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STREET & SMITH'S

FEBRUARY
1936

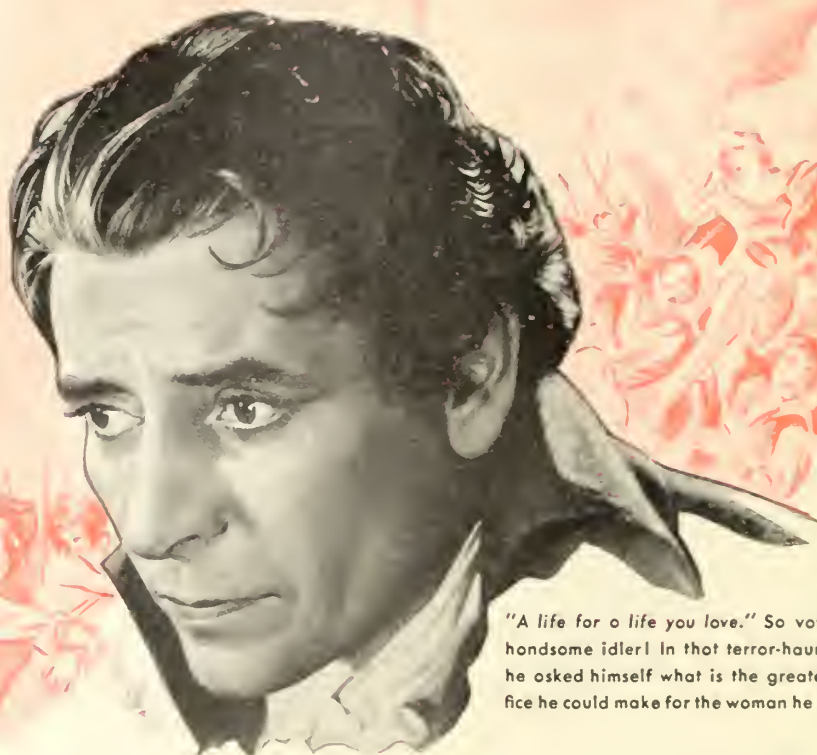
Picture Play

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HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!



"A life for a life you love." So vowed this handsome idler! In that terror-haunted cell he asked himself what is the greatest sacrifice he could make for the woman he loved...

The producers of "Mutiny On The Bounty", "China Seas" and other big hits of this season are happy to bring you another million dollar thrill-drama! Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has re-created for the screen, in breath-taking realism, one of the great romantic dramas of all time, penned by Charles Dickens whose "David Copperfield" was the most treasured picture of 1935. We now confidently predict that "A Tale of Two Cities" will be the best-loved romance of 1936!

RONALD COLMAN

A TALE OF TWO CITIES



Cast of 6000 including Elizabeth Allan, Edna May Oliver, Blanche Yurka, Reginald Owen, Basil Rathbone, Walter Catlett, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, H. B. Warner, Mitchell Lewis, Billy Bevan, Lucille La Verne, Tully Marshall, E. E. Clive, Lawrence Grant, Henry B. Walthall, Claude Gillingwater, Tom Ricketts

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Produced by David O. Selznick • Directed by Jack Conway

STREET & SMITH'S

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PICTURE PLAY

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What Top-notch Blond Star Has Gone High-hat?

Picture Play will tell you in the March number and it will amaze you as much as it did us. Stories of temperament in Hollywood are frequent and expected. You take for granted that certain stars are "difficult" because you have so often read of their delusions of grandeur. But when you hear that a self-made star who has worked hard for success has unaccountably lost her balance, as well as her sense of humor and democracy, you are disturbed and a little shocked. Picture Play will publish her story next month for her own good as well as your information.

And Now Frankie Darro

Let the legion of Frankie's fans take notice! Their insistent request is soon to be granted—and it's a pleasure. Young Darro is the subject of an interview which we think leaves nothing to be desired. It describes this brilliant young actor exactly as his admirers see him off the screen as well as on it. Now don't say we are indifferent to the desires of fans. We exist, in fact, but to please.

Kay Francis's Mother

Mrs. Gibbs is another important contributor to March Picture Play. For the first time she talks on the subject of her famous daughter and tells you facts about her that you never knew before. Her anecdote which proves Miss Francis's clothes-consciousness at a tender age is priceless, and Miss Kay probably will say, "Oh, Motha, why did you tell that?" These are only three unusual items in next month's contents that sets this magazine apart.

Monthly publication owned by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. George F. Smith, Jr., President, Ormond V. Gould, Vice President and Treasurer, Artemas Holmes, Vice President and Secretary, Warren C. Verman, Vice President. Copyright, 1936, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1935, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions to Cuba, Dom. Republic, Haiti, Spain, Central and South American Countries, except The Gullana and British Honduras, \$1.75 per year. To all other foreign countries, including The Gullana and British Honduras, \$2.25 per year.

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"ANYTHING GOES"

They're the Tops . . . Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman, star of the Broadway stage hit "Anything Goes," sing the famous Cole Porter tunes, "You're the Tops," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and a bunch of other new ones.



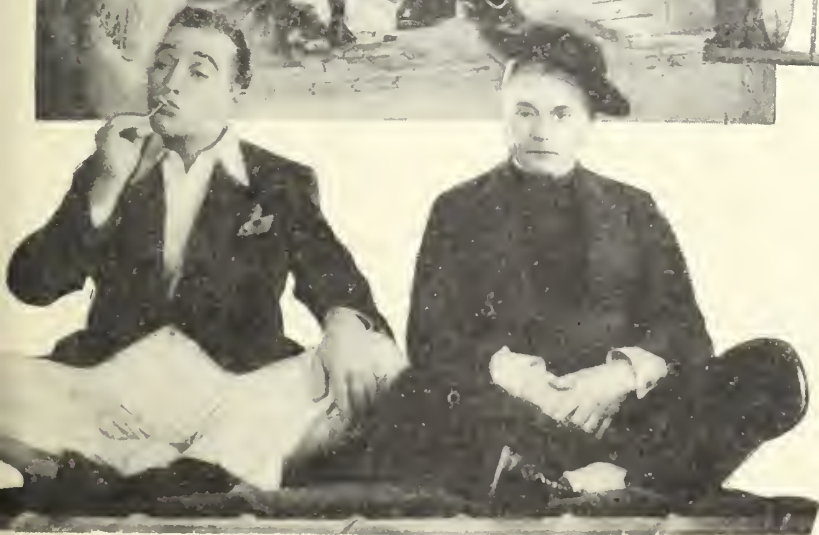
It's the top! It's a Crosby honey!
 It's the top! It's a Ruggles funny!
 It's the grandest show the screen could ever boast!
 It had Broadway cheering — Its tunes we're
 hearing from coast to coast! —
 It's the top! It's got Merman singing!
 It's the top! What applause it's bringing!
 It's a perfect smash, a hit, a crash — don't stop —
 You'll be shoutin' when you see it —
 IT'S THE TOP.



Clever People, These Chinese . . . they know this laddy is America's Public Enemy No. 13 (Charlie Ruggles, to you!) . . . ace laugh-getter in "Anything Goes".



Only a Sample . . . of the kind of chorines Dance Director Leroy Prinz has collected and trained for the chorus in "Anything Goes".



This Is Not a Cigarette Ad . . . but a shot of Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles, thinking over their misdeeds in the ship's jail.

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE...DIRECTED BY LEWIS MILESTONE

WHAT THE FANS THINK

To the Manor Born.

It was with sympathetic interest that I read Junior Michel's letter in November Picture Play. He is justified in his grievance against Richard Cromwell. Well, there is an adage to



"Hitch your wagon to a star, not a flashlight," says a fan in praise of Herbert Marshall's courtesy.

the effect that "Noblesse oblige." If Mr. Michel's admiration had been lavished on a gentleman "to the manor born," his experience would have been different.

For instance, about a month ago I

To Leonard Eury, who has seen thousands of pictures and players, John Howard is one of the biggest discoveries in a long time.



happened to hear that a certain famous actor, in whom I am interested, was in New York at a well-known hotel. For some reason, I could not resist the temptation to try to communicate with my hero, figuring that there would be a greater chance of my letter coming to his attention than if I wrote to him in care of a studio in Hollywood.

Well, carried away by admiration, I penned a foolish and muddled missive as ever annoyed a prominent personage. Not that I was insincere in my expressions of appreciation, but merely unrestrained. However, this did not occur to me until it was too late to retract my words. Such being the case, I had no further hope of receiving acknowledgment from my idol unless, being repelled by such a lack of reticence, he sent it back marked, "Opened By Mistake."



Esther Hader reports how the ovation given Joan Crawford at a New York premiere compared with the reception given others.

Ah, but I might have known his unfoiling tact and courtesy could be depended upon! Instead, or in spite of, my being just another idiot, he took the trouble to have my foolish note forwarded to his studio in Hollywood. A short time after his return to the film capital, I was astonished to receive a beautiful photograph of my star, which carried not a rubber-stamp facsimile but a genuine autograph. Talk about the thrill that comes once in a lifetime!

Now, can you guess who this paragon of culture and refinement might be? Well, it's none other than Herbert Marshall.

Therefore, Junior Michel, next time you pick yourself a hero, choose a man, not a callow youth who does not yet know what it's all about. Hitch your wagon to a star, not a flashlight.
G. W.

Queens Village, Long Island,
New York.



Bettee Sencebaugh pays an extraordinary tribute to the genius of Elisabeth Bergner.

Not To Be Overlooked.

I HAVE learned to rely on the Norbert Lusk reviews, for I have discovered that he is usually a dependable guide to the current movie fare. I was disappointed, however, that he failed to comment on the amazing performance of John Howard as "Duncan Holey" in "Annapolis Farewell."

Continued on page 12

"A California Fan" disputes the verdict of "The Jury of Beauty" and nominates Dolores del Rio as supreme.





Eddie Cantor gives you the time of your lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men . . . He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *Presents*

EDDIE CANTOR

IN Strike Me Pink

with ETHEL MERMAN • PARKYAKARKUS • SALLY EILERS
and the GORGEOUS GOLDWYN GIRLS
Music and Lyrics by Harold Arlen and Lew Brown . . . Dance Ensembles by Robert Alton . . . Directed by Norman Taurog
. . . Adapted from Clarence Budington Kelland's Saturday Evening Post Serial, "Dreamland" . . . Released thru United Artists

Information, Please

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

By The Oracle

BEAVER BOY.—Mae West was born August 17, 1892; five feet four, weighs 119. Fay Wray, September 15,



1907; five feet three, weighs 114. Sally Blane, July 11, 1911; five feet four, 118. Judith Allen, January 28th. The players you list are not under contract. All contract players are to be

found on page ninety-eight. Diana Wynyard, having completed a stage engagement in England, has been signed to play in British films. Perhaps RKO-Pathé, RKO Bldg., Radio City, New York, can supply information on "The Devil," released in 1921.

ST.G.—When Fred Astaire was five years old he was appearing in small-time vaudeville with his sister, Adele. Shortly afterward the family decided to give Adele dancing lessons by the ballet master of the Metropolitan Opera. A career as a dancer was never seriously considered for Freddie. However, while Adele was being coached in toe dancing, he stood on the side lines and practiced the same steps. Ned Wayburn's dancing school later taught him tap dancing.

H. E. B.—Katherine Alexander is in "Splendor" and will make "Your Uncle Dudley." You might be able to reach her at 20th Century-Fox. She is not a contract player. Miss Alexander was married to William A. Brady, Jr., who was burned to death September 26th.



HAZEL.—The Academy of Arts and Sciences was organized in 1928. In that year, Janet Gaynor received the award for her acting in "Seventh Heaven,"

and Emil Jannings for "Way of All Flesh." Clark Gable's birthdate is February 1, 1901.

FRANKIE.—Paul Kelly has devoted practically all his life to the stage and screen—but mostly to the stage. However, Hollywood has refused to let him go since his talkie success in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." Frankie Darro, William Benedict, Billy Burnd, and May Robson are the "Three Kids and a Queen." A double did the violin playing for Jimmy Butler in "The Awakening of Jim Burke."

