitation. She wears lots of make-up, has hennaed hair, and only gets animated when something really interests her.

Deep-breathing Exercises.—Kay Francis offers the most extraordinary reason for going to Europe for her vacation. She says that she wants a chance to draw a really deep breath. Wants to go to the theater without wondering if the play would make a good film for her. Wants to escape publicity. Wants to go to the Riviera where nobody notices you.

Changing her Hollywood dress-maker might be a quicker solution

Kay Francis went to Italy to get away from it all with Countess di Frasso.

Photo by Fryer



Broadway is all keyed up to see Miriam Hopkins's performance in "She Loves Me Not."



Whitney Bourne, a society girl well-known for her indorsement of cigarettes, has made the movies now.

of the breathing problem. And she will never convince me that she can succeed in going unnoticed on the Riviera or anywhere else unless she wears dark glasses, a Mother Hubbard, cuts off her eyelashes, covers her ears, and stops smiling.

Even in such casual actions as stepping from a taxicab, Miss Francis has the air of a prima donna, and one can almost hear the orchestra playing entrance music.

Away From It All in London.—A thriving film colony is keeping in the spotlight in London. Constance Cummings and Tallulah Bankhead took part in a mock trial held at the School of Economics for the benefit of

Continued on page 57



Here's your Entertainment map for the new season

THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!

The WORLD MOVES ON
with Madeleine Carroll
Franchot Tone

HAROLD LLOYD
in "The CATS-PAW"

SAY, POP, LETS ALL SEE "THE CATS-PAW"

ZANE GREYS
The DUDE RANGER
with George O'Brien

Janet GAYNOR
and **LEW AYRES** in
"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"
with Walter Connolly
Ned Sparks

THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.

CHARLIE CHAN
in **LONDON**
with Warner Oland

SERENADE
with Nils Asther
Pat Paterson
Herbert Mundin
Harry Green

MARIE GALANTE
with Tracy
Spencer
Ketti Gallian
Ned Sparks
Stepin Fetchit

WILL ROGERS
in "JUDGE PRIEST"

LIFE BEGINS at FORTY

CARAVAN
with Charles Boyer
Loretta Young
Jean Parker

The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON
Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel

FOX

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

FAVORITES of the FANS

GENEVIEVE TOBIN





Photo by Kenneth Alexander

RONALD COLMAN
COLIN CLIVE



Photo by George Hurrell

STUART ERWIN
WILLIAM POWELL

Photo by Russell Ball



GENTLEMEN, OUR HATS



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

JOEL McCREA
EDMUND LOWE

Photo by George Hurrell



Photo by Elmer Fryer

ADOLPHE MENJOU
PRESTON FOSTER

Photo by Otto Dyar



ARE OFF TO YOU!

JOAN BENNETT is coming back to the screen she never should have left! But there was Baby Melinda who needed a mother's care, and Joan is not a Bennett to whom acting is everything. So she saw to it that her second child got a proper start before she gave a thought to the studios. Then they all wanted her, but Universal won out by offering her the best rôle in "Million Dollar Ransom."

Photo by Russell Ball



WARNER BROS. "GOLD DIGGERS" FOR 1934!

"DAMS"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL

JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS

GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT of "10 MILLION Sweethearts" Fame

Starring Music of Transitions Composed and Arranged by BUSBY BERKELEY

The "Dams" Success by RAYMOND E. DUNN • ERNEST A. SAIN • WAUREL E. DODSON



ROSEMARY AMES belongs to the new order of leading women. That is to say, she is persuasive rather than spectacular, reticently charming instead of blatantly alluring. In short, she grows on you—and she stays with you. You saw her in "Such Women Are Dangerous" and you will see her next in "Wanted." Then, unless we miss our guess, she will become a habit with you.





Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

DOROTHY DELL. Rue and rosemary, forget-me-nots and bleeding hearts twine themselves in a wreath of remembrance for the girl who endeared herself to all who knew her in her short months in Hollywood. There is mourning, too, among those of us who only knew her on the screen, for we welcomed her as an unusual newcomer, and we deplore the accident which cut short her promising career.



QUITE frankly, Pat Paterson, the engaging young English actress everybody admired in "Bottoms Up," says she wants, oh, so much to be liked by American fans. She's lively and friendly and frank, and you will enjoy her all the more as the subject of the interview, opposite.

DESTINATION— STARDOM



Photo by Ugrin

Charles Boyer, whose first meeting with Pat culminated in an elopement.

England has given us many stars, but for charm and personality, none can equal the lovely Pat Paterson.

By William H. McKegg



A WEEK had gone by. Each day I had expected to get a call from Fox, telling me when I could see Pat Paterson. Four more days passed. Then an appointment was made. The next day it was canceled. Finally, after two weeks had gone up in thin air, a definite interview was arranged.

Naturally I went to it with a solid determination to put this Paterson hussy in her place.

Pat flashed into the publicity office and tried to hold out a slender gloved hand. I say "tried to," because both her arms were loaded with newspapers from England, and fan mail.

I took her hand. The corners of Pat's lips turned up in a humorously mocking smile. The papers and mail fell all over us and mutual pardon was vouchsafed.

She sat opposite me. I took note of the Paterson ensemble.

Her small white hat was set at a jaunty angle on her blond hair. There was a slit up the side of the skirt of her dark-blue serge suit. Had I not known better I might have been tricked into believing that Pat had simply raced to the interview, causing her hat to go askew and her skirt to rip. Such, alas, was not so.

"Don't ask me how I like Hollywood and California," Pat begged, before I had a chance to ask even a sensible question. "I like the place, of course, but I don't think I'd care to live here always. Then I have my people back in England. And my husband's parents are in France. I'm going to visit them for the first time.

"I've been to France quite a few times," she threw in as a detail. "I used to fly across. I even made a picture with Emil Jannings—but only for my English voice. Now I'm taking French lessons every morning, from eleven to twelve. I don't speak French yet, but I practice on our French friends when they come to the house."

I requested a sample of her advancement. Ever ready to oblige, Pat gave one.

"*J'aime à parler, mais je ne parle pas bien.*" she said. Which I considered quite a sensible remark, compounding, as it did, self-expression mingled with keen observation.

But if you don't think *la* Paterson has a sense of keen observation, let me undeceive you. She ran away from her home, in Yorkshire, and went on the stage.

"And I was only sixteen," she added, with a knowing twinkle in her blue eyes. "I had just started work, and I didn't like it. I always wanted to act. But my parents were against it."

Pat Paterson waves a cheery salute on her arrival a short time ago. We hope she is with us to stay.

This seemed a trifle surprising, since father and mother Paterson had permitted Pat to dance and sing in an English pantomime when she was ten years old.

Continued on page 60



cast, some tidbits of information about the love life, escortings, lunchings, dinings, and what-not were being put over the air. "These things kill me!" exclaimed Bette, almost breathless from mirth. Formerly the players used to get very mad about it all, but they have taken a new tack.

Dress and Be Merry!—It isn't who gives a costume party in Hollywood; it's the stars that come there. And many a secret kiss is exchanged as the evening wears on at one of these affairs. Costumes seem to enhance the possibilities for those who attend to let go and be merry. It's a different psychology that is created.

Nevertheless, an affair given recently by the Carl Laemmles for director Mervyn Le Roy was one of the most reserved. The reason was that most of the ladies arrived in period gowns.

Startling departures were Florine McKinney who came attired as *Peter Pan*, Helen Vinson who showed up in a white, mannish Russian costume, Elsa Hamilton, wife of Neil Hamilton, who gloried in multicolored Greek garb, Leila Hyams who was decidedly Russian. Heather Angel, Norma Shearer, and Claudette Colbert exemplified the more historic long-skirted effect. Miss Angel might have stepped from "Berkeley Square" and Norma from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Something quite unusual for Hollywood.

Extra! Baby LeRoy and W. C. Fields have patched up their quarrel and now everything's love and kisses.

HOLLYWOOD



Margaret Lindsay takes a day off after finishing "The Dragon Murder Case."

Unusual items of interest about the studio world which you won't find elsewhere.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

THE stars have taken to laughing over the gossips. So much of the alleged "news" peddled about movie celebrities in newspaper syndicates and magazine columns—exclusive, of course, of our own Picture Play—as well as over the radio, is just plain hoocy, that the players go into gales of mirth nowadays whenever they start reading or hearing most of the stuff.

We saw Bette Davis having a cornuption fit recently when, during a radio broad-

Virginia Pine, the society girl whose name is linked with George Raft's, scans the horizon for his ship's return.



Famous Duet Fades.—The romance between Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson has cooled considerably. What caused the rift nobody knows, but it is presumed that English sentiment in the colony against any continuance has been the cause. Marshall has frequently asserted that there shall be no divorce, and apparently his assertion means something.

We will be surprised if a split-up between himself and Edna Best does occur. The divorce idea has been run into the ground in Hollywood, and most of the stars feel it's good policy to fight shy of it right now, with so much agitation against pictures and the stars' private lives.

Marlene Seeks Change.—Marlene Dietrich must find enjoyment chatting with Brian Aherne. She lunches with him from time to time. Also, she isn't seen quite as much with Josef von Sternberg, and as you know, there have been all sorts of stories about the smashing up of their friendship. It isn't quite as bad as that, though. They will still be professionally associated.

Hands Off Donat!—Robert Donat is one of the most handsome actors ever to come to Hollywood, and all manner of actresses cast eyes lingeringly at him when he appeared in public, but he

Robert Young can't count his fans after "The House of Rothschild," nor can The Oracle, so both refer them to "All Good Americans," his next.



HIGHLIGHTS



showed no interest in these attentions. Furthermore, he brought his wife with him, which gave even greater assurance of safety, or did it? Wives haven't proved much of a deterrent to romances in some cases.

The Donats were lavishly fêted at a party by Elissa Landi just prior to their departure.

We discovered one thing about Donat and that was that he almost played Fredric March's rôle in "Smilin' Through." He would have done it if his contracts in England had permitted.

Muir Stays Demure.—Jean Muir has made it plain that she will refuse all efforts to change her type in the movies. She refuses to go hot-cha. She is now regarded as a find to place alongside of Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan, though she is much more reserved than either of them.

The argument about what sort of rôles she is to do has come up from time to time, and she has always held out for the refined and wholesome ones. Sartorially, though, she agreed to some glitter in "The Lady Surrenders."

One Wedding Enough!—Lilian Harvey and Fox finally split. It was inevitable that they should, and quite naively Lilian said that she expected to marry Willy Fritsch should she return to Germany. We are always stumped by Lilian's assertion or inference that she isn't wed to Willy, because practically everybody who comes to this country from abroad tells us that the marriage took place several years ago.

Brisson's Danish Banquets.—Carl Brisson is making a real holiday of his stay in Hollywood. We haven't known anybody to have so much fun in ages. He is always entertaining some Danish visitor, and puts them up at his home, takes them to Agua Caliente and other cheering spots for the week-end.

Brisson has become celebrated for his Danish dinners, which boast of about three-score different *hors d'œuvres*, not the least of which is raw ground meat and a raw egg mixed together, and some kind of Danish liquor which is designed to lift off a guest's scalp. It's just plain dynamite.

Isn't Helen Twelvetrees a cute trick in her slacks and tweeds?

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HARTFORD RESENTS HEPBURN!

By Andrea Arne

Queen Katharine breaks another rule! She remains aloof from her home-towners, too. An inquiring reporter discovers that many citizens hardly know who she is, and gives reasons for indifference to a star who should be their pride and joy.

M. OAKLEY CHRISTOPH'S article "Oh, Hepburn, Behave!" in May Picture Play reminded me that every subject has at least two angles. It made me wonder what those at the other end of the

social ladder think about this matter, those Hartford people to whom the cocktail hour is only something they have read of in books and magazines, or seen on the screen, and dinner is more often than not referred to as supper.

How do these people feel about Katharine Hepburn? To the end of properly answering this, I questioned many persons at random in Hartford regarding Miss Hepburn. The result is astonishing. There is an amazing indifference among people on the street regarding her!

To begin with, Katharine Hepburn admittedly is, and always has been, of the "upper crust," and it goes without saying that she would be more sympathetically regarded had she been a working girl who had made good. As it is, she had everything necessary to a girl's happiness to begin with, so what she has achieved in addition has, therefore, lost considerable of its attractiveness for the average girl in Hartford.

Regarding the indifference of her home town, it was my opinion, before attempting to find proof, that everybody, high and low, was proud and happy of Katharine Hepburn's success. But when I attempted to substantiate this, I found it another story. The following are some typical questions put to Hartford residents, and their answers.

Q. This is Katharine Hepburn's home town, is it not?

Ans. So I've heard.

Q. Well, her home is in this city, isn't it?

Ans. I guess so.

Q. Don't you know where it is?

Ans. Well, yes, somewhere up on Bloomfield Avenue.

Q. Where is that?

Ans. Oh, somewhere off Albany Avenue on the way to Bloomfield.

Q. Have you ever passed her home?

Ans. I suppose so. I wouldn't know for sure.

Q. Have you ever seen Katharine Hepburn?

Ans. I saw one of her moving pictures.

Q. How do you like her?

Ans. Oh, I guess she's all right.

Q. You've never seen her in person, then?

Ans. No, and I guess few Hartford people have, when you come right down to it.

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Photo by Bachrach



Hartford fans feel they have a right to pour out their adulation on the object of their admiration, but Katharine Hepburn can't take it.

Jeanette says she gets furious with herself when she forgets the words of her songs, as she often does, but she denies that she becomes angry with her coworkers.



Photo by Hurrell

Gay—even naughty—on the screen, Jeanette MacDonald is ultra-conservative in her personal life and viewpoint. But she is charming and even lovelier off-screen than on. Read this story about everybody's favorite.

PRIM PRIMA DONNA

By Madeline Glass

I HAVE to be in the mood before I can eat certain foods," said Jeanette MacDonald. "Now that pie—"

An expression of acute distaste disturbed her rose-and-ivory features as she regarded the large triangle of pastry, surmounted by a slab of cheese, which the waiter had just set before me.

"Except baked beans," she qualified. "I can eat baked beans any time of the day or night. I don't have to diet; in fact, I try to keep my weight up, for when I am thin my face looks too long for its width."

I had had to wait two months before being admitted to the MacDonald presence. The screen's most seductive prima donna had been extremely busy making both the English and French versions of "The Merry Widow." During the lunch hour, when most stars are disposing of nosey reporters, Jeanette is seen curled up on her dressing room couch fast asleep. At the moment she sat on the edge of the couch, "The Merry Widow" having gone to the cutting room, and ate lightly.

"I'm glad you were chosen to play the widow," I remarked. "I was afraid Joan Crawford would get the rôle."

"So was I," said Jeanette, "and I don't feel that she is the type."

"And she hasn't the voice," I added.

Jeanette discreetly veered away from dangerous ground.

"The dresses we wear in this picture—we chose 1880 as the period—are simply ravishing. They display my chest and shoulders in a most flattering way. I have a rather good throat," she added. "Singing has developed it, I think."

"Do you practice every day?"

"Well, nearly every day. I'm naturally lazy but I make myself work. Most days I sing, playing

my own accompaniment, for fifteen or twenty minutes. When my voice teacher comes I have a complete repertoire, singing for two or three hours.

"I have found that a good way for me to insure progress in anything that I undertake is to pay for the lessons in advance. Then if I don't use them I know that I'm losing money—and the Scotch in me will not permit that!

"My parents were not the sort to discourage their children's ambitions. My two sisters and I were given opportunities to develop such talents as we had. As a result one is a dancer, one is a pianist, while I, the youngest, am a singer. I wish that my mother had made me practice more when I was a child studying piano; but she was lenient and I was lazy. Now when I play I realize that my groundwork is not as complete as it should be."

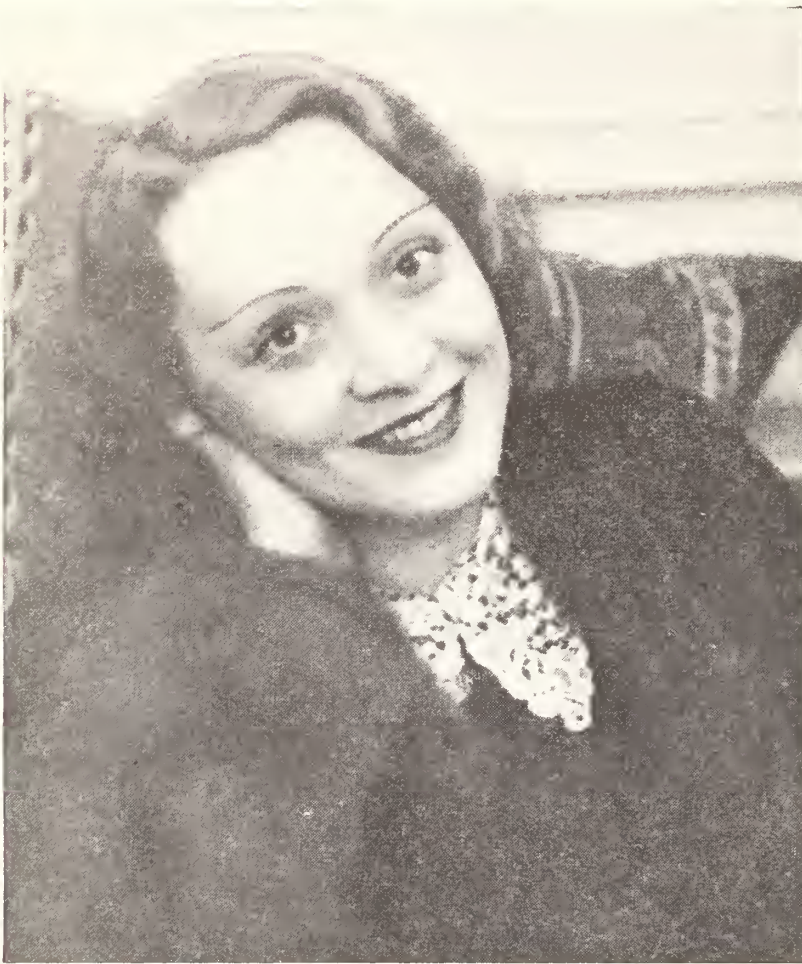
But if Jeanette neglected her piano lessons her voice was given excess attention. At the age of six she became the baby Jenny Lind of home-town Philadelphia and adjacent points. For three years her success was remarkable. Then outraged Nature asserted herself. Jeanette's singing voice disappeared and it looked as if she would never sing again. At fourteen, however, the gift of song returned.

Following the trail to New York which her sister, Blossom, had blazed, the girls appeared together in a Ned Wayburn revue at the Capitol Theater. Papa MacDonald disposed of his business as a contract builder so that he and mother might make a New York home for their lovely starlets.

[Continued on page 62]

The STRANGE CASE

By Helen Pade



© Pacific and Atlantic Photos

Amused and straightforward, Marlene Dietrich answered questions put to her by interviewers early in her career.

BACK in 1929 a young woman named Marlene Dietrich was hailed by a German producer as "the woman destined to be the world's premier motion-picture actress." To show his faith in her, and to coax marks into his coffers, he gave her a film vehicle, "Three Loves."

Nobody in America was much concerned. Talking pictures had just arrived, and one great question troubled the nation: Could Garbo talk?

While the great question was being settled, Josef von Sternberg, a newcomer to directorial ranks, megaphoned an Emil Jannings picture, "The Last Command." This fact was to have a surprising effect on the fate of Marlene Dietrich, for it took Von Sternberg to Germany to direct another Jannings picture there.

Surely any Hollywood director, witnessing the rather remarkable spectacle of a mere leading lady stealing "The Blue Angel" from the great Herr Jannings, who had the dominant rôle in it, would have lost no time in bringing her to America. Von Sternberg only did the obvious. But it was his reason for doing so, and the results he sought and obtained, which are extraordinary.

What other director would have envisioned in Marlene quite the sort of opportunity for personal aggrandizement

But nowadays Marlene is aloof, a vague and misted beauty more legendary than real.

which subsequent events proved he must have foreseen?

Certainly not the director who played in Greta Garbo's career the rôle that Von Sternberg might have played in Marlene Dietrich's. Clarence Brown, who directed Garbo during the formative and most critical period of her career, devoted his genius to creating fame for a star. Von Sternberg devoted his own efforts, and Marlene's, to creating fame for a director—himself.

You understand from this and other accounts of him, of course, that Von Sternberg is a supreme egotist. "The star, to me," he has said, "like the other players, is merely a pattern in the mosaic, a unit in the design, developed to gain an effect." *His effect, his design, his expression!* But this alone does not account for his peculiar handling of Marlene Dietrich's professional career.

It was his discovery of Marlene's strangely dual character which really opened before Von Sternberg the vision of



of MISS DIETRICH

Why isn't Marlene the great star her early career promised? What handicaps her—too little temperament? Millions of dollars have been spent in diminishing her popularity while Hepburn, Mae West, and Margaret Sullavan have sprung up—and Garbo still holds her own. Amazing facts are brought to light in this frank article.

possibilities he later realized. This young German girl, with all her beauty, fire, and talent, was *pliable*. She had that rare two-sided character which combines the things that go into the making of artistic geniuses with that seemingly incongruous trait, steadfast, naive, unquestioning obedience.

Once this writer heard Von Sternberg explain to a friend: "Fortunately Marlene has had that European stage and screen training which makes her ideal *director material*. More than that, she inherited the trait of obedience, and was taught German militarylike discipline from childhood. It is now an inseparable part of her."

Fancy Mae West or Katharine Hepburn as *director material*! Fancy either of them as "merely a pattern in a mosaic, a unit in a design" of any director's! Clearly Von Sternberg could never have used these, or most other actresses of talent and force, for his ambitious scheme. Marlene Dietrich,



Photo by Acme

Miss Dietrich is hardly recognizable as the sturdy girl on the opposite page.

perhaps the one woman who had these qualities and the virtue of unquestioning obedience, faith, and loyalty, Dame Fortune had fairly dropped into his lap.

Lest you think I exaggerate, here are a few authentic and illuminating quotes from Marlene herself. The first was spoken during the filming of her first American picture, "Morocco."

"But of course!" she cried, her brows rising in real surprise. "Of course, Von Sternberg knows what I should do. He is my director. Then,

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In "The Scarlet Empress" Marlene Dietrich is subordinated to weird backgrounds, gargoyles, symbolic paintings and galloping Cossacks ordered by Von Sternberg, her director.

EVERY DAY IS



Lee Tracy's mother uses letters to contact her son, and they have changed him from a rebel to a good boy.

WHENEVER I hear an actor say that he loves his mother and that life without her would be a great big void, I put my tongue in my cheek and think of the tough gangster whom I once interviewed for a newspaper. He was a gunman in jail and was asked for a message to the public.

"You can tell de woild," he said with a sob in his voice, "dat I loves me mudder and would die fer her."

Of course I didn't point out that if he had undertaken to be good for her sake she would have appreciated it a lot more. One doesn't give advice to dynamite. So I just tucked the little message to the world into my story and let it go at that.

Every time an actor said to me that he loved his mother and would do anything in the world for her, when all the time I knew that he wasn't even writing to her, let alone sending her money or having her live with him, I thought of that gangster and changed the subject.

In fact, until I met James Dunn and Lee Tracy, I avoided talking to actors about mothers because their sentiments didn't ring true. I saw no reason why selfish

An actor's love for his mother is usually under suspicion because often it is just a means of attracting attention to himself. But Lee Tracy and James Dunn are not like that. Their mothers really play important and unusual parts in their lives, and you will like them the more for it.

By Hester Robison

players should use their mothers as props for publicity. But the Dunn and Tracy mother love is a different matter.

It isn't what these two boys have done for their mothers that makes their story interesting; it's what their mothers have done for them.

They've so completely filled the lives of their sons, yet with such smoothness that the boys do not feel the pressure of being possessed, that their sons have avoided marriage on account of them.

Dunn admits that the reason he hasn't married is because his mother gives him the love and companionship he needs. Tracy doesn't go so far as to say that his mother is directly responsible for his bachelorhood, but the fact remains true. Dunn's mother is constantly near at hand because she lives with Jimmy, and her influence is direct. Lee Tracy's mother's

influence is through the daily letters she sends him and, though it is indirect, it is just as powerful.

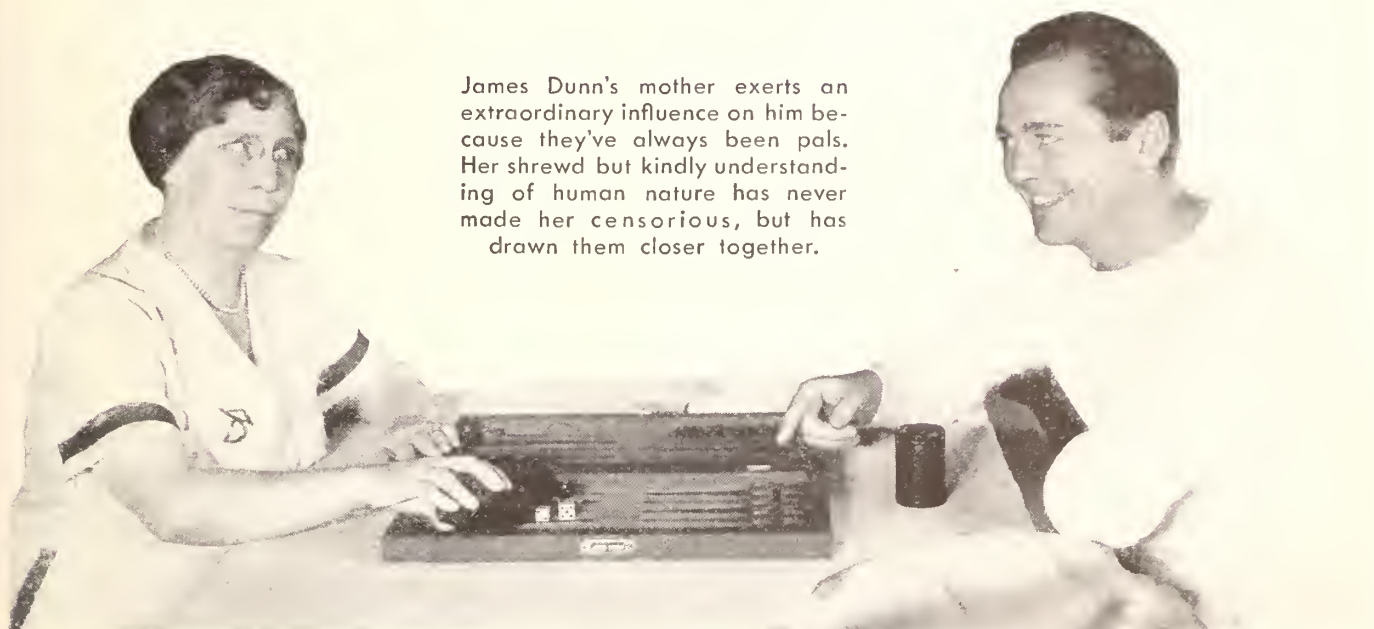
To me, Mrs. Dunn is a fascinating and a brilliant woman who understands men, particularly her son. Why does a man want to marry if not for companionship, to have some one to turn to in time of trouble, some one who will be a swell sport and not give advice and not nag, nor drive, nor put tentacles around him because she loves him so much?

When a man gets such loyalty from his mother, as Jimmy does from his, he has no need to get married. He can give his heart first to one woman and then another, knowing all the time that he is just romancing.

When Jimmy was a young boy just trying to get along on Broadway his mother used to share her last nickel with him. And when he had money he shared it with her, though she protested when he tried to give her money instead of buying smart clothes for himself. Never once did she say to her son that she wished he would save his money or take up another career, or spur him on to aggressiveness with Broadway producers.

MOTHER'S DAY

James Dunn's mother exerts an extraordinary influence on him because they've always been pals. Her shrewd but kindly understanding of human nature has never made her censorious, but has drawn them closer together.



When he came to her she talked things out, but didn't give one word of advice.

Only once did she express an opinion, and to this day Jimmy thanks her for it. He was very young and was running around with a girl whose reputation might have been less spotted. Soon he found himself so involved that he was seriously considering marriage. The girl was driving him toward the altar as fast as she could before he had a chance to stop and think.

Jimmy didn't realize that his mother knew about the affair until he mentioned it to her one day. He told her that he was thinking about getting married. He said it defiantly, too, as if he knew he was making a mistake and daring his mother to try to stop him.

But Mrs. Dunn was shrewder than ordinary mothers. She looked at her boy and smiled gently. Then she said sort of guilelessly that an affair was never as permanent as marriage and it wasn't a bad idea to keep that in mind. She didn't have fits and scream that Jimmy was throwing his life away for a woman who wasn't worthy. She knew the Irish temper of her boy and she didn't fan his stubbornness to the point where he would get mad and elope just for spite.

Without knowing it Jimmy had received a bit of swell advice. He went around with the girl for some time after that, but he kept their relationship merely romantic. Soon he knew that she was not the sort of girl he wanted to marry. He had, as his mother thought he would, found out for himself in due time the sort of woman she was and was saved from making a terrible mistake.

To-day Jimmy doesn't have a secret from his mother. One would think, on seeing that she is plain, solid, and conventional, that there were things he wouldn't dare tell her about himself. But Mrs. Dunn has shown Jimmy that she is never shocked, that whatever he tells her about himself is a secret, and that she never brings it out against him at a later date.



Photo E. Aubrey

If Jimmy marries his current "heart," Patricia Lee, you may be sure it will be because she comes up to the standard set by his mother.

He tells her all about his love affairs. She listens intently but rarely says anything. He knows, however, when she approves of a girl he goes around with, because she invites the girl to dinner. Often she goes with Jimmy to visit the girl and is as charming as she can be in the manner of one woman to another.

But never does she make the mistake of treating the girl as an intruder who is plotting to steal her son away. Nor does she ever make the error of asking Jimmy to do things for her in the presence of the girl in order to prove that her boy loves mother better. [Continued on page 56]

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S



Always facing the danger of being misunderstood, Sylvia Sidney comes out of her shell to offer explanations in defense against unkind accusations.

By Edwin Schallert

GAIN a reputation for being a Bolshevik in the movies, and you are immediately in the very dickens of a fix. Either the powers that be will come and weep on your shoulder, huge, copious, often crocodilish tears, or else they will try to slap you right into the darkest dog-house, and slam the door in your face. When all else fails they will sue you, and, in a manner of speaking, also slander you.

Sylvia Sidney is one star who has met all the hazards involved in defying these Jovian thunderbolts, and who has continued to be nonconformist. If she felt that revolt was the thing most needed in her life to-morrow, why revolt it would be undoubtedly. She is not living according to the pattern of the movies, and probably never will. There is less known about her than any other star in pictures.

Climbing to even greater success is the ambition of Sylvia Sidney and the desire of all her fans.

She—if anybody does—lives an isolated life, and one dictated by her own whims and conscience.

According to the strict laws of the studios, she



Photo by Richee

Basking in the sun is Sylvia's idea of a rest from studio lights.

SECRET BATTLES

should be out of films to-day. Whoever heard of a girl walking out of a movie as she did a year ago, and then coming back and pursuing her career as if nothing had happened?

To be sure, there was a valid excuse for it all. Her health, her looks, were in jeopardy. But then such summary departures are just not indulged in.

If you're the star of a picture in which several hundred thousand dollars is invested, you are supposed to die in your shoes rather than quit. Stars *do* frequently plunge into revolutions, but not when a whole production is at stake.

Yet Sylvia Sidney did this, risked the wrath of the gods, because she felt that if she didn't rebel, she might sacrifice her whole future.

When I once suggested to Sylvia that she might be called the "Pariah of Hollywood," she laughed gleefully. The thing is that she doesn't care a whoop for Hollywood. Nearly always when she isn't working she goes to New York. She hates the dumb show of the cinema capital, the things that are done because they are supposed to be done.

In this she antedates both Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan, who have made more of a bluster about their aversions, but who are no more inimical and rebellious. Anti-Hollywoodism seems to be a part of the consciousness of all this newer generation of players, and Miss Sidney was one of the first to evidence it.

Not the conventional life of Hollywood for Miss Sidney! Her haven is a colonial retreat which is soothing and restful.

Photo by Richee

Personally, she possesses a bedeviling spirit that causes her to pin-prick people to see if they will either squeak or squawk. She has been known to meet a chap at a party and so "take him down" because he was terribly proud of the girl that he brought, that the young lady would probably not be speaking to him on the way home.

At the studio a photographer will present Sylvia with a group of admirable portraits, thinking to delight her, and she will tell him that she doesn't like a single one of them just to see how he will wriggle uncomfortably.

She doesn't care a whit about society, hates crowds because they frighten her, and goes on her own way consistently.

In all this I am not painting a picture of her any more diabolical than the one that she is willing to present of herself, and that she has enjoyed presenting in conversation. There is a perverse streak in her. She has something of the quality of a *Peck's Bad Boy*, a *Till Eulenspiegel*, or any other fictional or legendary naughty child that might be named. Yet behind it all is another Sylvia Sidney.

Her outward distaste for conventions is a reflection of an inward turbulence. She has had a constant fight on some count or other since childhood.

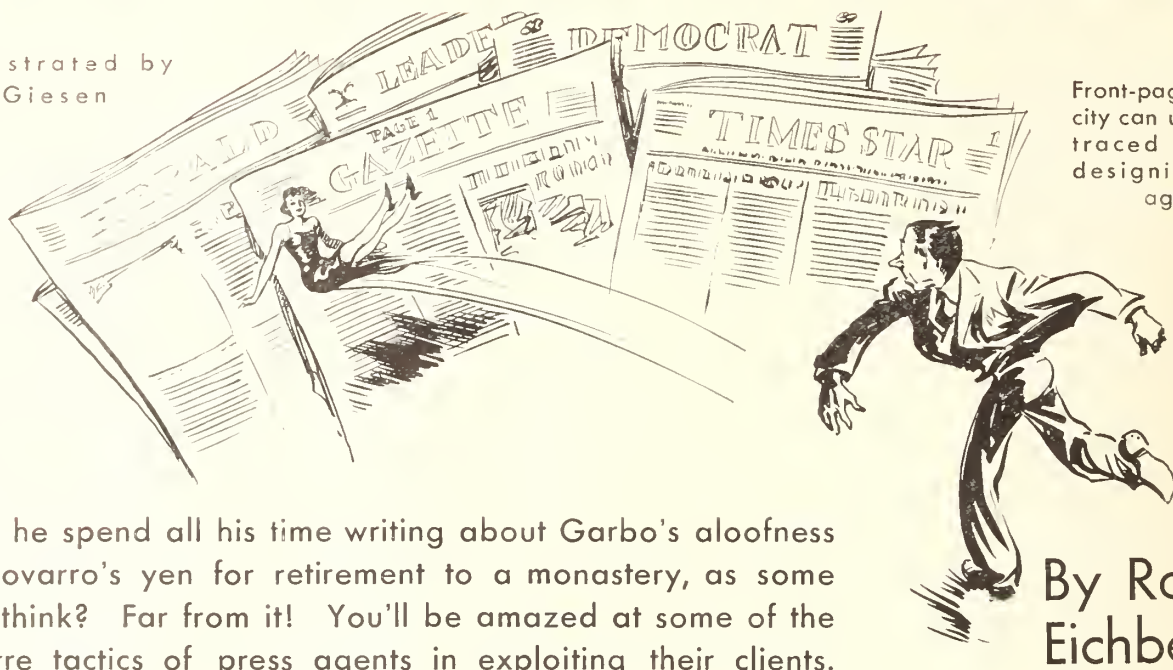
"Even as a baby I had a battle to keep from becoming a huge roly-poly," she once told me. "I've faced the conflict with increasing weight on any number of occasions. If I don't live up to a diet faithfully I am likely to gain a dozen pounds almost overnight. A dietitian at last came to my rescue and gave me a diet list, which permitted me to eat and keep thin, and that has helped

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WHY the PRESS AGENT?

Illustrated by
H. Giesen



Front-page publicity can usually be traced to some designing press agent.

Does he spend all his time writing about Garbo's aloofness or Novarro's yen for retirement to a monastery, as some fans think? Far from it! You'll be amazed at some of the bizarre tactics of press agents in exploiting their clients.

By Robert
Eichberg

WHEN you read that Marlene Dietrich has the world's most beautiful legs, that Mae West is the embodiment of sex appeal, that every woman is in love with Gary Cooper or Cary Grant or Clark Gable, you know that somewhere a press agent has done a good job.

But if some of the crazy stunts that are put into practice by these "madmen of the movies" were made part of the plot of a picture dealing with the feats of the exploiters, you would think them farcically fantastic. For highly paid press agents do things directors would never dream of filming.

Here are a few examples of what some press agents do.

A hearse drove down the main street of Pittsburgh. Somehow, a coffin fell out of it. People on the street shouted to the driver of the hearse, but he paid no attention, and the somber black vehicle turned a corner and disappeared.

The coffin lay there, blocking traffic, until the police took it to the station house. They called various undertakers, but none could claim the lost coffin. Reporters from all the local papers gathered around while the police opened the casket in an attempt to identify the deceased.

Finally the lid was unscrewed and lifted off. The "corpse" climbed out, dressed in a wind-sheet.

The next day "White Zombie," dealing with the living dead, opened in a Pittsburgh theater, with reams of publicity. A press agent took the credit.

Sensational? A cuckoo stunt? Anything to attract attention!

The current crop of "Tarzan" pictures recalls a stunt which the late Harry Reichenbach, dean of movie press agents, pulled when the ape-man was appearing in silent pictures.

Some days prior to the opening of one of the series, a mild-looking little man registered at one of New York's leading hotels. He signed the register as T. R. Zann, and gave instructions for the careful handling of a large case.

That evening he telephoned the hotel's restaurant and said, "Send me up a glass of milk and a couple of soft-boiled eggs. Oh, yes. And send along fifteen pounds of raw hamburger, too."

Forgetting his dignity, the steward gasped, "Huh? Fifteen pounds of raw hamburger?"

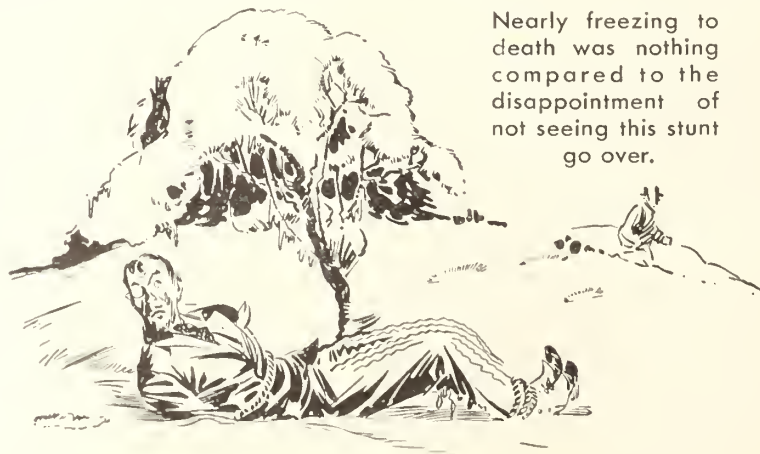
"Yes!" snapped Mr. Zann, and hung up.

The colored waiter walked into the room a few minutes later, bearing aloft the order. But he didn't stay long. He dropped his tray, turned three shades whiter and ran as though the devil were at his heels, for lying peacefully on the floor of the room was a full grown African lion! Safely downstairs, he told the steward

what he had seen. With the manager and the house detective they went up to investigate. When they saw that there really was a lion, they sent for the police who removed the beast and questioned its owner.

Mr. Zann admitted that that was not his real name. He had, he said, read a great many of the "Tarzan" books and admired the hero so much that he had changed his name

Nearly freezing to death was nothing compared to the disappointment of not seeing this stunt go over.



accordingly. He planned, he said, to take his lion to Africa, where he hoped to live as *Tarzan* did. The newspaper reporters, never far from the police, spread it all over the papers from coast to coast—just in time to precede the opening of the picture.

Not all these stunts go off without a hitch. Sometimes there are serious or funny results which the press agent doesn't expect.

There was a picture which dealt with a man who was buried alive. To prove that it could be done, the press agent found a magician whose specialty was allowing himself to be interred for four hours, and took the wizard and the reporters out to a lonely spot where the experiment was to be performed. The magician was placed in a box, a hole was dug in the side of a hill, the box inserted, the ground carefully stamped down and the spot marked with whitewash so that it could be found easily when the four hours had elapsed.

Looking at a spot of whitewash proved tiresome, so the crowd went to a shack a few hundred feet away and started to play cards. Very suddenly a heavy rainstorm came up. The boys waited for it to let up a bit before digging out the man who was buried alive. They waited a little too long, for when they climbed the hill, they found that the storm had eliminated every trace of the whitewash.

Frantically, they grabbed shovels and started digging, here, there, and everywhere. Even the press agent was scared. He knew how the trick was done, and that the box had a secret compartment which contained only enough oxygen to support a human life for exactly four hours.

It was growing dark before they found the box, which had been buried at the conventional six feet. The magician had been underground for more than twice as long as had been planned. He was finally dragged out more dead than alive. The story got more space in the papers than it would have if the stunt had gone off without a hitch.

Here's one that went wrong with a vengeance, but the result was funny to everybody except the press agent who planned it.

An Italian baron came to America and, being broke, wanted to go on a lecture tour. He hired a press agent, who evolved a "sure-fire" plan. He primed the baron with a romantic story to tell the police when they arrived, and then proceeded to put the plan into effect.

To start the space-grabbing, the press agent took the baron to Riverside Drive. It was in February, with snow piled deep on the ground. First looking to see that there were no witnesses, the publicity man tied the baron's hands and feet, and gagged him. The baron then lay down in the middle of a path, and the press agent went away. The first passer-by would find the victim, call the police, and the story would be in the papers.

The publicity man waited a



There is no more triumphant mortal than an exploitation man when the result of his labors is spread over the newspapers.

half hour and went back. The baron was nearly frozen, but nobody had come along to find him, so the press agent went and got a cop himself. The policeman sent in an alarm and things began to happen.

Six radio cars dashed up. Out of one climbed a sergeant who questioned the baron.

The baron told his rehearsed story. "I was walking along Broadway," he said, "when a beautiful girl came up to me. Although I didn't recognize her, she claimed to know me, and I agreed to take a little walk with her on the Drive."

"Picked her up, eh?" asked the sergeant.

"Yes," said the baron, "and when we got to this clump of bushes, she whistled. Two men jumped out and grabbed me. She helped them go through my pockets and went away with them after they tied me up."

"You may catch a bad cold," remarked the sergeant, "we'd better notify your relatives."

"My wife," said the baron, "is out of town."

"Tsk-tsk-tsk," the sergeant clucked sympathetically. "I'm a married man myself, and I'll bet your wife raises the dickens when she finds out you picked up a strange girl. Well, baron, you seem like a regular fellow, and I'll do you a favor. I'll see that not a word of this story ever gets into print!"

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A living corpse is a good gag, provided the police aren't too much annoyed.



THE SCREEN



"LET'S TRY AGAIN."

An unwritten law has it that every month must bring at least one photographed stage play in which talk supersedes action. This example is typical—and undramatic. It gets nowhere, arrives at no conclusion, but the conversation is super-intelligent, all of it smoothly, gracefully delivered by Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Helen Vinson, Irene Hervey, Theodore Newton, and Arthur Hoyt. But you get a little tired of the characters who apparently have no concern with life but to inspect their emotions under the microscope of self-centeredness. You feel that Miss Wynyard, as a wife with nothing to do but stroll through her meticulously ordered home, would be happier if she had the week's wash to wrestle with, and Doctor Brook would be better off with a real patient to cure instead of a neurotic to soothe. Husband and wife get on each other's nerves after ten years in the yoke and stray to other partners, a cool kiss the extent of their sinning—naughty! naughty!—until they reconcile for another decade of talk. It is all so steadfastly futile.

"THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS."

If you liked "Back Street" and "Jennie Gerhardt," you will care for this more. It is the best of the quiet sob stories which deal with the steadfast love and uncomplaining martyrdom of an unwed wife. Beautifully produced, sensitively directed and acted, it carries conviction every moment. Not until it's all over do you realize the story is often implausible, wholly reminiscent, and the happy ending, though comforting to the sentimental, is false. Nevertheless, it is persuasive and Ann Harding's performance is beautifully tempered—her best, I think, since "East Lynne"—her charm being enhanced by the quaintly old-fashioned dresses of 1910 and later. John Boles manages to retain sympathy even though he jilts poor *Vergie* and marries Helen Vinson, who is something of a martyr herself when she takes *Vergie's* child into her home and brings up the girl as her own. You almost feel that she is justified when she shoots Mr. Boles and lets Miss Harding go to prison. Authentic character studies are contributed by Molly O'Day, slim and lovely, and many others.



"THE LAST GENTLEMAN."

George Arliss's new picture is important because it offers another of his incomparable performances in which he is at his brilliant best. And it is entertaining because it tells a startlingly original story. Yet I fear its appeal will be lessened by the far-fetched stunt which brings the entertainment to an exciting climax. Though fascinated by it, you can't accept it as fact. Mr. Arliss, as an eccentric old man, returns to life after death by means of motion-picture equipment in his home and delivers his last will and testament to his assembled relatives, interrupting his bequests to make sly, revealing remarks about his listeners. It is a typical Arliss rôle which no one else could play or would dare attempt, a marvelous character study. The picture is substantial, intelligent and is superbly acted by Edna May Oliver, Janet Beecher, Ralph Morgan, Edward Ellis, Donald Meek, and Rafaela Ottiano, with Frank Albertson still the most likable of young men and Charlotte Henry the plumpest ingénue with the thinnest voice. She acts well, nevertheless.



IN REVIEW

BY
NORBERT
LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

Bette Davis for a performance as brave as it is brilliant in "Of Human Bondage," the big surprise of the month.

Leslie Howard for his unsurpassable acting in "Of Human Bondage," his most congenial rôle since "Berkeley Square."

Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?"

George Arliss for the ripest and richest characterization in "The Last Gentleman," the most unusual story of the month.

"DOCTOR MONICA."

Sympathetic, tender, real, Kay Francis's performance in this is a thing of beauty. It is keyed in the right subdued note to agree with her method of expression and it seems to me there isn't a living mortal who wouldn't call in *Doctor Monica* for any ailment, assured that he would recover just by having her feel his pulse. Cool and capable, her nerve is shattered when she is forced to bring into the world the child of her husband and her woman friend while she, poor dear, is doomed to childlessness. This is *Doctor Monica's* problem and she meets it courageously, humanely, and practically. Verree Teasdale as a dressy architect, one of the three friends, the others being Miss Francis and Jean Muir, also gives a lovely performance, poised and melodious. Miss Muir is the wayward member, sensible and appealing in spite of some disfiguring dresses and a walk that a few lessons in rhythmic would overcome. However, her avoidance of lipstick sets her apart from every other actress and she is commended for realizing that black lips are not in harmony with any photographed countenance.



"OF HUMAN BONDAGE."

Magnificently the screen realizes W. Somerset Maugham's novel in terms so keen and poignant, realistic, and satisfying that this must surely be one of the great pictures. Certainly it is one of the most honest and natural and it is incredibly heart-breaking because of this: because there is no straining after dramatics. It tells the story of a sensitive, idealistic young man's love for an unworthy girl and how he finds compensation in disillusionment, suffering, and hope. Leslie Howard surpasses anything he has done in this highly congenial rôle and every one in the cast stands out with brilliant surety, Frances Dee, Kay Johnson, Reginald Denny, Alan Hale, and two more Reginalds, Owen and Sheffield. But it is Bette Davis who is amazing, sensational. As the girl who holds Mr. Howard in bondage, sulky, sly, ruthless, cheap, she makes every moment and every mood as fascinating as the coiling of a snake and as coruscant as a skyrocket. Miss Davis "arrives" in every sense of the word.

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"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

Even more than in "Only Yesterday" does Margaret Sullavan triumph in an honest, poignant story that is far superior to the moviesque sentimentality which introduced her and proclaimed her a leading actress, a star to the incandescents born. This concerns a young couple and their trials and tribulations, defeats, and aspirations during the post-War upheaval in Germany. It isn't a story really, but a simple chronicle of everyday happenings. This, I think, is what makes it more eloquent than if it had plot, situations, and an ordered climax. Here each incident is the logical outcome of the one preceding it. And it is all the more heart-breaking because it is simple and natural, its drama below, not on, the surface. It has more of the quality and feeling of "Seventh Heaven" than any picture I can recall and it has, of course, the same director. Douglass Montgomery gives a fine performance, too, his speech a little too fluent, his person a bit too elegant and graceful to suggest the harried clerk, but his intelligent grasp is unflinching.



BLOND COURAGE

Although Jean Arthur was a great favorite with fans three years ago, she wasn't satisfied. So she took matters in her own hands and deliberately cut herself off from Hollywood. Now she has made a thrilling come-back which all her admirers will want to read about.

By Whitney Williams

THREE years ago, Jean Arthur left Hollywood a good but undeveloped actress. To-day, she rates second to none among the younger players, and in "Whirlpool" definitely established herself as an actress of rare attainments.

Doubtlessly you recall the golden-haired Jean as a girl of interesting personality. She was all that, and more, but the rôles she enacted did not do full justice to her possibilities as an actress. Only two pictures stand forth clearly in memory as really offering her meaty parts, and in each she played the heavy. They were "The Saturday Night Kid," in which she nearly stole every scene she happened to be in with Clara Bow, the star, and "The Greene Murder Case" mystery drama.



Stage training has smoothed the voice that used to be criticized in early talkies, and now Jean has no handicap in her new career. She's in "The Most Precious Thing in Life."

Wearied of being cast in little more than mediocre rôles, with the exception of the two films mentioned, Jean one day came to a momentous decision. She would leave Hollywood flat, go to New York, city of her birth, and embark upon a theatrical career. Since the screen didn't see fit to give her a real break, the stage, she decided, would. Hollywood could go to— She'd start all over again in a new medium and make her own breaks.

So Jean, resolute in her plans for the future, deserted Hollywood, walked out of the studios that still offered her a handsome livelihood but was somewhat slow in acknowledging her talents and helping her to realize her ambitions. Deliberately forsook her position in the colony for which twenty million girls throughout the land would have given anything to fill.

It takes courage of a high order to carry through as Jean did. But then, Jean's like that; she's willing to gamble with the future.

In New York, a pleasant surprise awaited her. The name of Jean Arthur, she found, despite a series of poor pictures, still held recognition for many, and through the offices of a manager she soon landed a place in the cast of "Foreign Affairs," a play co-starring Dorothy Gish and Osgood Perkins. Although the part was not large, it stood out, and in an appealingly dumb characterization of a scullery maid she won favorable notices from critics and applause from the audience.

Considering the fact that Jean never previously had trod the boards before flesh and blood spectators, her performance was all the more extraordinary for the perfect ease she displayed.

There followed, then, various other plays on Broadway, including "The Man Who Reclaimed His Head," with Claude Rains (Rains will be remembered by film audiences for his splendid interpretation in "The Invisible Man"), heavily dramatic, and "Twenty-five Dollars An Hour," a lilted comedy.

During the summer, she cast her lot with stock companies at Southampton and Red Bank, all the while quietly but steadily learning the technique of the stage, developing her voice, gradually assuming, too, during these months, a fluency of style truly remarkable for one so unaccustomed to the theater.

In this interval, also, the bird of love tweet-tweeted, and Jean became the bride of Frank J. Ross, a young New York real-estate man whom she had met some time before in California.

When she arrived in the East, bound on her new venture, their friendship resumed where it had broken off. They had planned an autumn wedding, but, as Jean puts it, "One day in June we found we had nothing else to do so got married."

Late in 1933, Jean made her debut as a New York

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Photo by William A. Fraker

JEAN ARTHUR did what no other young actress has ever had the enterprise and courage to do. She cut short a screen career and sallied forth to Broadway, determined to learn all about acting from the bottom up. She actually made a place for herself on the stage. Now she is back in Hollywood and the studios are just cur-ra-zy about her art. Her story, opposite.



HAROLD

The one and only Mr. Lloyd, whose position on the screen is as unique as his talent, offers "The Cat's Paw," his latest film which is different from all the rest—and just as funny.



HAROLD LLOYD as the son of an American missionary in China comes to the United States to complete his education in order to carry on his father's work. But what he discovers in his native land convinces him of the need of missionary work right here. Nat Pendleton, Grace Bradley, Una Merkel, and Sidney Bracey are pictured with Mr. Lloyd.



RUBY, DICK

at most popular team, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, have a
 ird luminary to keep them company—Joan Blondell. They
 rolic and frivol in "Dames" newest of the girl-and-music
 shows, with Zasu Pitts, Guy
 Kibbee, and scores of others.



AN eccentric millionaire, played by Hugh Herbert, is obsessed with a desire to uplift everybody's morals, with particular emphasis on people connected with the stage. And as Mr. Powell and Miss Blondell are in musical comedy, you can imagine that it doesn't take Miss Blondell long to compromise the reformer and win his millions through marriage. You can imagine, too, that Busby Berkeley will stage some breath-taking musical numbers for the show.

A STAR'S HUSBAND



"THE GREAT FLIRTATION" brings forth Adolphe Menjou, Elissa Landi, and David Manners in a penetrating comedy by Gregory Ratoff, the actor, who knows the psychology of players as well as he knows the vagaries of the artistic temperament. Author and stars unite to give us an unusually truthful picture of what goes on backstage when love and jealousy clash, when success and failure, selfishness and sacrifice sway exciting lives behind the footlights.



EN HARLOW'S fans
 hold be greatly excited
 her new picture,
 "Ben Ta Be Kissed," for it
 offers a role that only
 Miss Harlow could play.
 The heroine is a siren
 whose code is never to
 accept anything from a
 man unless a wedding
 ring is included. Needless
 to say her adventures are
 romantic but happy. Lionel
 Barrymore, Patsy Kelly,
 and Franchot Tone are
 with Miss Harlow.



LEADIE AND KITTY



AS perennial a favorite as Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women," Charlotte Brontë's deeper, more adult novel again comes to the screen to charm, to move and to delight a new generation. Virginia Bruce plays the famous rôle last enacted by Mabel Ballin. She is seen, above, with Olaf Hytten and Colin Clive who is, of course, Rochester. Below, with Mr. Clive, Aileen Pringle, and Jameson Thomas. The little girl with Beryl Mercer is Edith Fellowes.

And Now "JANE EYRE"





ON SHORE LEAVE

When bluejackets go ashore, girls are sure to appear on the horizon. That's how Alice Faye gets her instruction in "She Learned About Sailors."

A ROLICKING comedy, much of it with an Oriental background, involves Miss Faye and Lew Ayres in a love duet, with those original comedians, Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant, injecting wisecracks and monkey business.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS'S long-ovioited British picture is ready and soon you will be seeing "The Private Life of Don Juan." Directed by Alexonder Korda, whose ironic contemplation of *Henry VIII* made film history, the new version of *Don Juan's* adventures in love is sure to be exciting, glamorous ond significant. All the more beautiful because of the many lovely ladies concerned, of whom you see only one—Merle Oberon—in this striking photograph.



THE SCREEN in REVIEW

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"OPERATOR 13."

A Civil War spy melodrama is a novelty. As such, it should be welcome, especially when it is lavishly mounted, intelligently cast and well acted. The disconcerting fact remains, however, that the picture as a whole is mild. All the king's horses seemingly cannot put the material over more strongly than to rate merely as pastime, charming but innocuous. It offers Marion Davies in an ingratiating performance as a gallant young actress in Washington who is drafted into the Union forces as a spy known as "Operator 13," and it has Gary Cooper as a Confederate officer in love with her, one of the most congenial parts he has ever played. Scenes of pronounced romantic beauty are many, chief of which are a great ball in a Southern mansion and an interlude which has Miss Davies in a swing, with Mr. Cooper propelling her high into the boughs of a lofty tree. But somehow the story which yields these lovely camera shots is worn and thin. So one derives greatest satisfaction from detached contemplation. For example, Miss Davies's delightful masquerade as a mulatto girl, the beautiful authority of Katherine Alexander as *Pauline Cushman*, the spy, poignant performances of Jean Parker and Henry Wadsworth as the juveniles, and the haunting singing of the Mills Brothers.

"THE KEY."

The Irish revolution in 1920 is the new background which serves here. The lamp-lit streets of Dublin are picturesque and the dim, foggy streets hold fascinating possibilities. Atmospherically the picture is beautiful and true. But the drama which is enacted before this curtain is rather commonplace, though it is finely played by Colin Clive, Edna Best—who is Mrs. Herbert Marshall—and others. William Powell fares not so happily as a jaunty Don Juan in uniform. His swagger is forced, his glibness strained, and his whimsicality is a bit tedious, all probably because the part was so written. Anyhow, it isn't one of his authoritative performances. He reappears in the life of Miss Best whose marriage to Mr. Clive is shadowed by memory of her affair with the dashing captain. They are swept into a repetition of it which almost costs her husband his life. Mr. Powell atones for what he has done by saving Mr. Clive and going to prison for three years in noble, still jaunty atonement. As some one aptly put it, this is not a drama of the Sinn Feiners' outbreak, but the private troubles of three people who happened to be in Ireland at the time.

"SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS."

Warner Baxter is a sleek, jaunty author whose works are so popular that he has nine million women readers, but the picture doesn't tell us what kind of fiction he writes. We must infer, then, that it combines the sales appeal of Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton-Porter, Kathleen Norris, and Zane Grey, but Mr. Baxter is sportier than any of them. He suggests cocktail parties rather than seclusion. He has a secretary anyway, charming Rosemary Ames who gets him out of jams with women. She does what she can to chill Rochelle Hudson, but it doesn't work. Because Mr. Baxter is kind instead of responsive to her amorous advances, she kills herself and he is accused of murder. Naturally, he is acquitted and he discovers that a secretary is, after all, the safest wife for a writing man. You feel that the story meant to point out the perils that lurk for the male celebrity who is too easy-going with importunate females, but the result is only fairish, not positive, though well acted.

"SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN."

This almost becomes one of the high lights of the month, but it fails to hold up about midway because the ending then can be anticipated. Until that time it is brilliantly written and every moment sparkles with interest. But with the entrance of a younger man in the love duet of the forty-nine-year-old millionaire and his youthful actress, you know she will prefer marriage and poverty because the censors are looking askance at the splendid acting that illicit love inspires. And this is exactly what does happen. Frank Morgan is superb as the middle-aged man who seeks romance before it is too late and Elissa Landi is exquisite and captivating in the moods of the adventuress who is disarmed by her lover's generosity and goodness. Joseph Schildkraut's florid insincerity as the intruder does not fit in with their honesty and restraint, but Doris Lloyd makes sweeping compensation with her magnificent study of a wife who does not understand.

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The Strange Case of Miss Dietrich

too, he knows so much about American pictures."

And again, more recently. "Mr. von Sternberg and I have the same ideas. I found that out when we made 'The Blue Angel' in Germany. And so I followed him over here. People say I have a sense of humor and could do light parts. But Mr. von Sternberg believes that many American actresses can play those parts. He believes that I must be different."

To understand Marlene and her position to-day, glimpses of her progress in American pictures are a necessary prelude, and they reveal some hitherto unpublished secrets of her life here.

While "Morocco" came to the screen as Marlene's starring vehicle, it had not been intended as such. That film of he-man adventure had been prepared by the studio for Gary Cooper's long-promised, initial starring picture. Marlene had been scheduled as a mere leading woman.

She stole the picture from Gary, as she had stolen "The Blue Angel" from Emil Jannings. After it was finished, the studio was forced to re-write all its advertising, and put on a hasty but effective campaign to prepare the American public for a star it had never heard of before, much less seen.

Then the critics saw her, and raved. The public saw, and was conquered. Enthusiasts declared her acting equaled Garbo's, that she was much more beautiful, that she had a wonderful speaking and singing voice, and that her sex appeal was nothing less than electrifying.

The English version of "The Blue Angel" followed "Morocco" in American theaters. Although the German picture was less costly and elaborate than "Morocco," had a less popular type of story and lacked Gary Cooper's unquestioned drawing power with American audiences, it actually played to nearly equal attendance.

The secret quickly leaked out in fan mail, theater lobbies after shows, and a hundred other channels that lead slowly but surely from the public to the studios. As much as the Dietrich of "Morocco" had fascinated the fans, they preferred the healthy, natural, laughing girl of the earlier picture. Already Marlene had changed a little; had become slightly artificial, although by no means the Von Sternbergized Dietrich of to-day.

The tremendous public and critical acclaim accorded her in both pictures, however, left with the majority one firm conviction: Garbo at last had a

worthy rival, and *la* Dietrich was to go far toward the cinema throne.

We all know the outcome. Marlene has never eclipsed Garbo. She did not live up to her promise. Today she is merely one of the important stars. Rare beauty, artistic ability, and a certain animal magnetism have kept her place in the hearts of fans, but not the highest place, or very near it. We have Garbo, Hepburn, Gaynor, West—perhaps others—before her.

Her pictures brought in diminishing returns. The only notable exceptions were a lively melodrama, "Shanghai Express," and a film Rouben Mamoulian directed, "Song of Songs." None rivaled in box-office returns pictures starring Garbo, Hepburn, and West, although on Dietrich's films greater amounts of money had been lavished. Many millions were spent over a period of years to make Marlene *less* of a sensation than she was immediately after "Morocco" and "The Blue Angel."

Von Sternberg, however, had made progress. The problem which had confronted him before he met Marlene was this: How, without "debasement" his peculiar ideals by consciously catering to the film public's taste, was he to make popular pictures, when his hobbies were all so arty? How to achieve financial success, power, and renown with tastes and methods that would appeal to such a limited audience?

In Marlene he found his answer. Her great appeal supplied for his works the general favor so necessary at the outset. Even then, however, he moved carefully, restraining his art effects and symbolism to a minimum in the earlier pictures. These were successful. As his fame and prestige grew, he gradually became bolder in self-expression. Critics and public began to notice.

"Once more the obstinate Director Von Sternberg," remarks the critic of a Hollywood daily, "fortified by his camera and his glamorous star, proceeds to ignore dramatic values and the consistency of realism. He mesmerizes his players and they go through their parts like puppets whose every action is controlled and every word and tonal inflection is dictated by the director." This was about "The Blond Venus."

And: "If some one could only persuade Von Sternberg to allow Marlene to reveal some genuine human emotion! She is capable of real emotion, I am sure!"

And still another critic, this time in a magazine and a news syndicate, speaking of "Shanghai Express": "Interest is focused on an invisible person, the director, and suspense

comes from speculation on his and not the players' next moves. Miss Dietrich has nothing to do in it to justify her stellar position except to end, once and for all, the Dietrich-Garbo controversy."

Let a friend of Marlene's explain another, more intimate point of view on the Dietrich-Von Sternberg relationship.

"You may not concede that Marlene is potentially a more popular screen figure, and at the same time a greater artist than Garbo," he began. "It is no longer such a popular belief. But consider the fact that in 'The Blue Angel' she exhibited not one but several of the qualities that have proved popular on the American screen. A Garbolike beauty and exoticism, the visual sex appeal of Harlow, and the hearty good-natured sensuality of voice and manner, the easy and intriguing earthiness of Mae West.

"What she has lacked, not to improve her acting but to improve her opportunities for acting, is temper or temperament—the sort you Americans call spunk. Von Sternberg is not her *Svengali*, as has so often been suggested. But he is her director, what you call her boss. He is the person she trusts. So he has been able to change her entire personality, offscreen and on. Even her present aloofness is no mere attempt to ape Garbo, but the result of Von's advice. He wanted absolute sway over her. He did not want her to meet people who might put doubts of him into her head, for he was using Marlene's glamour as the only possible means of getting over in pictures the heavy, arty burden of his symbolism.

"One should not blame Von for that. It is a typically European idea. Had Mauritz Stiller lived and directed all the pictures of the Swedish girl he discovered and brought to America, Greta Garbo would never have known the fame she has achieved. Her ability would have fed Stiller's flame, rather than her own.

"How different Marlene's position is from that of other stars! Can the average movie fan say, offhand, who has directed either Mae West or Katharine Hepburn? Of course not. But every fan knows that Von Sternberg is Marlene's director.

"Marlene has only once actually rebelled. That occurred during the filming of 'The Scarlet Empress.' The coldness between her and Von was noted by outsiders who fancied it the result of a romantic tiff. Gossips prefer romance. Actually the break was an entirely professional one.

"You see, Marlene had never questioned Von's genius or loyalty until

after she filmed 'Song of Songs' under Mamoulian's direction. This picture was really a star vehicle. She was given a chance to be before the camera a great deal and to be very human. It was rather successful at the box office. Hence it became a touchy subject of conversation between Marlene and Von.

"When 'The Scarlet Empress' was filmed, the director at last gave his love for symbolism full rein. Not since his first picture 'The Salvation Hunters,' had he used so many bizarre touches, grotesque camera angles; devoted so much film to close-

ups of gargoyles, and relatively so little to close-ups of the star.

"Von publicly stated that he photographed six hundred statues, and a thousand paintings made to his order. Marlene was lost among them; could not compete for spectator attention with their overpowering numbers and hideousness. She ventured to protest. In the argument that followed, 'Song of Songs' was mentioned and Von flew into a rage. Many days later they made up. It was a compromise, in which he consented to shoot fewer symbols. You have seen the result in 'The Scarlet

Empress.' Marlene is subordinated to grotesque gargoyles and galloping Cossacks, but probably not to the degree that her director originally planned."

What a pity we can't detach one side of Dietrich's personality from the other! Let Von Sternberg have the uncritical, tame, obedient side to weave into his futuristic mosaics as he chooses. And turn over the glamorous, magnetic, beautiful, and talented side to a director who, with no fish of his own to fry, would give it the chance it deserves.

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She did not whimper. That their marriage must be platonic did not change her attitude toward Paul Bern, as it would have with less sympathetic women. He lacked her courage. He could think of only one solution—to do away with himself.

"I told him that our love was all that mattered and we would carry on together and find happiness," she said.

There was no word of reproach for what he had done. He had taken the easy way out, leaving her to face a menacing ring of hard, suspicious eyes, none knowing that she was blameless.

And so the second man failed her.

She took refuge in work. In spite of her efforts to lose herself in her career, she was lonely. In spite of these tragedies, she still believed in men—and marriage.

The men who worked with her on pictures were her friends, loyal comrades all, from director to prop boy. They bucked her up when she felt blue, discussed work with her on equal terms, rejoiced when she put over a good scene. Her cameraman, Hal Rosson, saw her loneliness and offered the generous sympathy she needed.

They played golf together, rode, hiked. They discussed scripts. Jean would read her dialogue and, while he listened, test it for its effectiveness.

But gossip is never still in Hollywood. Jean was rumored to be engaged to many men. And, of course, there was Max Baer. At that time the colorful prize fighter was new to Hollywood. Since then we have learned that Max doesn't mean all he says about the ladies. He basks when surrounded by beauties, and all of them, Max fondly believes, cannot help but be in love with him. He overlooked the matter of his own marriage in discussing his *amours*. Maxie was continually in hot water because of his promises, which some

Love Done Her Wrong

girls took seriously, including June Knight, whom he loudly announced he would marry.

A columnist wrote something to the effect that Jean Harlow visited Max Baer's set during the making of the Baer-Carnera picture, remaining several hours. Gossip linked these two front-page personalities at once, and from a few sparks a conflagration started.

The story did not mention the fact that also on the set were fifty studio workers, dozens of visitors, and an audience of hundreds of extras and players.

But on the side of gossipers, coincidence played a trump card. Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson suddenly eloped and were married in Yuma.

At once it was rumored that Jean had married Hal to escape an alienation of affections suit.

You can get any one in Hollywood to believe gossip about stars, no matter how ridiculous it would be to say that some particular woman had alienated the affections of the all-affectionate Max Baer.

Jean was too sensible to pay attention to this sort of gossip. She and Hal were determined to make a go of their marriage and find happiness in their mutual interests.

But she knew, as did Hal soon after their marriage, that working together and living together was not the same thing. As friends, they had got along splendidly.

Jean has often said: "A sense of gratitude is the most important element in living. Certainly it is in love. It's not the sort of gratitude that says 'Thanks for the flowers and the candy.' It is a deeper gratitude for what people do for you. If husband and wife are not grateful for what the other is doing, they can't succeed in marriage."

I think that largely explains her marriage to Hal Rosson. She is so keenly appreciative that she wanted to respond by giving him the happi-

ness he desired. So they flew to Yuma and were married at dawn on September 18, 1933.

But much as Jean wanted lasting marriage, she knew they had both made a mistake. Her sense of honor—which is unswerving—forced her to the duty of being honest with Hal. They talked it over many times. There was no solution except separation. That they both hated, for marriage had not killed their friendship.

There was the outside world which must be considered, for both worked in pictures, and pictures turn the spotlight on your every move. Close friends of both urged waiting. They tried to wait.

"But it wasn't honest," Jean explained. "It wasn't courageous, either—you're a coward if you haven't the courage to rectify a mistake, in spite of what it costs."

And so they parted. The third man had failed her.

It wasn't Hal's fault, any more than it was Paul Bern's fault, that they failed. The inscrutable weavers of the bright skeins of life tried to fit their threads into the pattern of Jean's career—then pulled them out.

"I don't want people to blame Hal," she said. "They so often try to make villains out of men who cannot make a go of marriage. We didn't quarrel and throw things. We simply recognized our incompatibility and had the courage to part."

I asked her if she didn't resent questions that intruded on her private life. I knew I would get an honest answer, for her blunt honesty is masculine.

"Well, people have a right to be curious about us. They are our fans, and that gives them unusual privileges.

"I play a rôle on the screen that takes them out of themselves and into glamour and romance and adventure. Through me, they live other lives. I can't believe that the thing stops

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THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

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"Murder on the Blackboard."—RKO. Ingeniously plotted, well acted, and amusingly written, this is a novelty among murder mysteries and is one of the best. It is especially recommended to those who hold that a detective story need not be bizarre to be good. Here all the characters are human beings in ordinary walks of life, their setting a school, and it isn't one of those flossy finishing places, either, but just an ordinary school. A girl music-teacher is murdered by an unknown assailant, her body found in a closet by an elderly colleague, *Hildegarde Withers*, who solved "The Penguin Pool Murder," if you remember. Again Edna May Oliver plays the rôle briskly, nervously, and with consummate skill, all making for a brilliant performance with the light touch accented. She makes the part a sharply etched character study and her tilts with James Gleason, the detective in charge, sparkle with barbed wit. It would not be fair to sketch the plot nor to hint at the outcome. Take my word that it is most unusual and the dénouement is unexpected. Gertrude Michael, Bruce Cabot, Regis Toomey and all the others fit perfectly.

"Born to Be Bad."—United Artists. Miscast as a conscienceless harlot, Loretta Young's niceness is always apparent and her efforts to characterize the rôle are an interesting example of sincere effort. But she never should have departed from her true type. And Cary Grant, borrowed with a flourish from Paramount, should have refused to budge from his own studio for a colorless assignment in this wretched picture. Between them they try to drum up interest in a tale of mother love which might just as well have been left untold. Miss Young, an unmarried parent at fifteen, brings up her son to be dishonest. He goes her one better and becomes a repellent little rat. They "frame" Mr. Grant as a result of an accident to the boy, but the deception is shown up in court. Even so, Mr. Grant takes the child into his home, the boy steals, his mother tries to kidnap him and, failing, attempts to compromise and blackmail Mr. Grant. He proclaims his faith in her at the end, thus setting a new high in nitwit heroes. The picture teaches nothing except that it is bad policy to flaunt immorality on the screen at this time.

"Let's Talk It Over."—Universal. Strictly program fare, neither good nor bad and steadfastly maintaining an even level of commonplaceness. The romance of a society girl and a sailor brings Mae Clarke and Chester Morris together, she to take him up as the result of a wager and he to wisecrack until he discovers that he is the butt of a joke. It isn't a shock to discover that meanwhile they have fallen in love without knowing it. This enables Miss Clarke to prolong the film by engaging herself to another, and Mr. Morris to denounce her and her "pack" of society idlers. An automobile accident badly injures Mr.

Morris and brings both to their senses, Miss Clarke's discovery of her name tattooed on Mr. Morris's arm doing its share to reveal true love to her.

"Fog Over Frisco."—Warners. Bette Davis plays a wayward society girl with a preference for the underworld and its denizens. Treated as a pathological case, the character might have been interesting; but as merely the motivation of a melodrama it doesn't mean a thing. Anyhow, Miss Davis goes a little too far in her consortings with shady companions and is murdered. Whereupon her half-sister, who has done nothing to restrain her in her downward course, becomes very energetic. With the help of a young reporter, the crime is uncovered and the guilty are brought to justice. The proceedings are rapidly paced and Margaret Lindsay, Donald Woods, Hugh Herbert, and all the others give adequate performances, but their combined efforts really don't matter and the picture is difficult to remember.

"Are We Civilized?"—Raspin. This plea for world peace misses fire by a wide margin. In the first place, it is too violently propagandist to appeal as entertainment and it is too crudely dialogued and acted to qualify with those who seek diversion. More tactfully produced, it might, however, have been a notable venture for the subject is timely and the opportunity for intelligent preaching is there. But it is overdrawn, overblown and, at times, is pretty near burlesque, particularly when William Farnum goes a-ranting. As a pacifist subjected to indignity and persecution, he tries to show his enemies the error of their ways by means of clips from old films picturing intolerance since the beginning of time. Anita Louise, Leroy Mason.

"Here Comes the Groom."—Paramount. A silly comedy that is only occasionally funny is the handicap imposed on Jack Haley and Mary Boland, who certainly deserve a better fate than a weak vehicle. Both do well with their extremely limited opportunities, Miss Boland in particular managing to be positively brilliant about nothing at all. Mr. Haley, less accustomed to screen technique, has fewer moments. The best comes when, forced to masquerade as a crooner, he pretends to accompany himself on a "dead" piano while his lips follow a real singer on the radio. This is high-class fooling and the comedian shines brightly while it lasts. However, the story is far-fetched and unreal and the direction is heavily conventional. An heiress jilted by the man she is supposed to have married, seizes upon a crook and compels him to take the place of the absentee who is, of all things, a celebrity known as "the masked tenor." Patricia Ellis, Neil Hamilton, Isabel Jewell, and Lawrence Gray are numbered among those to whom the film will mean nothing.

"The World Moves On."—Fox. Overly ambitious, this falls short of realizing the hopes held out for it and

is confused and dull. This is not to be wondered at, however, when the spectator recognizes a heavy attempt to combine "Cavalcade," "Berkeley Square," and "The House of Rothschild" with a great many other ideas. The result is overpowering, and instead of yielding dramatic riches it is pointless. The story, beginning in 1825, deals with the *Gerards* of New Orleans, whose success as cotton growers causes them to establish their business in various parts of Europe. Their descendants meet in 1914 for a wedding and a reunion, the World War further enriches them and, finally, the panic of 1929 wipes out their fortune and the young married couple who are the principal characters cheerfully decide to begin all over again in New Orleans. A dozen or more topics are discussed in the course of the picture, including a plea for peace, a defense of pacifism, the sanctity of family ties and so on, but no conclusion about anything is reached. Franchot Tone and Madeleine Carroll progress through a hundred and four years without growing old. Separated in the first episode because Miss Carroll is engaged to another man, they meet eighty-nine years afterward as other characters and know that they have always loved each other. Miss Carroll is exquisitely beautiful, but little else, and Mr. Tone is said by his admirers to have done better work. Actually, Stepin Fetchit is the most emphatic member of the cast, which includes Mussolini and Hitler from the news reels.

"The Great Flirtation."—Paramount. Diverting, if unimportant, this is in the mood of "Twentieth Century" and shows up stage folk acting like mad in so-called private life. It is neither so funny nor so bitter as the other piece, but it will do. One of its positive merits is Elissa Landi and Adolphe Menjou in leading rôles. He is a great actor in Budapest, she an untalented one with delusions of grandeur. A defect of the picture is that we have no proof that Mr. Menjou is supreme on the stage and that Miss Landi is a dud. Anyhow, after much bickering and deception they marry and come to America where Mr. Menjou finds himself unknown and Miss Landi ironically is hailed as a great artist, with Mr. Menjou magnanimously supporting her in a minor rôle. Their relationship a secret, a young playwright falls in love with Miss Landi who puts her husband through the tortures of jealousy. You will not be surprised that everything is harmoniously arranged in the end. The trouble with the entire structure is that it is rather haphazard and lacking in the sting which it might have had if sentimentality and self-sacrifice had not been injected for sympathy. At any rate, Miss Landi is perfect as the mutable, capricious heroine and Mr. Menjou is in his element as the defeated husband. David Manners, Lynne Overman, Raymond Walburn, and Adrian Rosley are of great help, the last three because of the definite characters they play and Mr. Manners because of his popularity as a leading man.

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there. That curiosity is a genuine interest in what I represent to them, the person they call Jean Harlow."

About her first marriage, she has this to say:

"I can look back at my first marriage and realize now that I would have done differently if I had known what the average girl knows about life and love. We were both too young for its responsibilities. No girl is ready to make a lasting choice of a mate at sixteen; both change too much.

"Friendship, tried and tested, should precede marriage, and even then you may both make a mistake. Paul was an ideal friend. To me his devotion and love were holy and inspiring, lifting me up and giving me a glimpse of what two persons can mean to each other.

"It may seem incredible to those who think of me as being like the shadow they see on the screen, but I was too unsophisticated to suspect for one moment that there might be a reason why we should not marry. And even when I learned that Paul could never be my husband in every sense of the word, I tried so desperately to convey to him that it didn't matter, that we would go on loving each other just the same. But that sensitive soul of his, that gave him an almost divine sympathy toward others, preyed upon him.

"With Hal, it was the harbor and refuge of his big heart that offered me sanctuary as friend to friend. That it was not the love we both sought is no fault of ours. We tried."

And one knows that Jean does try. She goes at nothing halfway. They are still friends.

"After looking back at men and marriage, would you try it again?" I asked her.

"I still believe in marriage." She did not hesitate. "My ideas about marriage are rather definite now. But I realize, too, that a woman prominent in pictures has a difficult problem on her hands when it comes to marriage.

"It would be too much to ask me to give up my work, and if I had to choose between work and marriage, I don't believe that I would choose marriage. What you have worked terribly hard for you cherish. I have worked hard to succeed in pictures, and I treasure what I have won by my own efforts. Ask a writer to give up writing, a doctor to give up medicine, a flyer to give up flying, and they cannot, any more than an actress can give up acting.

"I have learned this about marriage. I appreciate what the average husband is up against. Women should be grateful for what their husbands do for them by working to support a family.

"The wife who whines about her lot leaves me cold. Let her try to support a family if she wants to know what a tough job her man has. Men deserve all the appreciation and kindnesses their wives can show them."

If you wonder at this, think back upon the picture that brought her into prominence. It was a man's picture called "Hell's Angels." It concerned men at the business of fighting and dying, in a hell of blood and mud. The incidental interest was a vivid blond girl. Yet all the men in the picture are forgotten. Jean Harlow emerged into stardom.

Those qualities of hers attract the admiration of men. Girls may adore her, but men will worship her for those traits. All see in her the comrade, the friend, the understanding pal.

That is why, although three men failed her, Jean Harlow forgave them. She would never go back on one who has been her friend.

Does that sound like disillusionment? Hardly!

For Jean Harlow looks back upon the men in her life with the tolerance and understanding of a man. She, too, has gone out to earn a living; she has fought hard for her ideals and her ambitions.

Men regard her as an equal. They see in her a comrade as well as an alluring woman.

Blond Courage

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leading woman, appearing in "The Curtain Rises." She attracted no small attention in a part that permitted her to show to unusual advantage. Following the completion of this engagement, she entrained for Hollywood to spend the Christmas holidays with her parents. Therein lies the tale of her return to the screen.

Columbia finally invited her to play opposite Jack Holt in "Whirlpool" when that picture went into production, and so effective was her portrayal in this film that it stands easily as one of the season's best performances.

Her entire personality has changed, and from a somewhat immature actress of nice but no startling ability she has blossomed into a distinctive artist, and only the future can tell how high she will soar. Certain it is that she stands as one of our most talented younger players.

Jean Arthur has returned to the screen, but in no sense of the word can it be said she is staging a comeback. She departed of her own free will, a desire burning in her heart to accomplish much more than the screen, at that time, had to grant her. Essentially, she is a hard worker, and inactivity palled on her. She

still prefers hard work to a leisurely existence, and although she never makes plans for the future, Jean intends to make every moment count.

Had she not been dissatisfied with her lot three years ago, it is problematical what her status on the screen would be to-day. However that may be, Jean has returned a finished actress, and the girl that once you liked now receives, from her work in "Whirlpool" alone, approval that any far more experienced actress might spend years in building up. Jean Arthur gambled with the future—and won.

METAMORPHOSIS

Truth should never be forbidden
And it must stand clearly true
That her talent long was hidden
By a beauty strangely new.

How that time has drawn the curtain,
We behold a charming star,
No less lovely, much more certain
To be heralded afar.

To be hailed and to be lauded,
To bring many millions joy,
To be rightfully applauded
As the brilliant Myrna Loy.

BROCK MILTON.

But the press agent's job is more than merely thinking up cock-eyed stunts to set the world agape. They create personalities for their stars.

Take Katharine Hepburn, for instance. Her publicity men put their heads together and decided that Garbo, the mysterious, was getting a lot of attention by being hard to reach—inaccessible for interviews. If it worked for Garbo, they reasoned, it ought to work for Hepburn. But American newspapermen will take more from a foreigner than they will from a native. Where Garbo was thought mysterious and glamorous, Hepburn was considered high-hat and upstage. Printed reports about her became less pleasant, and her popularity is not what it was.

Recall the recent marriage of Joel McCrea and Frances Dee? All the papers carried pictures of the couple at the marriage license window at City Hall, with the handsome bridegroom-to-be receiving the precious paper from the clerk while his lovely fiancée clung to his arm. How do you think the newspaper reporters and photographers happened to be there? You guessed it. The omnipresent press agent!

Why the Press Agent?

The press agents continually suggest stunts to theater owners. United Artists, when "Flying Devils" was being introduced, provided some large red parachutes with the picture's name on them to be hung in front of the theaters to attract attention. So that there should be no accidents, the accompanying instruction sheet said, "These parachutes are for display purposes only. They are not strong enough to support a man's weight, so don't let your press agent jump off the roof with one." The press agent of one of the theaters took that as a suggestion. He called out the fire department, had them spread a life net in front of his theater, and dived off the roof with the parachute. Fortunately he wasn't killed.

For "Viva Villa!" the press agents dug up a charming young lady who is reputed to be, and probably is, a daughter of the great Pancho himself, by his fourth wife. She makes personal appearances with the picture and undergoes many interviews at the hands of the press.

One of the most colossal stunts ever used to publicize a picture was perfectly legitimate. The picture

was "The Search for Beauty" and the promotion idea was the holding of beauty contests for men and women in every English-speaking country—Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Australia, et cetera—the winners being brought to Hollywood and put into the film. Similarly, beauty contests were run on dozens of excursion boats to pick girls for minor parts in "Eight Girls in a Boat."

Celebrities of all sorts have their press agents. Pick up your daily paper. Analyze the news stories. You'll recognize the deft hand of the press agent in one or more nearly every day. Many of the clever remarks credited to various celebrities were evolved only after long and patient thought on the part of some brain-racked publicity purveyor.

The next time you see a picture like "Blond Bombshell," "Hard to Handle," or "Half-naked Truth," don't think that the press agent stunts are overdrawn. If the real brainstorms of the column-catchers were ever filmed, you'd reject them as too outlandish and fantastic.

You're right when you say "Truth is stranger than fiction."

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Every Day Is Mother's Day

One of the big reasons why a boy of Jimmy's type usually gets married is to have a woman make a home for him. And since his mother has made a comfortable home for him, a home that revolves around his slightest whim, he has been saved from marrying, though he has often been in love.

When Jimmy comes home his mother doesn't rush at him and ask for a detailed account of everything that happened at the studio. First she makes him comfortable. Then she waits until he has relaxed and wants to talk.

Often when she knows that Jimmy is depressed, she uses the age-old method of getting to his heart through his stomach. Mother Dunn goes into the kitchen and bakes chocolate cake and cooks rice in a special way of her own and serves them to her son. This usually brings back his good humor and before the evening is done Jimmy and his mother are in high spirits.

If Jimmy doesn't have a date or care to see any of his friends, he knows that his mother is waiting at home to play backgammon with him or any other game he may suggest. Or they just sit without talking and listen to the radio.