IVING PATTON—DANNY RICHARDS—MARY—ALICE—HENRY—GEORGE—BEATRICE SUE PARKES.—Frankie Darro's latest picture is "Valley of Wanted Men," with Roy Mason, Drew Leyton, and Grant Withers. For his photo

write to Ambassador Pictures, 114 North Gordon Street, Hollywood.

BLUE EYES.—Dick Powell married Mildred Maund in 1925 and they were divorced in 1933. Dick was born in Mt. View, Arkansas, November 14, 1904; six feet, weighs 172, red hair, blue eyes. He lives in the Tolnea Lake district. His "Thanks a Million" will be followed by "Glorious," opposite Marion Davies. Did you read the story about him in November Picture Play?

VIRGINIA GILLILAND.—I shall be glad to keep a record of your Henry Fonda Fan Club and refer it to readers upon request. Thank you for inviting me to become an honorary member.



ADELE KEIDEL.—Greta Garbo is five feet six, weighs 125; Kay Francis, five feet six, weighs 112; Patricia Ellis, five feet seven, weighs 115; Virginia Bruce, five feet six and a half, weighs 128; Eleanor Powell, five feet six and a half, weighs 120; Marlene Dietrich, five feet five, weighs 120; Norma Shearer, five feet three, weighs 112.

Y. T.—Judith Allen is making "The Thundering Herd" for Paramount, so you might address her at that studio. For Shirley Grey, try First Division Pictures, Studio City, North Hollywood.

A. BURNETT.—In "Dinky," the rôle of Jackie Shaw was played by Richard Quine. This youngster has played in such films as "Jane Eyre," "Little Men," and "Life Returns." Probably Warners may be able to supply his photo. He is not related to Robert Taylor.



MABEL C.—Maureen O'Sullivan made "Soldiers Three" for Gaumont-British in England, and no doubt will make other pictures for that company in the future.

BLAKE STEADMAN.—The English address of Gaumont-British Pictures is Film House, Wardour Street, W. 1, London.

LORETTA GOODMAN.—Address Patricia Farr at 20th Century-Fox where she is making "Your Uncle Dudley." Ken Maynard was born in Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895; six feet, weighs 185, black hair, gray eyes. His horse's name is *Tarzan*, Buck Jones's horse is *Silver*.

ANNE.—Franchot Tone is six feet, weighs 160, and has light-brown hair and hazel eyes. He was born in Niagara Falls, New York, February 27, 1906. I think you are being a little hard on the stars, aren't you? Most of them are really good at heart, you know.



SHIRLEY GREEN—RUBY KRAFT.—The only players I know who haven't all their own teeth are Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew. Each lost a front tooth and temporary ones have been substituted. As for Greta Garbo's eyelashes, I am inclined to believe that they are false.

MARY WULF.—Gene Raymond is five feet ten and will be twenty-eight next August 13th. I'll gladly mail you a list of fan clubs in his honor upon receipt of a stamped envelope. Nelson Eddy was born July 29, 1901.

ROSE YOUNG.—For a still of Jane Withers as she appears in "This Is the Life," address 20th Century-Fox Pictures, 44 West 56th Street, New York. Stills cost ten cents each. Cora Sue Collins is not a contract player, but since her latest picture, "Mary Burns, Fugitive," is for Paramount, you might write to that studio for her photograph.



SHIRLEY DAWSON.—Sorry, but we have never had an interview with Buster Crabbe. Paramount produced "Wanderer of the Wasteland"; RKO-Pathé "Hold 'Em Yale"; Majestic "She Had to Choose"; Monogram "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi"; Principal Pictures "Tarzan the Fearless."

SEMI JIM.—Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian are still married to each other. Address Bill at the Paramount studio where he is working on "Bar 20 Rides Again." Warren Hymer is making "Meet the Duchess" for Warners.

LUCILLE MAIKA.—John Arledge played the rôle of *Pinky Parker* in "Old Man Rhythm." He is now under contract to Warners. Born in Crockett, Texas, March 12, 1907; six feet, weighs 140, gray-blue eyes, blond hair. John Mercer was *Colonel*. Neither is married.



SHIRLEY RYAN.—There is only one movie juvenile by the name of Ben Alexander.

P. BACKOS.—Nat Pendleton did not lay in "The Bowery." The masked ghster in that film was played by an unnamed extra



HELEN CLARKE.—For stills of any Ruby Keeler film write to Warners' Publicity Dept., 321 West 44th Street, New York, and Ginger Rogers to RKO-Radio, RKO Bldg., Radio City, New York. The name of the singer in "Black Sheep" is not listed in the cast.

TOBIN FAN.—Genevieve Tobin has completely recovered from her accident. Her rotogravure pictures of her "Here's Romance" appeared in the October issue. In July we published three poses of her in the roto section. Miss Tobin recently completed "Broadway Hostess," for Warners. Magazines to Peru cost twenty cents each. Our Subscription Department will be glad to mail these upon receipt of the necessary amount.

CHAGRIN

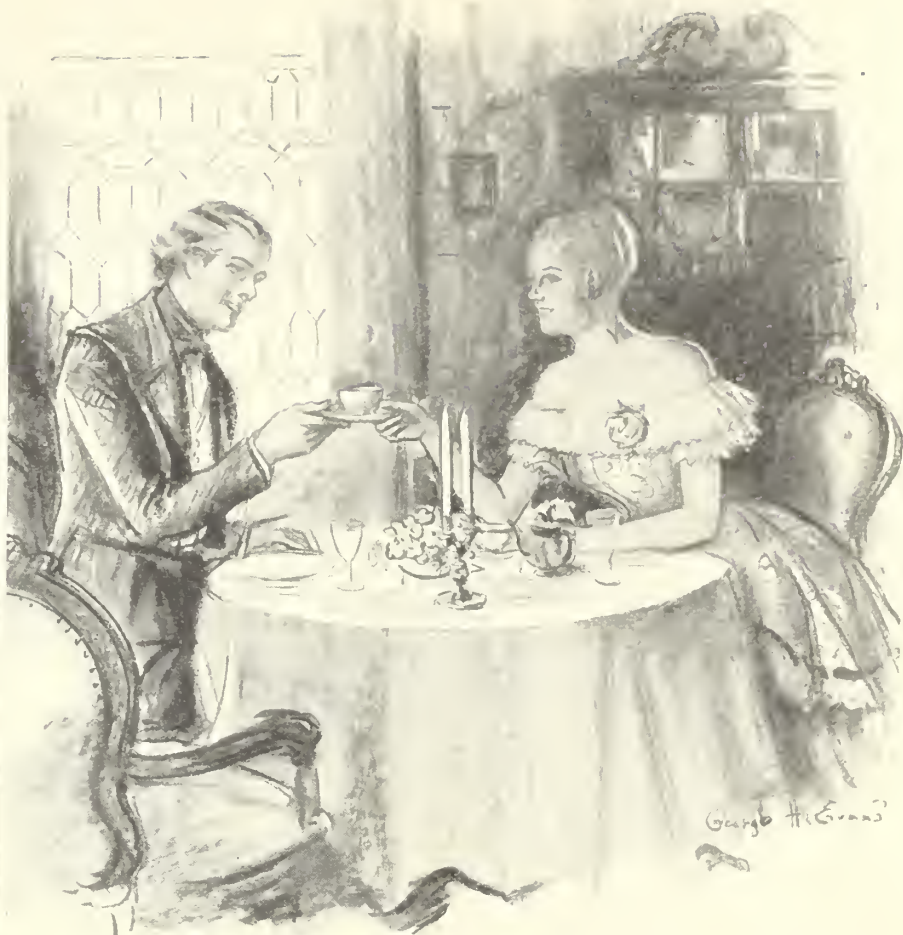
wrote St. Nick for Harding's nose,
For Hepburn's careless, potent pose,
But what I found upon my tree,
Was still depressingly like me.

asked—to use when I emote—
For Garbo's low-pitched husky note,
But what my sock revealed for talk
Was sadly like my natal squawk.

Oh, bitter, bitter Christmas Day!
Just what I am, I'll have to stay.
No Hollywood, no loud applause,
And am I off you, Santa Claus!
Louise Robb.

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

A machine-gun tongue,
And an elfin face;
A tomboyish oir,
Yet she moves in grace;
Hands that are poems
In rhythm and beauty,
A voice that is petulant,
Pleading and fluty;
The figure of a child,
With a heart much older,
You love her the most
When you wish to scold her.
A capable actress, through and through—
Katharine Hepburn, I mean you!
Margaret Morkhom.



*The Tea That Was Blended Especially
for QUEEN VICTORIA*

Ridgways HER MAJESTY'S BLEND

WHEN Queen Victoria (grandmother of the present King) desired to have a tea created for her personal use, she called on the foremost quality tea merchants of the time—Ridgways. Ridgways had the honor of supplying the Queen with her special tea for many years. Later when this tea was made available to the public it became known as Ridgways HER MAJESTY'S BLEND or "H.M.B." Today it is enjoyed by the tea lovers of many countries.

This famous and entirely delicious tea is available in the better retail establish-

ments through America. We suggest that you secure HER MAJESTY'S BLEND if you desire to serve a tea of unquestionable quality and unusual flavor. Reasonably priced. Imported in pound and half pound tins.

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- Ridgways 5 o'Clock—A fine flavored Ceylon blend.
- Ridgways Invalid Tea—Excellent for convalescents.
- Ridgways Russian Caravan—A blend of choicest China teas.
- Ridgways Orange Label—A new and inexpensive blend of pekoes.

Ask your Grocer or Write Ridgways 230 West St., N. Y. C.

DRINK

Ridgways Teas

PRaised THE WORLD OVER FOR THEIR FLAVOR

POPULAR

*"Friends Admire
My Sunny Golden Hair"*

That's the story told by delighted girls, proud of the fresh bright appearance soft golden hair gives them.

To gain new attractiveness your friends will admire, to *regain* the bright natural tints of early youth, make sunny golden hair the secret of *your own* alluring charm. Rinse your hair at home, *secretly* if you like, with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

**You Would Be More Popular Too,
with Sunny Golden Hair**

BLONDES: Natural golden beauty restored to dull, faded or streaked hair. To lighten your hair to an alluring sunny shade, *secretly* and *successfully* at home, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

BRUNETTES: Sparkling highlights make your dark hair fascinating. Add a lively glowing sheen to your hair with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Or gradually lighten your hair as desired, in unobserved stages, to any golden blonde hue.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to make unnoticeable "superfluous" hair on face, arms or legs. Marchand's blends "excess" hair with your own skin coloring. *Always* use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash to keep your arms and legs dainty and alluring.

Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle at any drug store—or use coupon. *Today*. Try Marchand's *at home*, and start without delay.

**TRY A
BOTTLE
— FREE!**

*(Use coupon
below)*

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo — FREE — to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charming. Send for a bottle today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 251 W. 19th Street., New York City
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name

Address

City State

P. 256

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

HENRY FONDA, most important and most popular of new leading men, is paired with Sylvia Sidney, in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." She, too, is on the crest of new popularity because of the success of "Mary Burns, Fugitive." Their forthcoming picture, a famous story of the Blue Ridge mountaineers and their loves and hates, will come to the screen entirely in Technicolor.

What the Fans Think

I've seen thousands of pictures and rarely go into hysterics over any of the performances I see, but to me Mr. Howard is one of the biggest discoveries the screen has made in quite a while. In a picture with such able actors as Dick Cromwell and Tom Brown, I found that John Howard gave to his characterization something of which these other veteran actors were not capable.

And while I have the floor, may I offer my sincere congratulations to Cromwell and Brown for their continued ability to make juveniles seem real? The passing years have dealt kindly with them.

LEONARD EURY,
Library A. S. T. C.,
Boone, North Carolina.

Joan Least Affected Star.

AFTER witnessing the riot which was caused when Joan Crawford recently attended a premiere in New York, I can safely say that this charming actress has no need to fear the downfall of her career. The calm receptions which were given Helen Hayes, Richard Barthelmess, Walter Connolly, Nancy Carroll, and other screen and stage celebrities at this same premiere, certainly made Crawford's and Franchot Tone's entrance look as though the place was afire. The crowds seemed to wish a souvenir, the way they tore at Joan and Franchot's clothes. Were these two charming people annoyed? I should say not! On the contrary, they seemed to enjoy the frenzy in which the spectators were participating.

After meeting Joan I have come to

the happy conclusion that she is the pleasantest and least affected celebrity. Her sincere enthusiasm when asked about her niece was indeed refreshing. She was hardly the sophisticated actress she portrays to perfection on the screen.

Putting Joan Crawford all together, she's the top.

ESTHER HADER,
1774 West 12th Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

Bergner's Genius.

I LIVE in the Middle West, which is why I have only now seen Elisabeth Bergner's "Escape Me Never."

If I may say so, the story was completely superficial, and the ballet looked grotesque. Ballets should never be photographed.

The other girl in the film was so thin that it seemed incredible that she could have all the organs a woman is credited with having. Even the men in the piece did not have their share of the charm that I had always associated with British actors. Outside of a few excellent shots of the canals and mountains the photography was outstandingly poor.

As for Miss Bergner, she has no looks, no figure, she doesn't know what to do with her hands and feet, her hair is a mess, and her clothes are unmentionable, but she has something else that puts all so-called actresses of to-day so much in the shade that they look like a lot of painted waxen images compared to her.

Maybe it's acting ability, but whatever it is, she makes you live her life, sigh with her, wonder with her, and sometimes you cry when she laughs. She



Hattie McDaniels, grand comédienne of "Alice Adams," is glad she doesn't have to worry about make-up as Phyllis Brooks does. They're both in "Another Face."

tears your heart out and stamps upon it, then replaces it with a whimsical smile and a little sigh.

Bergner is like a living flame. "Escape Me Never" is gone but Bergner's genius could never escape our hearts.

BETTEE SENCEBAUGH,
106 North Catherine Avenue,
La Grange, Illinois.

What Price Beauty?

I EMPHATICALLY disagree with the judges in that provocative and interesting article, "The Jury of Beauty."

It is nothing short of absurd to call the eyes of Loretta Young beautiful. They are too large and, as for bulging, are equaled only by those of Joan Crawford. Garbo's eyes are genuinely beautiful. And the best figure surely must be that of Dolores del Rio. Did you ever notice the patrician beauty of Katherine Alexander's nose? Colbert's mouth is possibly "soft and alluring," but I prefer that of Gertrude Michael for real loveliness.

There seems to be absolutely no justification for even mentioning the names of Colbert, Shearer, Lombard, and Harlow in a beauty contest. Charming ladies, perhaps, but their popularity is due to gifts other than beauty.

I have always thought Miss del Rio the most truly beautiful of all screen stars. Certainly she is hardly a great actress; her acting and vocal equipment especially are inadequate. But for sheer beauty it seems doubtful that she will ever be equaled. A CALIFORNIA FAN.

San Bernardino, California.

A Mistake, as Usual.

SINCE I know Richard Cromwell personally, I was naturally both interested and amused by Junior Michel's tirade against him in November Picture Play. Dick is at present in Europe, so it is of interest to his fans to get the other side from one who knows him.

I wonder who the fellow is that gave Mr. Michel Dick's home address as La Jolla? Dick lives about halfway between Beverly Hills and Hollywood, which is anything but near La Jolla. I had a note recently from Mrs. Rada-

Continued on page 94



Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich are not casual or self-satisfied these days. See how intently they study the film that has just photographed them in "Desire."

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

B Y N O R B E R T L U S K

WE have everything to thank the camera for, but that is not enough. We demand more. Until photography gives us the stars as they really are, it will remain insufficient and inadequate. In striving for illusion, the camera sacrifices reality. Not beauty of face but the true image of the individual is what is needed on the screen. Perfection in color photography is what we may next look for, but there is something more than that. We must have photography that not only gives us stars as they are when seen face to face, but captures something of their rhythm and spiritual quality. Preoccupied with discovering the most beautiful aspect or angle of a face, the camera is content to dwell upon that while the true personality, the inner self, of the subject is ignored or muted. In almost every star that I have met I have found something more arresting and more subtle than is evident on the screen or in adroitly lighted portraits.

ANNA STEN is not the translucent beauty we know in pictures, her every move a study in artistic composition, each expression as delicately reflected as shadows on a turning pearl. She is gloriously vital, spontaneous, unconventional. I see her reaping grain, singing as she gathers the sheaves and dancing vigorously in the sunset, even though I met her in the elegance of the Waldorf-Astoria Towers. She was superior to the studied refinements of her surroundings and revealed a self more realistic and stronger than the camera lets us see.

JOAN CRAWFORD is more exciting than the rôles she plays and is younger than she is on the screen. Her grand ladies, whose every tone and pulse beat are the studied creations of the camera, pale beside the quivering reality of Miss Crawford's off-screen self. She's intense. Even her smile, her friendliness and her informality are intense. Her movements are fleet, her speech quick. When she turned from me to answer the telephone she seemed to *pour* herself into it with such unchecked force and feeling that the ether fairly crackled with electricity. Does the camera give us anything of this more interesting personality? It is intent on seeing that the details of Miss Crawford's costumes are in pictorial harmony and her eyelashes evenly spaced.

THE beauty and allure of Merle Oberon, the intuitive movements of her hands and footsteps, were captured to some extent in "Thunder in the East," but she has a warmth and a charm of speech that elude the camera and microphone. Dolores del Rio, an acknowledged beauty, is so much more beautiful off screen and is so much more than a professional beauty, that those who know her bitterly resent the injustice of the camera's counterfeit.

AS for Irene Dunne—well, the difference *there* is something to rail against! In fact, a smart writer found in my indignation—and enthusiasm—material for an interview which will appear next month. I am interviewed on the subject of Miss Dunne. Neither films nor portraits nor stories gave me more than a shadowy impression of her. Her fans will share my surprise in the article. I hope, and discover more of her true beauty than perhaps they know.

* * *

JACK McELVENY, long a valued reader of this magazine, prompts an explanation of something that others may have wondered about. Praising our enlarged issue, he says, "I have but one desire left: to see Carole Lombard's name printed in Picture Play with the final 'e.'" Now to explain why we persist in omitting it.

IT isn't an oversight nor is it because we are unaware that other publications spell the star's name as Paramount officially does. It is simply and solely because Miss Lombard was introduced to the public by Mack Sennett as Carol and not Carole. Graduating from his fold, she established herself as a Pathé actress—and was hailed by us as a promising one—with the first name of Carol. Then, suddenly, an "e" was added. We couldn't see the sense of it.

PRESSAGENTRY said that a numerologist had advised the flourish, and attention was called to her success in justification of the "e." A later explanation was that she had been Carole all along but her photographs had carelessly been labeled Carol. It seems it was all the mistake of a rubber-stamp. We are inclined to believe that the spelling of names follows the signatures on contracts.

OLD-TIMERS will recall that the first time Ramon Navarro was featured in a picture his assumed name was misspelled Navarro. He compelled his sponsors to replace the "a" with an "o" on the posters. He didn't wait till he became well known to make the change and risk the charge of affectation.

UNACCOUNTABLY, Lily Damita has switched to Lili of late. True, she was known in Europe as Lili Dimiti but was introduced to the American public by Samuel Goldwyn as Lily Damita. A name that was good enough for showman Sam will continue to be all right with us. We ignored the change of Buddy to Charles Rogers. So did the public, in spite of his plea for grown-up dignity. Buster Crabbe will always be Buster to us because we came to know him as such before any one thought of changing him to Larry. Now Warners are telling the world that Nick Foran isn't Nick any more. Dick's the name. But why? He was programmed as Nick in several important films, registered in numerous files and identified by fans.

THIS constant fussing with names is needless and confusing. We don't find Harlow adding an "e," or Dunne dropping it, nor even Joan Crawford striving for a new name or a new spelling to match a new mood or personality. They know better than to tamper with a trade-mark. So does Henry Ford.

SO, Mr. McElveny, though this is not the most vital matter by any means—some may think it pretty trivial—you know now why you do not find that "e" in Picture Play and why you never will. As a player begins a career, so shall he continue in these pages. It's about the only thing that is certain in a career. Unless, of course, he elects to use a name that is completely new.

* * *

WHEN does true sentiment become maudlin sentimentality on the screen? Will some one please tell me? I need to know this not only for personal assurance but in reviewing pictures. Frankly, I don't know what is what. Or what is more important, exactly what fans think.

THIS question is prompted by the picture, "So Red the Rose." I admire and recommend it, but I am puzzled by what some others think of it and indignant at what seems to me to be their misjudgment. Some of the New York newspaper critics are openly contemptuous and others veil their scorn transparently. They scoff at the charm of the characters and their sweetness and purity. They are irked by the discovery that they are not realistic men and women according to modern standards, and are amused when the picture describes life on the Portobello Plantation in Mississippi before the Civil War as an "earthly paradise." They find hilarity in Margaret Sullavan's appeal to the uprising slaves and her success in quieting them with a reminder of her childhood dependence on their leader. Obviously, the picture fails to make a happy impression on these intelligent reviewers because it appeals to them as being too sentimental. But is it?

LIFE and character to-day are not as they were in the 1860's. The picture is true to the Old South as many know it. The "Bedford" family did not exist solely to be sweet, but lived in accordance with the traditions of their class. Women of that period cultivated grace and tact and hospitality as virtues more important than learning or the ability to go out into the world and earn a livelihood. When the war swept away the luxury and protection of their plantations, many of them resolutely and uncomplainingly created an humbler and still happy little world, as the "Bedford" women did.

YOU remember that the characters in "Little Women" lived in the same period. But the locale was New England, adjacent to Boston and not far from New York, both centers of sophistication and advancement. The South, with its vast plantations separated by miles, was a circumscribed world. It could not have bred a "Jo March" but it did implant many "Vallette Bedfords" whose charm and purity and sweetness are found in their descendants in a changed world to-day.

IS "So Red the Rose" sentimental because it is false to metropolitan life to-day or is it a fine and beautiful picture because it is true to a vanished and very special society that had to be sacrificed in the march of progress? I wish that picture-goers would tell me. They know better than any of us.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

FRED MacMURRAY

AS likable and unassuming a chap as there is in Hollywood is this Fred MacMurray. Unspoiled by sudden success and association with the glamorous stars he has supported—Hepburn, Lombard, and Colbert—he goes on his happy-go-lucky way striving, but never straining, to do his best. And he doesn't talk about his "philosophy," either, or "design for living." You will next see him prominently cast in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

KING OF BUR



GLORIOUS SONG HITS
 including
 'SPREADING RHYTHM AROUND'
 'SHOOTIN' HIGH'
 'LOVELY LADY'
 'TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE'
 'I LOVE TO RIDE THE HORSES
 ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND'





LESQUUE



THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

THE FIRST GREAT MUSICAL ROMANCE OF 1936 . . . ablaze with color . . .
crowded with the drama . . . of a wonder-world you've never seen before!

1. WARNER BAXTER

plays the colorful King of Burlesque, a true-to-life role surpassing even his "42nd STREET" success! From cheap side-streets, he skyrockets to dazzle Broadway with his happy hoofers and his singing sweeties in a show of spectacular novelties!

2. ALICE FAYE

knocks Park Avenue playboys and London lords for a row of top hats—but almost loses the man she loves!

3. JACK OAKIE

is the Burlesque King's best pal, who helps to put the ha-ha-ha and heh-heh-heh into the Great White Way!

4. DIXIE DUNBAR

is the switchboard operator, who can do more with a dance number than a telephone number!

5. MONA BARRIE

stands high in the social register but low in the cash register. She takes the King of Burlesque for a matrimonial sleigh ride.

6. GREGORY RATOFF

pretends he's the "angel" who will back the comeback of New York's great showman!

7. ARLINE JUDGE

is the burleycue gazelle who leaps at the idea of becoming Oakie's wife! (Can you imagine!)

8. FATS WALLER

makes a "hot piano" sit up and cry for mercy!

9. NICK LONG, JR.

hoofs and he hoofs 'till he brings the house down!



HE WON'T BE CAUGHT WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA

BY LEROY KELEHER

Pat O'Brien has known hunger and privation. That is why he says that when the proverbial rainy day comes in his life, he will not be without protection. An unusual character sketch of a star about whom little is written.