Mrs. Dunn has never said a word to Jimmy about the way he spends his money, though she looks after the business end of his affairs. Even when he bought a diamond ring for a girl when he couldn't afford it his mother said nothing, though she must have thought it wasteful. She is ready at any time to pack up and go to the ends of the earth with him if he should wish it. What wife would be as considerate? Or reckless of her own wishes?

The influence of Lee Tracy's mother is just as potent as that of Mrs. Dunn over her son, but Mrs. Tracy uses the medium of letters to contact her boy. She doesn't live with him, but she knows what he is doing most of the time and how he feels about his work and everything that affects his life.

"My mother," says Tracy, "writes the most marvelous letters of any one in the world. They ought to be in a book. They're witty, intelligent and spicy. I get a great kick out of them. When I was having trouble in Hollywood, she wrote me some remarkable letters. Not giving me any advice, mind you, but letting me know what she was reading in the newspapers. Naturally when I an-

swered I told her what was true and what was false and in that way she got out of me every bit of the story."

It was a shrewd case of putting her boy on the defensive so he would write her a detailed and true account. In that way she was able to think about the matter from a clear point of view and write a clear answer to her son. It was what she told him in her letters that influenced him in his attitude toward the studio. It was what his mother said in her letters that caused Tracy to change from a rebel to a good boy.

When Tracy, a long time ago, wanted to fly from New York to Hollywood, his mother packed up her clothes and was ready to go the minute he was. She had a grand time on the trip which, under the circumstances, a wife might have hesitated to make because it was rushed.

Can it be that the mothers, by placing the wishes of their sons first and making themselves subject to their desires, are spoiling them for the women who will eventually become their wives? Perhaps.

But I rather think that subtly they are bringing out the best that is in their sons and making them more worthy of the girls they will marry.

They Say In New York—

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the King Edward Hospital Fund. Constance was sentenced to speak with an Oxford accent for three years, and Tallulah was ordered to go back two centuries and be deprived of her sex appeal.

Also in London, Betty Compton, wife of Jimmy Walker, New York's ex-mayor, is making a picture for Warner Brothers called "The Richest Girl in the World." Picture circles are interested in it because it is the first directorial effort of Harold Young, formerly of Hollywood. Harold was listed as "editorial supervisor" of the successful "Private Life of Henry VIII," but studio workers credited him, rather than Alexander Korda, the director, with its succinct style and pace.



This is how Virginia Bruce looked when she reported to M.-G.-M.'s casting director ready for work. Lovely!

If You Wait Long Enough.—Some of the more glaring mistakes of picture producers are rectified eventually. Years ago the author of "Java Head," and practically every one else, agreed that Anna May Wong was the only person in public life suited to the title rôle. But Paramount fixed up Leatrice Joy with a flossy make-up and let her play the exquisite Oriental. Now it has been remade in London with Anna May Wong in the part.

Challenge to Margaret.—Because Margaret Sullavan will only make pictures once in a while, Universal has given a contract to Jane Wyatt who once succeeded Margaret in a stage rôle.

They are beating the drums and shouting, "Look, look!" in the best manner of a ballyhoo artist. They hope to build up Miss Wyatt, who is much more tractable about working for them the major part of the year, as a contender for the dramatic honors that Margaret holds securely in her little freckled hands.

Margaret, quite unconcerned, is lingering in the East since her return

from a vacation in Europe. She will play "Coquette" at the White Plains Repertory Theater, partly because she would rather be on the stage than anywhere else, and partly out of gratitude because the manager gave her a leading rôle before she was well known.

Baer Playing Possum.—Max Baer says he will not make movies, but no one takes him seriously. He can have just about what he wants from movie moguls now, and that is his way of intimating that he wants plenty. He says that he intends to steer clear of romantic attachments, too. Which makes it practically obligatory for Jean Harlow or one of the other allure girls to dash East and show up in a night club draped on his arm.

Where Was Harlow?—Ambitious newspapermen offered a king's—or a queen's—ransom to ushers at the Carnera-Baer fight if they could spot Jean Harlow in the crowd. They craved flaming headlines such as they enjoyed last year when Max Baer and June Knight posed for coy pictures together after his big bout with Schmeling. But if Miss Harlow was present, she was well disguised. A girl wearing a drooping hat and dark glasses was long under suspicion, but she proved to be Doris Duke, the richest girl in the world. Alice Faye was there with Rudy Vallée, but he was not the star on this occasion and I doubt if any one bothered to ask him if this was really romance.

Strictly Incognito.—As long as producers just won't give Mary Brian a chance to dance on the screen, after all those lessons, too, she has walked out on them to go on the stage. She will play in a musical comedy with Joe Penner. Meanwhile, just to see if she will have to rely on fans, or if she can depend on getting over on merit, she has gone traveling with a vaudeville trio and every once in a while she steals out on the stage and does a number with them. She pulled this trick in Boston first and got a big hand. Did four shows before some one told the newspapers who she was.

Just as a Reminder.—Summer theaters in the East that try out plays for fall production on Broadway appeal strongly to Hollywood actors who are discontented with their rôles, and even more to those who have been neglected and who want to remind producers that they are still in the running. Betty Bronson is doing plays in a little theater in Milton, New York, as is Beverly Bayne. She is also jumping up to Cape Cod to appear in the theater run by Otis Chatfield-Taylor, socialite. Billie

Burke and Pauline Frederick are both returning to the stage, and Mae Murray is essaying her first dramatic rôle.

New York Studio Active Again.—Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the two brilliant writers whose back talk bothers Hollywood producers no end, are producing a picture in the old Paramount studio on Long Island. They are giving it the benefit of "their superbly indifferent supervision."

As a scornful gesture toward the star system, they have cast in the leading rôles, Margot, previously known as a ballroom dancer, and Whitney Bourne, a New York society girl whose preference in cigarettes is widely advertised in magazines. MacArthur and Hecht offer suggestions now and then from a recumbent position on the floor where they appear to be playing something intellectual like ticktacktoe. Claude Rains, a really distinguished actor, coaches the girls. Every one acts as if making a picture were great fun and ultimate success hardly worth worrying about. And onlookers predict a knock-out.



Of course you remember Cora Sue Collins as Queen Christina when a child. Here is little Susie between pictures.

This Year's Favorites.—Every year about this time the clothing manufacturers get busy on their winter models and quantity producers hope for a skyrocket movie success to hang the new modes on. Last year Mae West was the inspiration of the styles, the previous year Joan Crawford, before that Greta Garbo. Hepburn had her moments last year and Dietrich was the vogue for a while.

So, a canvass was taken to see who the new favorites are this year. The answer was Gracie Allen and Shirley Temple. So can you imagine what we shall look like in a few months?



WHAT a little gypsy is Jean Parker! And who wouldn't become a nomad to follow her wherever she goes? She is part of the colorful procession you will see in "Caravan," a romantic picture with music which glorifies the high-born as well as the low in Hungary, with Loretta Young, Charles Boyer, and Phillips Holmes following the gypsy trail to the rainbow land of happiness and love.

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greatly, but it is a perpetual menace. I can never neglect giving attention to when, how, and what I eat.

"Few people know what I went through that time I quit 'The Way to Love.' I know the studio had no understanding of it at the time, though they have since realized it. The pain connected with the stones in my salivary glands was terrible enough, and my face would puff up to almost twice its normal size while I was eating, but that wasn't all.

"There was also the mental agony connected with the thought that my career might forever be slipping from me. Ordinarily the operation for such trouble as I had is performed by cutting from the outside of the throat. It would have left a ghastly scar. It would have meant the end of everything in pictures. Of course, they would say that the scar could be covered with make-up and all that, but in their hearts I am sure they didn't believe it.

"Then the operation and the after effects! It was a nightmare. Cutting into the gland from the inside of my mouth, the pain of the wound, and the serum which they put into the gland! I will always look back on that as excruciating torture, and one I hope I never have to endure again.

"Then there is my battle against shyness. I presume I will always have to endure that. It just is in my nature to dread people, and I fear it makes me do things I shouldn't do to them, but I'll have to make the best of that." Here Sylvia Sidney will continue to remain unorthodox—in that, and in her attitude toward Hollywood. But she is remaining true to herself.

There is another battle that Sylvia

Sidney has had, but it is not one that she will discuss. This concerns her purported romance with B. P. Schulberg. Hollywood assumed a disapproving attitude toward this at one time, principally because the producer was married to a woman who is a great favorite in the colony. Hollywood was inclined to blame Sylvia for their break-up, but time has mellowed that attitude.

The impression exists that Mr. Schulberg and Miss Sidney will some day marry; he produces practically all her pictures. However, she has one answer to any inquiry regarding any forthcoming wedding, "I simply don't know."

It's frightful to be nonconformist in Hollywood, but if you avoid being ostentatious about it there are compensations. Miss Sidney has never made a parade of her defiance of any rules and conventions of the movie world. She has been mysterious and reticent. Always she has seemed to be a personality hiding from the limelight, devoted preëminently to her career and her acting. With the exception of the one very well-justified kicking over the traces, she has been obedient to her obligations.

A few years ago she had the chance to play in "Mourning Becomes Electra" in New York. It was Eugene O'Neill's great trilogy, which would add immeasurably to the fame of any actress. George Jean Nathan had suggested her for the rôle which Alice Brady later played. Mr. O'Neill approved the selection.

All enthusiasm, Sylvia called up Mr. Schulberg on the long-distance telephone to tell him of the opportunity. She thought he would be enthusiastic over the idea of such an engagement. However, he saw things

differently. She was just beginning to achieve success in pictures; it was well to follow one success with another. The Theater Guild play might be an enjoyable excursion, but it would add nothing to her fame on the screen.

So, perhaps a bit warily, she pocketed her joyous ambition and went back to Hollywood. She might be nonconformist, but she knew the rules, too. As long as she was in the movies, she saw the wisdom of sticking to them and following up success while it was hot.

There is a sad light in the eyes of Sylvia, and almost always welling mists of tears. This has made her appealing to a very large audience. It is a "hurt" quality that shows there. One is hurt; therefore one hurts back.

When the storm broke during her studio rebellion, most people ascribed her action to selfish temperamental motives. The impulsive way in which she left Hollywood was misunderstood; it was felt that she exaggerated her troubles.

The only reason for that impulsive departure was that there was no other course left open to her. She had reached an impasse, due largely to misunderstandings between herself and the executives. Such a malady as she endured is rare and little understood. The torment she had gone through had caused her almost to lose her mind. It was more than impulse; it was a frenzy that had caused her hasty flight to New York. She felt that if she did not get there and receive immediate attention all would be lost.

That one incident is illustrative. There is always danger that Sylvia Sidney will be misunderstood.

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Jeanette Fêtes Ritchie.—Evidence that Jeanette MacDonald is really very fond of Robert Ritchie is discovered in the fact that she had a big party to celebrate his return from Europe. Since the announcement of their engagement two or three years ago they have seldom been separated. Ritchie went abroad to arrange a concert tour for Jeanette, but subsequently the studio made other plans. Bob expected to be joined by the songbird star while he was away, but she couldn't leave to follow him.

Joan Blondell Restless.—Joan Blondell, who has quit the screen for the time being to await the birth of her baby, has a restless urge. First she wanted to go to Tahiti, but found that the sailing schedule wouldn't permit that trip. She then decided

Hollywood High Lights

to visit her sister in Minneapolis, and planned a voyage to Europe.

Joan has never gotten over the itch to travel since she came to Hollywood. All her childhood was spent in trains and on ships bound for foreign ports. It has all cropped up again now that she is looking toward the stork hovering.

Mrs. Pat Volatile.—Mrs. Patrick Campbell is a changeable and very fractious soul. She recently started to name the ten most interesting people in Hollywood, and got the studio publicity department all heated up about it. They saw a chance for a big story in the newspapers. Before they could get her to come down to cases, she changed her mind, and said that the only person who was interesting in movieland was her dog,

Moonbeam, which might sound odd but certainly wasn't substance for banner lines.

Connie Garboesque.—Constance Bennett is now bothered with a Garbo complex. That is, she all but insisted on her set being barred to visitors while she was making "The Green Hat." Probably it was due to her moving over to M.-G.-M. where Garbo also works and where the Swedish star once played in a version of "The Green Hat" called "A Woman of Affairs." Norma Shearer is bitten by the seclusion bug, too.

Has Astarte Captured Diana?—There's a lurking suspicion that Diana Wynyard has a real heart in
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Fling a challenge
to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

SEE TRIAL
OFFER BELOW



4

STARTLING SHADES

TATTOO for Lips and TATTOO ROUGE (for cheeks and lips) come in these really startling shades.

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titan blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective!

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

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Destination—Stardom

Continued from page 27

"In London I stayed at a theatrical home for girls starting out on a career," Pat continued, as each step of her saga led to more glowing things. "You can live at this place on fifteen shillings a week. I hadn't been there long before I had a call. It was for a musical show. From then on it was easy."

I imagine it was for Pat. Any one can see a mile away that she oozes pep and personality. Besides, she is a clever actress, and has played straight rôles as well as musical ones.

She had been but a few weeks in Hollywood when she eloped to Yuma, Arizona, with Charles Boyer. Charlie has been making French versions for Fox for the past two years. Now that he speaks English well he is also making films in English. The first is to be "Caravan," with Jean Parker in the English version, and Conchita Montenegro in the French.

But to return to love and hectic elopements.

I wondered if Pat had any qualms about letting her heart rule her head.

"Why, I never took that into consideration," she said, dispelling such far-fetched conclusions. "I suppose no one in love does at such a time. And Charles is under contract to the same studio. So they'll help me along because they all like him."

"That reminds me—I must go and find him. He's working on one of the stages."

"*Au plaisir*," I murmured, to assist Pat's linguistic efforts, at the same time suggesting I'd see her in the restaurant, where our interview could be continued.

"But in case I don't see you again," Pat put in.

Indeed! I took her outstretched hand like Essex going into banishment. What other player would dare treat me like that? But here was this Paterson minx pushing and shoving me hither and yon all over the Fox lot, with little regard for the diplomacy the majority use.

Nevertheless, I actually found myself walking to the rendezvous, hoping she'd turn up!

That is what Pat is like. She is not artful nor insincere. She has a pleasant straightforwardness, a breezy boyishness, that forces you to like her. Her speech is clear and considered. She does not believe in saying one thing and meaning another. So she says what she knows is sensible.

Through the crowded restaurant I saw her enter with her husband. Still feeling aloof and resentful, I refused to make a move. "Let her come over

for me if she wants me to join them," I grumbled.

Pat caught sight of me. She beckoned. I passed seven tables in two strides and sat down beside her.

Her husband, Charles Boyer, is the typical Frenchman—a dark, quiet fellow, but holding under that tranquil exterior a great force and feeling. That he is *tout hors de lui* over Pat is very obvious.

Charlie was very silent, waiting for his steak, which was taking a longer while to manifest than popularity from a European audience.

"*Etes-vous faim?*" Pat inquired.

"*Avez-vous faim, ma chère, not etes-vous,*" Charlie corrected, leaning toward her as a passion flower drawn by the sunlight. "In French we say 'Have you hunger?'"

Pat repeated it after him. She even added that she had not eaten since the day before. "*Je n'ai pas mangé depuis hier.*" This, at Charlie's instigation.

"I seem to have no time to eat," Pat declared. "I play tennis and swim and take French lessons and read. I do love reading, say what you like! I like Balzac. I am trying to read him in French."

She paused and studied her hands. "I feel quite conscious about my nails to-day. It's the first time I've ever painted them red. Do you like them?"

She held her hands, palms down, on the white cloth. The glowing red nails glittered like rubies dropping out of her finger ends.

"But such things don't really bother me much," Pat went on, after seeing that Charlie had had his steak. "What I want is to make a success over here."

She paused again, glancing up at the painted walls.

"I was told," she said, "that any one who has been a star for seven years gets his picture painted on the wall." We all glanced up at a likeness of Janet Gaynor riding a surf board. I told Pat she'd have her picture there in 1941.

She gave me an incredulous look and returned to her coffee, while Charlie smiled benignly over the last morsel of *filet mignon*.

Parting had to come. Pat insisted that I take a London newspaper; urged me to call her and give my opinion of her second American film; declared the meeting had been a delight, and begged, on behalf of herself and Charlie, to be excused.

Merely to grant excuse? Why, you'd do anything, simply anything, for this sprite!

Hollywood's Lost Legion

Continued from page 15

managers all over the country with whom I talked, there was no lessening of fan interest in her and their assertions were borne out by the crowds which greeted her on her personal-appearance tour. Despite this, films to-day with Susie are few and far between. If you can figure it out, you're a better man than I am.

Remember when Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall were costarred? They decided after a while they would be better off apart. Jack was released first and then Dorothy.

Jack played a few rôles in quickies and nothing happened. Then he rented his Beverly Hills mansion and went abroad. When he returned nothing went right on happening. Recently he had a bit in DeMille's "Cleopatra." Not even a line to speak! It doesn't seem possible.

And Dorothy! Gosh! The fans I've talked to who have asked what has become of Dorothy Mackaill! She went to Honolulu shortly after her contract was ended, returned, married, and every one in Hollywood thought surely she was just trying to decide which offer to accept. But, no. Apparently there weren't any.

I think Dorothy made one or two quickies and then she was off the screen entirely for almost two years. When she returned it was to support Ed Wynn in the ill-fated "Fire Chief." She has never looked lovelier than she does to-day and there is one member of "The Lost Legion" whose case I cannot fathom.

One might gather from the foregoing that it is only Warners' ex-stars whose steps are dogged by misfortune. Ah, no. It happens on every lot in Hollywood.

William Haines was one of the most popular stars M.-G.-M. ever had. He hasn't worked in a picture since he left there. Oh, yes, I know all those stories about devoting himself to interior decoration, but I would hate to wave a contract in front of Bill if I didn't want him to sign it.

Buster Keaton while he was under contract was, with the exception of Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin, probably the biggest comedian the screen has ever known. But since M.-G.-M. released him he hasn't appeared in a single feature-length film. That was several years ago. Recently he has made a few shorts but only one "in the know" appreciates to what ignominy a player feels he has descended when he returns to two-reelers after being starred in six and eight-reel pictures.

I doubt that any of you have for-

gotten Buddy Rogers. There have been few stars who can boast of a popularity equaling his. It's true his last few pictures for Paramount didn't cause critics to rush to the Thesaurus in quest of new adjectives, but he was still one of the important stars.

It doesn't seem possible that Buddy couldn't have got another job in pictures, but he couldn't. He went out with his orchestra and made a lot of money, but always in the back of his mind was the thought that some day he would return to films. He hasn't.

Consider Norma Talmadge. Norma's dusky beauty is something for which every one who ever saw her will always owe the screen a debt of gratitude. She made two talkies after being a star in silents for years. One was "New York Nights" and the other "Dubarry, Woman of Passion." Then silence.

Her press agent announced many pictures for her, but none of them ever reached the production stage. Her husband was Joseph M. Schenk, head of United Artists and Twentieth Century. Her brother-in-law was Nicholas Schenk of M.-G.-M.

Wouldn't you think with all that influence behind her she would find work? From all I understand, she *wants* to work, or why would she be making personal appearances, than which there is no more grueling grind? But Norma is farther from a camera to-day than she was when she first started her career.

And Mary Nolan. The screen has produced a few beauties whose effulgence equaled Mary's. But when her Universal contract ended, that was the end of Mary. Little or nothing has been heard of her since.

The names on the roster of "The Lost Legion" are countless, endless: Lawrence Gray, Don Alvarado, Rod La Rocque, Raymond Hackett, Jetta Goudal, Gwili André, George Hackathorne, Ethel Clayton, Tom Douglas, Lloyd Hughes, Peggy Shannon, James Hall, Estelle Taylor, Henry Garat, Laura LaPlante, Harry Langdon, David Rollins, Olive Borden, Blanche Sweet, Vilma Banky, Victor Varconi. Every year adds to the list, but never a year takes one off. The lost Legionnaires never return!

Like meteors they flamed brightly across the sky and then eclipsed. There was no gradual diminution of interest in them—it was a sudden blackout. To-day, for the most part, they realize that fame is fleeting, the paths of glory lead but to the grave. And, along toward the end, the trail is bleak and barren.



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That last answer holds the key to the whole matter. "I guess few Hartford people have, when you come right down to it!"

That is the whole trouble. Katharine Hepburn was born in an aristocratic set and has lived in it all her life. She is apart from the average residents, those who have to save their nickels and dimes to see a Hepburn picture, or any other picture. To them her home is "somewhere up on Bloomfield Avenue," which is in that ritzy locality on the outskirts of the city. And the Hepburn summer home is at Saybrook Point, Fenwick, Connecticut, a colony of Hartford's select families.

Thus, at every turn, Katharine Hepburn is taken out of any atmosphere that could be sympathetic to those people who comprise picture audiences. The sentiments appear to be that she didn't need Hartford's enthusiasm and good wishes. She was out of the class of the fan to begin with, and she has become more exclusive with success.

On every hand we hear of "Hepburn of Hartford." It is impossible to pick up a newspaper without finding some reference to "Katharine Hepburn, our native daughter," "Hepburn the dashing Hartford favorite." Our radio stations persist in branding her "Hepburn, our own star," "Katharine Hepburn, our brilliant native daughter." They persist in forcing upon us an ownership which is not ours. The truth is that Hepburn does not belong to Hartford, that Hartford which sees her films. No, she belongs to that Hartford which observes the cocktail hour and reads *The New Yorker*.

Hartford Resents Hepburn

The point I am getting at is that Katharine Hepburn is a product of Hartford, but she is not a possession of it. The truth is that so far as the ordinary fan is concerned, she might just as well have been born in Walla Walla and have her home there.

The fact is that Katharine Hepburn has done nothing to endear herself to Hartford fans. She does not belong to us. Fans who crowd the theaters to see her pictures crowd just as much when Garbo or Norma Shearer or Clark Gable pictures are in town. In fact, "It Happened One Night" was held over in Hartford five weeks. I do not recall a Hepburn picture equaling that.

Frankly, the real Katharine Hepburn is alien to us. We hear of her, but we do not know her. We dare not even hope that some day she will stop dashing hither and yon, to Europe and elsewhere, and make an appearance in a movie theater, to show herself to those Hartford fans who have heard the names Hepburn and Hartford coupled until they are beginning to get more than a little tired of it.

As far as her being shy is concerned, it challenges a fan's comprehension why a person who is shy should choose a profession as public as the stage. An aspirant for stage fame knows, or should know, that an actor or actress belongs to his or her public.

Hartford has heard a lot about Hepburn, but it feels that it knows no more about her now than it ever did, no more about her than it does of stars that belong elsewhere. Hepburn does not stay in Hartford long enough to cast a shadow, and half of

the thrill of having a star in town is that heavenly expectation that one may catch a glimpse of her, may even get her autograph or a few words from her, or see a smile upon that familiar face of which we know every feature as we know our own.

Fans feel they have a right to pour out their adulation on the object of their admiration, and they expect it to be welcome, since they contribute largely to the star's success. When it is not so accepted they resent it, and loss of popularity is the result.

Mrs. Christoph suggests that Katharine tell her fans about her college life, about her travels, her experiences, her superior upbringing and intellectual attainments. But it is my opinion that Hartford has heard altogether too much about these evidences of her advantages over the ordinary girl.

No, Miss Hepburn, what we want to hear about is not about your cultured environment, your exclusiveness, your trips abroad. We want to hear about *you* as a person, as a human being. More than that cannot be said. We would like to know you, the real you, not the "dashing daughter" we read about.

Therefore, to sum up movie-going Hartford's reactions to Katharine Hepburn, the impression is that just as charity begins at home, so personal popularity should begin at home, too.

Few stars have been publicized by their home town as you have, Miss Hepburn, and if you will let your native public really know you, I am certain you will find us nothing to be ashamed of.

Continued from page 31

"I was extremely fortunate in having a home during those first trying years," said Jeanette. "Many ambitious girls are left to beg, borrow or steal when no work is available. I only wish that my father had lived to see that I justified, to some extent, his faith in my ability. Fortunately he did see my first New York success, although it was in a secondary rôle."

Although her viewpoint is liberal and tolerant, I gather that Jeanette's personal code is conservative. The reckless revelations of Mary McCormic, and Gloria Swanson's defense of free love, seemed to strike her as being slightly—unnecessary.

Despite her decorum, however, certain male fans, carried away by Jeanette's luscious pastel beauty, have written some rather alarming letters, the same being promptly hurled into the wastebasket. Stacks of letters

Prim Prima Donna

were piled about her three dressing rooms.

"One girl wrote to me," she told me, "lamenting that she had not been able to get a personal letter from me as her girl friend had done. She enclosed a trivial letter, purported to have been written by me, which I was supposed to have sent to the other girl. I wrote and explained that the letter which had roused her envy was a forgery, and that if the friend would write to me I would send her a genuine letter so that she would not have to resort to deception.

"The girl wrote, apologizing for her conduct, and explained that she had used the letter only to impress her friends. I answered then, hoping that she would see that shabby tricks are not as effective as honest effort."

Quite probably the erring girl never dared show the genuine letter

since the difference in handwriting would have betrayed the original fraud. Thus the punishment fitted the crime!

In "The Love Parade" Jeanette supported Maurice Chevalier. Today, four years later, Maurice, though billed as costar, is supporting Jeanette.

"Maurice is not really a singer," she remarked. "In 'The Merry Widow' he handles the less difficult numbers."

The supposed disharmony between Jeanette and the Frenchman started as a rumor. When it quickly developed into a piece of stimulating publicity the news manufacturers of M.-G.-M. chortled with glee.

"I'm supposed to be continually fighting with some one," lamented Jeanette. "I really don't think I'm hard to get along with. I get furious at myself when I feel that I am

acting badly or when I forget the words of my songs, as I have a weakness for doing, but I don't get angry with people.

"When I worked with Novarro in 'The Cat and the Fiddle' there were stories of trouble between us. They started when some one asked Ramon whom he expected to win a certain boxing match. Ramon said he didn't even know who the contestants were, and added that he was too busy fighting on the set—meaning fighting to make a good picture—to be interested in the bout.

"Not long ago my fiancé, Robert Ritchie, went to Europe scouting for talent. Instantly the story got around that we had quarreled and the engagement was broken. Why, I received the nicest kind of a cablegram from him yesterday."

"When does the wedding occur?" I inquired, looking at the magnificent engagement ring on her small hand. Another rumor has it that she and Ritchie are secretly married.

"Not for some time, I'm afraid. I feel that it would be impossible, in my present position, to be an efficient wife. In a little while I am

going on a concert tour of South America. With both of us traveling so much, marriage would be difficult. Then, too, having worked so long and hard to cultivate my voice I am practical enough to feel that I should attempt to justify my efforts.

"However, all careers end in time, and eventually I will be content to give up my work and turn to domesticity and children. If Bob becomes a producer, as he now expects to, we probably will live in Hollywood. The prospect makes me a little uneasy, for having to stand by watching others carrying on, seeing the race for supremacy going on all about me—well, it may make me wish that I were in the running, too!"

At present Jeanette lives in Beverly Hills with her mother, two dogs and a cat. Her best friends include Lily Pons, of opera fame, and Wally Beery. The only people who do not interest her are those who do no work. Work, she feels, despite her admitted laziness, is the cure for all earthly ills, including disappointment in love. But I doubt if this gracious and gay young artist has ever had to put it to the test!

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 59

terest in England that she isn't telling anybody about. She's over in the homeland again this summer, ostensibly to visit her family, but we suspect a romance. Hollywood sleuths have advised London spies to do some extra watching.

Quaint Mrs. Laughton.—Charles Laughton's wife is just as funny off screen as she is on. As you know, her name is Elsa Lanchester, and she played *Anne of Cleves* in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." She is also to do a part in Norma Shearer's "Marie Antoinette," her first in America. On arrival, Miss Lanchester bewailed the loneliness of Hollywood, but she has begun to accumulate friends, and if she once gets a real chance in pictures she'll put the reigning comédiennes in the shade. She is a feminine Chaplin.

Oakie and Wing.—Jack Oakie has finally settled down to Toby Wing with what amounts to a vengeance. The romance began and quit several times, but on this occasion it appears to be serenely steady. Jack asserts, of course, that he will not marry for a long time. But then when he does talk of marriage he always concedes that it will be with some one in the movies. So maybe Toby is the gal.

Howard's High Phone Bill.—During his stay in Hollywood, Leslie Howard is reputed to have run up phone bills totaling \$8,000 on calls to his boy and girl in England. They talked back and forth every few days, and some of the conversations were very long. Once his little girl said, "Don't go Hollywood, papa, just because we've gone England." The children don't want to come over to America any more, and no wonder, because he has given them everything they could desire at their home in Surrey.

Rogers Versatile.—Will Rogers achieved the record of making an entirely different curtain speech each night he played in "Ah, Wilderness" on the Coast. In other words, he made approximately one hundred different speeches. One night toward the end of the engagement he came out and told the audience, "Aw, go on home," and got a terrific laugh. Rogers is to appear in the screen version of the play.

The Tragic Trinity.—The "fatal three" has been chronicled again in the deaths of Lilyan Tashman, Lew Cody, and Dorothy Dell. It's an old legend in Hollywood that deaths always come in trios. The problem is when to begin a count and when to

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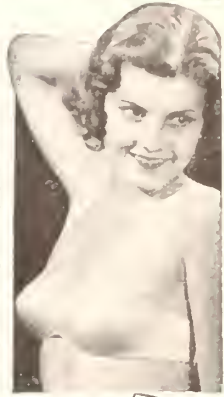
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Hollywood High Lights

end it, but the custom of counting prevails none the less. All three deaths touched Hollywood very deeply—Cody and Tashman, because they were held in such high esteem as friends by many in the movies, and Miss Dell because she seemed to be destined for such big success.

Strangely, not one of the three was laid to rest in the cinema town. Lilyan reposes in Brooklyn, Lew in Lewiston, Maine, and Miss Dell in New Orleans.

It was Lew's half-sister, Cecile Cote, who came West to settle final details of the funeral and disposition of the estate. She was much younger than Lew, and surprised with her attractiveness, which, under other circumstances, might have won her a film contract.

Elissa's First Romance.—The first glimmer of romance since Elissa Landi decided to shake off the shackles of marriage—and they have been shackles for her so far as any freedom in Hollywood is concerned—links her with Phillip Reed.

Announcement of her separation from John Cecil Lawrence, the English barrister to whom she has remained married ever since she came to movieland more than three years ago, was recently made known. We'll wager Elissa becomes the belle of the town before many months are past, because she has had more secret admirers than almost any other attached star in Hollywood, and she has been most circumspect during her married life. Her interest in Abram Chasins the composer-pianist was purely platonic.

Worried Over West.—Whether Mae West will survive the censorship drive against the movies is now the supreme question. Her picture, "I'm No Angel," has been subject to plenty of attacks. "It Ain't No Sin" has had all kinds of trouble, but was finally passed by the Hays office. Everybody has his fingers crossed, though, until it is known how the church people will receive it. A bigger bonfire than is already blazing may be caused when this film is released.

It's funny, but a little over a year ago hardly anybody thought of challenging "She Done Him Wrong," which swept through the country like wildfire. "I'm No Angel" made three times as much money, but caused a bad after-reaction, and curiosity runs high as to what will happen when "It Ain't No Sin" sweeps the country. Mae is very much on the spot.

Romantic Fade-out—or What?
—Will Maurice Chevalier and Kay

Francis meet in Europe this summer? Folk are curious. Kay left four or five weeks before Maurice did—destination, Naples. It is known that Chevalier will visit Cannes for a spell before making a picture in England. Opinion is that the friendship—or was it romance?—between Miss Francis and Chevalier cooled considerably before her rather sudden departure.

Charles Ray Comeback.—After much waiting Charles Ray has got a break. He is in "Ladies Should Listen," and it's his first talkie. Charlie and Clara Ray separated, of course, some time ago, although they have managed to keep it fairly secret. Ray has been living at home with his folks. He has kept pretty well hidden from the public view. But he is emerging now.



No, Myrna Loy isn't saying "and so to bed." She's going to work. Her becoming night cap is to protect her red hair as she goes to the set where they're waiting for her.

Distance's Enchantment.—Devotion between Robert Riskin, scenario writer, and Glenda Farrell is evidently undying, despite the distance that separated them during the early summer. Riskin went to Europe, while Glenda was kept busy in Hollywood. Glenda received innumerable phone calls from Bob, and also a gift that she dotes on, namely, a lovely Persian cat which he purchased abroad.

An Al-and-Ruby Duet.—Al Jolson has always sworn that he and Ruby Keeler would go along independently in their careers, never appearing in the same film. But it looks as if the ice were finally to be broken. The picture that may bring them to-

gether is "Casino de Paree." Al has probably been figuring on a good build-up for the event. He's that kind of showman.

A Most Solitary Lady.—Katharine Hepburn is keeping up her policy of seclusion. She even slipped into town to prepare for "The Little Minister" without anybody knowing. It was discovered several days after her actual arrival. By devious routes comes the information that she will emerge from hiding if her next picture is a success. No sooner. And she won't be marrying Leland Hayward, because Mrs. Hayward isn't giving him that anticipated decree in Mexico.

The Winter's Frost.—It's rather sad to observe signs of a long-enduring romance chilling. That's what is felt to have happened in the instance of Lee Tracy and Isabel Jewell. They've been devoted for several years, and were once or twice reported married. Lately Isabel has been seen with a Boston socialite.

Reg Denny Shifts Over.—Reginald Denny is one of the first of the Englishmen in the colony to take out citizenship papers. He has been in America twenty years, and therefore has had no quota bothers or anything like that. Actors who have come over more recently have to figure on gravitating between the two countries every once in a while. Denny has visited England from time to time, but not on that account. Britons, it might be observed, very rarely change their nationality by the adoption process.

Password Needed.—Guests who go visiting to the home of Dolores del Rio have a weird experience. It's almost like a mystery thriller, especially at night. On reaching the house, which was built very modernly by Cedric Gibbons, they are faced first with a steel gate that cryptically opens when they apply pressure to a bell—provided they are expected. Then, when they arrive on the front doorstep, a very small aperture in another huge vaultlike steel portal opens, and an eye stares at them. Meanwhile dogs bark fiercely, as if they were about to tear some one to pieces. Eventually, if the guests are properly invited, they get in.

All the precautions are not so much on account of Dolores being besieged by people who want to see her for one reason or another, but because Gibbons is much troubled in that way. As art director of M.-G.-M., he engages many people, and so in many instances they pursue him even to his home.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

LOUISE CIAVOLELLA.—Ginger Rogers in "Change of Heart" and "Upper World." She has reddish-brown hair and blue eyes; five feet five, weighs 112.

RUTH.—Raymond Hatton in Columbia's "The Defense Rests," and Monte Blue in Paramount's "The Last Round-up."

ISABEL W.—We published an interview with Paul Kelly last March. He was born in Brooklyn, New York, August 9, 1899; dark-brown hair, gray eyes. With Ann Southern in "Blind Date."

FRANCES CLAY.—The idea of casting Jan Kiepura opposite Marian Nixon in the London-made production of "A Song For You" did not materialize, and Universal has made no further announcement of plans for him, if any.

HAROLD.—Some players from Georgia are: Lee Tracy, Miriam Hopkins, Monroe Owsley, Melynn Douglas, Sterling Holloway, Ben Lyon, Oliver Hardy, Juliette Compton. The principal players in "The Affairs of Cellini" were Fredric March, Constance Bennett, Frank Morgan, Fay Wray, Louis Calhern.



Joseph Mankiewicz, scenario writer, honeymoons with Elizabeth Young, society girl who has made a success in films.

J. J. D.—Constance Bennett with Herbert Marshall in "The Green Hat." Buster Crabbe in "We're Rich Again." Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell in "Kansas City Princess."

EDNA.—Alice Faye was born May 5, 1912; five feet two, weighs 112, blond hair, blue eyes. Opposite Lew Ayres in "She Learned About Sailors."

GERALD W. BARNETT.—There is no Monarch Studio recorded in the Directory. Big Four Productions are at 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood. In 1922 Universal produced "The Galloping Kid," with Hoot Gibson, Edna Murphy, Lionel Belmore, Leon Barry, Jack Walters, Percy Chalmenger.

ELIZABETH WHEELING.—Nils Asther is divorced from Vivian Duncan. Now in "The Love Captive," with Gloria Stuart. Diana Wynyard in "One More River" and "Let's Try Again."

B. HARDWICK.—Neil Hamilton was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, September 9, 1899; six feet, weighs 155, brown hair and eyes. Opposite Miriam Jordan in "Two Heads on a Pillow."

LORETTA DUNN.—Gene Raymond, Nancy Carroll, and Wera Engels are making "Transatlantic Showboat." Ann Harding with John Boles in "Vergie Winters." Ivan Lebedeff is in New York seeking a stage rôle. You will see him in "Kansas City Princess."

W. S.—April Picture Play contained an interview with Heather Angel. Born Oxford, England, February 9, 1909; five feet two, weighs 105, dark-brown hair and eyes. With Otto Kruger and Nancy Carroll in "Springtime for Henry."

B. A. LEE.—Paul Gregory, of the New York stage, played the lead in "Children of Dreams." His only other picture has been "Wine, Women and Song."

WORLD'S FAIR, 1934.—In the comedy "Ten Baby Fingers," with Charles Murray and George Sidney, Dorothy Granger played the baby's mother.

LILLIAN.—Sidney Fox was married to Charles Behan, December 14, 1932, divorced April 19, 1934. In "Down to Their Last Yacht" with Sidney Blackmer.

EDITH CLAIR.—Zita Johann was born in Tamasvar, Hungary. Her films include "The Struggle," "Tiger Shark," "The Mummy," "Luxury Liner," "The Man Who Dared," "Sin of Nora Moran," "Grand Canary."

S. D. K.—Upon receipt of a stamped envelope I shall be glad to mail you complete casts of the pictures you listed.

JULIA S.—Anna Sten with Gary Cooper in "Barbary Coast." Buster Crabbe is the devoted husband of Adah Virginia Held, and his latest is "We're Rich Again." Buster, now known as Larry, was born in Oakland, California, February 7th; six feet one, weighs 188, brown hair and eyes. Attended the University of Southern California. Helen Twelvetrees with Donald Woods in "She Was a Lady."

W. B. T.—The Hal LeRoy you saw in "Harold Teen" was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, December 10, 1913. His right name is LeRoy Schotte. Elizabeth Bergner in Vienna, Austria, August 22, 1900; light-brown hair, brown eyes. Married to Paul Czinner, who directed her in "Catherine the Great."

A. M.—Margaret Sullivan's latest is "Little Man, What Now?" She was born in Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1909; five feet four, weighs 112, brown hair, blue-gray eyes. Katherine DeMille in Vancouver, B. C., Canada, June 29, 1911; five feet four, weighs 115, dark hair and eyes.

LESLIE AMES.—Claire Trevor was born in New York City, March 8, 1911, golden hair, hazel eyes. April Picture Play contained an interview with her. In "Baby, Take a Bow."

MURIAL LEE.—Some players who celebrate their birthday in September are: Richard Arlen, 1st; John Mack Brown, 1st; Claudette Colbert, 13th; Jackie Cooper, 15th; Ralph Forbes, 30th; Greta Garbo, 18th; Neil Hamilton, 9th; Otto Kruger, 6th; Paul Muni, 22nd; George Raft, 26th; Helen Vinson, 17th.

L. L. D.—Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are scheduled to play together in "Sacred and Profane Love," originally called "Chained." You will see Tarzan's mate, Maureen O'Sullivan, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

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ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur	Tim McCoy
John Mack Brown	Grace Moore
Nancy Carroll	Florence Rice
Walter Connolly	Joseph Schildkraut
Donald Cook	Billie Seward
Richard Cromwell	Ann Sothern
Jack Holt	Raymond Walburn
Edmund Lowe	Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames	Victor Jory
Heather Angel	Howard Lally
Lew Ayres	Frank Melton
Warner Baxter	Jose Mojica
Madge Bellamy	Herbert Mundin
Irene Bentley	Pat Paterson
John Boles	Gene Raymond
Madeleine Carroll	Kane Richmond
Henrietta Crosman	Will Rogers
James Dunn	Raul Roulien
Sally Eilers	Shirley Temple
Alice Faye	Spencer Tracy
Norman Foster	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	Hugh Williams

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Otto Kruger
Elizabeth Allan	Evelyn Laye
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Wallace Beery	Herbert Marshall
Charles Butterworth	Florine McKinney
Mrs. Patrick Campbell	Una Merkel
Mary Carlisle	Robert Montgomery
Maurice Chevalier	Frank Morgan
Mae Clarke	Ramon Novarro
Jackie Cooper	Maureen O'Sullivan
Joan Crawford	Jean Parker
Marion Davies	William Powell
Marie Dressler	Esther Ralston
Jimmy Durante	May Robson
Nelson Eddy	Norma Shearer
Madge Evans	Martha Sleeper
Muriel Evans	Lewis Stone
Preston Foster	Franchot Tone
Betty Furness	Lupe Velez
Clark Gable	Henry Wadsworth
Greta Garbo	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Harlow	Diana Wynyard
Helen Hayes	Robert Young

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Carol Lombard
Adrienne Ames	Ida Lupino
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Joan Marsh
Grace Bradley	Gertrude Michael
George Burns	Jack Oakie
Kitty Carlisle	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	Joe Penner
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Buster Crabbe	Lanny Ross
Bing Crosby	Charles Ruggles
Katherine DeMille	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sidney
Frances Drake	Alison Skipworth
Frances Fuller	Sir Guy Standing
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Jack Haley	Lee Tracy
Miriam Hopkins	Evelyn Venable
Roscoe Karns	Mae West
Charles Laughton	Dorothy Wilson
Baby LeRoy	Henry Wilcoxon
John Davis Lodge	Toby Wing

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire	William Gargan
Nils Asther	Ann Harding
John Beal	Katharine Hepburn
Bill Boyd	Kay Johnson
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Mary Mason
Bill Cagney	Joel McCrea
Chic Chandler	Ginger Rogers
Frances Dee	Helen Vinson
Dolores del Rio	Bert Wheeler
Richard Dix	Gretchen Wilson
Irene Dunne	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Fredric March
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Anna Sten
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes	Bela Lugosi
Russ Brown	Paul Lukas
Russ Columbo	Chester Morris
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Sterling Holloway	Roger Pryor
Henry Hull	Onslow Stevens
Lois January	Gloria Stuart
Buck Jones	Margaret Sullavan
Boris Karloff	Slim Summerville
June Knight	Alice White
Louise Lattimer	Jane Wyatt

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Jean Muir
Colin Clive	Paul Muni
Ricardo Cortez	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Virginia Pine
Claire Dodd	Dick Powell
Ann Dvorak	Phillip Reed
Patricia Ellis	Edward G. Robinson
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Rogers
Kay Francis	Barbara Stanwyck
Allen Jenkins	Lyle Talbot
Al Jolson	Warren William
Ruby Keeler	Donald Woods

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan
Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian,
430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill,
Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Douglass
Montgomery, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton,
351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Alan
Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Avenue, Hollywood.



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one while we are riding along out here."



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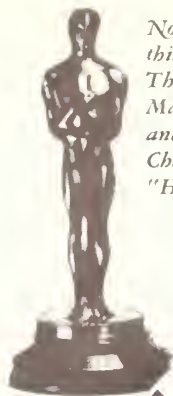
PICTURE PLAY

OCTOBER

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Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

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FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

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★ Karloff

★ Gene Austin

★ Graham McNamee

★ Bela Lugosi

★ Alice White

★ June Knight

★ Victor Moore

★ Andy Devine

★ Hugh O'Connell

★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra

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★ Henry Armetta

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NERVOUS BREAK-DOWNS OF THE STARS

What causes them? Why do players need frequent vacations of from two weeks to three months? Studio stenographers who work fifty weeks a year at high tension do not collapse under the strain. Nor do directors and their assistants. Yet stars frequent hospitals and sanitariums, rest cures and the like when they are not going to Europe.

Why should this be? Are actors and actresses more delicate than ordinary folk? With all their athletics, training and outdoor life? Certainly not! In next month's Picture Play, Helen Pade will answer your questions. She will tell you what causes collapses and breakdowns. You'll be amazed.

DAVID MANNERS RALPH BELLAMY

Admirers of these two favorites constantly clamor for news of their respective activities, glimpses of them as they really are and not as the press agents would have them.

November Picture Play will satisfy this growing demand. Madeline Glass "tells all" about Mr. Manners, and Dena Reed captures Mr. Bellamy in New York for the delectation of his especial legion.

KAY FRANCIS AND HOLLYWOOD

What is her attitude toward the place that has lifted her to wealth and fame? It is unlike that of any other star. She doesn't hate it—she is too intelligent for that—but she says, "With the greatest talent in the world here in our midst, nothing great ever goes out of Hollywood. Can you name one finished artist whom Hollywood has developed and sent to other fields?"

Samuel Richard Mook has written the most astonishing article about Miss Francis ever to be published. It will be in Picture Play for November.

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We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.



THE mortal life of Marie Dressler, most truly beloved of all stars, ended July 28th at Santa Barbara, California. But there was so much that was immortal in her character and life, the most extraordinary of any star, that she cannot be said to have died—not as long as life, and its reflection on the stage and screen, exists. For she enriched all.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Hepburn's Hauteur.

UNBLINDED BY STARDUST. What a splendid interview by Helen Ludlam in July Picture Play, and what a sensible girl is Helen Hayes!



Fans expect stars to surround themselves with glamour and elusiveness, but there is such a thing as being ridiculous, says a fan in criticizing Katharine Hepburn.

charming girls, to say nothing of adorable Douglass Montgomery. *Jo March* could have been done much more sympathetically by Madge Evans.

Miss Ludlam certainly has the correct slant on Hepburn. Her arrogant hauteur is a cheap imitation of Garbo, and her appearance a very good copy of a certain aviatrix.



Stardom has, it seems, affected Miss Hepburn worse than any star who has ever risen suddenly. She insults perfectly intelligent people about so simple a thing as her autograph, and misrepresents her private life to the point of tempting us to call them "idiotic lies."

So, as one has only to look at her to be convinced that

This debate in Picture Play concerning the merits of Katharine Hepburn is very amusing. Can't you just see Kate grin and say to her intimates, "Ah! They're fighting over me as they did over Garbo a few years ago"?

I enjoyed "Christopher Strong" and "Little Women," but as has been said, the latter was contributed to by three other

she is homely, what is left to admire? If, because of her financial independence, she is merely amusing herself, let her go ahead and have a good time, for it won't last long.

Fans expect stars to surround themselves with a certain amount of glamour and elusiveness, but there is such a thing as being ridiculous.

MARJORIE.

21 Margarita Apartments, Chattanooga, Tennessee.

About Those Accents.

IT is sickening to read that some producer has just returned from Europe where he has signed up this Polish actress and that Austrian actor for pictures in Hollywood. The Boulevard is already overcrowded with talent seeking an opportunity. Hollywood is full of established actors and actresses, yet the studios continue

to send scouts to Europe, at great expense, to dig up foreign talent.

Recently, it was my misfortune to visit a theater where, besides the double bill, a picture was being previewed. The stars in all three pictures spoke with an accent—one decidedly Mexican, another a Viennese accent, and the third a definite Swedish accent.

I longed to hear

Frank Albertson is lauded by "Sal From Kansas," who says girls of seventeen like to watch some one they can associate with their dreams.

Will Rogers burst forth with some good old United States accent and left the theater considerably confused trying to figure out what it was all about.

Leslie Howard is one of my favorites, and I have long admired Clive Brook and Ronald Colman. I think Diana Wynyard lovely and I enjoy Garbo's pictures, but

Lynn Short admires Diana Wynyard and other British players, but could do without them all in favor of stars who speak "on the American plan."

T. Marion Edmanson resents the help given Gene Raymond by his mother.



I could do without any of these and be quite contented having my picture entertainment served on the American plan.

LYNN STUART.

Hollywood, California.

A Maiden's Dream.

WHY, oh why, don't we see more of Frank Albertson? In the pictures I did see him I thought he was just wonderful. Who could forget "Just Imagine"? It was different from anything done on the screen before or since.

Frank can act and he is really good-looking. Even if the older men are nice, girls of seventeen like to watch some one they can associate with their dreams. You can't tell me that all young girls prefer old men to young ones.

I hope that we will be seeing Frank in many more pictures.

SAL FROM KANSAS.

Stockton, Kansas.

Misjudged?

LAURA BENHAM is taking a lot for granted when she says Gene Raymond is everybody's favorite in her interview in July Picture Play.

Personally, I'd think more of him as a man if he had got somewhere on his own and told us how he did it, instead of telling us the things his mother did to bring out his brilliance, and what a big success he is as a result. I suppose his mother paid the bills, also.

With some one to pay the bills, almost anybody might do as well and act as well as Mr. Raymond.

T. MARION EDMUNDSON.

Union City, Tennessee.

A Root for Lanny.

I HAVE just seen Lanny Ross in "Melody in Spring" and think he is very good. In my opinion, he excels Dick Powell and Bing Crosby in every way.

From now on I'm one of Lanny Ross's strongest enthusiasts.

VIRGINIA ROOT,
18072 Pennington Drive,
Detroit, Michigan.

Poor Madge!

I WAS very much interested in the letter by Richard English in July Picture Play, and I should like to make a few remarks regarding the Madge Evans controversy.

Mr. English seems to think that because he visited twenty-seven colleges where Miss Evans has been proclaimed the artist supreme that this gives her some consideration to the title of actress. I disagree.

In the first place, I have my doubts whether twenty-seven colleges would be interested enough to vote for a favorite movie actress, and in the second place, I wonder what kind of colleges these might be that proclaim her their "favorite." I am not violently for or against Miss Evans, but if what Mr. English says is true, I think the intelligence of the students and professors at those colleges might bear investigation.

On the stage in New York, Madge Evans showed great promise. She was a more than adequate ingénue, but I never heard any critics place her in a class with Duse, Bernhardt, Nazimova, or Cornell.

When Miss Evans went to Hollywood she brought with her a freshness, sparkle, and lack of artificiality that were a joy to behold. In her first pictures she charmed every one, and most of us agreed that here was some one who had not gone Hollywood. However, since that day she has not advanced one step.

Her voice, which once was a delight to hear, has become flat and toneless. Her vitality seems to have reached a low ebb. In other words, she has lost that certain something which we liked. She would do well to take a vacation from the movies and return to the theater.

Doubtless Miss Evans is charming, witty, and lovable as a person, but that, I fear, has nothing whatever to do with her ability as an actress.

G. C. H.

Weatherly, Pennsylvania.

Likable Russell Hopton.

HIS no great lover, but he has personality. He has a quiet, convincing voice. He has a most infectious grin. In fact, he is altogether interesting. And, fans, he can act. You want to know his name? Russell Hopton, of course.

Remember "Air Mail," "The Little Giant," "One Year Later," "Good Dame"? I guess you do.

Please, producers, give him a real acting break. He has earned it.

TONY.

Lancashire, England.



"Just one part as good as the chance I had in 'Scarface' and I'll show you," says Ann Dvorak, echoing the wish of many who are all for her.

Orchids for Miss Landi.

THIS is my first attempt at writing a letter to a screen magazine, but I feel that I must write some praise in honor of gorgeous Elissa Landi. She won my heart with her rare charm and her golden personality. She displays no sex appeal, still she is far more sparkling with that cool, refreshing beauty of hers than Mae West and Jean Harlow put together.

Many orchids to you, lovely Elissa. You are a dew-kissed rose in the midst of scentless passion flowers. May Hollywood never change you.

MARY BACILLE.

248 Sherman Avenue,
New York City.

All for Hepburn.

I WOULDN'T miss a Hepburn picture for anything. I think Katharine Hepburn is the greatest actress Hollywood has ever had and I know there are many who agree with me.

I go to four or five shows a week and I can honestly say that I enjoy a Hepburn picture more than any other. After seeing "Little Women" and "Spitfire," I can't say enough for her. She is giving us the kind

of pictures we want and have been waiting for. If any one can make a success of "Joan of Arc," Miss Hepburn can and I know she will.

Please, Hollywood, give us Katharine Hepburn as she is and don't change her.

VELMA KOHLER.

716 North Division Street,
Appleton, Wisconsin.

Ruby Has Everything.

MAY I say a few words about Ruby Keeler? I am so sick of the wide-eyed, baby-faced girls who pull their skirts up to their flowered garters. It is a pleasure to see Ruby on the screen. She is both pretty and sweet, but she has plenty of pep. And what a tap dancer!

Here's hoping for you, Ruby.

MARJORIE HIRST.

1918 Pine Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Immortal Helen.

I HAVE just read Helen Ludlam's interview with Helen Hayes in July Picture Play. Miss Ludlam certainly told the truth. I wouldn't care if Helen Hayes were fifty years older. I would always worship and admire her. Not another actress on the screen to-day has her talent, charm, and enchanting voice.

She is sweet, but not that forced sweetness that is sugary. She's real, alive. You seem to know her. I do not see why some people say she is not pretty. I think she's beautiful.

That her days are numbered or that she shall grow old, I say no—a thousand no's. Helen Hayes is immortal, and I am burning with impatience to see her again on the screen. Her performances are unforgettable.

GABRIELLE LEFEURE.

31-84 43rd Street,
Astoria, Long Island, New York.

Adorable Bing.

TO me there is some one on the screen who is really worth raving about. In case you haven't guessed, I'm referring to Bing Crosby, a great actor and a great singer.

When I see Bing on the screen, I feel I'm seeing an actor who is natural and unaffected, one who is truly living the part.

Bing is so darned adorable with that captivating smile and marvelous personality, that I could watch him forever. And what's more, I'm sure he is just the same in private life. There is no one in the world I'd rather meet.

BETTE HURSTON.

234 Central Avenue,
London, Ontario, Canada.

Them's Harsh Words!

KATHARINE HEPBURN a great actress? On the screen, perhaps. What with great rôles being given her, rôles known as actor-proof or fool-proof, capable directors, marvelous supporting casts, good stories, et cetera, she couldn't help but turn in a good performance.

I would like to see what would happen if she were put entirely on her own in a picture without the help of a great director and cast. I imagine she would flop even harder than she did in "The Lake," her stage failure.

No, Hepburn is certainly not a great actress, for she could not pass the acid test of the stage. So with the critics who panned her I must agree—she is a promising actress, a promise that may never be fulfilled.

Another disappointment is Margaret Sullavan. Praised to the skies in her first

Continued on page 10

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle

VIOLET GINSBURG.—Address Anna Sten at United Artists. When requesting a star's photograph, it is customary to inclose twenty-five cents to cover cost. Picture Play for August contained an interview with Miss Sten. "We Live Again," with Fredric March, is her latest. If a large music store in your city hasn't a phonograph record of "That's Love" from "Nana," you aren't likely to obtain it elsewhere.



GWEN.—Gene Raymond's next is "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round," opposite Nancy Carroll. Gene's real name is Raymond Guion, being of French descent. No double is required when his part calls for singing, playing the violin or piano.

ELIZABETH OF NEW ZEALAND.—Elissa Landi's novel, "House for Sale," was published by Chatto of England, and her latest book, "The Ancestor," by Doubleday-Doran of New York. For information about the musical score of "Little Women," address Publicity Department, RKO Pictures, Radio City, New York.



ADRIENNE MACK.—Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland played in "After To-night," originally called "The Woman Spy." "Smart Money" was one of Edward G. Robinson's earlier pictures.

B. S. BROCK.—You will see Barbara Stanwyck in "A Lost Lady," with Phillip Reed. Jackie is the most often used trained lion in pictures.

LOREECE MOORE.—Heather Angel comes from Oxford, England, and Edward G. Robinson from Roumania. Ben Lyon with Claudette Colbert in "For the Love of Mike."



SUNNY.—Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, Illinois, June 17, 1904; a little over six feet, blond hair, blue eyes. With Fay Wray in "Woman in the Dark."

For his photo, write him at 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

JEANNE AND JACK.—The composition "Bolero," from the picture of that name, is by Maurice Ravel. Any large music publishers should have this, or you might try G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street, New York City. I doubt if Paramount has illustrated instructions on how to do the bolero.

MARY G.—Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Virginia, May 31, 1888; six feet, weighs 172, brown hair and eyes. Di-

voiced. With Jean Arthur in "The Defense Rests," and with Fay Wray in "Black Moon."

F. S.—See *Gwen* for information about Gene Raymond. You might write and ask him if he ever intends to come to Washington, D. C. Gene was twenty-six on August 13th.

A COLMAN ADMIRER.—July Picture Play contained a full-page portrait of Ronald Colman and Loretta Young as they appear in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." This film will have been released by the time you read this.



E. C.—Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were married in 1926. Neither had been previously married. They were divorced in May, 1932. Miss Harding is thirty-three and celebrates her birthday August 7th.

HARRY COPPOLA.—In "No Greater Glory" the rôle of *Boka* was played by Jimmy Butler. He also played the part of William Powell as a boy in "Manhattan Melodrama." Jack La Rue was *Carlo* in "Christopher Strong." Paramount produced "Border Legion," and Chadwick Pictures "Devil's Island." When requesting information by mail a stamped envelope should be inclosed.

ELIZABETH GILSTRAP.—Address Ginger Rogers at RKO; Buck Jones at Universal, and Tom Tyler at Freuler Films, Talisman Studio, Hollywood. John Mack Brown with Columbia.

RUTH ELLIS.—Clyde Beatty was born in Bainbridge, Ohio, June 10, 1905; five feet six, weighs 148, dark hair and eyes. His full name is Clyde Raymond Beatty. He has no children. You might address him at Mascot Pictures. In "The Big Cage," Anita Page played the part of *Lillian Langley*; Andy Devine, *Scoops*; Wallace Ford, *Russ Penny*; Vince Barnett, *Soup-meat*; Raymond Hatton, *Tim O'Hara*. Monte Blue will be forty-five January 11th.



NANCY D.—Norma Shearer was born in Montreal, Canada. With Fredric March in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Mr. March hails from Racine, Wisconsin. "The Affairs of Cellini" and "We Live Again" are his latest. Jean Parker is still single. Sorry, but I am unable to tell you anything about Ernestine Anderson.

LUCILLE MAE BARKER.—Frankie Darro is appearing in the Mascot serial "Burn'em-Up Barnes." He comes from Chicago, Illinois, and will be sixteen December 22nd. In the August issue we pub-

lished a small picture of Frankie, which gives an idea of what he is like. Address him at Mascot Pictures, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood.

JIMMY B.—Your namesake, Jimmy Butler, has an important part in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Jackie Searl is in the cast of "She Was a Lady," with Helen Twelvetrees, Donald Woods, Ralph Morgan.



PAT OSSINGER.—Dick Powell has been in pictures since the summer of 1932. Previous to that he played with an orchestra and acted as master of ceremonies. He is costarred with Ruby Keeler in "Flirtation Walk."

JAMES STYLES.—The Vitagraph Company, formed in 1897, was the first to produce pictures. Their old studio on East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, is now the property of Warners. We are unable to supply the first copy of Picture Play. The only issues now available are those for the past few years.

JOHN K.—John Gilbert hasn't appeared in any picture since "Queen Christina," but you will soon see him in "The Captain Hates the Sea." Eddie Cantor's latest is "Kid Millions."



H. W. I.—In January, 1931, we published a picture of Vivienne Segal with Walter Pidgeon as they appeared in "Viennese Nights." Our Subscription Department will send you that copy upon receipt of your order and twenty-five cents. Miss Segal's most recent appearance was in "The Cat and the Fiddle." She was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

ANNA.—Elissa Landi was born in Venice, Italy, December 6, 1906; educated in England. Five feet five, weighs 117; auburn hair, green-blue eyes. With Robert Donat in "Count of Monte Cristo."

T. M.—Ginger Rogers is Fred Astaire's leading lady in "The Gay Divorce." In July, 1933, Mr. Astaire married the former Mrs. Phyllis Baker Livingston Potter. Address him at RKO. Frances Drake is a native New Yorker; five feet two and a half, weighs 110, brown hair, gray eyes.



JOAN.—Margaret Sullavan is now making "The Good Fairy." Miss Sullavan was born in Norfolk, Virginia, May 16, 1909; five feet four, weighs 112, brown hair, blue-gray eyes.

HELEN.—Nils Asther with Rosemary Ames in "Pursued"; Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Chained." Madge Evans was born in New York City, July 1, 1909; five feet four, weighs 116, golden hair, blue eyes. Now playing in "Paris Interlude," with Robert Young, Otto Kruger, Una Merkel.

LOUISE.—Gary Cooper with Carol Lombard in "Now and Forever"; Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres in "Servants' Entrance." James Dunn is a native New Yorker, born November 2, 1905; Cary Grant in Bristol, England, January 18, 1903. Cary's latest is "Ladies Should Listen."

MILDRED.—Shirley Temple was born April 23, 1929, in Santa Monica, California. Playing in "Now and Forever." Cora Sue Collins, in Beckley, West Virginia, April 19, 1928. Latest is "Treasure Island." Jackie Cooper, Los Angeles, California, September 15, 1923. Next will be "Peck's Bad Boy."

FLORENCE RIGGS.—"Melody in Spring" was Lanny Ross's first picture for Paramount. His next will be "College Rhythm." Lanny's full name is Lancelot Patrick Ross, and he is a graduate of Yale and Columbia University Law School.

ELIZABETH H.—Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, July 18, 1894; six feet, weighs 184, dark-brown hair and eyes. Now in "His Greatest Gamble."

BILLIE.—That was Helen Mack as Cary Grant's secretary in "Kiss and Make-up." Helen comes from Rock Island, Illinois, born November 13, 1913; five feet three and a half, weighs 105, dark-brown hair and eyes. With Lee Tracy in "You Belong to Me."

L. G.—Shirley Grey comes from Naugatuck, Connecticut, and celebrates her birthday on April 3rd. She is five feet six, weighs 118; blond hair, blue-gray eyes. Opposite Ralph Bellamy in "By Persons Unknown."

ANN HARDING ADMIRER.—Your favorite now making "The Fountain." She was born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas, August 1901; five feet five; ash-blond hair, blue eyes. Her daughter, Jane, will be five in November.

F. S.—On December 10th, Una Merkel will be twenty-five. Covington, Kentucky, her birthplace. She is five feet five, weighs 110; blond hair, blue eyes. Playing "The Merry Widow," "Murder in the Private Car," and "Paris Interlude."

ELLA SHERIDAN.—Tom Brown and Anita Louise, who are sweethearts off the screen, play together in Will Rogers's "Judge Priest." Franchot Tone opposite an Harlow in "The Girl from Missouri."

MARY F.—John Beal, who forsook the New York stage for Hollywood, is in the cast of "Hat, Coat, and Glove." He was born in Joplin, Missouri, August 13, 1909; five feet ten and a half, weighs 150; brown hair and eyes. Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1930. German-Irish descent.

INTERESTED READER.—Billie Seward played the rôle of Anita in "Twentieth Century." She is with Columbia.

JUSTIN TYME.—In "Here Comes the Room," Patricia Ellis played Patricia Lindolph. Pat was born in New York City, May 20, 1916; is five feet five, weighs 5, blond hair, blue eyes. Her real name Leftwich.

MARYANN.—Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor are again cast opposite each other in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Miss Venable was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1916; five feet six, weighs 120, brown hair, blue eyes. Kent Taylor, near Nashua, Iowa, May 11th; six feet, weighs 165, dark, wavy hair, brown eyes.

GEORGE HOWARTH.—Since her return to the screen, Colleen Moore has played in "The Power and the Glory," "Social Register," "Success at Any Price," to be followed by "The Scarlet Letter." David Manners plays the lead in "Moonstone," with Phyllis Barry opposite.

JOHNNY.—Kitty Carlisle, former stage actress, was *Anne Harcourt* in "Murder at the Vanities." Now in Bing Crosby's "She Loves Me Not."

MILLE DE MARR.—A letter direct to Ralph Bellamy may bring you the desired information. Sorry I can't help you out this time.



Phil Regan, former New York policeman with a voice, will sing for you in "Dames" and "The Student Tour."

SUSIE.—When Frances Fuller completed her first picture, "One Sunday Afternoon," she returned to the New York stage. However, she is in Hollywood again making "Elmer and Elsie," opposite George Bancroft.

STEVE CASSO.—Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy have the leads in "Broadway Bill." Karen Morley with Tom Keene in "Our Daily Bread." Ann Sothorn, Paul Kelly, Neil Hamilton in "Blind Date."

LORETTA.—Chester Morris was born in New York City, February 16, 1902; five feet nine, weighs 148, brown hair, gray eyes. He married Sue Kilborn in November, 1926. Their son, Brooks, was born in 1929, and their daughter, Cynthia, in 1932.

EVELYN TREAT.—A list of Ralph Bellamy fan clubs will be sent to you upon receipt of a stamped envelope.

F. I. L.—Richard Talmadge is currently playing in the Universal serial, "Pirate Treasure." Dick was born in New York City, December 3, 1897; five feet nine, weighs 175, black hair and eyes. Not married. Of course you may write again.

A LOVING FAN.—The answer to *F. I. L.*, directly above, covers your questions about Richard Talmadge.

J. M. L.—The players in the serial "King of the Wild," were Walter Miller, Nora Lane, Tom Santschi, Boris Karloff, Eileen Schofield, Larry Steers, Dorothy Christy, Mischa Auer, Laie McKeen. "Man Without a Face" was released in 1928 as a silent serial.

GEM KAY.—Rosemary Ames played the secretary in "Such Women Are Dangerous," with Warner Baxter. Born in Evanston, Illinois, and celebrates her birthday on December 11th.

M. L. L.—"Midnight Alibi" is Richard Barthelmess's most recent film. He has been on the lookout for material for his next, which he may produce himself.

MINYAE.—Metro-Goldwyn plans to release Greta Garbo's "The Painted Veil" in the fall. For stills of any of their pictures, address Publicity Department of that company, 1540 Broadway, New York City.

FLORA VIEZZOLI.—Preston Foster was born in Ocean City, New Jersey, October 24, 1902; six feet two, weighs 200, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Besides those you listed, Mr. Foster has played in "Follow the Leader," "Two Seconds," "The Last Mile," "Life Begins," "Doctor X," "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "You Said a Mouthful," "The All-American," "Ladies They Talk About," "Elmer the Great," "Corruption," "The Man Who Dared," "Sensation Hunters," "Devil's Mate." Picture Play published a story about him in August, 1933, a copy of which may be had by sending your order and ten cents to our Subscription Department.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.—George Raft, Jack LaRue, and Jimmy Durante are of Italian descent. The three are native New Yorkers, but LaRue's right name is Lo Bue. Russ Columbo was born Ruggiero Eugenio Rudolpho Columbo, in San Francisco, of Italian parents.

S. L. K.—Clark Gable's current picture is "Chained," opposite Joan Crawford. This will be followed by "Mutiny on the Bounty."

NADINE AVIS.—Lilian Harvey will be twenty-eight on January 19th; about five feet two, weighs 94, blond hair, blue eyes.

MARTY I. LOUTHER.—Kay Johnson is free-lancing. Maureen O'Sullivan is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

MAMIE CHIECHI.—Shirley Temple was born in Santa Monica, California, April 23, 1929; has blue eyes and blond curly hair. Address her at Fox Studio. Eric Linden is in "I Give My Love." Ginger Rogers was twenty-three July 16th; five feet five, weighs 112, reddish-blond hair, blue eyes.

WILLIAM SCHIOCARR.—Barry Norton was born in Buenos Aires, Argentina, June 16, 1905; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 168, dark-brown hair and eyes; right name Alfred de Biraben. Lawrence Grant, Bournemouth, England, October 29th; six feet, gray hair, hazel eyes. Stepin Fetchit, Key West, Florida, May 30, 1902; five feet nine, weighs 160; right name Lincoln Theodore Perry. Carmel Myers, San Francisco, California, April 9, 1901; five feet four, weighs 126, brown hair, green eyes. Alice Day, Pueblo, Colorado, November 7, 1905; blond hair, blue eyes; right name Newlin.

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picture, in which she did give a good performance, I'll admit, but the rôle was fool-proof. She is only a fairly good actress, not pretty, and her voice is terrible—nasal, harsh, grating. I certainly will not suffer through another film in which she appears for I intend to keep away from any theater that displays her name—either hers or Hepburn's.

G. M. WHATERS.
Buffalo, New York.

Tom Brown Boosters.

I WOULD like to voice a plea for greater screen opportunities for the fine talents of Tom Brown.

When an actor gathers admirers from the United States, India, New Zealand, Australia, and England, and all these from different walks of life, that is the supreme test!

I correspond regularly with these staunch boosters and again and again comes the question, "Why doesn't Tom Brown appear in films more worthy of his ability?"

Tom is a most sincere and unaffected person and instills this same sincerity and charm into each of his screen portrayals. This is indeed a rare gift and adds the spark of life so necessary for a successful performance.

Producers, do not ignore this talented young actor. Give him rôles that will be complementary to his ability and watch him take his rightful place on the very top of the acting profession!

DONATO R. CEDRONE.
288 Nevada Street,
Newtonville, Massachusetts.

Those Supporting Players.

ONE thing which I have always particularly liked about Picture Play is its willingness to wander off the beaten path, especially in the selection of interviews with players. In many of the magazines the only pictures and interviews we get are of the old established players.

Of course we want some of those stories, but how refreshing your story on Nydia Westman, how welcome the picture of Thelma Todd, the stories on Lionel Atwill and Bela Lugosi. I was also glad to see the picture of Gene Raymond, for I think we do not get nearly enough large portraits of the men stars.

There are many fine supporting players that we are all interested in. Anyway, you are doing the best job of any in this line, so more power to you!

"ELLEMAR."
Escondido, California.

Won't Be Kiddled.

PLEASE quit boring the fans with tales and more tales of Isabel Jewell's loyalty. We believed you the first time, but now it merely begins to look like a swell build-up for her.

Stop trying to pound us into believing that Harlow is one hundred per cent pure. Whether she is or not we don't care. She won her fame by being a "fast and loose" girl and evidently the fans didn't object to her being that way. And give us a break by letting up on the subject that she is so heartbroken over her matrimonial failures!

Don't give us so many stories about Hepburn. We can give all the answers already. No personal objections to her either.

Speak to Crawford just once more about her make-up. I imagine the Africans turn green with envy when they see her mouth. I also sincerely hope that this crack doesn't hurt that sensitive spirit of hers that we have read about until it's rather funny.

What the Fans Think

Stop trying to convince us that Jimmy Durante is a comedian. No doubt I'm a little nutty, but I still think Charles Butterworth is the funniest man on the screen.

Please stop kidding the public about Gloria Swanson. She may be magnetic personally, but the screen certainly does not reflect it.

GLADYS BRIM.
Pauls Valley, Oklahoma.

Praise—For and Against.

I'D like to tell you what I've decided about the movies and check with the rest of your readers.

Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer, and Constance Bennett are three stars who can't act. Crawford and Shearer at least try hard to give the fans their money's worth. Joan has an interesting personality even when she becomes slightly ridiculous. Norma is a very ambitious and hard-working girl. But Bennett never even tries. She gets by on publicity and the family name. All of them are over-ridden with affectations and mannerisms.

The real actresses of the screen are Helen Hayes, Katharine Hepburn, Barbara Stanwyck, and Ann Harding. Ann has an attractive and original personality as well as being a capable actress. Barbara is the most sincere and natural. Helen is



Nelson Eddy manages to be cheerful as well as hopeful as he waits for that promised musical, "Prisoner of Zenda."

one hundred per cent actress, while Katharine is the perfect combination of glamorous personality and acting ability.

Among the men, the greatest actors are Paul Muni, Walter Huston, the Barrymores, George Arliss, Charles Laughton, and Edward G. Robinson.

There are some ingratiating leading men, but among them only Fredric March can really act. Cagney, Lee Tracy, Chevalier, and Mae West are types who play one rôle well and will delight their special fans only for a time.

There are two classes of players I am strong for. These are the character actors and comedians. Names of these grand performers are too numerous to mention, but every fan is grateful to them for making mediocre plays interesting and life worth while.

There are some capable and attractive leading women—Myrna Loy, Miriam Hopkins, Carol Lombard, Claudette Colbert—who may become big stars some day. Then there are Dorothea Wieck, Elizabeth Bergner, Anna Sten, and Francis Lederer, who have unusual and valuable gifts but need more pictures to prove them.

Garbo—a unique personality who is humble and learning more in every rôle. Dietrich—a picture very slightly animated.

A class I have no use for is radio crooners, and that goes for Bing Crosby and Dick Powell.

JEAN RADCLIFFE.
Seattle, Washington.

Madge, Sublime and Divine.

FOR some years I have taken an interest in pictures, and after wading through a lot of mediocre publicity agent the screen, have come to regard Picture Play as the most dependable and therefore the best magazine.

As for recent correspondence relating to Madge Evans, I would add that, in my opinion, she represents the highest pinnacle of achievement in the picture arts and sciences to-day. And that is saying something, because very many are very near the top. Where can you find such naturalness, such sublimity—I might be pardoned if I said "divinity"—as is to be found in this player's achievements?

If producers would give us more players like Madge Evans, the screen would rise to still greater heights!

R. KERR DEWAR, B.Sc., M.D.
Fort William, Ontario, Canada.

Honey, Gold, Emeralds.

KATHARINE HEPBURN is unquestionably the world's greatest, grandest, most interesting, most brilliant young genius on the screen to-day.

She is magnificent in everything she does. It makes no difference what part they cast her in, she seems to have the emotional vitality to adapt herself to any rôle.

"Bill of Divorcement." "Christopher Strong." "Morning Glory." "Little Women." "Spitfire."

Five triumphs each one featuring a very different character, but our beloved Katharine was magnificent in all of them. Five triumphs, each one a complete and truly brilliant and inspiring masterpiece in itself.

Not since the great days of Bernhardt, Duse, and Ellen Terry, has there been another genius quite so wonderful.

Her voice is honey and gold. It's a pleasure to listen to her. Her beautiful, expressive eyes are like two sparkling emeralds. Her glorious hair is like a brilliant halo of summer glory. She possesses a rare beauty all her own.

In answer to Picture Play's current question, "What's Ahead for Hepburn?" please permit me to say this: Greater glory, new dramatic heights, greater and grander success, greater achievements, world adoration. Just wait and see.

SALLY REICH.
175 Prairie Avenue,
Providence, Rhode Island.

Versatile Gable.

WHEN Clark Gable first appeared on the screen, he was discovered immediately by the fans because he was able to make a small part stand out. He has not lost that ability and therefore will never become "just a leading man" as Frank Tully fears.

Gable is the most popular man on the screen to-day, but he would not be if he wasn't versatile. If he had continued in the gangster-woman-beating rôle he became famous for, the public would have grown tired of him. But he didn't and the public has shown increased interest instead.

I have seen Gable's "Men In White" and "Manhattan Melodrama" and both of them bear out the fact that he is at last getting his big chance.

EILEEN MARKEY.
Chicago, Illinois.

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LONG-AWAITED as one of the most important pictures of the new season, this first glimpse of "The Borretts of Wimpole Street" shows Fredric March and Norma Shearer as the two poets, *Robert Browning* and *Elizabeth Barrett*, whose tender, beautiful love story is as famous and will live as long as their contributions to nineteenth-century literature.

THE CLEAN-UP

Sin must be deleted from the screen. This is the edict of reformers who charge the movies with immorality, corruption and indecency in the most violent crusade Hollywood has ever known.

Will those trying to purge the movies find Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra" too exotic?

Two reels were cut from Dolores del Rio's "Madame Du Barry."

HOLLYWOOD ain't goin' to sin no mo', no mo'; it ain't goin' to sin no mo'!

Witness the newest refrain added to the latest song saga of the ever-impassioned film colony! No giddy tune this one, such as so often symbolizes the land of movies, but a sad and pensive threnody, signifying that pictures are about to draw a black mantle over their shoulders, and reform.

Much has been already heard about this great clean-up wave. The law and the prophets and all else have been invoked upon the head of Hollywood. Churches, civic bodies, censorial organizations have charged upon an allegedly salacious industry. Movies have been condemned in huge numbers. Producers and stars have been called to account. The resignation of Will Hays has been demanded. A state of war is declared.

Hollywood is having the jitters. Pictures are announced for filming and then suddenly withdrawn. Wild hysteria now marks the always dramatic studio conference. Directors and writers are in a quandary over what sort of subjects to offer their audiences. Stars are wondering whether they will risk their reputations if they appear in anything other than *Cinderella* and *Pollyanna* rôles.

More than a mild threat exists that the only sort of productions fans will be seeing next season will be those of the "Freckles," "Girl of the Limberlost," and "Laddie" type. There won't even be room for *Tarzan* and his lady; instead it will all be *Rollo* and his mate.

Mae West got right in the hottest spot when "It Ain't No Sin" was offered to the New York censor board. Objecting flatly to the title and certain scenes, they turned it down, and Mae had to pick a new name, and reshoot some of the scenes which inferred that she was all too intimate with Roger Pryor as a prize fighter.

The picture was renamed "St. Louis Woman" and "Belle of New Orleans" and got a storm of protests from both these cities. It is emerging



Jean Muir is among those who represent serenity and spirituality to the reformers.

EARTHQUAKE

By Edwin Schallert

Because of her four marriages, Gloria Swanson's personal life is "on the spot."



Since "Cavalcade," Diana Wynyard has been distinguished for nobility and dignity.

now innocuously as "Belle of the Nineties." Somebody said the only organization that might object to that would be the Smithsonian Institution, preserver of antiquities. However, they haven't been heard from yet.

Then Norma Shearer got beautifully slammed for "Rip Tide." Irving Thalberg was railed at for presenting her in such a film. Here is an editorial on the subject: "It seems typical of Hollywood morality that a husband as production manager should constantly cast his charming wife in the rôle of a loose and immoral woman. . . . We advise a strong guard over all pictures which feature Norma Shearer." Consider that!

George Raft has also been under fire. "The Trumpet Blows" was called a thoroughly trite and stupid picture of demoralizing theme. A criticism of this in a religious paper further declares that "the absolutely unwholesome and unattractive George Raft is the hero. . . . The picture is unfit for any decent person to see."

Come all sorts of squawks from theater men, who assert that there are too many illegitimate children in pictures. Says one of them: "I've had so many pictures lately in which some one has a baby that my patrons ask, when they come to the theater, 'Any babies to-night?'"

"Sophisticated pictures are poison," "the old-time audience has been driven away from the theaters by indecent films," "Heaven help us if we don't get purer entertainment"—these are some of the expressions from exhibitors about current movies. They are words uttered by men who presumably know what the public wants, because they deal with picture-goers directly at the playhouses.

The attack of the churches has been the most strenuous. Catholics, who have seldom taken part in any crusade of this kind, are leading the drive. The church organization, the Legion of Decency, has recruited several million members who have signed a pledge to support only clean movies.

Here are some of the pictures declared immoral and indecent by the Holy Name Society, a Catholic organization: "The Life of Vergie Winters," "Doctor Monica," "Laughing Boy," "Manhattan Melodrama," "Wharf Angel," "Sadie McKee," "Merry Wives of Reno," "Finishing School," "Sisters Under the Skin," "He Was Her Man," "Little Man, What Now?" and "A Modern Hero."

Stars affected by the challenges launched at these films include Ann Harding, Kay Francis, Ramon Novarro, Clark Gable, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Joan Blondell, Frances Dee, Elissa Landi, Margaret Sullavan, and Richard Barthelmess.

The custom is to write letters to players who appear in the so-called indecent films, asking them why they dare do so. So there has been a pretty heavy barrage of such missives received by players, who find it all very disturbing.

Meanwhile these are some of the pictures that were termed highly suitable: "Operator 13," "The Last Gentleman," "Baby, Take a Bow," "David Harun," "The House of Rothschild," "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," "Thirty-day Princess," "Melody in Spring," "Bottoms Up," "The Circus

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Ann Harding's "Life of Vergie Winters" was declared immoral and indecent because of an illegitimate baby.



"Belle of the Nineties" was branded as unfit without retakes of intimate scenes between Mae West and Roger Pryor.



Why STARS Go BROKE

Salaries that are fabulous to ordinary folk are mere pitaunces to toilers on the screen. But it isn't extravagance that leads them into debt and bankruptcy, but the difficulty of making both ends meet. This authentic article explains why.

By Helen Pade



George Raft was so broke after "The Trumpet Blows" that he couldn't pay a trifling bill.

IF the government were to limit all movie salaries to \$1,000 weekly, a mere \$52,000 per year, could the stars struggle along on such a reduced income? You'd be surprised at the answer. And perhaps more surprised to learn why many of them have actually gone broke or are going broke on *more* than \$1,000 per week!

There are illustrations right before our eyes in Hollywood to day, showing all phases of the struggle.

We'll inspect many of them, from Jean Harlow's to George Raft's, but first of all, because it affords such a thorough-going, all-around example, with elements in it of humanness, drama, and pathos, let's consider Jack Mulhall's.

Jack, who was seen in silent pictures opposite a greater number of feminine stars than any other leading man, and was as much in demand as Clark Gable is to-day, blossomed out further in talkies. He had an excellent voice and way of speaking lines. So he was made a star, with leading ladies of his own, rather than second-fiddle rôles opposite feminine stars.



After years of stardom and personal appearances in Europe, Esther Ralston owed more than \$50,000.

It was during the filming of one of these pictures that I heard Jack telling a group of cronies how he had once toiled in an iron foundry, stripped to the waist and blistered by heat, matching his youthful endurance against that of mature men. While he talked, absorbed in his subject, he was handed a slip of paper by the studio cashier. He absent-mindedly looked at the paper, and saw it was his weekly pay check. His voice stopped. His eyes opened wide. Then he whistled, and did a few jig steps.

"Boy, oh boy, we didn't get paid such money in the foundry!" he cried. "It's lucky for the Mulhall family that movies were invented."

The check was for a nice number of thousands. "It's not all salary," grinned Jack. "My latest picture's making money, and they're tacking on a little bonus for me."

So much for a few short years ago. Rather recently a grocer sued Jack for a small bill which he was unable to pay. He was getting ten dollars a day for extra work, but it didn't come in every day. In the very few years that had passed, a run of bad pictures and a brief delay in getting a new contract had wiped him out.

How did it happen that such a good money earner so quickly went broke? Just as it has happened to other stars lately, and will happen to many more. Jack was no reckless spender. Even during his prosperous days he tried many economies. Once, for instance, he said: "I'm giving up my Beverly place. The tennis court and swimming pool drink too much liquor."

BUDGET FOR INCOME OF \$1000 A WEEK

Rent, three servants, food, upkeep of one car . . .	\$285
Doctor, dentist, masseur, expense money, etc. . .	80
Clothes, personal and professional	100
Policy charities. Gifts, entertaining	80
Non-policy charities. Relatives, gifts	75
Income tax, insurance premiums, legal services	175
Secretary, fan mail, photos, clipping bureau. . .	140
Agent's commission	100
Personal advertising	125

Approximate weekly expense \$1160

On \$1,000 a WEEK

Stars, producers, and directors come to a house such as Jack's, attracted by the genial host and the chance for a swim or a game of tennis. They drop in at all hours of the day and night. They bring wives or sweethearts—or even groups of strangers. Naturally, there has to be liquid hospitality available, and expensive food. It's like running a very fine hotel for a select, nonpaying trade.

Yet giving up such a place is often fatal, for it gets one out of touch with influential people, and hints of economy, a deadly sin in Hollywood. You've got to put on a "front" or presently even the chance to make a bare living is denied you. It's quite possible that Jack unwittingly wrote *finis* to his starring career by giving up that Beverly Hills home.

Bankruptcy proceedings list the spendthrifts and conservatives alike. Cliff Edwards's liabilities were set at \$68,207.10, and his assets a few suits of clothing.

Esther Ralston with practically no assets had debts amounting to \$53,291.35.

Blanche Sweet owed \$13,819. Herbert Rawlinson, \$10,959, Jeanie MacPherson, author of some of Cecil DeMille's greatest pictures, \$32,537.58. Hoot Gibson said in court that his assets consisted of a dollar, Mary Nolan that all she had in the world was fifteen cents. Yet in their accounts were unpaid income-tax levies of thousands of dollars, showing that they had once been big earners.

One very recent example of stellar financial trouble is George Raft. Sitting pretty now, George was so broke shortly after the completion of "The Trumpet Blows" that, according to his agent, he couldn't pay a trifling bill for personal service rendered.

So if you laughed when Jean Harlow stated that she not only could not make ends meet on \$1,250 weekly, but was falling behind and into debt on that salary, perhaps now you will believe it.