A happy-go-lucky, two-fisted son of Erin, Pat O'Brien takes his liquor straight and life the same way. He is devoid of complexes and nurtured grievances.



Photo by Fryer

ALWAYS do you best have all the fun you can and don't hurt any one. That's the creed of Pat O'Brien, who calls himself "a normal mug."

His very normalcy, however, makes him conspicuous among the Hollywood gentry. He looks less like an actor than almost any man on the screen, with the possible exception of Spencer Tracy, his close friend. Unlike most actors who have but two topics of conversation—their careers and themselves—he is devoid of complexes and nurtured grievances.

A happy-go-lucky, two-fisted son of Erin, he takes his liquor straight and life the same way. He is one of the few actors who never frets about rôles, and you never hear him complaining about not getting the breaks.

"I've always been more or less of a fatalist, never too excited over success or too depressed by hard luck," he says. "I've learned not to worry about the future. Experience has taught me that events always evolve to everybody's benefit. I think it was John Burroughs who said:

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny."

He is rather more than a hail-fellow-well-met, though. Fame has not distorted his sense of values. You would find him a voluble talker but disinclined to discuss himself. There is no pretense about the man and he resents affectionation in others. He is intolerant of hypocrisy and stupidity and just as vehemently champions frankness and personal integrity. In the face of misery he is deeply compassionate.

Pat greeted me in his dressing room bungalow, wearing an old suede jacket, uncreased flannel trousers and a shirt open at the neck. His blue eyes appraised me; then his face crinkled in a slow, expansive grin.

"How's tricks?" he queried. "I haven't seen you since we were on location for 'Here Comes the Navy.'"

I found a seat while Pat threw himself full length on the couch. The room was in wild disorder. I had in-

Continued on page 84




FAVORITES OF THE FANS
Sylvia *Sidney*

A TRUE American ballerina, Harriet Hoctor is a name to conjure with in stage productions on Broadway where she is a star of stars. But only now is she making a screen début. That will occur in "The Great Ziegfeld." Her rhythmic grace, her incredible lightness and the delicate precision of her dancing are due to thrill and delight film-goers.



Photos by Clarence Sinclair Bull

H A R R I E T H O C T O R



M A R I A N M A R S H

MARIAN MARSH has grown up as an artist! Time was when she only had youthful beauty and a good voice, but now—but you saw her in "Crime and Punishment" and you know. For she has acquired a mature understanding. It was that long stay in England that did it.

Photo by Irving Lippman.



Photo by Gene Kotzman

Dixie Dunbar

CALLED back to Hollywood in triumph—that's Dixie Dunbar's neat trick. She was there before, but nobody paid much attention to her and she was allowed to leave without regret. But she made a hit on the Broadway stage, people began to talk and presently 20th Century-Fox got so excited they couldn't get along without her. Now she's with Warner Baxter, in "King of Burlesque."



Photo by Gene Kortman

Simone Simon

ANOTHER importation, boys and girls, and remember, some of them have turned out well. Anyway, a few of them have. This one is Simone Simon and she comes all the way from Paris to be awarded two important rôles by the great Zanuck, first in "A Message to Garcia," with Wallace Beery, and later with Ronald Colman, in "Under Two Flags." She's to play "Cigarette."

J O A N B E N N E T T

STUDY Joan Bennett's eyes and you will learn her true character which doesn't depend on lovely gowns, good rôles, or successful films. She's candid and steadfast, more sophisticated than her childlike face would indicate, but more idealistic than might be expected of one who has been in the limelight all her life.

SIX months ago a college senior, now a full-fledged leading lady in major pictures—that's the remarkable story of Ann Loring who proves, incidentally, that "Cinderella" isn't a myth and that her story is lived every day. Miss Loring won a personality contest and the rôle opposite Richard Arlen, in "Three Live Ghosts."

A N N



O R I N G

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull



Lovely Greeters of

ELIZABETH ALLAN wears unusual things with the air of a lady of long ago. Her evening coat is of heavy black silk with a standing collar of ermine. Simple, even severe, but how sweetly dignified.



WINIFRED SHAW'S formal gown of black and silver is a dream. Trimmed in silver fox, it is distinguished by the halter treatment of the upper part and the side panels.

JANE FROMAN displays a beautiful evening gown of silver-and-blue metal cloth.

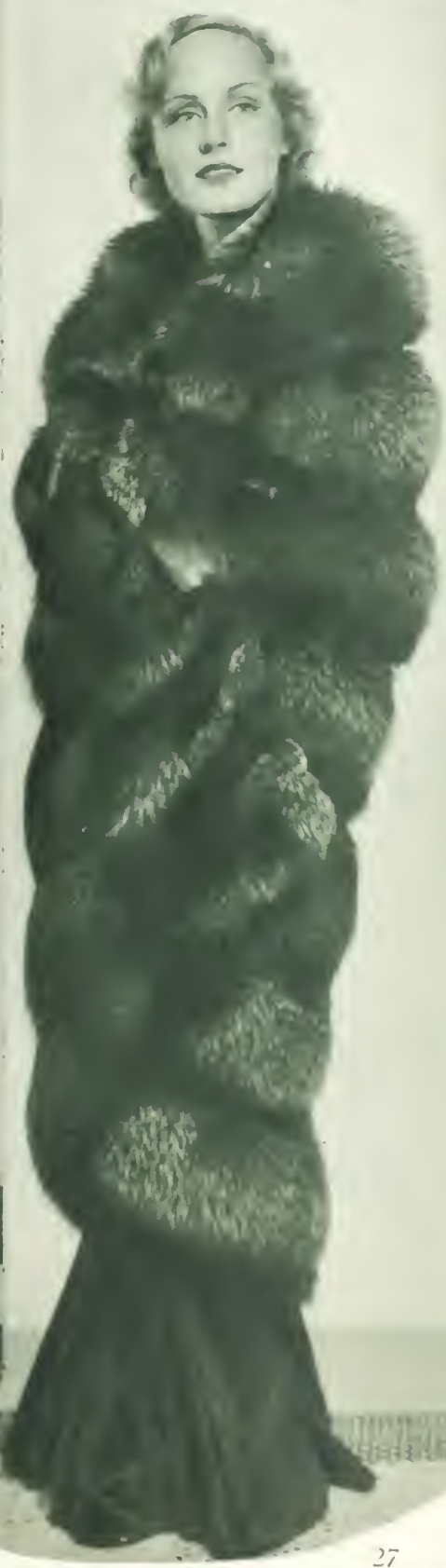
The Evening

ALICE DALEY wears this gown of royal blue velvet in "I Dream Too Much." Draped and fitted at the hips, it is a smart adaptation of the East Indian costume.



VIRGINIA BRUCE'S pastel coloring finds an echo in this exquisite gown of pale-pink satin combined with sable. The cape is removable, of course.

SEVEN silver-fox furs encase the dainty figure of Madge Evans in a three-quarter evening wrap as sumptuous as it is original. Why hasn't some one thought of this arrangement of furs before?



BLACK lace, cross-barred shimmering sequins, was selected for this striking evening gown worn by Jeannette Yerner, in "I Dream Too Much."



SIMPLE Grecian lines are gracefully reproduced in this dead-white satin gown worn by Anita Louise. The low-square neckline has a folded cross-section of tulle which also makes the shoulder cape.



DENE MYLES wears this lovely silver metal cloth gown in "Anything Goes." The scarflike cape may be worn either front or back.



OTHER creation for "I
n Too Much" is worn
ine Hamilton. It de-
upon clever styling for
ect rather than orna-
tion. The gown is
of heavy chartreuse
satin.

GENEVA HALL displays gold
lamé in "Anything Goes," de-
signed to dramatize the richness
and delicacy of the superb fabric.
Sable bands the cape.



ANITA LOUISE wears a cock-
tail gown of white corded vel-
vet. The original skirt front
slash is achieved by turn-back
sections which suggest a Gre-
cian draped effect. It's very
sophisticated for eighteen years,
but Orry-Kelly knows best.

Gladys Swarthout

THE most popular of contraltos, Gladys Swarthout, favorite of radio and opera audiences, has lately established herself as a screen star as well in "Rose of the Rancho." Now she is paired with the inimitable Polish tenor, Jan Kiepura, in "Give Us This Night" as her second offering to film fans. With two such unusual voices, the picture is bound to be extraordinary.

Photo by Eugene Robert Bleece





Ruth Chatterton

DEFINITELY and positively you will be seeing Ruth Chatterton again before long. She has completed "No More Yesterdays," with the popular Otto Kruger as her leading man. Between them the art of perfect speech will be heard as in no other current film, and because of Miss Chatterton's exactions as to story material, the new picture is bound to restore her to her unique position.

J A N E W Y A T T

INTELLIGENCE counts for more than candy-box beauty in Hollywood nowadays, as if you didn't know it! Anyway, Jane Wyatt, who combines screen with stage acting far more successfully than most, has been chosen by Leslie Howard to be "Ophelia" to his "Hamlet" on Broadway this winter. Think of all the actresses he had to choose from! But first you will see Miss Wyatt, in "We're Only Human," with Preston Foster.

Photo by Robert W. Coburn





Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

THE one and only! Everybody's favorite! Darling of dowagers and débutantes! Best of all, the idol of the fans—Fred Astaire, unique and extraordinary! Here he is calling you all to "Follow the Fleet," his new picture which also has Ginger Rogers, with music for them both by Irving Berlin.

F R E D A S T A I R E



Photo by William Walling, Jr.

JOHN HOWARD AND WENDY BARRIE

EVERYBODY wants to know all there is to know about John Howard who leaped to first place in "Annapolis Forewell." The story on the opposite page will acquaint you with facts that every fan should know, while this picture shows him in an off-screen moment with Wendy Barrie during the filming of "Millions in the Air."

ASCENT OF YOUTH

From a disappointingly normal person, John Howard told me.

Normal? Above. Disappointing? Never. The new screen sensation, who has shot to the top with only slightly more than a year of picture work, is an amazing compound of sentimentality and cynicism, practicality, and idealism.

From a young man the most one usually expects is that he be personable, pleasant. Howard is more; he is above average both mentally and physically—a handsome youth who thinks. He has been thinking since soon after the 14th of April, 1913, when he was born in Cleveland as Jack Cox.

Educated in the public schools of east Cleveland, John later attended Show High School where his marks earned him a scholarship to the university. But he never was a bookworm or a recluse, for his social activities nearly surpassed his academic pursuits.

At Western Reserve he headed a dramatic club called the University Players, belonged to the Sock and Buskin Club, the National Collegiate Players, and the Cleveland Community Playhouse. He also did work over a local radio station.

Sports were among his hobbies and at different times he captained the tennis team and acted as senior manager of the basketball team. In some miraculous manner he found time to be active also in the Y. M. C. A. Glee Club, the Student Council, the University Glee Club, and the Thalian Club.

In leisure moments he won a scholarship in English, a Phi Beta Kappa key, a W. R. U. key, and a few essay prizes. No one is surprised when his name was inscribed on the Warion Trophy, an honor reserved each year for the senior class's most outstanding man.

Unusual it is that a person could do so many things, more unusual that he could do them well. Howard acted so well, for instance, that Oscar Serlin, a Paramount talent scout, was impressed and asked if he wanted to go to Hollywood.

Howard probably made the most individualistic reply ever given to that question. It was a simple "No." He wanted to be a professor of English.

Fortunately for a legion of fans, he learned at night that he could not obtain sufficient money to take a graduate course in English, a preliminary step to becoming a professor. He wrote to Serlin and, after commencement, was called to New York for a screen test. A few months later he was on the lot in Hollywood, a contract in his pocket. John Howard is like that.

Continued on page 86

John Howard refused a Hollywood contract while still in college because he wanted to be a professor of English. If his plans hadn't been frustrated we probably never would have seen that grand performance he gave in "Annapolis Farewell."

B Y J O E M A C K E Y

It is quite fitting to say that John Howard is climbing a concrete ladder to success because he is firmly established in pictures and is playing a featured part in "Soak the Rich."

Photo by Richee



WHAT IN

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

A vivid description of what theaters of the future will offer to the movie-goer. In comparison they'll make picture palaces of 1936 resemble the nickelodeons of 1908.