However, you will with perfect justification ask why.

Facts and figures show that the average star who earns \$1,000 a week is in a position economically worse than the man or woman who earns \$30 weekly in some more obscure occupation. It is possible to make small but consistent savings on \$30 weekly, but the star who earns \$1,000 weekly must as consistently go into debt if he keeps up the appearances so necessary to his career.

Don't think that expert business heads have not tried to solve the budget problem for stellar clients. The table accompanying this article illustrates in a nutshell their best efforts at making a star's minimum expenditures fit into a \$1,000 salary, and shows definitely that



they have failed to do so. You will doubtless be curious to know how a few of the items are spent.

First, the salaries of these business agents themselves. Experience has proved quite definitely that they can save any star, be he ever so gifted in a business way himself, the cost of their own salaries or commissions by cutting down various other expenses, a matter quite apart from another function they ordinarily perform—to get the star jobs, contracts, and salary increases. Therefore they are a necessity.

These agents' salaries are usually in the form of ten per cent commissions, hence the \$1,000-a-week star pays them \$100 weekly.

Income taxes are a heavy nick on \$52,000 yearly salaries. And a star needs legal services frequently, even if he stays sober, has no fist fights and no divorcees. These are ordinarily cheaper if he pays a good lawyer a relatively small retaining fee, rather than bigger sums when he needs special legal assistance. Various forms of insurance are other expense items; ordinarily his contract stipulates that he must purchase them.

If he wishes to remain a comer instead of becoming a has-been he must indulge in personal advertising. And if he wishes to remain in his boss's good graces—and on the pay roll at option time—he must purchase space in countless "special editions" and trade publication advertisements, representing certain pictures in which he

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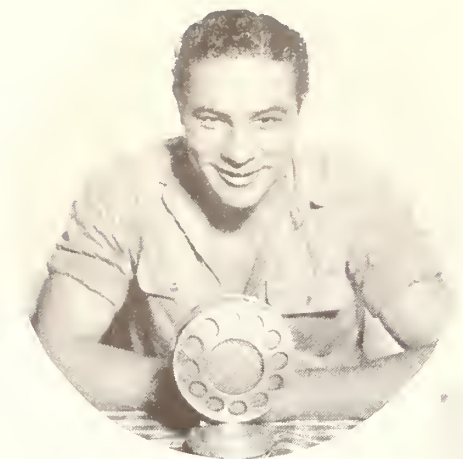


Years of success left Mary Nolan with fifteen cents when she filed a petition in bankruptcy.

Jean Harlow went into debt on \$1,250 a week.

THEY SAY IN

The whirl of midsummer travel sweeps celebrities into town to be gossiped about.



Max Baer is coming back to the screen for another prize-fight story, "The Milky Way."

BUT don't New Yorkers ever invite a few friends in for a quiet evening at home?" Fay Wray asked as the finish of her picture loomed up and old friends were still suggesting that they get together for a big evening at Billy Rose's Music Hall or Billy Rose's Casino de Paree.

They don't, it appeared. They all go roaming off to hear the hundred—or is it a thousand—singing waiters. Especially if there is a Hollywoodian in tow, New Yorkers must point with pride to Billy Rose and say "There's showmanship for you."

So Fay Wray set a precedent by asking a few friends to come up to her hotel apartment to spend the evening. Just to make it a real innovation, she asked only women.

Nature Puts on a Show.—

Fay wanted a rousing electric storm while she was here and she got it that night. As thunder and lightning roared and flashed, she hung out of a twenty-third-story window and reached out as if to catch the jagged light in her hands. Nervousness about mere cataclysms of nature seem pretty silly of a girl who has been leered at by Lionel Atwill and *King Kong*.

Let the Heavens Roar.—John Monk Saunders's telegrams grew so touching and eloquent that Fay, overpowered with homesickness, rushed to the United Air Lines and flew West. As the plane left the ground, thunder crashed and lightning split the sky. "Just like you New Yorkers," Fay called out just before the plane door was shut, "always overdoing everything."

Cross-country Commuting.—Ralph Bellamy finished his part in the picture a few days after Fay left, and signed to make another for the same company right away. During the interim, he and his wife, the former Catherine Willard of the stage, planned to burrow through architects' plans for rebuilding an old farmhouse they bought in Lyme, Connecticut.

But no. It appears that in a carefree moment some months ago Ralph had signed a contract to appear on a radio program and the date was looming up just ahead. So they rushed to the Coast, had just time for one rehearsal and the broadcast, and started back East again.



Genevieve Tobin is the little darling of the censors—she has refused to play naughty rôles.

Glendo Farrell came to New York to get rid of her appendix.



NEW YORK—

By Karen Hollis



Lyda Roberti, the Polish comedienne, is doing films again.

Jewel Under the Tarnish.—Isabel Jewell came to New York for a week's vacation and made a great impression. At first glance she seems just a brass-toned blonde who makes up lavishly. After two minutes' conversation you would wring the neck of any one who made that observation.

She is candid, intelligent, and ambitious. She has two interests in life—work and Lee Tracy, or the other way around, if you prefer.

She calls him "Angel" and then proceeds to

"Through Sunny Italy Without Any Trunks" is the subject of Louise Fazenda's private travelogue following her jaunt abroad.



Ralph Bellamy flew back to Hollywood for a broadcast, then returned for another film in the East.

convince you that theirs is a rare companionship. He sees every picture she works in and analyzes every move she makes, measured up against all she might have given the rôle. He is never vague in his opinions. Neither, one surmises, is she.

Ex-society Girl.—Accent the "ex." please, when you refer to Whitney Bourne as a society girl. Now that "Crime Without Passion" has been finished at the Long Island studio, Miss Bourne has been given a contract to make three more pictures. She has gone on a diet, joined a summer stock company, and promised to hold her rampant temperament in check.

Miss Bourne's successful entry into pictures is a tribute to the sly methods of those mad wags Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, who are now producing their own pictures because no other producers could stand their ribbing.

After each stage engagement agents sent for Whitney Bourne and made film tests of her. She always got so nervous when she faced a camera that she burst into tears. For the Hecht-MacArthur test, they explained to her that she was to cry all through the picture.

She faced the camera, tried to wring out a few tears, and could only smile. After a minute or two she got so discouraged and frantic that she just waited for the camera to stop grinding. And the test showed her looking entirely natural, which is just what they wanted, and very distinguished, which she is at all times.

More About Supervisors.—For years a favorite quotation of people in and around the industry has been the definition of a

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THE LOVE STORY OF ONE WOMAN AND ONE MAN..

That mirrors the emotions of
every woman and every man
facing the turmoil of the
world today.

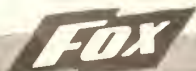
FOX FILM Presents

THE WORLD MOVES ON

THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY

MADELEINE
CARROLL
FRANCHOT
TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan
Directed by John Ford
Author: Reginald Berkeley





FAVORITES of the FANS

JULIETTE COMPTON



Photo by Elmer Fryer

GLEND FARRELL

HER crisp humor and good-natured tolerance, her ability to take care of herself in any company, and her ease in tossing off wisecracks as if they were her own—these are some of the qualities that have endeared Glenda Farrell to fans during her brief, but feverishly active, career on the screen. Dashing from one film to another, she always stands out.

ANN HARDING

LOVELY dignity and firm, though tactful, adherence to ideals; a low, smooth voice in which can be heard the echo of silver bells; a white lily in a crystal vase tall and slim—these are thoughts that Ann Harding stirs in her fans. They follow her fortunes on the screen and live them as their own, supreme tribute to a great actress.



'TWIXT SUMMER AND FALL

Some of the nicest girls—and
the most tasteful—show you
what they are wearing be-
tween seasons in Hollywood.

MARGARET LINDSAY

KAY JOHNSON

JULIE HAYDON

PERT KELTON

HELEN COLLINS





MORE beautiful than ever because she is beautified by her natural chestnut-bronze hair, Madge Bellamy returns to the screen and her old love, Fox! Here's hoping she will make box-office history again as she did in "Sandy" and "Mother Knows Best!"

THANK goodness there's one star left with courage to go to Hollywood in a big way—the right way, of course! Carl Brisson, the grand guy you liked in "Murder at the Vanities," doesn't believe in repressing his personality or his grin.

MYRNA LOY

LAURELS for the lady, low bows to *la Loy*. We who take stars for granted should realize that Myrna has done more than any one else in Hollywood to achieve complete and satisfying self-expression. Will power intelligently directed has made her what she is to-day, a lovely artist beyond compare.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull





Photo by George Hurrell

TINIEST of tiny stars, Marian Nixon has the spirit and the endurance of her Finnish ancestors. At heart she is a great, big viking! How else to account for her long, steadfast career which has survived depressions galore? Talent and determination is the rest of the answer.

MARIAN NIXON



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

BARBARA STANWYCK has not toiled to transform herself into a lady. She doesn't give a hoot for glamour, for gorgeous clothes, for the admiration of men at large. She lacks both the wish and the ability to dramatize her personal self. And yet, by some quirk, on the screen she is an intense, intuitive actress with remarkable talent, a brilliant, modern personality. Read more of Ben Maddox's estimate of her on the opposite page.

ALWAYS EXASPERATIN'

That's as Barbara Stanwyck describes herself. But that is only because she is so frank in telling about her relations with Hollywood. You must read how her views have changed during her five years in pictures.

By Ben Maddox

WHEN I saw Barbara Stanwyck actually dancing and having fun at the last Mayfair Ball, I looked thrice to be certain I was still seeing right. Next morning I wired the editor that evidently there was a new Stanwyck, and hadn't I better investigate? He responded, "Immediately!"

What did this mingling with the screen's four hundred portend? Barbara heretofore had scorned the stellar swirl and had given us to understand that she'd rather be caught dead than partying.

I watched her enjoy that evening with her fellow stars and suddenly I recollected the huge Spanish mansion she bought a year or so ago. It is directly opposite Joan Crawford's, in Brentwood Heights, and quite dwarfs our dramatic divorcee's abode. In fact, the Stanwyck place, from point of size, is just about the most spectacular number in town.

And remember when she used to insist she'd never settle down in a home, especially among the movie millionaires? Yet here she was apparently stepping swankily, living luxuriously.

Overcome with my hunch for an "I Have Changed" article, I hastened to talk with her. I'd never bothered before, because she's been noted for shunning interviewers as well as stars. And when she has spoken, it has been incessantly of husband Frank Fay.

Warners had no difficulty making an appointment for me, and this was one more wonder. The house was torn up and I had a momentary impression that it was a gigantic set about to be carted away.

I stood trying to figure out where the entrance was supposed to be. "Hello, there!" A cheery voice, emanating from a sweater-and-skirt girl lying on a bench alongside the swimming pool, greeted me. "I'm sorry that the house is such a mess," cried Barbara. "Come over here. We'll have to sit outside. But you should have seen it last week!"

She put down Priestly's "English Journey," which she'd been reading, and, devoid of any make-up, her dark-red hair brushed back nondescriptly, she appeared anything but actressy.

Stanwyck has changed. But not in the way I'd anticipated.

"You caught me in a weak moment," she laughed when I asked what the Mayfair frolic indicated. "That was the first Mayfair I've been to in three years. We

only went because Bill Beaudine, the director, was particularly anxious for us to join his crowd that evening.

"It wasn't so bad, but I certainly haven't gone social. When I first came to Hollywood no one was impressed by me. After I became known they still weren't. I guess I don't fit in." Which reverses the popular belief that fame brings flatterers.

"Not," she hurriedly added, "that I've any desire to fit in. However, I'm not aloof. We have our friends here, mostly people we knew on the stage back East. They aren't big shots so, according to Hollywood's rating, they don't count.

"I've given a couple of formal parties here at the house. When they were over all I felt was that I'd entertained a mob of 'names'—folks who didn't matter to me. I'd rather have my friends."

She explained the great building activity.

"I wanted to add five feet onto the baby's nursery so he'd have more sunshine. That cut the sun off from other rooms, which gave us the notion of enlarging them. Then I've always preferred interiors of paneled wood. Now that I have the money, why not have what I want?" Obviously her home is intended for her own comfort, and not as a publicity backdrop.

"Yes, when I landed here I did say I'd never buy a house. I'd been accustomed to show-life, living wherever my trunk was parked. I didn't know people really could have places like this."

In this respect, there is a new Stanwyck. She hasn't gone ritzy, but Hollywood money has changed her from a transient into a home-lover. To-day she revels in domesticity. Furthermore, this thrill of owning, of settling down, has affected her viewpoint about Hollywood.

She used to be decidedly antagonistic. Her two pet phrases when she came here were "I'll sock him!" and "I'll sue 'em!" She'd had to fight every step up the ladder from poverty to the position of being "somebody," and didn't comprehend compromise. Now she does.

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Photo by Longworth

"I guess I just don't fit in with Hollywood's social crowd," says Barbara, "but I'd rather entertain my own friends."

VELVET STEAM-ROLLER



Photo by Baerach

Mr. Beal turned down offers galore from Hollywood because of a principle. Now he's back to play opposite Katharine Hepburn, in "The Little Minister."

HE is one of a family of two children. His father owns a department store in Joplin, Missouri, and John Beal was destined for the world of commerce. His real name is James Bliedung.

He has the most refreshingly different personality of any new actor I've encountered during the past year, with the exception of Joe Morrison.

He attended the school of finance at the University of Pennsylvania and managed to graduate only, as he puts it, "because my teachers must have realized I would never amount to anything in the world of finance, so there was no sense holding me in school any longer than necessary."

His hobbies were sketching and acting. He sketched constantly during the lectures on finance. So constantly, in fact, that one of the professors was moved to remark, "Bliedung, I cannot go on talking with you drawing. Would it be too much to ask you to let me have your attention?"

From the constant strain, his eyes gave out and he went temporarily blind at one time. That put an end to his drawing as a career and he concentrated on the stage. His debut occurred when he was about ten in a play called "The Golden River" which he wrote himself. Parts were written in for practically all the other children in the neighborhood. John regards that theatrical venture as what the critics term "an artistic success." It failed to make him independently wealthy.

At Pennsylvania he got into every "Mask and Wig" show he could worm himself into.

This strange figure of speech describes John Beal at the end of an argument when he has passed over and flattened you out. But there is much more to the young man who set fans agog in "Another Language" a year ago—and then went back to the stage.

By Samuel Richard Mook

Upon graduating, his father wanted him to return to Joplin and a sane life. There's nothing sane about John. He's as mad as *The Mad Hatter*. Only it takes people some time to find it out. His friends had a good laugh recently when, upon completing a test for "The Little Minister," with Katharine Hepburn, the director in charge said, "I like your work but this test was of a dramatic scene. I may as well tell you frankly that the thing that worries me is whether you can inject the necessary humor into the part!"

And that to John, whose sense of humor rivals Phillips Holmes's and Fredric March's!

His parents were not at all in favor of his determination to pursue the stage but finally gave their consent for him to try it for a year. They gave him a small allowance, but he took no more than was absolutely necessary.

Recently he said to me, "The biggest thrill of my life was not long ago when I repaid my father, with interest at six per cent, the money he advanced me while I was getting a start on the stage. I'd always considered that money a loan, and I didn't want to pay any of it back until I could pay the whole thing in a lump."

John is full of beautiful gestures like that. He loves them, and the more dramatic the gesture the better.

Another illustration of his flair for dramatics is furnished by an incident he relates: "The first time I ever went to New York, my father took me. We attended the Capitol Theater and I sat there dreaming how wonderful it would be to see a picture of mine in that big house. When I was returning to New York from Hollywood, I knew 'Another Language' would be opening shortly so I stopped off in Joplin, picked up my father and took him to New York with me. The second time we visited the Capitol, we went together again—but this time we went as I had always dreamed we'd go."

He is stubborn as a mule and admits it—if pushed into a corner. He keeps to himself for fear people will tire if they see too much of him. There is little danger of the saying "intimacy breeds contempt" applying to John. An intimacy with him would take so long to

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MAN BEHIND THE MEDALS

Walter Connolly is so covered with glory and honorable mention for fine acting, that Picture Play readers demand to know about the man himself. Here he is as his associates see him.

By Fanya Graham



Photo by Schafer

Mr. Connolly is whimsical, lovable and tolerant. For example, his only complaint against Hollywood is the quality of its toast, and he isn't exactly sore about that.

WALTER CONNOLLY, jovial character actor, has a complaint to register against Hollywood—the quality, not of its mercy, but of its toast. Toast, to be tasty, must be dry. To be dry, it must be made of stale bread. Yet, says whimsical Walter, it's a rare Hollywood chef who knows that to-day's bread exists only to become to-morrow's toast!

Aside from this one minor detail—for which the industry itself can hardly be blamed!—Connolly is glad that, after fifteen reluctant years, he finally came to Hollywood. "But please don't think," he remarks with a slightly pained expression, "that I *like* working fourteen hours a day for three weeks at a stretch."

One of Connolly's most lovable traits—and I can assure you that he has many—is his ability to see both sides of any question. For he immediately adds, "But I can see why such hours are necessary. Otherwise it would take months, instead of weeks, to make a picture. And that would never do! Or would it?"

But it's Connolly's own fault that his working hours are so strenuous. It's the penalty he pays for being a picture stealer. In his own inimitable fashion he purloined so many films from so many established stars that Columbia made him a star in self-defense.

Connolly's first starring picture—and incidentally, his thirteenth film—is "Whom the Gods Destroy." And it is this production which gives him membership in that select group of stars which holds no brief for sex appeal or glamour. The personnel of this beloved coterie already includes Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, May Robson, Wallace Beery, and possibly one or two others. Welcome, Walter Connolly!

Perhaps the name of Connolly is not yet familiar to you. But wait a moment. Remember Claudette Colbert's conniving but lovable parent in "It Happened One Night"? John Barrymore's harassed manager in "Twentieth Century"? Janet Gaynor's sprightly Irish sire in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"? The wheezing financier

in Jack Holt's "Master of Men"? And the senile old watchman in "A Man's Castle"? How could you ever forget?

The name of Connolly gives away his nationality. But if it weren't for an occasional "straight" portrait, few persons would ever know what Connolly really looks like. Make-up men cannot resist transforming his mobile countenance. And his own "business" (he calls them idiosyncrasies)—his stooped shoulders, his tricks of simulating age, his occasional wheezes, his hirsute adornments—conceal his identity so effectively that he quite often peers at himself in a mirror without the slightest trace of recognition!

We lunched together during the making of "Whom the Gods Destroy." It wasn't until I glimpsed the twinkle in my host's eye that I was sure I was in the right dressing room, for he wore a bushy beard, a pair of beetling eyebrows, a grease-stained suit, and a mop of unruly brown hair. I found him removing beards, torn trousers, and old shoes from tables and chairs to make room for our tête-à-tête!

There was lima bean soup with crackers, chicken salad with tomatoes, coffee with cream. No toast! It wasn't until we finished eating that our interview started, for Walter was preoccupied. It's no easy task to keep from dunking an unfamiliar beard in the soup. And even the most innocent of dunks would have necessitated an entire new make-up. So I satisfied *my* appetite, rather than *our* curiosity, until there was no longer any danger of harming one hair of his beard.

I wanted to know whether Connolly, like so many actors, was superstitious about the number thirteen. He

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What with attacks on the movies by purity leagues and what not, the cinema capital is agog, but new stars are created and salaries are raised, while the merry-go-round dizzily revolves.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Robert Ritchie will marry as soon as they can be sure of a real vacation. When that will be neither knows. They're both too busy right at the moment. Ritchie has become a big shot in a business way. We wouldn't be surprised to see him holding down some high executive position, probably with M.-G.-M. before the year is over.

Jeanette meanwhile is "giving all" to her career. She isn't considering concert engagements or any other musical activities outside the studios. And she's making big money. The future is bright with promise for the two, who hold the record for being the longest affianced couple in the movies.

Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin Again.—The latest about the Charles Chaplin-Paulette Goddard affair is that the couple were really married at sea, and the license papers filed somewhere in England. In any event, we'll know all about it within about six months for Charlie is actually embarking on that film production.

Revelment of the marriage, if there is one, will come immediately after that. Can you imagine Charlie appearing in a picture with a Mrs. Chaplin!

Though goodness knows he is expected to be in love with his leading lady.



This is how a star looks when she's made a hit. Bette Davis purrs with pleasure over the approval given "Of Human Bondage."

Diana's Farewell Party.—Diana Wynyard said good-by to Hollywood with a lovely cocktail party in her garden. The guests were most interesting. Helen Hayes made her first appearance following her return from New York, accompanied by Ruth Gordon, the stage actress, who has been dallying with the idea of making a movie. Billie Burke was thrilled over meeting Ronald Colman. She was practically breathless when we talked to her. Those young Englishmen, Hugh Williams and Frank Lawton, were also present, as well as the pensive and charming Heather Angel.

Heather, by the way, has been dwelling in Dolores del Rio's old home in Hollywood, with its Spanish atmosphere and lovely sycamore tree, as an idealistic setting.

She is eagerly awaiting release of "Romance in the Rain," because she hasn't had a worth while opportunity since "Berkeley Square."

Paramount has made Carol Lombard a full-fledged star with a salary of \$2,500 a week, reward for her acting in "Twentieth Century," although it was filmed by Columbia a rival studio.





Photo by International

Shirley Temple is having salary trouble, too. But does she care? She doesn't even know she's great.



Photo by Wide World

Elissa Landi's horse looks bored, but it can't be. He only wants leading rôles, not supporting ones.

Kathleen Howard, the former opera singer, a great friend of Miss Wynyard's, was at the party, and Diana just *did* have time to see a preview of "One More River," after the affair was over, and catch her train East. She is the most gracious and delightful of women who have visited these shores.

Russian Revelry.—High honors for keeping up the national forms of entertaining now go to Dmitri Tiomkin and Albertina Rasch, whose dance productions are famous. They give Russian suppers that are the talk of the town. One dines out-of-doors at long tables, and oh, the borsch and the sausages! Something to talk about!

One finds there among stellar guests Maurice Chevalier, Edward G. Robinson, Jeanette MacDonald, Anna Sten, Frank Morgan, Mady Christians, and Tala Birell. There are no rules in the selection of guests, as one finds at many parties. Screen prominence isn't the first consideration. The Tiomkins invite whom they like.

Greta Besieged by Fans.—Greta Garbo is still hounded by fans. They recently discovered that every morning she made a pilgrimage to a certain house in Santa Monica canyon, and before long about twoscore persons were lining up daily to watch the queen pass by. Garbo endured their attentions for a while but finally quit and returned to her cloistered retirement.

Claire Trevor doesn't care if Shirley Temple stole "Baby, Take a Bow." She loves the darling. Claire's "The State versus Elinor Norton" is due soon.

Connie "Eludes" Hank.—How long will the hide-and-peek game between the Marquis de la Falaise and Connie Bennett keep up? Dashing Connie left for Paris and way points just about ten days before "Orri," her name for Henri, returned from his Indo-China expedition. Right subtle we call it!

Carol's Salary Up.—Give the breezy blonde a big cheer. Carol Lombard has upped her salary from \$1,500 to \$2,500 weekly under her new contract, and it's all because she gave such a swell performance in "Twentieth Century." Paramount signed the contract with her, and are grooming her for regular stardom.

Funny thing, she had to go to another studio to show what she could do, for "Twentieth Century" was produced by Columbia, but 'twas ever thus!

Soft Over Shirley.—Even the judges get soft-hearted over Shirley Temple. There are arguments these days about her salary, and the amount she should pay in commissions, and it looks as if Shirley will be making more money than

Continued
on page
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HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS

By Graham Dale

THESE ingenious and novel caricatures really are painted on eggs, with the addition of tiny wigs, hats and decorative details perfected by the young artist who has been working on his hobby since he was eight years old. These are the first screen celebrities Mr. Dale has created and, as usual, Picture Play is the first to present them because they are unusual and intelligent. More will appear later.



Wallace Beery: a hard-boiled egg.



Jean Harlow: a hot egg.



Dolores del Rio: a brown egg.



John Barrymore: ham and egg.



Harpo Marx: a cracked egg.

DEVIL OR SAINT

Jack LaRue has played both extremes and played them superlatively, but a glimpse of him at home reveals nothing but saintliness—smoldering saintliness

By William H. McKegg

WHAT is the secret of exceptional acting? Jack LaRue is one answer.

Like Paul Muni, he's the only actor able to portray a most despicable being, as in "Temple Drake," and then as sublime a person as the young priest in "A Farewell To Arms." He should be compared to Paul Muni rather than to George Raft, for the latter comparison erroneously has been made.

Of course you heard that Mr. Raft turned down the first part, so very harmful to his art did he consider it. And I am told some one else refused to play the priest rôle, declaring it would make him seem too saintly!

Without hesitation, Jack LaRue acted both extremes, with excellent results.

"An actor," he assured me, when I paid him a friendly visit, "ought to be able to portray any kind of human being, with all his virtues and vices."

Yet this very ability has proved an obstacle to his career.

To begin with, Paramount presented him as a fine actor, worthy of help and attention. Fans recognized him as a newcomer, and accorded him his full merit. LaRue's reputation was established.



Those fans who complain that they see Jack too infrequently have nothing to worry about. He's free-lancing, choosing his rôles rather than having them thrust upon him, and soon you will see him in "Four Walls."

Then the old riddle of the studios cropped up. After introducing to the world their new find with fanfare and fireworks, Paramount proceeded to do nothing more about it.

"Oh, I don't complain on that score," Jack stated, sitting cross-legged on a huge armchair. "I enjoyed working for Paramount. Every one was decent to me. But, as a free lance, I believe I'll get a better chance to do a variety of rôles.

"Of course, I might have given up and considered I had been badly treated. But I've been over the rough ground. I know Hollywood. It makes of you whatever you permit it to make.

"When I came to Hollywood two years ago, I knew only a few players. Mostly stage people, many of whom had made good in pictures. Most of them had forgotten me, or made it plain that they wished to do so. I had some glowing invitations to call on them, but they were never at home. Or else

Continued on page 53



Janet Gaynor's name minus the title of her picture is sufficient to draw in the crowds, something no mere male can do.

Popular as Bing Crosby is, he is dependent on his current picture and its cast.



Shirley Temple can pack a Broadway theater for three weeks, as she has twice proved, but what male star can do this with a program film?

The BATTLE

Men must always play a losing game in Hollywood as stars and they also are the power behind the Amazonia while a world of women

By Laura

DESPITE frankness, feminism and freedom for women, it is generally conceded that this is still a man's world.

Of course the female of the species has invaded most of the territory hitherto considered the exclusive property of the mighty male. She has entered all the arts, professions, and rackets, including politics and the stratosphere. She has conquered the air and gone down to the sea in ships. She puffs her cigarette when and where she pleases, and does her quaffing alongside her brothers at the bar.

But she still finds it convenient to have a man around to open cans and doors for her and express his opinion of her new hats. And though in a few rare instances women have even usurped man's age-old prerogative to do the pursuing and proposing, the smart girl prefers to play a watchful waiting rôle and do her seducing subtly.

Furthermore, the recent and now deceased depression proved that first aid for vanished incomes began and ended with the man of the house—and pity the woman's castle which boasted no male occupant!

As a general rule, the emancipated woman is more a figment of fiction than a fact. There's only one place where she is the unquestioned sovereign, mistress of all she surveys. Though this is still a man's world, Hollywood is a woman's town, a modern Amazonia ruled by beautiful and astute women, who from their thrones of glamour unfurl their celluloid standards to the far corners of the earth.

Professionally, financially, socially, they dominate Hollywood—and therefore the picture industry, which is Hollywood.

The most important names in pictures to-day are those of women stars.

Man-of-the-moment Gable is always teamed with a strong feminine personality.



No male star has ever been launched to success on the strength of a single picture as was Anna Sten.

of the SEXES

both on the screen and off. For women surpass studio thrones. In every way they rule a modern fans bow to their mandates.

Benham

The largest salaries are earned by women. More fan mail is received by women, and their clothes have influenced the mode all over the world. Their beauty formulas are followed by stenographers and society girls alike.

For proof, just think of the names in pictures to-day that mean the most. What names could be placed on the marquee of a theater and without any other information be depended upon to bring a line to the box office? A line of patrons eager to pay admission to see their favorite, regardless of the vehicle or other members of the cast!

Garbo can do it. So can Katharine Hepburn and Marlene Dietrich. And Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow, Ann Harding, Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Kay Francis—all women!

Of what actor can you say the same thing? What masculine name will fill a theater solely on its own strength?

Chaplin, perhaps. But Chaplin makes only one picture every three or four years and is more an institution than a flesh-and-blood individual or a movie player.

George Arliss, yes. But Arliss has long since established the production value of his pictures in the minds of audiences. By that I mean that when you see George

Arliss's name before a theater, you know that you are being offered a super-production, historical perhaps, with educational as well as recreational values.

Besides these two, there are no men in Hollywood who can make a picture successful unless coupled with a well-known and popular actress. This includes Robert Montgomery and Gary Cooper.

Clark Gable is one of the most sought-after men of the moment. But he is always cast opposite Joan Crawford or Jean Harlow or Claudette Colbert.

Another male heartbreaker, Ronald Colman, is most careful to have a lovely feminine foil for his dark charms—girls like Kay Francis or Loretta Young who.

Charles Farrell suffered a setback when he cut himself off from Janet Gaynor.



Continued on page 52



Photo by Al Hild

"I'm so disappointed when I see myself on the screen that I'm sick afterward," says Tom Brown, who is extremely emotional and is either feeling high or in the dumps.

EVER since Mary Pickford decided, a couple of decades ago, that she could never become America's Sweetheart with a handle like Gladys Smith, movie actors have religiously followed her lead. Such everyday, prosaic monickers as Smith, Jones, Black, White, and Brown have been slurred in romantically inclined Hollywood.

No Smith, as such, has amounted to anything. Nor have we a single Black on the cinema roll of honor. Alice is our lone White, and Buck is the one Jones to strike gold.

But three Browns, however, have actually established themselves among the exciting, and under their own plain name. What was a good enough surname for their papas is good enough for genuine John Mack, Tom, and Joe E. They scorn flossiness.

Lately the handsome John Mack, the boyish Tom, and the comical Joe E. have been turning out some excellent performances. Oddly, they have received far less than their just share of publicity, and it seems to be the appropriate moment to give them a deserved break.

Let's spotlight John Mack Brown first.

Kindly note that his intimates now address him in this mature fashion. Yesteryear's "Johnny" is passé, for he's all growned up. Also, his thick Southern accent is no more—in person. He's trained it out of his voice, although he had to revive it for the new Mae West picture.

It is Miss West who deserves gardenias for rediscovering him. Casting her dis-

Mae West rediscovered John Mack Brown for "Belle of the Nineties" and his career has taken on a new lease with his signature to a Columbia contract for eight pictures.

Photo by Frazer

KEEPING UP

Scorning the flossiness of an assumed name, John Mack, Tom, and Joe E. have brought fame to plain Brown—and they have interesting things to tell you about themselves.

By Dickson Morley



with the BROWNS

cerning orbs over the town's male possibilities, she took a look at his latest portraits and promptly sighed to her faithful Timony, "Mmmmm!" That ever-handy aide-de-camp, sensing she wanted a taller, darker, and handsomer screen foil, immediately subpoenaed John Mack.

He was exactly what she needed to prove to a waiting world that her brand of passion, sex garnished with wit, ain't no sin. John Mack says she's the most thrilling actress he's worked with since Garbo. He declares that when Mae goes into a big scene—man, she ain't foolin'!

Being seen in her clutches was all *he* needed, too. The fickle producers had forgotten how effectively he once heroed Garbo, Crawford, Shearer, Davies, Pickford, *et al.* Although more attractive and capable than ever, he's been allowed to slide into insignificant parts and quickies. To-day, with every one catching a West film, he's to the fore again. Columbia has agreed to star him in eight pictures—all clean.

You've heard very little of him because the publicity launched by M.-G.-M. ceased when he left that lot. But he hasn't been idle. He's been working enough to stay in the swim and, what is more important, he has been diligently studying and observing, sparing no effort to learn the fundamentals of acting.

Over steaming dishes of chicken chow mein at the Vendome, we renewed our old acquaintanceship and I was glad to find him neither disgruntled nor spoiled by Hollywood and its ups and downs.

"I don't intend to be a flash in the pan," he told me with great seriousness. "Discouraged? No, why should I be? I'd rather be here in Hollywood than anywhere else, and I'd rather be acting than doing anything else. I'm making a comfortable living, have favorable prospects. I've a wonderful wife, two swell children. What more can a man ask?"

Perhaps you cataloged him as a handsome but probably dumb football player who movie skyrocketed. Seeing less of him recently, you may have concluded he was washed up.

His life has been what you might call charmed, but John Mack does not owe his good fortune to fate. His own mental attitude is responsible for his success. He is, really, one of the most intelligent men in Hollywood, for he realizes that the mind rules. John Mack Brown has so disciplined his own mind that it is too full of constructive plans to have any room for thoughts of failure.

"People have wondered if I weren't sore at having to free-lance. Of course not! When I gave up my coaching job at the University of Alabama I did so only because I'd decided to become a successful actor. Nothing has happened to change my determination.

"If I'm not kept busy in Hollywood, and I have been so far, I'll go on the stage. New York, London, on the road—anywhere. I have the utmost admiration for men like George Arliss and Lewis Stone. They've taught me that one must progress on his own merits to matter in the long run. That age, instead of handicapping, enhances. That one can mellow into something fine.

"M.-G.-M. starred me in 'Billy the Kid.' By turning a bad man into a wishy-washy hero, they mutilated a familiar story and that offended the fans. But if I'd stopped every time I was knocked down in a football game, I'd never have made any touchdowns. This having to stand entirely on my own feet, having to make decisions, has made me a thousand times better actor than I was when with M.-G.-M." You see, he has no illusions about his past immaturity.

One of five brothers, all of whom went to college and upheld the family reputation for brightness, John Mack is the exception to that old story which has consoled most of us. You know the theory that the college hero will surely wind up a conceited flop?

This particular school idol worked his way through the University of Alabama. His football prowess won him All-American distinction and his personal charm enabled him to marry the campus belle. The year following his graduation it was his duty, as assistant coach, to come to Pasadena with his

team. While here he contacted George Fawcett, the veteran actor, who had assured him during an Alabama location trip that he could click in pictures. Fawcett got him a test at three studios and the M.-G.-M. bid seemed best.

Aside from his obvious looks and personality, his inherent intelligence, John Mack Brown has that most valuable of all assets—sane self-confidence. He doesn't know the meaning of failure. Consequently he's never been downed.

"Only those who lack appreciation are disillusioned by Hollywood," he says. "Either their mental attitude is such that they deliberately court unhappiness, or they are shallow people who have nothing to sell but personality. Naturally they become bored when they've exhausted the joy of sudden wealth, and bitter when they deservedly lose out."

Since the decline of Pickfair, the John Mack Browns have been going around with a younger group, usually chumming with the John Monk Saunderses (Fay Wray), the Ralph Bellamys, and the Charlie Farrells. Their nine-gabled Beverly home is a showplace, filled with the most stunning collection of early American antiques in the West.



Joe E. is the most successful of all the Browns. His popularity blesses him with nearly \$250,000 a year—and every film a clean one.

DO THEY

By Mabel Duke



Anita Page's talent was that of prophecy and not fulfillment because of her static nature.

Photo by Hurrell



Elissa Landi's gayety and frivolous curls suit her current rôles, but she herself has not changed.



Mary Brian has gradually grown up, thereby remaining on the screen while determined ingénues have fallen by the wayside.



Experience has increased Loretta Young's talent though playing a naughty character doesn't change her personality at all.

IF press agents are to be believed, certain stars can take on or off their personalities as easily as a lizard changes colors.

Thus we have the "new" Joan Crawford, the "new" Elissa Landi, the "new" Miriam—for a while Mimi—Jordan, the "new" Marguerite Churchill, Sally O'Neil, and Heaven knows who else. Fans, reading the raves and expecting to see a caterpillar emerge into a cinematic butterfly, go, look, and alas, find the same Joan Craw-

ford, the same Elissa Landi, the same Miriam Jordan, with only the additions of glamorous raiment, artificial eyelashes, and huskier voices. And it sets one to wondering if the evolution of a personality or character isn't something more than the make-up and costume departments can apply like a new paint job to an automobile. Ambitious singers and artists are traditionally advised to "live" before they can hope to succeed. "Living" and suffering, according to the theory, mellows a personality, gives depth of understanding, sympathy, and tolerance to a character, molds talent and the consequent ability to stir the emotions of others. In other words, personality and character aren't applied from the outside, but are a reflection of the development and growth within.

Let's consider some of these heralded "new" stars, and just how they are new. Heavier make-up on eyes and lips—a unique bob, perhaps—but often it's only a version of the Garbo coiffure, a daring gown, an exotic sophistication in contrast to their former healthy American manner. Just surface newness. Joan Crawford is perhaps the worst offender in this matter of made-over personality. And fans frequently complain with "Take off the disguise, Joan, we knew you

REALLY CHANGE?

The oft-heralded "new personality frequently is a disappointment to fans who only find a well-known star in a different make-up. Actual changes in people cannot be applied on the outside, but must come from experience and development. This absorbing article cites outstanding failures and successes.

when!" As one fan expressed it in "What the Fans Think":

"I'm ready to yip reading about all the different girls rolled into one and called Joan Crawford. Puleeze, Joan, do take a rest from your burning ambition and stay one way a while. Every six months we get a *new* Crawford. I tell you, it's wearing me down!"

Elissa Landi created some discussion regarding her new personality evolved for the rôle of the temperamental dancer in "I Loved You Wednesday."

"Despite the new make-up," one fan wrote, "Elissa just isn't the type! Why doesn't she remain herself?"



Photo by Hurrell

The great change in Norma Shearer has come from long, steady development rather than an overnight transformation in outward appearance.

The only exception is Marlene Dietrich, whose jaded sophistication was plastered on overnight to rival Garbo a few years ago. There are few actresses who have done themselves over so completely as Marlene did between her appearances in "The Blue Angel," made in Germany, and "Morocco," her first American film. Luckily, she made a place for herself on the screen—



Joan Crawford might change her hair to purple and her make-up to resemble a mummy, but her character development goes marching on. That's why she lasts as a star.

fake pose and all—without being smothered in the deluge of Garbo copies, so she's the exception to the rule. But generally these sudden transformations are boomerangs.

On the other hand, numerous stars who fade from the cinematic heavens trace their downfall to their lack of versatility and variety.

"Always the same; no wonder the public tired of her," is the damning verdict.

Yet with these attempts at sensational changes generally so unsatisfactory, it leaves one wondering just what does make for continued success on the screen, and why the public tires of some favorites while others go on and on.

Perhaps this important quality for continued success is not a new make-up, but growth and development of character—the kind of change that comes from within and is not applied solely on the outside, although it is frequently reflected in changing appearance, too. Perhaps some of our "new" actresses have continued



THE SCREEN



"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE."

Give your tocsins and your salvos to the best musical film ever made! This has so many superi-
orities that it is impossible to indicate them all. Enough to say that it is perfection in entertainment, not to be missed by puritan or hedonist, by those who like their music light or those who prefer opera. Yet this gloriously happy picture is not stilted or operatic even though it has the rhythm of continuous melody and brings to the screen excerpts from grand opera—"Carmen" and "Madama Butterfly"—more convincingly and tastefully than in any previous attempt. The heroine, though, is not *Don José's* innamorata or *Pinkerton's Cio-Cio-San* but a straightforward American girl who is taken in hand by an Italian teacher and rigorously coached for the stage, his severe regimen forbidding love. Eventually both are caught in the toils, but so psychologically sound are the characters and their reactions so lifelike they never suggest paper dolls out of musical comedy. Grace Moore enchants both as actress and singer, Tullio Carminati is superb as her martinet-lover, and Lyle Talbot is a likable American sweetheart, with Luis Alberni, Jessie Ralph and many others offering delightfully true studies of character in the musical milieu.

"THE NOTORIOUS SOPHIE LANG."

Gertrude Michael, who has attracted attention of late in minor rôles, is promoted to a star part in the newest crook melodrama. She is glamorous, dashing, and is an excellent actress, as we knew all along. Paul Cavanagh, too, a favorite with Picture Play readers, gets a leading rôle for a change. They are famous jewel thieves jealous of each other's prowess, so when Mr. Cavanagh, as Britain's knave of diamonds, arrives in this country Miss Michael is out to teach him not to poach on her pearl preserves. They pull fast ones on each other with lightning speed and great good humor. In fact, the picture moves so swiftly and the comedy is so skillful that you don't mind if you can't take the proceedings seriously or believe a word you hear. Arthur Byron is capital as the police inspector who is gayly deceived by the crooks and left holding the bag. Alison Skipworth also shines as Miss Michael's confederate, with Ferdinand Gottschalk and Leon Errol whooping things up for more comedy. This is a hot-weather picture.



Elissa Landi's gayety and frivolous curls suit her current rôles, but she herself has not changed.

If press agents are to be believed, certain stars can take on or off their personalities as easily as a lizard changes colors.

Thus we have the "new" Joan Crawford, the "new" Elissa Landi, the "new" Miriam—for a while Mimi—Jordan, the "new" Marguerite Churchill, Sally O'Neil, and Heaven knows who else. Fans, reading the raves and expecting to see a caterpillar emerge into a cinematic butterfly, go, look, and alas, find the same Joan Cr



Mary Brian has grown thereby remaining while determined fallen by th

"SHE LEARNED ABOUT SAILORS."

Though Lew Ayres and Alice Faye are saddled with nept material, they give excellent performances. Miss Faye becomes increasingly interesting as she becomes more accustomed to the screen, and her singing is, as it always has been, superior to most of the blues warbling we hear on the screen. She has charm, distinction, and a definitely sympathetic personality. She has a future. Mr. Ayres, whose forte hitherto has decidedly not been comedy, plays a wise-cracking sailor with a good deal of humor and lightness, an admirable performance altogether. The pity of it is that these young players should suffer from the blight of a haphazard picture that is dull and repetitious. It is the sort of comedy in which everything that is thought funny is repeated at least three times for fear you didn't get it at first. Mitchell and Durant, the comedians, are mostly guilty of this, but the scheme of the entire picture is the same. Miss Faye is an American night-club performer in Shanghai, who, Mr. Ayres discovers, is strictly moral. Their flirtation is interrupted by a misunderstanding, but it is smoothed out.

IN REVIEW

BY
NORBERT
LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

"One Night of Love" is heaped high with honors because it is the most genuinely entertaining and artistic picture of the month.

"Here Comes the Navy" gets special mention because it is as rowdy as a Cagney film should be, but with nary a syllable to offend the Legion of Decency.

Joe Morrison, in "The Old-fashioned Way," is hailed as the most refreshing new discovery. Grace Moore, star of "One Night of Love," is applauded to the echo for brilliance as actress and singer.

"PARIS INTERLUDE."

The combined efforts of Madge Evans, Robert Young, Otto Kruger, and Una Merkel should make a picture worth while, but in this instance they are overwhelmed by unsuitable material. It proves that a fairly successful stage play does not even make a tolerable film, unless particular attention is paid to its fitness for the screen. Here we have a group of Americans in Paris, not rich expatriates, but young bohemians whose sophistication finds its keynote in their laughing contempt for the "apple-cheeked tourist." Their conversation is bright, but their lives are as uninteresting as if they were the humdrum types they scorn. When all the talk simmers down, the plot is nothing more than a sweet girl's placid love affairs. Conventional drama is supplied with the return of her supposedly dead fiancé at the time she has promised to marry his friend, and the age-old stunt of the first man pretending he wasn't serious and giving her up to the better chap. Miss Evans has never been more exquisite, nor have her beauty and taste been more beguiling, and she has never been in a picture where they counted for less.



"NELL GWYN."

Inevitable comparison with "The Private Life of Henry VIII" finds the new British historical film inferior. The period is more mannered and the subject lighter, of course, but more could have been made of the romance of the hoyden and the king. More beguiling comedy and more touching drama have been drawn from the same lives on the stage. Here the mood is boisterous, without tenderness or compassion for wild *Nell*. Anna Neagle, who plays her, is too busy raising the devil to give any thought to her future or the spectator's final reaction. She has beauty and charm, but she is a better singer and dancer than an actress, else she would have given heed to light and shade as great comédiennes like Ada Rehan, Henrietta Crosman, and Dorothy Gish have done in the past. The picture is laughable, romping, exquisitely mounted and rather hollow. Sir Cedric Harwicke, who can't have won his title by acting, is a phlegmatic *Charles II* and Jeanne de Casalis—Mrs. Colin Clive—quaintly suggests a female impersonator as the stately, spiteful duchess, *Nell's* rival.

(Continued on Page 51)



"GRAND CANARY."

A freighter plying from Liverpool to the Canary Islands carries a small though dramatic passenger list, chosen for contrast and fictional promise. None of the negatives and bores who really go on slow trips, one of whom can prove a pest to practically a shipload of peaceable travelers, is present. Thus at the start the picture is pretty obvious. You know that Warner Baxter, as an outlawed physician suffering from conscience, will redeem himself by conquering a yellow-fever epidemic and get back to normalcy by falling in love with the prettiest and youngest woman aboard because she is Madge Evans; and that Marjorie Rambeau, as the proprietress of a shady resort on the islands, will give so provocative an account of herself as to make you wish she were the star and had more to do. Finely staged, lighted, and acted, the picture isn't more than mildly interesting once introduction to the characters has taken place, and it isn't at all dynamic. It moves with the steady, monotonous rhythm of the ship's propeller. Juliette Compton, Barry Norton, Roger Imhof, and Zita Johann.



GALLANT LADY

This is about the other Alice Brady who is unknown to Hollywood and to you, a woman whose courage and invulnerable ideals have triumphed over tragedy and dreams defeated.

ALUNATIC who, after all these years, is still aghast at her own lunacy!

Thus does Alice Brady characterize herself. Accomplished actress and gay cosmopolite, she lilts through life, laughing her brittle, defiant laughter.

But there is another Alice Brady, unknown to Hollywood and fandom, whose gallant courage and invulnerable ideals have triumphed over tragedy and dreams defeated. She has looked at life unflinchingly.

Her childhood was singularly cheerless.

Shortly after Alice's birth, her mother, a French dancer, disappeared, never to be heard from again. Alice was reared by her father, William A. Brady, the famous stage producer. She inherited that indomitable Irishman's love for the theater, and her earliest ambition was to be an actress. Her father had thought to appease this desire by giving her insignificant parts in his shows which demanded hard work and offered little glory.

His plans for her future did not include the theater. He wanted her to distinguish herself in some other line of endeavor. With this in mind, she was educated in a convent in Madison, New Jersey, and in the New England Conservatory of Music.

But Bill Brady's efforts were in vain. Following her graduation from the conservatory, Alice embarked on a theatrical career and eloped with the son of the noted Doctor Frank Crane. The marriage ended in unhappiness and divorce.

Shortly before the birth of her son, Donald, Alice was in a serious automobile accident. Later, the child was born, a confirmed invalid. She has never given up hope that he may eventually be cured. She does not speak of this tragedy. Few people know about it. She is too busy making them forget their own troubles.

Much as her friends like being with her, they like coming back to her best. It is then that they see her grace and charm as though for the first time. When they are with her, the best in them goes out to meet the best in her.

Her personality enters into them and becomes forever afterward an essential part of them so that if the matter could be investigated, it would more than likely be found that there is more of her in other people than in herself.

"Have you ever thought about life?" she asked.

It was on one of those mellow afternoons when energy is at a low ebb.

By Leroy Keleher

"Who hasn't?" we answered. "It's something of an animated jigsaw puzzle, isn't it? At least there seems always to be a piece missing."

"Maybe," she said doubtfully. "But I think life is more like a pantry."

"A pantry?" we echoed.

"Yes. We're always trying to reach a jar of jam on the topmost shelf. Some people try once or twice and either fall and hurt themselves or get discouraged and quit. I make it a point to try three times. If I don't reach the confounded jam, I say 'To blazes with it!' and try to get something within reach."

You may gather from the above that Alice Brady's observations of life are original and humorously intelligent. She gives the impression of having triumphed over life, of having reached many jars of jam.

Since childhood, she has kept a diary of her thoughts and experiences. Until now it has been one of her secrets. But this writer prevailed upon her to give Picture Play a glimpse of the real Alice Brady as revealed in these excerpts from her journal.

The tragedy of her son's invalidism gave birth to this entry:

Mists of gray threaded with murky violet.
Mysterious silence groping like a secret.
Enervated wisps of light, sick unto death, that
fade away with discouragement.
Heavy-scented flowers idly lift questioning heads,
All waiting the adventure of the night.

She has always been an ardent dog-lover. A year or so ago, one of her prize terriers died. Heartbroken, she recorded the following impression:

A stiff little white thing lying so still on the carpet there, just a dead dog so quiet it is rigid.

Only a moment back with such a gayly wagging tail she welcomed me—oh, a heart-whole welcome as only a dog could give.

My poor little white dog, you went out so gamely, even as your heart had almost ceased to beat, you tried to smile at me and waggle your silly little tail that was an inch too long, and with that last gasp you gave, I lost a friend, my dog.

And now you lie there, just a stiff little thing outlined against the gray of the carpet.

But you took with you to wherever dead little dogs go, a tiny piece of my heart, my friend.

There is an impulsiveness about Alice Brady that keeps you continually on the alert. She has a reputation for

Continued on page 52



Photo by Murrell

The real Alice Brady is reflected in her diary part of which she permits you to read in this interview.

ALICE BRADY

Es like a pony,
is Alice Brady, be-
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hat any moment...
o Keleher's ap-
is of Miss Brady
opposite page
g to light many
unusual facts
about her.



LA CUCARACHA



Shortest of the new pictures—it lasts a bare twenty minutes—this is the most brilliant of all. It is entirely in the new Technicolor and features a lively Latin dance, "La Cucaracha," which is as unusual and stirring as the now famous "Carioca" which you saw—and learned—in "Flying Down to Rio."



AT the top of the page you see several couples in the first steps of the Mexican dance. Above, Marian Breslin carries the dance a little further, while on the right you see Steffi Duna, Alfonso Pedrosa, and Don Alvarado, the latter more handsome than ever. Let's hope this picture brings him back to stay.



BEAUTIFUL DERELICT



ROSEMARY AMES, whose performances have become increasingly important, plays the dance-hall heroine of this sultry drama of the Dutch East Indies called "White Flame," with Russell Hardie, Victor Jory and Pert Keltan. Although the set-up is familiar, you may be sure that the clever actors involved will give the picture new values.



SPY AGAINST SPY

"BRITISH AGENT" brings together Leslie Howard and Kay Francis, the one cool, repressed, the other warm and glowing. They are, of course, lovers in this highly dramatic story of a patriotic Englishman and an aristocratic Russian girl who makes the cause of the peasants her own during the revolution which ends in the triumph of the Soviet Republic.



POOR IRIS

Whether her chapeau is a cartwheel or a beret, whether her hat is green or a new shade, *Iris March* will always be *Iris* even if her story is changed from "The Green Hat" to another title.

GRETA GARBO played the famous heroine in "A Woman of Affairs" the better that you may compare Constance Bennett with her in the same rôle, with the addition of dialogue. Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan, and Hugh Williams are seen as *Napier*, *Gerald*, and *Venice* in Michael Arlen's lush characterizations.



WELCOME to another important British picture, "Nell Gwyn"! If it doesn't equal "The Private Life of Henry VIII" no one will be more prostrated than Picture Play. Anna Neagle, whom the fans loved in "Bitter Sweet," is the famous orange girl, and with her is Hay Petrie as the French Ambassador. Sir Cedric Hardwicke is the rakish Charles II

doing exciting, spectacular things. No one has ever seen her do anything particularly shocking, but she looks as though she might at any moment. Her performances are unsurpassed in vigor and sincerity, but she should strive for a little less illusive imagery and a little more coherence and unity.

When she retires she will live in Europe "because it would take at least eight million dollars to retire in the United States."

During rehearsals, she wears a sailor suit and sits cross-legged on chairs and sofas. She is inordinately proud of her head which is unusually small and "beautifully shaped, if I do say so myself!"

Gallant Lady

She thinks directors the most important unit in picture-making. "Although," she giggles, "it's the stars who bring in the money!" She keeps a scrapbook but it contains only adverse criticisms of her work. Needless to say, it is a small volume.

Although she is one of Hollywood's best-dressed women, she confides that most of her frocks cost but nineteen dollars and fifty cents. "Smartness is a matter of taste, not money," she says.

She believes the screen should reflect the tempo of the times and that people who champion the past are only making an excuse for their lack

of courage in facing the future. Often called the true sophisticate of the screen, she defines sophistication as "the combination of a resolute will, freedom of thought and action, and the ability to stand on your own feet."

She luxuriates in the sense of completeness evoked by fame and its attendant glamour. There are times, however, when her eyes fill with a morbid darkness that seems an uprising from bitter memories. But she somehow maintains a "smilin' through" philosophy and an indefatigable zest for life.

Alice Brady is a gallant lady.

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be it remembered, have their own

The Battle of the Sexes

thousand. And those are only *some* women and the salaries they

even the most scientific admit that money is so it follows naturally that of Hollywood should con- tial life. And as work and o interwoven there, fem- have made and wrecked sing careers.

invitation at the psycho- ment has resulted in many contract, while social os- successfully barred the against certain aspirants e and fortune.

influence of Hollywood on the fashion industry. Styles follow the social structure and just as the ladies of the French court copied Marie Antoinette's frocks, girls all over the world to-day try to look and act and dress like our movie heroines.

Thus, vast factories in the East are busy turning out copies of gowns sponsored by the stars, and stores and shops have opened departments devoted exclusively to cinema modes.

As a result of Hollywood beauty, glamour has moved out of the dictionary and into the home. Cosmetic-makers have increased their sales a thousandfold by obtaining the endorsements of screen sirens, and hairdressers have had to learn Garbo and Hepburn tricks with their shears.

A nation of movie-conscious women keep the wheels of numerous industries oiled and running smoothly with the money they pour forth for fashion and beauty as nearly like that of their film favorites as is possible.

These are but a few of the far-reaching results of feminine supremacy in Hollywood—and pictures. And in this town and industry, the mere male is a negligible factor.

He can achieve success, of course.

Many men have done so. But the chances are against him as tremendously as they are in his favor in any other business. And the goals to which he may aspire are far less worthy of attainment. Stardom, perhaps, but a dubious, nebulous stardom less well paid than that of a woman and less likely to endure.

A splendid example of this point is the case of Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. They began in pictures at the same time, their backgrounds were similar, both rose from the extra ranks, both scaled the summit of their "Seventh Heaven" together.

Their success continued as long as they were teamed, but when they separated, Janet went on to greater popularity, while Charlie found it almost impossible to hold his following. Regardless of whom she played opposite, Janet's fans were loyal. With any other girl but Janet, Charlie drew few to the box office.

Thus, the most and the best that a man can hope for in Hollywood is an ephemeral success, dependent largely upon his choice of screen partners. The wrong heroine and even the most heroic of males finds himself a drug on the film market.

Perhaps it is because the industry is essentially a woman's game.

Every component part of a picture is feminine—its glamour, its inconsistencies, its logic, its appeal to the emotions, its apparent weaknesses, its inherent strength. And because they take their color, their personality, their very vitality itself from women, it is just and fitting that they should in return give full value received and pour into the laps of women the greatest gifts within the power of mortal to bestow.

Hollywood is a woman's town because women made Hollywood before it made them stars—and queens!

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appears, or congratulating the producer on his or the company's birthday.

Press clippings are almost a necessity at \$20 per week, and part-time services of a personal press agent an absolute necessity at about \$50 weekly. A star's share of his fan mail expense—some studios pay half of it—is about \$50 weekly, his personal photographic bill \$20 weekly. If the star is a woman, each of these expense items is considerably greater. In fact, most expenditures are a bit heavier for the feminine celebrity.

What with wardrobe expense and a few other items as necessary to the star as saw, hammer and nails to a carpenter, his purely professional outlay totals \$565 according to the best estimates.

Although formerly in a business capacity in a studio I have had to help many stars with salary and income-tax problems, there is no need to take my word for it. The figures have been cited often enough in income-tax cases and are written into many court records.

We have seen what happened to Jack Mulhall when he gave up his "front," that is, his Beverly Hills

home, swimming pool, tennis court, and so on. Your \$1,000-per-week star does not have to display quite such luxury in household appearances as Jack was expected to exhibit on \$3,500 weekly. But the food-and-shelter budget, servants, one car—two cars are less necessary than three servants, due to a star's peculiar social and business requirements—and a few other items pertaining to keeping up appearances, total over \$400 weekly.

Atop this formidable expense is an item labeled "charities." A star can hardly dodge them, because to collectors \$1,000 weekly is a huge salary. Moreover, there are many company-sponsored charity drives, to which contributions are as necessary for policy reasons as flowers for the producer's wife and Christmas presents to all studio hands.

Some stars of my acquaintance bought hundreds of dollars' worth of policy Christmas presents, and as a result were so broke they could give their friends and relatives nothing but ten-cent greeting cards. Their engraved cards were all used where for policy's sake they would do the most good.

These estimates take no account of parasitical relatives, and assume that the star has no little human failings such as the desire to court Lady Luck or chase expensive blondes. Yet, frugal as he may be in spirit, struggle as he may to make ends meet, he either goes steadily into debt, or by omitting to buy necessities scrimps himself out of a job.

It's all evidence that your highly paid actor spends so much on professional necessities and near-necessities in his struggle for fame, that he cannot save anything for a rainy day until his salary reaches an impressive peak; that he denies himself even some of the smug little luxuries called "thrift" and "foresight" in which Babbitts of considerably smaller income may indulge.

As a result, in dingy flats around Hollywood to-day there are men and women hungrily awaiting studio calls, former great stars who earned thousands per week. Now they starve, and are evicted from their lodgings, and their clothes are pitifully shabby. These are facts on record. Yesterday it was \$7,500 per week forty weeks per year. To-day it is \$7.50 some days, some weeks.

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they'd forgotten all about the dinner engagement, and vaguely suggested another time."

Jack smiled. A merry smile, not one of those cynical twists so many use to denote actory emotion. "Now you see I could have thought Hollywood very unkind, and the players here very cruel. I did neither. I felt hurt for the moment, yes; but I let it pass.

"To-day, some of those who cold-shouldered me when I was vainly seeking work, call me up, most eager that I should visit them.

"I've often heard a player hesitate to ask a certain person to a party. 'He has no name,' is the veto. I like people only if I like them, regardless of their social or business standing. If I go out, it is with them. The others probably consider me high-hat."

New York City is where Jack LaRue was born, of Sicilian parentage. He said his first great desire was to sing. It came upon him one day in church. Like all Italians, he responds to religious atmosphere. Some yearn to enter the church. Some long to sing in opera. Others want to act.

It was his love for music that gained him his first stage work.

"Otis Skinner and Catherine Calvert were appearing in 'Blood and

Sand.' A young Spanish type was needed to strum a mandolin. So I strummed nightly for a year and considered myself a veteran actor, hoping managers would think so too.

"Bits came and went," he added, tuning in some classical music on the radio. "I got a small part in 'Crime,' in which many present movie celebrities appeared, such as Kay Francis, Sylvia Sidney, and Chester Morris. I was six months in Hollywood before I ever got inside a studio. But I did not worry over that."

The Italian blood in Jack makes him philosophical and happy. He likes others to be happy as well. Recently on location near a Mexican quarter he made all the neighborhood children his slaves for life. All because he promised them candy if they'd go home and wash and make themselves presentable.

"Each kid turned up scrubbed, brushed, and shining," Jack laughed. "Each one had tried to outdo the others."

He is the type of person others look to for aid, for good things. And Jack is the one who gives to others, and thinks of himself last—and not always then.

One thing, he never allowed the fanfare of publicity he received to turn his head. He rented a modest

little place near the Hollywood Bowl, and his mother and two of his five sisters came to keep house for him.

He took his mother and me to their new home, for his father had come out to join them and a large place is needed. The new home is surrounded by trees, and has a garden at the back with lemon and fig trees.

Jack walked in the garden, pointing out the spots of delight, like an explorer traversing a new terrain.

Jack's mother declared she would grow flowers and vegetables and have tea in the afternoon beneath the shade of the huge pepper tree.

Though we were in the heart of Hollywood, we were miles from it.

Jack climbed into the lower branches of a lemon tree. His mother glanced up at him, then smiled at me. "A nice picture," she said. And it was. In his gray sweater and black trousers, he stood out against the green foliage and yellow fruit, through which the sun filtered brightly. For the moment, his mother and I seemed to be in Sicily, looking at a dark, handsome native among Sicilian limes.

This smoldering saint belongs to the earth. And happy is he who never gets far from it in Hollywood.

If Jack LaRue is fine and versatile, it is for this reason.

Devil or Sair, ^{tr}?

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

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"Whom the Gods Destroy."—Columbia. A heavy, lugubrious melodrama which accents a father's remorse and atonement in the mood of Emil Jannings, is the vehicle for Walter Connolly's stardom. Fine actor that he is, it is too much for him to weather, consequently it is never believable. Essentially a comedian, jaunty, ingratiating, resourceful, Mr. Connolly is not entirely convincing when he attempts to portray the heart bowed down and somehow his profuse beard is just a little comic. Though admirable as make-up, it makes you feel that Mr. Connolly is masquerading as a composite of Mr. Jannings and Gatti-Cazzaza, director of the Metropolitan Opera, as a private joke. The story has him a theatrical producer whose act of cowardice aboard a sinking ship dooms him to life-long misery. A lonely outcast, he helps in a puppet show until his son, grown up, writes a play that fails. Whereupon Mr. Connolly, without disclosing his relationship, teaches the young man how to write a success. Doris Kenyon and Robert Young are mother and son to the satisfaction of the majority.

"Midnight Alibi."—Warners. Richard Barthelmess contributes a picture that isn't as worthy as it should be, except in spots. Unhappily cast as a gangster, he is at his best in scenes which hark back to the '90s and show the star as an idealistic youth in love with a girl whose angry father kills him. Mr. Barthelmess plays this rôle with touching sincerity and a sort of youthful helplessness that proclaims artistry of a high order. But as a ruthless underworld leader he is somewhat out of his element. Yet the story which taxes his resources is an unusual one. He takes refuge in the home of a wealthy old lady whose innocence disarms him and whose story of her youth—which Mr. Barthelmess by some miracle of story-telling reenacts for her—convinces him that he should not be parted from his sweetheart as the old lady was from hers, so he reforms and lives happily ever afterward with Ann Dvorak. Helen Lowell, distinguished character actress from the stage, is frail and soft-voiced as the old lady and makes a completely successful screen debut while Helen Chandler is delicately appealing as the girl of long ago.

"The Man With Two Faces."—Warners. You won't exactly rave about this, and the characters may even confuse you with half-defined intentions now and then, but you've got to give the picture credit for unusual dialogue and a story that is, to put it mildly, out of the ordinary. The result is interesting, absorbing, though not a really well-wrought picture. But it is never routine. It concerns a group of unusual characters, actors and others concerned in producing a play. Edward G. Robinson and Mary Astor, brother and sister, are the stars, Ricardo Cortez the producer in love with Miss Astor. Her husband, Louis Calhern, a strange, morbid criminal, returns to wreck his wife's life all

over again by hypnotizing her into carrying out his sinister plans. Just for good measure in making himself completely obnoxious, he loves two white mice! Loathed by every member of the cast, it remains for one of them to kill Mr. Calhern in what is entirely justifiable homicide. How the murder is committed and what means are taken to conceal the identity of the killer, will keep you on edge. Besides those already mentioned, all of whom are in fine form, you will see Mae Clarke, David Landau, Emily Fitzroy, and Margaret Dale, a stage veteran in her first screen rôle, a beautiful, quietly distinguished performance.

"Return of the Terror."—Warners. At least this has the merit of concealing the identity of the killer until the very end, the disclosure coming as a complete surprise from a player of whom you would never suspect anything sinister. Otherwise the picture is pretty tepid pastime. It has to do with a doctor who is railroaded to an insane asylum, his escape followed by various mysterious deaths while the search for him as the suspected murderer becomes more and more frantic. He outwits his pursuers at every turn until, cornered for the dénouement, the big surprise of the story is revealed. All the Warner stand-bys, Lyle Talbot, John Halliday, Mary Astor, Frank McHugh, and Robert Barrat, do excellent work though they might just as well not have gone to the trouble.

"Hat, Coat and Glove."—RKO. The three articles mentioned in the title are clues to a murder in a slightly tiresome dramatization, another of the photographed stage plays for which RKO has especial predilection. Taking considerable time to let you know what it is all about, the story finally tells you that a lawyer and his wife have separated in the popular friendly way, and that she spends much of her time with a young Greenwich Village artist whom she hopes to marry. A cast-off sweetheart of his is alone in his apartment when the husband calls to talk things over. His struggle with the drunken girl to avert her suicide ends in a pistol shot which kills her and the young artist is brought to trial, his attorney being the husband of the woman he loves. A boy identifies the artist as the man he saw leaving the apartment after the supposed murder, and the minds of the jury seem made up. Whereupon the husband springs a trick on the boy. Slipping on his coat, turning his hat down and his collar up, he assumes the exact attitude that the boy saw when he himself left the apartment. "That's the man!" cries the boy. Court and jury go into fits of laughter at his contradiction, and the picture ends with acquittal and presumable happiness for the characters—and something less for the audience. For the picture is talky and indirect, never arousing sympathy for the characters. Ricardo Cortez is at a disadvantage as the husband, because the part is equivocal and whimsical, first intended for John Barrymore. Mr. Cortez excels in characters which are not expressed in half tones. Barbara Robbins, of the stage, is the wife, an "honest" actress, and that lets her

out. John Beal, who scored in "Another Language," is finely individual and intense as the artist. The performances that really qualify with the fan come from two players who never disappoint—Dorothy Burgess, a bad girl again, and David Durand, who, as the boy, is dramatic, impulsive and hesitant all at one time.

"Cock-eyed Cavaliers."—RKO. If Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey are favorites of yours—and they certainly are with many—you will find them laughable in their new picture, which has the advantage of a novel background—seventeenth-century England. One of the funniest things about the picture is the mixed periods reflected in the costumes, this being the only subtlety discernible. Otherwise it is typical Wheeler and Woolsey nonsense, done with gusto and enormous self-confidence. They are vagrants who, escaping the sheriff, disguise themselves as the king's physician and his assistant, sent to cure the *Duke of Weskit* of insomnia. His niece is Thelma Todd, which will give you an idea of the amorous goings on. There is Dorothy Lee, too, dressed as a boy, and when Mr. Wheeler discovers her kissing Mr. Woolsey, you can figure for yourself just what he makes of the incident—if you know your Mr. Wheeler. The picture is lively, though, handsomely mounted, and well acted, especially by Noah Beery, whose excellent bass singing is outstanding in plenty of music, considerable dancing, and the artificiality of musical comedy.

"Ladies Should Listen."—Paramount. The quota of trivial pictures must be maintained during midsummer. This is Hollywood's law, and it is steadfastly observed season after season. Here we have a French farce which is inane rather than witty, and French insofar as the characters have Gallic names. The heroine is a telephone operator who saves the philandering hero from the snares set for him by two designing women. On this frail structure is built a small comedy which isn't strong enough to annoy, but which certainly isn't witty or clever. Also, it won't encourage American switchboard operators to hold out until a rich young Romeo comes along, for they will not recognize in Frances Drake one of their own kind. They will look upon her as a mannered actress who says "cahn't," and who dresses more expensively than they can afford. Anyway, the character is a good sort, even if she does listen in on the conversations of the tenants in the apartment house. In this way she is aware of the perils that threaten Cary Grant, who, enraged by her interference, finally discovers that he loves her, and sends the other ladies packing. Those fans who deplore the absence of old-timers from the screen have their opportunity to welcome back with fitting enthusiasm a former star who was among the great actors in silent pictures, Charles Ray. He plays his small rôle skillfully, and his youthful appearance qualifies him for a permanent comeback.

Keeping Up with the Browns

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Mrs. John Mack Brown, incidentally, has never had to fret about her husband. He is a true Southern gentleman, so his native code automatically keeps him from falling into any Hollywood marital traps. And, anyway, Cornelia Brown is every bit as lovely as any actress in town.

Now we shift the spotlight to young Tom Brown, who's fast maturing.

My contacts with Tom having been limited to conversations at parties, I phoned him to hie over for lunch and an orthodox interview. Extremely emotional, Tommy's a talented lad who's either feeling high or in the dumps. He is torn with doubts and is impatient to forge ahead.

He had seen "The Witching Hour" the evening before and that plunged him into a fresh depression. Fortunately, I disregarded his judgment of his own performance and went to view it myself. He was splendid.

"I'm always so disappointed when I see myself on the screen that I'm sick afterward!" he proclaimed to me. Having mastered the art of holding everything until he dignifiedly exits through the throng of fans at previews, he still can't remember to simplify things by declining supper on these auspicious nights.

Brought to Hollywood by Universal two and a half years ago, he was launched with a bang into "Tom Brown of Culver." Somehow Universal lost interest; then RKO signed him. His salary, a nice one, is doubled, but the pleasure is taken out of this for him because his employers have a habit of lending him out and collecting twice what they pay him.

His chief concern is regarding parts. Son of a professional couple, he was raised, literally, on stage and screen and he's anxious to clinch his spot in Hollywood. He pines for straight juvenile assignments. His left profile adds years and he does so wish they'd take the trouble to photograph him from that side only. Oh, to be a John Barrymore.

"A twenty-one-year-old with a

baby face has a heck of a time impressing directors as being old enough for romantic leads!" woefully asserts Tom, who finds some consolation in being a leader in the younger set. He organized The Puppets, the club to which our most worthy starlets belong. I requested an opinion on the youth of screenland.

"Young folks here are more sophisticated, inside, and behave less so," he amplified. "Working in show business has made us old for our age, mentally. And we've had to buck up against realities. Yet, contrarily, we've associated with successful people enough to know that the simple things are the most fun.

"We aren't blasé. I've never been to a wild party here. We enjoy silly games, go to the beach. We dress in old clothes. Although"—and he winked confidentially—"I do suspect it's studied carelessness. These kids in cords and slacks are touselled but fetching, as it were. After all, even young actors are aware that they must create an effect."

No innocent, Tom has youth's typical love problems.

He denies he and Anita Louise are engaged. "We prefer each other's company, but we don't 'go steady.' Why, I wouldn't think of marrying until I've a certain amount of success and financial security to offer. At present I've neither." Dependents and a trust fund savings account eat up his income rapidly; Tommy gets along on twenty-five dollars a week, which takes care of his dates, car, and clothes.

Which brings us to our up-to-the-minute report on Joe E. Brown.

Awning-lipped Joe E. is by far the most important of the three Browns, if you rate them by box-office receipts. His tremendous popularity blesses him with nearly \$250,000 a year. And he took a chance on marrying eighteen years ago, when he had just \$140 in cash, an acrobatic job, and good intentions.

If any one deserves the richness of a Hollywood reward, Joe E. does. Thrust into miserable circus life when a child, he had to fight his way

up in the world and he had no manly beauty to help him. His New York stage debut was in a lowly burlesque show.

"The missus and I had to 'get away from it all!'" he cried to me jauntily. He's recently back from a two-month trip to the Orient. An elegant vacation, but he could hardly wait to return to his beloved Hollywood. His work and his family are all that matter to him.

He insists upon clean gags in his comedies because he knows he appeals strongly to youth and he has high principles. And because paternity is his off-screen occupation. He sponsors a U.C.L.A. football player so his own two high-school-age sons will be inspired to become fine athletes. Father of a baby daughter, he has adopted still another child.

Away back in 1919 he pounded the pavements in New York searching for steady employment. He parked his wife and two sons in a mountain cabin in the Adirondacks as they could get by on less there. To-day he sees that Mrs. Brown has everything. At forty-two he is reaping the fruits of his industry, ability, and right living. He and "the missus" are Hollywood's old-fashioned parents.

Joe E. can afford to indulge in a few flashy trimmings. His sporty phaeton delights him. He drove a friend of mine down Wilshire Boulevard the other night, making ninety in second gear. He's never looked under the hood, but why should he?

Then there's that unique bar in his Beverly home. An alcoholic teetotaler, Joe E. has been mad about ice cream ever since he was an underfed kid. So his bar, while accommodating guests with the customary liquors, has been designed principally as a soda fountain. It's completely stocked with every ingredient for fancy ice-cream concoctions. He can whip up a banana split for himself whenever he's in the mood.

Some cynics believe he's a secret ally of the W. C. T. U., basing their accusation on his persistent efforts to convert routine drinkers to his healthful, husky milk shakes.

Do They Really Change?

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but combining career, home, marriage, a child, travel, and other interests.

There are certain stars who are really changed, and while little is said of the actual metamorphosis, the results are more lasting and more pleasing than in the cases of overnight transformations.

Kay Francis is one of these changed girls. She used to be a brittle, sophisticated siren—remember

"Gentlemen of the Press"? Now she's "sweet" like a heroine. In Kay there's a surface change, too. The old closely cropped shingle bob of four years ago has given way to a becoming, waved coiffure; soft, feminine frocks have replaced her former tailored *chic*, but these are only outward reflections of the deeper, more important change that crept into her personality and her work since her divorce from Kenneth MacKenna.

Helen Twelvetrees had this experience. When she came to Hollywood several years ago, she was shy and rather drab in appearance. Then came her divorce from Clark Twelvetrees, and after the first shock she threw herself wholeheartedly into her work. She was unhappy and bitter and cynical. At this time she made "Her Man" and "Millie" in which she portrayed hardened, disillusioned ladies and in these she did

Do They Really Change?

the best acting of her career. Now Helen is happy again in her marriage to Jack Woody. She is once more sweet and girlish, with lost illusions restored, and on the screen she's a nice little leading lady, and little more.

Mary Astor has "suffered" and evolved, without question. For years she was a pretty, simpering leading lady and her private life was dominated by her parents. After the tragic death of her first husband and her later remarriage to a professional man, she has become a vivid personality and a charming actress with surprising depth.

Jean Harlow has changed, not in appearance so much, but her acting reflects the change within. No woman could go through what Jean Harlow has without becoming either embittered or mellowed by the machinations of fate. But Jean has come through a sweeter person and a finer actress. At present she is doing work more brilliant than her earlier critics would ever have believed her capable of.

Many players have had unhappy years and much despair in reaching the heights—experiences which have strengthened their moral stamina and taught them to portray a wealth of emotion—but once "arriving" in Hollywood, the majority sink into a rut of success and luxury that is not always conducive to further advancement. Their work becomes mechanical. Often it takes a severe knock to jolt them out of this self-satisfaction and make them real actors once more instead of puppets.

Such an experience has Ann Harding had. For a while Ann was bored with everything about pictures, except the weekly pay envelope. She felt herself superior to these plebeian movies. After her divorce, instead of burying her sorrow in work as some have done, she became even more indifferent in her acting, repeating the same tricks and mannerisms through each rôle, relying entirely on technique to put her emotions across.

In "The Animal Kingdom," Ann continued in her indifferent way and waked one morning to find Myrna Loy had almost stolen the picture. When Ann and Myrna met again in "When Ladies Meet," it was an encounter indeed! Ann went into that picture with grim determination to act rings around Myrna and the rivalry was keen. Now Ann has decided perhaps it's just as well to be on the alert and give her best at all times.

There are several of the younger actresses going through a period of growth and development now. Their

work is improving; their beauty is enhanced; their taste and grooming are increasing and their poise and confidence growing.

Frances Dee is one of these current caterpillars and her recent work has been surprising. It will be interesting to see what effect motherhood will have on her work, if any.

Loretta Young is another. Although she has had premature stardom, fortunately she wasn't swamped and now she's growing up to it. Loretta's unsuccessful marriage and divorce have added maturity to her character, if not to her appearance.

Mary Brian might, by stretching a point, be classed with these girls, although some think Mary's star has set. Personally, I think Mary deserves a lot of credit for her success. She has had no hectic life or great sorrow to effect a transformation in her ability, and no one admits more readily than Mary herself that she is no Duse, but she loves pictures and has done her best to take advantage of her opportunities. She has, by her own effort, avoided remaining too cloyingly sweet and girlish, despite persistent typing, and has proceeded to grow up a good deal and acquire *chic* and poise. She speaks lines with precision, if not with inspiration. She wears clothes with an air, if not with a flair, and she conducts herself like an adult instead of a perennial ingénue. Thus she has kept herself on the screen while other sweet young things have fallen by the wayside.

Ginger Rogers has come out of a temporary decline and is "evolving" rapidly. Her appearance has changed somewhat, but she isn't one of the Garbo copies. By lightening her hair and studying make-up, she has enhanced her own personality instead of trying to develop a new one.

Just to make the record complete, we might glance over the case histories of some of the girls who didn't hang on as well as Mary and Ginger—and some of them had much more native ability than the first and as good breaks as the latter. Some of them have "lived," have had both happy and tragic experiences, but it wasn't in them to learn thereby and go on to greater success. Considering some of these who have lost their popularity, there is a clear indication that a main factor in their decline was their static natures. Some of them have changed through the years neither in appearance nor ability.

Sue Carol couldn't forget she was lucky. Her entrance into films was such a fortunate break that Sue never stopped to think it would take more than luck to keep her on the screen. She could never realize the advantage

of studying her potentialities. Her life has not been altogether even but, although she has been twice married, borne a child and been divorced, Sue has changed not one whit. She hasn't even changed superficially, despite the changing fashions. Her hair is still a wind-blown bob and she remains coy and cute—but she remains off the screen.

Dorothy Mackaill is another girl upon whom life apparently has made little impression. She, too, has changed neither in appearance nor in personality development. She, too, is still even wearing the same bob. She looks the same and acts the same when she gets an occasional rôle. There is no indication she has anything more to give the screen now than when she was starred.

The most pathetic case is Anita Page. Anita just couldn't take advantage of her opportunities, though she had some sterling ones. She had beauty and showed exceptional promise, but it just wasn't in her to grow into a real actress. And her uneventful, chaperoned life was not conducive to developing her emotional potentialities. Her sheltered, much-managed career is reminiscent of Mary Astor's early years in Hollywood, but where Mary broke away through marriage, Anita has been swamped by the new crop of young players.

Anita's talent was that of prophecy and not of fulfillment. Why, when "Our Dancing Daughters" was made, there were many who believed the outstanding actress and greatest future star of the three girls—Anita, Joan, and Dorothy Sebastian—was the little blond Page. But it was the determined, ambitious Joan who is still in the running to-day.

And that brings us back to Crawford's startling make-up and personality tangents. It amuses Joan to experiment with her appearance—to try new styles, new make-up, new coiffures and even new hair colors. But hers is far from being only a surface change. A potential opera star preparing for a career would look far before finding as much "living" packed into one short life as Joan Crawford has had in her years of emerging from a boarding house slavery to hey-hey dancing girl to the dramatic star she is to-day.

Joan might change her hair to purple and her make-up to resemble Mussolini, but her name would still draw money into the box office, for hers is a character development as great as any, and apparently that's what it takes.

Velvet Steam-roller

Continued from page 28

establish you'd have become used to him, his whims and foibles, long before you had an opportunity to become contemptuous of them.

An instance of his mulishness is shown in his attitude after he finished "Another Language" last summer. He received rave notices for his work in it. The head of a studio sent for him with the idea of placing him under contract. John declined politely. He wasn't interested in pictures at the time. "Later on," he explained, "I hope to come back to films, but just now I don't feel I know enough. I want to become one of the best actors and I feel the place to learn is the stage."

The studio head flew into a rage, a sarcastic rage. They always do.

John reminds me of nothing so much as a steam-roller with the roller upholstered in velvet. You argue with him and you have the feeling you're convincing him. At the end of the argument he hasn't budged an inch and you're left with a futile, frustrated feeling—as though the steam-roller had passed over you and flattened you out. It hasn't hurt much on account of the velvet, but you're left gasping and bewildered.

Another producer sent for him and offered him one of the best rôles of the season. And John turned it down as unhesitatingly as he had the others.

"It seems foolish to me," I muttered. "I don't blame you for wanting to go back to the stage, but you could have done another picture last year with time for your play."

"Once," John began. "I read an autobiography of Fannie Hurst. I remember one thing she said: 'Best of all, what popular success I am enjoying comes from pandering, not to editorial demand or popular demand, but to my own inner convictions which are little soul tapers lighting the way.'

"Well, that's pretty much how I feel."

Now he's again in the land of the Jacobites, under contract to RKO for two pictures a year. The first for this year is "Hat, Coat and Glove." After it was finished, he rushed excitedly into my apartment one afternoon.

"They're testing me for the lead opposite Hepburn in 'The Little Minister,'" he shouted. Sobering for a moment, he went on: "You know, one of the nicest compliments I've ever had paid me was when we finished the test. Hepburn started to leave the stage, stopped, turned around and said, 'Where were you when we made "Little Women"?' It was a far finer and more subtle compliment than if she had said, 'You'd have been great in that part.'

"Of course," he continued, "I can play this part far better than any other living actor—you'll pardon my modesty—but I have so much trouble convincing people."

He paused a moment and burst out, "They'll give me this part, don't you think? There'd be no sense in putting me under contract and just giving me run-of-the-mill parts where I'd never have a chance to develop, would there? I'd never be any good to them that way. They'll *have* to develop me."

Poor John. Brave John. I wonder how many times in the past five or six years I've heard young actors voice the same sentiments. What crimes against human nature are committed by the studios. I'll never forget Novarro remarking to me: "The worst crime a person can commit is to undermine another person's self-confidence. And that's what the studios have done to me."

I'll lay a wager they'll never do it to John, though, because those inner convictions of his will light the way for him and if his career is not going the way he likes, one fine day he will pack up his duds and head back to New York and his beloved stage.

But, until that day arrives—well, watch him. You'll find that life is never dull with John around.

Continued from page 29

hadn't realized until I told him, that "Whom the Gods Destroy" was his thirteenth picture.

"There was a time," he told me, "when such a coincidence might have seemed tragic. But not since the War. You see, I served for thirteen months in the Thirteenth Division of the Marine Corps. We executed most of our maneuvers on the thirteenth of the month, using thirteen men whenever possible. And as I emerged with the usual number of arms, legs, eyes, and ears, I decided that thirteen was my lucky number. And it has been ever since."

Now for some biographical information. Walter James Connolly—and never Connelly!—was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, during the year of the great blizzard. Do your own arithmetic. I promised to be discreet. His father, head of a telegraph office, didn't take Walter's theatrical ambitions seriously. Just a case of puppy love, he thought. There were none of those "go, and never darken my door again" melodramatics.

After graduation from St. Xavier College, Walter found himself a job as third assistant cashier in a Cincinnati bank. The salary wasn't much, but from four o'clock on Wal-

Man Behind the Medals

ter was free to concentrate on amateur theatricals. A year later—in 1909—he made his professional debut in "Classmates" in Norfolk, Virginia.

For the next eight or nine years—until America entered the War—Connolly played all over the United States and Canada. His Broadway appearances were limited to revivals and Shakespearean repertoire.

During these years Connolly declares he played in every city in the United States and Canada with the exception of Galveston, Texas, and Ottawa, Canada. We happened to remark at this point that May Robson challenges any one to name a city in which she hasn't played. Connolly accepts the challenge. He is still looking for some one who shares his memories of Wardner, Idaho—a deserted mining town with a single street that meanders down a precipice. How about it, Muzzie May?

After the War, Connolly remained abroad for several months, studying at the University of Dublin. His enrollment card called for an intensive survey of English literature, but Walter confesses, now that fifteen years have elapsed, that he made an extensive study of the Irish race tracks. That early ambition to be a

jockey, however, is only a myth. For Connolly could never consider any profession that might interfere with his healthy appetite.

In an unguarded moment—away back in 1917—Connolly made a silent picture, "The Soldier's Oath," with William Farnum. So poignant were the memories of that escapade that he was loath to come to Hollywood. But Columbia caught him when his resistance was low and offered him a holiday. The only strings attached were three or four pictures.

So Walter came and saw—but was conquered. He appeared in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," "No More Orchids," "Man Against Woman," and "Washington Merry-Go-Round." When he returned to New York, it was with the understanding that, come spring, he'd be back. And he was—just in time to play the Spanish count in "Lady for a Day."

A new contract resulted. This one will keep Connolly in Hollywood for five years. But his first leave of absence occurs this October. He will appear in one or two plays. But he'll be back in Hollywood next May—or Columbia and his screen public will want to know the reason why.

Continued from page 13

Clown," "No Greater Glory," and "Sorrell and Son." Marion Davies, George Arliss, Ronald Colman, Sylvia Sidney, Joe E. Brown, and Will Rogers are some of the benefitters.

Rogers, all in all, has been the most consistently on the safe side, where his efforts went unassailed. Except that he did get some letters about "State Fair" because of the sexy, talking scene between Norman Foster and Sally Eilers. This was deemed too spicy and Rogers was hauled over the coals for even being in a picture where such piquancy was indulged in.



The tattlers insist that Jean Muir and George Brent are more than just casuals working at the same studio. This photo proves something or other.

Stars are bothered greatly by such onslaughts. It seems to be so difficult figuring how the public will accept a thing. Rogers had finished his part in "State Fair" before the Eilers-Foster sequence had even been photographed. The love affairs of the younger couples had nothing to do with his portrayal, which centered around the prize hog that went to the fair. Furthermore, I don't believe Rogers ever saw "State Fair" completely until after it was shown publicly.

Mae West is undoubtedly in for a lot of trouble. The feeling exists that she will have to leave the screen. She has specialized in a type of film which is going to be very hard to produce, if censorship of the movies is taken seriously. "She Done Him Wrong" and "I'm No Angel" succeeded in getting by and winning big money, but "Belle of the Nineties" is almost guaranteed to have difficulties, despite that it is milder than either of the two preceding pictures.

Could Charles Laughton again enact such a character as Nero in "The Sign of the Cross"? It is very doubtful. Laughton gives a great

The Clean-up Earthquake

performance in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," but the picture avoids almost entirely the suggestions of incest found in the stage play. Laughton is depicted chiefly as a household tyrant, somewhat fanatical in a religious way. Maybe even that will bring the wrath of the objectors down upon the picture and himself.

What fate awaits Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra"? Miss Colbert has sparkled in sexy rôles, though personally she loathes the words "sex appeal." A religious body found "It Happened One Night," in which she played with Clark Gable, "offensive in spots." Will this same organization find "Cleopatra" too exotic?

There can't be much peace under a strict, almost puritanical, régime for such stars as Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, Dolores del Rio, Margaret Sullavan, and others who exert the sex sway in greater or lesser degree. Garbo's "Queen Christina" had a battle with the Hays office, which censors movies from the inside, because of the love scenes between John Gilbert and herself at the inn.

Dietrich's "The Scarlet Empress" will probably escape serious trouble, because it is a photographic rhapsody; but if "The Blond Venus" or "The Song of Songs" were emerging at the present time, they would find a host of fulminators.

"Madame Du Barry," with Dolores del Rio, felt the effect of the shears. Two whole reels were deleted. Barbara Stanwyck is being scheduled for a new and different line of pictures from "Ladies of Leisure," "Illicit," and others in which she won early success. "The Good Fairy" is the next feature for Miss Sullavan, and though on the stage it dealt with a promiscuous lady, the character is modified for pictures. It is unlikely that she will be seen in any interpretation like "Only Yesterday" for many moons.

Nor, apparently, can Ann Harding do a "Life of Vergie Winters," for that picture was banned in Chicago, and is on one or the other of the religious black lists. Irene Dunne's adventures in the "Back Street" sort of picture will also probably have to stop. And John Boles will have to cease being the unloved husband who turns to another woman for solace. While Clark Gable will have to give up such wayward gentlemen as the gambler in "Manhattan Melodrama," with his beautiful inamorata.

Dire predictions are made that some of the stars who have been especially identified with sex pictures, will be quitting the screen before long. They haven't any other line of acting with which they can effec-

tively associate themselves. So they are between the censors on the one hand and something approaching innocuous desuetude on the other.

Meanwhile a new galaxy of stars may be visioned. They will typify serenity, spirituality and great refinement. Jean Muir, Jean Parker, and Evelyn Venable are some of the newer recruits pointed to who symbolize these more virginal qualities.

Katharine Hepburn has suddenly attained the personification of radiant girlhood because of "Little Women." She is in the vanguard. Diana Wynyard, because of "Cavalcade," is distinguished for nobility and dignity. Rôles such as she assumed in "Where Sinners Meet" and "Let's Try Again," are regarded as beneath her. More is hoped in the instance of "One More River," which she recently completed.

Stars may also be affected by their private lives. Multiple divorces are thought now to be dangerous. Gloria Swanson's next picture will be watched avidly. She is on the spot because of four matrimonial adventures and her reported romance with Herbert Marshall. "Three Weeks" was apparently regarded as too hot a vehicle for her; it was dropped



Aristocratic Katherine Alexander brings rare distinction to her rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

overnight. Arrangements for her to play in "Barbary Coast" were also canceled, and this picture was later wiped off Anna Sten's list, too, though she is involved in no marital complications.

Certain other productions have been shunted completely. "The Postman Rings Twice" was purchased by M.-G.-M. for \$50,000, and was banned by the Hays office. "Professional Correspondent," adapted from "Man and Wife," has also been forbidden. The title of "The Green Hat" will not be used, which goes

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They Say in New York—

Continued from page 17

supervisor. He is, as you doubtless recall, a man who knows what he wants but can't spell it. Hecht and MacArthur have clarified his exalted position still further. At Coney Island they found two foolish-looking midgets whom they promptly hired. Their job is to sit in the studio in chairs marked "Supervisor."

Easterners Try Again.—Even though a leering jinx seems to follow all efforts to make pictures in the East, another company is trying. Rose Hobart, Weldon Heyburn, and Lucilla Mendez are playing the leading rôles in "Convention Girl." Many of the scenes were filmed in Atlantic City, the rest are being made in a studio at Irvington, New York, scene of some of the pioneer blood-and-thunder serials.

Lucilla Mendez got off to a good start in pictures some six years ago, then married Ralph Ince and retired. The marriage ended in divorce and Lucilla came to New York to go back on the stage. Theater activity seemed to be a myth, so she welcomed a picture offer. She has one of the gifts that seem indispensable to women on the screen. She looks considerably younger than she did six years ago. And prettier.

Tête-à-tête With Interruptions.—Glenda Farrell and I attempted to have a quiet, confidential luncheon in a small side-street restaurant when she came East a short time ago. First the waiters came up and introduced themselves with the excuse that all the Irish are just one big happy family. Then a genial young cub came over and asked her to admit her identity to settle a bet. Then a woman leading a little darling with blondined corkscrew curls loomed up in front of us and we gave up in despair.

By that time I was fuming "Indignity—outrage—insufferable nit-wits," but Glenda hadn't even noticed. She was cool and pleasant, but seemed overpoweringly weary.

Making fifteen pictures in nine months has been a severe strain and she hoped for a rest. Her doctor ordered her to Virginia to visit his wife for a few days and when she returns he will take out her appendix. And I am betting she will come out of the anæsthetic greeted by a nurse who wants an autographed picture.

Unretouched Portrait of the Champion.—It is all settled that Max Baer will make a picture or two

this winter. Paramount won the fight to get his signature and bought the rights to "The Milky Way" for him.

Meanwhile, collecting and printing data about his life, loves, and eccentricities, threatens to assume the proportions of a major national industry. Nevertheless, you may not know that he is practically unbeatable at pinocle, but can't—simply can't—swim. He takes the shine off his face with white shoe-cleaning powder. He combs his curly hair almost continuously, and is a telephone addict.

So long as there is a telephone around, Max will try to remember some acquaintance in a remote spot that he has never phoned before.

Knowing that he would never get any rest otherwise, his manager had all the phones taken out of the house where Max stayed while training for the big fight.

If Max had an analytical mind and could remain serious for more than a minute, he could make a fortune explaining to professional men how he manages to relax instantly from an almost electric nervous tension. But his mind is occupied with such things as the bracelet he wears, inscribed "More of yesterday, less of to-morrow."

Subject for a Short.—Louise Fazenda sped through New York on her return from Europe without pausing to see old friends. They are pretty hurt about it too, because from Hollywood come reports that she is the life of every party with her impromptu travelogues. "Through Sunny Italy Without Any Trunks" is said to be her star performance. Some one will just have to film it so that we can all see it.

Always on the Go.—Genevieve Tobin returned from a European holiday, viewed the censorship hullabaloo calmly and observed that the producers had only themselves to blame.

The cool and correct Miss Tobin is teacher's pet. It seems that she turned down innumerable rôles last year because producers wanted her to play a bad, bad woman.

Diana Wynyard sailed for a holiday in England, glad to be off while the battle between purity leagues and picture producers was raging. She viewed the situation with some alarm as most balanced people do, realizing that censorship usually goes to ridiculous lengths.

*When I think
of the days
I Lost*



"I have always ridden horseback, rain or shine, except for certain days that demanded quiet. Now, I ride without regard for those difficult days because there is no longer any difficulty or discomfort connected with them. My only regret is the time I lost in getting acquainted with Midol."

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THE APPROVED MASCARA

Always Exasperatin'

Continued from page 27

"I can't have any more lawsuits," she said to me. Experience has shown her it is smarter to keep cool. She no longer is distressed by Hollywood's attempt to mold its stars. She realizes that as soon as the movie colony sensed she wouldn't conform that the effort to influence her ceased.

She is ready to-day to accept interviews as part of the game and is making as few references to Frank Fay as possible. Not because she is any the less devoted, but because she has finally taken cognizance of the fact that continuous public harping on his virtues is tiresome. She is gradually learning that it is she who concerns her fans, although she has yet to develop any ego.

Her only worry is over screen rôles.

"I'll play anything. That is, anything of which I'm capable. I'm not finicky otherwise—except that I do want stories which are interesting to the average audience. I don't even care whether I thoroughly like it myself, so long as the audience will.

"I get some awful stories handed to me. And I kick and yell about 'em. I'm sure the studio is annoyed! Of course, I can object just so much and then I have to give in. But I don't until I feel the tomahawk raised over my head!"

Barbara grinned at me. She volunteered the information that the two words most suitable to her character are "always exasperatin'."

She has no intention of stirring up trouble. "I was born curious. Curious as to why, for instance, they can't give me better rôles. Curious on the sets as to why they do things certain ways. I don't try to tell 'em what to do when we've started production—I couldn't. I just ask questions. The streak's clear through me.

"It's the same with publicity. I'm downright sorry for writers who wish colorful articles about me. My life runs on so smoothly. The publicity department has all sorts of fantastic 'angles,' but I balk at any pose."

That our mental attitude controls our happiness was never more forcefully brought to my attention than by this check-up on Barbara as she is to-day. No star had a more miserable childhood than she, and ever since she scored in stellar fashion she has been up against Hollywood's silent judgment that she's outdistanced her husband.

As the nurse brought Dion Fay, her cute two-and-a-half-year-old adopted son out on the lawn to us, I glanced across at Joan Crawford's ménage and thought what a differ-

ence there is between these two ex-cabaret girls.

Barbara Stanwyck has not toiled to transform herself into a lady. She doesn't give a hoot for glamour, for gorgeous clothes, for the admiration of sophisticated men. She lacks both the wish and the ability to dramatize her personal self. She is surprisingly conservative in ideas and behavior. And yet, by some quirk, on the screen she is an intense, intuitive actress with remarkable talent.

She had a tougher youth than Joan. Those unfortunate yesteryears have left no bitter hangovers to spur her on, though. "I felt I was having bad breaks at the time; sure. But I soon got over it. How? Oh, I looked about and noticed plenty a lot worse off! You can take anything big if you want to!" In this strikingly modest manner she dismisses her early hardships.

She has not abandoned her native slang, nor learned to pretend. I sincerely doubt if she'll ever take her Hollywood prestige or herself "big."

I questioned her as to why she avoided premières. "They seem kind of silly, like graduation exercises! The stars say such asinine things when requested to speak on the radio. However, I really wish I'd do a picture myself that would be worth an opening. I'd be so proud I'd be down at the theater by seven o'clock so I wouldn't miss a thing!"

Stanwyck, at twenty-six, is a different woman from the defiant, puzzled girl who entered pictures five years ago. But instead of the customary physical blooming, hers has been a mental progress. She reiterated, "I have no regrets to blame on Hollywood. I've had to make no sacrifices. I am content."

And still, we all know the history of her struggle. How, parentless and destitute before she even was in her teens, she started her climb from Brooklyn's back streets to leading lady on Broadway. Only a strong, well-balanced character understands that everything's dependent on the way you size it up.

Loyalty is her dominant trait. What if she is too inarticulate to bare her heart?

On the blond Dion's tiny wrist I observed a gold bracelet. I bent over to note the inscription. The engraving read: "To our darling son, with love from mamma and daddy." Barbara Stanwyck eagerly pulled him into her arms, forgot me and her public, and with complete absorption began singing him a childish lullaby. Exasperatin' woman!

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Out Kansas Way.

I WONDER: Why we cannot have some real dancing in musical films? Surely everybody is tired of groups of chorus girls making wheels, waterfalls, et cetera, comparatively in the nude.

Why Nils Asther is not given bigger and better parts? In addition to being the handsomest man on the screen, he has an arresting personality, and is a clever actor, equally good in dramatic or comedy rôles. He was swell in "By Candlelight."

Why Ramon Novarro was not given the part of the prince in the "Merry Widow"? According to the musical comedy, *Prince Danilo* was handsome, dashing, and had a good singing voice. All of which Chevalier isn't and hasn't.

Why they teamed Edna Best and Colin Clive in "The Key"? Those English accents, and the fact that they both have the same turned-up noses, gave a decidedly comic effect to the picture.

MRS. M. C. CAMERON.

Wichita, Kansas.



They say that Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are the most popular pair in pictures. Anyway they radiate happiness in "Chained."

Swell Trouper.

SHE is an actress radiating personality and charm, one who puts her whole soul into the character she portrays.

That is what I think of Ginger Rogers. To me, she deserves more praise than is given her, and I am sure her fans will agree with me.

After all her fame, Ginger is just the same sweet little girl every one has learned to love.

Come on, fans, give her a great big hand for she is a swell trouper.

MARGARET PRENTICE.

Box 258,

Twin Branch, West Virginia.

A Bouquet for Otto Kruger.

I WENT to see Max Baer in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"—Max the riot, Max the *Don Juan* of America, the man women can't resist, and I came away deeply impressed by the personality and the acting ability of a supporting player who, until then, had been nothing but a name to me—Otto Kruger.

Kruger has a magnetic personality that is positively breath-taking. I have had

many "raves" in my years of movie-going. I can admire Gable's smile or Tracy's charm with the best of you. But Otto Kruger is different! All the current idols fall into absolute insipidity in comparison to him.

In Otto Kruger we have at last something quite new. A compelling personality and acting ability to be ranked with that of Hepburn and Conrad Veidt.

SYDNEY MARTIN HALLIWALD.

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One-word Impressions!

CLAUDETTE COLBERT—Clever.

Ruth Chatterton—Sophisticated.

Norma Shearer—Naive.

Billie Burke—Chatterbox.

Phillips Holmes—Romantic.

Katharine Hepburn—Eccentric.

Myrna Loy—Alluring.

Mac West—Sexy.

Frances Dee—Sweet.

Bette Davis—Artificial.

Jean Harlow—Ethereal.

Glenda Farrell—Slangy.

Carol Lombard—Blasé.

Ann Harding—Heavenly.

Helen Twelvetrees—Lispy.

Clark Gable—Virile.

Irene Dunne—Domestic.

ELCY OBERDICK.

305 Spruce Street,

Leavenworth, Kansas.

To Star or Not To Star.

JOAN CRAWFORD is not beautiful. I agree with Dorothy Rogers concerning Joan's "full, rich mouth and enormous orbs," and to me her nose is unattractive. In fact, I think her entire face looks artificial and anything but lovely.

Another popular actress who would never be hung in an art gallery because of good looks is Katharine Hepburn. If it were not for expert make-up and lighting she would be very homely.

But there is a great difference between Katharine and Joan. Joan has real acting genius which Miss Hepburn lacks. By long years of hard work Joan has made her way to the top. On the other hand, Miss Hepburn started at the top and if box-office reports are correct, is rapidly on her way to the bottom. Her popularity has been due chiefly to the publicity given her. I predict that she will be a short-lived star.

Miss Crawford, too, has had her share of the limelight and will soon be replaced by a newer star. We admit her worth but we crave new faces. A MOVIE FAN.

Maitland, Missouri.

Call for Miss Segal.

WHY doesn't some one give Vivienne Segal a break? We saw her a few years ago in "Viennese Nights." We shall never forget her superb performance in that excellent picture. Recently we saw her in "The Cat and the Fiddle." Although her part was very small, she gave an excellent performance. She has much more to offer than many newcomers who are getting good rôles.

Besides Miss Segal's acting ability and charm, she has the best singing voice of any one on the screen with the possible exception of Jeanette MacDonald. We hope that she will be given a good rôle soon. FIVE ADMIRERS.

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 31

any child wonder since Jackie Coogan, and the agents can just go hang.

Instead of ten per cent or even five per cent of her stipend being paid to them, all she has to give up is two and one half per cent. Probably, before the arguments are over, all she'll have to tender the man who arranges her jobs is a stick of candy and a big hug.

Hailing Maureen and Bette.—Two young players who are now riding high are Maureen O'Sullivan and Bette Davis. We've often wondered when Maureen would finally click, but "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" seems destined to cause studio heads to give her great recognition. They're even talking of starring her. She was the surprise hit in the film.

Miss Davis's success in "Of Human Bondage," now revealed to a goodly portion of the country, promises to give a new upturn to her career. The girl is an actress!

She Charms All.—Virginia Pine is still an attraction supreme around Hollywood. Ronald Colman was once interested; later George Raft, and who do you think we glimpsed her with most recently? None other than Nick Foran, the chap who sang so well in "Stand Up and Cheer."

They were at the preview party for the new Bath and Tennis Club, which, by the way, is stage-managed by Nick Stuart. And we might mention also that Sue Carol was present at the same affair, with little Carol Ann. Which just goes to show that Nick and Sue remain really friendly, even though separated.

The Lupe-Johnny Stunts.—Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez have been going through their "act" once again. And they've done pretty well with news headlines. This time, of course, it's the divorce ballyhoo. And Lupe and Johnny managed to be seen together, or seen separately, all through the preliminary stages leading up to their legal separation. Which generally assured them of some news mention.

Lupe has managed to kid the press for a long time, but sometime they will say "enough!"

Pryor-Sothern Match.—The prophecy is that Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern will soon be marrying. Pryor and his wife, estranged for some years, have gone Reno-ing, and that's fairly indicative of the actor's new matrimonial intentions.

Pryor, you know, is leading man

for Mae West in "Belle of the Nineties," while Ann Sothern is that luscious blonde seen in "Let's Fall in Love" and "Melody in Spring."

Joan Invokes Magic.—Now that Joan Crawford has a wishing well in her back yard, introduced to the world with the éclat of a party, we are curious as to what Joan is wishing for. We'll wager it's happiness, but we wonder if Joan will ever find it. The gayest girl in Hollywood at one time, she has become one of the most secluded and saddest. She is raptly devoted to Franchot Tone, but it is a question whether they will ever marry.

Joan's group of friends are chosen both individually and democratically. She makes no grade or distinction between star, columnist, fan writer, or nonentity. She likes the people she likes. At her "wishing well" party were Tone, Jean Muir, Phil Regan, the singing cop, Walter Winchell, the keyhole peeper, and others mostly less important.

Ray Still Idol.—The part that Charlie Ray played in his comeback picture, "Ladies Should Listen," may afford him only mild gratification because of its unimportance, but it certainly must have done his heart good to hear the applause when he appeared on the screen during the preview. The ovation lasted for all of three minutes. Who says they don't care about the old-timers?

Mae's Family Reunion.—Mae West recently held a family reunion. Her sister, Beverly West, visited her, bringing her brand-new husband Vladimir Baikoff, who also manages his wife's theatrical career. Beverly plays in vaudeville.

The reunion included, besides the sister and her hubby, Papa Jack West, and brother Jack. The Wests are a regular clan.

Beverly looks quite a bit like Mae.

Exclusive Beauties.—Norma Shearer and Dolores del Rio recently had the proud distinction of being mentioned on a list of the ten most beautiful women in the United States, which list included no other screen stars. Just society folk and such like.

Lederer a "Low-down Singer."—Francis Lederer, the matinee idol, has turned crooner. He'll warble a song in "Pursuit of Happiness." Lederer hasn't a big singing voice, so his coach, Max Rabinowitch, the Russian pianist, taught him how to stand

right against the microphone, and carol softly, supposedly to his lady love. It isn't romantic, but it gets over.

Rudy Vallée's Tranquillity.—Rudy Vallée has finally been able to sign up for pictures again. And we're wondering whether he'll be romancing with Alice Faye when he comes West, or whether all that will be changed by fall when his arrival is scheduled.

Rudy last year was loath to remain in Hollywood for fear Fay Webb Vallée might slap some sort of suit on him, but a truce was recently declared by a Supreme Court judge, who promised the crooner "Peace and tranquillity." Mebbe so!

Much Too Hotcha.—Oh, how worried they are about Jean Harlow's picture, originally called "One Hundred Per Cent Pure." It has gone through several title changes. For a while it was known as "Born To Be Kissed," and that was deemed too hot. Then for about half a day it was christened "It Pays To Be Good," and that was found to be too much like another title. At latest, it was named "The Girl from Missouri," but we can't guarantee it'll be that by the time you see it. The picture seems headed for trouble.

Elissa, the Exclusive.—The parties of Elissa Landi should really be written on a golden page in movie history. They are the most exclusive social events, and engage always the most brilliant company.

Elissa entertained for the pianist and composer, Abram Chasins, while he was spending a few weeks at her home, with Charles Laughton, John Lodge and Francesca Braggiotti—Mrs. Lodge—Margaret Lindsay, and others of a choice group.

Wedding With Ballyhoo.—Very great festivities surrounded the wedding of Claudia Morgan, daughter of Ralph Morgan. She was married to Robert Shippee of prominent social connections. A throng of people attended, those glimpsed including Pauline Lord, Robert Montgomery, Charles Butterworth, Pat O'Brien, Louis Calhern, Madge Kennedy, Otto Kruger, Edward G. Robinson, Frank Morgan, and various others.

Something new for social functions was started in a sort of kidding vein when various celebrities were introduced for the benefit of relatives and friends of the groom. Edmund Breese acted as master of ceremonies and had the stars take a bow.

From Dusk to Dawn.—Still another huge stellar galaxy gathered for the housewarming at Ernst Lu-

bitsch's Mexican farm manse in Bel-Air. It is a home that he has been long planning and building. And the guests dined on a beautiful terrace overlooking the garden. Gloria Swanson was there with Herbert Marshall, and Miriam Hopkins was quite the belle of the ball. She always is. Frances Drake was also exceedingly popular.

Norma Shearer, Dolores del Rio, the ever more beautiful Jeanette MacDonald, with Robert Ritchey; Carmel Myers, looking unusually attractive; Frank Morgan, Arline Judge, Maurice Chevalier, Carl Brisson, and other movie-land stellar and socialites were present.

The party started at eight and ended at dawn with breakfast.

Peck's Bad Boy.—Shirley Temple has a very mischievous brother. He is not much older than she, and is always getting into some devilment. Just recently at a riding stable he untethered the horses, and the attendants had the very deuce of a time rounding them up. Even Shirley gave him a scolding.

New Teammates.—Grace Moore and Valentin Parera, and the Clark Gables are on the friendly list. They spent part of their time off between pictures together in the Carmel region.

Brent Fair-haired Boy.—Just as women stars have been fighting over Herbert Marshall until recently, it now looks as if George Brent were the favored leading man. Greta Garbo, of course, was benedictioned with his presence as lover in "The Painted Veil," and immediately Joan Crawford was reported angling for him to play in "Salute, There Goes Romance." Right before that he did duty with Myrna Loy in "Stamboul Quest."

Who'll be the next rage?

Josef and Marlene Forever.—Much, much has been rumored about a split-up between Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich. But all is peaceful again. He will positively direct her in "Caprice Espagnole."

Virginia's Name Quandary.—Virginia Bruce has been debating whether to use that name or be known as Mrs. John Gilbert on the screen. It isn't her own desire so much as publicity persuasions. So far, it's been Bruce, and Virginia, having a mind of her own, is likely to resist the exploitation idea.

Meanwhile, Jack Gilbert is resuming his screen comeback. He has the romantic lead in "The Captain Hates the Sea."

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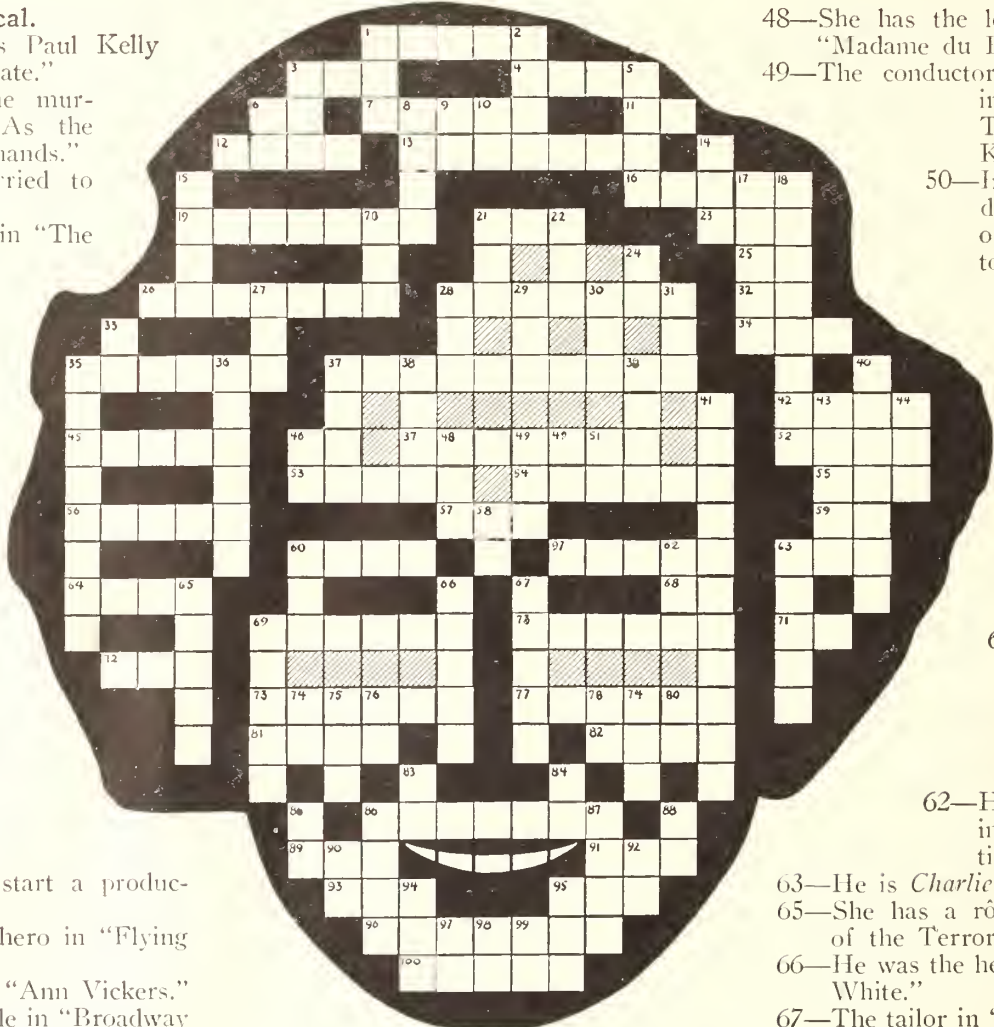
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A Fan's Cross-word Puzzle

Vertical.

- 
- 1—She opposes Paul Kelly in "Blind Date."
 2—He was the murderer in "As the Devil Commands."
 3—She is married to Rex Bell.
 5—She played in "The Right to Romance."
 6—He had a rôle in "Brief Moment." (Initials.)
 8—He is the leading man in "Paris Interlude."
 9—He was the singer in "Flying Down to Rio."
 10—Initials of a player in "All Good Americans."
 14—Fixed in position to start a production.
 15—The young hero in "Flying Devils."
 17—A player in "Ann Vickers."
 18—He had a rôle in "Broadway Through A Keyhole."
 20—The "Schnozzle" comedian. (Abbr.)
 21—He was in "Viva Villa!"
 22—He was in "Success At Any Price."
 24—The comedian in "The Last Trail."
 27—The comedian in "Gold Diggers of 1933."
 28—One of the Boy Friends Comedies.
 29—Where the action of "Midshipman Jack" took place.
 30—Initials of the player in "The Man With Two Faces."
 31—She played in "My Weakness." (Abbr.)
 33—Name of Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women."
 35—She had a rôle in "Christopher Strong."
 36—Mrs. Wesley Ruggles.
 37—The star of "Nana."
 38—The first name of this star is Mischa.
 39—The word "Orient" can be expressed otherwise.
 40—His first name is Jack.
 41—Star of "The Lost Jungle" serial.
 43—Last word of a Jean Parker picture.
 44—Abbr. of the first name of Miss O'Neill.
 46—Initials of a player in "Blood Money."
 48—She has the leading rôle in "Madame du Barry."
 49—The conductor of orchestra in "Broadway Through A Keyhole."
 50—Initials of a radio singer in one of Buster Keaton's pictures.
 51—Initials of Marilyn Miller's sweetie.
 58—Initials of the star in "The Count of Monte Cristo."
 60—"Come up and see me sometime" is one of her expressions.
 62—He had a rôle in "Queen Christina."
 63—He is *Charlie Chan*.
 65—She has a rôle in "Return of the Terror."
 66—He was the hero in "Men in White."
 67—The tailor in "This Day and Age."
 69—Loretta Young's sister.
 74—He was the singer in "Cuban Love Song."
 75—Initials of the uncle in "Tillie and Gus."
 76—Initials of a player in "Queen Christina."
 78—Initials of Dorothy Sebastian's husband.
 79—Initials of a player in "The Merry Widow."
 80—Initials of the singer in "It's Great To Be Alive."
 83—Initials of the heroine in "Berkeley Square."
 84—Initials of a player in "Midshipman Jack."
 85—Ex-Mrs. Hoot Gibson. (Abbr.)
 86—President of Universal Studio.
 87—Bebe Daniels's husband.
 88—Initials of a player in "Queen Christina."
 90—Initials of a player in "Morning Glory."
 92—Initials of a doctor in "From Headquarters."
 94—To join firmly, as companies of moving pictures.
 95—The dancing man in "Footlight Parade." (Abbr.)
 97—Initials of a player in "Laughing Boy."
 98—Initials of hero in "Servants' Entrance."
 99—The preposition preceding the title of a picture.

By

Wilfrid Parisien, Jr.

LOOK FOR THE ANSWER NEXT MONTH

Horizontal.

- 1—She played in "I Have Lived."
- 3—He had a rôle in "What Price Innocence?"
- 4—She deserted screen for stage.
- 6—Initials of the girl in "The Thin Man."
- 7—She is in "Barretts of Wimpole Street."
- 11—Initials of a player in "Midshipman Jack."
- 12—He was in "Let's Fall in Love."
- 13—A player in "The Rebel."
- 16—She plays in "Age of Innocence."
- 19—He plays in "Hat, Coat, and Glove."
- 21—She played in "Lone Cowboy."
- 23—He was important in "Rasputin and the Empress."
- 25—Great Divide. (Abbr.)
- 26—Her first name is Una.
- 28—The three singer sisters of "The Big Broadcast."
- 32—She played in "Walls of Gold." (Abbr. of her last name.)
- 34—The name of the M.-G.-M. lion.
- 35—He played in "Ann Vickers."
- 37—Oliver Hardy's pal in comedies.
- 42—One of the three Moore brothers.
- 45—She is scheduled for "Romance in the Rain."
- 46—Initials of Mrs. Laurence Olivier.
- 47—His first name is Cliff.
- 52—Her last name is d'Avril.
- 53—She has a rôle in "The Captain Hates the Sea."
- 54—He was the trainer in "The Big Cage."

- 55—The sex of an "actor."
- 56—Her first name is Mary.
- 57—He is playing in "You Belong to Me."
- 59—Initials of a player in "Dance, Girl, Dance."
- 60—He was the hero in "The World Changes."
- 61—The comedian in "Roman Scandals."
- 63—First word of the picture starring Gary Cooper and Frances Fuller.
- 64—She was in "Little Women."
- 68—The mother in "Stage Mother." (Initials.)
- 69—She plays in "The Private Life of Don Juan."
- 70—The hero of "The Constant Nymph."
- 71—Ruby Keeler's husband.
- 72—He plays in "Here Comes the Navy."
- 73—A player in "Nana."
- 77—He is in "The Right to Romance."
- 81—Sue Carol's ex-husband.
- 82—Robert Woolsey's pal in pictures.
- 86—She is the lady in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round."
- 89—Her last name is Lupino.
- 91—An affirmation.
- 93—He is a singer whose last name is Tracy. (Abbr.)
- 95—He is the comedian in "The Circus Clown."
- 96—She played in "His Double Life."
- 100—She is the one represented in this drawing.

The Clean-up Earthquake

Continued from page 58

back to the silent days when it was released as "A Woman of Affairs." Pictures that are acceptable are now being given certificates by the Hays office, and when you see them in the theater will be labeled with an O. K. that indicates they have been passed by this august body. This step was taken to stave off Federal or some other sort of censorship of a political nature. Still, with all these precautions the movies aren't out of the woods. It has become the fashion to slam them. Reformers are ready to carp at anything and everything. Having lost the fight against repeal, they have seemingly seized on pictures as a good victim for attack. Whether pictures need cleaning up moviegoers themselves will eventually decide. Some pictures have paid well in proportion to their cost that have contained plenty of hot stuff. "I'm No Angel" has grossed nearly \$2,500,000 in America, and "She Done Him Wrong" is not far behind. "The Cock-eyed World," a

roughneck affair, gathered in much more than either of these during the silent days. "Common Clay," "Anna Christie," "Gold Diggers of Broadway," and "Bad Girl," which might not survive without blame during the present severe censorship wave, were all cash winners. Against these appear such pictures as the following, recently tabulated in *Motion Picture Herald*, as the biggest all-time best sellers: "The Singin' Fool," "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Ben-Hur," "The Big Parade," "Birth of a Nation," "Cavalcade," "The Covered Wagon," "The Jazz Singer," "Sunny Side Up," "Broadway Melody," "The Freshman," "The Gold Rush," "The Ten Commandments," "Forty-second Street," and "Grand Hotel," with gross rentals ranging all the way from \$2,250,000 up to \$5,000,000. Most of this group of pictures would escape any slams. They are apparently what the public really want. Will there be more of them?

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Richard Cromwell	Ann Sothorn
Jack Holt	Raymond Walburn
Edmund Lowe	Fay Wray
Tim McCoy	

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames	Rochelle Hudson
Lew Ayres	Victor Jory
Warner Baxter	Frank Melton
Madge Bellamy	Jose Mojica
Irene Bentley	Herbert Mundin
John Boles	Pat Paterson
Madeleine Carroll	Gene Raymond
Henrietta Crosman	Kane Richmond
James Dunn	Will Rogers
Sally Eilers	Raul Roulien
Alice Faye	Shirley Temple
Norman Foster	Spencer Tracy
Ketti Gallian	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	Hugh Williams

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Otto Kruger
Elizabeth Allan	Evelyn Laye
Edward Arnold	Myrna Loy
John Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Lionel Barrymore	Herbert Marshall
Wallace Beery	Florine McKinney
Charles Butterworth	Una Merkel
Mrs. Patrick Campbell	Robert Montgomery
Mary Carlisle	Frank Morgan
Maurice Chevalier	Ramon Novarro
Mae Clarke	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jackie Cooper	Jean Parker
Joan Crawford	William Powell
Marion Davies	Esther Ralston
Jimmy Durante	May Robson
Nelson Eddy	Norma Shearer
Madge Evans	Martha Sleeper
Muriel Evans	Lewis Stone
Preston Foster	Franchot Tone
Betty Furness	Lupe Velez
Clark Gable	Henry Wadsworth
Greta Garbo	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Harlow	Diana Wynyard
Helen Hayes	Robert Young

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Carol Lombard
Adrienne Ames	Ida Lupino
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Joan Marsh
Grace Bradley	Gertrude Michael
George Burns	Jack Oakie
Kitty Carlisle	Gail Patrick
Claudette Colbert	Joe Penner
Gary Cooper	George Raft
Buster Crabbe	Lanny Ross
Bing Crosby	Charles Ruggles
Katherine DeMille	Randolph Scott
Marlene Dietrich	Sylvia Sydney
Frances Drake	Alison Skipworth
Frances Fuller	Sir Guy Standing
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Jack Haley	Lee Tracy
Miriam Hopkins	Evelyn Venable
Roscoe Karns	Mae West
Charles Laughton	Henry Wilcoxon
Baby LeRoy	Dorothy Wilson
John Davis Lodge	Toby Wing

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire	William Gargan
Nils Asther	Ann Harding
John Beal	Katharine Hepburn
Bill Boyd	Kay Johnson
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Mary Mason
Bill Cagney	Joel McCrea
Chic Chandler	Ginger Rogers
Frances Dee	Helen Vinson
Dolores del Rio	Bert Wheeler
Richard Dix	Gretchen Wilson
Irene Dunne	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Fredric March
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Anna Sten
Charles Chaplin	Gloria Swanson
Ronald Colman	Loretta Young

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes	Paul Lukas
Russ Brown	Douglass Montgomery.
Russ Columbo	Chester Morris
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Sterling Holloway	Roger Pryor
Henry Hull	Onslow Stevens
Lois January	Gloria Stuart
Buck Jones	Margaret Sullavan
Boris Karloff	Slim Summerville
June Knight	Alice White
Bela Lugosi	Jane Wyatt

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Richard Barthelmess	Margaret Lindsay
Joan Blondell	Aline MacMahon
George Brent	Helen Mann
Joe E. Brown	Frank McHugh
James Cagney	Jean Muir
Colin Clive	Paul Muni
Ricardo Cortez	Theodore Newton
Bette Davis	Virginia Pine
Claire Dodd	Dick Powell
Ann Dvorak	Phillip Reed
Patricia Ellis	Barbara Rogers
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
Al Jolson	Donald Woods
Ruby Keeler	

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan
Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian,
430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill,
Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North
Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent
Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower
Avenue, Hollywood.

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PICTURE PLAY[★]

NOVEMBER

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NTS
ENGLAND




NORMA SHEARER
By ALBERT FISHER

MARIE DRESSLER'S LAST INTERVIEW


BY VIRGINIA
MAXWELL

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Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because ~~Franz Lehar's~~ romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".



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JEANETTE
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an **ERNSI LUBITSCH** Production

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Merry Widow

with

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PICTURE PLAY EXPANDS!

It had to be! Too many devotees of the unique—as well as honest—magazine of the screen demanded more of its extraordinary quality for us to ignore them!

They insisted that the cost be hanged just so the magazine were enlarged. They wanted more pictures of their favorites, more of the sane, wholesome information about stars which has distinguished Picture Play for nearly twenty years, more of that balanced discrimination which excludes the trashy, the sensational from its pages and concentrates on the authentic, the informative.

AND SO—

December Picture Play will defer to the wish of the majority and enlarge, increasing its pages and all the wealth of material expected of expansion.

To meet additional publishing costs the price must also be increased, naturally. Beginning next month Picture Play will be fifteen cents, a trifling difference to those who insist on quality and we expect thousands of letters from readers applauding our move in giving them what they have long requested.

LAST, BUT NOT LEAST

Picture Play is planning a contest, the most amazingly different ever to be sponsored by a film magazine, with prizes in real money, not in printed figures. Watch for particulars! Wait for the new Picture Play!

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WHAT THE FANS THINK

Why Should Neil Be Subordinated?

DOES screen eminence compensate for the absurd front Hollywood demands its favorites to maintain?

To a conscientious actor intent on giving his best to screen portrayals, it would seem the performance is all that need be considered; yet a star dare not refuse

to play the Hollywood game.

He must be on hand to smile and be seen at premières; he must permit himself to be photographed at the publicized show places, and he must be in attendance at the more spectacular sporting events—this despite the fact that he may sincerely dislike the ballyhoo attending such appearances.



Jack McElveny ponders on the inconsistencies of fame, citing the career of Neil Hamilton to prove his point.

He may prefer the quiet of his home, the company of intimate friends, but let him assert his right to privacy, let him avoid the spotlight, and what happens?

The case of Neil Hamilton is typical. Mr. Hamilton is a very good actor. Happily married, he prefers the company of his wife and non-professional friends. And because he chooses to live a normal life away from the cameras, his career has suffered.

What fan does not number among his favorite screen souvenirs Neil's portrayal of *Digby* in "Beau Geste"? It is a characterization which will be remembered long after the amorous dalliances of more publicized actors have vanished into thin air.

Neil Hamilton's career has been on the downgrade the past two years. He has been subordinated to the sup-



Intelligently and logically, Diana Bain argues that Greto Garbo has not had fame and fortune handed to her, but she has given richly of genius in return.

port of actors less efficient than himself, cast in quickies with limited distribution, and the final ignominy of playing in support of a former swimming champion.

It is an illuminating sidelight on the Hollywood parade, which at all times appears just a trifle ridiculous.

JACK W. McELVENY.

960 Iglehart Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Garbo Has Earned Her Throne.

I READ with amusement and a little indignation a letter by a North Dakota fan in March Picture Play regarding the lack of manners and general rudeness

of the Great Garbo. He makes a very un sportsmanlike statement to the effect that Garbo has been given fame, glory, and thousands of dollars—and all for nothing, it seems.

Now, I wonder what Miss Garbo does in return for all this. Does she just sit around and hold out her hands while the thousands of dollars drop



Ronnie, a studio electrician, writes from England to say that Thelma Todd will never be forgotten by her friends at Elstree.

into them, or does she work hard for her fame, honor, and glory? No doubt the early Hollywood days of this star are mostly to blame for her manner, for, if reports are correct, she was not given a very enthusiastic welcome, but on the contrary, was made the subject of ridicule many times.

To me, Miss Garbo's method is to be admired—it is such a happy change from the usual publicity-hunters who boldly pose for photographs with hubby number two, three, or four.

Regarding the monetary side of the question, few people seem to realize that the industry is one of the greatest sources of revenue that America has.



Maxine Adler declares that Hugh Williams is "Goble, Powell, March, Montgomery, Howard, and Dix, all in one!"

Therefore, as people in all parts of the world are paying good money to see pictures, it stands to reason that plenty of dollars find their way back to their native home.

Garbo, as well as many other stars, is helping to make a living for producers, directors, et cetera.

No, Garbo has not been *given* anything. She has earned all she has, and deserves every scrap of it, for even her least admirer cannot fail to appreciate her extraordinary ability and her uncanny fascination.

DIANA BAIN.

Rose Bay, Sydney, Australia.

A Studio Electrician Tells.

WHEN reading an old copy of Picture Play, I noticed a letter from Fitzroy Square, London, about the strange behavior of some of America's most famous stars in England.

Except for a slightly superior attitude, Jeanette MacDonald is all that a true film fan could wish for.

Now, as for Bebe Daniels, I have worked on the same set with her as an electrician, and I offer her all my sympathy. She is so absorbed in her work that she finds little time to look at, let alone answer personally, any letters she may receive.

I agree in regard to Sally Eilers. She is high-hat, but only to reporters and silly fans seeking her autograph.

But Thelma Todd is one of the most charming girls I have ever met in any studio in and around London. If she sees this, the best is wished her from her many friends in Elstree.

Well, in the words of the camera, I guess this is enough for this "shot," so I must cry "cut."

RONNIE.

Edgeware, England.

A Fan's Discovery.

I'M all aflutter! My heart is beating more rapidly! I've found a Gable, Powell, March, Montgomery, Howard, and Dix all in one. I can't sleep nights. I can't eat. Tall, dark, and handsome. A man's man. A woman's man. An actor among actors. A menace to Hollywood leading men. A new star in the picture sky. Hugh Williams. I salute you!

MAXINE ADLER.

1556 Belmar Road,
East Cleveland, Ohio.

Bow Better Than Garbo, He Says.

THIS is just to say I heartily disagree with Jim Monahan who, in August Picture Play, stated that Greta Garbo was a better actress than Clara Bow.

One reason that Clara is the better actress is because she's so real, so human, which, after all, are the best qualities an actress can have. And this, if nothing else, is what enables Clara to act circles around Garbo.

I admire Garbo, yes, but I believe if she acted her rôles more down-to-earth she would be more popular among the fans.

So here's to Clara—may she come back to us soon and thrill us as only that Bow gal can.

FRANK RICOSSA.

Memphis, Tennessee.

All In Favor Say "Yes."

BERTHA LAMBERT of California wonders how many admire Otto Kruger as much as she does. She surely will have to put me on that list. Why doesn't he get better rôles? He is a grand actor but as yet has not received a part that fits his own individual style. For instance, the small rôle he played in "Men in White" was not the part for him.

He was meant to be a more humorous actor such as in "Springtime for Henry." Although they both were inferior parts, he gave them that Kruger touch. Bigger and better rôles for Otto Kruger!

ARLENE MERRELL.

309 East Washington,
Bath, New York.

Lanny's Flawless Diction.

MY sincere compliments to Paramount for bringing Lanny Ross to the screen. His diction and enunciation are flawless, and his pronunciation of the English language should prove an inspiration to many.

In addition, it is pleasant to watch the facial expressions of a singer who preserves, rather than shatters, the illusion and mood a song creates. His personality is equally as magnetic and charming as the liquid beauty of his voice. "Melody in Spring" was as refreshing as the season its title glorifies. Encore!

MARY E. LAUBER.

119 West Abbottsford Avenue,
Germantown,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Do you know who this charming youngster is? She's Alice Moore, daughter of Tom Moore and Alice Joyce, popular stars of yesterday, and she's in the movies to carry on the name.

Cleaner Titles Needed.

WHAT will this censorship war we are having just now mean to the movie-going public? Will it mean that pictures will become dull and uninteresting? Personally, I think the question will be solved when producers are more careful in titling their pictures, also doing away with the obscene advertising which precedes the showing of a picture. Usually I find that a picture is not half as bad as its title, or what the trailer plays it up to be, and, too, usually the shady title has little bearing on the theme. I suggest giving future releases cleaner titles, and then I think the censors will be satisfied. Why not try it?

ELCY EBERT OBERDICK.

c/o City State Bank,
Leavenworth, Kansas.

How About It, Fans?

I'VE stood all the heckling of Joan Crawford that I can from Dorothy Rogers, Marie Brown, and others of that ilk. There's nothing I need say about Crawford—she needs no defense from me. After

seven years in pictures, she remains among the first ten at the box office. And where does the supposedly sensational Hepburn stand in this respect—or is that another of the Hepburn mysteries?

Miss Rogers approves of Miss Hepburn. Well, I saw Hepburn in her first picture and liked her well enough to make a point of seeing her second. And that was that. The girl has no more acting technique than the crudest amateur—but worse than that, she is absolutely lacking in sincerity in her work. I saw "Little Women," and was touched by the genuine and intelligent understanding that Frances Dee and Joan Bennett brought to their rôles. Hepburn, because of her affected and hysterical histrionics, ruined an otherwise charming picture.

As for Madge Evans, she belongs to the group including Ann Harding, Irene Dunne, and Kay Francis—colorless, vapid, and boring.

As a matter of fact, there is very little real talent among the so-called stars—as is only too evident in "Sadie McKee," in which three "names" are hopelessly outclassed by a comparative unknown—Edward Arnold. It hurts to admit this. You see, I am one of the Crawford "nuts."

In my opinion, the only stars worthy of the name are Hayes, Garbo, John Barrymore, Spencer Tracy, Diana Wynyard, and—if she got some sense into her head and a whole lot of nonsense out of it, and made use of the gifts God gave her—Joan Crawford, who can go very far, if she'd only move in the right direction.

CLEO FLEMING.

Mount Vernon, New York.

No Chance To Be Faithful.

IT burns me up! This Nils Asther "hot and cold" business, I mean. There's been too much talk about us women going crazy over Nils when he's just finished a picture, and then apparently forgetting him until he makes another.

I'll have you know that Nils is absolutely unforgettable! What chance have we to remember him? He makes a picture. Swell! The magazines publish one or two pictures of him. Then they seem to forget that he exists, and we poor women have to hunt and hunt, without finding any pictures, after all.

We would be faithful, but we don't get the chance. We would like to keep writing to him, but how can we when all we can say is "Poor Johnny has the measles and is so sick," or "We're having lovely weather here, how's yours?" or else just repeating how wonderful we think he is.

Not that we mind, but we would like to have something new to comment on. I know that I'd like to wring the neck of whoever's responsible! We want more of Nils in the magazines. I'll buy a magazine any time that has something about him in it, and I don't buy any that hasn't!

DOROTHY DEAN WILCOX.

R. D. 3, Kent, Ohio.

His Rôles All Too Trivial.

FROM reading the letters in Picture Play each month, I gather that there are many fans who have chosen their favorite players from among those who aren't in the star class, but who are every bit as interesting as Crawford, Gable, Harlow, and the rest. You like these well enough, but you're tired of seeing and hearing about them. You want to know more about your favorites who depend more on merit than publicity to get ahead.

For instance, I like Paul Cavanagh. I endure such pictures as "Tarzan and His Mate" and "Shoot the Works" simply to catch a glimpse of this British actor whom

Continued on page 10

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle



MAXINE ADLER.—For a complete list of Joan Crawford's pictures, I must ask you to send a stamped envelope. For her photograph, write MGM Studio, Culver City, California. You might also address that studio for a photo of Hugh Williams, who was born in Yorkshire, England, March 6, 1904. Married to Gwynne Whitby.

BETTY REEHILL.—The producing companies will supply stills of any picture at a cost of ten cents each. If you desire a particular scene, it would be well to describe it in your letter.

JACK BENVENISTE.—Herbert Marshall was *Lord Rexford* in "Rip Tide." Both Marshall and Ronald Colman have excellent speaking voices. It is impossible to say which I think has the better.

PAT L.—Diana Wynyard has never been married. Clive Brook's daughter, Faith, was born about 1923, and his son, Clive, Jr., about 1927.

RUTH E. S.—Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois, March 27, 1898, and is five feet one and a half; Mae West, Brooklyn, New York, August 17, 1892, five feet four; Madge Evans, New York City, July 1, 1909, five feet four; Claudette Colbert, Paris, France, September 13, 1907, about five feet four; Marlene Dietrich, Berlin, Germany, December 27, 1905, five feet five; Myrna Loy, Helena, Montana, August 2, 1905, five feet six; Jean Parker, Deer Lodge, Montana, August 11, 1915, five feet three; May Robson, Melbourne, Australia, April 19, 1865, five feet two.

HARRY COPPOLA.—Jimmy Butler was *Boka* in "No Greater Glory." When requesting casts or the list of a star's films, please inclose a stamped envelope. Chadwick Pictures produced "Devil's Island" in 1926. Columbia released "War Correspondent," "Submarine," "Dirigible," "Flight," "A Dangerous Affair," "Hell's Island."

FRED.—Ginger Rogers was twenty-three on July 16th. Richard Barthelmess seems to be the only player who celebrates his birthday on May 9th. Mima Gombell and Charlie Chase are natives of Baltimore, Maryland.

RUTH ELLIS.—Otto Kruger celebrates his birthday on September 6th. He is married to Sue MacManamy and they have a seven-year-old daughter, Otilie. Conrad Veidt was born in Berlin, Germany, January 22, 1894, six feet two, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Married and divorced three

times. Raymond Hatton is five feet seven, weighs 140. Hasn't any children.

MARGIE.—It is only because Clara Bow is not very active in pictures that we don't publish more about her. For instance, when she last appeared in "Hoopla," we ran roto stills in the January issue, and reviewed the picture in March. Her name was used in connection with the article "Well, Who Am I?" in August Picture Play. As you probably know, Clara has retired from the screen to await the arrival of the stork.

BILLIE HEAD AND BILLY SANSING.—Will Rogers's latest is "Judge Priest," to be followed by "One More Spring." Tom Mix has returned from his circus tour to make more Westerns. Art Mix was *Kelso* in "Fighting Ranger." Wallace and Noah Beery are brothers. Bebe Daniels comes from Dallas, Texas.



Jean Harlow was born March 3, 1911; Lupe Velez, July 18, 1909; Dolores del Rio, August 3, 1905; Tim McCoy, April 10, 1891, in Saginaw, Michigan.

C. W. N.—Ramon Novarro has been represented in Picture Play as follows: 1933: Frontispiece in "Son-daughter" costume, February; review of the picture, April; frontispiece with Myrna Loy in scene from "Man on the Nile," (title changed to "The Barbarian") May; reviewed July, 1934: roto page with Jeanette MacDonald in "The Cat and the Fiddle," February; frontispiece with Lupe Velez in "Laughing Boy," April; story, "My Friend Ramon," with full-page photo, and review of "Cat and the Fiddle," May; small photo used to illustrate "Keep on the Glamour Mask," July.

BARRY NORTON FAN.—Your favorite was born Alfred de Biraben, June 16, 1905; Matty Kemp, September 10, 1909; Spencer Tracy, April 5, 1900, separated from Louise Treadwell; Lyle Talbot, Lyle Henderson, February 8, 1904; Ralph Bellamy, June 17, 1904, married to Catherine Willard; Claire Trevor, March 8, 1911; Pat O'Brien, William Patrick O'Brien, November 11, 1899, married to Eloise Taylor; Tom Keene, George Duryea, December 30, 1903, married to Grace Stafford.

B. AHU.—Robert Young, as *Claude*, was hit by a shell and blinded in "To-day We Live." Glad to be of service to a reader in the Fiji Islands.

E. B.—In "Murder at the Vanities," Toby Wing was *Nancy*, the dumb chorus girl pursued by Jack Oakie.

LYLLIAN G.—Arthur Jarrett did the singing in "Dancing Lady" and "Sitting Pretty." Ruby Keeler was born August

25, 1909; Dick Powell, November 14, 1904; Tom Tyler, August 8, 1903. Address Tyler at Freuler Films, Talisman Studio, Hollywood, and Jacqueline Wells, Monogram Pictures, Pathe Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood.

P. M. G.—There are no fan clubs listed for Miriam Hopkins, but there are two in honor of Franchot Tone. They are with Gladys Roof, 1364 Bronx River Avenue, Bronx, New York, and Christina Hunsinger, Mays, Indiana. One of the reasons the department "Pick a Pen Pal" was discontinued was because of lack of space. If you are desirous of corresponding with fans, you might consult "What the Fans Think" for names and addresses. Dorothy Coonan was *Sally* in "Wild Boys of the Road."



MARY ASICH.—Gene Raymond is of French descent, his right name being Raymond Guion. He was born in New York City, August 13, 1908. For his photo, write Fox Studio, inclosing twenty-five cents to cover cost. "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round" is his latest. Still single.



AMY TEMPLETON.—I am inclined to believe that Ralph Bellamy's fight with the octopus in "Below the Sea" was faked. He and Madge Bellamy are not related.

B. H. V.—Jean Harlow was born in Kansas City, Missouri, March 3, 1911; Bing Crosby, Tacoma, Washington, May 2, 1904; Frankie Darro, Chicago, Illinois, December 22, 1918. See *Mary Asich* for information about Gene Raymond.

HERMIONE.—Franchot Tone is a former stage player who made his screen debut in "To-day We Live," released early in 1933. He was born in Niagara Falls, New York, February 27, 1906, six feet, weighs 160, light-brown hair and hazel eyes. The Hollywood gossips doubt if he and Joan Crawford will marry, after all.

ROSELLE ERNST.—Shirley Temple was born in Santa Monica, California, April 23, 1929. Ruby Keeler in "Dames" and "Flirtation Walk."



R.—Helene Chadwick has been married to and divorced from both Louis Fontaine and William Wellman, while Wellman has been married to Miss Chadwick, Marjorie Chapin, and at present to Marjorie Crawford. Helene was born in Chadwick, New York, November 25, 1898, five feet seven, weighs 130, light hair and brown eyes. Mayo Methot appeared on the stage at the

age of six in Portland, Oregon. She married Percy T. Morgan, Jr., in 1931. I haven't her description, but Miss Methot resembles Helene Chadwick.

DOTSEY SCARBOROUGH.—Jimmy Butler is playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." You might address him at the Paramount Studio.

O. C. N.—Mae West was forty-two on August 17th. Edmund Lowe plans to continue his film career. "Gift of Gab," with Gloria Stuart and Alice White, is his current film. Sorry, but I do not keep a record of the casts of short subjects.

MORRIS FISHER.—Joe Penner made those Vitaphone shorts at the Brooklyn, New York, studio, but has gone to Hollywood to make "College Rhythm" at the Paramount Studio, where you might write for his photograph. John Mack Brown is with Columbia, where you can obtain his photo. Shirley Temple is with Fox. Try Ted Healy at Metro-Goldwyn Studio. Twenty-five cents should be inclosed with each request for a photo.

KAY.—Evelyn Brent hasn't appeared in any picture since "The World Gone Mad." I did not see her vaudeville act when she was on tour last year. Miss Brent has a pleasant singing voice and uses no double.

PEG.—You may be able to obtain photographs of these players by writing to the following studios. Jackie Searl and Leon Errol, Columbia; Junior Durkin, Warners; Jimmy Butler and Bobby Coogan, Paramount.

JANE ALLEN.—Both J. Harold Murray and Georges Metaxa have made shorts at the Vitaphone Studio, 1277 East 14th Street, Brooklyn, New York. Stanley Smith was last seen around New York in a stage play.

CATHERINE KELLY.—Now that Ronald Colman has completed "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," he is scheduled to make "Clive of India." Others in the cast have yet to be selected.

J. L. F.—George Arliss's "The Last Gentleman" is to be followed by his appearance in "Cardinal Richelieu." Mr. Arliss is English by birth, born there April 10, 1868. Five feet nine, weighs 140, gray hair, brown eyes. Married to Florence Montgomery since 1899.

ELLA L.—Constance Bennett, who is currently playing opposite Fredric March in "The Affairs of Cellini," will be seen next in "It Had to Happen," with Clark Gable. Miss Bennett celebrates her birthday on October 22nd.

JOSEPH LEE.—Bing Crosby with Miriam Hopkins in "She Loves Me Not." Twin boys were born to the Bing Crosbys (Dixie Lee) on July 13th, just about the time their son, Gary Evan, was celebrating his first birthday.

MARY FRAWLEY.—Mary Astor was born in Quincy, Illinois, May 3, 1906; five feet five, weighs 120, auburn hair, dark-brown eyes. Her real name is Lucille Langhanke. Married Doctor Franklyn Thorpe in June, 1931, and their daughter was born in June, 1932. Her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, was killed in an airplane crash in January, 1930. Playing in "The Case of the Howling Dog."

ELIZABETH HENDERSON.—Helen Hayes comes from Washington, D. C., where she was born October 10, 1900; five feet,

weight 99, brown hair, blue eyes. Married Charlie Mae Arthur, playwright and producer, August 17, 1928. They have a four-year-old daughter, Mary. Mrs. Hayes is completing "What Every Woman Knows," which will be followed by "Vanessa."

LULA BELLE.—Maureen O'Sullivan with Robert Montgomery in "The Hide-out." She will also have an important part in "David Copperfield." Rosemary Ames was born in Evanston, Illinois, December 11th, but she doesn't say what year. Her latest is "Pursued," originally entitled "Wanted."

MADELEINE.—Maria Alba is making "The Return of Chandu," with Bela Lugosi, for Principal Pictures, 7000 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood. You may get in touch with Earl Carroll at 7 West 44th Street, New York City. Universal Studio, I am sure, can supply photos of William Desmond and Benita Hume. For a picture of Ruth Mix, why not write to her father, Tom Mix, at Universal?

SHIRLEY.—Mitzi Green, who left Hollywood over a year ago to make personal appearances throughout the country, has a featured part in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round." Mitzi will be fourteen on October 22nd.



Anna May Wong gets a father's greeting on her return from Mayfair drawing-rooms for Paramount's "Limehouse Nights."

JACK HORNBY.—Ann Harding is making "Biography of a Bachelor," with Robert Montgomery opposite. Madge Bellamy will have a featured rôle in "Charlie Chan in London." Leslie Howard is in England making "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which will be released here through United Artists.

CURIOS.—George Brent and Herbert Marshall with Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil." Nancy Carroll is making "The Girl Friend," with Jack Haley and Lupe Velez.

MELANIE MACK.—Write to Metro-Goldwyn for a photo of Nat Pendleton. These players were born in January: Judith Allen, 28th; Nils Asther, 17th; Mary Boland, 28th; Charles Bickford, 1st; Tom Brown, 6th; Russ Columbo, 14th; Richard Cromwell, 8th; Eddie Cantor, 31st; Marion Davies, 1st; Bebe Daniels, 14th; Claudia Dell, 10th; Kay Francis, 13th; Cary Grant, 18th; Anita Louise, 9th; Peggy Shannon, 10th; Randolph Scott, 23rd; Bob Steele, 23rd; Gloria Stuart, 21st; Eddie Tambllyn, 5th; Diana Wynyard, 16th; Loretta Young, 6th; Betty Furness, 3rd.

K. B. J.—The Dick Powell-Josephine Hutchinson picture "Gentlemen Are Born,"

was called "Harpoon Ahead." That was Molly O'Day, as *model*, and W. C. Sullivan as *Herbert Sherman* in "The Little Minister."

FREDDIE.—You will see Philip Reed and Patricia Ellis in "Big-hearted Herbert."

LAURA KAY.—Gwilih Andre was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, February 4, 1909; five feet six, weighs 110, blue eyes, ash-blond hair. In "The Captain Hates the Sea."

GRACIE.—Jean Harlow's "Born to Be Kissed" was released as "The Girl From Missouri." You see, Kansas City is Jean's birthplace, so the title suits her. She was twenty-three on March 3rd.

G. K. P.—A very interesting story about Marlene Dietrich appeared in September Picture Play. Back issues may be had by sending your order and remittance to our Subscription Department. Miss Dietrich is playing in "The Scarlet Empress."

ALICE MACK.—Donald Woods was born in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, in 1906; six feet one, weighs 160, dark-brown hair and eyes. Victor Jory, Dawson City, Alaska, November 23, 1902; six feet one and a half, weighs 182, dark hair and eyes. Married to Jean Spurney, and they have a three-year-old daughter.

BUSTER L.—In "Hat, Coat and Glove," Dorothy Burgess was *Ann*, and John Beal, *Jerry Hutchins*. Beal's next is "The Little Minister," with Katharine Hepburn.

BLACK EYES.—Barry Norton in "Grand Canary." Zita Johann, in the same film, plans to return to the stage.

MAYBELLE.—The little flower girl in "The Key" was Dawn O'Day, who has since changed her name to Anne Shirley. You will see her under the new moniker as the lead in "Anne of Green Gables," with Tom Brown opposite.

BOB HINKLE.—You will see Sterling Holloway in "Broadway Bill." Others in the cast of Ann Harding's "The Fountain" are Brian Aherne, Violet Kemble-Cooper, Paul Lukas, Jean Hersholt, Ralph Forbes, Sara Haden.

SUSIE M.—Karen Morley with Franchot Tone in "Straight Is The Way." Miss Morley married Charles Vidor, director, November 15, 1932. Their son was born in September, 1933.

O. P. S.—Frank Melton is under contract to Fox. In Will Rogers's "Judge Priest." Dickie Moore in "The Human Side." Mickey Rooney and Junior Durkin in "Big-hearted Herbert."

INTERESTED.—Irene Dunne and John Boles in "The Age of Innocence." Fred Astaire with Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorce." Lionel Atwill in "One More River."

FAIR CO-ED.—Richard Cromwell was born in Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair, green-blue eyes.

RAYMOND CARR.—Edward Arnold, who was Joan Crawford's husband in "Sadie McKee," is featured in "Million Dollar Ransom." Charles Laughton was born in Scarborough, England, July 1, 1899; five feet ten, weighs 200, gray eyes, brown hair.

BUNNY B.—In "Viva Villa!" Sierra was played by Leo Carrillo, and the *Bugler Boy* by David Durand.

Continued from page 7

I've watched ever since Chatterton's "Unfaithful." It is my pet headache that he is wasted on trivial parts, while actors who are so much less able and interesting are elevated to stardom. He represents a type of Englishman I admire tremendously—every inch a gentleman, quiet and well-bred, but with a dash about him that suggests a colorful background entirely apart from the films.

BEATRICE McLOUGHLIN.

103-55 97th Street,

Ozone Park, Long Island, N. Y.

Advice To Kathie.

Keep on being what you are.
All of us who love you know
That you are the brightest star
Heav'n or earth has yet seen glow.
Answers always on our tongue
Ready to defend you.
Innumerable praises we have sung;
Not one word of blame but always
Eager to commend you.

Hurt you must be but defeat
Early in the game is good.
Put "The Lake" behind you, keep
Being gallant, others have stood
Under worse barrages than yours.
Rise bravely then and bear in mind
Never smooth is Parnassus's climb.

M. G.

Hackettstown, New Jersey.

Weissmuller, a Bronzed God.

MAY a North Dakota fan express her admiration for the beloved *Tarzan* of the screen, Johnny Weissmuller? This young swimming star who came to Hollywood to make the *Tarzan* pictures deserves credit for his splendid and realistic performances.

Then, too, Johnny eclipses in sheer physical perfection any one I have ever seen. He is thoroughly masculine, a bronzed young god who cares nothing for the poses and mannerisms of the suave, dapper movie idol of to-day. He is natural, and because he is natural, he is interesting.

Thank you, Johnny Weissmuller, for being yourself. Please know that you have innumerable fans all over the world who wish you all the happiness and fame that you deserve.

JOYCE ERELDSON.

100 Wakeman Avenue,

Grafton, North Dakota.

Karen Hollis, How Could You!

SINCE this department invites comment, I feel I cannot sit back and calmly permit the acceptance of something I know to be untrue. I know not whence Karen Hollis garnered her so-called information about Jessica Dragonette, but I fear she has been sorely misled.

I have corresponded with Miss Dragonette from time to time, and her letters have always been of a personal note, never stereotyped or coldly businesslike. I know, too, that her correspondence is vast, reaching even those who are ill or convalescing in sanatoriums. Despite the huge demands upon her leisure moments, she is never too busy to pen notes of appreciation and words of encouragement. To her, each broadcast is something of a sacred rite, a time when she enters the sanctity of the homes of her air friends. She seldom thinks of her audience en masse; to her, each listener is a definite person with hopes and aspirations. Her spiritual aid is infinite; her power of exaltation beyond measure.

Miss Dragonette is not an exhibitionist; she is a sensitive idealist; ethereal. She conducts herself with quiet dignity. Simplicity is the keynote of beauty, and beauty is her creed; simplicity her design for living. There is no need to be gowned conspicuously, or for one's actions to be ho-dodish. Jessica is quiet, introverted by na-

What the Fans Think

ture, and can impart far more with a glance than many can say with all their idle flippancies and loud laughter. "All is not gold that glitters," and most certainly, Jessica is a thread of gold amidst much brass.

One should remember that Jessica spent her early years at a convent rich in the charm of quietude. It is not strange that hers is the secret of all-abiding peace, and that her calm serenity and poetic charm are radiated in her voice, and shine through her very being.

MURIEL SAUNDERS.

514 West Ruscomb Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Miss Perkins Casts Her Ballot.

I HAVE arranged the following, and expect I shall lose at least my head to those who don't agree.

Prettiest girl—Madge Evans.
Best-looking male—Gene Raymond.
Best-looking female—Dolores del Rio.
Handsome man—Ralph Forbes.
Best actress—Norma Shearer.
Best actor—Fredric March.
Most popular girl—Joan Crawford.
Most popular man—Clark Gable.
My favorite actress—Norma Shearer.
My favorite actor—William Haines.
Funniest woman—Edna May Oliver.
Funniest man—Joe E. Brown.
Best-built girl—Arlene Judge.
Best-built fellow—Richard Arlen.
Most charming woman—Irene Dunne.
Most charming man—Otto Kruger.
Best-dressed girl—Myrna Loy.
Nicest fellow—Douglass Montgomery.
Nicest girl—Claire Trevor.
Best team—Loy and Powell.
Most likable girl—Ginger Rogers.
Most likable fellow—Joel McCrea.
Best male speaking voice—Onslow Stevens.

Best female speaking voice—Barbara Stanwyck.

My ideal—Warner Baxter.

GLADYS PERKINS.

36 Switzer Avenue,
Springfield, Massachusetts.

Can't They Let Hepburn Alone?

AS an English reader of *Picture Play*, and one of Katharine Hepburn's stanchest admirers, I have been very interested in the fan letters. I wanted to hug the reader who said that she cares so much for Katharine Hepburn that she shed tears over a letter which uttered cruel comments on her acting and personal appearance.

I did not happen to see Mr. Boring's letter, but personally I feel nothing but pity for any one unable to appreciate her wonderful power. I am proud to say that I can, and I think that we who do must have some tiny spark of it ourselves which she lights up by her perfect performances. She has no need of a candy-box face. She has such a lovely personality that it would shine through and beautify whatever features she possessed. I hope she surmounts her difficulties as they cross her path, and that she will climb higher and higher until she reaches a ripe old age.

DAISY M. HOLMAN.

Whyte Croft, Wood Ride,
Petts Wood, Kent, England.

Miss Landi Sadly Wronged.

WHY do producers insist on casting many a fine actress in standard rôles? No actress need be "typed," as they call it. Norma Shearer has proved this many times, judging from the varied rôles she has played. There is nothing the fans enjoy more than variety. Miss Shearer has never once given a disappointing performance. Why? Because she is the one and only actress in Hollywood who has not been typed.

Why not give the other stars a chance

to recuperate from being typed? For instance, the beautiful and talented Elissa Landi. Has she not been sadly wronged? I'll say she has been wronged and typed so many times by the stupidity of producers that her fans were beginning to grow weary and almost bored until "The Great Flirtation" came along and saved the day.

Gorgeous Elissa, may we continue to enjoy that wonderful wealth of love, gaiety, and animation that has been hidden in your personality so long. May it flow out freely so that we can revel in the charm of your devastating loveliness.

WILLIAM GORDON.

New York City

Gable Boring? Never!

SOME one wrote that Clark Gable was a poor substitute for Leslie Howard and Fredric March. That is not true. Also, some one else wrote that Clark Gable was beginning to bore us. Maybe the person was speaking for himself, but there are others who really like the Gable type.

Gable isn't a substitute for any one, and he isn't boring. Maybe his pictures are too deep and his acting just too good for some people to like or understand.

I swear by Clark Gable and his acting and try to be broad-minded about the favorites of others.

CHRISTIE JEANNE LAMBERG.

250 Louisa Avenue,
Ferguson, Missouri.

Tender and Loving Joan.

I'VE never written my opinions in any magazine, but now I feel I must come to the fore in defense of one of the most beautiful, most versatile, and the kindest actress in the world, an actress no one understands—Joan Crawford.

In past issues of *Picture Play*, fans have given their opinions about Joan in no uncertain words. To-day she is so supreme over the Joan of 1925. In that year, and for a couple of years following, she was new, unpolished. Since 1929 Joan Crawford has become clever, polished, and a star. She has developed depth and understanding. I do not go to see what a star may wear, or how she uses her make-up. Rather, I go to see her portray a character. Joan has always lived her rôles, and I believe she always will.

As for her attitude toward her fans, I want to say this. Joan is one of the sweetest persons in Hollywood. I wrote her several letters, and, busy as she is, she has found time to answer each one personally, replying to my questions, and even giving me advice when I asked for it. Surely it cannot be said that she is unkind. It is simply that she realizes that in her position she must be careful because there are persons who would gladly use another to gain their own ends.

Those who still find fault with Joan Crawford, remember this. She is a woman with a tender, loving heart first, and then, secondly, she is an actress. Good luck to Joan Crawford! Too bad all the stars in Hollywood are not like her.

E. J. COLMAN.

1943 North Wilcox Avenue,
Hollywood, California.

The Kids Love Carrillo.

I AM a boy thirteen years old, and I would like to say something about that very popular star, Leo Carrillo.

I guess almost everybody saw him in "Viva Villa!" and "Manhattan Melodrama."

He appeared in Baltimore recently in person. After the show I went to his dressing room to ask for his autograph.

Continued on page 64



FRAGMENTS of the great Garbo's new picture, "The Painted Veil," show her with Herbert Marshall, whose wife she is in the Somerset Maugham story, and with George Brent as her lover and Jean Hersholt her father. They are concerned with affairs in modern China where Mr. Marshall is a doctor and Mr. Brent a legation attaché, with Garbo the woman between who attains peace and happiness through pain and despair.





Billie Burke played an important part in giving Marie Dressler to the talking screen and greater fame than she had ever known.

"No job is ever menial," said Miss Dressler. "Just doing any little job well makes it a big job."

Exclusive! Shielded from the least unnecessary demand on her strength during her last years, Miss Dressler was not permitted to speak for publication. Picture Play, then, is doubly honored in offering this authentic interview with the most beloved of stars.

By Virginia Maxwell

And that thought was the sustenance which kept her going—the hope that something would turn up soon—some medical discovery which might offer her a new contract on life.

I saw Marie the day she received a personal letter from Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, asking her to say a few words over the radio in behalf of the N. R. A.

That was what brought up the question of codes. And it was then Marie told me about her own little code.

"Keep your chin up," she said, and her eyes flashed with that fire which you've seen so often on the screen.

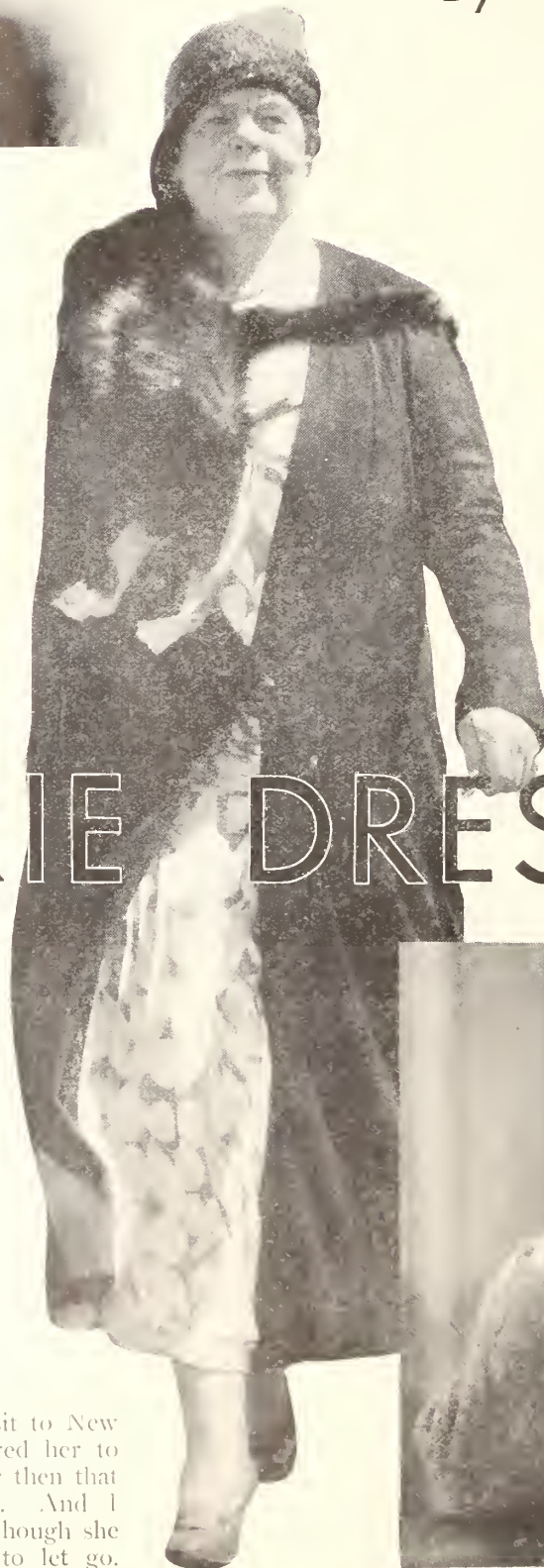
Below, "Anna Christie" was Miss Dressler's last chance and she put her heart and soul into it.

MARIE DRESSLER'S

THE grand old girl of the movies is gone. Gone, but not forgotten.

For Marie Dressler has left behind her the fruition of her sixty-four years of living; a "code" all her own which helped her over those thorny spots of life, before she became the headliner the world bowed to in her declining years.

I was one of the few friends Marie Dressler talked with on her last visit to New York. Doctors had ordered her to be very quiet. They knew then that her days were numbered. And I think Marie knew it, too, though she was too good a trouper to let go.



"Keep it up high so it can ward off any blows to the heart."

She wasn't speaking of physical hurts. Rather those thumps which life can give to one's spirit when everything seems dead wrong. And if anybody knew those hurts it was Marie Dressler.

After years of stardom on Broadway, she walked the streets, begging booking agents just to recommend her for a part—no matter how small.

But the world had changed during those hectic years of the War. Miss Dressler's kind of comedy, the kind which had made her a top-notch attraction when she played "Tillie's Nightmare" and sang her inimitable "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl," had gone out of style.

Marie finally cornered an agent one day and asked him to tell her the truth. Why couldn't she get a job when the world had applauded her only a few years before?

He looked at her for a moment, then decided the kindest thing he could do was to tell her the truth.

"You're out of date, Marie," he said. "You're too old. People are jaded and satiated with sorrow. They want youth and life and love and gayety of a new sort. That's why no producer will put you in his show."

It was a staggering blow to Marie Dressler. She knew very well she was no ingénue. But she scarcely expected the world to grow tired of her clowning so suddenly.

"I went home," Marie told me, only a few months ago, when summing up her life, "and I looked at myself in the mirror. He was right. No use kidding myself any longer.

"'Marie,' I said to myself, 'you're through as an actress. You've got to find another job. And find it quickly.'"

She tried various occupations from tea-room hostess to coaching young stage aspirants. But it was hard going. Marie was not even then in the best of health. Her predicament was doubly hard because she had



Harold Seton Collection

The heyday of Weber and Fields's famous music hall in 1905 found Joe Weber and Miss Dressler convulsing audiences in "Twiddle-twaddle."

LAST INTERVIEW

This was the rollicking Marie Dressler that Broadway knew in 1899.



Harold Seton Collection

heard the thunder of applause. And that is always infectious to one's ego.

"No, I didn't mind not being a spotlight attraction," Marie told me, a little grinny. "What I felt most was not being prepared to do anything except act. It had never occurred to me I wouldn't always be doing just that to earn a living.

"I ran into Fritz Kreisler one day. He felt sorry for me and offered assistance.

"I told Fritz I'd like to open an American boarding house in Paris. Where Americans could get good old-fashioned ham and eggs and coffee," Marie smiled. "I had enough cash left out of my savings to go there and get started, though I needed the patronage of celebrities like Kreisler to attract guests.

"Kreisler agreed. He said he would live at my place whenever he was in Paris and promised to recommend it to other people of international reputation.

"Then came the rub again," Marie went on. "Before I could say Jack Rabbit, I found a bunch of my old theatrical friends all ready to come over and live with me—on the cuff. Do you know what that means?" she laughed.

I nodded. So she decided, when figures were set on paper before her, that the boarding house would be a debit instead of a credit.

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WHY STARS

Inside information about the causes of nervous col-
ular players. Is an actor more delicate than an un-

By Helen

Robert Montgomery says that a star works so hard he actually earns the thousands per week that he is paid.

IT was Robert Montgomery who led with his chin, and Clark Gable who let fly a straight left, figuratively speaking.

Bob, who can put forth a swell argument on any subject, had undertaken a most difficult task. He was trying to prove logically that a star works so hard he actually *earns* the thousands per week that producers keep thrusting upon him.

Clark's comment had all the subtlety of a pile driver, but like so many unskillful things, it was effective: "Acting is the softest job I've ever tackled."

Of course, that didn't floor Bob, who countered with the comment that mere muscle-bending jobs aren't the only hard ones. He pointed out with the modesty characteristic of actors that President Roosevelt works hard, too, but not with his muscles.

Gable's side has excellent support from other stars. For instance, Barbara Stanwyck says that only the neurotically inclined think they're worked to death, and they would maintain the same thing even if they had no work to do at all.

Like a tragic ending to all these more or less kidding arguments, came the death of Lilyan Tashman.

Naturally, there were printed denials that the untimely deaths of Miss Tashman, Renée Adorée, Rudolph Valentino, Alma Rubens, Wallace Reid, Milton Sills, Louis Wolheim and others resulted directly from conditions caused by overwork. These satisfied most newspaper readers, to whom the idea of movie stars overworking inevitably has humorous rather than tragic connotations.

A frail-looking little studio stenographer, who works at high tension fifty weeks per year, and has been doing so for many years sans nervous breakdowns or rest cures, handed me this item:

"With intervals of only a few days or at most two weeks between successive film rôles, and no extensive vacation for nearly six months, Claire Trevor is at last to have a well-earned breathing spell. She left yesterday for Bermuda, Havana and other points far from Hollywood's cameras, to recover from the rigorous toil movie popularity exacts from its favorites."

The stenographer laughed ironically. "Poor gal—she had no *extensive* vacation for six months! Nothing but a measly few days, a week or at most two weeks at a time!" she exclaimed. "Sa-ay, how do they get that way? If I get two weeks' vacation in a year I think I'm lucky."

She wondered why Ginger Rogers, after three months of fairly steady work, had to take a definite rest. Why Lee Tracy, before his enforced vacation following the "Viva Villa!" escapade, nearly cracked under the pressure of too many pictures. Why Myrna Loy for the same reason became so exhausted that her doctors refused to let her continue to work, and she took a rest, losing a splendid rôle and risking the ire of her employers.

"Here's another chuckle," added the steno. "Marlene Dietrich is so intensive before the camera that she has to rest intensively, too. Although nothing was the matter with her, she went to a hospital to rest between pictures!"

Other stars have special hide-outs where they seek relief from whatever it is that makes them need rest so badly. Ruth Chatterton had a perfect one at La Quinta, the desert resort, and as soon as she left it Kay Francis fled Hollywood for the same haven.

One could go on and on, even bringing up the case of Clark Gable's much-heralded illness that followed so

Zasu Pitts.



Mary Astor.



Dick Powell.



Ruby Keeler.



Pert Kelton.



BREAK DOWN



Clark Gable takes the opposite side, declaring that acting is the softest job he ever tackled.

lapses, hospital sojourns and rest cures among pop-starred studio worker, and is acting work after all?

Pade

soon after his strenuous rush to the pinnacle of popularity.

If there was ever in films a man in finer condition than the Gable of "A Free Soul," it must have been a professional athlete such as Max Baer, Johnny Weissmuller, or Buster Crabbe. Rugged strength, power to hand it out and take it as well, and an energy that fairly leaped at you from the screen were all Clark's. Yet in a few months he was seriously ill, despite many precautions such as gymnasium work, riding, healthful living in general, and occasional hunting excursions.

Now what is it about being a star that tears down nerve fibers, brings on cases of third-degree jitters, weakens victims to such an extent they're push-overs for lurking disease germs or attacks of appendicitis?

Of course, there are stars who will tell you unblushingly that acting before the camera is a toil so intensive, so trying, so nerve-shattering and energy-demanding that it taxes health severely.

Don't you believe it, even if Bob Montgomery comes right up to you and whispers it into your ear! The Gable-Stanwyck factions are correct. Acting in itself is not ordinarily what workers in other lines of either mental or physical labor would consider rigorous toil.

Something quite apart from acting before the camera is responsible for all the trouble. But since it may not be what you expect, let me present my proof before making any unsupported statements. I have been with several of the stars named, and many others, during their alleged vacations in Hollywood, but don't take my word for what I am about to tell. Let us seek a form of evidence available to every reader.

On my desk is a stack of newspaper and magazine clippings which record between-pictures activities of the

stars. Here, for instance, is a layout of fashion photos posed by Pert Kelton.

Pert had just finished a picture and planned to spend a day at the beach when the call came to pose. There were nine costumes, and an average of six poses made in each. By putting on her make-up at eight in the morning, and cutting her lunch period to twenty minutes, Pert was able to finish at six thirty that night, just in time to go home and dress for an appearance at a benefit for flood sufferers.

Just a typical holiday for Pert. Five other holidays of similar nature followed before she had to start costuming for her next picture. Of course, she never did quite manage to get that day at the beach!

Next the clippings give us a revealing glimpse of the activities of Diana Wynyard, certainly one of the screen's most distinguished dramatic actresses. Diana, various items declared, was making personal appearances at a certain chain store's cooking school. With her in this worthy activity were such other eminent culinary authorities as Richard Dix, Jackie Cooper, and John Miljan. Another clipping shows Mary Astor embarked on an entirely separate cooking adventure.