YOU'LL SEE TO-MORROW'S MOVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY MANUEL ISIP

■ HIS theater of 1940 is vastly different from those of 1936, isn't it? Who would then have imagined seeing a screen forty by sixty feet in size, placed a full story above the ground floor, with six enormous balconies facing it?

And who would have dreamed that one of those balconies would hold a dance floor, another a huge restaurant, another an elaborate room for light refreshments, still another a series of cocktail bars and booths, and yet another dozen or more women's shops—all with a perfect view of the huge screen? And how many of us dreamed that another of the balconies would contain a beautiful indoor garden in which fans could watch pictures under conditions we never thought of four years ago?

Yes, this 1940 theater, or amusement center, with its two hundred different sound outlets, instead of the one great horn blasting forth from behind the screen, makes the movie palaces of 1936 resemble the little old nickelodeons of 1908 in comparison.

Isn't it grand to sit here in the garden and rest, after shopping for that new hat, and be all set for the main feature, missing only those television flashes?

This idea of television replacing news reels and letting us see what is going on at the very instant we are watching it, sometimes thousands of miles from home, is certainly exciting. And how it has built up the matinée business, for the women watch races as they are run in all parts of the land from the little shops and the refreshment rooms, while the men gather in the cocktail bars and the swimming pool on the main floor and enjoy the sport and place their bets in cozy comfort, instead of milling around at the hot track itself.

And the same applies to boxing and football and baseball, for the big screen affords a far better view of fights and games than can any seat in any stadium or ball park in the country.

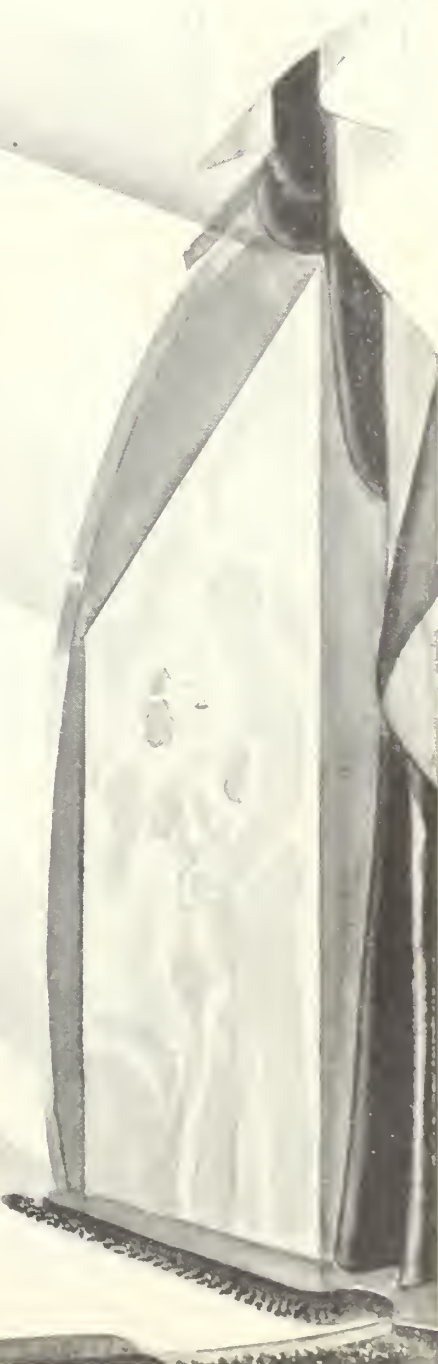
Of course, every one knew this was coming back in 1936, as the cathode ray tube was even then doing efficiently by electricity what the old scanning disk partly did mechanically in 1930. And R. C. A.'s "iconoscope," or electric eye of 1936, permitted photographing for television the whole outdoors, instead of only the dim outlines of studio objects as theretofore.

But here comes the feature. Don't say you ever dreamed of seeing pictures so big that Cecil DeMille could get three times as many actors into his scenes as he could in his old success, "The Crusades," in 1935.

And just think of the atmosphere you would have for 1935's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in this setting, when the voices of the players would seem to float in the air about you. In this garden there are thirty sound outlets as well as twenty atomizers, whose job it is to spread the odors needed to perfect the illusion of the picture you are watching.

Nowadays when you attend a sea picture, you not only see it, you experience

Synthetic ocean breezes are wolted upon you, (Continued on page 64)





Frances Langford

On and

Skimmed from hundreds, these revealing paragraphs of human interest capture the smiles and the heart-breaks that lurk in every corner of Hollywood.

HAVE a laugh on Frank and Virginio Albertson. They were divorced a couple of years ago, found they couldn't be happy without each other and went back together before the divorce became final. The other day they bought a ranch. After the property had gone through escrow the agent came to Frank. "I'm sorry," he announced, "but you and Mrs. Albertson aren't married so we can't sell you the property." "Not worried!" Frank ejaculated. "We have a baby!" "I know," the agent sympathized. "Isn't it awful?" Through some mistake their divorce had been recorded as final, even though neither of them signed the papers.

AFTER the preview of "Ah, Wilderness!" in which Eric Linden scores one of the hits of the year, he cringed down in his seat until the crowd had passed out of the theater. Suddenly a young woman topped him on the shoulder. "May I intrude myself," she begged, "and congratulate you on your splendid work?"

Without turning his head, Eric shrunk to the size of a very small pea. "Don't be afraid," she encouraged him. "I'm not going to strike you. I'm Patsy Ruth Miller!"

CREDIT a nice gesture to John Arledge. John lives on a hilltop and near by are some youngsters whose parents are not too well off. So John promised them a Halloween party. Working in "Panic on the Air" that evening, he was unable to keep his promise but the first Friday night after he finished the picture they had the party. Twenty-five kids and John who was the only adult in the crowd, had the best time of their lives.

Dolores del Rio and Warren William



Gilda Gray



Joe E. Brown



Judy Garland

Off the Set

MMOMENTS that bring a lump into your throat: Jimmy Harrison who used to be the dashing, good-looking juvenile in Christie comedies, working as extra in "Coronado." And Morie Prevost, for years a star, picking up a paper from a news stand, reading it and carefully putting it back. And Helene Chodwick, another star of yesterday, an extra on the set of "Riffroff."

AT an auction recently Pot O'Brien picked up a bodily soiled miniature that caught his fancy. He paid five dollars for it. After having it restored, he hung it over the mantel in his living-room. A few nights later an art connoisseur visited him and saw it. "Great guns, Pot," he shouted, "this is by one of the old masters! I'll give you five hundred dollars for it!"

NOT since Polo Negri reigned on the Paramount lot have the employees seen such temperament as Jon Kiepure displays. A scene for his picture was set for a living-room. Kiepure, arriving on the set, refused to sing until the carpet had been taken up. He'll sing only over a bare floor so that his voice will bounce.

RECEIVING a nine o'clock call, Kiepure blandly announced he never started work before ten. Paramount bosses called him in and said, "We have you under contract for this picture of \$110,000. You'll work when we tell you or we'll cancel the contract." Kiepure reported next morning at eight thirty.

The publicity department, in trying to arrange interviews, was informed that when he returned to Europe the interviewers could see him at his hotel. Three or four thousand miles is a long way to go for an interview.

AMONG the unsung heroes of Hollywood are the stars of other days who, no longer finding themselves in great demand around the studios, keep smiling and trying as best they can to make ends meet without yelling their heads off in a plea for help and sympathy.

Recently Cloro Kimball Young, Mildred Morris Choplin, Ben Turpin,



Fred MacMurray



Betty Furness



Phil Regan



Allen Jenkins



Claire Dodd

On and Off the Set



Marie Wilson



Dick Powell



Wendy Barrie



Brian Donlevy



Sybil Jason

Bryont Washburn, Rex Lease, Franklyn Farnum, and Leo White organized a unit and went on a personal-appearance tour.

A few years ago the salaries of this combination would have been so prohibitive that, no matter how much business a theater did with them, it still could not make money. To-day they were glad of the bookings, and the salary for the act was divided among them.

UNDER a new bonus arrangement with 20th Century-Fox, Shirley Temple now receives more than \$4,000 a week. Besides her regular salary of \$1,200 a week, she will get more than \$20,000 a picture. This, however, is only half of her net earnings for the year. For indorsement of various products she will receive more than \$1,000 a week. And for taking her daughter to and from the studio, Mrs. Temple is paid \$100 a week. Little Shirley is doing all right by herself and her family.

CLARA BOW might have been captivating you again this month if the arrangements for her come-back hadn't gone awry at the last minute. Her new deal was to have provided her with really good dramas. But, more attractive than ever, Clara is wintering on her Nevada ranch. There's many a slip 'twixt the conference and the contract. Incidentally, it was for MGM that Clara expected to redisplay her It-appeal.

MORE and more rules are being broken by the newest batch of new-comers. Now the rest of the celebs who are distressed at the curiosity of the public can gnash their teeth. Luise Rainer has quietly scooped them all. She didn't wait until reaching the top to proclaim, 'No interviews!' She persuaded Louis B. Mayer to write a protecting proviso right into her original contract. Consequently, Luise's moods are dished out to the press by impressed studio workers. One fan representative has crashed through for a regular chat, but only one.

THAT edict passed in California, whereby all un-mortgaged earners must pay a State income tax equalling the federal toll, is not only a big blow to many stellar pocketbooks. It's also seriously cramped the film "Four Hundred's" social life. Marian Davies, whose lavish Santa Monica place is the galo White House of Hollywood, has established her permanent residence at a New York hotel. To be immune from the double levy she will spend less than half of 1936 in the West.



Gene Raymond



Eddie Acuff



Katharine Hepburn

A COLLEGE boy hasn't a Chinaman's chance with the young pretties of Hollywood. Such darlings as Rochelle Hudson, Anita Louise, and Mary Carlisle, although still in their teens, are bored with the friskiness of youths. Being actresses who have made their own way in the world, they demand sophisticated dates when it's relaxation time. If you are twenty-five you might possibly rate. But habitually the younger glamour girls step out with men a full decade older.

MANY buxam maids and motrons, influenced by the Hollywood lovelies, have gone on the banana-and-skimmed-milk diet to attain the siren silhouette. Will the self-conscious males of the land now streamline since William Gargon has demonstrated the results of masculine reducing? Bill shed thirty-three pounds and his surprised studio jumped him from villains to heroes. This year he is permitted to woe and win, and all because he changed his contour.

TAKING on the task of properly interpreting the title rôle in "Anthony Adverse" has proved a thorough problem in the art of acting for Fredric March. Even so, he admits he's under less strain than usual. At least he isn't working with a collection of elegant English accents. Freddie, who hails from Wisconsin, finds keeping up a Moyfair brogue trying. On his last epic, "The Dark Angel," he was worn weary maintaining an accent suitable for association with Merle Oberon and Herbert Marshall.



Sylvia Sydney

THE peace and quiet of Washington Boulevard was suddenly interrupted by the sound of a siren as a limousine with motorcycle escort tore down the street. The parade sped through the streets, into the downtown district of Los Angeles and, with a final flourish, stopped in front of an office building.

With a breathless crowd watching and expecting, no doubt, to see Melvin Purvis and Public Enemy Number One alight from the car, the chauffeur opened the limousine door and out stepped Freddie Bartholomew and his aunt. They hurried into the building, into the elevator and to a top floor where they entered a dentist's office.

Freddie had lost a tooth in the middle of a scene in "Anna Karenina" and it was necessary to have a temporary bridge put in immediately. The Great Gorbo was waiting.



Sally Eilers

Continued on page 91

LOOKING FOR A



Photo by Deby

They may call Peter Lorre "a one-man chamber of horrors," but Chaplin says he's the greatest of all actors.

BEFORE me, at this writing, is a thing-amajig known as a "color biography," sent to the press by studio publicity departments. They come in assorted sizes, and in various colors." This one begins with a ghostly tinge, as follows:

"They call him 'poet of the damned' . . . a one-man chamber of horrors . . . the most hated man in Europe . . . and Chaplin says . . . he's the greatest of all actors . . . all this about Peter Larre . . . man-faced, roly-poly Hungarian star.

Despite the barrage of publicity . . . to the effect that . . . screen villains are not dastardly by nature . . . Peter

Lorre's private life was incredibly hectic after the production of 'M' . . . he could not appear in a European café . . . without causing every woman . . . to grab her offspring . . . and dash pell-mell . . . for safety . . . his conciliatory smile . . . was taken to mean . . . he was just working himself . . . into the mood . . . for another homicide!

Fortunately, I do not believe everything I read, else I should have hired my old buddies, "Bats" Galdringer and "Three-gun" Mahony, as bodyguards when an invitation came to me from Mr. Lorre to dine with him in his dressing room of the studio. I do not fancy dining with gentlemen who use a conciliatory smile to work themselves up to homicide, particularly when I am, necessarily, the object of their attentions. I have always been one for lasting emotional attachments, and homicide is over so soon, if you get what I mean.

The studio, perhaps thinking that I might be suspicious of that night tête-à-tête in a secluded dressing room with "a one-man chamber of horrors," explained that it was only because Mr. Lorre was being worked very hard and really had no other time.

Mr. Lorre himself answered my knock on the door of dressing room No. 17, and, excusing himself, went on a telephone conversation which I had obviously interrupted. That telephone conversation! If I could tell you about it on this page, boy, would you

have something to think about! But unfortunately, I cannot because I don't understand German.

Taking time out for him to finish talking, I'll spill a few pertinent facts about him which may be of interest to you.

He was born of quite normal parents, named Lorre, on June 26, 1904, making him thirty-one years old though he looks older on the screen in the Hungarian village of Rosenberg, a settlement in the Carpathian Mountains. Rosenberg is now a part of Czechoslovakia, but that fact isn't to be taken too seriously, for European geography, like theater billing, is subject to change without notice. And Peter Lorre is now a part of the population of the United States.

The Peter Lorres have already applied for their naturalization papers so eager are they to become citizens of the United States.



MURDERER?

By
Temple
Davis

Peter Lorre possesses an uncanny power for projecting horror which gives a realistic touch to all his performances, the most recent being "Crime and Punishment."

The small stature and chubby face of Peter Lorre belong naturally to a comedian, but through intelligence he has overcome those handicaps to become a fine dramatic actor.



Photo by Lippman

which fact is to be taken seriously, for he and his wife have already applied for naturalization papers.

When he was six, his parents moved to Vienna, where he went to school. But school did not appeal to him a great deal; he wanted to be an actor. His father, though, did not want an actor in the family, and his opposition became so strong that, as is often the case, it had the opposite effect. Peter ran away from home when he was seventeen.

His first job was in a bank. Not much of a job, and not at all to his liking, but it kept him alive while he worked at his chosen profession, acting, in the evenings. He had met other young people with similar ambitions to his, and they had formed a theatrical group. Theirs was a peculiar way of working. They had no plays, but improvised them as they went along, actually writing their plays as they rehearsed them. To this, Peter now at-

tributes what seems like a remarkable quickness in learning lines.

Life was quite pleasant for a while. He made little money, but ambition was being served. He had found the secret of happiness, that of doing the thing one likes best to do. It might have gone on indefinitely this way, had not one of those well-known blessings in disguise come along. In short, he was fired from the bank.

A snooping executive discovered that, although Peter's time-clock card said he was at work, he was not even in the bank. Then the executive learned that a friend had been punching in for Peter for days on end, with Peter strolling in some time around noon, something like the executive himself. So Peter was discharged, and, paradoxically, the executive kept his job. It made Peter wonder about jobs and executives in general.

(continued on page 90)



Mary Taylor is the latest daughter of the rich to try a career in pictures. She plays the lead in Hecht and MacArthur's "Sook the Rich," a rôle that no less than Myrna Loy considered.



They

By Karen Hollis



Zasu Pitts paid one of her infrequent visits to New York and was treated with consideration by the mob. There's something about her that forces good manners.



On the verge of starting "Glorious" in Hollywood, Morion Davies skipped to Broadway and may make her next film in the East because of the tax situation in California.

Helen Morgan will play her original rôle of "Julie" in Universal's revival of "Show Boat," with Irene Dunne as the heroine.

Say in NEW YORK—

At almost any bar or shop in town you may drop in on an all-star film cast from Hollywood. Think of that!



Photo by Aeme

Joan Bennett tore herself away from the theater where her father is playing to give a beaming welcome to Gene Markey, her husband, just in from Europe.

Jane Froman, radio star who makes a successful film debut, is graciously and wisely becoming acquainted with editors and interviewers.



THE best time to visit New York, stars will tell you, is when Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are here. They are so easily recognized and so popular, they bear the brunt of the pitiless pursuit of fans. The rest of the visiting celebrities can go around almost unnoticed, get their shopping and play-going done in record time, and even wear an old hat on a rainy day. Irene Dunne did just that.

With one of those sports hats that owners always love most after they are slightly battered pulled well over her forehead, Miss Dunne emerged from the Hotel Pierre and strolled up Fifth Avenue and no one but a frisky Sealyhom stopped her.

That Urbane Tone.—Toward the end of their visit, the best Crawford-Tone story went the rounds. I hope it is true. It gives me another reason for admiring Franchot and makes me feel that Joan has married a real helpmate.

They had been lunching at the Colony, most reserved of Park Avenue hang-outs, and as they were leaving a young woman remarked loudly, "I don't see why they let actors come here. They try so hard to attract attention."

Joan could have cried with rage, but her well-bred groom was in complete command of the situation. "Don't mind, dear," he said loudly enough for the offender to hear, "we have to make allowances for tourists."

No Mercy For Gable.—When Crawford and Tone left town, it was Clark Gable who suffered most. Zasu Pitts, Rosalind Russell, Lupe and Johnny Weissmuller, Joan Bennett, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Betty Furness, and Marion Davies were all here, but the most aggressive—almost vicious—of the mobs lay in wait for Clark, shouting such disconcerting bits as "So you're the handsome hero, are you?" "Brother, can't you spare ten thousand dollars?" and "Better stop and autograph these pictures for us or you'll wake up and find no audience at your pictures."

New York mobs are nice and friendly like that.

Hare And Hounds.—Clark tried to throw the crowd off the scent by taking rooms at the Waldorf-Astoria. Putting a secretary there, he moved to the New Weston, a quiet residential hotel near by. How was he to know that women's colleges have their headquarters there, and that ex-Vassarites can get just as shrill as hoodlums announcing "Look! There's Clark Gable!" Eventually he fled to Long Island to the home of Jay O'Brien, one of his socialite friends.

Divorce Rumor Breaks.—Clark, bronzed and rested from his South American vacation, was enjoying a quiet evening in a night club when newspaper reporters and photographers swarmed in. News had just come from Hollywood that Mrs. Gable had filed suit for divorce. Dick Barthelme, in Gable's party, tried to cheer him from the side lines, but he was dour as a wooden Indian. He had nothing to say except that inevitable and palpably false "We're still the best of friends."

Even the greatest admirers of his acting admit that Clark is a climber. His first wife, Josephine Dillon, an

Continued on page 88

Fame and movie money have turned George Raft into an embittered recluse, hurt by gossip and suspicious of almost every one.

Success put Joan Crawford through many phases, but she has now learned how to make the best use of her fame.



Success has brought weariness to Marlene Dietrich, weariness and fear. Fear for her child, fear of public opinion, fear of movie critics.



THE STRANGE

You never can tell what change will come over a player once he has made the grade. Problems and worries arise of which the young aspirant for fame never dreamed. Read about them here.

STORIES of actors who have starved and agonized and struggled for success in pictures are so numerous that Hollywood yawns when any one tries to tell a new one. It is what happens to people after success comes which is really interesting and important. Success is achieved, ordinarily, with disconcerting suddenness—an abrupt, skyrocket swoop which leaves its recipient breathless, dazzled, ecstatic and sometimes a little frightened.

It is then that the real problems begin. To keep a perspective and maintain a mental balance at that time is a man-sized job, and often the job is too big for a newly-created starlet to handle.

Problems and worries arise of which the young aspirant for fame never dreamed. A barrage of adverse criticism and flattery leaves him torn between self-doubt and an overinflated ego. This confusion has afflicted many a mature and seasoned trouper, too.

He discovers that people who declined to speak to him in the days when he had to borrow a white tie for a party are now his affectionate friends. And people who were interested and enthusiastic encouragers during his lean days have become unaccountably, corping detractors. The very public which elevated him to the pinnacle becomes a potential threat to his security, so dependent is he upon its whims.

Ann Sothern gave a party for pals of her struggling days but it didn't turn out so well.

The effect of all this upon an individual is interesting to watch. Sometimes they go "grand" on us and become so dog-goned refined and everything that we can scarcely bear it. Sometimes they go hey-heh and don't



Jean Muir says that she is budgeting her expenses according to the income she hopes to have after her contract is ended, avoiding luxuries she will not be able to afford later.



William Powell says that success makes actors greedy for more of all that it brings and that mere security is not enough.



Clark Gable enjoys success but is embarrassed and self-conscious at being considered a great lover or a romantic hero.

WAYS of SUCCESS

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

last long. As they progress, if the aforesaid success is a solid one, they begin to realize that it entails certain responsibilities.

Take Jaan Crawford. Flighty as Jaan undoubtedly has been in many of her passing and self-dramatized phases, unstable as she certainly was during her early years in pictures, she has developed a nice sense of responsibility recently.

Now that her own position is a solid and secure one, she has developed an almost motherly interest in young, aspiring players. The small theater which she has built in her back yard serves not only as a workshop for herself but as an experimental laboratory for such interesting young people as Jean Muir and Julie Haydon, two of Jaan's special enthusiasms.

Remembering her own floundering and confused beginnings, she realizes that it is important that young and eager talent be encouraged and developed. Her helpful gestures no longer take the form of impulsive and ill-judged gifts, as they did in her younger days.

Her gifts now take the form of quiet and practical charities. Even in the matter of books. Jaan buys two copies of every new worthwhile book. She reads as many as she can. Sometimes she wants to keep one copy for her own library. The rest are distributed thoughtfully among people who, she thinks, will enjoy them.

Jaan has matured and ripened amazingly in the past two or three years, and success is very becoming to her.

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Ginger Rogers has taken success jauntily and is having fun with it. She is quite haughty in an amusing and youthful fashion.

THEIR MEMORY

A favorite contributor to Picture Play, noted for her long residence in Hollywood as well as her sincere admiration for its people, pays feeling tribute to some of those stars who have passed from the scene.

BY MYRTLE GEBHART

We are no other than
A moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes
Which come and go,
Round with the sun—
Illumined lantern held
In midnight by the
Master of the show.

LET us not wreath these pages with those black borders of "In Memoriam." Let us write upon them, as those to whom we pay tribute are vitally enshrined in our memories "In Perpetuum." For their shadow-selves live on.

We still laugh with Marie Dressler and Will Rogers, and sing with Russ Columbo, and romance with Rudolph Valentino. Don't expect me to drip sentimental sighs. I may cry for the hungry living, but I bless the peaceful dead.

As the late Milton Sills wrote in one of his poems, "Death cannot end all things, yet shall our frustrate ghosts triumphant ride to some far heaven."

The scythe swoops down quickly, cutting our plants in their full flower. I think that they prefer it so. The most tragic sight is the wistful has-been, unused to obscurity. So they go, swiftly and proudly in their heyday, to film-dom's Valhalla.

Death strikes in Hollywood with dramatic suddenness,



Marie Dressler



Gordon Westcott



Dorothy Dell



Robert Ames



Ernest Torrence



Barbara La Marr

climaxing with its final stroke the series of spotlighted episodes that string themselves into stellar lives. It usually comes unexpectedly.

To-day they are with us, working and living intensely. To-morrow they so quickly achieve that peace which life, because of their inner, dramatic urge, has denied them.

Figures over recent years show five deaths of actors to each passing of an actress. Are the women—frail, silver-shadows—made of stronger stuff, more tenacious? Anyway, they survive in greater numbers.

They die so young, our players! Few reach those mellow middle years.

Major causes of death in Hollywood are: heart failure, pneumonia, accidents, and emergency operations, from which they lack the vitality to rally. They have drained their reservoirs of strength. Only a minority have died of lingering ailments.