Here we have an item about Margaret Lindsay, who distinguished herself, like Diana, in "Cavaleade." The illustration with the item shows Margaret against the background of a downtown gas, oil and tire shop, posing with a can of highly recommended lubricating oil.

Zasu Pitts, the next item tells us, is organizing twenty-five stars for a ball given by the Hollywood Studio Club. And it seems that the photo of Adrienne Ames cutting a huge birthday cake was taken at a soap company's sales convention. The birthday child was a brand of toilet soap, celebrating its tenth year. [Continued on page 62]

Claire Trevor.



Sylvia Sidney.



Clive Brook.



Diana Wynyard.



Margaret Lindsay.





"The climax of our visit to Burbank came when we were allowed to enter the secret set of a transplanted Hawaiian jungle, complete to the last swaying palm tree."

A PASSPORT

There is nothing more diverting in the world than a big studio hitting on all twelve. Here is a sophisticated report of a fascinating visit to Warners.



Photo by Lou Smith

Mervyn LeRoy is one of the smallest directors and is also one of the top ten. He is not more than thirty, nervous, intense, sure of himself.

Dick Powell and Josephine Hutchinson, of New York's Civic Repertory Theater, get the sound man's O. K. for a scene in "Happiness Ahead."

YOU wouldn't know the old place. Hollywood of the happy-go-lucky days is no more. Everything is according to codes, alphabets, and by special permission of Will Hays.

Take your roving reporter, for instance. There was a time when he walked up to the studio gate to be recognized, passed the gateman a Corona Corona or better, and entered the shooting gallery. But now you must contact the Hays office in order to get credentials that will advise the studios who you are, why you are allowed to live, and how long you may stay.

So prompt is the Hays office that I received the official O. K. the day before leaving Hollywood. The porter on duty at the Pasadena station is using it as a wall decoration. He didn't tell me where.

Of the studios I invaded, Warners out Burbank way, and Leo the Lion's lair at Culver City, impressed me as the important plants. Paramount was dormant, with Miss West meditating in her tent and Miss Dietrich sulking in hers. Only "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was in work, and rehearsals for "Pursuit of Happiness."

We watched W. C. Fields uphold his reputation of being the funniest fellow on the screen. Then we talked to Charlie Ruggles





Warners-First National has a head start over all other studios, as far as setting and atmosphere go, majestic mountains flanking the colony of buildings.

TO GLAMOUR

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

while Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer, the Czech certified by the ladies of the land, practiced cooing for the camera. Miss Bennett's husband wrote the script, so the romance was a homemade affair, after all.

That was the extent of Paramount activity, and RKO across the street was little better. In fact, as a spot to visit for laughs, RKO proved to be the most dismal studio in the great West. Everybody was glum.

Katharine Hepburn, one of the RKO family, was seated sadly in a station wagon, waiting for some one who didn't come. Could I meet her? Oh, no! Miss Hepburn doesn't meet anybody! (Business of hiding head and beating breast, but bearing up manfully.)

Then there was a little detail being dispatched by good old Lionel Atwill, the man of a thousand faces, all going at once in any big dramatic climax. Unfortunately Lionel was dying, so he couldn't register anything more than extremely mortuary peace.

Philip Moeller of the Theater Guild was directing, and looking a little vague about it. And on the next

stage Freddy Astaire was having breakfast, with the interruptions common to French farce, opposite Ginger Rogers. Mr. Astaire wasn't dancing, which did not help matters materially.

A final peek at the funereal Mr. Atwill, and the bleak penitentiary atmosphere of the offices, and we bade RKO farewell, to make the trip out to Burbank.

Warners may not make the best pictures in the world, but they have a head start, as far as setting and atmosphere go. Flanked by majestic mountains, the studio is artistically arranged so that dressing rooms may become English cottages for a picture, and the business office may be shot as a bank. Gardens lend color to the scene, and a huge pool serves as lake, sunken gardens, waterfall, or lagoon. It's quite a place.

We started off on the right foot at Warners by running into Jimmy Cagney, the irrepressible, red-headed Celt who manages to carry picture after picture virtually single-handed.

"Meet Phil Regan," said James. "Another mick. Used to be a copper in Forty-second Street, not the picture. They brought him out here to sing. Nice-looking boy, isn't he? I've gotta sketch him for stills somebody wants. Screwy idea, but aren't we all? You're in a racket, so you're in, aren't you?" [Continued on page 55]

Busby Berkeley, famous dance director, puts his girls through their paces for "Dames," which is said to top all his previous efforts for beauty and ingenuity.



LIVE NOWHERE! . . REVEL ANYWHERE! . . LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her . . . whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!

AN ERIK CHARELL PRODUCTION

CARAVAN

**CHARLES BOYER
LORETTA YOUNG
JEAN PARKER**

**PHILLIPS HOLMES
LOUISE FAZENDA
EUGENE PALLETTE
C. AUBREY SMITH
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN
NOAH BEERY**

THRILL TO THE GAYETY OF THESE JOYOUS SONGS:

"HAPPY, I AM HAPPY"
"HA-CHA-CHA"
"WINE SONG"

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on in your heart . . . haunting you for days to come!



*Executive Producer: Robert T. Kane
Directed by Erik Charell
From a story by Melchior Lengyel
Music by Werner Richard Leymann*





FAVORITES of the FANS

MARY CARLISLE

PHOTO BY CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL






CAROL LOMBARD

PICTURE PLAY not only congratulates Carol Lombard on her promotion to stardom, but likes to dwell on the reasons for her elevation because they make such a logical success story. First, because she has won her place by talent and honest endeavor. Secondly, because in her progress to the top she has met every issue squarely and with level-headed intelligence. She has recognized obligations and fulfilled them, realizing that success is not built on caprice or indifference but must have a foundation of sincerity and cooperation. A toast, then, to the rise of an ex-Sennett extra girl.

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



ALICE FAYE

ROSES, heaps of them, to Alice Faye! Not content with merely bringing her highly individual singing to the screen, she is striving to become an actress and is succeeding more and more in each new picture. Sensibly she's lowered her eyebrows, too, and simplified the arrangement of her hair. She's gained enormously in naturalness and charm. She's going places, all right, with Shirley Temple and James Dunn, in "Angel Face!"

LADIES MEET HERE TO SHOW YOU

MONA BARRIE

PAT PATERSON

ASTRID ALLWYN

GAIL PATRICK

DRUE LEYTON



WHAT WILL WE WEAR THIS FALL

ADRIENNE AMES

KITTY CARLISLE

ANN DVORAK

ALICE BRADY

FRANCES DRAKE





HEATHER ANGEL

DELICATE and per-
sive rather than p-
tive, Heather Ang-
charm is someth-
you may as well res-
yourself to for it is s-
to get you in the e-
Yet the English
true to her upbringing
is a devotee of the
doors and actually
spirited polo pla-
believe it or not!
are seeing her th-
days in "Romance
the Rain" and lovin-

Photo by Jack Freulich



GLORIA STUART

OO, too bad that
Gloria Stuart's pre-
movie marriage could
not last, for it seemed
to have the makings of
permanence based on
congeniality of tastes
and mental harmony,
but Hollywood has a
way of jarring and up-
setting the most tried-
and-true partnerships.
Anyway, she's trying
again, with Arthur
Heekman, scenario
writer.

Photo by Jack Freulich



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

KAY FRANCIS, who is never sensational in her utterances, makes surprising observations to Samuel Richard Mook on the opposite page. For one thing, she says the climate of Hollywood is vitiating, and an industry as vehement as the movies should have a change of seasons to help workers keep their grasp. She says, too, that the greatest people in every line of endeavor are brought to the cinema capital, that nothing ever originates there! You must read this most thoughtful article.

UNGUARDED MOMENT

Kay Francis, most cautious of stars, casts discretion to the winds and speaks her mind—about the tragedy of Hollywood, her studio, herself.

By Samuel Richard Mook

SHE is one of the most intelligent women I have ever met—anywhere. Kay Francis, I mean. Far too intelligent not to give a great deal of thought to her career and everything concerned with it. I'd been wondering how she felt about the rôles assigned her lately, knowing that every one of her recent ones had been refused by other stars. There have been five in a row:

"The House on 56th Street," "Mandalay," and "Doctor Monica" were all designed for Ruth Chatterton, and *la Chat* turned thumbs down on them all. There was "Wonder Bar" for which Genevieve Tobin was announced and which Kay played. And then there is "British Agent," in which she co-stars with Leslie Howard and in which the studio had hoped to persuade Barbara Stanwyck to appear.

"Some of those pictures I was skeptical of," Kay admitted, "and some of them I didn't want to do simply because I didn't feel I was suited to the part. But I've been in Hollywood six years now and do you know the conclusion I've reached?"

"It's that the studios usually know better what's good for us than we do ourselves! We're so concerned with whether our rôles are fat ones that we lose our perspective on the picture as a whole. The studio sees it as a complete unit—or should.

"The only fly in the ointment is that Warners is primarily a man's studio. MGM is first of all a woman's studio. They have the greatest stars and their efforts are all directed toward exploiting them. Men don't fare so well on that lot.

"The opposite is true with Warners. Our executives and writers understand men thoroughly, but they have no grasp whatever of woman's psychology.

"Don't misunderstand me. I love this studio. I feel I owe them a great deal. After all, they made a star of me. When I was with Paramount I was only playing featured rôles. That feeling of gratitude is one reason I haven't complained more over some of the rôles given me.

"The one I objected to most was 'Wonder Bar,' not because I felt it wouldn't be a good picture but solely because I felt it wouldn't give me enough to do. And, speaking of that film, I've read a number of items such as, 'Kay Francis didn't want to do the part and her aversion to it was apparent in her work.'

"I didn't scowl my way through the picture because I didn't like the part. I felt the woman would be spoiled, petulant, sullen, and I played her that way. I was trying to characterize. I hope I'm too intelligent to let any dissatisfaction I may feel over a part reflect itself in my work."

Kay paused a moment and gazed out the window. I followed her glance. Mentally, I hurdled six years. We were in the Fredric Marches' living room the night I first met Kay Francis.

I had seen her in pictures—poised, chic, worldly, aloof. In the flesh—in her black lace dinner gown with a long train—she was just as chic, just as poised. Perhaps not quite so worldly but certainly much warmer, more human, and I'll never forget her sense of humor as she told several jokes at her own expense.

Six years is a long time. Stardom had come and, inevitably, taken its toll. She had married

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"Oh, I hope when my time comes and I'm through, I'll have sense enough to clear out of Hollywood," says Kay.



THEY SAY

Once more Broadway is the mecca of Hollywood players in search of fun, jobs, forgetfulness or all three.

By Karen Hollis

SOMETIMES when Cousin Ellen arrives from Ipswich on her way back to college and craves to see the stars in person, about the best one can do is park her in the Lombardy bar and hope that the ever glamorous, though inactive, Norma Talmadge will stroll by.

But just now it is old-home week on Broadway—and Park Avenue. There are Harold Lloyd, Richard Barthelmess, Ralph Bellamy, and—if she happens to include radio regulars who dip into pictures occasionally among her enthusiasms—Jack Benny, Harry Richman, and Rudy Vallée to stare at. There are Adrienne Ames, Dorothy Burgess, Wynne Gibson, Nancy Carroll, and Dorothy Mackaill.

Sardi's at noontime might be the lunch room on any Hollywood lot, except that the players are more outspoken and seem happier. For so long have they been accused by New Yorkers of being naïve, unsophisticated, and *Peter Pannish*, it is something of a relief to them that the censors have found them touched with a glint of wickedness and a menace to the wholesome ignorance of youth. They thought the guns weren't loaded all the time.

Grandma's Boy Relaxes.—Do what he will, Harold Lloyd can never quite shake off the public delusion that he is a shy, wistful, slightly backward boy. So, few at the ringside of New York's night clubs recognize the prosperous young business man as that same Harold. He is getting about a lot on this trip, taking bows at night clubs and even having a cocktail named for his newest picture, "Cat's Paw." Harold is a man without a worry. There has never been a censorable scene in his pictures, and his private life has run such a merry course all these years that it has been comparatively private.

Adrienne Ames's flair for wearing clothes excited the envy of even Park Avenue when she came East to do "Gigollette."

Peter Lorre, the gruesome, whistling murderer of "M" proved to be genial chap on his way to the Coast for Columbia.

Photo by Wide World



IN NEW YORK—

Fifth Avenue Pets.—While Harold is becoming the little darling of the night clubs, Fifth Avenue shops are rejoicing over Adrienne Ames. The distinguished Miss Ames, free for a half day or so every once in a while during the filming of "Gigolette," goes on a buying spree. She lends distinction to commonplace clothes, which is just as well, as the men who lent her husband, Bruce Cabot, the money to go to Hollywood and break into pictures are manufacturers of moderate-priced dresses. They were—and are—his best friends.

The Old Alarm Clock Story.—You remember the tale of the laborer who inherited money and retired, but who set the alarm for six every morning just so he could have the pleasure of sneering at it as he went back to sleep? That is Dick Barthelmess these days.

Each morning he reads the sheaf of telegrams from Hollywood urging him to return, offering him the biggest story of his career, the biggest salary, the most authority over production. Then he smiles benignly at the added pounds on his waistline, yawns, and strolls down to the yacht-club landing to bask in the sun and contemplate the far corners of the world to which he and Jessica might set sail.

Theater's Siren Song.—While Hollywood tempers are growing ragged worrying over avoiding censorship without being dull, the theater is proving an irresistible attraction to players. Lila Lee is coming back to the stage in a play that has made an enormous hit in London. She will play in support of Frances Starr, in "Lady Jane." She was offered the stellar rôle in another play, but preferred not to risk carrying too much of a burden. It was largely because Katharine Hepburn had

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Dorothy Mackaill, too, has turned away from the screen and is rehearsing a musical show with Harry Richman.

Dorothy Burgess, left was chasen by George M. Cohan for his coming film.

Lila Lee, center, overlooked by Hollywood of late, is back on the stage.

Photo © B&H



Photo © Jones

"I hope I shall not be typed in any one rôle," says Gail Patrick.

Rochelle Hudson wants to do really serious work on the screen.



Photo © Dyer

THEY

By Judith Field

Jean Parker hopes that her career will develop into emotionally dramatic characterizations.

capable of having adult ideas. So with good intentions the studio magnanimously steps in to bridge the gap—and act as ventriloquist.

The custom serves as a very good example of misplaced generosity. It is the big stars who need the benefit of such a talent, since they suffer acutely from a dearth of pertinent ideas—a natural affliction after submitting to dozens of interviews.

On the other hand, the heads of the younger players are full of refreshing new thoughts. And when it can be done without interference from the publicity department, the opportunity of expressing them is very satisfying—even when it does come in the form of a questionnaire listing items such as:

1. Are you satisfied with your rôles?
2. Into what type of screen characters do you hope to develop?
3. What actress in pictures or the theater do you most admire?
4. Have you any desires to return (or enter) the theater—any speculations to make upon the duration of your movie career?

After reading the character in Jean Muir's responses, her sudden rise to fame is easily understood. She's been given more favorable recognition for the excellent handling of the variety of rôles she has received than any other of the younger actresses. And it doesn't upset her poise to admit it.

Answering my queries in order of appearance she affirms: "My rôles have been better than a newcomer had a right to expect. No actress could be dissatisfied when she is given such varied opportunity to show her wares.

"Above all things, I do not want to develop into any *type* of character; it is fatal for a young actress to be typed because it overdevelops her along certain lines and leaves large blank spaces in her experience.

"I admire the work of Eva Le Gallienne exceedingly.

"No matter what happens to me in pictures I shall always love the theater, and I intend definitely to shape my life so that the stage will be part of it. I cannot

THE big stars receive all the consideration in Hollywood. Each of the younger players, like the little sister of a family, must take a back seat while preparations are concentrated upon making "big sister's day" a success. And what's more, they must submit to the heavily maternal manner which the publicity department frequently adopts in behalf of their "baby" actresses.

Generally speaking, the attitude taken is that they are still actually in the infant class—or else born decorative but dumb. In either case evidently not yet considered

WON'T BE KEPT DOWN

Some of our younger players give interesting replies to a questionnaire concerning their careers on the screen and future ambitions.

speculate upon the duration of my movie career. If hard, earnest work continues to count, I will go on indefinitely. I am a very hard-working girl."

Madge Evans comes along next—but she wouldn't answer question Number 1. Not politic! For the second, she declared: "I should like to develop a variety of screen characterizations, both emotional and comedy. I don't want to be typed in any one kind of rôle."

"I most admire Norma Shearer because she has reached the professional goal which I hope to attain. She does not adhere to one type and is equally good in smartly sophisticated and romantic rôles."

Finally: "I'll go back to the stage when I'm no longer in demand in pictures."

Maureen O'Sullivan is a charming exponent of the inconsistent qualities of the Irish. Being first to hand in her returns to queries two and three, she was also the most economical with her reports. Thus:

"I should like to do comedy rôles.
"Billie Burke."

The few months she has been in Hollywood, during her second try at the movies, blond Ann Sothorn has created quite a hit in musical films. She was equally successful on the stage—the only difference being she was brunet Harriet Lake then.

Anyway, she admits she can't complain about her rôles and feels that light comedy is her forte. Helen Hayes is her favorite actress. But her opinion on the last issue was not forthcoming.

Isabel Jewell was rather reticent, too—and held back answers on the first and fourth. Being Lee Tracy's girl has apparently taught her a thing or two about diplomacy.

Says she: "I hope, as my career continues, to play emotional rôles, to develop dramatic characterizations.

"I most admire Helen Hayes because she has reached the dramatic goal which I hope some day to attain."

Gail Patrick was gracious and complete with her explanations—proving that her manners are distinctly civilized even though she did start life in Hollywood as a "panther woman."

She confesses: "I hardly know how to answer your first question as I have been extremely fortunate in that I have

not been typed in any particular kind of rôle. For example, first of all I was a rancher's wife in 'The Mysterious Rider.' In my last picture, 'The Crime of Helen Stanley,' I played my first 'heavy,' a very temperamental movie star.

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Florine McKinney would like to develop into a cross between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer.

Photo by Ball

Both emotional and comedy parts are what Madge Evans is looking for.

Photo by Ball



If a fat rôle would come her way, Patricia Ellis just knows she could prove her worth.

Photo by Fryer



Photo by Froslich

GOOD MANNERS

And that describes young David, who is the most perfectly conducted actor we know. He says that Hollywood may be the last round-up to some, but to him it is merely a grade in the school of life.

By Madeline Glass

LATE one afternoon a year or so ago David Manners sat talking with a few guests in his Beverly Hills home. On a table near by lay magazines which ranged in price from five cents to one dollar. His friendly Scalyham had finished licking the make-up off my face and was romping about the floor.

David had been telling us of the time when, during school vacation, he had gone to work in a sawmill, making laths. The man he had come to replace had been killed while on duty the morning David arrived.

"I've always liked to work outdoors," said he. "If I had a farm I'd go to it right now, this minute."

"Better finish your coffee first," I advised, skeptically. "I suppose you would like to be a gentleman farmer?"

"No. A *real* farmer. A tiller of the soil."

"And you wouldn't object to climbing out of bed at four thirty a. m. and doing the chores?" I demanded.

"Not at all. I always rise early, anyway. I'd enjoy being a farmer and earning my living by the sweat of my brow."

The idea sounded sort of cracked to me, coming from an actor with a legion of fans and a perfect profile. Speaking from grim experience I warned him against the rigors of farm labor and the meager rewards therefrom. David listened politely, then shortly afterward went out and got himself a farm, a thousand-acre ranch, in fact, near Victorville, California.

Proprietorship of the place, which is called a "guest" ranch—certainly an improvement over the plebeian "dude" ranch—is shared by two men friends who also have a home-on-the-range fixation. Guests and hosts occupy separate houses which surround, at a distance, the community dining hall.

As yet there are no steers to round up or dogies to brand, but there are ample facilities for the outdoor life which David loves. The minute he finishes a picture back he goes, over the Sierra Madre Mountains and across the Mojave Desert, to his sagebrush retreat.

Can you imagine handsome David Manners as a tiller of the soil? Nor can we. But he says he'd like to be a farmer above everything else.

A wire, since he has no telephone, brought him promptly to Hollywood to give an account of himself. I found him in his agent's office registering concern over the fact that eleven hundred pictures, which he had ordered made

for his fans, had been developed from the wrong negative. A number of photographs were lying on the desk.

"I didn't realize," said he, picking one up, "how much I had changed during the past few years until I saw these new pictures."

Yes, David has changed, developed. His serious gray eyes, which are frequently narrowed by laughter, look out of a browner, leaner face. Soft, plump gentlemen who vacation at his ranch probably hope to come away looking like him. He is an excellent advertisement.

"I've growed up," he explained, with a grin.

He has indeed growed up. I realized that when I read some of his published stories dealing with metaphysics. One, an allegorical romance, particularly impressed me. I congratulated him on achieving his ambition to write.

"I feel that I have only two or three years more in the movies," he told me. "When my picture career is finished I hope to be established as an author. I'm writing a book which includes a metaphysical angle, but before I can hope to put such a subject over successfully I'll have to gain a reputation in the literary field."

"Oddly enough, in 'The Black Cat' I played an author, and in 'The Great Flirtation' I was a playwright. Both parts pleased me immensely."

Last winter David went to England for a picture in which he played an officer of the French Foreign Legion. I asked about British film methods.

"An unfortunate condition in English studios is brought about by people who are given technical or advisory positions because of their supposed familiarity with Hollywood methods. Many of them are impostors and are totally incompetent. Then, too, I feel that English producers lose by refusing to gamble on new talent.

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FATHER KNEW BEST

Muriel Kirkland's parent broke all the rules when he urged her to try a stage career. It wasn't because he thought her a great actress, but as the best means of overcoming the acute shyness of his clever little redhead.

By Lynde Denig

MURIEL KIRKLAND is a small bundle of determination. She is not in the habit of taking "no" for an answer and her career is a record of the happy outcome of battering through obstacles. Beneath a deceptively shy manner, she has the pugnacity of a redhead and a flashing spirit.

Muriel had her first peep at life in Yonkers, New York. When she was just about able to toddle, the Kirkland clan moved to the near-by town of New Rochelle where Muriel attended the Ursuline Convent with results that were not altogether satisfactory. Father and mother met in council over the wistful little girl with red hair and freckles and appealing soft-brown eyes that looked with wonder upon the world beyond the convent walls.

At the age of sixteen the time had come for Muriel to step from behind the gray, vine-covered barricade; but her steps were distressingly timid. The good sisters at the convent had found her shyness puzzling. She possessed charm, intelligence, and a certain subtle beauty; but excessive shyness smothered a blossoming personality.

"No more convent for Muriel," said father Kirkland.

"But what next?" asked the mother.

"We must find something quite different," answered the father, "something that will force her to break through her shell."

And here the head of the Kirkland household reversed the time-honored attitude of parents. Likewise in one fateful moment, he determined the career of his retiring daughter.

"Why not the stage? That would force her to overcome her shyness." And the stage it was via the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

The slender, sensitive girl with an odd catch in her voice presented a problem to the instructors—a problem which they finally decided to dismiss unsolved. Muriel was informed that the world offered many paths and that unfortunately she was headed the wrong way. In short, she never would be an actress.

She took the verdict calmly. She did not plead; she did not argue. She said "Thank you," gathered up her belongings, and went home, defiance burning in her soul.

She did not tell her parents what had happened—not immediately, that is. She took two days to think the matter over. Then, still without confiding in any one, she visited the manager of a stock company in Yonkers. That night, having been engaged for a subordinate rôle, she told the family all about it. The steel of determination began to glint through her coating of shyness.

Muriel was not beautiful, but she found that she could act, despite the discouraging pronouncement of the academy instructors. Her strangely individual voice helped; then her soft, expressive eyes carried a sympathetic appeal and she displayed an intelligent sense of character. There followed a series of engagements in other stock companies.

This success was sufficient to strengthen Muriel's confidence in herself. Broadway came next.

Fate continued to smile on Muriel. Brock Pemberton was casting "Strictly Dishonorable" and, once after another the leading ingénues of the Broadway stage had been heard and found wanting in their reading of a leading rôle. Muriel was accepted. And more than that, after a rousing first night she was acclaimed by every dramatic critic in New York.

The following season she switched to the extreme of sophistication in "The Greeks Had a Word For It" and it became increasingly apparent that a real actress had come to town. Soon a tempting movie contract was offered to her, and in due time the shy little convent girl was Hollywood bound.

But Hollywood, always doubtful, contract or no contract, was not convinced of Muriel's suitability to pictures. When precisely the right sort of part popped up, well and good, but meanwhile she could go ahead with her knitting.

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Muriel's rôle of Mimi in "Nana" is only one of her many brilliant contributions to the screen.



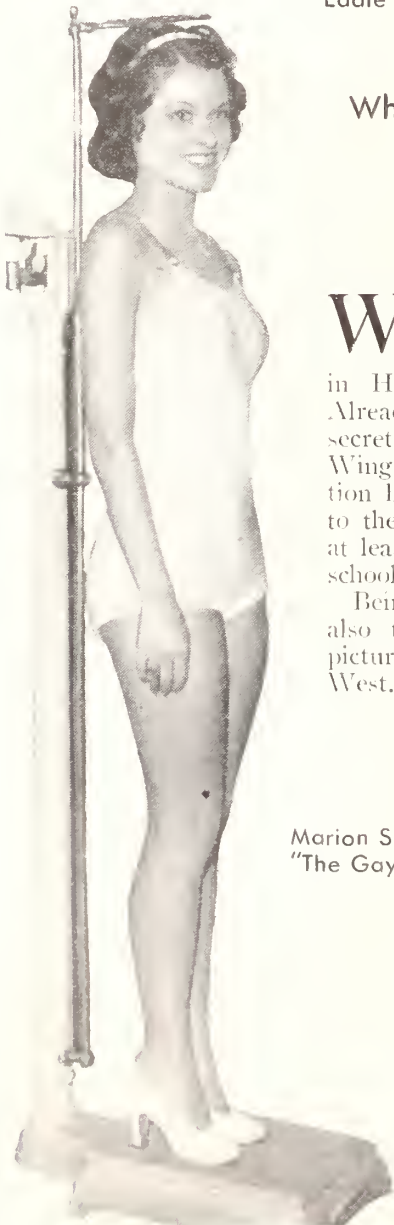


HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

Eddie Cantor and eleven of the multitude of Goldwyn girls step on it for a studio preview of "Kid Millions."

What's being talked about by the gossips of the cinema colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



Marion Shelton, measured and weighed for "The Gay Divorcee," is found not wanting in anything that it takes.

WHAT'S going to happen to Jackie Coogan when he settles down in Hollywood once again? Already he has been reported secretly married to Toby Wing. And there is no question but that he is attentive to the little blonde—or was, at least, until he returned to school.

Being seen with her seemed also to help his return to pictures in "Code of the West."

Jackie and Toby took occasion to deny, of course, that they were even affianced, but Toby has referred to him as a "most charming boy." So maybe it is a romance.

From Blonde to Blonde.—Now everybody wants to know whether William Powell and Jean Harlow are going to marry. And, you know, Jean hasn't yet got her divorce. But what does that matter?

They were seen together first at Del Monte, fashionable vacation resort, and later in Hollywood. And Bill certainly did show a penchant for beauteous blondes when he married Carol Lombard. From golden blonde to platinum blonde may be the final step.

Meanwhile, Hal Rosson is in Europe shooting a picture for Alexander Korda, who made "Henry VIII."

Joe Morrison, singing juvenile of "The Old-fashioned Way," comes back to Hollywood for more pictures.



Love Victor Over All.—And no matter what you may hear to the contrary, from time to time, Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall are still seen about constantly with each other. It may have looked for a while as if the familiar twosome had about broken up, but there is no sign of it these days.

Mr. Marshall visited Gloria frequently while she was making "Music in the Air" for Fox, and whenever there is a party they arrive together.

This looks as permanent as the Constance Bennett-Gilbert Roland pairing, except that Connie doesn't stand on such formality as Gloria: she visits Roland's set once in a while.

Poor Bing an Outcast.—Bing Crosby is being frightfully pushed around at the old homestead since the twins arrived. It seems that the house isn't quite big enough for the crooning star and his new offsprings.

Dixie Lee was quite a while returning from the hospital, due to the fact that the youngsters were incubator babies, and during that time Bing started working on a short-wave radio set, making experiments in calling distant stations and whatnot.

He was getting along just fine and dandy until the complete family appeared on the scene, and then he and his experiments were dispatched to the garage. It was felt by Dixie that his activities in radio short-waving were altogether too noisy.

Incidentally, the twins are called Philip Lang and Dennis Michael Crosby.

Anna May Wong Anglicized.—Every time Anna May Wong returns from Europe she surprises in some new way. On her last visit she astonished by her accumulation of old-world culture. This time, when she came home for "Limehouse Nights," she proudly boasted a British accent. It turned out to be somewhat useful in the film, since, after all, the Limehouse district is in London.

Anna May hasn't starred in a Hollywood studio since "Shanghai Express," produced almost three years ago.

Eddie Recruits Aunts.—Everybody has been wondering how Eddie Lowe would organize his household following the sad death of Lilyan Tashman. You know, he has continued right on living in his home in Beverly, because he so loves the associations of the place. Still, it has been a lonely life for Eddie.

Now, though, he has solved the problem by arranging with his three maiden aunts to come and reside with him, and it seems a most happy arrangement. Eddie has always been very devoted to those relatives, who have dwelt at San Jose heretofore.

The Melody Lingers On.—When he wrote that song "You Were Meant For Me" for "The Broadway Melody," Nacio Herb Brown, the composer, must have been waxing very prophetic. For finally he *did* wed the young lady who listened ecstatically to the number as sung in the early musical picture. And the young lady is, of course, Anita Page.

But was there a flurry over this wedding in the Pomares household! We'll say so! It was an elopement to Mexico, you see.

Oriental Wedding Prelude.—Gloria Stuart also fled to old Mexico for her marriage to Arthur Sheekman. That's a romance which culminated following a first meeting a year ago when Gloria was making "Roman Scandals."

The first time Sheekman met Gloria, she was reading a Chinese newspaper on the set. And Gloria *can* read

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Dorothy Lee takes a vacation from supporting Wheeler and Woolsey, making way for Mary Carlisle as their heroine in "Kentucky Kernels."



Steffi Duno, European octrass, is Francis Lederer's heed girl no matter what any one soys.



Elsa Lanchester—Mrs. Charles Laughton—keeps Hollywood parties in an uproar with her pranks.





"What do you suppose is in this, George?" says Gracie. And our guess is that it's a brand new Paramount contract.

GEORGE met me at the door. He welcomed me with a good-natured grin. Gracie, arrayed in black silk lounging pajamas, waved me a greeting from her chair. Strange to say, she was nibbling salted nuts. "Have some," she offered. "Take two—take a lot."

Chewing on the nuts, I strolled to the wide windows overlooking the charming vista of Central Park. The suite was one of the choicest in the swank hotel. Adorning one wall was a pastel of Gracie, looking very serious, her dark coloring accentuated by a crimson dress.

She followed my gaze and came over. George had gone to the pantry to prepare drinks. Gracie stood looking at the picture, awaiting my approval. "It's very lifelike," I agreed. "But why the serious expression?"

Gracie laughed with the same tinkly laughter that is familiar to her movie and radio fans. "I had to look serious to keep from laughing. It was painted by the funniest man!" she rattled on. "He had the baggiest trousers which he was always hitching up and he had his chalk in all different pockets."

Suddenly an agonized yowl came from the kitchen. Dashing there, we found that George had cut himself trying to open a ginger-ale bottle. While Gracie bound up the wound, I completed the job of mixing and serving. Having settled ourselves, we proceeded to relax while we sipped.

NUTTY

The professional progress of Burns and Allen reads like fiction. And when George says "Hollywood's a crazy town and it takes crazy people to get along there," you wish that you might be just as crazy as they are!

By Harry N. Blair

Gracie and George are known to their intimates as "Googie" and "Nat." Gracie is Irish and hails from San Francisco. George is Jewish and a product of New York's East Side. They make a swell combination and there is a fine feeling of easy comradeship between them which one immediately senses in their good-natured banter.

They are always joshing each other and, without making a point of doing so, each is constantly praising the other. They have been stage partners for eleven years and life partners for the past eight. There has never been the slightest professional jealousy be-



Photo by International

"The happiest couples in Hollywood are those who get away by themselves," says Gracie, and here she is with George waving good-bye before a short vacation.

tween them and they have never been separated for more than a week at a time.

Knowing this, I asked: "Why aren't there more happy marriages in Hollywood?"

-BUT NICE

Gracie answered at once: "It's the monotony of picture life. The same crowd and the same sort of parties, night after night. They don't have the varied interests that other communities offer. You'll find that the happiest married couples among the picture people are those who get away by themselves every so often."

Wise words from a dumb-bell, who isn't so dumb after all. In fact, no script is ever used by the team of Burns and Allen until Gracie has looked it over and made final suggestions. It is she who blue pencils the slightest suggestion of an off-color line. In the case of their radio scripts, she has been quick to eliminate any references to insects or snakes, realizing that their program goes on the air in most places around dinner time and that to bring up such word images might spoil some one's meal.

In San Francisco, where she was born, Gracie always dreamed of a stage career. She never thought of trying Hollywood. Lacking the perfection of face and form then essential to screen success, a movie career seemed too much to hope for. However, she was an avid fan and went to picture shows on every possible occasion.

One day she went to see a fortune teller who told her she would some day be very rich. Casting about to make the prediction come true as soon as possible, Gracie's hopes centered on a screen hero about whose fabulous salary she had often heard. He was hardly a romantic figure, but to the naive mind of the girl, he symbolized the combination of wealth and love which the fortune teller had foretold. The name of the star was Charles Chaplin, and Gracie told me that when he married Mildred Harris she was heartbroken for weeks.

The little girl who never dreamed of one day being rich and famous by her own efforts on the screen has yet to meet the object of her childhood affections.

San Francisco is still "home" to Gracie. The brother, whose "disappearance" had radio fans in a lather, works in an office there. She assured me that he's a very quiet chap who takes all the kidding he gets good-naturedly. "The only thing he minds," she told me, "is that people expect him to do something. And (with a typical Gracie Allen giggle) he can't do anything! My three sisters were all on the stage and my father was a performer, too. But my brother would rather be in business. He's too retiring to be an actor!"

As a matter of fact, Gracie is inclined to be shy, herself. George explained it in this way: "Gracie hates to force conversation. I don't mind. I can talk to anybody. But unless Gracie knows a person she just doesn't know what to say. That's why Gracie took along a girl friend on our trip to Europe. The other times we went over she stayed in her cabin all day and only came out at dinner time."

"In evening clothes," Gracie added. George did not seem to hear. He was still nursing his finger. Gracie hovered about sympathetically. I gazed around at the suite. It seemed a far cry from the cheap theatrical hotels of a few years before.

The professional progress of this amazing team reads like fiction. In the first place, Gracie left her home to travel with an act billed as Riley and Company. The act consisted of herself and a young man who did not care to share honors. They did a talking and singing act in Irish brogue and George told me, laughingly, that for some months after he and Gracie teamed up, she still talked that way.

Gracie, having become launched as an actress, felt keenly her lack of billing. However, she said nothing until one fine day her partner decided to leave off the "and Company" and simply use his own name. This was too much for poor Gracie, who thereupon left him flat.

Unused to the ways of show business, Gracie sat in her cheap little room for weeks on end, waiting for some

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The present popularity of George and Gracie makes those halcyon vaudeville days seem like a wild dream.

THE MOTHERING

Joan Blondell's generosity to her fellow humans includes not only those whom she can practically aid, but prayers for the unknown sufferer in a passing ambulance! Now she's expecting a baby of her own to mother and hopes it won't be only one, but twins!

"I'M going to have babies," Joan Blondell told me. "Twins I hope. But don't tell George!" She winked across the table at her husband. He squeezed her hand and she blushed!

Here was the girl the screen represents as a money-grabbing, fast-talking comédienne laughing at life. Yet offscreen, in a world far away from sets and cameras, she's Hollywood's mothering heart.

Glamorous? Off the set she's plain Mrs. Barnes and proud of it. Humorous? Of course! She wants every one to be happy. If you're blue, Joan will cheer you. If you're happy, she'll make you dizzy with laughter. All these attributes are hers. But above them rises her passion for being kind-hearted.

She sat beside me in the studio restaurant, a smiling, happy young woman in a spectacular gown. She might have been a salesgirl or a stenographer in her innate simplicity rather than a star, but her eyes had the depth of one who has tasted life and eased the suffering of others.

I like to think of her more as a girl who will never let Hollywood change her than a star who never has a moment to herself because she cannot say "No."

Most of Joan's public know her as an irrepressible comic who is always good for a laugh. But I know a different Joan. She has taken me into her home and her confidence.

To me, she is the kindest, most generous friend any one could have. And her popularity among studio employees bears ample testimony to the attitude of those with whom she associates daily.

Recently I was telling Jimmie Hicks how well every one likes Joan. He manages Hollywood's Warner Theater. Jimmie knows all the stars intimately, especially those from the Warner lot.

"That's not news to me. It's just in her to be popular. Mrs. Barnes is willing to go out of her way at any time to help others. That's one reason she's so well liked. Let me tell you a story.

"Several years ago a young artist, Henri Sabin, arrived in Hollywood. He had no money, not even a presentable suit. Only a pad and pencil tucked inside his sweater. He borrowed the materials and painted a portrait of his favorite star, Joan. For hours he waited

near her home. And when at last she stepped from her car, he came forward and offered her the portrait for an autograph.

"That was the turning point in his career for again her heart, which is bigger than the world, urged Joan to help him. He left her home well fed and richer by twenty-five dollars and several helpful suggestions. Today he is one of Hollywood's well-known artists. Recently he completed a portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt for her son, Elliott, and the list of Hollywood celebrities he has painted reads like who's who in film-land."

Here *was* a story! I must find out more about the sexy, laughing Blondell as a patron of art! More about this side of her life which she had kept hidden from me.

One day I cornered her on the set in the midst of "Dames," her last film before her temporary retirement.

"Joan, won't you tell me a little of what you've done to help others?" I asked.

"I? Why, I've never done a thing to help anybody in my life. Oh my gosh, I did support some down-and-out actors for a heck of a long time! But that isn't anything," she laughed. And then her face darkened in that serious expression I've come to know well. She continued. "When a man's sliding downhill the splinters hurt him most. If you try to soften those splinters it does you both good."

"Tell me about those actors you helped," I urged.

"Oh, that? That isn't anything much. Any one with a heart would give anybody who is starving a hand-out. I was pretty

broke myself, but when I saw how hungry those kids were I just couldn't realize that I had only a few dollars left. Watching them made me realize that I had never really wanted for anything." And then she told me.

With a friend, she visited some actors who were living in Greenwich Village. For over a month these boys had existed on baked beans. And this night the last can had been eaten, one tin among three. Never having seen these fellows before, possibly never to see them again, she went out and bought enough food to feed a dozen hungry young men. She cooked the meal and washed the dishes. Then gave each a dollar to help out until she came again. And again was every Saturday until, one



Photo by Fryer

Early in life Joan learned to know people and their problems when she began her stage career in vaudeville as a tot. Here she is with her sister, Gloria.

HEART

By Boris Nicholai

by one, Joan had placed her new friends in Broadway shows.

"And this," I said to myself, "is the girl who gold-digs all over the screen!"

Here I had just heard a story poignant with the drama of bohemia. Here was Joan, trying to get along on a very small income and sharing it with others worse off than herself. Yet she called it "doing nothing."

But the grandest thing I ever saw was when she stopped a scene to lift a sick, starving cat into her arms and helped to ease its suffering.

We were on the set when a straggly gray cat found its way onto the stage. In and out between the legs of furniture it tottered, meowing piteously. Watchful prop boys rushed forward to frighten it away lest its cries break up the scene. But Joan had heard the cat. Quickly she dashed from the camera, gathered the disease-ridden animal into her arms, and stroked its bony back. Against our pleas to drop the animal, she wrapped it tenderly in her make-up towel and carried it to a veterinary. Two weeks afterward she found her first opportunity to call and take it home. But the alley cat was dead.

"At least," said Joan, "it died well fed and in a nice, warm home." There was a quiver in her voice and in her clear blue eyes appeared just the trace of a tear as she added, "That cat was soon to be a mother, too."

And then Joan's husband came over. He listened a while and looked up.

"There are symbols for everything—earth, sky, sea, food, and my wife is the symbol of kindness and charity."

He told me of the time Joan and another girl were being considered for the same part on the stage. Joan was selected. Tearfully, the other actress explained that if she didn't get the rôle she and her mother would be evicted from their flat.

Joan thought a second and then handed the manuscript back to the producer. He told her that the other girl wasn't the type he wanted and even if Joan refused the part her rival wouldn't be considered. So Miss Blondell suddenly changed her mind and took the part. She remained with the play for over a year and the other girl received half of Joan's salary every week.

"And," continued Barnes, "to-day that girl is one of my wife's best friends and biggest rivals."

Then we went to lunch, Joan leading us to a far corner of the studio restaurant. And here I heard more of her philanthropy. This time from some one who chanced by our table and, learning my mission, explained how Joan went all over the Warner lot soliciting aid for a waitress who had been injured in an automobile accident.



Photo by Fryer

Typed as a wise-cracking, gold-digging soubrette on the screen, Joan finds compensation in listening to the troubles of others and helping them when she can. Her philanthropies are endless, amazing.

Would it ever stop? Everywhere I went, every person I met—all had more to say about Joan Blondell's kindness.

Then I asked Joan about the time her stage understudy was promised a screen test if her teeth were repaired. But let her tell you about this herself.

"I didn't have much money but I scraped enough together to give that girl her chance. I promised to pay her dentist bills, and did. The test didn't turn out well, but she married the director and to-day she has one of the cutest babies you ever saw. That was even better than getting a contract." I know that Joan's married life has been shadowed because she has not had time for the

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The SCREEN in REVIEW

By Norbert Lusk



"CLEOPATRA."

Cecil DeMille's latest spectacle is more a tribute to his mastery of pictorial effects and his generalship in commanding armies of extras than in developing drama. In this respect it is uneven and at times dull. But it is always handsome, lavish and typical of him. There is not another director who continues to stamp his individuality more unmistakably upon his films, a feat in these days of standardized effort. But one wishes that he had exercised better judgment in selecting material for *Cleopatra's* affairs with *Julius Caesar* and *Marc Antony*, or had not chosen to dwell on *Caesar* at all since *Cleopatra's* episodes with both are similar. Obviously desiring to avoid stilted dialogue, Mr. DeMille has gone to the other extreme and tried for the colloquial. The result is often commonplace chit chat and we hear noble Romans saying "hello"

to each other, straining too hard to avoid the Shakespearean manner to be convincing. But there is at least one moment of dramatic distinction played in the grand manner of the classics. It occurs when *Antony* realizes that his Roman soldiers are deserting him in Egypt because of *Cleopatra*, and the scene is superbly acted by Henry Wilcoxon and C. Aubrey Smith. Claudette Colbert's *Cleopatra* lacks fire, passion and queenly dignity, not forgetting a touch of the feline and more than all else, variety. It is a refined *cocotte* that we see, an extra shapely mannequin in fancy dress, a static figurante. On the whole, the performances are disappointing, though Joseph Schildkraut arrests as *Herod* and Warren William is a dignified *Caesar*, but it is Mr. Wilcoxon who will be talked about most. So will the picture be discussed.

"DAMES."

Latest of Warners' pretentious musicals follows the formula evolved in previous successes. That is, a slight story climaxing in a series of elaborate, ingenious and costly maneuvers of countless girls in novel formations, some still featuring feathers, and one of them with the entire screen filled with heads of Ruby Keeler in designs that gather together in a jig-saw puzzle. While all this is tribute to the resourcefulness of Busby Berkeley and his cameramen, it is faintly silly and by now old-fashioned. Supposedly a stage show, there is no illusion of the theater in these abstract formations. Witty and unusual, however, is Joan Blondell's musical number which shows her as a lovelorn laundress of the '90s who finds romance in men's underwear. This is vulgarly, though inoffensively, funny, and is the best thing in the show besides Dick Powell's many tuneful songs. Hugh Herbert, Guy Kibbee, Zasu Pitts, and Leila Bennett also take part in the story proper which harks back, among other things, to that medical remedy with a high alcoholic content.



"ONE MORE RIVER."

Moving with a beautiful, distinguished calm, this dramatization of the unjust divorce laws of England is quietly absorbing because of its extraordinary good taste. Lacking a strong or active story-structure, it depends on lifelike dialogue and restrained acting as well as perfection of detail. So intelligently does it attain these ends that it becomes a flawless representation of British life and character among the upper classes. The plausible story has Diana Wynyard leaving her husband, Colin Clive, in Ceylon because he beats her with a riding crop. On the steamer she meets a companionable young man who falls in love with her. Innocently they continue their friendship until detectives obtain evidence sufficient to inspire a suit for divorce. Miss Wynyard is thoroughly at home in her repressed rôle and Frank Lawton, also of "Cavalcade," is keenly intelligent as the youth who more often than not suggests the stately Miss Wynyard's brother because of his slight stature, but Mr. Clive is vitally convincing as her husband, and Jane Wyatt, from the stage, makes an interesting début.



PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

Henry Wilcoxon, the most impressive newcomer of the month in "Cleopatra," the most gorgeous picture.

Joan Blondell, for her song and dance as a laundress in "Dames," the wittiest moment in a costly musical.

Harold Lloyd, for his courage in departing from formula and giving us novelty in "The Cat's Paw."

Jean Harlow, for her increasing skill and humor in "The Girl From Missouri."

Patsy Kelly, for her drollery in the same film.

"One More River," the most dignified, tasteful and lifelike picture of the month.

"TREASURE ISLAND."

The famous story of pirates' gold is magnificently realized by Jackie Cooper, Wallace Beery, and every one in the perfect cast. The picture has sweep, it is rich in pictorial beauty and it surges with the spirit of adventure. It has charm, too, and humor, not to mention fidelity to the original. Rarely has a book been brought to the screen with such satisfying completeness—two hours of it, as a matter of fact. Everything described in the tale comes to life exactly as one visualized it when reading the text. Too much cannot be said in praise of the acting. Jackie Cooper is not only ideal as the cabin boy, *Jim Hawkins*, but his quaint speech and earnestness give him an honest charm not found in some of his hokum characterizations. Mr. Beery is grand as the likable cutthroat, *Long John Silver*, and Lionel Barrymore is properly terrifying as *Billy Bones*. Otto Kruger, Lewis Stone, Nigel Bruce, and Chic Sale are some of the other high lights.



"THE CAT'S PAW."

Harold Lloyd departs from formula and gives us the most original picture of the month, a story and treatment utterly unlike anything he has done before, and his best characterization. It is funny, too, from beginning to end, but it is a comedy of character and situation rather than his usual gags and slapstick. In short, the offering is legitimate and modern, actually the most intelligent picture he has ever made. Like all his films, it is notably free from suggestiveness or any lapse from the star's standard of family appeal. He is the son of an American missionary in China and is on a visit to this country to find a wife. His ignorance of American idioms and his formal Oriental politeness make the character highly amusing. Innocently, he falls into a trap and is nominated for mayor by corrupt politicians. They are nonplused when he is elected and panic-stricken when he starts to clean up the community. He employs a Chinese trick to force a terrified promise from the evil-doers to reform. Una Merkel, Grace Bradley, George Barbier, Alan Dinehart, Nat Pendleton, and Warren Hymer excel.

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"THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI."

Chalk up another triumph for Jean Harlow. Not merely the effective display of her unique personality, but her increasing skill as a comedienne with a way all her own, not to mention her ability to dominate a picture peopled by actors of greater experience and to make the venture entirely her own. Like Mr. Cagney's "Here Comes the Navy," her picture is a slyly skillful compliance with the demands of the Legion of Decency and her public, too. Though her heroine insists on marriage or nothing, Miss Harlow worms in so many implications and plays *Eadie* with so much wicked, wide-eyed humor, that whitewashing only makes her funnier. Originating in a small town, she progresses to Palm Beach and New York, finally marrying a millionaire's son after she has compromised his father. *Eadie* bursts out of a stateroom in her underclothes and throws her arms around him just as the cameramen are photographing America's latest diplomatic appointee. Next to Miss Harlow, Patsy Kelly as her plain and less ambitious friend is best, and Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore, Hale Hamilton, and Lewis Stone are helpful.





Don't you envy John Boles and Irene Dunne lunching on location during the making of "The Age of Innocence"?

THE BULLDOG STRAIN

You consider John Boles a steadily soaring star, do you? Then you don't know about his three comebacks. "He won't last long this time," says Hollywood. This scoop explains how John keeps on fooling them.

THERE are some stars who go on, year after year, being popular with the public, yet aren't regarded as big shots in Hollywood. John Boles is one. You probably like him yourself. Most every one does. Yet in Hollywood people say, "Boles? For gosh sakes, is he still hanging around?" Every time he gets a part in a new picture, they're surprised. For every part he has ever got, John has had to battle single-handed against the whole of Hollywood.

Three distinct times he had been counted out as a failure. Each time, with no help from Hollywood, he has come back. There ought to be a lesson in that for us all. How does John do it?

Well, of course, part of it's due to his blood. He's Scotch, Irish, and Dutch. These three bloods, usually at war with each other, have combined to produce one of the shrewdest men on the screen. The Scotch part of his heritage gives him a hard strictness. The Irish blood singing in his veins keeps him an habitual optimist. His Dutch ancestors endow him with a doggedness which will not let him quit.

He looks as if he's still in his twenties, but he started as Gloria Swanson's leading man in "The Loves of Sunya." That's quite a while ago. And, even then, Hollywood never made him a rave. He was just one more capable, steady leading man without, apparently, much to give the screen. Had he been an ordinary person he would have faded from sight right then—made one or two more pictures, maybe, on the strength of "Sunya," and then gone where Moses did when the lights went out.

Instead of that he was in eight successive pictures—pictures that nobody remembers, perhaps. And collecting his salary. Even getting it boosted. How did he do it? Simply by hanging on.

By Jack Jamison

And then finally his run of luck petered out, if you want to call it luck, and he wasn't in any more. Hollywood promptly forgot him. He was through. "And once they're through they never come back," says Hollywood.

Oh, yeah?

Talkies came along. The first one, if you remember, was a singing one, with Al Jolson. The producers lost their heads—the talkies knocked Hollywood for a loop, leaving everybody utterly bewildered—and decided that singing pictures were the thing. They looked around madly for actors and actresses with movie experience who could sing. And—there was John Boles. Why, yes, he could sing, he admitted modestly. He had been singing for years. And so he got in again, and once more you saw John Boles's name on the theater marquees.


Maybe he really had been studying for opera for years, as his publicity said. Or maybe, being a smart lad, when he saw that first Jolson talkie he ran out and learned to sing. The point is, he was quick to see his opportunity, and he made the most of it. And then, once he had this second break, once he was in, try to get him out!

As before, Hollywood said, "Well, look what the cat dragged in! He won't last long this time!"

Hollywood, in other words, forgot those dogged Dutch ancestors of John's. He hung on like a bulldog. And, as long as singing pictures lasted, he stuck.

What do I mean, "hung on"? How did he get the jobs? Well, he advertised himself, in a goofy way he thought up himself. For example, when talkies first came in John heard that Warners had bought the rights to "The Desert Song." John had done a little musical comedy work, he thought he could handle the rôle, and he decided to get that particular part. So what did he do?

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JOHN BOLES is Scotch, Irish, and Dutch, three reasons why he will not fail in anything. Men as handsome as he don't usually bother to be shrewd and farsighted, but Jack Jamison's inside story of Mr. Boles's tactics, opposite, explains how he has succeeded in spite of good looks.

Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach



POVERTY ROW

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" high lights the homely virtu

THE hamy old story provides a framework for the tenderness and charm of a splendid cast, including Pauline Lord, famous Anna Christie of the stage, who makes her screen debut as Mrs. Wiggs. She is seen, right, with Virginia Weidler, George Breakston, Jimmy Butler, and Edyth Fellows. W. C. Fields and Zasu Pitts have a love duet, top, and the small photo shows Kent Taylor and Evelyn Venable.






JULIE'S JOY

"The Fountain" presents Ann Harding in her most thoughtful rôle.



THE notable novel from which the screen play was adapted provides splendid opportunities for Miss Harding, Brion Aherne, and Paul Lukas in lifelike characterizations. They are concerned in a love triangle, but they neither say nor do what you have come to expect of conventional characters.



THE old spinning wheel pauses to give us a glimpse of pensive Joan Bennett, in "Pursuit of Happiness," that delightful, racy comedy of Colonial days which brings back to the screen Francis Lederer and also gives us Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland. All are concerned with the quaint custom of bundling. If you don't know what that is, just wait until you see the antics of the bundlers!

Photo by Eugene Robert Riebow

GIFTED GIRLS

...ne a sensibly charming and natural ingénue, the other a thrushlike prima donna and both possessed with a delicious sense of humor—Maureen O'Sullivan and Jeanette MacDonald! Completely unlike in appearance and temperament, they have at least one bond in common—both are in important, new pictures and each scores a hit, the girl from Ireland in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and Philadelphia's fille in "The Merry Widow."



MISS O'SULLIVAN is Henrietta, Elizabeth Barrett's rebellious younger sister who is up in arms against Victorian restrictions and the tyranny of her father, a domestic despot. Miss MacDonald is, of course, the ineffable Sonia, graciously billowing in the delightful costumes of the '80s and singing the unforgettable melodies of Lehar, with some modern interpolations besides.

AN exceptional cast makes doubly important *la Gallian's* first film for us. Spencer Tracy and Siegfried Rumann are seen with her on this page, and the lowest picture discloses Helen Morgan singing as only she can. Others in the cast are Ned Sparks, Leslie Fenton, and the English actor, Robert Loraine.



SPANGLED WAIF

Ketti Gallian, the French actress, makes her Hollywood debut in "Marie Galante," a colorful spy melodrama of the Panama Canal Zone where anything may happen and practically everything does.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

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"Hide-out."—Metro-Goldwyn. A charming, refreshing, unpretentious picture is about due, don't you think? Here it is, guaranteed to satisfy the whole family whether they're sophisticated or ingenuous, critical or easily pleased. A trite story in the telling—the racketeer purified and reformed by the clean air of the country and the gingham of a farm lass—this version is so skillfully etched with intelligent dialogue, fresh situations and splendid acting that it is one of the month's treats. Robert Montgomery is the crook whom accident brings to the home of innocent, kind-hearted folk, and Maureen O'Sullivan is their daughter who falls in love with the dashing stranger. Mr. Montgomery's smugness has never been more evident, nor has his increasing weight been more disillusioning, but the part is so well written that any reasonably lively actor could make it attractive. It is sure-fire. Miss O'Sullivan does more with her rôle by writing into it charm and a shimmering play of moods even more varied than the material supplied by the authors. Edward Arnold, Elizabeth Patterson, and Mickey Rooney are more than perfect as is a newcomer from the stage, Whitford Kane, a father as naïve as his wife and children. They are all heart-warming, the players and their rôles.

"Handy Andy."—Fox. A light-waisted picture, but extremely well tailored to the measurements of Will Rogers who is the whole show. Here he is a homespun druggist with an ambitious wife who nags him into selling out to a chain syndicate. He tries various things, including pigeon raising and golf, to while away his time, and awkwardly fails in everything. In New Orleans for Mardi Gras, his wife urges him to relax and play. Mr. Rogers plays so hard he scandalizes her and lands in jail. Everything turns out all right, of course, Mr. Rogers buying back his pharmacy and settling down to the old humdrum routine. So appealing to the majority is all this that the picture played three consecutive weeks on Broadway. Peggy Wood, a stage favorite in everything from musical comedy to Shakespeare, is miscast as the unpleasant wife in acting and appearance. She is far too elegant as a small-town matron. But Mary Carlisle, Frank Melton, and Robert Taylor are very much in character.

"Elmer and Elsie."—Paramount. George Bancroft's return to the screen after a long absence reveals him strangely miscast, and the reappearance of Frances Fuller after a season on Broadway is hardly more reassuring. They are concerned in a tepid domestic comedy in which Mr. Bancroft, of all people, is a fatuous hus-

band who does not know that he is ruled by Miss Fuller as his wife. More implausible mating has rarely been seen in films. It is inconceivable that Miss Fuller should bother to manage Mr. Bancroft's business career and manipulate his boss until her husband is promoted from a piano mover to the foreman of the factory. The point of all this—and it is never sharply made—is that while husbands delude themselves that the little woman's place is really in the home, she is the power that guides them through life. Mr. Bancroft shows understanding of the rôle and shows, too, that he is out of his element as a negative character. Actually the showiest and most successful characterization is achieved by Roscoe Karns as his cast-off friend. George Barbier also is good as the boss who likewise is dominated by his wife, and Nella Walker is sure of herself in this part. But it is all perfectly footless.

"The Scarlet Empress."—Paramount. Morbid, strange, Marlene Dietrich's new picture is a collector's item, a psychoanalyst's document rather than a subject for fan enthusiasm. It is a curiosity for the few rather than a first-class attraction for the general public, but it is by no means a casual on the cinema seas. If you are in search of the unusual you will certainly find it in this version of Catherine the Great. And if you especially admire Miss Dietrich, you will see one of her best performances in which she conveys a great deal more than the beauty of studied poses. Innocence and gentle pathos are in her picture of the girlish princess whose obedience to her mother forces her into marriage with the imbecilic *Grand Duke Peter*. So far so good. But it is the telling of the familiar story that causes dissatisfaction, that irritates by its lagging tempo and exasperates on the score of its affectations. Symbolic of the corrupt Russian court are, one supposes, the gargoyles that the camera gloats upon, bringing them over and over again to one's eye for closer inspection. But this viewpoint is so exaggerated that it causes one to ask if in all the palace there isn't something of æsthetic appeal, something besides hideously deformed, leering images holding guttering candles. What might have been subtle suggestion becomes a surfeit of statuary. The picture is singularly lacking in smoothness, too. We have a few scenes comprising a sequence, then a long printed caption, following which another episode is acted, and so on. If this method of narration is the latest discovery of Josef von Sternberg, the director, in the realm of screen art, he has much more to reproach himself for than the movie-makers of twenty years ago. At least they made no artistic pretensions when they told a story with a superfluity of these semicolons. Under the circumstances it is not surprising that the picture lacks distinguished performances. Expert as some of the players are, their acting misses fire although Sam Jaffe, playing a liv-

ing gargoyle as *Grand Duke Peter*, has an advantage over the others whose rôles are only human. John Davis Lodge and Miss Dietrich are victims of another of Mr. von Sternberg's exaggerations, this time of vocal pitch. They speak in undertones for the most part. Louise Dresser, C. Aubrey Smith, Ruthelma Stevens, and Olive Tell are others in the cast of whom actually the most refreshing member is Maria Sieber, Miss Dietrich's daughter whose one short scene reveals a child of such lovely gravity and intelligence that you long for more of her.

"Now and Forever."—Paramount. This most engaging melodrama combines Gary Cooper, Carol Lombard, and Shirley Temple, not overlooking Sir Guy Standing by any means and Charlotte Granville, a stage veteran of unusual distinction. They are concerned in an interesting story of calculated values which will appeal to every one because it has movement, clear-cut characterizations, direct acting and sure-fire situations. Who, for example, would not respond to Mr. Cooper as an amiable rogue who, not having seen his child, Shirley Temple, since babyhood, demands \$75,000 from his dead wife's relatives to make them her legal guardians? And who, on meeting the delectable Shirley, refuses money and takes her away with him? This is highly effective, as played by Mr. Cooper and the little first lady of the screen, and is irresistible in its appeal to the heart. Mr. Cooper has, in fact, never approached his performance in this picture. Alert, quizzical, humorous, he brings to it light and shade as well as constantly shifting moods. In short, his acting has variety and less repression than formerly. While it does not by any means erase memory of him in "Doomsday" and "The Shopworn Angel," which stand for his best work in silent pictures, nor in "Seven Days' Leave" and "A Farewell to Arms," his finest talking films, his current work shows technical development and is more in keeping with the popular conception of acting than in earlier films when he appealed more to the imagination by the hidden thought, the repressed emotion, the unspoken word. Here he offers all that the character is for your immediate inspection. Shirley Temple is not at what I consider her best. Her appeal is not lessened, God forbid, and her scenes with Mr. Cooper are particularly heart-warming, but there are moments when that self-consciousness which we have dreaded is rather apparent and there are seconds when she seems to know that she is cute. This, I hasten to add, must surely be blamed on direction. It is quite probable that the director is not as sensitive to the perils that beset child actors, the most dangerous of which is conscious cuteness. By no means is Miss Lombard overshadowed by Mr. Cooper and Shirley. She, too, gives one of her best performances with that highly individual blending of honesty, directness and sympathy which makes her unique, while Sir Guy and Miss Granville actually do more to give the story weight and credibility than the stars.

HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS

By Graham Dale

THESE unusual caricatures of famous stars are painted on eggs, then wigged with natural hair and decorated painstakingly by the young artist who originated this form of parody. He calls them "egg-o-toons."



Claudette Colbert: A Grade-A Egg.



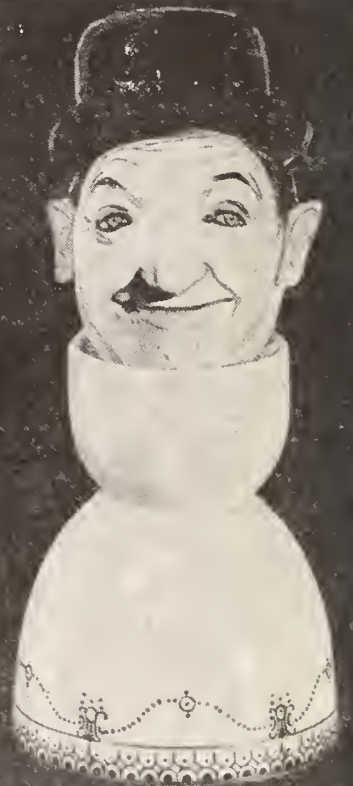
Mae West: A Deviled Egg.



George Arliss: A Rare Egg.



Gracie Allen: An Addled Egg.



Stan Laurel: A Soft Egg.

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theater manager to send for her. She didn't know that it was necessary to secure engagements through agents and there was no one interested enough to put her wise. Finally, she decided that show business didn't want her. With this thought in mind, she enrolled in a business college and started to study stenography. Then fate, in the person of George Burns, stepped into the picture.

A young girl whom she knew slightly was opening her act in Union Hill, New Jersey, across the river from Manhattan. She invited Gracie over. On the same bill was a dancing team consisting of two lads known as Burns and Lorraine. Gracie's friend, having heard that the team was about to split and take girl partners suggested that she watch them work. To Gracie, after the show she said, "I think that Lorraine boy would be a good one for you to team up with." But Gracie had already made up her mind. "If I teamed up with either of them, it would be Burns," she told her friend.

Two days later the phone rang. It was George Burns. "Would she like

to be his partner?" She would and did. Thus the business world lost a great potential stenographer.

Their first engagement was in a small Newark theater. It was the middle of winter with snow piled high. Gracie remembers that they had to go into the boiler room to thaw out. Gracie fed George the lines. That is, until after the first performance. Despite the fact that she was playing "straight" she had the audience convulsed every time she spoke. From that time on, George fed her the lines.

They next played a small New Jersey town where the manager was all for canceling their act when he heard they did nothing but talk. However, even he couldn't help laughing at the dumb answers which the little girl gave to the funny man. They did three shows, for which they received ten dollars, less expenses and booking fee.

So they went on for the first year. "We were usually called in at the last minute to fill in," George explained. "The first time we got a straight booking of eight weeks we thought we were in heaven."

In those days money was scarce and they both learned the value of a dollar. That is why they are not extravagant now that they have reached the three-figure class. They know it can't last forever and are saving for a rainy day.

While making pictures is still new to them, they are rapidly catching on to the tricks of the trade. For instance, during the making of "Many Happy Returns," another performer in some scenes with Gracie noticed that most of the laughs from the studio workers were going to Gracie. The other player thereupon demanded that the scene be taken over. Gracie, sensing the reason for the command, promptly proceeded to "blow up" in her lines. After two or three attempts, the director, now exasperated, ordered that the first "take" be used.

Gracie, the so-called dumb-bell, had won her point. "Hollywood's a crazy town and it takes crazy people to get along there. That's why we expect to stay in pictures a long time," says George. Maybe he's right, but don't you wish you could be crazy the same way yourself?

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Too often a promising player has to come to Hollywood for recognition. None of their actors are under contract for more than one picture."

David still glows with pleasure when he recalls his return to Hollywood last spring.

"I arranged to have the train stop at Victorville—ordinarily it doesn't—and all the people from the ranch were there to meet me. I tried to tell them how glad I was to be back, and I said something about their not realizing just how fortunate they were to be living in California. Before I could finish they shouted, 'Yes, we do, and we didn't have to go to Europe to find it out!'"

"I never had so wonderful a homecoming before."

David Manners has been on his own since he was seventeen. During the intervening years he has experienced all the adventures and misadventures that attend a varied life. His personal code is of the highest, and he is amused at ostentation or exhibitionism. A student of occult philosophy, he enjoys literature or conversation on that subject. He also enjoys horseback riding, swimming, dancing, and bridge.

Speaking of bridge, once a frantic hostess hauled him in to pinch hit at

a ladies' bridge club. David won first prize, to his embarrassment, and was presented with a boudoir pillow—tra la—which he hastily turned over to the lady with the second highest score.

Once at a party the rules of a certain game required that he tell the name of the girl whom he had last kissed. After a slight hesitation he said, blandly, "My mother." When we noisily protested that relatives didn't count he reluctantly named a local beauty and added, rather sulkily, "If you must know."

Being ever mindful of the rights of others he keeps appointments to the minute. Once, however, he got confused and showed up twenty-four hours late for a formal dinner.

David will always be something of a problem to interviewers. He lacks the reckless gusto that makes certain actors good copy. Dick Cromwell can describe a dog fight and make it sound like the battle of the Marne. Novarro, too, can give the commonplace a veneer of color. But David, cool and gracious, doesn't bother to dramatize facts.

After we had skimmed over picture affairs, current events and political questions, I suddenly had an inspiration, a poor one, I'm afraid.

Good Manners

"Tell me about your romances, David," I chortled.

"I was expecting that," said he, grimly.

"Alas, I always do the expected," I sighed, and fell, without injury, to contemplating the floor.

David's agent came in and belated the deadlock.

"Dave, did you tell her about the time you were struck by lightning?" he asked.

"Yes, the first time we met," said David.

"I don't remember that," I said. "I trust you weren't killed."

"It cured me of being afraid of storms," he volunteered.

Knowing that he was returning to his ranch as soon as our talk was finished, I relented and let him go—after eliciting the further information that the lightning episode occurred in Ontario. His grin was very much in evidence as he headed for the open range.

Hollywood may represent the last round-up to some people, but to this young Canadian it is merely a grade in the school of life. David's head may be in the clouds but his feet stand firmly on the ground. And that, methinks, is a pretty good combination.

Unguarded Moment

again, watched the marriage disintegrate and end in divorce.

"Hollywood!" I thought. Aloud, I said, "Tell me, what do you think of Hollywood now?"

"Hollywood?" she repeated, startled. "There must be something the matter with me. Every one asks me that."

"Oh, I don't mean only in its relation to you," I put in hastily. "Look! I know a chap out here who two short years ago was a reporter on a trade paper, making probably fifty or sixty dollars a week. He's a writer at one of the studios now and has just completed a home that set him back eighteen G's. As if that were not enough, Harold Grieve is decorating it. Could that happen anywhere but here? That sort of thing is what I mean. What do you think of it?"

"When I think of Hollywood," Kay rejoined, her eyes brooding, "it isn't the sudden successes like that I think of. They could happen elsewhere. A man might strike it rich in the stock market. He might discover oil on his property. He might invent a puncture-proof tire or something like that. It's the tragedy of the place I think of."

"Tragedy?" I echoed.

Kay nodded. "Look at the young people around you—*young*—whose lives are finished. Why, people who three or four years ago were not only important, but who really were part of the screen. They're not even working to-day. They can't *get* work. It's appalling. Oh, I hope when my time comes and I'm through, I'll have vision enough and sense enough to clear out.

"It's this place," she said suddenly, intensely. "It's a geographic situation. Here is one of the largest, most active industries in the midst of a semitropical climate. In other places with a climate like this, people take things easy. They have siestas after lunch and spare themselves as much as possible. Not here! Everything is intensified.

"In other localities, activities and competition among the inhabitants

are divided among numerous industries—iron, steel, mining, railroading, automobiles, architecture, farming—Lord only knows what all. Here in this little town of Hollywood everything is concentrated on the movies. Think of the thousands jostling, pushing, scrambling, elbowing to get to the top in this one industry! There's no division of this frenzy. It's all concentrated on one thing.

"And there is none of the leisurely, take-it-easy manner of going after things there should be in this climate. It's why we're all keyed up to the breaking point all the time. The moment a person does the least thing out of the ordinary, every one else is at his throat.

"An industry as—as *vehement* as this should be in a different climate. We should have a change of seasons to help us keep our grasp on things instead of this eternal heat. It's vitiating.

"Have you ever thought that the greatest people in every line of artistic endeavor are brought to Hollywood—novelists, playwrights, actors, scenic designers, costume designers, photographers, musicians—the greatest of everything? Yet with the finest talent in the world right here in our midst, nothing great ever goes out of Hollywood.

"If, occasionally, a great picture is made here it is adapted from a play, a book, or something that has attracted attention outside of Hollywood. Can you name one finished artist whom Hollywood has developed?"

Kay was tapping the table in front of her with her forefinger to emphasize her words. I listened, fascinated.

"And that is why I say that since picture-making can't be moved elsewhere, all of us should get away from Hollywood at every possible opportunity. It's the only way we have of staying sane. I rush to New York whenever I can. And my friends say to me, 'Oh, Kay, you've come at a wretched time. The weather—'

"And I laugh and say, 'I love it. I don't care if I ruin my shoes, my hat, my clothes—everything. I adore this

rain. If it's snow, so much the better.'

"I can't understand people complaining when they have to go on a location trip. They should give thanks for the opportunity to get away from here for a while, whether it's only for a day or a week.

"My contract stipulates I'm to have two months off every year—two months all at once. Year before last, during my two months, I had the chance to make 'Cynara' and 'Trouble in Paradise,' and last year 'Storm at Daybreak.' I couldn't resist that extra money. Now, thank Heaven, I have all I need and I'll never give up those two months again. I'm going to Italy this time and you'll see a vastly different person when I return than you're saying good-by to to-day."

"One thing more. You've had a string of mediocre pictures and you've played them without grousing. What about your pictures when you return?"

"I want to get away from the 'new woman'—the *Doctor Monicas*—if I can. I want to do something essentially feminine." Suddenly she laughed. "*There's* an illustration of this crazy business for you. No plans have been made for me, no pictures lined up against my return. Yet one of the executives came to me the other day and said, 'Your next will be a "Rip Tide," Kay.'

"Just as casually as that. The fact that the best brains and talent went into the making of 'Rip Tide' didn't faze him. He hadn't any idea what my next picture was to be! Do you wonder I have to get out of here to keep my balance?"

She glanced at her watch. "It's twenty to six. I must go now. Good-by, take care of yourself and call me when I get back."

I glanced at the door through which Kay had gone. Six years is a long time. Stardom has come and taken its inevitable toll. But I doubt that stardom, Hollywood, or anything else, will ever throw Kay very far off keel. She's like that.

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greatest desire of her career—motherhood.

It was the head of Sardi's restaurant who told me that always she has been interested in children.

"I know the real Joan Blondell well," he said, "but I know her much better as a star who takes ten orphans every Christmas and Easter and gives them a day of happiness they will al-

ways remember." This from a man who sees more stars every day than two thirds of America see in a lifetime! His anecdote reminded me of the last time I saw Joan. She was gayly talking to a group of friends. An ambulance clanged noisily by. She crossed herself and murmured a prayer that God heal the stranger on his way to the hospital

The Mothering Heart

That's the little actress who says, "I never did a thing to help any one in my life." Doing for others comes so naturally to her that she takes it so lightly.

Anyway, in October when her baby comes—or twins, as she says she desires—the precious heritage of Joan's kind heart will beat in a tiny breast.

A Passport to Glamour

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Jimmy is young, soft-spoken, smart, and easy to like.

I asked him what was on schedule for him. He shrugged wonderingly.

"Who can tell?" he whispered. "Little Men," "The Rover Boys," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," maybe. It'll be clean, whatever it is." He winked broadly, introduced us to George Brent and Jean Muir, who go places away from the studio, too, and hurried in to sketch the handsome Mr. Regan.

Mr. Brent had little to offer. He is stalwart, good-looking in a conventional way, polite and dull. Miss Muir is spirituelle, pretty in a singularly unmemorable manner, and a trifle Gishlike. No one should attempt to be Gishlike except owners of the copyright.

They told us Mervyn LeRoy was directing near by, so we made that our first stop. Mr. LeRoy commands admiration as the gentleman who conected not only "Five Star Final" and "Little Caesar," but also that terrific blast at the chain-gang system, "I Am a Fugitive."

One of the smallest directors in captivity, he is also one of the top ten. He is not more than thirty, nervous, intense, and sure of himself.

He was leading Josephine Hutchinson of the Civic Repertory Theater through her first picture, "Happiness Ahead." Young Dick Powell and John Halliday were in support.

"She's sweet," said Mr. LeRoy. "She's going to be big, I think. It all depends upon how well they follow direction. Direction makes any picture. Even the stars are sunk without it."

Strangely enough, he will make no more pictures with Edward G. Robinson, who starred in two of the most successful ones he directed. "Eddie's too big for me. I wouldn't have him. I must have actors who will cooperate and take direction."

Dick Powell seemed even more juvenile in the flesh than he does on the screen, which makes him boy's size. Miss Hutchinson was lovely to look at, a bit bewildered, but eager to follow the LeRoy suggestions, quietly given, but firm. John Halliday, one of the suavest gentlemen extant, walked through his scenes calmly, coolly, effectively. If there were more Hallidays there would be more good pictures.

On the way out of the sound stage we met Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh, laughing over a Rabelaisian gag. O'Brien was on his way to start a picture with Claire Dodd, the lovely blonde who should be cast as heroine for a change. "I Sell Anything!" was the proposed title of the opus, but something tells me this inept tag

is subject to change by the time this appears.

An open set of a street in front of a theater served as a rendezvous for Mary Astor, looking wan but beautiful, and Warren William, launching forth in what Warners hope to be a series of detective rôles. This one was "The Case of the Howling Dog." Alan Crosland, an old hand at the game, was directing.

Once more we entered a sound stage. An organ was dolefully pealing. A church choir sang sadly. In the midst of this sanctimonious atmosphere the gargoyle face of Joe E. Brown appeared, directly in front of the camera. Mr. Brown sang "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," the lights went bad, time out was called, another rehearsal ensued, Mr. Brown sang again, the lights were adjusted to the photographer's satisfac-



Anita Page, once Hollywood's most sheltered debutante, is now married to Nacio Herb Brown, celebrated composer of popular songs. They met during "The Broadway Melody."

tion, the director ordered a take, the lights flashed on, Mr. Brown took his place, and the organ was mute! It seems that the organist decided to go out for a cooling drink.

While the executive staff scoured the grounds for the straying musician, Joe E. entertained us with quips and wheezes, most of them old. Joe E. may be poison to you critical lads and lassies but he's ace at the box office, and that's where the real critics tell their stories. Brown pictures make money more consistently than any other star's on the lot.

"The old hokum, dusted up a bit, with laughs for the kids is all I give 'em," says Joe E., flashing that extravagant grin that has trade-marked him. "The clean-up in pictures won't bother me."

It was annoying Dolores del Rio, rushing across the studio street to the stage where they were doing re-takes on "Madame Du Barry." She is as beautiful as ever. It is one of Hollywood's unsolved mysteries why she has so seldom, if ever, registered a solid success.

We saw Guy Kibbee and Aline MacMahon starting off for a location scene for "Big-hearted Herbert." Miss MacMahon is headed for a stardom long deserved.

The climax of our visit to Burbank came when we were allowed to enter the secret set of a transplanted Hawaiian jungle, complete to the last swaying palm tree. Bobby Connolly, the dance director of many a "Scandals" and "Follies" in New York, was in charge here. He was rehearsing a hundred fetching hula maidens in the intricacies of a hip-waving native dance. Shredded skirts were everywhere; a stringed orchestra sobbed seductively in the background; bushy-haired Hawaiians paddled strange boats in the tropical pool in the middle of the setting.

All this had been designed for "Flirtation Walk," the new Borzage production, in which Dick Powell tells Ruby Keeler how he cares, with musical accompaniment. Mr. Borzage was nowhere to be seen; this was strictly a dance number, in Mr. Connolly's tender care. "It's a West Point story," he told me irrelevantly.

The full moon blazed through the jungle, leaving a trail of silver across the water. The guitars strummed, the maidens swayed and as Mr. Connolly said "Give it to 'em!" the shredded skirts billowed in a veritable symphony of motion, the native boys chanted a distinctly Broadway Hawaiian tune, and the cameras turned.

Outside the stage it was noon, and hot. Inside it was moonlight at midnight, on a beach near Waikiki. This one setting captured the magic and glamour of the movies as completely as any single setting I've ever seen.

The trees were shellacked, I was told, to give them the appearance of wetness. The Hawaiian girls were from Glendale, Santa Monica, and Hollywood, but the men were real Islanders. Make-up men refurbished the girls' brown bodies after each take. Between scenes instead of resting, two or three girls continued their torso tossing accompanied by the plaintive plunking of a guitar. It was all very picturesque, a cross between a "Follies" finale and a Florida boom.

We found at Warners that a lively studio will always have its spell of fascination. There is probably nothing more diverting in the world than a film factory hitting on all twelve.

Frances Starr playing in her support, instead of the other way around, that Miss Hepburn seemed inept in her stage appearance.

A Song, a Dance, and a Laugh.—Dorothy Mackaill, looking very smart and trim and British, paused just as she was about to board a train for Hollywood and signed to appear in a musical, "Say When," on the stage. Harry Richman is the star, and whether or not it all comes under the heading of rehearsing, Dorothy has been going places with that same Richman.

The Man Who Never Forgets.—Once more George M. Cohan has been lured into making a picture. He makes one every two years or so and invariably looks on them afterward with apathy, if not acute distaste. He thought he would not make another, but he is particularly fond of a play of his own called "Gambling," and the Long Island studio is only a few minutes' ride from his beloved Broadway.

He just could not resist that combination when powerful backers suggested that he come and make a picture *his* way. He rather startled the producers when he walked in knowing just what players he wanted for every part. Some of them have not worked regularly in a long time, but he recalled them. Dorothy Burgess, for instance. And Wynne Gibson. He thinks they are very talented young women.

London Beckons.—Most stars want to go to London just as badly as you want to go to Hollywood. Constance Cummings has scored a personal triumph on the stage there. Laura La Plante is society's darling. Betty Compton opens bazaars sponsored by royalty. Irving Asher, Laura La Plante's new husband, lives in a castle which adjoins the Warner studio. There is room, and more there for a continuous house party for all the Hollywoodites who pass through London. And salaries are mounting, not sinking. Bill Gargan is staying on there to play in one film opposite the British favorite, Cicely Courtneidge.

Out of the Red.—Nancy Carroll has confused every one, friends and fellow players alike, by suddenly showing up in New York with brown hair. It looks perfectly natural. But it also looked natural when it was red. Reports on a change in temper aren't in yet.

The Land of Lost Egos.—Pauline Lord, beloved on Broadway, came

They Say in New York—

East for a hurried vacation after finishing "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," but rushed away again before any friends could see her picture. She just could not face them, she thought she was so awful. Confused by Paramount's anxiety to have her make more pictures, she decided to hurry back and get into make-up before they changed their minds. And she will never believe any one who congratulates her on her first performance.

Correspondence Invited.—If you want to do a favor for your favorites, clip out any advertisements that you find in newspapers or magazines that contain testimonials from them. There has been dirty work at the



Graceful as a leaf in the breeze is Karen Morley whose latest picture, "Straight Is the Way," will soon be followed by another.

crossroads. People have traced signatures of stars on contracts for advertising of phony acting schools, youth rejuvenators, cheap fur coats, shoes, and jewelry, and found them to be spurious. Sylvia Sidney recently won a suit against an advertiser. Encouraged by her example, other players threaten similar suits.

Autograph Collectors.—At the risk of breaking your heart, let me tell you that the signatures you have on photographs, letters, or autograph albums are not the signatures the players have honored by their banks. Any other course would be dangerous—and has been. Recently a guileless-looking fan stopped Nancy Carroll

outside a New York theater to ask for an autograph. Quickly unfolding the paper proffered her, Nancy found it was an order to buy some oil stock. And how would you like to lose your money that way?

Real Support from the Cast.—When you see "Crime Without Passion," try to find Helen Hayes in the cast. She is an extra in a mob scene and appears only for an instant in front of the camera. She had a fine time doing it. Hung around with the crowd all afternoon and was pretty thoroughly upstaged by some of the regulars at the Astoria studio who looked on her as a rank and none-too-promising newcomer. She begged her husband, coproducer of the film, not to give her away, but he is so in the habit of talking things over with her that he forgot, and wandered over to ask her advice.

A Lesson in Determination.—Screen-struck youngsters far from Hollywood or New York, might profit by Lorre's victory over obstacles to his career. With no opportunity to gain acting experience, and *never having seen a production on the stage*, he organized a troupe, gave his actors a situation and then they acted away for dear life making up their lines as they went along. But don't jump at the conclusion that a great director saw them and hailed Peter Lorre as a genius.

After months he got a small part in a real production and was reduced to the walk-on ranks because his acting was so florid and exaggerated. His career proves that it is a grand idea to get all the profuse acting out of your system when you are an amateur.

Lyda Roberti, essentially unchanged from the waggish Polish waif she was before Broadway success hit her, has gone to Hollywood to make pictures again.

Her frantic eagerness to please, which delights audiences in the theater, also attracts no small attention when she is shopping. Roberti buying a pair of beach shoes, struts up and down the store making funny faces, watching the reaction of bystanders. When she gets them laughing, she is satisfied.

Enzo Fiermonte, ex-prize-fighter and husband of the former Mrs. John Jacob Astor, wants to be a great screen lover.

And Will Hays has suddenly become a pathetic, rather than a comic figure because after being called czar of the movies for years, he has been told by reformers that he isn't the type.



OF all the actors who have ever played *Franz Schubert*, it is certain that none has ever made the great German composer more romantically convincing than Nils Asther, nor has his sweetheart been lovelier and gayer than Pat Paterson. They are together in the newest dramatization of Schubert's immortal "Serenade" called "Lovetime."

Marie Dressler's Last Interview

What to do next? Ex-Mayor Reynolds of Long Beach, New York, invited Marie to be guest of honor at one of his famous beach parties. It was one of those informal affairs where everybody grabs a hot dog and sits on the beach around a bonfire.

Marie pitched in and sizzled those frankfurters to the best brownishness His Honor had ever tasted. Praise came unanimously from those present.

Just a little of that fine domesticity for which Marie Dressler has always had a flair but found herself unable to develop—because she was an actress and the theater claimed all her time.

It gave Marie an idea. Why not a hot-dog stand? The very *best* hot dogs ever to be sizzled for a hungry crowd. Long Beach was a bit far from the city; deep in her heart she always carried the torch of hope that some day Broadway would call her back again. And she wanted to be near it so that she might heed that call.

So they decided on Coney Island, the hot-dog rendezvous of the world. Mayor Reynolds conferred with good-natured Al Smith. Al thought it was a joke; he couldn't believe that Marie Dressler, recent theatrical toast of the town, wanted to run a hot-dog stand.

"That's the trouble with being a so-called big shot," Marie told me. "People are afraid to offer you a menial job. You could starve to death as a celebrity and nobody would believe it. You're not big enough then for the big jobs and you're too big for the small ones."

Al Smith arranged a permit. Marie set herself up a hot-dog stand at the tail-end of Coney Island.

As she told of her little venture, her eyes shone with the pride of achievement. She was terribly proud of that hot-dog stand. She had actually found a way of making a living outside the theater.