Last year eighty-four prominent people went away from us. All those deaths occurred in cycles of three, lending credence to Hollywood's superstition anent the Gentle Reaper's triune activity.

White-haired Alec B. Francis, conquered by an emergency operation following a three-day illness, was joined two days later by director Harry Pollard, and soon by our grand Marie Dressler.

Reading of the passing of Lilyan Tashman and Lew Cody, Dorothy Dell remarked that she had worked with Lew in his last film, "Shoot the Works," and wondered aloud "Who will be the third?" She was, herself. It was destined to be her last picture, also. An automobile accident.

At a long table, on a raised dais, sat the Queen Mother of the movies and Uncle Bill, unofficial ambassador of good will—dowager of drama and clown of comedy.

LINGERS ON

It was the only time I ever saw Will Rogers at a party. He had come out to do honor to that wonderful woman, Morie Dressler, on her birthday. Speaking his admiration, he got to feeling so sentimental that he choked, and all he could do was smother her with a hearty kiss. Rising, majestic in her black gown and pearls, Morie said: "I am so grateful. But I accept this tribute for the industry which I represent rather than for myself."

The lights dimmed. As the big cake was wheeled in, alight with candles, Jeonette MacDonald softly murmured, "Happy Birthday to You-ou!"

Such a little while later Morie presided for the last time. Simple rites, those, of the Wee Kirk o' the Heather. Jeonette sang so gently, "Abide With Me." The eulogy was the reading of Morie's favorite poem:

"Perhaps she learned the Truth
When Time was young;
And comes again with heaven—
Songs of mirth."

While the world wept for the passing of Will Rogers, friend of all humanity, Hollywood closed its studios of make-believe and mourned its most dearly loved soul. No one could possibly have acted scenes that afternoon when lost honors were paid to kind Uncle Bill.



Will Rogers



Lloyd Hamilton



Sam Hardy



Lilyan Tashman



Lon Chaney



Lya de Putti

At every studio, at the Hollywood Bowl, and at Forest Lawn, services were held. Groups gathered, every person relating some reminiscence of his gentle advice, of his pungent humor that lay like a frosting over profound wisdom.

Some told of how at the Orthopedic Hospital he had turned his face to the wall and cried for the crippled kiddies' pain; others spoke of how he had helped so very many in need.

Like Morie Dressler, he knew the supreme art: how to live wisely and well, how to bless by service. Troupers both, they gave gladly to life, asking only in return the privilege of fellowship with all. Are two great souls now happily reunited in their friendship of many years?

They were loved greatly because they loved greatly. Their predominant characteristics were their understanding, sympathy, humor, and grit.

Morie Dressler's lost words, "I did put up a good fight, didn't I?" expressed her life. She willed gallantly to live, that she might repay belief in her. After her stalwart fight to recapture success in her sunset years had lauded her, doctors pronounced her sentence of death. If she retired, they said, she might stretch out her time.

She figured that the company that had boosted her to stardom was entitled to a profit on its investment, so she gloriously labored, smiling away her pain. She just screwed up that rubber-face into another ludicrous expression, and grinned her way through her Gethsemane.

Her last act was the gift of her portable movie projector to a hospital for invalid children, spreading her gospel of cheer. She told me once that only three things are necessary to a full life: God, work, and laughter. In her worm heart was cupped a great humanity.

Morie was one of the few to go quietly. She knew; she was ready. When God spoke, she closed her tired eyes and slept. I was so glad that her vital life was crowned with that peaceful passing.

Most players have two selves, the public, consciously developed one slipping gradually like a garment over the inner reality. Outwardly, Lilyan Tashman personified the exaggeration of chic sophistication, of artificial cleverness molded skillfully. Yet her keynote was her sincerity.

She was blunt and loyal and consistent in her beliefs. She rather gloried in reviewing that outer self of hers which she had woven with resolute courage. Her glamour itself was a career, secondary to her real purpose.

Their Memory Lingers On



Marjorie White



Russ Columbo



Einar Hansen



Renée Adarée



Milton Sills



Karl Dane

ex-Kaiser to ask who really started the darn War, anyhow. His correct wardrobe—they found him, asleep, clad in purple pajamas. His autographed treasures, bay-ishly displayed.

Lew was Hollywood: gay, blasé veneer over warm-hearted loyalty. He had lived so vitally, so Hollywoodishly, that his heart just stopped.

Speaking of his wife, Mabel Normand, who had preceded him to rest, he said, "She was just a little girl who neglected to look before crossing the street." He told me how he and James had taken her "pretties," each elaborately wrapped, to while away her last hours, and of the "spiritual quest" which was her other self beneath her laughing mischief.

Lan Chaney, "The Man of a Thousand Faces," didn't want publicity. It destroyed the illusion of the misfit, hurt humanity which he so carefully created.

"This is the last interview I'll ever give," he said to me, with definite emphasis. The editor titled it, "The Last of Lan Chaney." Neither realized how prophetic were his words. The day after its publication, Lan died.

A strong man, Chaney, and always far the under dog. He gave mostly to the twisted bits of life's drift-wood that clog the slums of the cities; he rehabilitated many convicts emerging from the "pen."

"You Call It Madness, But I Call It Love," Russ Columbo, young crooner of radio and screen, sang to Carol Lombard. Life was a blithe and wandrous thing. An old gun, being examined by a friend, exploded.

But still his mother, an invalid, receives flowers with

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Beneath her frivalities, Lil's most passionate desire was to keep her husband, Edmund Lawe, contented, to make his home life happy and herself essential. No house ever was run more smoothly. The boldness of her outer self was the Slav in her, but it was the German housekeeper in her who carefully built each detail of her domestic régime.

The career for which she fought was largely motivated by the fact that it enabled her to share Ed's world, that it heightened his admiration. The time came, I felt, when Lil persisted as an actress principally in order to be a more companionable wife.

I like best to remember our talks over lunch, her husky voice tearing to shreds Hollywood's petty shams, and detailing—with a throaty chuckle—her own manufactured glamour. I can say of Lil, I never knew her to lie.

All hail to an honest, valiant soul! I can't believe yet that Lil has gone. I know that a big searchlight shone upon Hollywood. They say that it suddenly was switched off. But her brilliance of personality lingers.

To me, Marie Dressler and Lil have left the greatest personal illumination behind them. Shadows? Nonsense. Nothing so vague and ephemeral. Arcs, rather, that blaze upon us still.

For years Lew Cody tried to live down his sabriquet of "The Butterfly Man," which so deeply hurt him. Stricken with a two years' illness, he was carried around tenderly by his faithful, black James, who ministered to his tortured body. He recovered. "Life has taught me compensation," he said to me then. "Friends and laughter make up for all the pain."

Lew: corned-beef-and-cabbage dinners, sophisticated jokes, pranks—phoning the



Mabel Normand



Lew Cody



Rudolph Valentino

PICTURE PLAY'S NEW YEAR

BIGGER AND BETTER" is more than a phrase—it's a fact! The twenty-first year of this magazine means not only a record of remarkable success in giving readers what they want, but it is an incentive to expand and improve.

Sixteen pages of rotogravure "Previews" made their first appearance in the October issue to rounds of applause from readers whose approval of this section was keen when only eight pages comprised it. New type already had supplanted the old; new and more attractive photographs appeared in more striking arrangements; and with each number better interviews and articles enlivened the magazine.

Congratulations poured in from all sides. Stars, fans, writers and editors united in praise of the December and January numbers. Truly we thought that the limit had been reached. That is, until we tried to make this issue top all previous Picture Plays. And we think we have done it!

Consider the rotogravure sections alone. Thirty-two pages of beautifully reproduced photographs. In no other magazine will you find such a rich profusion of handsome pictures; in no other fan publication will you find so many preferences of readers included in a single issue. Have you ever seen such a display of fashion pictures as you find on the four pages beginning with page twenty-six? We think not!

MORE DASH AND SPARKLE IN 1936

But we have not stopped improving this magazine. Far from it! We shall continue to grow with the times and endeavor to make each issue better than the last. We shall be even more discriminating in our choice of material, more lavish in our use of it and, if that is possible, more eager to satisfy every reasonable interest and demand of readers.

No, Picture Play hasn't stopped growing with its recent expansion. It's just begun!

HOLLYWOOD

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

Jottings of news and gossip in the starry town.

APPROXIMATELY \$12,500 per quintuplet is the price paid for the Dianne fivesome. And that boosts the pay for youngsters, at least for an ensemble of youngsters.

The Diones are to receive a total exceeding \$65,000, after several bids between \$25,000 and \$50,000. Also, in case you don't know it, they get \$10,000 every six months from the Pathe newsreel. You hear a lot about \$5,000 a week for Shirley Temple, but part of her revenue is derived from the sale of dolls and other toys and the like that bear her name. The quintuplets are the recipients of quite large profits from those sources too.

Lucky Days for Ann.—Fortune is smiling these days on Ann Harding. Her legal fight for the custody of her

go to Europe for a film on a reported \$200,000 contract. Also, she may play "Katherine" in "The Taming of the Shrew," both on the English stage and in a Hollywood film production. And if you're hearing reports that Ann is to marry, she seems pretty footloose and fancy free and that's the best estate for a much spotlighted actress. Major Ben Sawbridge, stationed in Hawaii, is constantly named as her fiancé, but she denies all that. It won't surprise us, though, if Ann eventually marries an army man. She loves the military world as an inheritance,



Photo by International

Ann Harding's legal fight for the custody of her daughter, Jane, has ended in her favor.

Photo by Wide World
The leading man in Myrna Loy's off-screen life is still Arthur Hornblow, Jr.

Photo by Columbia
Back from Europe, Phillips Holmes was immediately cast in "Chatterbox," opposite Anne Shirley.

daughter, Jane, came to a quiet conclusion after what promised to be a sensational court battle. She retains full custody of the little girl, with Harry Bannister given permission to see the child for occasional week ends. Ann is also looking forward to a good picture in "The Witness Chair," which will bear a resemblance to her stage success, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Then right after that she will

and declares she can best find peace and quiet in an outpost or cantonment.

An Eligible Gable!—All things considered, Clark Gable will probably have the most terrific year of anybody in Hollywood. Imagine Clark on the semibachelor list! The first announcement of the formal separation of himself from Ria Gable was immediately followed by an onslaught of rumors concerning fair ladies and Clark. He was variously reported engaged or about to be engaged to Elizabeth Allan, Mary Taylor, and Loretta Young. It can be wagered that there'll be no peace or contentment in and about the colony until Clark is married again. The suspense will be

H I G H L I G H T S

pretty terrible, because even after a divorce is filed, it takes a year for the final decree to be obtained.

Is It Sullivan Influence?—Quite the most mixed-up situation we've run across in a long time is the one that finds James Stewart appearing with Margaret Sullivan in a picture, and at the same time paying attention to Henry Fonda's "Miss Adorable," who is Shirley Ross. That should all add up to something, because Fonda and Miss Sullivan were

once married. And we thought Fonda had the inside track as far as Shirley is concerned. Well, anyway, both are prepossessing young men. Miss Ross isn't so well known in pictures, but she scored a hit in the stage show, "Anything Goes," when it played the Coast.

Multo Simpatico.—Even the psychologists probably can't explain this, but it must indicate a super-sympathy between a married couple, or something like that. Adolphe Menjou and Verree Teasdale were playing in the same picture, "The Milky Way," and both were taken ill at practically the same time with gastrointestinal ailments. Menjou's was a revival of an old trouble, and Miss Teasdale's was brand new. Incidentally, they are looking forward to a stork visit.

Barriers Finally Demolished.—The social and film worlds are at last beginning to mix in Los Angeles. The younger generation of the stiff-necked old-timers has broken down the barriers. More stars than there are in heaven or any other place were present at a big Junior League party, and Dick Powell, who by now should inherit the title of the "old maestro," was in charge of the ceremonies. Naturally he was escorting Joan Blondell, for that seems to be a pretty definite romance. Mary Pickford, Lewis Stone, Hugh Herbert, Merle Oberon, Lois Wilson, Pat O'Brien, Warren William, Jimmy Gleason, Jock Benny, Ted Healy, and various other celebrities were glimpsed at the affair. And there wasn't a bit of high-hotting.