"And why shouldn't I be proud of it?" she asked, a little surprised that any one might belittle it. "If I do say so myself they were the best hot dogs anybody ever tasted. All brown and toothsome and the creamiest mustard you ever slapped over their hides—*mmmm*, I can taste 'em yet!

"You know"—she suddenly grew more serious—"no job is ever menial. Just doing any little job well makes it a big job.

"This thing called living seems to me like a great big patchwork quilt. All the little pieces, like people doing their own little jobs, fit together to make a whole. And when we're all coordinated that way the world will

be as beautiful as a colorful patchwork quilt."

Of course, the world has since known of Marie Dressler's stroke of good fortune when Billie Burke came upon her one summer afternoon while Billie was riding in a promenade chair.

Billie Burke couldn't believe her eyes. Could that motherly-looking woman in the big white apron really be Marie Dressler? Behind a stand selling sausages to a hungry Coney Island crowd?

Billie Burke looked again. It *was* Marie! Billie went over and shook hands with her and Marie related how happy she was in her new venture. Not one hint of financial distress, not one whining word from the stalwart Dressler.

But Billie Burke glimpsed the longing which shone behind those kindly old eyes; longing for the footlights



Juanita Quigley, who is just three, has landed a Universal contract as the youngest speaking actress in films.

and the applause which Marie had known only a short time before.

Miss Burke got in touch with Frances Marion, the scenario writer. Marie Dressler, at the height of her stardom, had once befriended her when she was a cub reporter on a San Francisco newspaper. It was like this.

Miss Marion had been sent to interview Marie Dressler at the theater. She came away thrilled at Marie's kindness to a nervous young writer and promised to return her generous courtesies if ever the time should come when she should be in a position to do so.

In the intervening years Marie and Frances had become close friends. Then, like most friendships when distance separates them, they had drifted apart.

Billie Burke appealed to Frances Marion who was in the throes of

working on the script of "Anna Christie."

She couldn't come to New York right away, but she could send for Marie. Frances Marion was well aware of Marie Dressler's pride and she didn't dare offer money.

So she decided to "write in" a part for Marie. Studio executives objected. Frances Marion stood her ground.

After all, she had never turned out a flop picture and the studio executives capitulated to that argument.

So Marie Dressler was wired a brief contract and word to come to Hollywood for a bit in Garbo's picture. The picture-going public who saw her rare, inimitable performance in this film as the water-front drunkard never have forgotten Dressler's fine work.

It was Marie's last chance. She didn't dare lose out now. And so she told me how she put her very heart and soul into that part; to make it alive and convincing. Critics raved over her, saying she practically stole honors from Garbo.

It was Marie Dressler's comeback and Metro realized they had something worth while. They gave her a better contract and before two years had passed Marie had broken all box-office records the country over. She had gained the enviable first spot in picture popularity—ahead of Garbo and Gaynor and Gable.

"I know I'm an old woman now," Marie said, a little sadly, but with great spirit. "And I'm sorry I won't live to see Uncle Sam's comeback.

"But this world has been on the skids for a long while and what we needed right now was a great, spiritual personality to bring us all back to common sense and sane standards. Thank God, a man like that was born in time. Roosevelt—of course I mean him.

"He has come when we needed such a soul to save this country. And if he doesn't succeed, then I don't know what the future may bring.

"I'm sorry I won't be here to find out. Because I've seen a lot of depressions. I've gone through a lot of privations and disappointments personally. But I believe this is the beginning of a new era as well as a new deal; the kind of thing which will mark a new period in the history of the world."

And now Marie Dressler has gone. Hollywood mourns her passing. But she has left more than a celluloid record of achievement.

She has dropped seeds of homely philosophy along the way so that those she leaves behind may profit by her sixty-four years of living.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 35

Chinese, believe it or not. She learned the tongue as a child, for her father was an attorney for the celestials.

Apparently knowledge of the strange oriental language helps the course of love.

Sign on the Bar!—Pat O'Brien has a bar in his home that will eventually become as famous for autographs as the door in the late Lew Cody's home. Every visitor at Pat's is invited to inscribe his name on it with an ice pick, and there is a large array of names of the great and near-great film folk on this piece of furniture.

Incidentally, the autograph door from Lew Cody's house was stolen following his death, and prior to the auction of the star's effects.

Offspring Make Début.—Two members of the younger generation have lately made their début in pictures. One is Alice Moore, daughter of Tom Moore and Alice Joyce, who is playing in "Babes in Toyland." The other is Patricia Walthall, daughter of Henry Walthall, who is to be seen in "The County Chairman," with Will Rogers.

And of course Katherine De Mille, daughter of Cecil B., first importantly viewed in "Viva Villa!" has been doing the lead in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Stable Marriages Topple.—The fifteen-year marriage of Conrad Nagel to Ruth Helms finally crashed, and it was thought to be one of the most enduring matches in the colony—the kind that never would collapse. But that's how they have been going lately, what with the Pickford-Fairbanks split-up, that of Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge, and the Jack Holts, among others.

Conrad Nagel saw Ruth off on the train when she went to Jaurez, Mexico, to secure the legal separation, and went to meet her on her return.

Laments Marie's Death.—The most tragic-looking figure at the Marie Dressler funeral was Norma Shearer. She was deeply fond of Marie. Attired in a simple black morning frock, Norma was virtually dissolved in tears as she watched the sad procession.

It was curious that George W. Hill, who directed Marie in "The Callahans and the Murphys" and "Min and Bill," shot himself only a few days after the passing of the favorite character star. His death remains something of a mystery.



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Hollywood High Lights

Garbo and Brent.—Latest man to be exerting a great influence in the life of Greta Garbo is George Brent. They have been going places together. Whether George will cause Garbo to shed her shyness and elusiveness is a matter of conjecture. It is thought that she is changing, but then we've heard this many times before.

Canine Controversy.—Funnier of wars in a long time is the dog war involving the canines of Anna Sten and Ann Sothorn. It started when two Spitz dogs belonging to Miss Sten tried to take a nip at the legs of Miss Sothorn and her stand-in one day on the United Artists lot.

The next day Miss Sothorn appeared at the studio accompanied by a great Dane, and the Spitz dogs promptly took refuge in Miss Sten's bungalow.

Evelyn's Eating Club.—Evelyn Venable has done something out of the ordinary in organizing a progressive eating club. The idea is to hold a luncheon or dinner in some very unusual café every two weeks, and no one dares play host at the same café twice under penalty of a fine. Those who take part in the get-togethers are Frances Drake, Lanny Ross, Toby Wing, Mary Wallace, and Joe Penner. And they *do* say that maybe Evelyn won't be marrying Hal Mohr, after all.

Safeguarding Shirley.—Shirley Temple's new contract has more provisions, it is divulged, than a peace conference agreement, and what's more these provisions can be enforced.

Chief among the stipulations of the document are clauses which lead

to an almost Garbo-like seclusion for the little star. All dialogue-learning and coaching in her rôles must take place in her dressing room and she can only flit onto the stage when the cameras are actually going to grind.

She is to have constant medical advice as to her health, and a governess if her mother can't be present at the studios, who is to be paid by the employing company.

A Great-grandmother.—One of the most extraordinary events in the history of movieland was when an actress, namely, May Robson, became a great-grandmother. So far as is known there never has been one of her prominence to hold this title.

Raft Features Remolded.—That was the funniest thing that ever happened.
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In those days there was always a portable organ on the set to help the stars "emote." Between shots people clowned around with it, somebody playing and the rest of the gang singing.

Well, John saw to it that whenever anybody played the organ he sang. And sang and sang and sang! The electricians and prop men thought he was doing it just because he was a good fellow. But he was doing it because he knew how rumors spread in Hollywood. He knew perfectly well that, in a few days, word would be going the rounds, "You ought to hear that Boles guy sing."

He was right. Word did go around. And by the time it had been repeated a couple of hundred times it reached the ears of the powers-that-be who probably thought it was their own idea to call John for a test for "The Desert Song." John just chuckled to himself and said nothing. He knew whose idea it was!

Then singing pictures went out, and instead of singers the studios wanted actors.

Now, here's how smart John is. Long before it happened, he had it all figured out. He knew he was in a spot. The producers would remember him as a singer, and drop him when they wanted to hire actors. Even while he was singing, he was preparing for the days when singers would no longer be wanted!

Other actors were spending their spare hours lolling on the beach at Malibu or going to cocktail parties. But did John? No sirree! He spent his hours of leisure right on the set, studying other actors at work.

There were a lot of stage actors in

The Bulldog Strain

town, and he watched them in particular. He had learned in advance that "Seed" was in preparation. When the time came, he arranged to have himself tested for the part.

Nobody thought he could succeed. Boles? Why, he was a singer, not an actor. But when the test unreeled in the studio projection room, the executives were amazed at his sure, competent acting. Where had he learned to act?

John chuckled again. He knew. He knew of those days and days he had spent, hanging around the set watching better actors than himself work, when other players had been loafing on the beach. He got the job.

He will slave and sweat and work and scheme for months to get a rôle. That's how he got the part in "Only Yesterday," opposite Margaret Sul-lavan.

Work is one of his secrets of success. Making the most of every opportunity is another.

"I'll do anything I have to do," he says. "I'll walk into a den of lions if a producer tells me to."

He has a couple of other secrets. For one thing, he's friendly with everybody. Let people say he's dumb if they want to, but no one can say he's stuck-up or unfriendly. He clowns with the electricians and the other workers on the sets. He lets them think he's no better than they are.

Having these people think you're a swell guy may not get you jobs, but it doesn't hurt you any. And John knows it.

Another little psychological trick which helps in part to explain his success is the front he puts up. Many

a time John has been afraid he was "through," and don't you forget it. Often he has been scared, and like all the rest of us, he has wondered where the next check for the rent was coming from. He could hardly help it, with his career going down and up like a thermometer. But he has never shown it.

People might be saying he was through, and he himself might be worried to death about it. But, on the surface, there has always been the broad grin, the slap on the back, the cocksure air of a fellow with ten millions. Nobody has ever seen him look worried.

Everybody loves a success. People are afraid of failures. Admit it, now. If you were going to hire somebody, you'd pick a man that looked successful rather than a man that looked like a failure, wouldn't you?

The producers are human. "This guy Boles seems to be getting along all right," they say to themselves. "If other people are hiring him, there's no reason why I shouldn't." So they do. And Boles gets another job.

As I say, he has never been regarded by Hollywood as a real big shot. He has never been a Gable or a Valentino. And yet, in spite of all that, he has forced Hollywood to give him work, tricked the old town into handing over the good old pay check once a week. You've got to be pretty smart to do that, and my hat is off to him.

And, I wonder, don't you have to have personality, too? Maybe that's why you like him, Hollywood or no Hollywood!

Father Knew Best

Continued from page 33

She smiled a confident little smile and waited patiently for Hollywood to discover that her voice and her features would register as convincingly on the screen as they had on the stage. There followed an impressive list of productions including "Nana" and "Little Man, What Now?"

At the last check-up, Muriel was five feet two and weighed 102 pounds. She does not have to bother with diets to keep slim. Her favorite food is *shashlyk* as served at the Russian Eagle, a popular Hollywood restaurant. She smokes cigarettes in moderation and prefers plain to cork tips. She is excessively neat about her wardrobe, her fastidiousness even requiring colored hangers to match each of her gowns. She would as soon go to bed with her shoes on as to permit a shoe to go untreed. Her favorite color is green.

Muriel plays golf earnestly and badly. She plays an excellent game of bridge; but does not permit cards to interfere with her reading which is for the most part confined to books and periodicals of substance. Oddly

enough, she prefers a discussion of international affairs to a recounting of Hollywood gossip. She believes in the maxim "early to bed, early to rise."

Experience has taught her to hide her congenital shyness; but she continues to be reserved in manner and is disinclined to rush into sudden friendships. When she does enter into a new friendship, however, it generally lasts.

The bond uniting the Kirklands is strong. Muriel has no closer intimates than her mother, father, sister and brother.

She is as fastidious about her person as she is about the upkeep of her wardrobe; but remains conservative in the use of make-up. Amber rouge blends best with her natural coloring. And then there is that marvelous young voice of hers. Her voice and her eyes. They are like none others in Hollywood.

If only Muriel could get a nice even coat of tan, a pet desire of hers, all would be well. But then, one cannot expect everything!

CARBON COPY

"That Shearer girl has poise," you said.

I danced and walked
And held my head

Like her, and balked
At no suppression of myself.

And:

"La Garbo's glance, divine——" you sighed.

I grinned and smirked,
False lashes tried

For you, and worked
For one small share of that allure.

Lo!

"Joan Blondell's pep is like rare wine."

I laughed and glowed
And got a line

Of talk, my code
Was "suit the type your whim desired."

Then:

"That Janet Gaynor's very dear."

I minced and smiled
And shed a tear.

But you, beguiled
By Constance, found another shrine.

Now:

"La Belle Dunne's voice is like a call

To love, life, joy."

But that is all

I'll take, old boy——

I've found a guy who likes just me!

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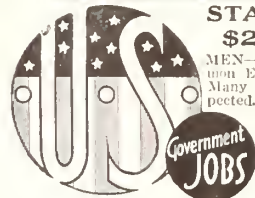
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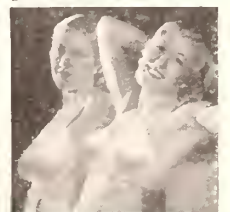
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Why Stars Break Down

Continued from page 15

That only scratches the surface. There are countless other poses with this and that, and appearances here and there. Then there are benefits—and how! One, for instance, draws Will Rogers, George Raft, Dick Powell, Leo Carrillo, Ruby Keeler, Stan Laurel, and many others.

Another benefit, in the form of a huge bridge party sponsored by Marion Davies, has the stars playing bridge with the public—all comers who have the price charity demands. At still another benefit, half a dozen stars were hostesses to over four thousand orphans!

And radio appearances. Here is the list of stars who figured in various broadcasts in a *single night*: Dolores del Rio, Alice White, Dick Powell, Noah Beery, Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Claudette Colbert, Jean Harlow, Jack Oakie, and James Cagney.

However, the week covered by the clippings I have cited above was a rather dull one for the vacationing stars. You see, they were deliberately being *saved* that week from many petty duties. The Motion Picture Theater Owners' Association was staging its huge annual convention in Hollywood, and producers decreed that most of the stars' time away from the cameras be reserved strictly for entertaining the visiting theater men!

By this time it must be quite apparent to you that these supposed vacations of stars who stay in or near Hollywood are among the many myths of filmtown. The stars have no vacations unless they flee from the town that is so well organized to pester them.

Not even a hospital cot is a sure haven. In my pile of clippings I note dozens of hospital photographs of several stars, taken by various "candid camera" artists, "snooping photographers" and photographic news agencies.

What a rest! Probably, in addition to the reporters and photographers, countless fans, hospital attaches and convalescent fellow patients visited them, seeking their autographs.

All of which makes valid Sylvia Sidney's legal contention that when she needed rest so badly that she walked out of a film rôle, it was necessary to put an ocean between herself and Hollywood. Her studio held that she could have rested just as well in the film city.

Claudette Colbert tried combining a vacation between pictures and an appendicitis operation, but was hustled off on a voyage to an Hawaiian film location. She was ill most of the journey. When she returned, she was forced to take a real vacation, and in order to get it, went into seclusion—in Death Valley!

Carol Lombard suggests that we add to our list some of the nerve-jarring things that, although they happen on sets during working hours, aren't legitimately in line of duty.

When she worked in "White Woman" with a chimpanzee that didn't prefer blondes, the experience was jittery enough in itself, says Carol. But when the ape finally shrieked, leaped up and down with maniacal abandon, and bit her on the arm, well, a girl's nerves can stand only so much!

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 60

pened when both George Raft and his side-kick, Mack "Killer" Gray, had plastic surgery operations. George needed to remedy a split ear, a relic of his prizefighting days, and Gray his nose. And just about that time they were both involved in some kind of fist battle, according to report, the truth of which probably never will be known.

Laughton's Aural Antics.—Charles Laughton can do one trick that should amaze his fans. He can wiggle his ears.

Pat Has Bird Trouble.—Pat Paterson has started a rumpus in

Hollywood by wearing a stuffed bird on her dress. No, not the kind that's to be eaten, although that may also happen in this town of fads.

Pat just happened to try a little fashion-demonstrating, under the supervision of René Hubert, the stylist from Paris, and he decorated her gown with the semblance of a feathered creature. It was artificially created, from what we have been able to find out, synthetically made of feathers placed on a frame and with an imitation bill.

But that didn't prevent a huge hurricane of criticism among the societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

They Won't Be Kept Down

Continued from page 31

"I hope I shall be fortunate to avoid being typed in any one particular characterization.

"Helen Hayes is to me the most outstanding actress in pictures. I have a sincere admiration for Greta Garbo because she is a definite personality. From the stage, Katharine Cornell is the actress I most admire.

"I should like very much to enter the theater. As for any speculations upon the duration of a movie career, well, I'm afraid that's a thing that lies entirely in the hands of the gods and the picture public."

Up to date, Jean Parker's biography reads like a Cinderella story. Sort of a little "mother's helper," worshipping from afar the high school hero one day; the next, snatched up to be fêted as a starlet for her talent and precocity.

Jean avers now: "As my career continues I hope to develop into emotionally dramatic characterizations.

"Greta Garbo has reached the professional goal I hope some day to attain. My one ambition is to reach a similar place in the picture world."

Little Mary Carlisle got her first break in the movies because her uncle was a supervisor for MGM. The chance came easily and she didn't do much about it until lately—when she has begun to show what is called "promise" in her acting.

Like several of her sister players, she cautiously ignored two of the interrogations. MGM surely must keep them under control! Mary's desires are: "to develop into a romantic comédienne, playing rôles which combine light comedy with a touch of romance."

And, appropriately enough, Marion Davies is her favorite star.

Rochelle Hudson used to spend the major part of her time posing for publicity pictures—and her chief distinction was supposed to be the fact that she and Will Rogers were hometowners. Now things are picking up.

"I am quite well satisfied with my rôles," she acknowledges. "I was given a really excellent rôle in 'Such Women Are Dangerous.' I feel that such parts, while presenting me as a young, emotional girl, will eventually establish me firmly in the minds of the fans—and then the parts will get bigger automatically.

"Naturally, I look forward to the day when really significant dramatic rôles will be given me. I have no great desire to play heavy, tragic things, but I hope to do serious work.

"I think that Dolores del Rio is my favorite. I admire everything she does and is.

"Yes, I should like to try the theater—not, however as a career. How long my picture work will last is, of course, an almost unanswerable question. I already have nearly five years of it behind me and I am still classed as a youngster, so I imagine—too optimistically perhaps—that I have at least another ten years to go!"

Florine McKinney is a starry-eyed child from Texas, who almost bubbles over with the diversity of her ambitions. Her first important rôle, and the one she considers her best thus far, was in "Beauty for Sale." In that picture she was the girl who became a suicide after she had "given all for love."

Not faint-hearted in real life, Florine enthusiastically announces: "I'd like to develop into a sort of cross between Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer. I've been studying voice for quite a while and I'm very anxious to do some singing. I prefer the type of songs that Jeanette MacDonald sings.

"I'd like very much to go into the theater. I'd love to do a musical in New York, but I want to do straight dramatic work, too.

"I was in concert once. I'd like to continue that work along with pictures and the stage. I take a voice lesson every day with that goal in mind."

Brown-haired Patricia Ellis is also one who can speak up brightly when called upon. "I don't believe any young screen actress," she asserts, "is ever wholly satisfied with the parts she plays, unless she is one of those rare ones who gets an exceptional opportunity early in her career.

"As for the type of parts I should like to play—I wish that one of those made-to-order fat rôles would come my way.

"I admire Kay Francis and Norma Shearer more emphatically than any one else at the moment. I'd like to feel that some day I shall attain the clear-cut command of characterization they have reached.

"As for going back to the theater, I wouldn't think of such a thing until I have done a great deal more on the screen than I have accomplished so far. Besides, the balance of opportunity to-day is still with the screen rather than the stage."

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

I'm telling you that he is the swellest guy you'd want to meet.

He told all the boys and girls to bring their autograph books right up to him. We asked him if we could have one of his pictures, and he said "Sure!" And when we were going we said good-by, and he said "So long, kids."

Now if that isn't a swell and regular fellow for you, I don't know who is.

FRED DEWBERRY.

2003 Dukeland Street,
Baltimore, Maryland.

A Platinum Wreath for Novarro.

FANS are accused of being notoriously fickle, but I have been loyal to one star for eight years—Ramon Novarro. Where, in all the realm of screendom, is there one to compare with him? His magnetic personality and lovely voice, plus his sterling performances, place him on a pinnacle far above his contemporaries.

Although but a child when "Ben-Hur" was released, I have never forgotten Ramon's portrayal of *Judah, Prince of Hur*.

To-day I admire him not only for his acting ability and charm, but for his character. Ramon is one star who has never disappointed his admirers. His kindly and gracious manner off screen, and his very sincere interest in his fans, are qualities not always to be found among the screen great. Is it any wonder that Novarro fans have remained so intensely loyal through the years?

To the Mexican marvel—a platinum laurel wreath! CORAL DOLORES WINTER.

3691 W. King Edward Avenue,
Vancouver, Canada.

Befriended By Mae West.

MA Y I ask what is all this nonsense about Mae West being just a flash in the pan? I cannot understand anybody using a phrase like that to describe such a distinguished and clever artist.

I refer to Maryann Kozma's attack on Mae West. To me, Miss Kozma seems to understand very little about the principles of criticism. This star has won the highest praise from critics highbrow and popular alike, for the reason that she is a great artist and her style of acting is magnificently put over. Of course, her films may appear vulgar to some people. In spite of that, she is giving the public what it wants. Just ask your local theater!

Another thing: Nobody has the right to criticize a star as a human being just because that artist portrays a low character. Miss West's own character is high. Not so long ago, before she entered the film world, I was alone in New York without money or work. I met somebody who gave me a card of introduction to Miss West. Well, I shall never forget the way she befriended me and helped me when I was eighteen years of age and thousands of miles from home. She gave me a place in her show in spite of the fact that I had never been on the stage before. So permit me to say that Mae West is the sweetest, kindest, and most adorable person one could wish to meet.

JUDY GILMORE.

43, Hildrop Crescent,
London, N. 7, England.

All for Dick Powell.

I'VE seen a good many actors, good and bad, and I think I know what I'm talking about when I say that young Dick Powell is destined to become one of the most popular actors on the screen. He

surely deserves a warm place in every moviegoer's heart. He has charm, personality, acting ability, a grand voice, youth, pep, and good looks. He seems to me to be the essence of clean, wholesome, American manhood. I hope we see a great deal of him.

KAY M.

Corning, New York.

Congratulations, England!

I WRITE this letter congratulating England for giving us such charming and delightful personalities as:

Herbert Marshall, a new and enticing screen lover.

Leslie Howard, an actor with that rare gift, technique.

Charles Laughton, the screen's greatest character actor.

Diana Wynyard, beautiful, charming, giving the finest performance of the year in "Cavalcade."

Elizabeth Allan, sparkling, young, and will be to the top in no time if she keeps up her good work as in "No Marriage Ties" and "The Solitaire Man."

And last, but not least, I wish Hollywood would send for that beautiful blond charmer, Anna Neagle, who captivated hearts over here in "Magic Night" and "Bitter Sweet." I am no Englishman, but I can't help admiring this glittering array of talent.

JIM MONAHAN.

67 Springfield Street,
South Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Mae Ain't No Lady.

JANE DOE is somewhat mistaken when she says that she is the only one who does not like Mae West. She describes Miss West as "disgustingly vulgar," and I think of but one word when trying to describe her and that is "nauseating."

I have been a movie fan since childhood, and she is the only actress who has ever caused me to blush for my own sex. I know her rise has been sudden, and I predict that her decline will be just as sudden. The American people are entirely too decent. Besides, to see Mae West once is to see all there is—like a circus. She uses the same tricks of expression, same vulgar walk, same coarse manner of speaking, and same type of heroine. There is absolutely no versatility about her. She could not play another type of woman if she wished. Her type is too indelibly impressed on her features.

I understand that Mae received a very cold reception from the actresses in Hollywood. Well, most of them are ladies!

MRS. EVA GRAHAM.

East Beach Boulevard,
Biloxi, Mississippi.

Who Knows?

WHAT stupid precedent prompts Hollywood designers to dress 1914 heroines in 1934 clothes?

What was it that suddenly turned Jean Harlow from a platinum blond actress who couldn't act into a platinum bombshell who is blowing up all our prejudices by proving that she can?

Why doesn't some one realize that Joan Crawford can act, and stop giving her rôles that merely require an ability to dance, wear clothes, or weep hysterically?

What made Clark Gable turn from a muscular brute into a fine actor? In "The White Sister," I thought it was merely a happy accident, but "Dancing Lady" proves that it was not.

Why does Kay Francis choose shorter

leading men with each picture when there are plenty of available six-footers in Hollywood?

Why do producers hire "new faces" all of which resemble each other in the amount of platinum hair, arched eyebrows and mental capacity, when beautiful and talented players like Jean Arthur and Evelyn Brent languish?

Why do Constance Bennett, Ann Harding, Lupe Velez, Helen Twelvetrees, and Bette Davis continue to appear so utterly silly in print?

ANNE B.

146 East Nineteenth Street,
New York City.

The Wishing Post.

IF I could have Aladdin's lamp just for a day I'd use its magic to bring me to an Irene Dunne set at the RKO studio. That would be my idea of a day well spent.

By some other magic, more properly termed my "nerve," I once met Miss Dunne. To her host of fans who have not been that fortunate, may I say she's all you'd hope she'd be, and equally as charming as she appears on the screen.

But the "actress" was completely missing that day. Knowing what a grand one she is I should like to see her in action at the studio. So, in the absence of the well-known lamp, I'll keep on hoping that maybe some day good fortune will act as its substitute and I'll find myself watching this very talented lady creating movies in the making.

EMMA L. SHOTWELL.

6 Baker Street,
Saranac Lake, New York.

Two Incomparables.

MAY a fan who admires both Jean Harlow and Katharine Hepburn answer "Admiring Hepburn Fan," of Brooklyn?

This young person seems to have rather a narrow point of view. Does one necessarily have to be a college graduate to succeed at the movie game? A number of famous men and women in that and other fields "have never seen the inside of a college."

So Harlow isn't at the top! Since "Dinner at Eight" and "Bombshell," critics have been hailing her as the comedienne of the screen. Hepburn skyrocketed to success. More power to her. Harlow has had to fight for every inch of hers. She started with the odds against her—her hair was "artificial," she was too "sexy," and bigoted people could not separate the reel Jean from her real self.

Jean's natural beauty may be hidden by much make-up in her films, but it is there just the same. She is one of the prettiest of stars, on and off-screen. Her features aren't artistically perfect, but no one can say Katharine Hepburn's are, either.

Jean has a perfect comedy sense. Hepburn's forte is drama, and she's grand. I think they can both stay at the top. Why compare two such different actresses?

DOROTHY SUTER.

2404 Ohio Avenue,
Youngstown, Ohio.

More Comedies for Gable.

NATURALLY, every one is entitled to his own opinions, but I resent very much the remarks made by Frank Tully in a recent issue of Picture Play about Clark Gable.

This fan holds Mr. Gable responsible for the rôles he has been playing. It seems to me that is unfair. Is an actor allowed to choose his own stories? Isn't Metro-Goldwyn, in this instance, responsible?

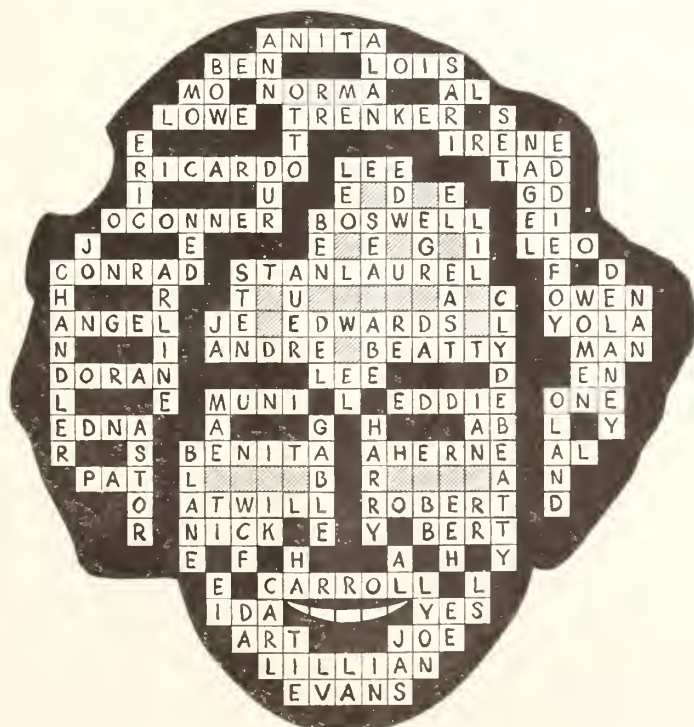
Perhaps you will say there is such a thing as walking out on the studio if one is dissatisfied with his rôles. Evidently Clark felt he could portray the characters given him. Judgment of one's own ability is not always infallible, you know. Not that I question the star's handling of any assignment he has had. He is one of my favorite actors.

I never miss a Clark Gable picture. I especially enjoyed "It Happened One Night." Here's hoping the powers that be will soon cast him in another comedy romance.

ONITA HAAS.

205 West Water Street,
Victoria, Texas.

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Donald Cook	Billie Seward
Richard Cromwell	Ann Sothorn
Jack Holt	Raymond Walburn
Edmund Lowe	Fay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames	Victor Jory
Lew Ayres	Drue Leyton
Warner Baxter	Frank Melton
Madge Bellamy	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Madeleine Carroll	Pat Paterson
Henrietta Crosman	Gene Raymond
James Dunn	Kane Richmond
Sally Eilers	Will Rogers
Alice Faye	Raul Roulien
Norman Foster	Shirley Temple
Ketti Gallian	Spencer Tracy
Janet Gayner	Claire Trevor
Rochelle Hudson	Hugh Williams

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Otto Kruger
Elizabeth Allan	Evelyn Laye
Edward Arnold	Myrna Loy
John Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Lionel Barrymore	Herbert Marshall
Wallace Beery	Una Merkel
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mrs. Patrick Campbell	Frank Morgan
Mary Carlisle	Ramon Novarro
Leo Carrillo	Maureen O'Sullivan
Maurice Chevalier	Jean Parker
Jackie Cooper	William Powell
Joan Crawford	Esther Ralston
Marion Davies	May Robson
Jimmy Durante	Norma Shearer
Nelson Eddy	Martha Sleeper
Madge Evans	Lewis Stone
Preston Foster	Gloria Swanson
Betty Furness	Franchot Tone
Clark Gable	Henry Wadsworth
Greta Garbo	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Harlow	Diana Wynyard
Helen Hayes	Robert Young

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Carol Lombard
Adrienne Ames	Ida Lupino
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Joan Marsh
Grace Bradley	Gertrude Michael
George Burns	Joe Morrison
Kitty Carlisle	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Gail Patrick
Gary Cooper	Joe Penner
Buster Crabbe	George Raft
Bing Crosby	Larry Ross
Katherine DeMille	Charles Ruggles
Marlene Dietrich	Randolph Scott
Frances Drake	Sylvia Sydney
W. C. Fields	Alison Skipworth
Frances Fuller	Queenie Smith
Cary Grant	Sir Guy Standing
Miriam Hopkins	Kent Taylor
Roscoe Karns	Lee Tracy
Elissa Landi	Evelyn Venable
Charles Laughton	Mac West
Baby LeRoy	Henry Wilcoxon
John Davis Lodge	Toby Wing

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire	William Gargan
Nils Asther	Ann Harding
John Beal	Katharine Hepburn
Bill Boyd	Kay Johnson
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Mary Mason
Bill Cagney	Joel McCrea
Chic Chandler	Ginger Rogers
Frances Dee	Helen Vinson
Dolores del Rio	Bert Wheeler
Richard Dix	Gretchen Wilson
Irene Dunne	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Fredric March
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Anna Sten
Charles Chaplin	Loretta Young
Ronald Colman	

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes	Paul Lukas
Russ Brown	Douglass Montgomery.
Russ Columbo	Chester Morris
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Sterling Holloway	Roger Pryor
Henry Hull	Onslow Stevens
Lois January	Georgia Stuart
Buck Jones	Margaret Sullavan
Boris Karloff	Slim Summerville
June Knight	Alice White
Bela Lugosi	Jane Wyatt

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Guy Kibbee
Joan Blondell	Margaret Lindsay
George Brent	Anita Louise
Joe E. Brown	Aline MacMahon
James Cagney	Frank McHugh
Colin Clive	Jean Muir
Ricardo Cortez	Paul Muni
Bette Davis	Theodore Newton
Claire Dodd	Virginia Pine
Ann Dvorak	Dick Powell
Patricia Ellis	Phillip Reed
Glenda Farrell	Barbara Stanwyck
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
Josephine Hutchinson	Dorothy Tree
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
Al Jolson	Donald Woods
Ruby Keeler	

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Alan Dinchart, 2528 Glendower Avenue, Hollywood.

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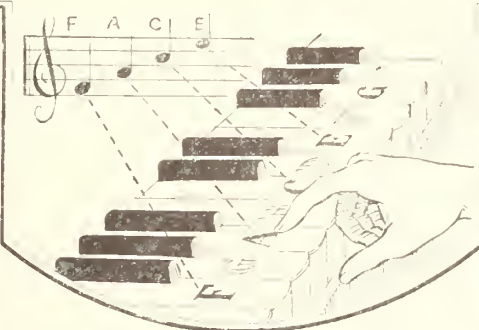
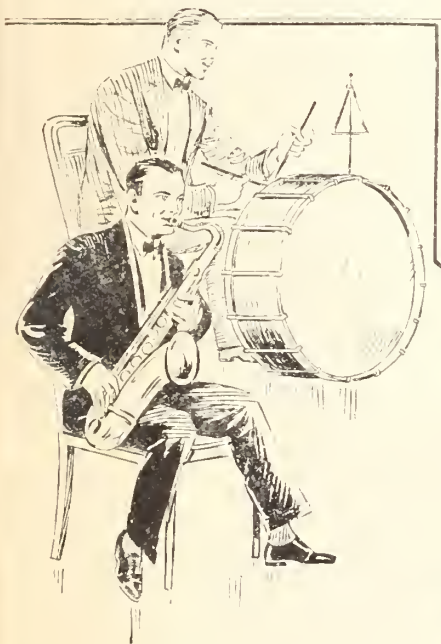
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What Do You Think of the New Picture Play?

Pretty swell, if you aren't sure and ask us! You will find in this issue, the first of the expanded magazine, not only more articles and illustrations, but a keener viewpoint in their selection and a surer knowledge of what our readers wish and in whom they are most interested.

Every letter to Picture Play is read, tabulated and digested. No smallest comment or query is ignored. In this way readers actually dictate the make-up of the magazine, their opinions determining the contents of every page.

That is why Picture Play is friendly, intimate and authoritative—why it has remained a reliable favorite for twenty years.

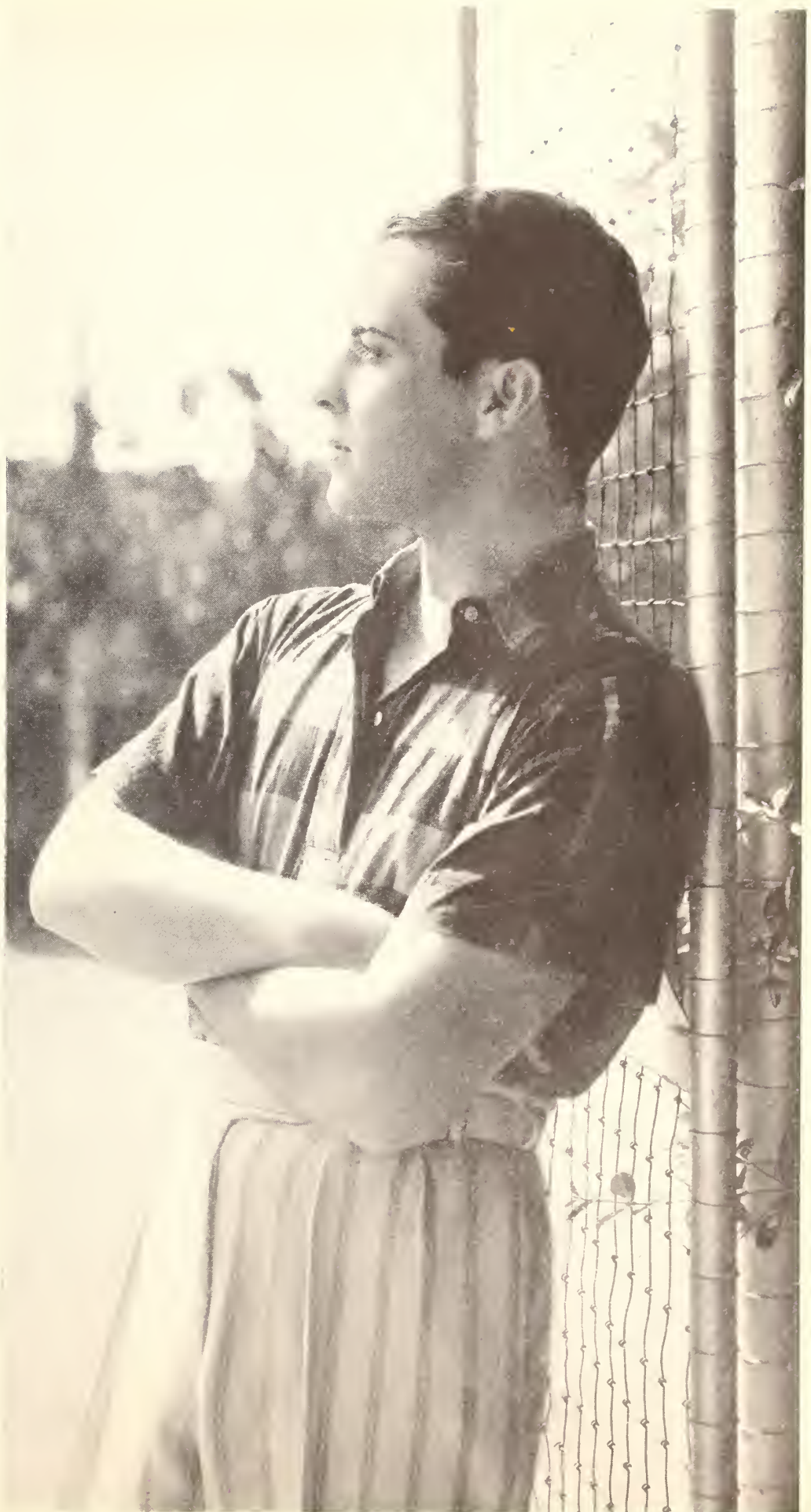
Do Fans Really Know George Raft?

What lies behind that inscrutable face? What manner of man is he who has held onto stardom without a sensational picture and without a startling performance?

You read little about him; you know nothing of his friends or his appearances at parties.

There is a reason for this aloofness, this loneliness, and next month Helen Louise Walker will tell you hitherto unpublished facts about the most mysterious star in Hollywood—George Raft. It is a great story, a most unexpected revelation of character.

And that is only one of the finely written, carefully considered items in January Picture Play.



RAMON NOVARRO

WITH two pictures scheduled for him, he hasn't time to dwell on the success of his South American tour or even to think of that play he wants to produce in London. Ramon has just completed "The Night Is Young," a delightful musical with Evelyn Laye, and is studying his lines and music for "Paris to New York," with Jeanette MacDonald.

Photo by Virgil Apple

WHAT THE FANS THINK

An Unforgettable Tragedy.

THE tragic and untimely death of Dorothy Dell was really and inconsolably a sad one, too sad indeed for one to express in words. It's pitiful to think that she's dead, her life snuffed out just when



A Joan Bennett Fan is delighted to know that her favorite has returned to the screen, for she considers her a marvelous actress.

she was on the verge of stardom and fame. She had beauty, personality, natural talent, and a voice that would make everybody clamor for her pictures. Paramount really lost a potential star when they lost Dorothy Dell.

I never felt so sad over any one before. I knew Miss Dell personally, and I shall never

dead, the memory of her beautiful face is haunting me, and I believe it always will. E. M. KARAJULLES.
1470 North Claiborne Avenue,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

Glad Joan Is Back.

I AM so glad that Joan Bennett is back in films again. I simply adore her! I thought she was a perfect Amy in "Little Women," and if Katharine Hepburn hadn't been so superb, Joan would have stolen the show. Besides being one of the loveliest stars in Hollywood, Joan is a marvelous actress. I do hope she will continue

to play in good pictures, and I wish her every success in "Pursuit of Happiness."

A
JOAN
BENNETT
FAN.
New
York
City.



Esther Hader hails Bette Davis for her outstanding performance in "Of Human Bondage."



In Jack Knight's opinion many may lay claim to the title of most beautiful actress, but none is more qualified than Doris Kenyon.

Why any one should criticize Mae West is beyond the vision of W. G. Harwell.



forget the day I congratulated her when she won the bathing beauty contest in New Orleans about five years ago. And now that she's

More Charming Off Screen.

FOR some years I have admired Doris Kenyon and considered her one of the few real actresses of the screen and, with one exception,



"I never felt so sad over any one before," says E. M. Karajulles, lamenting the untimely death of Dorothy Dell.

have seen all her film portrayals. To date I have never been disappointed.

Recently I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kenyon, and I can truthfully say I have never enjoyed a more pleasant encounter. Many may lay claim to the title of "most beautiful actress" but in my mind none is more qualified than Doris Kenyon. Though her beauty on the screen is quite evident, it is off stage that one appreciates her real charm.

JACK KNIGHT.
4412 St. Catherine Street,
Westmount, Quebec, Canada.

Rehearsing for Loose-lady Rôles?

AFTER reading "What the Fans Think" for years, I feel inclined to put my little word forward.

My one objection to stars is the habit, among most of them, of quick marriages and quicker divorces. I don't know whether they *do* make any vows of fidelity on being joined together; if they do, it seems they make no effort to keep them. From all we read, they appear to take a fancy to some one—and it doesn't matter if that some one be married or single—marry, and as soon as they take a fancy to some one else, simply divorce and marry again.

It would be far more honest and *decent* to do without the ceremony in the first place and not make a mock of marriage. And even in these days, such a procedure would give them just as much publicity, if not more. I never wonder at the fine quality of the performances given by some of the stars of heroines with loose morals.

CONNIE J. WHITEHEAD.

143 Legrams Lane,
Bradford, Yorkshire, England.

Consider the O'Briens.

AS a follower of the screen for a number of years, I have more or less defended it and the players on numerous occasions. However, during the past few months, I have been working overtime. By that I mean I had a difficult time trying to convince people that there were any sane, happy, or married people in Hollywood.

During the recent divorce epidemic, my belief that a happy marriage was possible in Hollywood was beginning to shake. But my belief was strengthened when I read of the marriage of Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien. The item said they were attended by Miss Churchill's mother and Mr. O'Brien's father. They were married in Santa Ynez Mission, and only a few close friends were invited. Does that read like the ordinary Hollywood marriage?

Perhaps you yet wonder why I believe in this marriage. Well, George and Marguerite have known each other for three years. During that time I have never seen an off-screen picture of them clasped in each other's arms, or telling interviewers what they think of marriage, or being coy or mysterious about love.

As long as Hollywood has such people as Marguerite and George, I'll believe in it.

GLENN A. BROQUIST.

711 28th Street, Rock Island, Illinois.

Hardly Forgotten.

I HAVE often read the remarks of fans about actors and actresses, but have never been moved to comment on them myself until I read Cissie Ruff's letter about who would be included in a history of the screen if one were written.

The absence of the greatest actor of my memory prompts me to write this letter. I believe that the name of that immortal actor, that master of make-up and character portrayal, the unforgettable Lon Chaney,

would head the list. I have heard many people express their regret at the loss of this most lovable man. May his son be as great.

JANE NELSON.

Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

A Boost for Rita La Roy.

I DO like Rita La Roy. In fact, I think she is marvelous. She has acting ability and surpasses in beauty any other actress on the screen. Her rôles in pictures are small but always outstanding.

A woman of Rita's ability certainly deserves a break if any one does.

T. ANTHONY BLAIR.

2044 Devon Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Your Ideal, Too?

I HAVE just begun to take Picture Play, and I am for it one hundred per cent.

I can't understand why people do not like David Manners. He's my movie ideal and always will be. I adore his acting, especially with Elissa Landi.

J. MANNING.

332 Grand View,
Morgantown, West Virginia.



Nova Pilbeam—odd name, isn't it?—is the fourteen-year-old sensation of the British cinema, her film, "Little Friend" due in this country soon.

Faithful to Joan.

WHYY don't some people let Joan Crawford alone! Why nag and criticize a person like Miss Crawford when they know it will hurt and discourage her? What if Joan does use more make-up than they like? Large eyes and full lips are necessary to fit her daring, creative, and individual personality. In Joan's recent pictures she has had to have make-up with force and strength because she had to fight to survive and beat the cruel phases of life in a large city.

Joan Crawford's private life has nothing to do with her screen work whatsoever, so why blame her if things have turned out just so?

No matter what might happen, Miss Crawford, I can say that I'll always be a hundred per cent for you. If you think you are doing right, then I encourage you to do just that. As an actress you are marvelous. And isn't that what counts?

Another thing that can't be forgotten: Joan Crawford possesses something that

no other actress has yet equaled—the kindest heart in the world! And that alone is worth loving her for.

T. ANTHONY BLAIR.

2044 Devon Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Satisfied With American Films.

I WAS interested in a letter in "What the Fans Think" by L. L. Reherman, dealing with English criticisms of American films. I am writing this as I fear your many readers will get a wrong idea of the British attitude toward American talent.

I have read much adverse criticism myself, but merely take it for what it is worth, which is very little. After all, it is the opinion of one person, the critic. Personally, all my favorite films have come from America, and I cannot express the profound admiration I have for the wonderful acting, exquisite photography and excellent production, and I am sure there are many others like me. And so far Britain has yet to produce an actress of the all-conquering ability of America's own Katharine Hepburn.

C. KAY.

Somerset, England.

Of Course, We Want Her!

KATHARINE HEPBURN, Margaret Sullavan, Greta Garbo, Ann Harding, as we all know, are extremely good actresses as well as important personalities. Yet Hollywood is far from complete without Chatterton. Ruth Chatterton has many qualities that no other actress in Hollywood has. She has a deeper sensitivity, a greater versatility, that rare combination of great sympathy side by side with a lightning mind. She can make us live through the adventures of a *Lilly Turner*, and a *Frisco Jenny* one time, a German *Sarah*, and a polished *Caroline Gramard* the next.

I wonder if she realizes the great happiness she has brought to fans? Ruth Chatterton, what you have done is worth while. You have had many poor pictures in Hollywood, but you have brought the image of a great person, a great mind, to the screen and to a public which does not come in contact with persons of your caliber in everyday life. God bless you!

HILDA WEBER.

Santa Monica, California.

The Girl's Clever!

MY hat's off to Bette Davis for her wonderful performance in "Of Human Bondage." Who would have thought that Miss Davis had it in her, after all those weak and sugary parts she has enacted in the past! Her characterization of that wicked girl who tried to destroy Leslie Howard was done to perfection. Her make-up and the delivery of her lines showed us that Miss Davis is a great actress.

Mr. Howard's rôle of a crippled young man must not be overlooked in enthusiastic praise of Miss Davis. His acting was indeed marvelous, but Mr. Howard's acting is always something to be commented upon favorably.

The picture as a whole was something to stand up and cheer about.

ESTHER HADER.

1774 West 12th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

The Wholesome One.

I HAVE seen Mae West in four pictures, and why any one should criticize her is beyond me.

It is a mystery, this slinging of mud at

Continued on page 10

Information, Please

Your puzzling questions about players and pictures are answered by the man who knows.

By The Oracle



CONNIE M.—Address Twentieth Century Productions at United Artists Studio, and Monogram Pictures at Pathé Studio, Culver City, California. Their birthdates are Barry Norton, June 16, 1905; Tom Keene, December 30, 1903; Kane Richmond, December 23, 1906; Russell Hardie, May 20th.

EVELYN LA VERNE SILVA.—Sorry I have no record of Frankie Darro's home address. For a list of his films, I must ask you to send a stamped envelope. Richard Barthelmess pronounces his last name *Barthle-mess*, accent first syllable.

CLAIRE DODD FAX.—Your favorite is playing in "I Sell Anything." She was born in New York City, December 29, 1908; five feet six, weighs 120, green eyes, blond hair. Miss Dodd did her own singing in "Journal of a Crime." Juliette Compton was born May 3, 1902.



MAX M. ADLER.—Leslie Howard is a native of London, England, born there April 24, 1893; five feet ten and a half, weighs 145, blond hair, blue eyes. Educated at Dulwich College, England. After the War, appeared on the London stage. Made his picture debut "Outward Bound."

MONTY. Mary Carlisle was born in Boston, Massachusetts, February 3, 1912.

JACK KNIGHT. Doris Kenyon is playing in "Whom the Gods Destroy." Born in Syracuse, New York, September 5, 1897; five feet six, weighs 127, golden hair, gray eyes. That was Theodore Newton as *Lieutenant Foster Kelly* in "Ace of Aces" and as *Joe* in "Now I'll Tell." Jean Arthur was born October 17, 1908; Thelma Todd, July 29, 1907; Helen Twelvetrees, December 25, 1908. Please send a stamped envelope if you wish a list of fan clubs.



ROSILLA. After completing her rôle in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," Maureen O'Sullivan sailed for Ireland, and arrived there August 11th. By now she is probably Mrs. John Farrow. Next is "David Copperfield."

FRAN. Conrad Veidt was born in Berlin, Germany, January 22, 1894; six feet two, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Made his stage debut in 1913. After appearing in a number of German films, he came to Hollywood at the suggestion of John Barrymore. "The Beloved Rogue" was his first American-made picture. Some of the best-known British players are George Arliss, Clive Brook, Ronald Colman, Reginald Denny, Ralph Forbes, Lillian Bond,

Herbert Marshall, Edna Best, Paul Cavanagh, Cary Grant, Diana Wynyard, Leslie Howard, Roland Young, Charles Laughton, Alison Skipworth, Frank Lawton, Elizabeth Allan, Lionel Atwill, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Brian Aherne, Pat Paterson.

WALTER BENNETT.—Jean Parker was born in Deer Lodge, Montana, August 11, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, dark-brown hair, hazel eyes. I hope you did not miss the interview with her in November Picture Play.

LOUISE K.—Donald Woods was born in Winnipeg, Canada, in 1906, and is six feet one. Francis Lederer in Czechoslovakia, November 6, 1906, not quite six feet.

C. R. K.—Toby Wing and Jackie Coogan are preparing to say "I do." Toby's recent films include "Search for Beauty," "Come on Marines," "Murder at the Vanities," "Enter Madame." Ginger Rogers is divorced from Jack Culpepper. Jackie Coogan was born October 26, 1914, and Frankie Darro, December 22, 1918.



JUDY.—Bing Crosby's right name is Harry Lillis Crosby. Dolores del Rio was born August 3, 1905, five feet four and a half, weighs 120; Greta Garbo, September 18, 1905, five feet six, weighs 125; Katharine Hepburn, May 12, 1908, five feet five and a half, weighs 105; Marion Davies, January 1, 1898, five feet five and a half, weighs 123.



INA LEE SMITH.—In "Hold That Girl," the part of *Tom Mallory*, gang leader, was played by Alan Edwards. Claire Trevor was born in New York City, March 8, 1911, has golden hair, hazel eyes. We published an interview with her last April. With Hugh Williams, Norman Foster, and Gilbert Roland in "The State versus Elinor Norton."

DOROTHY E. SMITH.—In "Carolina," Ronnie Cosby was *Harry*, and Jackie Cosbey, *Jackie*. Sylvia Sidney is five feet four, weighs about 100, dark hair, blue-green eyes. Latest is "Red Woman."

BETTY E. H.—In 1921 United Artists released "The Three Musketeers," with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the rôle of *D'Artagnan*, Leon Barry as *Athos*, George Seignann, *Porthos*, and Eugene Pallette, *Aramis*. Douglas Walton was *Pearson*, and Howard Wilson the *Aviator* in "The Lost Patrol."

LAWRENCE J. HESS.—For stills of "Massacre," address the Publicity Department, First National Pictures, 321 West 44th Street, New York City. I have no record of what stars own cars of a foreign make.

HELEN.—Jean Harlow is a natural platinum blonde, though she takes special care to keep her hair so beautiful. Al Jolson was forty-eight on May 28th.

BARBARA WOODHOUSE.—Warren William has the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in "Imitation of Life." Some December birthdates are: Lew Ayres, 28th; Marlene Dietrich, 27th; Frankie Darro, 22nd; Claire Dodd, 29th; Norman Foster, 13th; Tom Keene, 30th; Elissa Landi, 6th; Hal Le Roy, 10th; Grace Moore, 5th; Una Merkel, 10th; Karen Morley, 12th; Victor McLaglen, 10th; Edward G. Robinson, 12th; Anna Sten, 1st; Helen Twelvetrees, 25th.



GINNY.—Lee Tracy studied electrical engineering, but after the War decided to go on the stage in vaudeville and plays. He entered pictures in 1929. All the big stars have stand-ins. Roscoe Karns was born in San Bernardino, California, September 7, 1893.

MYRA GARDINER.—For a photograph of Greta Garbo, write to her at Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California, inclosing twenty-five cents. "The Painted Veil," with Herbert Marshall and George Brent, is her latest. Some players born in November are: Robert Armstrong, 20th; Alice Brady, 2nd; Nancy Carroll, 19th; Frances Dee, 26th; James Dunn 2nd; Kay Johnson, 29th; Victor Jory, 23rd; Helen Mack, 13th; Joel McCrea, 5th; Jack Oakie, 13th; Pat O'Brien, 11th; Dick Powell, 14th; Will Rogers, 4th; Genevieve Tobin, 29th; Dorothy Wilson, 14th; Roland Young, 11th.



MURIEL HANLON.—Fred Astaire was born in Omaha, Nebraska, May 10, 1899; five feet nine, weighs 160, black hair, brown eyes. Married Mrs. Phyllis Baker Livingston Potter in July, 1933. Playing in "The Gay Divorcee."

PATTY LA FARA.—Janet Gaynor and Marian Nixon are just as kind and sweet off-screen as they are on. Janet's birthdate is October 6, 1907; Marian's, October 20, 1904. Both are divorced and Marian married William Seiter, the director, last August.



ADELINA MOURGLIA.—Bob Steele was born in Portland, Oregon, January 23, 1906; five feet ten, weighs 165, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. Divorced. Latest is "Demon for Trouble." Randolph Scott is still single. He was born near Orange, Virginia, January 23, 1903; six feet two, weighs 185, light-brown hair, hazel eyes.

Playing in "Wagon Wheels," with Gail Patrick.

DENNY.—Rochelle Hudson is in "Imitation of Life." Address her at Fox Studio. She was born in Claremore, Oklahoma, March 6, 1915; five feet three, weighs 105, brown hair, gray eyes.

AN EXILED TEXAN.—Heather Angel comes from Oxford, England, and recently married Ralph Forbes. Conrad Nagel has never played in a Ruth Chatterton film.

MRS. ELLIS PUGH.—Their heights and weights are: Betty Bronson, five feet, 100; Madge Bellamy, five feet three, 112; Tala Birell, five feet six, 115; Lina Basquette, five feet four, 118; Virginia Cherrill, five feet five, 118; Dorothy Burgess, five feet two, about 100; Olive Borden, five feet one and a half, 105; Eleanor Boardman, five feet six, 120. Monte Blue has brown hair and eyes.

DOROTHY GILBERT.—The only address I have for Lanny Ross is the Paramount Studio, where he is making "College Rhythm," with Joe Penner, Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti. "Wonder of Women," released in 1929, had Lewis Stone, Peggy Wood, Leila Hyams in the leads. Dorothea Wieck has returned to Germany. Yes, "Heart Song," with Lilian Harvey, was produced by Fox in Europe.

WILDA HENDRICKS.—As I write this, Alice Brady is contemplating a return to the stage in a drama about New York. She recently finished "The Gay Divorcee." I am unable to identify the chorus boy to whom you refer in "Wonder Bar."

RUTH MAURER.—Charles Chaplin was born April 16, 1889. His new picture is yet untitled. But Paulette Goddard plays opposite him.

R. S. C.—All the players you list are free-lancing, but you might try to reach them as follows: David Manners, Frank Albertson, Charles Bickford, Paramount; Monroe Owsley, Universal; William Janney, Dickie Moore, Warners; William Bakewell, Metro-Goldwyn; Don Alvarado, Talisman Studio, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood; Peggy Shannon, General Pictures, Beachwood Studio, Hollywood.

SHIRLEY ADELE.—Conway Tearle makes an occasional appearance on the screen. He recently played in "Stingaree." Perhaps RKO will forward his mail. Mr. Tearle was born in New York City, May 17, 1882; five feet ten and a half, weighs 160, dark-brown hair, brown eyes.

REDHEAD.—Peggy Shannon played in "Fury of the Jungle" and "Back Page" this year, and has been seriously thinking of returning to the stage. It isn't definitely settled yet, however. Perhaps some studio will make her change her mind. Peggy has green eyes.

FRANCES H.—Joyzelle Joyner is listed as a dancer who has appeared in many films as well as prologues. No biographical information seems to be available. You probably saw her in "Sign of the Cross" and "I Believed in You." You might address the Publicity Department of the various companies for information about the bronze and silver make-up in which you are interested.

PATSY.—That was Hugh Williams opposite Helen Twelvetrees in "All Men Are Enemies." Now playing in "Charlie Chan in London," with Warner Oland, Drue Leyton, and Madge Bellamy. Mr. Wil-

liams was born in Yorkshire, England, March 6, 1904; five feet ten and a half, dark hair, brown eyes.

CHARLES.—The Wampas Baby Stars are in "Kiss and Make-up" and "Young and Beautiful." Their names are Judith Arlen, Betty Bryson, Jean Carmen, Helen Cohan, Dorothy Drake, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Ann Hovy, Lucille Lund, Lu Anne Meredith, Gigi Parrish, Katherine Williams, Jacqueline Wells.

LUELLA JORDAN.—Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi making "The Raven." You probably saw them together in "The Black Cat."

F. D. C.—Karen Morley born in Ottumwa, Iowa, and celebrates her birthday December 12th; five feet four, weighs 104, brown hair, hazel eyes. Married Charles Vidor, director, November 15, 1932, and their child was born September, 1933. Miss Morley is in "Straight Is the Way."

JESSICA.—Eddie Tamblyn's latest is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Eddie was born in Yonkers, New York, January 5, 1912; five feet five and a half, weighs 120, light-brown hair, blue eyes.



All storms past, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone talk no more of whether they will or will not marry, but settle down to the harmony of perfect understanding and friendship.

BERTHA.—Joan Bennett with Francis Lederer in "Pursuit of Happiness." Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are also in the cast.

TOMMY.—Jackie Searl was born in Anaheim, California, July 7, 1921. Began in pictures when eight. His only stage appearance was in "The Hero," with Grant Mitchell, in 1928. Latest is "Peck's Bad Boy," with Jackie Cooper.

ELLA LYONS.—Neil Hamilton in Universal's "What Ladies Dream." Frank Lawton has the title rôle in "David Copperfield," with Lionel Barrymore, Edna May Oliver, Roland Young, Maureen O'Sullivan.

MARY L.—Ronald Colman was divorced from Thelma Ray, July 31, 1934. His "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" is to be followed by "Clive of India." George Brent with Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil."

CONNIE EDDGETT.—It was Gavin Gordon who played opposite Greta Garbo in "Romance." You will see him in "Wake Up and Dream" and "Border Town."

PEGGY.—Sylvia Sidney is scheduled to make "Broadway Financier." You will see your old favorite, Clara Kimball Young, in "The Return of Chandu."

JIMMY.—Myrna Loy and William Powell will play opposite each other in "Evelyn Prentice." Ralph Bellamy is in the East making "Gigolette," with Adrienne Ames, Robert Armstrong, and Donald Cook.

O. T.—You will next see Nancy Carroll in "The Girl Friend," with Jack Haley and Lupe Velez. Miss Carroll and her husband are separated.

M. DUNN. Sari Maritza hasn't been very active in pictures lately. However, you will soon see her in "Crimson Romance," with Ben Lyon. Ann Harding with Robert Montgomery in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl."

J. J. S.—Mice Faye may play opposite Rudy Vallée in "Sweet Music," and opposite James Dunn in "365 Nights in Hollywood." Mice was born in New York, May 5, 1912; five feet two, weighs 112, blond hair, blue eyes.

ALICE.—Anita Page married Nacio Herb Brown, song writer, July 26, 1934. Jeanette MacDonald will make "Naughty Marietta," Otto Kruger in "Paris Interlude" and "Treasure Island."

B. FLYNN.—Lew Ayres was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, December 28, 1909; five feet eleven, weighs 155, brown hair, dark-blue eyes. Divorced from Lola Lane. Next is "Lottery Lover," with Pat Paterson. Katherine DeMille will appear in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

PINKY.—Brian Aherne is a former stage actor. Born in Worchestershire, England, May 2, 1902; six feet two and a half, weighs 174, brown hair, blue eyes. Not married. With Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows."

ELVIRA.—Anita Louise is now under contract to Warners, for which company she is making "Firebird." Anita is a child of Manhattan, born there January 9, 1916, has blond hair, blue-gray eyes.

PEGGY.—Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, and Richard Arlen in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer." That was Patsy Kelly as *Kitty Lenihan* in "The Girl From Missouri." She is also in "Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round."

F. L. R.—Barry Norton is playing in "Grand Canary." George Breakston, who made such a hit in "No Greater Glory," is now playing in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Great Expectations."

IRENE.—Franchot Tone was born in Niagara Falls, New York, February 27, 1906; six feet, weighs 160, light-brown hair, hazel eyes.

KAY.—Joan Crawford with Clark Gable in "Chained." Conrad Nagel has returned to the screen in "Dangerous Corner."

R. C. B.—Martha Sleeper was born in Lake Bluff, Illinois, June 24, 1910; five feet four, reddish hair, gray eyes. Evelyn Venable, in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1916; five feet six, weighs 120, brown hair, blue eyes. She was with Walter Hampden as leading woman in Shakespearean repertoire before accepting a screen offer to play in "Cradle Song." She has also played in "Death Takes a Holiday," "David Harum," "Double Door," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

Continued on page 79

Continued from page 7

the star of stars, and criticizing of producers for their ability to give a variety of entertainment.

Sure, the billboards are covered with advertisements of Mae West's pictures. Why not? We see any number of other pictures—when other stars chance to be featured—that are more immoral, indecent, and disgusting than hers.

If there is a star who deserves attention, it is the one who is in a class by herself. One, and only one, the wholesome Mae West.

W. G. HARWELL.

Tula, Mississippi.

A Crazy Crusade.

I AM not a Mae West fan by a long shot, but we of the new generation can derive some benefit by seeing her pictures. Her type of film gives us a look at some of the events that end unpleasantly and disastrously, without having to taste such results through experience.

Can we stand by and permit this crazy movement to condemn so idealistic and upright a star as Ramon Novarro? What was wrong with "The Cat and the Fiddle"? Is it immoral for a man to marry six times as *Henry VIII* did? Does not what we saw in "Laughing Boy," "Sadie McKee," and "Sisters Under the Skin" happen every day?

So, down with the Legion! We want a continuation of the types of films we have been getting, with, perhaps, more stress on costume films.

TED GEORGE.

525 York Road,

Towson, Maryland.

From the Barrie Country.

A VOICE from far-off Scotland hails the birth of a new star, Jean Muir, the most interesting newcomer of the past year. Standardized glamour queens and hotcha cuties may command the biggest publicity blurbs, but surely there are many like myself who place histrionic ability first and welcome the addition of Miss Muir to the ranks of *real actresses*.

Given reasonable opportunities, there is nothing to hinder Jean graduating into the Garbo-Hepburn class. Striking individuality, a charming voice, and perfect photographic features make her stand out from the ordinary like a Schubert melody in a world of crazy rhythm! Her performance in "Bedside" was the one bright spot in an impossible picture, and in "As the Earth Turns" she portrayed a difficult character with supreme artistry.

To my Celtic mind, Jean Muir seems the living prototype of a Barrie heroine and I suggest to Warners that they star her in the exquisitely beautiful "Mary Rose." No other young actress in Hollywood is better qualified to weave Barrie's gossamer strands of fancy upon the screen. As *Grizel* in "Sentimental Tommy" she would also shine. I should even like to see her attempt *Peter Pan*.

The news that Katharine Hepburn will play *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister," and Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows," delights me that Hollywood has actually rediscovered the genius of Barrie for the talking screen. A wholesome breath of Barrie whimsy will be welcome after the lengthy come-up-n'-see-me-some-time epidemic!

DAVID D. JOLLY.

27 Queen Street, Forfar,

Angus, Scotland.

Hepburn's Rival?

TO Andrea Arne: When I read your article in September Picture Play, my first impulse was to howl. I always thought it rather silly to write fan letters, but there is always a first time for everything.

What the Fans Think

I think if you had gone a little further with your questioning you might have learned some interesting facts about the "great" Miss Hepburn.

When she went to Godfrey's dancing class she was a wallflower. Boys had to be bribed to dance with her. Think of that!

Yes, I've met her—the girl who comes home and plays with the neighbors' children. Bunk! I saw her *refuse* her autograph to a neighbor's child.

As for her living in an aristocratic set, maybe some people could tell you a few things. My dear Andrea, did you know that Katie isn't even in the Hartford Junior League? She was never asked.

Some time ago I was playing bridge with some friends when one remarked "There's Katie Hepburn." The reply was "Really!" And we continued the game, not even bothering to look around.

She might be Hepburn who stays at Saybrook Point, Fenwick, Connecticut, a colony of Hartford's select families, the well-bred daughter we read of, but she surely hasn't proven herself as such. I think any ordinary shopgirl could act the part of a lady much better than this actress does—certainly better than she does in real life.

Soon I hope to follow Katie's profession, and I hope to prove myself a better sport and be able to show fans that Connecticut has the *real* stuff.

"ME."

Norwich, Connecticut.

Legion of Decency Absurd.

ARE we fans to sit by and let this so-called "Legion of Decency" do its dirty work? Of course, every one is entitled to an opinion, and mine is that this movement to boycott certain films is ineffably absurd.

I think the studios are doing their share to please the public. The films we have been seeing are, in the majority, quite satisfactory.

So why should we stand by and let this Legion condemn pictures like "Laughing Boy," "Little Man, What Now?" "Lazy River," "Manhattan Melodrama," "Sadie McKee," "Smarty," "Sisters Under the Skin," "Catherine the Great," "Henry VIII," and "Queen Christina"? I thought all these above par. None of the plots were fantastic, but involved events similar to those we read of in the newspapers.

What does this Legion think it will accomplish by boycotting these films? The character of the younger generation will not be affected. On the other hand, I do not think any one is governed morally by what he views on the screen. Immorality is not exploited, and the characters are always shown to suffer for their sins. The average person who sees films portraying immoral characters, understands life sufficiently to realize that what is classed as "immoral and indecent" by this Legion is something with which he comes in contact every day.

"STRAIGHTFORWARD."

A Shimmering Jewel.

IT is a pleasure to know that at last Hollywood is to start a drive against indecent films, although for some months the pictures have been slowly emerging from the cheap, raw, sexy state of the past few years. Those disgusting, shallow sex plays and cheap, coarse, husky-voiced, hallyhoed women were never in demand. The blame rests on film executives and directors.

What has "Little Women" proved? The American people do appreciate clean, wholesome pictures, and the better and more intelligent class will always understand and appreciate real art.

There is one actress of superior quality who has helped raise the screen to a higher

art. I am referring to Elissa Landi. She has fought hard to rescue screen art from vulgarity, trash, and sex-appeal. She is so gloriously luscious, she can add beauty and dignity to any kind of a picture by her lovely presence alone. She is indeed a shimmering jewel, with her grace and her prismatic personality. May Elissa go through life like a brilliant comet, leaving searing sparks behind her!

ALFRED A. PIERSON.

New York, N. Y.

The New Rave.

WE fans know all there is to know about Garbo, Shearer, Gable, Hepburn, Crawford, Novarro, and Dietrich, so please give us more pictures and stories about Tom Brown, Adrienne Ames, John Wayne, Claire Dodd, Clifford Jones, Edna May Oliver, Lew Ayres, Shirley Grey and, last but not least, Gertrude Michael.

All the boys are raving about the gal who stole Earl Carroll's "Murder at the Vanities," Gertrude Michael—and who starred in "The Notorious Sophie Lang." And no wonder. She brings to the screen the most refreshing personality, the most eye-pleasing beauty, and the most enchanting voice in the movies. Here's hoping we see a lot more of her.

The magazines practically never mention Clifford Jones, yet every one I know who goes to pictures is asking about him. Once in a while he gets a break and gives a performance that leaves one simply thrilled over its technical perfection and simplicity.

GEORGE FERRIS.

12 O'Dell Square,

Salem, Massachusetts.

Heartless Hartford.

SEPTEMBER Picture Play contained an article, "Hartford Resents Hepburn!" Well, Hartford may resent Hepburn, but there are countless cities which would be proud to claim her as a native daughter. Furthermore, I believe the real dyed-in-the-wool fan of Hartford is just as enthusiastic about Katharine Hepburn as the fan in any other city in proportion to its size. And I don't mean just the cocktail hounds who may see an occasional movie for diversion, but the eager, struggling, down-to-earth fan, to whom a half dollar means a free few hours in the land of make-believe, and who closely follows her favorites and is willing to fight for them.

Surely, the box office bespeaks the pride and joy of Katharine Hepburn's success, the girl who is RKO's favorite child, and who pulled her studio out of the red.

I don't pretend to be of the aristocratic class, but Katharine Hepburn is as vivid and real to me as if she were my own best friend. I'm for her one hundred per cent!

JOSEPHINE B. BECKER.

3625 Stettinius Avenue,

Hyde Park, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Greta as Joan of Arc.

AFTER seeing Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina," there is no doubt in my mind as to who is the screen's greatest. She gave the most romantically beautiful performance that I have ever seen. And the picture, too, was lovely—the photography throughout being a real work of art.

Now, if the powers-that-be would only star her as *Joan of Arc!* Hepburn would be good in the part, but I'm afraid there is too much of the gamin about her to be a perfect choice. Garbo, though, would be ideal, possessing just the independent, purposeful, inspired personality required.

DEE CHAPMAN.

1000 South Grand View Street,

Los Angeles, California.

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Photo by Jack Freulich

MARGARET SULLAVAN sees to it that there's no chance of wearing out her welcome on the screen, her appearances being few and far between, which is why a new picture of hers is a major event. Here she greets you in the midst of filming "The Good Fairy," with Herbert Marshall and Frank Morgan—proof that it will be a feast of good acting.

DARLING of the

Merle Oberon, at twenty-one, faces the most brilliant future of any newcomer. Her rare talent already recognized, she is to marry Joseph M. Schenck whose ability to create stars is famous. Here is the never before published story of her strange, exciting life.

Born in Calcutta of a high caste Indian mother and an English father, Miss Oberon is said by the Prince of Wales to be the most beautiful girl in Great Britain.



IS there any one who saw "The Private Life of Henry VIII," who hasn't wondered about the beautiful young woman whose hands fluttered to her slender throat as she awaited her doom?

That lovely creature was Merle Oberon as *Anne Boleyn* on her way to the scaffold. That single gesture, that bit of acting, so fleet that it ended during the first few minutes of the picture, stood out in a production filled with memorable moments.

In footage it was a very small part, but it was enough to impress the public and to start Merle Oberon on the road to fame.

Since then little had been heard of Miss Oberon until recently when she announced her engagement to Joseph M. Schenck, president of United Artists.

Back of this is one of the most interesting stories that the picture world has given us in many a day.

What manner of girl is this who, in one brief moment, registered her personality so strongly on the screen, is to marry one of filmdom's most important executives, and who will undoubtedly become one of our greatest stars?

What is the story of this alluring creature whom no less than the Prince of Wales has proclaimed the most beautiful girl in England?

Born in Calcutta of a high caste Indian mother and an English officer, and combining the exotic beauty of the Orient and the best qualities of mind and character of Asia and Europe, Merle's life has already been more romantic than any screen story.

At sixteen she had a great urge to visit England; she considered it her spiritual home. She had had enough of convents and of India. At this point fate stepped in, for coming from school one day she was introduced by a friend to a young Englishman. He was tall and blond and his bearing bespoke a military school education. He was heir to one of the great titles of England.

At sight, these two from opposite ends of the earth fell madly in love, and he persuaded Merle to run away to London. He confided that he had a very small allowance, but that he was sure his parents would love her, increase his allowance, and give them one of the big weddings of the season.

When they arrived in London, the young man's people shipped him to Australia post haste, and they never met his fiancée. This was Merle's first shattered illusion, and maybe she is still conscious of the cruelty of youth, now preferring the society of older men.

In the dead of winter, this child of India took refuge in a cheerless room in Bolton Street, just off Piccadilly. Possessing only thin summer apparel, and with no means of paying for heat of any kind, she shivered in bed most of the time. Nor was there always enough to eat.

But it is always darkest before dawn, and just as Merle's hopes were vanishing, a young man attached to the American Embassy saw her, and though he never met her, he sent her, anonymously, bouquets of roses and corsages of orchids, which she promptly traded with the land-

GODS

By Dorothy Fox

lady for heat and food. Then one day he left for America, but before sailing he told the landlady to tell the lonely little girl to go to a certain friend of his who lived near by and who was in the film business.

Miss Oberon was courteously received by this new acquaintance who eventually secured her a position playing bits with one of the Elstree companies. She made very little money, but she came in contact with many players and it gave her an opportunity to study their acting and manners. She took in every detail of the clothes of Hollywood stars, and their flair for wearing them. She thoroughly explored the American mind and ideal, and she abandoned the "schoolmarmish" accent which she had adopted, and resumed the natural diction which expresses her personality so beautifully on the screen.

Although this greatly enhanced her attractiveness, it did not increase her popularity in the studios. Her American friends were continually trying to sell the big film executives the idea that here was a star in the making, but they could not see her in that light. She was too different. Those who were jealous of her won out, and she found herself unable to make a living at Elstree.

Thoroughly disgusted with her picture experiences, she became a hostess at what

Joseph M. Schenck directed the highly successful career of his former wife, Norma Talmadge, for twenty years.

Photo by International



Photo by Tupper Lee

Loyalty to the director who gave her her chance in "The Private Life of Henry VIII" caused Merle Oberon to refuse Hollywood's offer of \$3,500 a week and to work for \$300.

was then London's most fashionable night club, the Café de Paris. Her gentleness, ladylike bearing and patent honesty overcame her inexperience, and her beauty attracted attention. Presently she found herself a guest at a small party given by the Prince of Wales. This invitation changed her entire life. Society took her up and everybody treated her as the perfect little lady that she was.

It was at the café that she met Alexander Korda. At that time he was just starting the London Film Company. He had very little money and many thought he was destined to fail. He told Merle all of this, but he also told her that he felt he could make better pictures than were then being made in England. He reminded her that he alone of all the directors then in England had made good pictures in Hollywood before coming to Elstree.

He argued that the picture which he had recently produced at Elstree, "Service For Ladies," had been the first English-made picture really to do well in America and it had made a star of Leslie Howard. He also told her he was confident that with his own company he could produce an even better picture, and that he might eventually make her a star.

So again Merle put fate to the test and she signed with Korda for less money than she was making at the café. She had found a man in whom she could repose confidence. Korda intended the bit which she played as *Anne Boleyn* as little more than a screen test.

When "Henry VIII" was first screened in London one of her American friends notified certain friends of his who were the heads of film companies in America.

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The real truth about salaries! While it looks States government decides they are not too

FROM now on stars can just make faces at those who say they get too much money. The United States government, following a long and painstaking investigation, and after all due deliberation, has recently declared that there is no limit to what Mae West, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers, Norma Shearer, Greta Garbo, and various other wealth-accumulating gentlemen and ladies shall receive for their services. Even if they're paid more than the president, it doesn't matter a bit. They are entitled to it. And so, get ready—you can look for a new and wild outburst of million-dollar contracts in Hollywood!

What has all this salary bother been about, anyway? For more than a year there has been terrific wrangling on the money question. About a year ago a Federal survey was ordered to see if it was right for Maurice Chevalier to receive \$10,000 a week, Miriam Hopkins to get \$50,000 to \$60,000 a picture, and Marlene Dietrich to be paid a nice, round \$100,000.

Of course, no names were mentioned, but there were plenty of inferences. It wasn't deemed proper at all that cinema kings and queens were being presented with more money in a year than Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt. In fact, it all had aspects of an outrage and an injustice, considering the heavy burdens of the chief executive's office under present stressful circumstances.

So a Mr. Sol A. Rosenblatt, known as the deputy administrator of the N. R. A. code, and really the big chief in that department, despite the "deputy" title, was dispatched to Hollywood to see about it. There were talks and talks, and delvings and delvings. Every hoary skeleton of a stellar stipend was removed from the

PAID AT FACE



as if the stars are in the big money, the United high. Read these amazing facts and figures!

studio closets. Figures commenced to pile up like a pyramid, while a sphinxlike silence was maintained about the whole business. The terrible investigation was on; the real truth about money in the movies was to be learned at last! Everybody trembled in his shoes!

Eventually a report emerged, a neat not to say large blue book, with a black eagle on top of it. It was the dread document on salaries, and a remarkable affair. It showed what some 3,500 people were getting out of the merry old film business.

It started off with an actor who received \$315,000 in 1933, and ended up with a technical adviser who got \$100 for two-thirds of a week's work. It divulged that a certain attorney in pictures is almost as highly paid as one of the top-notch stars, that a big-shot press agent claimed close to \$30,000, and that clever cameramen, designers, and dance directors can also command very handsome compensation. Also sundry executives are paid way up in the highest figures.

However, granting all these divisions of profits, the actors still have the best of it. Of the hundred peak salaries awarded to those engaged in the great and glorious adventure of making movies, nearly half went to players, and if you like to look at figures in the abstract, here are a few of the bigger ones: \$315,000; \$296,250; \$283,655; \$277,333; \$235,948; \$222,000; \$206,361; \$200,000; \$199,500; \$191,000. Enough to show that the tales of stars' money-making are far from being phony, and if anything, are a trifle understressed rather than overstressed.

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VALUE

By Edwin Schallert

WHAT DO STARS

By
Dickson Morley



Photo by Hurrell

Miss Shearer comes to the defense of stars who insist that their private lives are their own. Here is Norma in a tense scene from "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

I SAT on the bench with Norma Shearer and put the matter squarely to her: "Just what have we a right to expect from a star?"

I told her how confused the fans have become. You hitch your dreams to a favorite. And then, with increasing frequency, your admiration is reciprocated with the haughty retort that the stellar one's personal doings and opinions are simply none of your business.

In the silent days, I reminded Norma, a formula for the Hollywood famous was set by Mary and Doug. The Fairbankses swathed themselves in off-screen glamour. They literally lived for their public and were, actually, more thrilling as real people than they were in their reel dramas.

But to-day more and more stars are repudiating "after office hours" duties. They insist that when they have done a good job of acting before the cameras that they should be through. Louder and louder grows the "Our-private-lives-are-our-own!" wail.

Instead of welcoming the public's concern, there is a trend toward resenting the curiosity which is automatically attracted by the very nature of acting. The girl from Sweden began it. She completely ignores fan interest. Any curiosity about her private life is met with a rebuff, and if you don't like her arrogance you can lump it.

Because she gets away with it, other stars have begun to follow suit. The eccentric winner of this year's Academy acting award thumbs her nose at the press. Samuel Goldwyn's Anna Sten is unapproachable. When she ventures forth publicly she wears slacks and a sweater and goggles. The brilliant but sassy Margaret Sullivan makes a point of looking as unglamorous in person as possible.

For more than two years now Ann Harding has refused to talk to a movie magazine representative. One may admire her artistry

OWE FANS?

In an effort to get a star's reaction, the interviewer put this question to one he thought had about the largest intelligent fan following—Norma Shearer—and you will agree that her remarks are well taken.

but her off-screen affairs are not to be laid before your eyes. The lady who wears pants at the Paramount studio, and the perennial ingénue who rules the Fox lot are practically recluses.

I went to Norma Shearer because she is in a position to set an example to-day. She is as important as any actress in Hollywood. She cannot fall back on alibis, for she does very nearly as she pleases.

An alibi, though, is something that would never occur to Norma. I have found that she invariably speaks her mind. Since she is as keen as she is gracious, her opinions are worth while.

Norma Shearer always invites interviewers down to her Santa Monica home. It is right on the ocean front. Away from the turmoil of the city, it is exactly the sort of place you would anticipate. Extremely attractive, but compact and in good taste.

Perhaps it is gazing daily out over the Pacific which imbues Norma with her charming simplicity. Devoid of any make-up except a dash of vivid lipstick, and attired in modish powder-blue lounging pajamas, she led me on through the living room to the beach. There, a vision of youthful dignity, she came directly to the point.

"I shouldn't dare to criticize the conduct of other players, but naturally I have my own ideas on this subject. I think there are certain obligations a star *should* fulfill. Likewise, there are things about us which do *not* belong to the public."

Norma does not think a star's private life belongs to her public, for instance. "I have never conscientiously planned or lived my life to suit others. I fancy fans prefer us to be individuals. I didn't marry and have a baby to suit the public. I don't believe either step made people like me any more or less."

Do you agree with Norma here? I don't. When she voluntarily retired for almost a year because of her husband's illness, didn't her loyalty increase your respect for her? And, too, knowing that she is an efficient mother—doesn't this add to her accomplishments?

"However, so far as discussing our off-screen lives with the public goes, I think we can strike a happy medium. Be good to others and they want to be good to you! I am always willing to give interviews, to talk about anything of which I have knowledge."

I remarked that many stars are remarkably vague when questioned. Norma quickly came to her fellow players' defense.

"You must remember that we are essentially actors. We are not students of national topics, authorities on everything. That's why we are limited. After we've exhausted ourselves, and our work, the pictures we play in, and what we think of Hollywood, there are not many subjects that we are qualified to discuss for publication. After all, when you are talking for print you must have something to say which bears repetition. It isn't like mere conversation."

The duties of a star, so far as off-screen conduct is concerned, were tersely summed up.

"We should do our best to preserve the illusion which our pictures have created. I know no excuse for being deliberately commonplace. The least we can do is to groom ourselves carefully before we appear where any one can see us.

"Our clothes should be more spectacular than the average person's. I think fans *want* us to be striking personalities. Of course, I don't live on dress parade. When I am at home I relax, laze around. But I never go out where I might be recognized unless I am appropriately arrayed as I imagine fans wish me to be.

"That we should answer letters and always be gracious, and that we should refrain from shocking people, are

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"There are certain obligations which a star *should* fulfill," says Miss Shearer, "but there are things about us which do *not* belong to the public."



THEY LOVE THEY LAUGH THEY SING THEY QUARREL

... but always there's

Music in the Air

Music by Jerome Kern
Lyrics and Libretto by
Oscar Hammerstein, 2nd

with *Gloria*

SWANSON

and

JOHN DOUGLASS
BOLES • MONTGOMERY

JUNE LANG • REGINALD OWEN

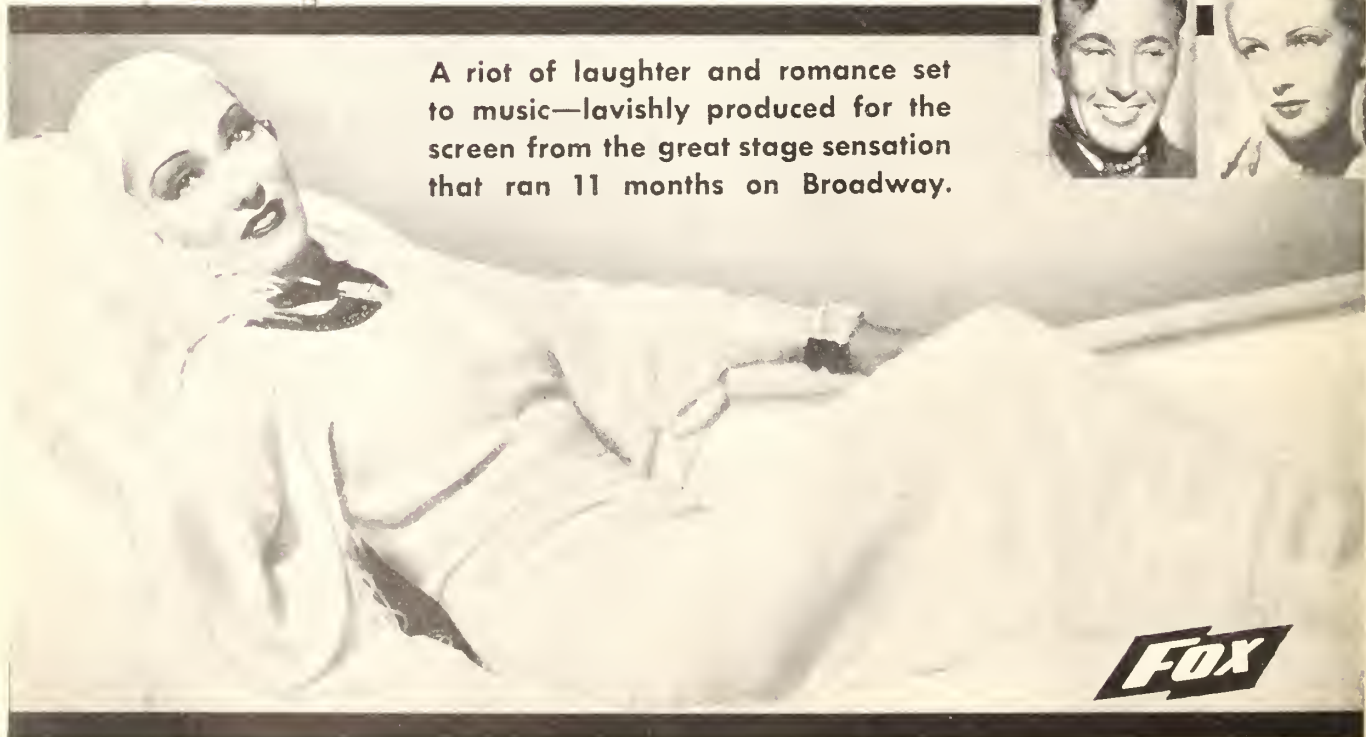
AL SHEAN • JOSEPH CAWTHORN

An Erich Pommer Production

Directed by Joe May



A riot of laughter and romance set to music—lavishly produced for the screen from the great stage sensation that ran 11 months on Broadway.



FAVORITES OF THE FANIC



diant platinum blonde in musical com-
undergone one of the most interesting
is that Hollywood has ever witnessed.
e poised and sensitive beauty you
the cultural guidance of Charlie
heroine she is in his new film.

PAULETTE
GODDARD



VIRGINIA BRUCE

AT last you're to see her in a rôle which has glamor and dignity and tender charm, the very qualities Miss Bruce reflects off-screen. She is to be *Jenny Lind*, the Swedish prima donna of lang ago, in "The Mighty Barnum," with Wallace Beery as the famous circus showman. That will be something to look forward to.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



IRENE DUNNE

RARE indeed is the sight of the formal Miss Dunne in sports clothes, which is exactly why Picture Play offers this picture of her for you to say, "Why, she's lovelier in a polo coat than in frills!" She will go back to the latter, however, in "Sweet Adeline," a delicious musical film of the sentimental '90s.

Photo by John Miehle



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

CONSTANCE BENNETT

BY far the most penetrating appraisal of one of Hollywood's most complex and many-sided personalities appears on the opposite page in Malcolm H. Oettinger's intimate interview with Miss Bennett in her home, both star and writer matching each other in frankness.

The QUEEN Was in the PARLOR

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Constance Bennett lifts her ban on interviewers and receives Picture Play in her ivory-and-blue drawing-room, there to reveal one of Hollywood's most remarkable personalities.

EVERY season the report goes forth that Hollywood is just as settled and sane and prosaic as Ausable Forks or Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and every season some meteoric body flashes giddily across the sky to prove that Hollywood is still the tinsel town of whimsy, make-believe, four-flush and flimflam. The meteoric body about to be caught by our telescope belongs to Miss Constance, of the publicity-shunning Bennetts.

Meadows, bring me my topper, my astrakhan cape, and a strong dash of bitters. I'm off to see Miss Bennett.

Constance is a spoiled little girl with big eyes and a very good figure, but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

She has Hollywood fairly well buffaloed, if one may descend to the argot. Of course some one is always buffaloing Hollywood, so it might as well be Constance. At any rate, Hollywood thinks of her as local royalty, and by the same token the royalists are loyal and the proletariat hostile.

It is probably due to the *bourgeoisie* that one hears so many mutterings about Miss Bennett's frigid attitude toward her fellow players, how she refuses to see interviewers, photographers, well-wishers, reporters, or other hoi polloi unless the moon is full, the tide high, and all auguries just dandy.

So I dismissed all these titbits of rumor when a friend of *la marchesa's* and mine arranged for us to meet, the better to understand one another.

Miss Bennett lives in a lovely Spanish-Moorish country house in Beverly Hills. The lawns are spacious and green as a sun-swept sea; the hedges are clipped to a nicety; zinnias and roses and stocks swarm about the fretted grillework of the gate in a gay whirl of color.

The doorbell was answered by a maid who showed me to the ivory-and-blue drawing-room, brought me a glass of sherry on a silver salver, and bade me be cozy until Miss Bennett appeared.

The room is elaborately done, in excellent taste. It is austere in its formality, yet designed with an eye to comfort as well. There are two lovely old screens in opposite corners, a bit of Sèvres porcelain, a tapestry, a fine old table, a pair of French paintings in the Laurencin manner, cigarettes in little white-and-gold boxes. A trifle theatrical, very effective.

Having given me time to enjoy the setting, Miss Bennett entered, looking young, appealing, and friendly in rose-tinted pajamas, with a delicate cloud of chiffon at her neck, secured by a diamond and sapphire brooch.

Being a shrewd young woman, she proceeded to explain her feelings toward the press. She was eager to cooperate at all times, but the majority of interviews made her ridiculous, she said; the questions were silly. What did she think of the importance of baby talk? How did she rate her husbands? Would she advise all girls to marry millionaires? Was the movie world the right place to bring up her child? These questions annoyed her.

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Photo by International

After talking with Mr. Oettinger, Miss Bennett was off for the Continent, for the cabanas at Cannes and the fiestas at Firenze.



THEY SAY



You'll have a chance to see and hear Helen Morgan again in Rudy Vallée's "Sweet Music."

Grace Moore knocks the high hat off grand opera; summoned back to Hollywood. Other visiting

FIGURE the rewards of success any way you like, there is a drop of poison lingering somewhere in the cup. Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" was hailed with tumultuous applause, and the town broke out in a veritable rash of parties in her honor. As audiences clapped, society paid court, and Prince Matchabelli created a perfume for her, Miss Moore went over to a broadcasting studio to appear on the Rudy Vallée hour. There, though she sang at her best, Lou Holtz made history with his rendition of "Pardon My Southern Accent" in Jewish dialect.

Against the Current.—Miss Moore smiles indulgently at those wry and candid professionals who seek to remind her that after you have reached the top you are fairly sure to be throttled with a limp string of half-successes. People in Chattanooga, Tennessee, cautioned her against leaving the choir to sing in a café. Friends urged her not to squander the money she made in Music Box Revues on operatic training. Wouldn't you shut your ears to advice?

Another Singing Cinderella.—When Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions" is shown, it is prophesied that Ethel Merman will loom up as a big favorite. Her life story is much more in the modern tempo than that of Grace Moore, and I have an idea that the average fan would find her more congenial in person.

Seeking to forget Russ Columbo's tragic death, Carol Lombard took a flying trip East, but her vacation was cut short by a hurry call from the studio for "Repeal."

IN NEW YORK—



Photo by Engstead

Although Ethel Merman makes a decided hit in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions," she expects to return to the Broadway stage in "Bon Voyage."

Carol Lombard's vacation cut short when stars enhance the Manhattan scene.

Not quite twenty-four, she has progressed from a hard-working stenographer who lived in Astoria to a riotously popular blues singer on the stage and in the better night clubs. She never squandered an hour on a vocal lesson. She lives in a rambling, comfortable, but unpretentious apartment on Central Park West, with Mamma and Papa Zimmerman, and her return from triumphs afield are celebrated by having an inestimable number of aunts and uncles to dinner.

Grace Moore is the traditional prima donna, younger and prettier than most, but with nerves whittled to razor-edge sharpness obtruding through surface charm. Ethel Merman is vivid and gaudy and candid and gives the satisfying impression of one who is having a hilariously good time.

Ethel's Plotted Course.—In answer to those inevitable letters from other stenographers asking how Miss Merman got her break, here's the story.

First you have to have so much vitality that you are practically tireless. Ethel Merman worked for Caleb Bragg, sportsman, financier, and first nighter who knows all the theatrical producers. After working for him all day she sang at parties for ten dollars a night, or, in fact, anywhere that she could get a hearing. Then she asked him for a letter of introduction to George White. All of which did her no good at all, because he just offered her a job in the chorus.

By Karen Hollis



Certainly the applause which greeted Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" has provoked this radiant smile.

Producers bemoan the fact that they released Dixie Dunbar, now a decided success in Broadway's hit of the year.



Without any assistance she got a job in an obscure restaurant and eventually Lou Irwin, an agent who is still her agent, heard her sing there and offered to manage her. So if you want a career as a singer, her advice is just to keep on singing every chance you get.

Hollywood Wants Her.—Dixie Dunbar, the diminutive, doll-faced minx who enlivened George White's filmed "Scandals" with her dancing, is an outstanding success in the first big Broadway hit of the year, "Life Begins at

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"I don't *refuse* to talk about my marriage to Virginia Cherrill," says Cary Grant with British tact, "it's just that I'd rather not make any wild statements." And there's every indication that their marriage will be lasting and happy because of this reticence.



"IT'S GREAT!" SAYS CARY

That's all Mr. Grant will say about his marriage, and in refusing to go further he gives the most sensible and forthright opinions on the subject of a star's married life that Picture Play has ever published.

By Dudley Early

CARY GRANT won't talk about his domestic life," they told me at the studio. "He'll talk about anything else, but he consistently refuses to talk about that!"

Well, there was something! Just why wouldn't he talk about it? Nearly every one else did. He must have his reasons for holding to such a policy. I wanted to know what those reasons were, so I just asked if I could see him; maybe he'd tell me.

I found him in a corner of the set sprawled out in a chair, a smart-looking dressing gown over his evening suit. Eying the gown covetously, I said:

"They told me you refuse to talk about your domestic life, and—"

"I don't *refuse* to talk about it," he broke in, "it's just that I'd rather not make any wild statements. And what Virginia and I eat, and all that, seems very silly to talk about."

So spoke an Englishman. The attitude is typically British, but as he went on to explain, it seemed a pretty sensible one.

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill are happily married to-day, and if it is within Cary's power to keep that state of being intact, he will do so—by trying to

Continued on page 56

CODE of a NOBLEMAN

Tullio Carminati, in the spotlight because of his superb performance in "One Night of Love," has had a life of glamour, flourish and achievement.

TULLIO CARMINATI is an aristocrat, a gentleman and an actor. This combination endows him with qualities which, reflected in both his professional and private lives, stamp him a man apart in Hollywood. For there is something of the real Carminati in every character he has portrayed on the screen—and a little of the Thespian in the mode and manners of his daily life.

More than any player in pictures to-day he fulfills the ideal of what a *matinée* idol should be like. He has the heritage of romance, a life that has been venturesome and fraught with drama, a career that has brought him fame and fortune. There is glamour about him, and a grand air!

Yet, because his credo has been *noblesse oblige*—rank incurs obligation—he has never lost his perspective nor his sense of humor.

"Success in Hollywood is fine, of course, as is all success," he admitted when I saw him recently when acclaim for his performance in "One Night of Love" was greeting him on all sides. "But success in Hollywood can never mean *too* much to me. For everything in life is relative and in the past I have known those things which mean far more than anything it is within the power of the screen to confer.

"The greatest thing that success can give us is the ability to live up to our obligations—obligations to those dependent upon us, to our friends, and to ourselves."

Expressed by an American, these sentiments would have sounded smug and pedantic. But uttered by the Latin Mr. Carminati, in his charmingly accented voice, his blue eyes twinkling, they sounded thoroughly nice—the code of a nobleman, Count Tullio Carminati de Brambille, as he is described on his Christmas cards.

For it was to this title that he was born in Zara, Dalmatia, a province of Italy. His early boyhood was spent on the family estate, his education intrusted to a tutor as befitted one of his rank and position.

As none of his forbears had ever been even remotely connected with the theater, he is even to-day unable to account for the urge which caused him to run away from home at fifteen to join a company of strolling players.

Of course he was disinherited for this, but so crowded with work were his next few years that he had little time for regret or remorse.

It was while he was with a company in Ancona that he attracted the attention of the actor Novelli, who invited him to join his company in Rome. Carminati did so—and in the light of later events, this was the turning point of his career.

For after only a few more years of work and then more work, one day a visitor was announced to see him. Eleanora Duse entered his dressing room.

"Madame," Carminati bowed low over her hand.

"I have a ship, a very little ship," the great Duse began and Carminati listened in wide-eyed wonder. "But the ship has no captain," she concluded simply and waited for him to speak.

Mr. Carminati did not understand. He remained silent.

"Would you like to be the captain of my ship—and my company?" Duse asked him gently, a quiet smile playing about her mobile lips. And this time Carminati could not speak because of the great happiness that flooded his soul.

To be in the great Duse's company, to act with, perhaps to touch her hand!

[Continued on page 68]

By Laura Benham

Mr. Carminati is a gentleman, an actor and an aristocrat. He is really Count Tullio Carminati de Brambille, with a grand air—and a sense of humor.

Photo by Gaggeri





For proof of her versatility, Miss Michael played three different rôles in one day. Something to boast about, we'd say! Here she is in "Menace."

GERTRUDE MICHAEL is the "believe it or not" girl of Hollywood. Since she was three years old she has been amazing people with her remarkable talents. At twenty-three her list of accomplishments would fill with joy the souls of those fellows who collect oddities of the screen folk and put them in cartoons.

It isn't often one meets such a girl. When you've read her life story, you will marvel at this girl who is now the most up-and-coming actress in Hollywood.

"BELIEVE

Yes, and when you've read the list of Gertrude Michael's accomplishments, you, too, will marvel at the talents of this Alabama girl. From early childhood her life has been filled with exciting episodes, and to-day she is just as eager to add to her laurels.

By Jack Smalley

You can believe it or not, but this pretty girl with honey-colored hair and an Alabama drawl, has:

operated her own radio station,
flown an airplane,
studied law at fifteen,
preached in a pulpit,
recited poetry at three,
given piano concerts at twelve,
won a music scholarship to study in Italy,
made a hit on the Broadway stage,
played in fourteen pictures.

With such a bewildering array of accomplishments, one hardly knows where to begin the story of Gertrude Michael. The editor had told me that readers of *Picture Play* were clamoring for an introduction to this astonishing young person who had the ability to turn from a sweet-faced nun in "Cradle Song" to a hard-boiled crook in "The Notorious Sophie Lang."

Well, she's all that you expect, and more. My introduction to her was exciting.

Lightning was flashing in blinding streaks, with wind whistling in a furious gale. Into the fury of the storm plunged a tall, blond girl, her filmy blue gown whipping out, curls in a golden tangle.

She came to a panting halt—just out of camera range. The juicer who pulls the long wire on the lightning machine and, like Zeus, hurls thunderbolts, grinned at her as she passed. The wind machine died down. It was lunch call on the set for "Menace."

"Come along, storm's over," she said gayly, as we shook hands. "Let's go talk. I've just had a tooth pulled."

But it wasn't so easy to settle down, once Miss Michael reached the studio restaurant. Isabel Jewell was full of social plans. Actors and directors called to her.

"Pardon me, Becky," I said firmly, "but I want to know——"

"How did you know I was called Becky?" she demanded.

Well, as it happened, we had mutual friends who pal with Miss Michael. I asked her where the nickname came from, and that started the interview where it should, right at the beginning of Miss Michael's history.

"That name was given me by my favorite person, my father," she explained. "When I was very young I was rewarded for going to church by having daddy read the funnies to me. The adventures of *Tom Sawyer* and *Becky Thatcher* were running in our paper. I was always pretending that I was *Becky*. Dad began calling me that, and the name has followed me ever since."

IT OR NOT" GIRL

Miss Michael lost her father eight years ago. They were buddies. Every summer they went to Florida to fish together. Before his death she had won a scholarship at the Cincinnati Conservatory, giving her five years of musical study in Italy. He had loved music. But his passing made things change in her life, and she did not accept the award she had won.

Instead, she decided to become an actress, and her proficiency in characterization stamps her as one of the most promising players in pictures. Most of our stars have won their places for certain types of performances. Miss Michael is neither a flapper, a pretty blonde, nor a vamp—but she is all of them if she wants to be.

"It may sound odd," she told me, "but I played three different rôles in one day—the part of a Roman matron, an ingénue of seventeen, and a hard-boiled, vicious murderess. You see, I was cast as *Caesar's* wife in 'Cleopatra' while I was playing an ingénue rôle in 'Witching Hour,' and I was appearing in both when called in for a retake for 'Murder at the Vanities.'"

Look no further for proof of her versatility!

She showed promise of it at a tender age by reciting long poems and prose when she was three. When she was five she could pick out songs on the piano, and with such a demonstration of latent talent there was nothing else to do but give her piano lessons. By the time she was twelve she was giving concerts and had learned to play the violin.

"I didn't intend to be just a musician, though," she said. "When I finished high school, at fourteen, I decided to study law. The *Portia* in me coming out, I suppose. At any rate I enrolled at the University of Alabama and went to work.

"Johnny Mack Brown was my hero. I had entered Alpha Gamma Delta sorority and Johnny came to the sorority house occasionally for parties. Of course he never noticed that gangly girl who was all arms and legs. I was very self-conscious about my appearance; my brothers used to tease me about my skinny

frame and when we all went swimming together I'd stay in the water rather than display my awkward legs."

Needless to say, the awkward stage passed, for one admiring glance is all that is needed to discover that Miss Michael's form is all it should be.

"Next year my family induced me to go on with my music, and after attending a finishing school at Spartanburg, South Carolina, I enrolled at the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music," she continued. [Continued on page 53]

Photo by Jones



The basket of fruit she is holding is no more luscious than the actress herself.

Gertrude is neither a flopper, a pretty blonde, nor a vamp—but she is all of them if she wants to be.



STARS IN



Photo by International News

Here are Frances Dee and Joel McCrea hurrying back to California after their New York marriage.

Now that it is possible to cross the country by plane in fifteen hours, air line travel has become so popular with movie folk that one may read in the morning paper that a certain star is busily engaged on a production, and that very afternoon rub elbows with him on a crowded thoroughfare.

Ida Lupino, center, boarding a plane to enjoy a respite away from the studio.

Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw, right, enjoyed a recent visit to Gotham and Picture Play via the air route.

IF your best friend breezes in from Cleveland, or Omaha, or Salt Lake City, announcing that she saw Gary Cooper, Constance Bennett, Eddie Lowe, Maureen O'Sullivan, or any other film favorite in person, pause before you put up an argument. The newspaper in your hand may say that only yesterday a reporter watched the one in question at work in Hollywood, or attended a party at his or her home. It may all be true. Players just won't stay put in Hollywood any more. Not since air travel became as commonplace as horseback riding. And much more comfortable.

Sometimes when Margaret Sullivan has a few days' vacation in the midst of making a picture for Universal, she blithely boards a plane. When next heard from she may be in Chicago, New York, or almost anywhere but at home waiting for the phone to summon her to the studio.

If story trouble develops with RKO, Katharine Hepburn figures the argument may go on for days and days and she might as well rush to New York for a session with her voice coach.



T H E S K Y

When studio plans for Miriam Hopkins are a little hazy, she throws a scare into executives by flitting East to investigate alluring stage offers.

United Air Lines' clerks at Burbank field don't bat an eyelash when a last-minute reservation for Miss Smith is picked up by a famous and glamorous figure. It happens almost every day.

Those far-away caliphs in the home office aren't so terrifying to players and directors any more. While the supervisor is composing a scorching telegram telling New York headquarters that temperament is rampant, the dog-house candidates can be well on their way to present their case in person. Sometimes the bosses wish that air travel had never started—except for themselves.

Sleek fashion plates, such as Kay Francis, relish air travel whether they are in a rush or not. It is so nice to emerge cool and serene without ever a battle with cinders. Privacy and anonymity are accepted as individual

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The couple alighting from this plane are Mr. and Mrs. Boris Karloff, who seem to have enjoyed the experience.



By Helen Klumph

When Elizabeth Allan, left, landed in New York from England not long ago, she hopped a plane to reach Hollywood in time to start work in "David Copperfield."

Elissa Landi and Katharine Hepburn, center, were companions on a trek East for a holiday.

Photo by Coburn

HOLLYWOOD HIGH

By Edwin and
Elza Schallert

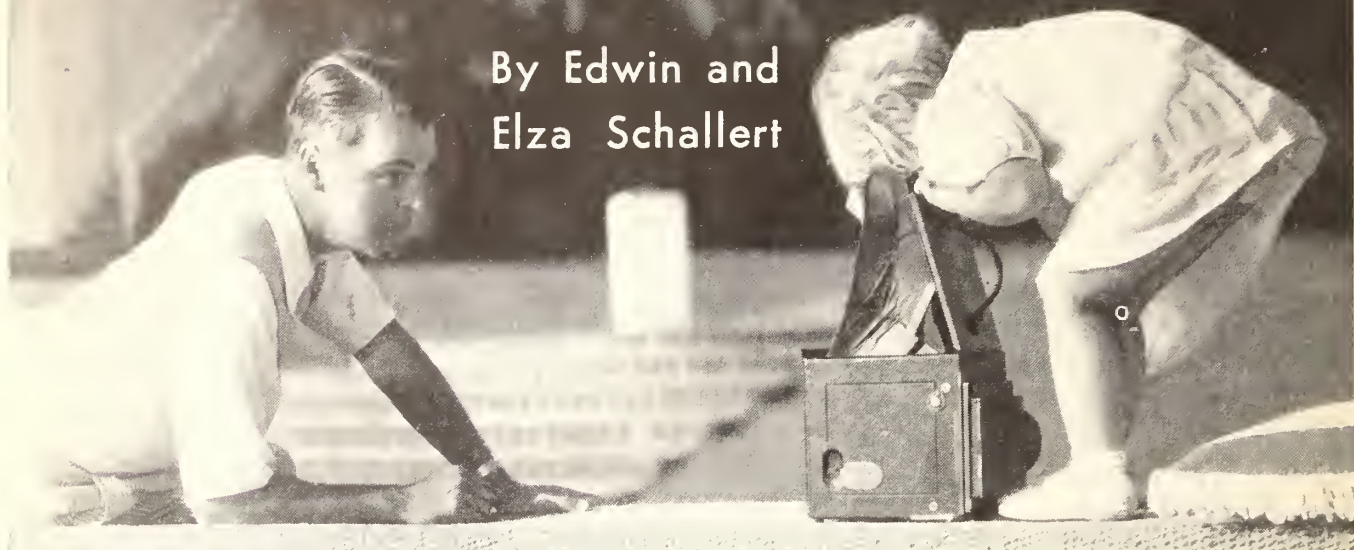


Photo by Bruce

With little Patricia Hamilton at the camera, Neil knows there'll be no retakes.

HOLLYWOOD had a big superpremière when "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was given under the direction of Max Reinhardt, the celebrated German creator of theatrical entertainment. Stars packed into the huge Hollywood Bowl to see it, and didn't even seem to mind getting their evening gowns soiled. In the play were such movie folk as Walter Connolly as *Bottom*, Evelyn Venable as *Helena*, Sterling Holloway as *Flute*, and little Mickey Rooney as *Puck*.

Mikey was the hit of the show, but there is an untold incident concerning him. It occurred at the dress rehearsal. Right in the midst of some of the most flowery Shakespearean passages, Mickey, who was ensconced in a tree, supposedly to make comments on what was said by the characters on the stage, suddenly broke forth with: "Hey, I've ripped my tights!" It just about broke up the preview.

The Supreme Reconciliation.—B. P. Schulberg and Sylvia Sidney are just as devoted as ever, and we won't be a bit surprised if marriage is the final chapter. They broke up for a month or more, and were seen everywhere separately during that time. The reconciliation took place the night of the première of the new Trocadero restaurant, a very continental establishment.

Ben and Sylvia danced every dance together that night, and talked and talked as if they were quite alone in the world. Impromptu guests were nevertheless invited to their table to share in their joy, and they didn't leave the place until nearly four in the morning. Listen for those wedding chimes.

Hubby On His Own.—Nothing makes Bette Davis so mad as something published that seems to reflect

on the independence of her husband, Harmon O. Nelson. You see, Harmon is always engaged somewhere, tinkling the keys to furnish joy to the convivial, or otherwise providing musical entertainment. And while Bette's salary may considerably top his, he does get along on his own.

A gossip recently reported that Bette purchased Harmon's clothes for him, and the prices were of the bargain variety. And did she burn! And when she burns, Bette, who is a regular fighter, can say plenty.

Too Much Generosity.—Despite the fact that they were seen in "Doctor Monica" together, and may again appear as the *Bronte* sisters in "Devotion," we are told that Kay Francis and Jean Muir are not too friendly. And their differences started in a peculiar way. They partly began because Miss Muir desired to efface herself in "Doctor Monica" for the reason that the part she played was too sympathetic—more so than that of Miss Francis. But it doesn't seem to be just exactly wise for one actress to convey the idea to another that she



Mady Christians is jubilant over her first Hollywood film, "Wicked Woman."



a movie lumina

But each ye
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group.

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anniv



FINDS

amous as her daughter
a mother confessor
problems of young
Rogers even con-
nt of her protégés.

Hollytown Thea-
ter, which she con-
ceived as an incu-
bator of genius,
bears evidence of
her amazing ability
to sense screen pos-
sibilities. In Lela
Rogers's very own
words, "it stands as
an answer to the
question: 'What has
made me of the word
'talent?'" It is a
laboratory
in the de-
velopment of that
thing
'talent.'
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saw a
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ced.

Rogers is
actress whose
mother has been of
constructive help
without ever becom-
ing a grasping, dom-
inating influence.

A HAND

By Harry N. Blair

Once she has sold herself on an idea, Lela Rogers is a veritable dynamo of action. The result is Hollytown Theater as a try-out spot for plays, a show window for the newcomer and a workshop for junior players. This it has already demonstrated in its comparatively brief period of operation.

The test system still used by most studios has never proved an actor. The most that can be gained is some idea of his photographic possibilities. Many a brilliant young player has been lost to pictures because a test he given indications that he might be hard to photograph.

Some of our biggest stars come under this classification. Margaret Sullavan is a good example, and Helen Hayes another. Despite this, they found success in pictures because their talent was recognized from stage and care was taken to make them pleasing to the camera eye.

Hollytown Theater offers this meeting ground between studio and potential star. Here the player can be seen by every producer, director and executive. His possibilities are accurately gauged and, having demonstrated his ability, he gets a chance to land a contract on the proper terms.

Hollytown points with pride to Betty Furness, Florine McKinney, J. P. Gale, and Earl Eby, among others. All these promising youngsters, formerly trusted only with bits, stepped from the stage at Hollytown to full-fledged picture rôles and each has come through with colors flying.

Behind it all is the directing genius of one woman, Lela Rogers. Not only in the career of her daughter, she has proved her wisdom.

Ginger, after winning a Charleston contest, found her way into vaudeville as "Salt" in the dancing team of "Salt and Pepper." The other member of the duo was Jack Culpepper, who now headlines in vaudeville. Ginger was then sixteen and the boy only a few years older. The two, in love and, one day in romantic New Orleans, they were hastily married.

To the devoted mother who had staked so much on her daughter's future, the marriage came as a bolt from the blue. Yet, like other upsets



Gone are the doys of sparse dressing rooms in cheap theaters for Ginger. Now she makes up in de luxe surroundings.

she had encountered, she made the best of things—continued to groom Ginger for bigger opportunities.

Lela Rogers does not know the meaning of the word "failure." In her heart of hearts she knew that her baby would some day be a star. Almost since the child's birth she had mapped out a bold line of procedure. Every step of the way up the ladder of fame was carefully planned.

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Millions are spent in efforts to cut down the expense of movies, says Lela Rogers, but not one cent is expended on developing talent. That's why she has the Hollytown Theater.

HEAVENS! NOT

The stigma of staginess in clothes is exactly what the avoid just as the old-time movie queens sought to

ere, right, is Adrian's de-
ign for Gladys George
o wears the new draw-
ng skirt of black velvet
r petticoats of black
andy, the jacket of
leopard skin.



For example, any well-dressed girl anywhere could—and would—wear the ensemble illustrated by Una Merkel, above. In one piece, it is gray with hugh buttons and belt of bright red.

Maureen O'Sullivan's two-piece suit of brown satin-stripe crêpe, right, is utterly smart by reason of its plainness, the three-quarter-length coat being the last word.

La Merkel's white fox cape, center, consists of three skins which may either be tied together with the scarf or clipped with the fastener.



ACTRESSY!

more intelligent girls of Hollywood strenuously attract attention by flamboyant, eccentric attire.



Betty Furness, left, displays a quaint evening wrap which you will appreciate all the more when you learn that it is of dark-blue toffeta.



Barbara Kent, above, wears a combination of white suede crêpe and black faille which speaks for itself by reason of its smartly contrasting tones.



Again Miss Kent obliges, left, with another display of conservative, though smart, good taste. Navy blue blister crêpe is combined with taffeta of the same color.



The spot of color on Mortho Sleeper's black felt coolie hat, left, is nothing more or less than a rabbit's foot. She wears another of her neck, does Mrs. Hardie Albright.



By
Laura
Ellsworth
Fitch

After six years of playing wicked women—and never a weak performance among them—Miss Burgess gets her reward in "Gambling." She is George M. Cohan's sympathetic heroine.

CAT WITHOUT CLAWS

Finely portraying wanton, waspish females on the screen, Dorothy Burgess turns out to be a seminary girl of gentle birth and careful breeding who wouldn't know a machine gun if she saw one. Honest!

AS has been noted before, Hollywood is both a state of mind and a city of extremes and paradoxes. It bestows its prodigal riches upon a favored few—and starves the souls of many. It catapults the unknown waitress and hooper to the topmost pinnacle of fame and fortune while dooming to broken-hearted obscurity an equally talented star of yesterday who has outworn his usefulness. It takes a glittering sophisticate and casts her as the most virginal of heroines—and chooses Dorothy Burgess, graduate of Miss Dow's select and secluded seminary for young ladies, to become one of the screen's foremost exponents of wanton and waspish females.

Miss Burgess first flashed across the film firmament as the charming but not-too-virtuous *Tonio* in "In Old Arizona," one of the first successful talkies. Since that time she has portrayed a succession of despicable damsels with such fidelity and finesse that before meeting her I expected her to have a sub-machine gun or at least a knife concealed up her sleeve.

Instead, when I reached the studio at Astoria, where she is appearing opposite George M. Cohan in "Gambling," I found an almost shy young woman of gentle birth, careful breeding, and higher education. She was enthused over her newest rôle, the first sym-

pathetic portrayal she has been permitted on the screen. "It's grand to play something other than a hard-boiled character at last," she said with almost naïve pleasure. "It isn't that I yearn to play so-called 'good' women. They are not interesting—but bad women of the gum-moll type are even less so.

"They are all cut of one pattern—a gaudy costume, flashing or bedraggled make-up depending upon the exigencies of the moment, dialogue consisting mostly of wisecracks—and when you've played one of them, you've played them all. There is absolutely no excuse for them, they are unreal and unconvincing. Why, in real life no woman could be as heartless and unsavory as the kidnaper's sweetheart that I played in 'Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen.'

"But I love native girls and half-castes, gypsies and Indians—they are both romantic and rational. There is a logical reason for the things they do—and it may be found in their heritage and background. You have to study them and think about them before you can do a good job of bringing them to life on the screen!"

Miss Burgess raised serious brown eyes that were deep and calm. Looking at her as she turned to the mirror above her portable dressing table and started to

Continued on page 69

BILL THE CONQUEROR

By
William H. McKegg

Since he was eight years old William Henry has been associated with the theater. But it is only after years of struggle, as he puts it, that at twenty he is considered one of Metro-Goldwyn's most promising juveniles.

A DINNER scene was under way on the MGM set. The players were about to get into their proper places.

"Bill Henry!" called an assistant.

"Coming!" came a voice from somewhere. And a good-looking young chap emerged from behind some scenery, pulling on his tuxedo jacket as he came.

"He's a clever boy, and quite young," Maureen O'Sullivan, who was in the cast, remarked from the wisdom of her own twenty-three years. "He's sure to get ahead."

"I knew him over at Fox," Mimma Gombell, also present, informed me, as I sought to learn details of the boy who played the part of her son in "The Thin Man." "We were both under contract there. But neither of us had a chance to do very much."

Then I remembered. As William Lawrence this same young actor had appeared in Buddy Rogers's "Best Of Enemies." He portrayed the rôle of the young German 'cello player. At the time, various inquiries found their way to Picture Play, asking for information about him.

Now, when questions are asked about a newcomer it means a great deal. Unfortunately, just as the fans got their first glimpse of Bill he disappeared—at least from movies.

Here and now was the time to get hold of him and learn a thing or two. But it was not so easy. After the scene was shot, Bill Henry had disappeared again. I discovered him playing a pencil and paper game with a pretty blonde.

He seemed pleased to see me, and introduced me to the charmer.

"Yes," he agreed after hearing what I had to say. "That bit in 'Best Of Enemies' did me a lot of good. In the past year or so I have had letters from differ-

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Photo by Bill

Bill has never let himself be cast down by disappointments. If he had, we should never have seen him in "The Thin Man."



LET'S GO

Jimmy Savo is a little fellow with a mobile face and wistful, big dark eyes.

"Laugh, Little Clown" will introduce Jimmy Savo, of the stage, to you. But first let the writer of this article take you on a location trip where the usual methods of picture-making are discarded.

BEN HECHT and Charles MacArthur, coauthors, directors, and producers of "Laugh, Little Clown," will soon have the reputation for discovering as much new talent as has been credited to David Belasco and Gus Edwards all these years.

In their first picture, "Crime Without Passion," the Hecht-MacArthur combine introduced us to an eighteen-year-old Mexican dancer named Margo, and a platinum blonde named Whitney Bourne. In their second picture, which is the story of a circus clown whose professional tour of Russia is somewhat hampered by the outbreak of the Revolution, they give us a great deal more of Whitney and another young dancer whom you will know as Edwina Armstrong.

Jimmy Savo, the star, although new to the screen, cannot be pointed out as a discovery, because he's been a troupier for many years. But if he's as lovable in pictures as he is clowning about on location, you'll go for him. He'll make you laugh and he'll make you cry, and it's because he understands how to make you laugh while your tears have not yet dried that you'll love him. He's not a big hero type, Jimmy. He's a little fellow, with a mobile face and wistful, big dark eyes. Just born to suffer while the world laughs.

The company was working on Mrs. Morgan Hamilton's estate in Suffern, New York. That sounds compact and definite but you wait till you get there, which you probably never will. The estate comprises seventeen thousand acres and the company had the run of it, with no apparent reservations. Russian villages appeared

Charles MacArthur and Ben Hecht, coauthors, directors and producers, disguise themselves to escape the wrath of an employee.



Miss Ludlam, enthusiastic about Whitney Bourne, says that she has the mystery and allure of Garbo and predicts a great future for her.

overnight as if by magic, locales for the entourage of the great circus clown.

The first day I was there the activity centered about an old well where a family of Russian aristocrats had concealed themselves. It was a long way from the road, perhaps half a mile, but such was the local interest in the making of the picture that policemen were picketed at hundred-yard intervals to ward off the curious crowd.

Right then I got the atmosphere of the extraordinary way these two producers work. The usual picture tension is in the air, but not the cut-and-dried method adopted by most units. There was a happy-go-lucky sort of feeling of "here, you do this while I do that."

We got into the car and started to look for the spot where the assistant director was shooting a scene with about two hundred children. We drove and we drove, and we found carpenters building sets for later scenes all over the estate but of the assistant director and the children we saw not a sign. We then went back to the main artery and asked again. This time some one gave us definite directions. We found the spot and the assistant director killing time by riding up and down the road on a bicycle waiting for the camera crew. The children were crammed into three buses, hot and tired from waiting.

SEE SAVO

By Helen Ludlam



Edwina Armstrong, another newcomer, makes her debut in this film.

Jimmy Savo plays a circus clown stranded in Russia during the Revolution, who recruits a company of fleeing aristocrats for his show.



After a while the assistant director got off his bicycle and said he guessed he'd go back and give Hecht and MacArthur a hand since the camera crew he expected had evidently decided that the scene he was waiting to take wasn't necessary. We discovered afterward that through a misunderstanding the camera crew, instead of going to where the children were, had driven back to the studio in Astoria, a little matter of sixty-odd miles, to be told that it was all a mistake and that they were to go back to location as fast as possible. "Well, for crying out loud!" was the substance of what they said.

We went back to location, too, and met Mr. MacArthur. "Want to come with me?" he asked. "I'm going to shoot a pigeon," speaking in the vernacular. I climbed gratefully into his car, feeling that at last I'd get some news. The scene to be taken was of two children on the lookout for a carrier pigeon which was to bring news for the refugees.

I could see that Charlie MacArthur was a favorite with kids. Little Jackie Borene, the six-year-old Canadian child picked for the part of *The General*, rushed up and started climbing all over him. Mr. MacArthur twirled him in the air, probably as he romps with his own little daughter whose mother, as you may remember, is Helen Hayes.

Jackie and his coworker, Charlie Jackson, also six, had been eating apples, many apples, and it being a pleasant occupation they naturally wanted to continue, so they were pleased when they found that the scene was to be taken with them in an apple tree.

"Up you go, Jackie, and if you fall you're fired," said MacArthur, giving him a boost. Charlie Jackson was there ahead of him.

"You just wait till you taste these apples, Jackie, they're terrible."

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Photo by Ball

Jean is without a doubt the busiest girl in Hollywood—both on and off the screen. Her latest is "Have a Heart."

SUCH A BUSY LASS!

Acting is Jean Parker's first thought, of course, but dancing holds a decided fascination for her and some day she hopes to combine the two. Her home studies include the piano and French, and she is interested in sketching and oil painting. But these aren't half the things Jean would like to do!

By Whitney Williams

QUITE the busiest person in all Cinemania is that gentle little soul whose death in "Little Women" caused thousands to weep as they had never wept before. I refer, of course, to Jean Parker, who won fame for her interpretation of *Beth* in the Louisa M. Alcott classic of girlhood.

Jean is only eighteen, but she has mapped out a program of work for herself that would make even an ambitious Trojan a bit green about the gills. Out of a childhood of unhappiness, she has fashioned a future as full and complete as her life has been hard and laborious, and now she stands on the threshold of achieving those things that have been so long uppermost in her mind.

Acting, of course, is preëminent in her design for living, but acting could very easily be relegated to second rank for dancing. Dancing ever has exerted a fascinating attraction for her.

"I hope some day to combine the two," she says. "As long as I can remember I have danced, but my dancing isn't based on certain steps. It's impressionistic, in which a story can be told in movement and never is the same. I couldn't stand doing the same steps over and over again.

"In school, I interested myself in dancing to the extent that I always was being called to help put on shows. I even directed chorus numbers while in my early teens. Whenever I could, I danced myself, and with every movement, every bar of music, something within me cried out for expression—with my feet. I just had to dance.

"I saw Pavlova only once, but I dreamed of her, couldn't get her out of my mind for months. She was

so lovely, and every move told an indescribable story. I should love to have seen Isadora Duncan, too. Her dancing, you know, was impressionistic, as I try so hard to make mine.

"Joan Crawford, I think, is the most graceful and beautiful dancer in pictures. One of my ambitions is to make a picture in which I could dance as she does in some of hers—dance and act at the same time. It may be, later on, that I will go out on tour between pictures and give my own dance recitals. Anyway, I'm looking forward to the day when I can devote more of my time to dancing, and I'm studying hard toward that end."

Jean has become familiar, during her high-school days and since, with every form of dancing—Oriental, Russian, Spanish, native. She has attended every dance recital she could afford and has read innumerable volumes on the subject. She can trace the history of the dance back to the beginning of civilization, so she may be regarded as somewhat of an authority in the art.

But dancing ranks only as one interest.

"When I was a child, I never had a chance to learn to play the piano. Other girls could play, while I didn't know one note from another.

"That craving for the music I've always felt will be satisfied only when I can play like a concert pianist. I'm not planning a musical career, but I do hope to become highly proficient on the instrument. I take lessons twice a week, from the only music master I have ever seen who can take the drudgery out of the ordeal of practicing.

Continued on page 75

Mr. Wilcoxon enjoying a short vacation aboard his boat before starting work on the next DeMille opus, "The Crusades."

Henry Wilcoxon is the virile, romantic type directors are seeking. This gifted new English "find" can pilot a plane, box, swim, sail a boat. Besides, he paints and draws, and has a prize collection of rare glass and antique furniture.

By Mark Dowling



BRAWNY —BUT ESTHETIC

THE most versatile fellow in Hollywood, is the handsome newcomer whom Cecil DeMille brought to town to play *Antony* in "Cleopatra"; and since the release of that picture all the girls are voting Henry Wilcoxon the most exciting thing in male sex-appeal. His bosses like him, too; he is to make "Shoe the Wild Mare" next, and then another DeMille spectacle, "The Crusades."

On the screen he reminds a little of the late Milton Sills, in the same kind of rôles. In private life he is a frank and interesting conversationalist, six feet two, on whose chest, according to the enthusiastic Mr. DeMille, an army could camp.

His accomplishments sound like the inventions of an overenthusiastic press agent, and he really works at them. He boxes, swims, rides horseback, and sails his own boat; he is an airplane pilot; collects rare glass and antique furniture; draws and paints—and has put on a one-man show of his paintings in London. Amazingly well-read, he speaks in a cultured voice with a trace of British accent, and has interesting ideas on almost every subject. We wondered why he chose to concentrate on

acting rather than on one of his other hobbies.

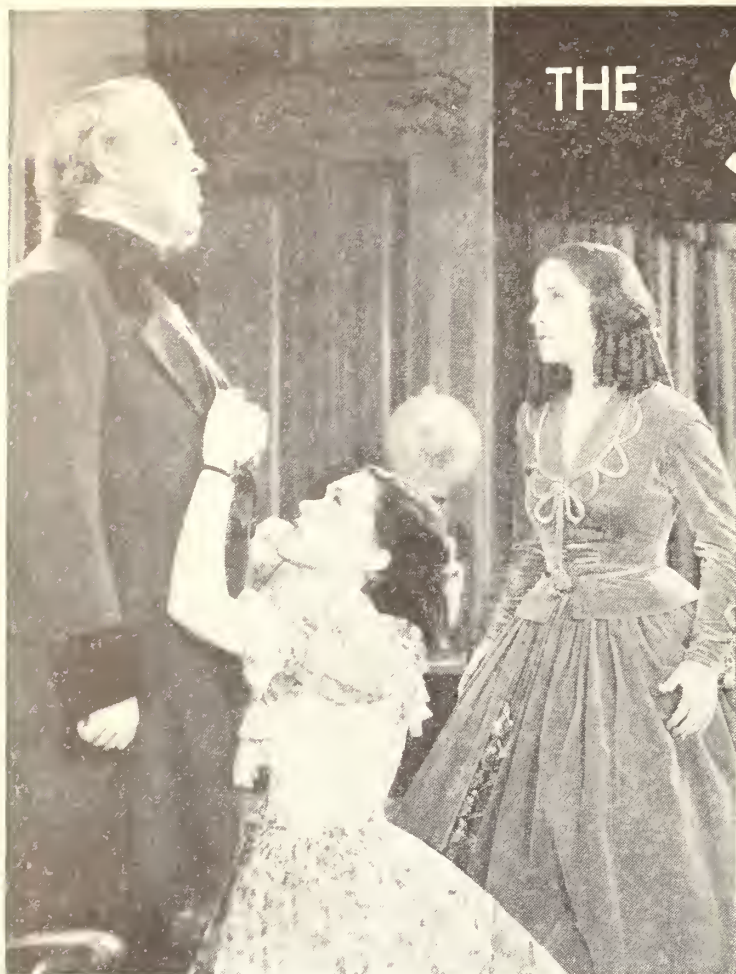
"It's the only romantic and colorful career left for a man to follow," he replied, and although this is one of those gloriously vague statements by which stars hope to escape the intimate queries of the interviewer, he is willing to back it up with a résumé of his own colorful activities.

"In what other profession could you have such heights and depths—the possibility of being flat broke one day and at the very top the next? I've been a pearl and salvage diver in the West Indies, where I was born and went to college. I've worked for a milling firm in England. I collected a wardrobe while clerking for a London tailor.

"I was on the London stage when Barney Glazer, of Hollywood, asked me to make a picture test. This test was being shown in a projection room when DeMille happened to walk by. He had been searching nearly a year for a man to play *Marc Antony*. He'd tested hundreds. He casually glanced through a little peephole in the projection room, caught a glimpse of my test, and rushed into the room exclaiming "That's the man I want for *Antony!*" Shortly afterward I was on a boat for America. Didn't I tell you this profession is exciting?"

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THE SCREEN



"THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET."

Seldom comes a picture of such distinguished beauty as this. Dignity, interplay of character and exquisite romance are blended into a perfect pattern. It is the consummation of Hollywood's finest talent in which every detail is crystal-like and flawless. And lest you think that such superiority connotes the heavy or the highbrow, the slow or the arty, let me hurry to assure you that delightful comedy shimmers and darts through the gloom of the *Barretts'* Victorian household, and there hasn't ever been a more blood-chilling moment than when *Edward Barrett* decides to kill his eloping daughter's spaniel. Nor will you find in any recent picture a thrill of pure romance to equal *Elizabeth Barrett's* escape from her father and her marriage to *Robert Browning*. This story of love among the poets has almost the ecstasy of *Romeo and Juliet*. Norma Shearer surpasses every previous performance. The rôle is hers with such completeness of understanding that she seems never to have played any other. Fredric March, ideally cast as the impulsive *Browning*, is delightful; but it is Charles Laughton as *Barrett* who dominates the picture as completely as he does his family. He offers a profound and electrifying study of a soul tortured by a consuming neurosis, and to offset this revelation of the morbid there is Maureen O'Sullivan whose depiction of girlish joys and sorrows is heartbreaking and wonderful. But then the whole cast is virtuoso.

"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS."

Unusual, deft and amusing, this comedy of Colonial days is well worth its transference from the stage and every one will like it hugely. There is much more than backgrounds and costumes to recommend it. Wit, charm, appealing characters and perfect acting combine to make it uncommonly entertaining. It acquaints us, too, with the custom of bundling. This was actually the way of a man and a maid in the time of the Puritans. It consisted of a courting couple getting into bed together to ward off the cold of a winter's evening, innocently to chat and whisper sweet nothings; even to read, as Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer do here. He is a Hessian soldier, she the daughter of Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, and when the foreigner is made an interpreter on General Washington's staff nothing stands in the way of their marriage. Mr. Lederer's performance is a flashing gem of comedy, but his insistence on being realistically unkempt is carried too far and will stand in the way of the popularity his skill deserves.



"OUR DAILY BREAD."

King Vidor's old-time skill as a director remains undiminished, but his choice of story material is an obstacle to the success of his new film. He extracts the utmost of human drama from it, of course, and he whips up a thrilling climax with the help of music and choral singing by a group of laborers on completion of a ditch that will irrigate their cornfield and give them a living. But you can't tell me the movie public will go for a picture that is all about shabby derelicts and their efforts to reclaim a sterile, abandoned farm. A thoughtful subject, yes, but it doesn't interest Broadway and it certainly doesn't provide diversion and escape for small-town fans who know the conditions pictured too well and wish, naturally, for a glimpse of make-believe. This, then, is a picture for those little, scattered groups of serious thinkers who like to indorse purposeful films. Tom Keene is vigorously likable as the young city man who turns farmer and Karen Morley shows amazing versatility in adapting herself to barren surroundings. Barbara Pepper, a Harlowesque newcomer, is arresting if imitative of Jean.



IN REVIEW

BY
NORBERT
LUSK

PICTURE PLAY'S HONOR LIST

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" surpasses every picture this month. Dignity, intellect and solidity of subject matter do not lessen its gay, romantic appeal.

"Caravan" is the month's best and most distinguished musical. It is drenched with beauty, melody and charm.

"The Pursuit of Happiness" captures honors for novelty and delicious comedy.

Best performances are too numerous to mention, too demanding of honors to let one laurel leaf go unbestowed. There isn't a picture without a brilliant high light of acting talent.

"CARAVAN."

A gorgeously mounted operetta, a feast of visual beauty, with singing gypsies glorifying wine, romance, love and the dance provide a distinct novelty in a picture like no other recent ones. It was directed in Hollywood by Erik Charell who, you will remember, gave us "Congress Dances," and it has the same quality. That is, a harmonious, happy blending of light romance with rhythmic ensembles and a definite attempt to project a mood of refined joyousness. A Hungarian heiress marries a musical gypsy out of pique and discovers that the dashing lieutenant she was supposed to marry sight unseen is really the man she loves. Charles Boyer, the French actor, is a persuasive gypsy fiddler, and Loretta Young a charming *Countess Wilma*, with Phillips Holmes the rakish officer and little Jean Parker coming along splendidly. Louise Fazenda captures comedy honors, as usual, and the music is lilting, joyous and stirring.



"DESIRABLE."

Surely, steadily and beautifully Jean Muir is developing as an actress and as a screen star. Faced with the tough task of impersonating an awkward, self-conscious and naive school girl she accomplishes it with such disarming sincerity that you think she must never even have heard of Hollywood let alone being a part of it. But don't let this praise of one artist cause you to overlook or take for granted another. I mean Verree Teasdale, who finds her best opportunity here. Elegant, poised and dulcet, she is the *ne plus ultra* of worldly charm. She is a celebrated actress who keeps her grown daughter in the background until the latter unknowingly interferes with a love affair of her parent by falling in love with the man in the case. Then mother tries to disgust daughter and gracefully bows to the inevitable. Cut and dried in the telling, this is engrossing when seen and rates as intelligent and unusual because it reflects thought as well as action. George Brent is capital as the ardent philanderer and wins your sympathy for his fickleness.

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"THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO."

Sentimental, sweeping romance is not dead by any means—not while Dumas's famous story serves for this lavish, finely acted version. It is sure to please every one, particularly those who are familiar with the florid tale of false imprisonment, miraculous escape after twenty years in an island dungeon, dazzling wealth for the hero, and his spectacular revenge. Properly laid in the time of *Napoleon*, elaborate costumes and settings do not hamper the movement of the story but enhance it by providing the right note of artificiality. Hitherto the famous line, "The world is mine!" uttered by the hero when he discovers the treasure on the island of Monte Cristo, has been spoken with the actor falling to his knees, lifting his arms to the heavens and yelling. Here it is modernized. As gold and jewels trickle through his fingers, *Edmond Dantes* meditates: "The world is mine." That gives an idea how sensibly the current version has been approached. Robert Donat, the young Englishman known in this country for his part in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," is a compelling, vigorous *Monte Cristo* whom you will like.





Photo by George Hurrell

Joan Crawford

NEWS of *Joan Crawford's* next picture is always important to an increasing number of film-goers. For more, perhaps, than any other star Joan wins intense, even hysterical, loyalty from her legions. The film will be "Forsaking All Others," an ultra-modern, sophisticated comedy which proclaimed Tallulah Bankhead a rare actress on the stage.

THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

Continued from page 49

"A LOST LADY."

Barbara Stanwyck is all out lost in the dullness of a dressy picture which futilely attempts to explore the depths of a woman's soul—and is careful not to tell what it finds. Shying away from the revealing psychology of Willa Cather's great story, it chooses instead the superficial mechanics of the heroine's three love affairs, the conclusion being that she is a woman who can't be satisfied under any conditions. There's the inference, too, that she is one of those old-fashioned girls who are born to get a raw deal through loving too much. In short, all this isn't worthy of Miss Stanwyck whose sincerity is forthright and uncompromising. She's the last type to be sorry for herself. Incidentally, does any one remember Irene Rich in a silent version of the same story some years ago? It caught more clearly the character of the "lost lady." Anyway, Miss Stanwyck's gowns will interest many and there isn't any one who won't say that Frank Morgan, Ricardo Cortez, and Lyle Talbot give fine performances in common with the rest of the cast. It's just that their efforts do not matter.



"DEATH ON THE DIAMOND."

As one who has never attended a baseball game, I can indorse this picture which is about nothing else. Meaning that it kept me interested from start to finish without caring about home runs or who made them. What mattered more was that the actors looked and talked as ball players do in the newsreels and made me share their troubles. However, the story did let down with a thud when it revealed who had been killing off the players and showed the most guilty-looking character to be innocent, and the most harmless to be the killer. Just the same, though it isn't well knit, the picture interests while it unreels and the virtue of novelty is not to be scorned these days. Good acting on the part of popular players further redeems it, though Madge Evans, in something new by Adrian for every scene, is hardly believable as a girl who could be satisfied with such slight intellectual exercise as keeping books for a ball team. She's charming, of course. Robert Young, David Landau, Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, and Ted Healy are others who do well while Paul Kelly again proclaims his excellence.



"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE."

Janet Gaynor and Lew Ayres have a gayly pleasing picture rather more sophisticated than we have come to expect of Miss Gaynor. Though light, the story is original, and sweetness isn't overstressed. The locale Sweden for a change, the romance has a heroine who, when her father loses his millions, gets a job as a servant in order to learn what it takes to be the cottage bride of the man she expects to marry. The development of this has so many incidents of charm and unexpectedness that it wouldn't be fair to tell what happens to Miss Gaynor in cap and apron below stairs. Enough to say that they are sufficiently lively to keep the picture brightly moving. Mr. Ayres gives a tip-top performance as the young mechanic in the case, a definite characterization arranged to make his sullenness humorously attractive. Altogether, the story gains enormously by skilled, lifelike acting, each character a human being instead of stock support for a girlish star. Walter Connolly, Ned Sparks, Louise Dresser, Siegfried Rumann, G. P. Huntley, Jr., and Astrid Allwyn are some whose acting one admires.



"THE GIFT OF GAB."

Haphazard, formless, but not altogether uninteresting. This best describes a picture in which a large number of radio and screen performers appear without much rhyme or reason. Boris Karloff, for example, plays a bit, and Helen Vinson has one scene. But if "names" are a primary attraction with you, there is every likelihood that you will find some interesting ones here. They include Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Ruth Etting, Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Alice White, Alexander Woollcott, Victor Moore, Hugh O'Connell, Gene Austin, Tom Hanlon, Henry Armetta, Andy Devine, Sterling Holloway and many more. The majority of these appear before the microphone, the story, such as it is, being carried by Mr. Lowe and Miss Stuart. It is the familiar yarn of the bumptious radio announcer whose success goes to his head and who attempts a fake broadcast. Detected and fired by the president of the network, he takes to drink until brought to his senses by his sweetheart. Her lecture climaxes with the familiar word "yellow." So you see the dialogue is not distinguished by originality or humor.



THE SCREEN IN REVIEW

"Belle of the Nineties."—Paramount. Mae West bows so low to censorship, reform, and what not, that figuratively she remains *hors de combat* throughout her new picture, too proud, perhaps, to fight back. Consequently, it is not only badly constructed but also dull. True, she is as magnetic and unique as ever in the fabulous gowns and gewgaws of the period, but it's a tamed Miss West who does her familiar stuff and she isn't more than casually interesting when she has to be "good." Her type just doesn't lend itself to development under the eye of the Legion of Decency. Here she is a gorgeously decked-out heroine of the half-world in St. Louis, her preferred sweetheart a prize-fighter whose manager wrecks their romance. Whereupon Miss West goes to forget her sorrows in New Orleans where she shows herself upon the stage of the "Sensation House" and is "sought" by the wicked proprietor as well as a rich youth. Both are firmly repulsed while Miss West remains devoted to the memory of her boxer. Various unconnected events, including the reappearance of the fighter, keep the film unreeling until *Ruby Carter* marries her hero who certainly has no cause to doubt her loyalty. Perhaps the demands of censorship are responsible for the incoherence of the picture, but if you remember, Miss West usually sees to it that her supporting players remain shadowy subordinates. Neither Roger Pryor, John Miljan, nor Katherine DeMille has cause to thank the picture for giving them an opportunity.

"The Richest Girl in the World."—RKO. One of the successes of the month is this smartly paced comedy about a wealthy young woman who maneuvers to find out if the man she loves cares for her or her millions. Not the most novel story of the century, its triteness is glossed over by the skilled treatment given it—that and the superior acting of every one concerned. Miriam Hopkins is brilliantly successful in making the heiress human, likable and girlishly capricious while Joel McCrea, hitherto not distinguished for the lightness of his touch, plays with verve and engaging humor. Incidentally, on the strength of this he will be Marlene Dietrich's hero in "Caprice Espagnole." Fay Wray and Reginald Denny complete the quartet of leads and Henry Stephenson, in a lesser rôle, sees to it that he is not overlooked. Come to think of it, he never is.

"British Agent."—Warners. Impressive production values give strength to a picture that would be just another spy melodrama if otherwise presented. However, thanks to careful direction, rich settings and Leslie Howard and Kay Francis teamed for the first time, the film holds attention. Mr. Howard is a British consul in Russia at the outbreak of the revolution, Miss Francis a patriotic, worshipful disciple of *Lenin* whose duty forces her to betray Mr. Howard while her conscience torments her. In atonement she goes

to meet death with her lover when *Lenin* declares an amnesty which permits hero and heroine to escape to England. Mechanical in the telling, the picture is much more than that in actuality and is moderately enjoyable although Mr. Howard seems too placid to me considering the excitement that surrounds him.

"Crime Without Passion."—Paramount. The partnership of Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur yields a highly interesting picture, unusual, striking, and wholly worth while. Conventions in story telling and acting are shattered, nothing happening according to the Hollywood pattern, but do not get the idea that the result is strained or arty. Far from it. Arresting, exciting, it holds one's attention every minute and it isn't too long, either. The central character is a successful lawyer and his unsuccessful love affairs, the plot dealing with his crafty build-up of an alibi in a murder and his unwitting betrayal of himself. This could have been treated in such a way as to be like a thousand other films, but the result is like no other. Claude Rains, whose brilliant début in "The Invisible Man" is still talked about, plays the lawyer with sinister fascination, and a dancer known merely as Margo is his tortured sweetheart. Whitney Bourne, Paula Trueman, and Stanley Ridges, recruits from the stage, give excellent performances and further remove the picture, the personalities on view as well as the acting, from routine.

"Chu Chin Chow."—Gaumont-British. A tale out of the Arabian Nights is brought to the screen lavishly, tastefully, and with florid zestfulness. The picture combines extravaganza, spectacle, musical comedy, and melodrama. If this isn't a novelty, I don't know what is, and is made more enjoyable by sly humor in unexpected places. The story is too fantastic to recount and it doesn't stand out, either, but it is enough to hold one's attention and it reaches a crescendo of excitement when the wicked *Abu Hassan*, masquerading as the murdered *Chu Chin Chow*, appears at *Ali Baba's* feast and meets a blood-curdling death. Fritz Kortner, the German actor who speaks English here, gives a splendid performance as *Abu Hassan*—vivid, sinister, and compelling—while John Garrick, once of Hollywood films, has the singing rôle of the slave *Nur-al-Din* and Anna May Wong is decorative and distinctive, as usual. All this is well worth one's time and money.

"The Fountain."—RKO. Ann Harding's new film is earnestly intellectual and, of course, finely acted; but it is unimportant for all of that because it is dull. Undoubtedly tempted by the mystic soul probings in the novel from which the picture was taken, Miss Harding should have resisted and chosen box-office material. Every star needs the latter sort of vehicle and no star is ever helped by going highbrow. Anyway, this is all about a high-principled wife who discovers that she still loves her old sweetheart and fights against it. He, too, is idealistic and quarrels with himself and so also does the husband endure mental torment. A

chief attraction of the picture is found in the environment of Holland where it all takes place. This is unusual and the portrayal of Dutch character and domestic life is interesting. Brian Aherne, Paul Lukas, Jean Hersholt, and Sarah Haden distinguish themselves by restrained, sensitive acting.

"You Belong to Me."—Paramount. Backstage in vaudeville, rather a demodé form of life since it hardly exists any more, is the inspiration of this unsatisfactory picture. Here we have troupers being so consciously noble and sacrificial that they aren't lifelike. On the other hand, we have excellent acting by such favorites as Lee Tracy, Helen Mack, Lynne Overman, and Helen Morgan with a new child, David Holt, in the star part. However, their efforts are all but wasted because the material is old-fashioned and oversentimental. Mr. Tracy, a comic with a false nose, clears out of his wife's life because he thinks his alcoholism stands in the way of her success. He interests himself in the troubles of Miss Mack, a stranded performer, and her little boy who is miserable in a military school because his mates don't understand the jargon of vaudeville. Miss Mack breaks her neck by falling from a swing because her husband nags her and Mr. Tracy, reunited with his wife, adopts the child.

"Romance in the Rain."—Universal. This is all the more pleasant because it is unpretentious and strives for nothing more than to offer passing diversion. Often such a picture is more comforting than a million-dollar dazzler. For one thing, this offers Heather Angel her most appealing rôle since "Berkeley Square," and she takes advantage of it with such charm and naturalness that you wonder why her recent opportunities have been mediocre. She sings for the first time, and a sweeter and gentler voice hasn't ever been heard, it seems to me. The story isn't exciting, but it will do. Miss Angel is supposed to be a poor, obscure girl who wins a Cinderella contest sponsored by the publisher of a "confession" magazine. She wins it over the flamboyant competition of the publisher's girl friend, excellently played by Esther Ralston. Victor Moore, the stage comedian, is capital as the publisher, and Roger Pryor, as his conniving press agent who puts over Miss Angel, is, of course, expertly competent.

"Young and Beautiful."—Mascot. Oh me, oh my! What's happened to William Haines? A more unworthy comeback for a real star has never been staged, but it proves one thing at least: no player is better than the direction he receives. Helped not at all by the director here, Mr. Haines doesn't even register sincerity and none of his old-time flair for comedy. He plays a go-getting press agent, his sweetheart an unwilling actress who wants more personal attention from him than being forced into newspaper headlines. All manner of well-known players dash in and out and the Wampas Baby Stars display their standardized, depressing prettiness in the flimsiest film of the month.

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ent parts of the country, wherever the picture was shown. Not many, you know, but *some*. Enough to make me feel better about the bitter disappointments that followed.

"I was signed by Fox while appearing at a theater in New York as master of ceremonies, following a vaudeville tour in a sketch. It was suggested that I change my last name from Henry to Lawrence. After making me do that, and bringing me from New York to Hollywood, they let me go after six months! So I found myself back where I was before."

And that was doing stage work. Since the age of eight, William Henry has been used to the theater. His mother is a former actress, and acting and the theater are in his blood, as well as in his mind.

"I've always acted," Bill related. "As a kid, I constructed my own theater over the family garage, wrote my own plays, and directed the productions. Later, when I toured in stock, I took my work seriously. Of course I knew I could always return home, or get money, if things went wrong. But I'm proud to say I never wilted when bad breaks came along. I just stuck them out. That was the fun of it all.

"I'm used to pictures, too. Having been born right in this city, I've played in them since childhood. I did a bit in 'Old Ironsides.'"

With such a crowded existence in a lifetime of twenty years, I wondered what had been done about schooling. Bill hardly knows himself.

"I have a vague recollection of going to a military academy for a while. But I usually managed to get out of school and return to the theater."

Some time ago he took a trip to Honolulu—his favorite paradise. There, he and his brother formed a stock company and their own theater. A shoe-string affair, but it afforded

them both much experience and pleasure.

A couple of years ago, Bill spent some time in Europe. He felt at home in England and southern Germany. Florence attracted because it was the native city of his favorite poet, Dante. In Paris he fell in love, or so he declared. Yet when I asked him to speak about it, he said, "Certainly not!"

"Traveling is a real education," Bill emphasized. "The theaters of all nations appeal to me. When I returned to America I felt I was ready to try the screen again, now as a grown-up, and give something worth while. I believed I had a chance to do so when Fox signed me. But outside of that one bit they gave me nothing else."

All too often in Hollywood, the one left out in the cold proves to be the one finally favored by the movie gods. The breaks were given to others. Then Bill was all but promised the juvenile part with Clara Bow in "Hoopla!" Minna Gombell told me it was one of the best tests she had seen. But Dick Cromwell got the rôle.

"That all but broke my heart," Bill said with a smile. "We show people do take our art seriously, let others say what they like. You feel sure you're cut out for a certain part. You see yourself in it. Then it's given to somebody else.

"But I never let myself get cast down by disappointments. And I've had many of them, especially in the past year. I have one idea in mind—to get to the top in acting. And here I am at the beginning. I hope it keeps on as well."

It certainly ought to! After he was let out by Fox, Bill took back his own name, and his own belief in himself. He appeared in various pieces at Pasadena, and little theaters. His work always won high praise.

Ida Koverman, of MGM, saw possibilities in Bill Henry. She made him take a test for a bit in "Operator 13." Then for the juvenile in "The Thin Man." Since Miss Koverman discovered Jean Parker and others, she knows what's what. On the strength of his work in these two pictures, Bill got a contract.

He lives in Hollywood with his parents. His father is a stock broker. His older brother, Tom, acts and directs at the Pasadena Community Theater.

Even though his schooling was sporadic, Bill is an extremely intelligent fellow. He paints and writes and studies Russian in order to read "Russian dramatists in the original. His big idea is some day to own a playhouse and call it the New Age Theater, with mechanical devices never before used or seen.

I encouraged him by saying that Hollywood sadly needs a theater.

If anything, he is a lonely chap. You know what these artistic temperaments are! But he is not morbid or neurotic. He laughs too often for that, and has a splendid sense of humor. But he does feel that he is not understood. "Though I try very hard to understand every one," he adds.

"The one thing that helped me to go on fighting for a place in movies was the fact that I actually received some letters from fans after they saw my first little bit! That is one thing I do understand!"

At that point an assistant called, "Bill Henry!"

"Coming!" Bill promptly called back. "Excuse me, won't you? And thanks for coming to see me."

I watched him take his place on the set and I couldn't help but think that Bill has conquered the movies!

Coming he is! Coming to the fore as a fine young actor, and one worthy of the notice he's getting. You'll see him next in "Wicked Woman."

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"A group of women sponsored a scholarship which was awarded the best student. I surprised myself by winning it. That meant five years study in Italy, and what a fascinating prospect *that* was!

"Then I saw a *matinée* performance of Stuart Walker's stock company, and sat spellbound. It changed my whole life. When I left the theater my mind was made up to become an actress. I was sure I could do better than the leading lady; the boundless self-confidence of youth!

"The ambition was not so easily realized, however, but I haunted the stage until they gave me a job play-

"Believe It Or Not" Girl

ing the piano in the wings when needed."

Her father's death definitely started her along this career. She was so determined now to go on the stage that she organized little theater movements and played in towns near her birthplace in Talladega, Alabama.

"About this time every one was agog over radio," she related. "If you had some cash you didn't know what to do with, you invested in radio. I got backing for a radio station and a friend went to Washington and obtained a permit. That's how station WFDW came into existence. 'The Voice of Talladega, in

the Heart of Alabama,'" Miss Michael quoted, chuckling.

"I would announce the WFDW violinist, grab up my violin, and play a number. Of course I had to put on a program of household advice by an 'expert home economist'—which was I. I was as busy as a one-armed paper hanger. I wanted an orchestra, but couldn't afford a saxophonist. So I bought a sax and learned two pieces, 'Yes, Sir, That's My Baby,' and 'I Love You Truly.' I wonder if my audiences got as sick of those two songs as I did!"

As if she weren't busy enough that year, she filled the pulpit Sundays at

"Believe It Or Not" Girl

the Methodist Church while the pastor was vacationing. But her eyes never left the stage, and finally Stuart Walker gave her a chance in his stock company. Eventually she found her way to New York, with a stock company operating in Long Island.

In the winter of 1932, Rachel Crothers was casting the play "Caught Wet." The rôle of *Dolores* had her stumped, and eight times she filled the part, only to change her mind again.

Gertrude was always in and out of the theater, dashing about. She never wore a hat, and was always in a hurry. She had no hope of getting a rôle, but she at least could play the piano for them.

The day Miss Crothers fired the last actress from the rôle, she had reached the limit of her patience.

"We've got to go on with rehearsals," she said in exasperation. "Go find that girl who runs around without any hat; she can read the part for us."

Gertrude was summoned just before lunch time.

"You're not the type for the rôle, of course," Miss Crothers explained, "but read the part so the rest of the company can rehearse."

Gertrude agreed, but she had her own ideas as to who was the right girl for the rôle. She had made up her mind to grab it directly from under Miss Crothers's nose.

The rôle called for speaking lines while lightly playing a difficult bit of music.

"I took my place at the piano when the cast assembled, and began to play the symphony from memory, reading my lines at the same time.

"Stop!" Miss Crothers yelled at me. "Oh, I could just bite your ear! You've got the part!"

"That expression 'bite your ear' always meant she was pleased with a person."

Her first big rôle brought her a picture offer from Paramount, and she played an unimportant part as Richard Arlen's fiancée in "Wayward," at the Long Island studio. Then she went back to the stage.

This time it was MGM that came on the run, and she was brought to Hollywood. But they didn't know quite what to do with her. She was put in some small bits, marking time for something to turn up that was suited to her. Her contract lapsed, and for months Miss Michael belonged to the forgotten legion.

That made her stubborn. She wouldn't quit. She'd show Hollywood she had the stuff. At last Paramount signed her, and they've been rubbing their hands delightedly ever since.

But she has no intention of growing old in this profession. There are too many other exciting things to do. And once having proved to herself that she can reach a certain objective,

she is inclined to look around for something else to strive for.

Besides, being a star has its penalties. For example:

One day she was walking down Hollywood Boulevard with three friends. She had just purchased a large lampshade, and it struck her that they made a fine imitation of that painting, "The Spirit of '76." Except for sound effects. They really should have that. So Gertrude marched along beating the lampshade and whistling "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

"Wouldn't it be terrible if I were famous and couldn't do those things?" she remarked later to the friend who told me this amusing incident.

Miss Michael, you see, doesn't like to have her activities circumscribed by the dignities surrounding celebrity.

She is to be Max Baer's leading lady in his new picture, and there are several other important productions lined up with her name importantly displayed, but after that—who knows?

She rather thinks that she'd like to enter another career that has dramatic possibilities. Yes, she has been thinking about it—no rush, though—and one of these days she'd like to become the mother of three children.

Not all at once, of course. And that, she thinks, would be an accomplishment worth boasting about!

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simple duties which seem only too obvious."

This brought up a discussion of exploitation. Norma's attitude is businesslike. "A star is a commodity which has to be sold to the public. Figuratively, we're like perfume—fancy bottles help to make us beguiling to the buyer.

"It is adverse publicity which is most harmful. Stars owe it to their admirers not to get mixed up in scandal. Too much publicity also should be avoided. One is likely to become a joke if forced too much upon the public.

"As far as appearing at premières and similar functions, I enjoy them, but I do not make a habit of attending everything. It's the same principle again. Familiarity breeds boredom."

Thoughtfully she let a handful of sand slip through her fingers. I asked her whether she would say a star has local social obligations.

"No!" she promptly replied. "In Hollywood being a social leader neither helps nor hurts a player. It is purely an optional matter." Though

What Do Stars Owe Fans?

eligible for the social crown of the town, she has made no effort to cinch it. She has fun at parties when she is in the mood, but Norma wants no strings on her moods.

"What about living up to your stellar position?" I queried. "Is a front necessary, and how about those who can't struggle along on a huge salary?"

She chuckled, that typical Shearer sign of mirth. "A star ought to have a nice place in which to live, don't you think? But, seriously, you have no notion how much money it takes to live even moderately. It's the expenses peculiar to our business which mount up so terrifically, and not a desire to be extravagant. Why, if I weren't working in pictures I could get along on a fraction of what it now costs me!"

At my urging she amplified.

"We must spend money to protect ourselves, to conserve our time and energy. I have to have competent servants running the house. I have to employ a secretary to handle my mail. I have to buy photographs and pay for the mailing of fan pictures.

Then I employ a studio maid. Music inspires me, so I hire two musicians. They are on my set constantly.

"I have to have my hair done nightly when I'm working; therefore, I hire a hairdresser to come to the house and she has to wait for me if I'm late. Sometimes at the end of the day I am too tired and cannot get to sleep easily. It is important that I do, so I call a masseuse to help me relax.

"I have to have a larger wardrobe than I would if I were not an actress. This is quite apparent. It's a duty. But did you ever think of this?—we actresses haven't the opportunity to dress as well as the average woman.

"We haven't the *time* to shop around. I've only been able to get to downtown Los Angeles to shop twice in the past six months. I can't save by going to several stores to find the most reasonable things. Rather, because I'm always pressed for time, I must have clothes sent to my home and I decide quickly. Often it isn't what I want, but it has to do."

This is probably something of which fans have never thought.

Norma continued. "When you have to stand for hours having screen costumes fitted, and some pictures require as many as twenty gowns, you are apt to become a trifle fed up with clothes, anyway. So the actress who appears especially smart in person deserves much credit. She has made a double effort."

Before our hour's chat was over, she progressed to what she feels a star owes the fans so far as the screen itself is concerned.

"I believe we should interpret life, and not our own lives," Norma said to me. "We owe the public a glimpse of beauty, a relief from monotony. A peek at luxury which may be lacking in everyday life. Then, we should stir the fans emotionally, make them carry a glow with them."

Beyond the wall which separates her beach from the public sands we

could hear the hum of joyous, care-free voices. Norma loves to be in the midst of things, and her home is on the crowded Santa Monica strand.

"Life is dramatic," she told me quietly, stirred by the sense of living so near us. "It's the duty of stars to emphasize the peaks of happiness to which our emotions can sweep us. I am a staunch adherent of the exhilarating, active life. It's better to love and suffer, than never to know love at all.

"If you are honest and courageous, you will experience all the fundamental emotions. I don't recommend wearing your heart on your sleeve, but I do advocate reacting normally and sincerely to your big moments. I hope I have done this on the screen so that others will want to *live*.

"I don't wish to make any defense of the pictures I have played in, be-

cause I don't think they need any defense. Even those in which I've played so-called daring rôles have always shown, eventually, the value of true love and loyalty."

As we shook hands, arising from the sunny beach, I learned that Norma has an explicit ideal for her pictures. "Every picture should leave the fans with faith in the glory and everlasting quality of love, and with a firm conviction that life itself is good."

She escorted me to the door. I walked through the patio blooming riotously with every variety of flower. The sun beat down stimulatingly. I felt a glow within me. As my eyes met Norma Shearer's in a farewell glance I realized anew that she is an enchanting woman. And at last I understood why. She, herself, believes this inspiring creed.

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8:40." Film producers are once more wailing that they let something good slip through their fingers. Maybe she will go back to make a picture with Fred Astaire. But Dixie is just seventeen, and she has found that it is much more fun to work only two hours or so a day in a show than to put in whole days at the studio. The big money can wait as far as she is concerned.

A Quiet Week-end.—Cole Porter has written a song which Ethel Merman will sing in a new show and Harold Lloyd really ought to hang around town long enough to hear it. The song, addressed to "Mrs. Louseberry," an indomitable hostess, is "Thank You for the Lovely Week-end." It touches upon the canned salmon with ptomaine in its wake, the old bores that hung around, the noisy kiddies, and the inescapable discomforts of the Villa Louseberry.

Harold will enjoy that if memory has not dimmed the horrors of a week-end party he was let in for. It seems that Harold wanted peace and rural atmosphere, but his host wanted to make a big splash in the local papers. So from the moment he disembarked from the train to be greeted by a brass band and the keys to the city, horror mounted on horror. Harold lived through it, but often he wondered why.

Least Seen, Most Talked About.—Gladys George is just a legend to most play and filmgoers, but she causes a buzz of comment among professionals. While she was rehearsing a play called "The Milky Way" last spring, she was put under contract by Metro-Goldwyn.

They Say in New York—

After a few performances, she left for the West and made "Straight Is the Way." Accounts of it were so bad that she came back to Broadway to play the lead in a satirical Hollywood drama called "Personal Appearance." In an idle moment before her first play opened she married a New Englander named Edward Fowler. Since then she has been so busy, that it hasn't always

Lila distinguished herself, though, and will do more plays before returning to Hollywood.

Jean Arthur came next, and she, too, was infinitely better than her play.

Alan Dinchart wrote his own "Alley Cat" and tried it out in various towns before venturing into New York, so he and Mozelle Brittonne are doing considerably better.

Next on the boards are Hedda Hopper, Helen Chandler who will squander her tragic wistfulness on a musical, of all things, and Zita Johann who could not do worse than Hollywood did to her in "Grand Canary."

Bogy Man Vanishes.—Peter Lorre, the gruesome, whistling murderer of "M," has arrived to make pictures for Columbia, and to every one's surprise turns out to be a personable young man. Furthermore, he is essentially a comedian and not a horror specialist. He arrived speaking precise, slightly Oxfordian English, having been coached by the same teacher who taught Elizabeth Bergner. It took him only six weeks to master English. He knew exactly what he wanted to do in New York—see Billy Rose's Music Hall, the Empire State tower, tour Radio City, and eat in a typical American restaurant.

His pal Kozeluh, Czech tennis champion, suggested a drug-store counter as the only typically American café. To his amazement, Lorre found himself such a celebrity in America that interviewers took up almost every minute of the two days he was allotted in New York. He

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Joe Penner, well-known duck fancier, does his famous stuff in "College Rhythm" which you'll soon be seeing.

seemed like a good idea. Friends report that she may find time to divorce him if plays and pictures don't keep her too busy.

On Leave From Hollywood.—Almost every play that opens on Broadway these days boasts one Hollywood favorite in its cast. Lila Lee was first on the scene in "Lady Jane," a tepid offering, unfortunately.

be sensible about it. And the first step in that direction he considers keeping his private and professional lives as far apart as conditions will permit.

It is difficult, living under the sometimes cruelly intense spotlight of publicity as all actors must do, to keep even a vestige of one's private life to oneself.

Katharine Hepburn has fought like a tigress to preserve some privacy, with the result that she has incurred the displeasure of the press, which, in some instances, has been unkind to her. Some think that she has carried her evasions and protectivism too far. It is slightly hysterical.

But Cary Grant, despite the fact that no authentic stories have appeared previously regarding his married state, has no neurotic notions about avoiding questions. Wary he has been, but not belligerently fugitive. He has learned a great deal from what has happened to others in his profession.

"Almost always," he said to me, "there are gross misquotations. And after they have appeared in print for thousands to read, just what can be done about it? If you didn't say it, and it makes you feel ridiculous, all you can do is to sit and fume.

"This one and that one have made public statements about their great devotion for somebody, and the next thing you know conditions separate them, rumors spread, and, whether they are actually contemplating divorce or not, they are something of a laughingstock.

"Suppose, just for instance, that Virginia gets a part in a picture taking her to the South Seas. Such things have happened, you know—and as for continuing her career, it's entirely up to her. In that event, if I'd made a lot of high-sounding statements about our devotion, we'd be on the verge of a split-up, according to the way gossip starts.

"It's Great!" says Cary

"Maxwell Anderson, the playwright, once said that what is said of us eventually becomes true of us. And public opinion being the strongest force in the world, enough rumors can bring about actuality."

Here it is interesting to note two cases in point—Gary Cooper and Joan Crawford. Gary often stated before his marriage to Sandra Shaw that he would never marry, even going so far as to give his reasons for not doing so. Then he up and did it. Of course, any one is privileged to change his mind. But after his marriage he gave out an interview which was called, "What I Think of Marriage Now." Innocent as the thing was, some people actually managed to draw from the title the inference that he and his wife were not on the best of terms. Gary has ceased giving interviews concerning his marriage.

Joan Crawford recently told of how, while doing a scene, she found a magazine on the studio table bearing on its cover the title of a story contained within, written in the heyday of her romance with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and telling the world of their great happiness. "It was not pleasant to look upon," said Joan, and it upset her.

"After all," Cary went on, "love is not made of steel, and marriages are made in heaven only if they can survive earthly conditions. That survival depends largely on the married ones. And marriage demands a great protection.

"Virginia and I are no different from most young married couples anywhere in the world. We probably do the same things, feel the same way, eat the same food, even say the same things, to a great extent. That's not a very glamorous or romantic way of putting it, but the glamour and the romance are there, just as it is for Mamie and John Smith. Maybe, if I go around spouting about

it, it won't be there. It might leave, and I wouldn't like that.

"Then, again, it's tempting fate to boast of your happiness. The gods have a very annoying way of snatching things away when you brag about them. Personally, I'd prefer to stay on the right side of the deities.

"In England we deliberately delayed the ceremony after getting a license to avoid giving out such stories. But such is the interest of English people in Hollywood, we weren't expert enough dodgers, and a small crowd had gathered at the Registry Office. Virginia had got there ahead of me, and her cab was still waiting out front. I thoughtlessly kept mine waiting, too.

"When we came out, each of us ran for our own cab. Of course, she got me out of mine quickly enough but, do you know, a story appeared in the paper next morning inferring that we were on the verge of separation just because of the cab incident? Five minutes married, and separating! It looked as if we were out for a record."

He thought for a moment, then spread out his hands helplessly. "Really," he said, "what can I say about my marriage? I must love her, or I wouldn't have married her. Should I go around shouting about 'my ideal,' 'perfect love,' 'dreams come true'? I think not."

There didn't seem to be much else to say on the subject, so I got up. He walked to the edge of the set with me.

"So you see," he said, "it isn't that I refuse to talk about it; it's just that there isn't much that I can sensibly say."

It seemed to me that the opposite was true; he had said a great deal of sense. We shook hands, and I had an afterthought.

"By the way," I asked, "how do you like being married?"

He grinned and said, "It's great!"

A Swift Wedding.—You could have knocked us over with half a feather, when we heard about the marriage of Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel. We knew Heather played polo and all that, but never suspected this represented an interest in Ralph who is also a devotee of the game. After six weeks' courtship, very quietly conducted, they dashed to Yuma for their marriage.

Dashed, did we say? Well, that's not exactly true. They had to hitchhike part of the way, because their motor broke down, until a benevolent gas-station operator came to their rescue and drove them a hundred or

Hollywood High Lights

two hundred miles to the Arizona town.

They're very happy now, and living in Ralph's house out in Benedict Canyon. But the marriage of Heather will probably leave her mother, to whom she is devoted, very lonely.

An Affectionate Tribute.—Stranger and stranger are the customs that are becoming popular in movieland. They're indicative of a new enthusiasm and zest pervading the colony, along with a franker emotional spirit. For instance, at a dinner honoring Max Reinhardt, a song

in Yiddish was rendered by Al Jolson—a very dramatic and descriptive number. And when Al had finished to ringing applause, Reinhardt himself in a supreme gesture left his place at table, hurried over to Jolson, embraced him and, according to all the best accounts, planted a kiss on his cheek. And was Al's face crimson!

This Terrible Communism.—Film stars have lately had a terrible time proving they are not Red sympathizers. Jimmy Cagney, Dolores del Rio, Ramon Novarro, and Lupe Velez were all implicated, because of

some letters written by leaders of the communists which bandied about their names. They all entered vociferous denials immediately, but as there happened to be a big drive on against the Reds at the time, the stars were caused no end of trouble trying to clear the charges.

Of all the stars, Cagney had the most bother, because he was named as the financial supporter of the communists, and all that he had been doing, he said, was making some charity donations to people he thought were poor, through regulation channels that offer this help.

Pola True to Form.—Pola Negri came West on what was described as a "secret mission," and then immediately commenced to thresh it out in the courts with Prince Mdivani as publicly as possible. When, by the way, will the final chapter in that marital adventure be written?

Pola also lunched with Ernst Lubitsch for old time's sake, and there was talk of their making a picture together. Pola quite surprised with her dash and attractiveness.

Friendly, Not Romantic.—Recurrently the question arises: Will Elissa Landi wed Abram Chasins, the composer? He visits the beautiful star practically semiannually, but we're going to say once and for all that the finale will not be matrimony. Elissa will marry, we're sure, but she and Chasins are just devoted friends—nothing more.

Honored Without Envy.—Grace Moore has got more lavish praise from stars than any other personage who ever achieved success in pictures. They just packed the theater to see "One Night of Love" when it had its première in Hollywood. Not a single luminary seemed averse to her triumph. It isn't often that movieland thus opens its heart to welcome a new celebrity.

New Three Musketeers.—Clark Gable, Douglas Fairbanks, and Bruce Cabot now form a threesome. The official introduction to the lodge, when Fairbanks is in town, consists in taking a sun bath atop Doug's dressing room, and a steam bath immediately following. There are various members of the clan who do this, the majority being producers. But the new stellar group now appears in the process of formation.

Boogey Replaced.—Mae West has a new monkey to replace Boogey who died about a year ago. She calls the little ape Junior, probably meaning Boogey, Jr. It was her sister,

Beverly, who helped her get the pet, and Mae swears and asseverates that not only is he a good little monkey, but also he is a film critic. He likes *Mickey Mouse*, and is bored with social-problem plays.

Incidentally, Mae's whole family is with her in California now—Doctor Jack West, her father; Jack, Jr., her brother, and Mrs. Beverly West Baikoff, her sister, with hubby, Robert.

Going, Going Hollywood.—And while we're mentioning Mae, her colored maid, Libby Taylor, has gone swanky all of a sudden. She has been appearing in pictures other than the West films. Recently Mae's father arrived at *la* West's apartment of an early morning, anticipating the privilege of grabbing a snack to eat.

He found a note on the table from Libby which read: "Breakfast will be late; I've gone horseback riding."



Carol Coombe, daughter of Sir Thomas and Lady Coombe, is Universal's latest British importation for "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Each Shining Hour.—Una Merkel gets the palm for the latest odd doo-dad installed in a home. She has a sundial, whereon the shadow points to a certain star to tell what o'clock. Norma Shearer is high noon. Greta Garbo late afternoon. Other luminaries are Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford, Jeanette MacDonald, Jean Harlow, Robert Montgomery, and Lionel Barrymore. Now all Una needs to add to the clock is an alarm called Louis B. Mayer, he being the big boss of MGM.

Kindergarten Days.—So many youngsters have found their way into the movies, especially since the success of Shirley Temple, that the Board of Education in Los Angeles

decided to open a kindergarten class at the studios. And who do you suppose is in it? None other than Baby Le Roy.

Other kiddies enrolled are Baby Jane Quigley and Billy Lee.

Then there's Shirley, Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl, and David Durand as prize pupils in the older grades.

Sometimes we think that the real mistake is made in not giving the grown-ups courses, too.

Free, White and Broke.—Funniest thing that has happened in quite a while was when Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez tried to get a passport to England and found they couldn't pay for it. The passport fee was two dollars, and all they had between them, after Johnny had ransacked his pockets, and Lupe had emptied her handbag, was \$1.95. Finally they had to borrow a nickel from a photographer, who was trying to take their picture.

Erin Lures Spencer.—Spencer Tracy has taken up a little with Erin O'Brien Moore, since the romance between Loretta Young and himself has chilled. It's the Irish of it, you know.

Final Chapter.—The seal is finally being put on the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent separation, as they are divorcing. Miss Chatterton will probably marry again, despite all assertions to the contrary. Brent will continue the bachelor life for the present. Despite the fact that they are very good friends, we don't anticipate he'll wed Garbo.

Dix Becomes Atavistic.—Richard Dix walked right into a contract when he returned from his honeymoon trip, which was in reality a journey from the East Coast, where he was married, to the West Coast by boat. He and his secretary-bride, Virginia Webster, are very happy, especially since everything seems to be breaking just right for Dick. One of the two pictures he is to appear in under his new RKO contract will be the story of his grandfather, John Brimmer, who came over on the *Mayflower*, and was kidnaped for four years by the Indians.

The Marches' Ménage.—The swankiest new home in Hollywood is now owned by the Fredric Marches, with the possible exception of Warner Baxter's. The March residence is an artistic place, and possesses one of the most ample patios we have ever seen. The hand-printing of the rooms in the house even

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FRIENDLY—BUT FIRM



Photo by Welbourne

"Hollywood has its faults," says Dick, "but what it can do for you more than compensates. For me it's Santa Claus!"

BEING a *good guy* in Hollywood is all right—up to a certain point.

Two energetic years in pictures have taught Dick Powell this and sundry other pertinent facts concerning the art of lasting in the movies.

"I'm crazy about Hollywood and my work," he declares with his natural buoyancy. But when you wangle him into a confiding frame of mind, he turns chummy and adds, "Still, I'm not *crazy!*"

"I've discovered that there are psychological moments in film careers when a fellow has to stand up and holler for himself. If he doesn't, he's lulled into a false sense of security and when he eventually gets wise it's too late.

"A couple of years in Hollywood teaches you that success doesn't necessarily come to the diligent. Unless the diligent demand when the demanding's appropriate."

Many players aren't blessed with sufficient brightness to recognize the critical periods in their professional lives. Those who had the idea that Dick Powell could croon better than he could think are no longer suffering from this delusion, however. The most agreeable person on the Warner lot, he demonstrated that he packs a punch.

He is so genuinely eager to please, so exceptionally cooperative, that his studio bosses underestimated his smartness. Because he is superb at the master of ceremonies stunt and is a riot with the latest songs, he was sent to every premiere and benefit. He was such a good guy that "let Dick do it" became the byword. Even such tasks as canvassing the entire studio for the Community Chest were pinned on him.

Those who had the idea that Dick Powell could croon better than he could think are no longer suffering from this delusion. Being a little assertive has gained several points to his advantage.

By Ben Maddox

The rest of the stars went on with their customary raging and ranting, but dependable Dick never said no. He didn't object to being run ragged until, suddenly, he began to do some heavy observing about things in general and Hollywood tactics in particular.

"I concluded that it's rôles which make or break an actor. Fine parts make fine stars; bad ones are the road to ruin. My chief desire is to progress, and I learned that Hollywood takes advantage of you if you're too good-natured to speak up.

"Being nice doesn't help if you're handed mediocre rôles, and I'd been assigned several which allowed me no opportunity. I comprehended that a year of such bad breaks would finish me. If I am to stay on, I must gradually develop into a real actor. Singing theme tunes is okay—but when the musical vogue is over, then what?"

Clever as well as curly-headed, the money angle occurred to Dick along with the need to advance to straight dramatic parts.

"It was obvious to me that if I lost out I'd never have another chance to earn big money here. So it boiled down to this: I've been getting a comparatively small salary. Either I should be assured of rôles which will build me, or I should cash in on my current luck."

I happened to lunch with Dick prior to his going over to the studio for the show-down. The manner in which he went to bat was typical. There was no display of temperament, no threats. He simply intended to insist on a fair deal.

At first his demand for significant rôles or a raise was treated with the usual stalling. When his employers understood that he was in dead earnest, they promptly came across, appreciating his unquestioned value to them. The astute Mr. Powell was aware of this being one of those psychological moments.

He is receiving more fan mail than any star under the Warner banner, and has been for quite a while. He has proved an outstanding drawing card. The surprised executives bumped up against a fact themselves—he's friendly, but firm.

Now that everything's settled his way, happy days are here for this Dick who won't drift. Having talked to him at length "before," I recently drove out to his Toluca Lake house to note how he is feeling "after."

He was walking on air and that exuberant vitality of his, familiar to you on the screen, is as effective in person. Dick could hardly be called handsome, but he has the most likable personality of any actor I've encountered.

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Photo by Bert Longworth

"AFTER I've salted away enough to live on, and have enough to support a wife, I'll marry again. I yearn to papa an old-fashioned American family," says Dick Powell in an engagingly candid interview, apposite, with Ben Maddox who surmises that the red-headed crooner cares most for Mary Brian.

A WORLD

Miriam Hopkins and Helen Hayes portray two spective new films. Miss Hopkins is modern to in the World" and Miss Hayes is the old-fashioned Woman Knows." Each rôle is finely suited to the ture has the charm and distinction



MISS HOPKINS, as a girl with more money than she knows about, changes places with her secretary, Fay Wray, for protection from fortune hunters, the heiress pretending to be the employee. But it's a long, long time before she is satisfied that Joel McCrea loves her for herself alone—and she has many shivers and shocks before she is sure.

APART

idely different girls in their re-
er fingertips in "The Richest Girl
arrie heroine of "What Every
ar who plays it and each pic-
xpected of the best.

MISS HAYES as Maggie Wylie, Barrie's
vable heroine, thinks she is doomed
spinsterhood because of her plain-
ness, but she has something more than
beauty. It is charm and intuitive shrewd-
ness in managing men. She raises her
husband from a nobody to a member
of parliament and wisely caters to his
ego by letting him think he did it all
himself. That is "what every woman
wants"! Brian Aherne is her solemn
husband.





MISS SWANSON is a temperamentally German prima donna, Mr. Bales is her costar, and Mr. Montgomery is a school-teacher who writes lyrics on the side, while Miss Lang is his sweetheart. The action of their amusing mix-up takes place in Munich and a Bavarian village, and the music by Jerome Kern is among the most tuneful of modern compositions.



GLORIA AT LAST!

Miss Swanson's return to the screen is celebrated in "Music in the Air" by John Boles, Douglass Montgomery, Reginald Owen, June Lang—formerly June Vlasek—Hobart Bosworth, Sarah Haden and many others, as well as the entire movie-going public!



TAKEN from Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The State versus Elinor Norton," the strong story dramatizes the emotional problems of a young wife who is in love with another man and who traces the murder of her husband to him.



TOO MANY MEN

Claire Trevor gets her best opportunity as the heroine of "Elinor Norton," with Hugh Williams, Norman Foster, and Gilbert Roland to make trouble and Henrietta Crosman to help.



ELISSA EVOKES

The delectable Landi inspires sighs and smiles, heart throbs and all else that makes a picture worth while in her latest, "Enter Madame." Her rôle is that of an opera singer, her trouble too much temperament.

IN the oval, above, you see the charming star flanked by three of the capital cast. They are Cary Grant, Lynne Overman, and Frank Albertson, with the small pictures showing some of Landi's beguiling moods.

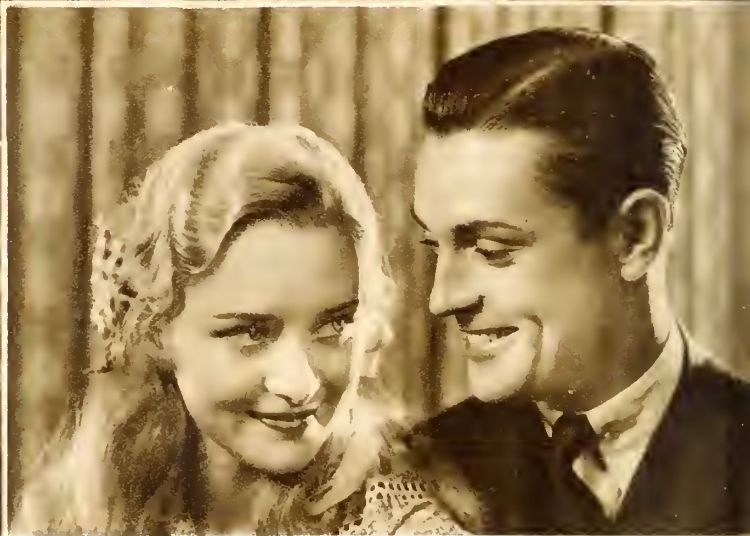




LAUGHTER and BEAUTY

When Eddie Cantor comes to town, as he soon will in "Kid Millions," you know that he will bring the ultimate in spectacular musicals.

ETHEL MERMAN, who sings as only she can, is seen on the left, with Mr. Cantor and Eve Sully opposite. Directly above are George Murphy and Ann Sothern as the young lovers while, top, you see Eddie and some of the Goldwyn girls.



NEW TREND

Answering the demand for "clean" pictures, come Gene Stratton-Porter's "A Girl of the Limberlost," in which wholesome rural characters live far from the madding crowd of city-dwellers and sex and sin. The success of this will decide what the public wants.

MARIAN MARSH is Elnora, the sweet heroine so eager for high-school education that she sells her valuable collection of butterflies. She is with Eddie Nugent, above, and Tomp Bupp, left.

The Queen Was in the Parlor

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But I had no questions, I said mildly. I was just a tourist drinking in the California sunshine, bent upon seeing the sights. Miss Bennett certainly was one of them.

She smiled a radiant smile. That was different. She was only too glad to be of service, to welcome a wayfarer, to assist. Luncheon was announced.

"Before we go in, would you like to see my plans for the new house?" asked *la marchesa*. In a room off the main hall a miniature of the new home had been constructed, doll-house size. The roof was removable, and the second floor also could be lifted to show the ground plan.

I was shown where the game room would be, the patio, the drawing-room. Upstairs there were the master's rooms, her rooms, her son's (aged five, of whom she is very proud) and a suite of chambers. "For my guests, from Europe," she said.

She added that she was investing a considerable sum in the house because the past few years had shown the pitfalls in stocks and bonds. Real estate had rebounded, at least in Beverly, far more resiliently than other investments.

In talking of saving for the future, this decorative young woman showed a definite smartness, a canny knowledge of practical things. A few minutes later at the luncheon table she bore out the impression further.

"This whole fantastic picture business is all quite terrible," she said. "From a purely financial standpoint it's too good to pass up, but from every other angle it sickens, really. The actors, almost without exception, are impossible, and the women are catty, back-biting, traveling in cliques. The international gossip centering upon this provincial little community is terrifying.

"If you go out with a man, you are

interested in one another. If you go out with him again you are in love. On the other hand, if you are not seen at the lights and dances, you are a recluse or you are high-hat. I am in Hollywood, but not of it."

While she talked I realized that she gives a far better performance in her own home than she has ever vouchsafed the screen. Her celluloid self is projected in an interminable series of poses, never genuine, rarely believable. Yet some one must believe them; Bennett pictures make money for everybody concerned.

Constance has pouted and sulked so consistently in her triumphant march through the bogs and morasses of Hollywood that the pout is indelibly upon her full lips. Even when she smiles there is a suggestion of willfulness.

Unquestionably *la marchesa* can be charming when the mood is upon her. She is shrewd, attractive, less than intellectual, worldly in a juvenile way, and thoroughly selfish. Most of us are selfish; that cannot be marked against her alone.

"What amuses me most about this difficulty in getting to see me," said *la marchesa*, "is the fact that I hate publicity. My father is just the opposite. He has openly admitted that he would do anything for publicity, from addressing an audience in the middle of a show to killing a traffic cop. I will do anything to avoid it."

I did not laugh at this avowal, because I had promised Meadows to be polite. Guests are always polite. But I could not recall, over a period of years, any one more consistently in the white light of public notice than *la marchesa*.

When she was seventeen she was the talk of the Plaza at tea time; her runaway marriage with the wealthy Mr. Plant was not quietly maneuvered; her divorce was an epic in headlines; her annexation of the mar-

quis was accomplished with all the privacy of changing the guard at Buckingham Palace; her private life from that point on has been neither *sotto voce* nor soft pedal.

Although the conversation ran to pictures and things pictorial, Miss Bennett did not have anything to say regarding her own endeavors in the cinematic vineyards. This was smart of her. The typical Hollywood artist is full of this and that about her last picture, her coming picture, or the one she hopes is coming. *La marchesa*, lovely but grim in her determination to be aloof, refrained from so much as mentioning that she was on bowing terms with the studio gate-man.

But she hoped to be off to the Continent soon. She longed for the *cabanas* at Cannes and the fiestas at Firenze, moonlight on the Lido and baccarat at Nice. She was anxious to get away from all this, with graceful gestures.

Miss Bennett distinctly felt sorry for herself. She did not attempt to hide it. True, she was receiving upwards of \$50,000 for the use of her profile and other attributes in each picture; she was enjoying her Rolls-Royce and her luxurious home and her swimming pool, to say nothing of exercising her personal whims in dressing her rôles, choosing her stories, and okaying details. She had everything she wanted, but she didn't see why people should ask questions about her, beg for her autograph, or consider her their property.

Her trouble is not new; she wants to eat her cake and have it, too. She is willing to accept the largesse of stardom, the ephemeral spotlight fame bestows, but she doesn't want any of the duty attendant upon fame. She should remember what happened long ago to the royal consort who said "Let them eat cake." Her option was never taken up.

Friendly—But Firm

Continued from page 58

"They've lined up five swell stories for me!" he exclaimed gleefully. His enthusiasm was so catching that I beamed from ear to ear, for all the world as though I were in his shoes. "They didn't stop at that," he hastened to inform me. "They've also given me a raise; they're letting me go East for stage work on my own; and I can sign any radio contracts I wish!"

With theaters offering him thousands a week for personal appearances, and his radio possibilities equaling his film future, his to-morrows are indeed rosy. Nevertheless, he's not kidding himself a speck about this fame razzle-dazzle.

"I believe that you have to be terribly lucky to get into pictures in the first place," he asserts, "and that you don't last when you are in unless one of the powers-that-be has faith in you. There's no reason for any one in Hollywood to be conceited.

"Personally, I was so glad to get the chance to come out here that I'd have signed with Warners for practically nothing, just for the start." As you'll recall, Dick was master of ceremonies in a Pittsburgh theater when tested for the rôle of the crooner in "Blessed Event."

Modestly he says, "I was darn lucky to begin with that part. It was merely being myself, singing and

using my regular little tricks." Registering instantaneously, to-day his only rival as our ace singing hero, crooner-style, is Bing Crosby.

"When I landed here I was willing to work my fool head off, but I am—for results. Hollywood is exactly what I'd imagined. "Cair, though."

This piqued my ^{stably} what don't you appreciate ^{radio vocals} We were parked ⁱⁿ living room and ^{Dick always} going full blast to his rival ^{truly's lousy} ^{1.}

"The he sighed. singer ¹ Hollywood's an ¹ ceed

Friendly—But Firm

People are popular, locally, because of what they do, the jobs they hold down, rather than because of what they are. There seems to be an unwritten code that you can't afford to be seen with those who aren't doing well.

"It's a place where money counts too much. If you're unfortunate enough to be broke, you're ignored. This has impressed me so thoroughly that the longer I remain the less I'm inclined to spend. One notices so many who had, and now haven't, and one can't avoid seeing how cruelly they're passed up.

"If I were a politician, I'd term this paradise. There are more toes you can step on if you aren't cautious, and if you do——" He shook his head ominously. "Short, short story—master of ceremonies becomes, or is trying to become, master diplomat!

"Hollywood's a hotbed of hooley. The average American must be convinced that we're all nuts here. But that's one upshot of taking a trip to the movie colony. You'll meet quite a number of folks who aren't half so peculiar as the ballyhoo indicates."

Suspecting this might be a crack at the gentlemen of the press, I urged him to continue with other comments.

"It's a town scorning the ordinary responsibilities of life. All this high

flying, these sudden marriages and frequent divorces, flabbergast me. I guess I'm not up to the bohemian pace."

He isn't. When he was twenty-two Dick married, and the death of that early romance has left its mark on him. He pays no attention to Hollywood's glamour queens. He's sociable, oh my, yes! But divorce to him is a misfortune, not a casual deed.

Consequently he's determined not to rush into another marriage until he's extremely sure it'll click. I am convinced that he is pretty fond of Mary Brian, but both of them deny all. And Dick does date Margaret Lindsay and other nice girls during Mary's absences.

"Don't quote me as being dissatisfied with Hollywood. It has its faults, but what it can do for you more than compensates. Why, for me it's Santa Claus!

"Ever since I've been grown up I've had a goal. It's financial independence. I want to save a stipulated sum and now, thanks to this recent adjustment with the studio, the road at last looks clear. After I've salted away enough to live snugly on, and have enough to support a wife, I'll marry again. I yearn to papa an old-fashioned American family."

In "Flirtation Walk," his current production, Dick makes a distinct

stride forward. In lieu of being just his pleasant self, he is portraying a character. This is the first of the "swell" stories promised him and he's more than elated with it.

He still takes daily singing lessons and the work-out is right at the studio. Dick tells me that four individuals telephoned the other day asking him to "pipe down." He practices classical scales near the scenario department and the writers find it a bit difficult to concentrate when he gets under way.

His biggest thrill was when he first saw himself on the screen. He didn't get a look at the test he made in the East, nor did he inspect any of the rushes on "Blessed Event." So it was a memorable occasion when he ventured to pay admission to watch himself acting.

Once I wondered who his closest friends were. He reeled off so many names I had to shout "Whoa!" Everybody wants to be his pal. I can state, however, that he visits Director Lloyd Bacon's house more often than any one else's, and the conduct of Joe E. Brown and family has influenced him the most. Their old-fashioned home life is his notion of something worth imitating.

No, Hollywood's celebrated main street will never be the boulevard of broken dreams for canny, crooning Dick Powell.

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Not only did he play with her for two years, but he became her manager as well. And she inspired in him a loyalty and devotion that have, I believe, hallowed his entire life. There is reverence in his voice when he speaks her name. Her picture is enshrined on a table where the sun pous in the window of his room.

When Duse died, Carminati retired to the country for six months, during which time his father also passed away, and he was summoned back to what remained of the ancestral castle. After doing what he could to settle his father's estate, he returned to the stage and in 1926 was "discovered" by Joseph M. Schenck for American pictures.

In Hollywood he appeared in silent films opposite Constance Talmadge, Pola Negri, Virginia Valli, and Florence Vidor. Then, sound and his lack of proficiency in English wrote *finis* to his screen career at that time and he returned to New York and the stage. His first play in America was "The Command to Love" in which he met with immediate success. This

Code of a Nobleman

he followed with several other plays, but it was in "Strictly Dishonorable" that he received widest recognition.

"I wanted very much to play in the film," Mr. Carminati confessed. "But I was never even considered—at least nothing was ever said to me about it," he shook his head woefully from the memory of his disappointment. And this is indeed an illuminating comment on the vagaries of picture-making. For though Paul Lukas gave a splendid performance in the Carminati rôle, it is remarkable to realize that the man who had delighted audiences here and in London was not given an opportunity to repeat his success on the screen.

During these years he had, of course, mastered English and all that was left of his accent was its charm. So, he was ready to answer Darryl Zanuck's summons to appear in Ann Harding's "Gallant Lady" and Constance Bennett's "Moulin Rouge."

He thoroughly enjoyed his work in both of these films. "But I received several surprises," he told me. "Before I left New York for Hol-

lywood and immediately after my arrival there, all my friends came to me with dire warnings that Miss Bennett would be very difficult to work with. They assured me that playing with Miss Harding would be a joy.

"Strange to relate, my experience was exactly the opposite. Miss Bennett was thoroughly charming, a lovely person."

His latest rôle opposite Grace Moore in "One Night of Love" might be based on some of his own experiences, as it is that of a music teacher and manager of a temperamental star. And once again you can see all through the characterization the real Tullio Carminati.

It is this background of glamour and the flourish with which he lives to-day that makes him every woman's dream hero. He is tall and broad-shouldered, suave and sophisticated, courtly and flattering. He has about him the romantic aura of a lost love—he is unmarried. Aren't these the requisites of every woman's ideal man?

Cat Without Claws

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renew her make-up, it was difficult to realize that the poised and self-contained girl before me, resplendent in ankle-length cocktail frock, picturesque and demure Gainsborough hat perched jauntily over one eye, was the fiery young actress who had brought *Tonio* and others of her ilk to such living, breathing reality upon the screen.

And yet it was her proficiency in creating such characters that was responsible for her presence in Hollywood and pictures.

Born in Los Angeles, with her family she removed to New York at an early age. She was educated by private tutors, later entering Miss Dow's exclusive finishing school at Briarcliff, New York. Upon graduating from that institution, she suddenly learned that she must make her own living—something she had not anticipated—and being a true niece of Fay Bainter and of Dave Montgomery, of the famed vaudeville team of Montgomery and Stone, she turned to the theater.

Followed the usual search for a job—the endless waits in managers' offices, the tireless tramps from casting director to casting director—and at last she secured a place in the chorus of a musical comedy. From this inauspicious beginning, the ambitious Miss Burgess soon advanced to the rôle of specialty dancer with the show and in other shows—from which the step into drama was next made.

In "Dancing Mothers," starring Helen Hayes, Dorothy was signed as the specialty dancer with the understanding that she should understudy Miss Hayes. And toward the end of that play's successful run on Broadway, the dream of every understudy came true for her. Miss Hayes fell ill and Miss Burgess assumed the starring rôle.

From that time on she played leads on Broadway and in Chicago, later going to Rochester where she joined George Cukor's stock company for a year. And it was during that time that she played her first native-girl character in "The Squall."

This met with such instantaneous success that Mr. Cukor recognized her real talent for fiery portrayals and, as a result, scheduled her for a number of similar rôles during the rest of the time she was with the company.

The following year she signed with the road company of "The Squall" and made her theatrical début in Los Angeles in that play. This was at the time that sound had suddenly roared into the movies and Fox was frantically seeking a young woman who could both act and *speak*, for the rôle of *Tonio* in "In Old Ari-

zona." Raoul Walsh, the director, went to see "The Squall," gave one look at Miss Burgess, and the former toast of Broadway was launched on her cinematic career.

Since that time, nearly six years ago, she has remained in Hollywood—but she has never become part of it. Living with her mother on a high hill overlooking the mad whirl which is the film capital, she regards the spectacle before her with amazement and affection—and a clear perspective.

"Hollywood is a strangely beautiful but utterly mad place—of course it isn't normal," she admits. "But that's because actors and actresses live there—and we certainly aren't normal. If we were, we wouldn't be actors and actresses!"

"For when a person chooses the stage or screen for a career, he admits to himself and to the world that



Preston Foster hasn't had a chance worthy of his talent in goodness knows when, but Hollywood has taught him to smile in anticipation of what's just around the corner.

he wants a different life—one of excitement and uncertainty, of disappointments and sudden achievements, of despair and never-failing hope.

"He wants to rise one day at dawn, the next at noon. He wants dinner at eight to-night, dinner at eleven to-morrow—and no dinner at all the following night. He wants an income which is uncertain from month to month and year to year, and all of those fascinating, exhilarating experiences which the average person is denied—and he is denied the ordinary security and simple, unaffected pleasures which belong to sane and normal individuals!" she went on with engaging frankness.

"And because we keep chasing will-o'-the-wisps, living in to-morrow instead of to-day, we have a tendency

to lose our sense of values and to dramatize ourselves," she concluded, her mobile face alight with feeling, her eyes sparkling.

Here, then, were the fire and ardor which the camera has caught—and something more besides. For here were stark sincerity and lack of pretense—and a courageous facing of the truth—all of which were further evidenced when the talk drifted to marriage, as it inevitably will when two women get together.

"No, I won't try to say there are as many happy marriages in Hollywood as in any other town—for there aren't. But that's because marriages out there are not founded on the right basis. There is a tendency to marry 'for a while—as long as we still like each other,' instead of forever and ever.

"I think *understanding* is the most necessary ingredient of a happy marriage. And that, of course, implies mutual respect. Love, to be real love, *must* be founded on these qualities.

"And if two people really understand and respect each other, and marry with the conviction that they will not let anything drive them to the divorce court, then their marriage will survive in Hollywood or in any other town."

Miss Burgess is frank in admitting that she has never married because she has never been sufficiently in love with any one to feel that she wanted to spend the rest of her life with that person. She has been tempted, yes—but has recovered her perspective in time. But whenever she *does* meet the one man who understands her and whom she understands, she will place love above all else.

"I'd want to continue with my career, of course. But if ever there were a choice between love and my career, there would be no doubt in my mind—I'd choose love!" and her tones left no room for speculation in my mind.

It is usually something less than a tribute to apply our much-discussed adjective "normal" to a celebrity. It connotes a certain lack of those qualities of temper and temperament which we have come to expect in the world's acclaimed. But in the case of Dorothy Burgess, the term is an accolade and a pean of praise.

For she has retained her dignity and common sense while creating characters that might have lessened her charming reserve—she has lost nothing of her youth and fire during six years of portrayals which she has not especially enjoyed—she has dared to live her own simple, unaffected life amid the pomp and ceremony that is Hollywood—and she has remained natural and sincere.

Darling of the Gods

Others started to come in. One night Merle decided to sign with one of the studios in Hollywood. She was to receive \$3,500 per week, and was to have the exploitation which every player in London knows can only be received in Hollywood. She was wild with desire to see America, which now more than ever she considered her real home.

One night a meeting was held at which all details were arranged. Shortly after midnight she started for home, tired but happy. The big opportunity of her life had come and she had grasped it.

Merle entered her apartment; she wanted to be alone and think over the wonders of the day. There sat Alexander Korda almost in tears over what he termed her ingratitude.

He told her he had just learned that she was planning to go to Hollywood, and that on the following morning his bankers would refuse to give him the money necessary for his company to expand its operations if she left him. That when she needed her chance he had given it to her;

that now she must help him get his big chance. She could do it, he said, by signing the next option of her contract with him, which called for \$300 a week. Merle Oberon phoned the American company that she must remain with Korda.

The next day the hard-boiled film editors of the London newspapers with one accord said, "At last there is a star who knows the meaning of gratitude." And to her they pledged their respect and friendship.

When Korda's company had little money and no British organization would give him a releasing contract, the English branch of United Artists agreed to distribute his pictures in Great Britain. When the executives saw Merle Oberon they tried to borrow her for their Hollywood studio, but Korda wouldn't lend.

It was this refusal which brought Mr. Schenck and Merle Oberon together. As president of United Artists, he made two trips to England in unsuccessful attempts to borrow her.

However, she did leave England to

make her second picture. It was made in Paris and the French matinée idol, Charles Boyer, husband of Pat Paterson, was the star. However, Merle Oberon's work was so outstanding that in both France and England she was billed equally with Boyer. She was an established star in her second picture.

But this success abashed her not in the least, and in her third picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan," which is being shown in this country, she is so fine that Douglas Fairbanks, producer as well as the star, insisted that Merle Oberon be billed equally with him, in England at least.

It is indeed a strange coincidence that Mr. Schenck announces his engagement to Miss Oberon when she is on the threshold of stardom, just as he did to Norma Talmadge twenty years ago when she was beginning to win recognition as the star of stars. Will he do for Merle in talking pictures what he did for Norma in the silent drama? There isn't any doubt of it.

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She had not discounted the possibility of romance intruding in her plans. She wanted Ginger to lead the normal, happy existence of the average young girl. Only she felt, as most mothers in her place would have felt, that it was too soon for marriage.

It took only a few months to prove that she was right. The two kids, after the first blissful weeks, just couldn't get along. A succession of spats led to a definite break, with the marriage annulled a short time later.

Ginger, who at times had probably irked under her mother's strict discipline, now realized that if she was to stay in show business, she must concentrate on her career to the exclusion of all other interests. Religious adherence to a crowded schedule brought gradual improvement until she finally emerged as a finished performer.

The importance of this achievement can only be appreciated by those who knew the girl during her period of development. The difference between the Ginger of those days and the star of to-day is little short of amazing.

When, following months of presentation work, which often meant five and six shows a day, Lela finally gathered together her meager savings and decided to battle Broadway, it took more than courage and ambi-

Lela Lends a Hand

tion. Every one told her it was simply impossible to break into a show without influence. Yet, somehow, she landed a featured spot for Ginger in "Girl Crazy." The show went over and Broadway managers began to take notice. Other offers followed, but Lela still had in the back of her mind the idea of a picture career.

Keeping the managers politely on edge, she accepted one offer and that was a choice part in a Paramount feature to be made at the Long Island studio. This decision was followed by many close conferences between mother and daughter. They both knew that much depended on the outcome of the still inexperienced girl's work on the screen.

They were haunted by the remembrance of Ginger's first picture work. This had consisted of a two-reel musical featuring Rudy Vallée which had been made just as sound was coming in. The setting was a small studio in downtown New York, long since abandoned.

Lacking knowledge of screen make-up and without the proper lighting, Ginger and her mother had both burst into tears upon viewing the finished picture. That Ginger ever agreed again to appear before the cameras, meant another victory for the mother who encouraged her with the thought that under proper

conditions she would emerge as a brand-new personality.

The Paramount picture, when released, proved the wisdom of Lela's judgment. Ginger was put under contract and thus launched on her screen career. Gone forever were the cheap hotels and the drudgery of vaudeville. With plenty of money to spend, Ginger now sported smart creations in place of cheap copies. She continued to climb until now she is considered by exhibitors to be one of the most potent box-office names.

Her dream now a beautiful reality, Lela Rogers is devoting her time to helping others. Old friends from vaudeville days write her for advice and assistance. Girls come to her with their problems. Other mothers seek her helpful philosophy. To them all she is ever available and ready to help work out a solution. Yet, through it all, she remains modest and unassuming. She would be the first to deny that she had anything to do with Ginger's success.

Be that as it may, her greatest achievement lies in the encouragement and opportunity she has given to others less fortunate. In a hard-boiled community of selfishness and individual struggle, her great heart shines forth like a beacon to those in distress. Which is why she is known affectionately as "the mother confessor of Hollywood."

They Say in New York—

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did do a lot of shopping, marveling at our low-price department stores, but he reached the Empire State tower only to find the city blanketed in fog.



Una Merkel has the rare smile of a contented actress, with no worries about salary, better rôles or larger billing. That's why she always gives a fine performance.

Broadway's All-star Cast.—A dazzling array of Hollywood favorites can be recruited at any Broadway first night these days. Miriam Hopkins is visiting New York, as is Carol Lombard. Carol, looking wan and haggard, seeks to forget the tragic death of her friend, Russ Columbo. Once Carol was grimly philosophical about death, she came so close to it herself in an automobile accident that laid her up for a year. But her philosophy failed her when the life of the man with whom she danced and kidded and gadded about was so ruthlessly and suddenly snuffed out.

Helen Morgan's friends are rallying around her, as usual, to tell her she simply has to make another picture. "You Belong to Me" is a slight improvement on past efforts except the unforgettable "Applause," but we

all know Helen can do better than that. She is to be in Rudy Vallée's "Sweet Music."

Dorothy Mackaill darts here and there between rehearsals, and Jackie Cooper follows George Jessel around fascinated. He is to play in vaudeville with Jessel for a few weeks.

In spite of a hard day's work ahead at the Long Island studio, Wynne Gibson gets around every night to see the new shows, and then goes home to play backgammon.

Warren Hymer, proving that it was all acting in those big roughneck parts, plays ping-pong by the hour.

Stuart Erwin and June Collyer are playing in vaudeville, doing a travesty on married life in Hollywood, and most amusing, too.

That old favorite plot of fiction writers, the one about the waitress who became a star, may become a



Will Anne Shirley start a cycle of sweetness and light among screen heroines in "Anne of Green Gables," and will the pigtailed ingénue supplant the platinum blonde? You answer.

true-life story any day now. Leona Olson, a waitress in the lunch room at the Brooklyn studios where Vitaphone shorts are made, has been given a film test and a contract.



And I had to be scolded into trying it

"A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day comfortably. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to."

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery: Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drug-stores have these tablets.

ODE TO THE WILD WEST

Here's to the Scarlet Lady of the Screen:

She's swell when good, but better when obscene.

So when she sighs and softly says, "Come in,"

Oblige the lady, for "it ain't no sin."

CHARLES G. OSGOOD.



Photo by George Hurrell

JEAN HARLOW

A NEW seriousness has come over Miss Harlow and it only heightens her beauty. She is thoughtful more than provocative, which is as it should be at the moment for Jean actually is working on her novel and she isn't telling anybody what it's about. It's a sure thing, though, and won't it have a big sale!

Brawny—But Esthetic

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"My first work in Hollywood was amid the color and drama of a DeMille set. The director himself is a highly colorful man—a general, an artist, a civilized person one moment, and a roughneck the next. One day he noticed that a couple of extras, supposed to be Roman soldiers fighting, weren't going at it as they should. He demands realism in his fight scenes. So he grabbed up one of their heavy spears, handed me one, and we went for each other in earnest. The spears had steel points, and I carry this scar on my finger as a souvenir."

Astonishingly self-assured for a newcomer, he won't criticize Hollywood. "I don't want to be another of those visiting Britishers who are always knocking the place." He seems very much under the DeMille influence at present, regarding the movie capital as a melting pot with all the color of Cairo, Paris, or ancient Rome. "Throw a net over a crowd on Hollywood Boulevard and you'd catch a Chinaman or two, a couple of Japanese, a few Nordies, the same mixed crowd you'd have seen on the streets of old Rome. There is also the same lavish entertaining here, and fascinating combination of good and bad taste."

He wore old clothes when we talked with him, having just purchased a forty-foot boat with an auxiliary engine.

He plans to take a house here, and to send to England for his collection of glass and furniture. The ladies of Hollywood may be startled when he discusses the Stuart and Jacobean periods in decoration, and they'll certainly flounder through his technical descriptions of sailingboats, but as he is unmarried, and without entangling alliances, they'll want to read up on these subjects.

He appeared on the screen in England, and boasts the most novel fan club in existence. They hire a hall every once in a while and hold meetings. Wilcoxon attends as president. The club's aim is to advance the cause of British productions, and the president's career in particular. Four times a year they have dances, a suggestion the American clubs might take up. On the London stage he appeared in twenty-five shows, including "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

"Sometimes I'm asked if I don't get tired of playing the same part night after night, but the people who inquire are business men who do the same things every day of their lives. An actor travels about constantly,

and only plays a certain part for six or eight weeks, on an average. I've taken at least one hundred and fifty rôles in my six years on the stage, from juveniles to a thousand-year-old Chinaman in a Shaw play.

"I bought a motor bike while touring and traveled alone from stop to stop. We visited towns all over England, a life of constant change and excitement. I'll never forget an occasion when I went a town ahead of the rest of the company, and entered a theater to find a perfectly strange troupe on the stage. I had to rush back at breakneck speed, and literally leaped from the bike onto the stage."

The movies, you see, are recruiting a very different type of newcomer now than they used to. We have Hepburn, a highly educated young woman who knows her own mind. We have Francis Lederer, a "great lover" more interested in promoting world peace than in camera angles. And now Wilcoxon, unbelievably well-rounded, who isn't a bit worried for fear Hollywood may not like him. He could probably turn any one of his hobbies into a paying profession at a half hour's notice.

Hollywood will like him, however. His virile, romantic type is just what directors are looking for, with the action pictures now being planned in answer to the censorship campaign.

If he's on trial before the ladies of Hollywood, they are also being scrutinized pretty carefully by him. "I've never yet found a girl I want to spend the rest of my life with," he admits. "And when I said the romance of acting, I had no reference to *romances*. But an actor can and does have these, too," he offers, and then preserves a discreet British silence.

He draws no distinctions between blondes and brunettes, and hesitates to define the type of girl he's looking for. "You can be very much in love on Tuesday, just a little in love on Wednesday, rather bored on Friday, and hate each other on Saturday. I want a woman that will last all week. If a girl has a blemish, you love her a little less. The more blemishes, the less love. I don't mean physical things, but I should hate to discover that my wife told lies, or wasn't as fond as I am of children."

There you have Mr. Wilcoxon, ladies and gentlemen. Almost every one of Cecil DeMille's discoveries has gone to the top heretofore, and there's no reason to believe this husky will prove an exception. Keep your eye on him!



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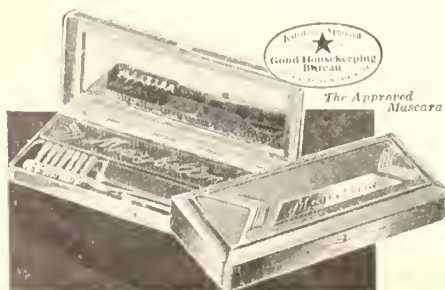


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Paid at Face Value

Continued from page 15

Eight players received \$200,000 or more during what was considered a very lean year—about the worst during the depression. That means that each of these averaged nearly \$4,000 weekly each week in the year, and as you know, stars are not paid that way as a rule. Most of the time they are employed on a forty-week basis, or else by the picture, and consequently have their share of lay-off time.

Unfortunately, Mr. Rosenblatt's N. R. A. report, while it divulged the true salary figures for the first time in picture history, didn't happen to give any key to who got what. That would naturally have made things much more exciting. But then apparently the government was only worrying about the whole problem as a problem, and wasn't getting personal about it.

That doesn't prevent a little sleuthing on our part, however, in an endeavor to find out who got that \$315,000. Those who really know are keeping mum, and a lot of folk have been guessing. Most of the guesses have mentioned Will Rogers, but I happen to have a first-class tip which says the guilty party is Eddie Cantor, who gets a big percentage of what comes in on his pictures.

Also the guessers have been saying a lot about Greta Garbo and Ruth Chatterton being the Number 2 star, namely the one who got \$296,250, but that doesn't quite check up. Ruth Chatterton is more likely to have been the Number 4 star who received \$277,333, at the rate of \$8,000 a week, while there is an "actor" who got \$200,000 by the picture, and this looks like Greta in the Rosenblattian report.

The Number 2 star's weekly wage rate was \$10,000 a week, which means that he or she actually worked only a little more than half the year to take in \$296,250. Which points to Marlene Dietrich, or could it possibly be Mae West, because she is now known to be very high on the revenue ladder? In fact, our private tip is that she even tops Will Rogers. And she gets money both for starring and writing. She is referred to as "artist" in the report, which sort of covers everything.

In Number 3 we have, perhaps, discovered Will Rogers, with \$283,655 to his credit for the year 1933, during which he was supremely industrious. The person who received this is credited with having worked most of the year. And if that isn't Will then he isn't far away from there anyway.

Let's go right down the line. Number 4 among the list of most highly paid people is with fair certainty Ruth Chatterton. Numbers 5 and 6 are executives. Number 7 is an artist, meaning actor naturally, and because said actor received salary for only a little more than half the year, we discern none other than William Powell, because of his high-figured Warner contract.

Next comes a \$10,000-a-week actor who got \$222,000 for the year. That would very readily pass as Maurice Chevalier. Comes next a vice president who received \$211,538, and then another actor, paid on a special contract the amount of \$206,361. Well, why not Dick Barthelmess, whose contract recently closed with Warners?

The next actor was paid by the picture to the amount of \$200,000; the next \$3,000 a week totaling \$134,500, then \$65,000 besides this, probably for an extra picture, making in all \$199,500; the next an actress, \$4,000 a week, totaling \$191,000; the next an actor, \$5,000 a week, with a bonus of \$20,000, totaling \$186,667; the next \$5,000 a week totaling \$184,167. Hereabouts does one perhaps discover such luminaries as the great Garbo, Fredric March, whose salary has upped considerably of late, Janet Gaynor, Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery.

Then come a veritable m le of players all at around \$150,000 upward, including doubtless Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, the Marx brethren, Joan Crawford, John Barrymore, Norma Shearer, who only worked a comparatively small part of the year, and others.

Somebody has estimated that stars received about one-eighth of all cash that comes to Hollywood. They get a goodly share. But there are directors and writers who are not far behind them. Four directors receive nearly as high as \$150,000 a year, their average top weekly salary being \$3,000. One scenario writer, presumably Frances Marion, gathers in close to \$100,000. There are one hundred and two persons in all in the movies who are paid as much or more than the president, but why argue about that?

The Rosenblatt report on salaries shows some curious oddities. One actor received \$25,000 a week, but was only paid for the year \$91,000. Presumably this was Ed Wynn on his ill-fated adventure with MGM. Another got \$25,000 a week but only

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Such a Busy Lass!

Continued from page 46

ing, and eventually I'll take a lesson a day. Just now, though, two a week are as many as I can manage."

She has been studying the piano only nine months, yet can play many compositions persons with a year's more experience cannot master. Her teacher has devised a system of instruction by which the old style of practicing is abolished, and so apt a pupil is Jean that he has expended more than usual care in developing her technique.

"Before I had an opportunity to go on the screen, and while still in school, I studied commercial art, with a rather vague notion of some day making that my vocation. I wanted to become a dancer, but as I didn't know just how to go about it I decided the art field would be more profitable.



A Dresden shepherdess is Charlotte Henry, who is *Little Bo-peep* in Hal Roach's elaborate "Babes in Toyland."

"After the studio signed me to a contract, however, I gave up all thoughts of a commercial art career, but from its study I discovered I could really draw. Since entering the studio, I have devoted a portion of each day to perfecting myself in sketching, and whenever I'm not actually working before the camera, I pass the time drawing likenesses of people and thinking up ideas that can be illustrated with action sketches. So far, I've tried to confine my work to catching action as it appears to the eye."

To illustrate the type of drawing she prefers, Jean took a pen and with a few deft strokes sketched several exciting dance poses, each fairly breath-taking in spirit.

"Painting interests me immensely, too," she went on, "so I'm beginning to dabble in water colors. Later, I

hope to be able to paint in oil, and I'm just waiting until I can take canvas and easel and go to the mountains on a painting excursion."

Who would ever imagine the delicate Jean high up in the mountains, paints spread out before her as she caught the rugged beauty of some jagged peak? Yet, that plan is in her mind. Meanwhile, turning her ability to more practical ends, she designs her own clothes, superintends their making, and can take a hat, cut it into what seems absolute ruin, and emerge with a chapeau that has the style and verve of a bonnet direct from Paris. Early lack of funds in the family exchequer taught her this trick.

The study of French has occupied her spare time during the past year, and she rattles off the language in piquant fashion. German and Italian are to come next in her study of languages, as well as Polish. Her mother is of Polish descent.

While not actually engaged in her numerous studies, Jean spends much of her time reading. She enjoys every type of literature but prefers romantic ancient history.

Plays come in for their share of attention, and Jean can recite, letter perfect, dozens of parts from many of the most famous. She believes the day will come when she will enact the rôle of *Peter Pan*, and as a consequence knows that part by heart. She has very definite ideas on the casting of pictures and will readily present arguments in favor of her own choice of casts.

Her favorite actress is Katharine Hepburn, and Francis Lederer heads the list of actors. Until she saw Lederer, Nils Asther drew her vote.

When speaking of Hepburn, she becomes almost reverent. Miss Hepburn, she sincerely believes, possesses more technique than anybody else on the screen.

"I told her so when we were making 'Little Women,'" she explains, "and what do you think? Katie said she would give anything to be able to relax as I can in a scene!" That moment was one of the proudest in Jean's life.

So ingenuously frank and naïve, yet worldly-wise through suffering, Jean Parker to-day unquestionably is the busiest girl in Hollywood. "I have so much to do," she confides, when one marvels at her multitudinous activities and studies, "that I can't find time to do half the things I'd like to accomplish."

Despite this statement, the little gal is doing right well by herself.

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Let's Go See Savo

Continued from page 45

Jackie looked about him. "Gee whiz, you'd put us up a crab apple tree, wouldn't you?" he said, as Mr. MacArthur sauntered over to talk to us.

The scene opens with the kids shaking the tree, they see the pigeon which flies toward them, they catch it, read the message it carries, and let it go. That's all, but my goodness! Ever try to get a pigeon to fly into a tree where a couple of kids are shaking apples? Well, try it sometime. You'll understand why pictures cost money. With an \$8,000 a day overhead, three hours of one is consumed in a scene important but brief, taking perhaps a minute to flash on the screen. Over and over again it was taken until Charlie complained bitterly that his arms were about to break. "My hands, too," piped Jackie.

"Ask that pigeon what he thinks of it," said MacArthur. "He'll be wondering who wrote this story, as the wrestler did. And I'm beginning to wonder the same thing."

"You're lucky in one thing, anyway. You're your own boss and can do what you like," I said.

"I'm beginning to think we're not lucky," said MacArthur with the funny little smile he has when he wants to try out somebody's sense of humor. "There is too much to do. I actually have to get up mornings and that's too much to ask of any newspaper man." He gets nearly four hours sleep every night—what more does he want?

No picture was ever directed like this one. There are three complete camera units. Hecht has one, MacArthur another and the third is used by Harold Godsoe for odd shots. Sometimes all three are used on the same set, sometimes they are all shooting different scenes in different places. They are using twenty-five hundred people in this picture, most of them Russians. There are dukes and generals and peasants and ex-waiters.

The one idea of Hecht and MacArthur apparently is to keep out of the rut of tradition and cut-and-dried story methods.

The story of their second picture is briefly: A circus clown, Jimmy Savo, is traveling through Russia just after the outbreak of the Revolution. He loses his troupe and meets a family of aristocrats trying to escape to France. He tells them his troubles, not knowing that they are Royalists. He has costumes and passports but no actors and has to give a show or

starve. The aristocrats, who have no passports and need disguises, say they will act for him, and join the troupe. The family consists of General Onyegin, played by Nikita Balueff who brought us the "Chauve Souris," the Grand Duchess, his wife, is Cecilia Loftus who played Aunt Cornelia in "East Lynne" a few years ago and is one of the fine comediennesses of the stage. Their daughter, the Princess Heana is Edwina Armstrong; their son, Prince Kolis, is George André; and their niece, Nina, is Whitney Bourne. You can see that this set-up gives room for all sorts of complications.

Although Miss Bourne played a small part in "Crime Without Passion," you probably discovered her for yourselves, but I pick her as being potentially a very big star and box-office favorite. She has the mystery and allure that Garbo possessed at the beginning of her career. I don't mean to compare them—they are utterly different—but since that time I have not seen a young actress with the glamorous qualities for romantic drama that this girl has. Very tall, very slender, very blond, she has a witchery of expression that one does not soon forget.

As yet she has had little experience in acting, but what she lacks in technique she makes up in feeling, ripping into a scene with such a tempest of emotion that she cannot fail to carry her audience with her. Her managers are wisely feeding her to the public in small portions. She will have a larger part in this picture than she had in the first, but she will not be asked to shoulder the burden placed on a star until she is strong enough to carry it.

Edwina Armstrong is quite another type. She is small, a platinum blonde like Whitney, but she is bubbling over with life and vitality. Edwina is a dancer, having studied with Mordkin and Fokine, and dances ballet in this picture.

When I caught up with Whitney she was being made up. The make-up tent was a good quarter of a mile away from where they were shooting, a lean-to beside a shed under which a long wide table had been built and the wonders of the art of make-up spread thereon. A hair-dresser was working over some hair that had to be made straight for an extra girl and the make-up man was covering Whitney's lovely face with grease paint.

She wore a suit of white silk crêpe

embroidered in silver thread that fit her skin-tight and made it impossible for her to sit down without slipping it off her shoulders. It was vastly becoming, for her body is as graceful as a willow.

Later I saw her on the set pushing and shoving at the circus wagon which had got stuck in the mud and required the efforts of the whole troupe to extricate. The action of the scene required that Cecilia Loftus be in the wagon and remain there. She stood the bumping and jolting, but when the prop man played the hose over it to give the effect of rain she was no longer a silent victim, because the roof leaked like a sieve. "Can't something be done about this? It's wet in here," she cried over and

some day. She is terrified of being interviewed and it makes her nervous to have strangers on the set.

"I feel that they must be criticizing me and thinking 'What does she think she can do?' I don't suppose they are thinking about me at all, but I just feel that way and then I can't do anything. I don't feel so on the stage. It seems different somehow. An audience seems to belong in a theater, but it doesn't seem to belong on a movie set. It is because I haven't had experience enough, I suppose, and perhaps I shall get over it."

The housing of this outfit took some generalship. There are a few inns within three miles of the location and these are filled up with the company; about two dozen cottages house and feed others. Whitney is the only guest in the farmhouse in which she is domiciled.

A Russian village has been built quite successfully. A rough stone house with a thatched roof serves as a jail which poor Jimmy Savo is thrown into because of something he did. The children of the town who adore him, determine to free him, swarm over the roof of the jail, some two hundred of them, and overpower the guards.

These guards are played by Ayub and Ghafoon Kahn, two wrestlers from Afghanistan whose family for generations have been wrestlers. The one who got the worst of it was Ayub. He is six feet four and weighs two hundred and forty pounds. The kids had been told to stamp on him and kick him and they took it literally. In groups of threes and fours they vaulted off the roof and onto poor Ayub, bore him to the ground and knocked him out. It took the attending physician a quarter of an hour to bring him to. He shook his head to get the buzz out of it and roared, "Say, who the devil wrote this story anyway?"

Hecht and MacArthur, according to their rule to have all the fun they can get out of life, ran to the make-up tent and emerged with long beards and whiskers, hiding from the wrath of Ayub.

At that point some one pulled out a cigarette. "Ah," said Jimmy Savo, "allow me to play a light part here," and held the match.

Well, it was a grand location if it was a crazy one, but they were working two days ahead of schedule and if that efficiency is the result of playing games during working hours, Hollywood will be writing a new clause in its contracts for directors.



Al Jolson puts on blackface the better to carve with heart and soul Ruby Keeler's Thanksgiving turkey.

over again. No one paid the slightest attention to her as there was really nothing that *could* be done about it at the moment.

Interviewing Whitney was like trying to keep two cakes of ice together during a spring freshet. Now I saw her and now I didn't. After the make-up was applied she had to go to lunch, another quarter of a mile away, and the whole outfit piled in after us so we couldn't talk. We were to meet later on the set, but by the time I got there she was working, but I gathered during our trek that she liked acting better than anything in the world and her chief ambition in life was to become a great actress

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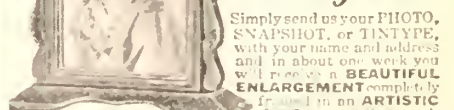
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Stars in the Sky

Continued from page 35

rights. Rarely do fellow passengers speak to celebrities during the five-minute stops for refueling. If requested, the stewardess will stand guard to ward off people with ideas for scenarios, and kindred pests. Only once has a fellow passenger sneaked in a midjet camera and, unobserved, taken pictures of Katharine Hepburn sprawled out in sleep.

Eddie Lowe finds that the purring of those big Boeing engines gives him an incomparable feeling of security and rest. Mary Brian dashes back and forth across the country so frequently that the stewardesses look on her as an old friend. They wish she would not wear so much make-up,

though. They were charmed when Maureen O'Sullivan took off for the East on a sultry day, but carried a mink coat nevertheless. She just had to show it to the folks back home and she did not intend to have it crushed in a suitcase.

Ricardo Cortez, Joe E. Brown, Lawrence Tibbett, Phillips Holmes, Nancy Carroll, Ian Keith, and Sari Maritza all have been recent passengers on planes. And with the censorship situation what it is, and the New York stage promising a big season, business in lightweight suitcases has boomed in Los Angeles. Your favorites may be flitting East any day now.

Paid at Face Value

Continued from page 74

made \$76,000. Any one of several stage players or radio favorites might have benefited by such big winnings over a short period of time. There are various other actors who have big weekly stipends who only work for a brief time.

Big money is talked about constantly, but how little some of the players make may be gathered from the fact that any number are listed as just making \$150. They received that for one week's work at \$150.

Probably about two thousand persons are making a comfortable living out of pictures. I suppose a comfortable living might be \$50 a week or higher. It isn't so comfortable in Hollywood as in other parts of the world, but then it's a living. Nearly 4,000 persons get \$150 a week or higher, but some of them receive this very little of the time. The money gamble is terrific except for those who are right in the spotlight.

Some way or other the government discovered that stars' careers are pretty short-lived, and consequently weakened on the question of bearing down on salaries. The best expectation of good years for the star is about five. The lean years are pretty drastic in their effect on the treasury of the movie sparkler. It is necessary to preserve a front in the hope that one's screen life may go on.

Prosperous times will send salaries up, to be sure, but the days of gold are over in pictures. It is known just about what return can be anticipated from a production, and the number of films that make the big money are few. Furthermore, there is terrific competition among the players to-day—a host of them are fighting for the larger money, and

a comparatively small number are actually getting it.

Some 380 persons earn \$500 or more a week in pictures, and of this group 150 are actors. The rest are a heterogeneous aggregation, including mostly executives and directors, writers, composers of music, supervisors, assistant supervisors, scenario editors, dance directors, costume designers, and attorneys, with a cameraman or two thrown in.

The comparative peacefulness of the life of the executive and director—the fact that he stays put longer than the star—makes a position of this type often far more attractive in pictures. There is good money for the workaday man in the movie business, and some permanence as well. The star is utterly dependent on the whims of public taste.

The same men who bossed the stellar destinies seven, eight, or even ten years ago are still in charge. Probably seventy-five per cent of the stars they managed have vanished from the screen. Others have had violent changes of fortune. A few have renewed or increased their past successes.

But the money question in the movies is still the grand bagatelle. Wealthy to-day, poor to-morrow is the course pretty well plotted out for the famous ones.

Bing Crosby estimates that half of whatever comes in for his services goes out almost immediately on necessary expenses. These are mostly just to keep up one's starry position.

Of every \$100,000 earned by the movie star, by scrimping \$50,000 will remain at the end of the year, and most of them don't scrimp. Rather, they spend and spend and spend.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 57

includes the mirrors, which are so decorated.

Here dwell Fredric and his wife (Florence Eldridge) and their adopted child, Penelope. And by the way, did you know that Miriam



Jackie Cooper doesn't have to be driven to his music lesson with threats and bribes. He likes to practice scales, believe it or not.

Hopkins, the Marches, and the Pat O'Briens got their children from the same institution in the East? And they are all strikingly beautiful.

Censored Statues.—The funniest thing encountered in Hollywood after the big censorship drive, centered around the picture, "Night Life of the Gods," which is supposed to show the statues in the Metropolitan Museum coming to life. After all plans for the film were made, it was suddenly decided that the Olympian deities represented in the sculpturing were too nude, so now they are to be seen in shorts, brassières, undies, and other drapes.

Norma Tries Censoring.—Norma Shearer has essayed to revive the idea of censoring interviews which are printed regarding her. This has always been a rash expedient. A few years ago Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford attempted the same program, with ill effects.

Information, Please

Continued from page 9

ANN.—The two players who did all the clowning in "She Learned About Sailors" are Frank Mitchell and Jack Durant. They are now in another Alice Faye picture, "365 Nights in Hollywood."

E. S.—You might address Russell Hardie at MGM studio, where he is making "Sequoia."

MARIE DAHL.—Gene Raymond is five feet ten, weighs 157, blue eyes. Born in New York City, August 13, 1908. With Nancy Carroll in "Transatlantic Merry-

Go-Round." Please send a stamped envelope if you wish a list of fan clubs.

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of March 3, 1933, of Street & Smith's Picture Play, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1934.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, Jr., who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Street & Smith's Picture Play, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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GEORGE C. SMITH, Jr., President,
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc.,
publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1934. Do Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 18, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1936.)

Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

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Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous English urologist, Doctor of Medicine and Surgeon, says: "You can't feel well if your Kidneys do not function right, because your Kidneys affect your entire body."

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Dr. W. R. George

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Continued from page 10

A Grand Old Trouper.

KINDLINESS, tolerant understanding of human frailties, gentle humor, and the wistful sadness of the older generation watching the plucky efforts of the younger. All these qualities combined to make the personality of Alec B. Francis lovable. To a new talkie era of fans his name may be only vaguely familiar, but those of us who "knew him when" learned with sorrow of his passing, and recall gratefully his fine work in a picture that even in these



Everybody believes in the success of Onslow Stevens's marriage because they all believe in him both as actor and man. So does his bride, Phyllis Cooper.

days would be outstanding for its pictorial beauty and its message—"Earthbound."

The same dear white-haired man was privileged to bring the immortal Warfield characterization to the screen in "The Music Master."

"The Return of Peter Grimm" was marked as much by his fine drawing of the old man as by Janet Gaynor's budding artistry; and even the near-perfection of the second "Smilin' Through" cannot dim the memory of Wyndham Standing and Alec B. Francis bickering and making up over their game of chess in the silent version.

A grand actor, whose sensitive portrayals foreshadowed the naturalness and delicacy that has been so vociferously applauded and appreciated in our present-day favorites.

Hail and farewell!

JEAN WEBSTER BROUGH.

38 Woodstock Road,
Bedford Park, London, England.

A Recipe for Passion.

I'M delighted to see some of the silent players returning. It's like meeting old friends. Here and there they crop up. Recently I saw Ruth Clifford. Remember her in "Butterfly"?

Sometimes in extra rôles Mary MacLaren comes to view. I should like to see her make a comeback. Also, Helene Chadwick, another player I admire.

I think Pauline Frederick as superb an actress as ever. She has a lovely deep voice. Another of the silent players I want to see again is Pola Negri. My heart remains true to her. Is her accent a detriment?

But how can the world go crazy over Clark Gable? He's only a "beer baron" to me—talks like one and looks like one.

What the Fans Think

Ooh! I've said something now, but that's how he appeals to me. Give me depth, experience, intelligence, and not mere glamour of youth and frothy passion. I'll take my passion with more depth, if you please.

And comedians! If most people call Jimmy Durante one, they are blind. Give me, any day, the slow-motion expressions of "Stu" Erwin.

MAY COCHRAN.

1305 Porterfield Street,
N. S. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Garbo Is Grand.

AFTER reading Charles Bonsted's letter in September Picture Play, I felt that I simply must write something regarding his attitude toward some of the stars mentioned.

I can't see anything wrong with Garbo's eyebrows or some of the others mentioned, although I do think Jean Harlow's are a little extreme. If they want their eyebrows that way it is their own business. As for me, I can't see a thing wrong with Garbo. What does it matter about their eyebrows if they can act? I saw "Queen Christina" and I thought it was grand. Here's hoping for another Garbo picture in the very near future.

MYRA GARDINER.

24 Simpson Avenue,
Toronto, Canada.

Unmistaken Loyalty.

FANS, your attention, please! A great moment in screen history has arrived. Samuel Goldwyn has announced that he is to make a talking film of that lovely, idyllic, poignant, never-to-be-forgotten film "The Dark Angel." Isn't that news!

All of you who saw the silent version, wouldn't you like to see Vilma Banky as *Kitty Lane* and Ronald Colman as *Alan Trent* again? Have you forgotten those lyrical scenes between them? I never have! I have seen every revival I could. And if I could own a print of the silent film, I'd forgo other films for a year—aye, and cheerfully.

Please, fellow admirers of Vilma and Ronald, let's get behind these two ideal artists and insist that Samuel Goldwyn present them again in this film.

VILMA'S CONSTANT ADMIRER.

Plainfield, New Jersey.

Slightly Perturbed.

THIS is the first time I've written to Picture Play, my favorite of all magazines, but I just can't stand the downright mean things said about such players as Katharine Hepburn, Constance Bennett, Clark Gable, and Ruby Keeler.

I am referring to the letter in September Picture Play written by Marjorie Payn. Of course, Katharine Hepburn isn't as pretty as Shearer, Pickford, or Gaynor, but when it comes to calling her "really dreadful," something ought to be done about it.

And when she criticizes the cute and sweet little Ruby Keeler, well, that's too much! What kind of an actor or actress does she like, if any? I had better stop before my temper runs away with me.

BEULAH WERNER.

604 North 3rd Street,
Jeannette, Pennsylvania.

She Should Know.

I AM writing in protest against Karen Hollis's statements in August Picture Play regarding Jessica Dragonette.

I wonder if the writer has ever met Miss Dragonette, has ever seen the interest she shows in her fans, has ever come to really know the person whose voice has won the hearts of thousands? I doubt it! If she had, that paragraph would never

have been written for it certainly doesn't describe the Jessica we know and admire.

I am a Dragonette fan—I have met Jessica—and I have been the recipient of the friendly interest she bestows on her fans. I know, therefore, that our Jessica is not the Jessica of Karen Hollis! Also, I would like to say that I never thought that "hokey interviews" meant interesting, intelligent, friendly, and truthful interviews—for those words describe the articles Miss Dragonette gives out.

I think the reference to getting fun out of life is absolutely ridiculous. I wonder if Karen Hollis really thinks that one has to go to the "noisier" restaurants and have one's name spread all over the front pages to get fun out of life. Thank goodness, there are a great many of us who don't agree!

MILDRED BUCK.

Woburn Street,
North Wilmington, Massachusetts.

An Ideal Team.

IN "Forty-second Street" a boy and a girl stole a corner of my heart. I am speaking of Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. With every picture I have loved them more. I am eagerly looking forward to seeing them together again in "Flirtation Walk."

Ruby, I think, brings a fresh and natural beauty and charm to the screen.

Dick, with his lovely voice, happy smile, and pleasing personality seems to radiate friendliness and good cheer.

I sincerely hope that Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell continue to make pictures for many years to come.

A. J. JEVINS.

Bigelow Boulevard,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Praising British Films.

I HAVE been reading for some time the many gracious letters and constructive criticisms in this department sent in by British readers, and I believe that it is time



Fans who lament the disappearance of players from the screen now have a chance to welcome one back. She's Audrey Ferris who used to play leads in Warners' silent pictures and MGM is sponsoring her speaking debut.

some one wrote a letter in praise of British films.

They are decidedly on the up grade and a great improvement over some that have seen the light of day on these shores. For

instance, "The Charming Deceiver," with Constance Cummings and Frank Lawton. "Henry the VIII," with that eminent, distinguished actor, Charles Laughton, and, of course, the actresses taking the parts of *Henry's* wives. "I Am a Spy," with Madeleine Carroll, Conrad Veidt, and Herbert Marshall. "The Constant Nymph," with Victoria Hopper and Brian Aherne. "Catherine the Great," with Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. "The Lady Is Willing," with Leslie Howard and Binnie Barnes.

May British films become better and better and in so doing inspire competition for films in this country, and in that way create a market for finer pictures. So let's patronize them. ERNST S. GRANT.

45 Stearns Road,
Brookline, Massachusetts.

Praise for Newcomers, Too.

WHEN I see such fine pictures as "His Greatest Gamble," starring Richard Dix, I thank Hollywood indeed.

Dorothy Wilson is progressing nicely and each film she appears in proves she is developing into a capable little actress.

Erin-O'Brien Moore played the stony-hearted wife to perfection. Here is a thoroughly capable actress whose work on the Broadway stage speaks for itself. She has nothing to fear in Hollywood, for years of good work on the stage have equipped her with everything required for an auspicious screen debut. J. EDWARD MULCAHY.

13 Sycamore Lane,
Waterbury, Connecticut.

They're All Beauties.

I FREQUENTLY read, in these columns, the comments of some enthusiastic fan on the beauty of his or her favorite actress. Few of them have regard for standards of beauty as the artist knows them. Yet one can scarcely consider this blame-worthy, for what an amazing number of types are gracing the screen to-day!

Garbo has always had her sponsors and none of them can name the actress who can approach her. But who can blame them? Is she not a perfect type of the Swedish blonde?

And I should be greatly surprised if none came forward in defense of the exquisite beauty of Dolores del Rio. She, also, represents her race, and surely there are few of her countrywomen who have a greater right to represent them than she.

I have never been to China, but if the rest of their maidens are half so charming to look upon as the Oriental Anna May Wong, it must be well worth visiting.

Perhaps more than any other it is Ann Harding who can give me the breath-taking moments that accompany the sight of real beauty. When her classical perfection is photographed to its best advantage, who can resist her? But who am I to say? A few days ago I talked with a young lady who thought beautiful Ann dowdy and old-fashioned.

There are many more beautiful women on the screen unless one is very, very hard to please, but to mention them all would take up too much space. "MICHAEL."

46 Palace Street, Ashfield,
Sydney, Australia.

To Hepburn's Defense.

IT seems to me that Marjorie Payn took quite a lot upon herself when she wrote the letter that appeared in September Picture Play. I wonder what she had against Sarah Bernhardt?

Miss Payn mentions movies as being in their infancy. It seems to me that her intelligence must be in the same stage. Life

is hard enough at best without concentrating on the negative things. If she had picked out as many good things to say as she did bad, everybody would have felt better. I believe in constructive criticism, not the kind Miss Payn seems to be full of.

Katharine Hepburn is not as beautiful to me as some of the other stars, but so far as I have been able to tell, she makes no pretense of being beautiful. As to her acting ability, she won me with her bit of Shakespeare in "Morning Glory." It was beautiful. MARY J.

Dallas, Texas.

The Question Box.

HAVING suffered in silence for some nine or ten years, I shall at last try to contribute to the battle of the fans. Here are a few of the things I should like to know:

Why do contributors to this department think they know it all? One says "down with this star," the other says "banish that one." Will they ever learn that a few million must like the stars or they wouldn't be stars?

Why doesn't Greta Garbo make more pictures? I think she was more wonderful than ever in "Queen Christina."



Ever since Mickey Rooney played in "Hide-out" and *Puck* in the open air performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Hollywood rates him among the top-notch boy stars.

Why do some directors still insist on loud wails to express grief? Tears are much more effective. When a star sobs audibly the audience usually laughs out loud. Garbo didn't need any loud crying to show her grief over *Antonio's* death.

Why didn't John Boles get the lead in "The Merry Widow" instead of Chevalier? He has a better voice and is, oh, so much better looking.

When will Anita Page get a real break in pictures? Since her first film she has been continuously miscast.

Why does Jean Harlow get so many razzes? I think she's swell and she certainly answers her fan mail.

9444 100A Street,
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

ELSIE LINKE.

Marie Dressler.

WORDS, expressive enough on other occasions, are futile and empty now, and so incapable of depicting the loss which we, who knew and loved her, feel at the passing of Marie Dressler. If there was no other, she, at least, of the world's famous, was beloved by all. More an ideal than a woman or actress, she had the true magnanimity that made her the soul of humanity. Her philosophies were meant to help all the world. How wonderful and fitting a tribute to her, if we could follow her teachings of faith, tolerance, love, laughter, and courage, and be fine young men and women.

Though she is gone from us, her passing is too great a grief for tears. Let us go on, knowing that her work on earth was done, that she was tired, and glad to sleep.

JACK WINDSOR STYBOLD,
9229 55th Avenue,
Elmhurst, Long Island, N. Y.

Not Hooley, Miss Hollis.

IN August Picture Play, I read several sarcastic comments by you relative to Jessica Dragonette's contemplated journey to film-land. In the short time those comments have been before the public, they have been assailed with much bitterness by Miss Dragonette's admirers. With almost any one of the majority of the so-called stars of the radio as the target for your literary gibes, you probably would get away with it, but with Miss Dragonette, you are treading on the toes of a select group of America's listening public.

You refer to her as "flute-voiced." I don't quite comprehend that one. Can you tell me of a more gloriously beautiful voice than the one she possesses?

Now we come to "those good old hooley interviews." If there is any so-called "hooley" connected with any of Miss Dragonette's interviews, it is injected by the interviewer.

As to keeping her private life "very private,"—I should think that would be something for her to concern herself about, not the columnists. I dare say that there are few private lives which stand as high in the eyes of the entertainment world as does hers.

It is very significant that when any adverse criticism is printed concerning Miss Dragonette, it is invariably written by a woman. WALTER S. COLLUM.

450 Humphrey Street,
Swampscott, Massachusetts.

Oh, Elissa, Behave!

IN September Picture Play, Ida Sidler asks "What is the matter with you Landi fans?"

Here is a report from one. In my opinion, Miss Landi has not had a suitable rôle since "The Warrior's Husband." The producers seem to have the mistaken idea that Flissa is cute. Emphatically, she is *not!* Rather, she is stately; and the spectacle of her running and leaping in her "undies," produces a sensation equivalent to *mal de mer*.

She was grand in "The Warrior's Husband" and "Sign of the Cross." Contrast those performances with the ones she gave in "I Loved You Wednesday" and "By Candlelight." Tragic!!

Don't, please, Miss Sidler, think that I dislike Miss Landi. I think she is a grand actress in a rôle that gives her something to do. She is still one of my favorites, but I simply won't go to see her in a picture where I believe her rôle to be unsuitable. Indignation is bad for the heart, sometimes. LILLIAN MANN.

7512 Kingston Avenue,
Chicago Illinois.

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Jean Arthur	Tim McCoy
John Mack Brown	Grace Moore
Nancy Carroll	Florence Rice
Walter Connolly	Edward G. Robinson
Donald Cook	Billie Seward
Richard Cromwell	Ann Sothorn
Jack Holt	Raymond Walburn
Edmund Lowe	Pay Wray

Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California.

Rosemary Ames	Victor Jory
Lew Ayres	Drue Leyton
Warner Baxter	Frank Melton
Madge Bellamy	Jose Mojica
John Boles	Herbert Mundin
Madeleine Carroll	Pat Paterson
Henrietta Crosman	Gene Raymond
James Dunn	Kane Richmond
Sally Eilers	Will Rogers
Alice Faye	Raul Roulien
Norman Foster	Shirley Temple
Ketti Gallian	Spencer Tracy
Janet Gaynor	Claire Trevor
Rochelle Hudson	Hugh Williams

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aberne	Otto Kruger
Elizabeth Allan	Evelyn Laye
Edward Arnold	Myrna Loy
John Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Lionel Barrymore	Herbert Marshall
Wallace Beery	Una Merkel
Charles Butterworth	Robert Montgomery
Mrs. Patrick Campbell	Frank Morgan
Mary Carlisle	Ramon Navarro
Leo Carrillo	Maureen O'Sullivan
Maurice Chevalier	Jean Parker
Jackie Cooper	William Powell
Joan Crawford	Esther Ralston
Marion Davies	May Robson
Jimmy Durante	Norma Shearer
Nelson Eddy	Martha Sleeper
Madge Evans	Lewis Stone
Preston Foster	Gloria Swanson
Betty Furness	Franchot Tone
Clark Gable	Henry Wadsworth
Greta Garbo	Johnny Weissmuller
Jean Harlow	Diana Wynyard
Helen Hayes	Robert Young

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Carol Lombard
Adrienne Ames	Ida Lupino
Richard Arlen	Helen Mack
Mary Boland	Joan Marsh
Grace Bradley	Gertrude Michael
George Burns	Joe Morrison
Kitty Carlisle	Jack Oakie
Claudette Colbert	Gail Patrick
Gary Cooper	Joe Penner
Buster Crabbe	George Raft
Bing Crosby	Lanny Ross
Katherine DeMille	Charles Ruggles
Marlene Dietrich	Randolph Scott
Frances Drake	Sylvia Sidney
W. C. Fields	Alison Skipworth
Frances Fuller	Queenie Smith
Cary Grant	Sir Guy Standing
Miriam Hopkins	Kent Taylor
Roscoe Karns	Lee Tracy
Elissa Landi	Evelyn Venable
Charles Laughton	Mac West
Baby LeRoy	Henry Wilcoxon
John Davis Lodge	Toby Wing

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Fred Astaire	Ann Harding
Nils Asther	Katharine Hepburn
John Beal	Leslie Howard
Bill Boyd	Kay Johnson
Clive Brook	Francis Lederer
Bruce Cabot	Mary Mason
Bill Cagney	Joel McCrea
Chic Chandler	Ginger Rogers
Frances Dee	Helen Vinson
Dolores del Rio	Bert Wheeler
Richard Dix	Gretchen Wilson
Irene Dunne	Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

George Arliss	Fredric March
Constance Bennett	Mary Pickford
Eddie Cantor	Anna Sten
Charles Chaplin	Loretta Young
Ronald Colman	

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes	Douglass Montgomery.
Russ Brown	Chester Morris
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Sterling Holloway	Roger Pryor
Henry Hull	Claude Rains
Lois January	Onslow Stevens
Buck Jones	Gloria Stuart
Boris Karloff	Margaret Sullavan
June Knight	Slim Summerville
Bela Lugosi	Alice White
Paul Lukas	Jane Wyatt

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Loretta Andrews	Ruby Keeler
Joan Blondell	Guy Kibbee
George Brent	Margaret Lindsay
Joe E. Brown	Anita Louise
James Cagney	Aline MacMahon
Colin Clive	Frank McHugh
Ricardo Cortez	Jean Muir
Bette Davis	Paul Muni
Claire Dodd	Theodore Newton
Ann Dvorak	Virginia Pine
Patricia Ellis	Dick Powell
Glenda Farrell	Phillip Reed
Kay Francis	Barbara Stanwyck
William Gargan	Lyle Talbot
Josephine Hutchinson	Dorothy Tree
Allen Jenkins	Warren William
Al Jolson	Donald Woods

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Bellamy, Sidney Fox, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.
Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan
Bennett, Lila Lee, Marian Nixon, Sharon Lynn, Mary Brian,
430 California Bank Building, Hollywood. Lionel Atwill,
Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, 1509 North
Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 351 North Crescent
Drive, Beverly Hills, California. Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower
Avenue, Hollywood.

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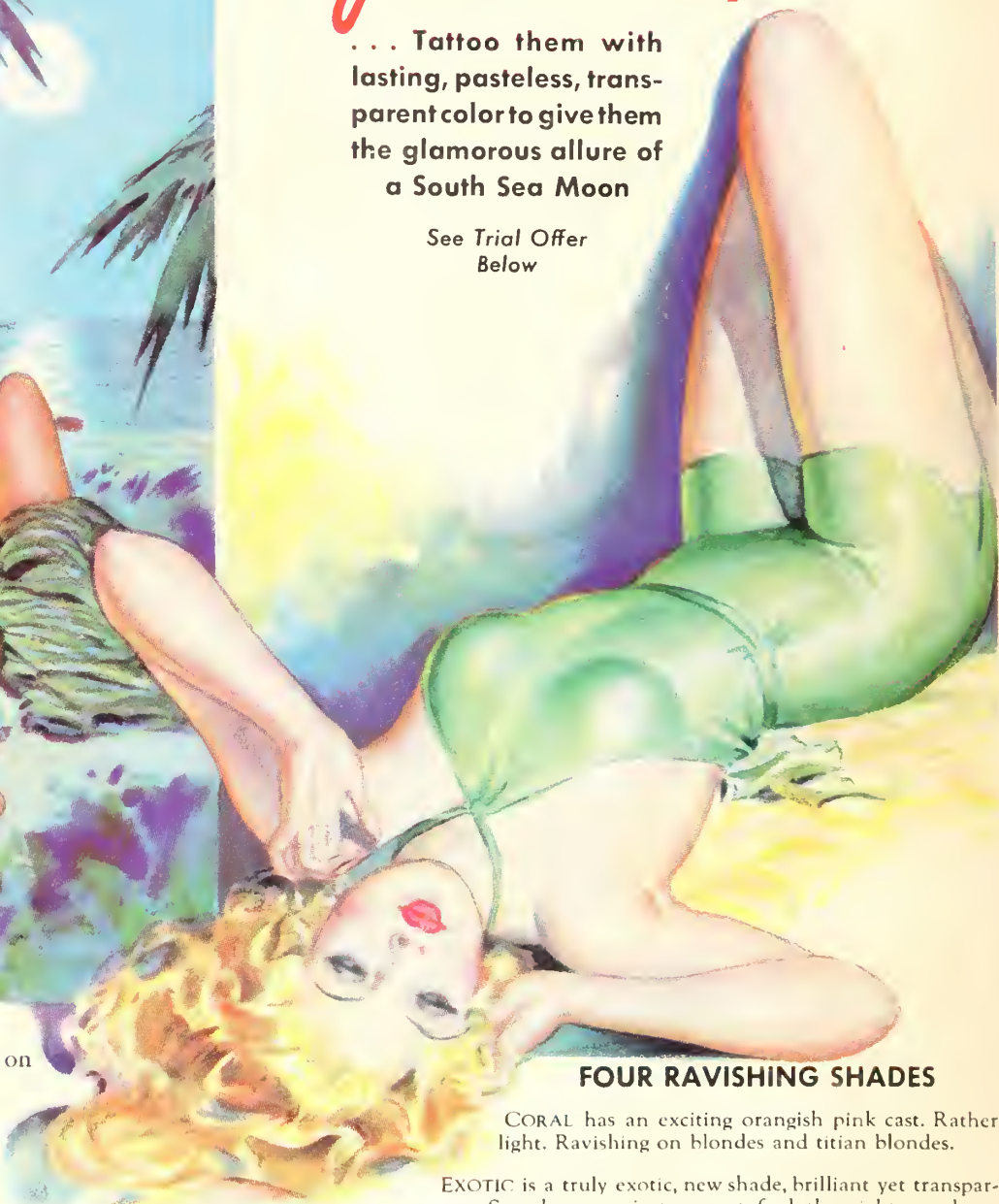
TATTOO

Your lips



... Tattoo them with lasting, pasteless, transparent color to give them the glamorous allure of a South Sea Moon

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FOUR RAVISHING SHADES

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective!

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HERE is a lipstick that is really different. You put it on ... let it set ... then wipe it off. Nothing remains on your lips excepting truly transparent color in the most adventurous hues ever seen. No pastiness to come off when it shouldn't. And what indelibility!

TATTOO stays on right thru ... *anything!* No purplish cast either ... and instead of the usual drying effect, TATTOO is so soothing, it will keep your lips soft and smooth ... lastingly young ... forever desirable! Oh, so desirable. Test all four shades at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed on all smart toilet goods counters. TATTOO is \$1 everywhere.

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A miniature size of TATTOO (Lipstick) ... a full two weeks' supply ... contained in a clever black and silver case will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover partly the cost of postage and packing. TATTOO your lips!



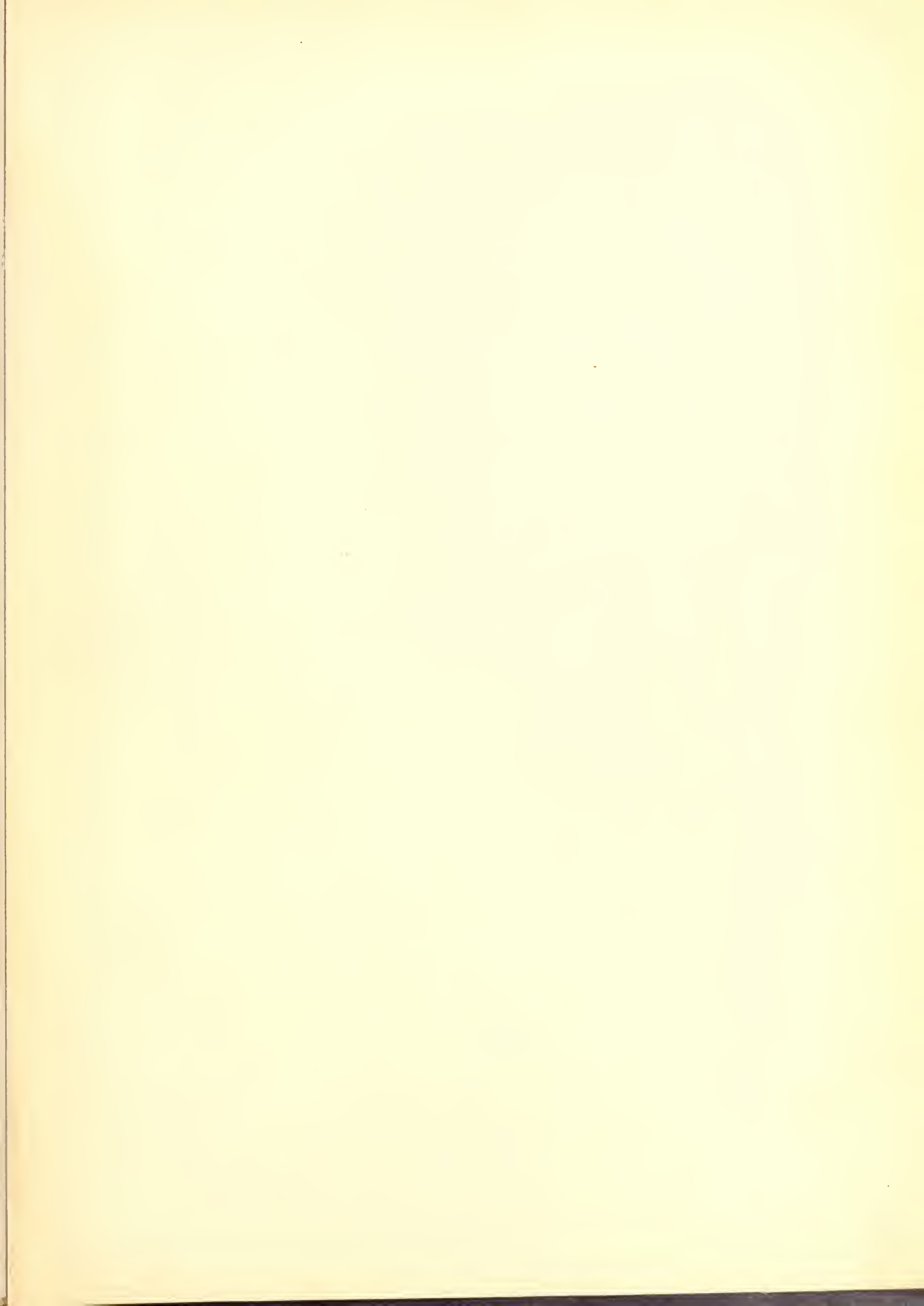
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