Tragic Shock for Elissa.—The sudden death of Countess Zarnardi-Londi was a terrible blow to Elissa. The reason is that scarcely ever had she and her mother been separated. They

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Nelson Eddy gave a concert to a packed house in Los Angeles recently and Jeanette MacDonald was on hand to add to the applause.

Bette Davis takes time out for relaxation between scenes of "The Petrified Forest," with Leslie Howard. Looks like a busy year for this star.



Photo by Fryer

BEING "Typed"



Every fan knows changing their types is the ambition of most actors. No one, it seems, is satisfied to make a good job of what he is. This clever article points out the mistakes of some stars and commends the judgment of others in finding a type and sticking to it.

BY MADELINE GLASS

MERLE OBERON is one of the latest stars to change her type. In October Picture Play Muriel Babcock explained Miss Oberon's reasons, commended her judgment, and made out a very good case in favor of "untyping" this actress who won quick fan favor with her strange and lovely characterizations. Still, I am not convinced that so drastic a change is necessary or desirable in this particular case.

Every fan knows changing their types is the ambition of most Hollywood actors. The studios are in a constant dither over the matter, what with handsome romantics wanting to bundle up in beards and their most successful thug impersonators longing to make love to Garbo.

Jeon Harlow yearns to play nice girls. Fronchot Tone hopes to be given the sort of rôles that Spencer Tracy does so well. Tracy doubtless has a yen to portray Bengal lancers. Comédienne Marion Davies left MGM because she wasn't given dramatic rôles. Helen Vinson is tired of playing hussies.

"If I could only get a chance to change my type!" wail the American actors, clutching Thespian brows.

"Voilà! My type she ore no longer good!" the Lotins announce, their sweeping arms bowling over three or four innocent bystanders.

"Scuse, pliss, but whot to do with my type?" the Oriental inquires.

Well, my advice is, "Stick to it, providing it's a good one. If it isn't, get a good one and stick to that. But don't be afraid of being typed."



Miss Glass contends that Merle Oberon made a mistake in changing her type from the subtle, fascinating Oriental, pictured above, to the charming but conventional English girl at the top of the page.



Wallace Beery has made a huge success by remaining true to type while pretending to change with each rôle.

Helen Vinson, below, is tired of playing hussies.



IS NO DISGRACE



George Raft is superb as a fastidious gambler or a pensive crook, but as soon as he attempts something else his limitations are apparent.



Greta Garbo is perfect proof that being typed is no disgrace.

Even so fine an actor as Leslie Howard is incapable of convincing in any and every rôle. He failed as a pioneer of the Western plains in "Secrets."



Because Mae West's type is very limited it is not adaptable to deceptive variations.



Chester Morris's change of type in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" was a mistake he will not make again.



With few exceptions, the most successful screen stars are those who have discovered and developed the sort of characterization in which he or she is most effective. This may not be good art, but it is good business. In some instances it even gets by as art, art of a very high order at that. Consider the case of Greta Garbo.

It is idle to say that Miss Garbo has not been typed. For ten long years she has been depicting women who have what is known among *hoi polloi* as a "past." Sometimes her heroines are dressed in sweaters, sometimes in ermine, but fundamentally they are much the same. Despite this fact, Greta is hailed far and wide as an artistic genius and comment on her popularity is superfluous.

After all, isn't every actor restricted to certain types because of natural limitations, limitations that render even a Charles Laughton totally incapable of portraying many fine and worth-while rôles? Isn't screen success usually the result of being able to depict some genus of the human family more skillfully than can others?

Merle Oberon, for example, has won fame as an exotic. Because of her flair for portraying picturesque Asiatics and colorful historical characters we have come to associate her with forbidden romance, cool, polished jade, temple bells, old ivory, and brocades. Her subtle aliens are as charming as were those of the unique Jetta Goudal.

When Merle decided to change her type, the modern English girl in "The Dark Angel" was chosen for the metamorphosis. Unfortunately, this rôle does not offer outstanding histrionic opportunities, and it is obvious that any one of a dozen other Hollywood actresses could have played it with equal success. Moreover, the Oberon legs and figure are somewhat below par in the matter of artistic proportions, a fact that is nicely concealed by medieval costumes or Japanese kimonos.

Since Miss Oberon's métier offers a wide range of highly interesting characterizations, I feel that she should stay within its boundaries, leaving modern Anglo-Saxons to actresses of more conventional appeal.

Actors who may venture into the field of true versatility are few in number—Paul Muni, Elisabeth Bergner, Fredric March, Norma Shearer and one or two others. Muni and Bergner are capable of a wonderful range of impersonations, yet even they would be somewhat boggled if confronted with rôles suitable for Gary Cooper or Jean Harlow, respectively.

Miss Harlow, of course is dissatisfied with her perennial rôle of the shrewd, tough little minx who knows the right answers. (Continued on page 65)

ONE MORE HUMAN:



Photo by Louis

Myrna Loy is a born fighter, and the justice to be gained in any fight is most important. Hers is the belief that, eventually, right must prevail.

Concluding the life story of one of Hollywood's most interesting personalities. Following the loss of her father, Myrna and her family make their permanent home in California, where she eventually starts on the road to fame.

PART V

MYRNA, with her mother and brother, left Montana for California in the summer of 1917. It was her third excursion to the Golden State.

Los Angeles and environs were in the grip of war hysteria. In the school in Santa Monica where Myrna and Lou Bamberger were bright, but not too model pupils, they sang patriotic songs and offered up prayers daily for the success of Old Glory and allied colors on the shell-raked fields of France.

Myrna was peculiarly averse to doing homework. She just wouldn't take books home with her. It would be attributed only to that childhood incident when she told Laura Belle Wilder that when she went to school she "wouldn't take any books."

She had to have books at school, of course, but even there she hated to study in the study-hall. At that period of the day, she would usually be absent, and teachers soon learned to look for her out on the lawn of the school! They punished her, they talked to her mother, but Myrna could not stand the confinement, and persisted in her own way.

It set what the teachers held to be a bad example for the others, in that it was subversive to social codes; but Myrna was then, and is now, usually indifferent to such things. She knew instinctively which method of study was best suited to her, and knew, too, that she could do no other. Her work was better than average. The reader must decide for him or herself whether or not she was right in doing as she did.

During this year the friendship between Lou and Myrna persisted and ripened. They were inseparable, living at each other's house, wearing each other's clothes, and behaving more as sisters than as unrelated friends.

Myrna finished the school year at Santa Monica and the family went home to Helena, as Mr. Williams was extremely busy and could not come to them.

They passed the summer together in Montana, and Mr. Williams was working himself into a dither over being a stay-at-home, when there was fighting on the other side of the Atlantic. His wife could hold him off no longer, and he prepared to go.

MYRNA LOY

BY DUDLEY EARLY

With this eventuality in her mind, Mrs. Williams decided not to return to California in the fall. She would stay with her husband until he went overseas.

The month became November. Days were cold, and the dread Spanish influenza struck Helena with a direful swiftness. Among those to fall victims were the Williamses. Myrna was the first, then her mother, then Dave, and last Mr. Williams.

With his family all confined to their beds, and Myrna lying in ice packs to reduce her fever, he moved from bed to bed, ministering to them. They began to recover. Mrs. Williams got up first, and had Sunday dinner with her husband. They sat up until ten o'clock, talking. Then he complained of feeling very badly, and went to bed.

Next day he was worse, himself finally felled by influenza. By Wednesday he was extremely ill. Myrna was able to sit up and take nourishment by this time, but did not know that her father was so sick.

Thursday Mr. Williams died. Young, healthy, and on the verge of enlisting in the service of his country, influenza had robbed him of his chance, robbed him of his life.

Myrna was inconsolable. She wept all day, and her own recovery was retarded. Her daddy had been taken from her and she was almost willing to give up all the joy of living, even life itself. But "her number was not up" and she recovered.

Mrs. Williams could not bear to live in Helena now, amid reminders of a last happiness. She decided to move to California permanently. She sold the ranch, but retained another acquired a few years earlier, and which she still owns. All business matters settled, the young widow and her fatherless children said good-bye to Montana.

They went to Santa Monica, but did not stay there long. Mrs. Williams found business opportunities in Culver City, about ten miles inland, where several of the more important studios are situated. Here they took a house, and Myrna was entered in the Westlake School for Girls, in Los Angeles.

She did not like it there; but one thing happened during the term that is worth recording here—she realized a great ambition. Elected Queen of the May by popular vote, she prepared to reign over the May festival to be held on the campus of the school. The principal was the chief arbiter of all things pertaining to it, and she chased to gorb Myrna in pink!



Photo by Louis

While attending the Westlake School for Girls, in Los Angeles, Myrna was chosen Queen of the May and realized her lifelong ambition to be dressed all in pink for the occasion.

May Day was duly celebrated, Myrna almost beside herself with happiness over the pink raiment, her red head crowned with a wreath of tiny pink roses. Mrs. Williams contends that her daughter looked beautiful on that occasion, pink or no pink, and who would argue with a mother on such a subject? So, we must admit that Miss Williams made a beautiful Queen of the May.

She went to the Westlake School just one year. There were too many restrictions imposed to suit her, and she refused to return the following term.

Lou Bamberger was attending the Venice Union High School, which served most of the beach towns and surrounding area. Culver City was included in its educational jurisdiction, and Myrna was enrolled there in the fall. She and Lou were re-united, and they were as close again as friends could be. Now began Myrna's serious interest in things artistic.

She enrolled in the drama class, under Mr. Head. He saw at once that she had talent, and gave her especial attention. Venice High School offered a course in sculpturing and she took it up under Mr. Weinbrenner. She showed talent in that, too, but her leaning was decidedly toward dramatics. (Continued on page 66)

THUMB NAIL



"The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

"The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."—20th Century-Fox. An amiable little comedy smoothly spoken and acted, is a mild stellar vehicle for Ronald Colman. He is an impoverished Russian nobleman who cleans out the cash boxes with his luck at trente-et-quarante. The director of the gambling casino is fearful that he may do it again. So he hires Joan Bennett to keep Mr. Colman away. He plays again, loses everything and is forced to become a taxi driver. But Miss Bennett has fallen in love with him in spite of it. He takes her to a party where those who are waiters, bus boys and valets by day are Russian grand dukes by night and she discovers that he is the most blue-blooded of them all.

"I Dream Too Much."—RKO. Lily Pons is a great success in her first picture. You mustn't miss it. She's the tiniest of stars and has the greatest reputation of any singer who has attempted films. More than that is her endearing personality and piquant accent. She is an actress and a joy as a comédienne. Not a beauty but a cute package with the vocal equipment of a real prima donna, a combination we've not seen before, and very, very French. Though she charms in light numbers, I think she is at her best in the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé." The story is charming, too. The wife of a poor composer, she sings his music so beautifully that she is forced into opera and he becomes just a star's husband. They quarrel and are reconciled when she hits upon the idea of making his opera a hugely successful musical comedy. Then fame makes him conceited. It is all quite diverting and popular, with Henry Fonda a splendid leading man.

"So Red the Rose."—Paramount. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. Tears for the heartbreaking beauty of Margaret Sullavan's acting, tears for a poignantly true picture of life in the South before and during

"So Red the Rose."



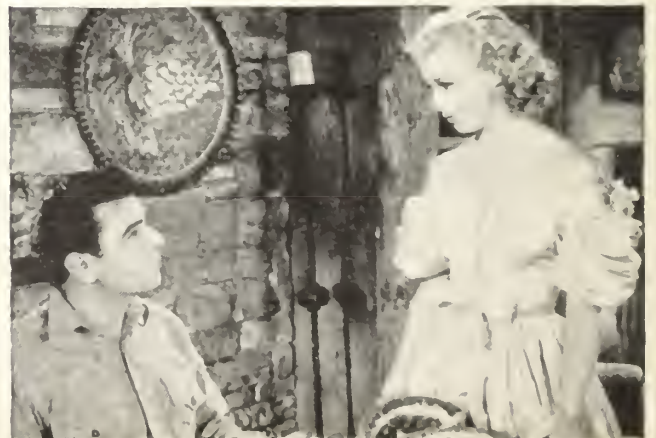
"I Dream Too Much."

the Civil War, and tears for the aftermath; gentle, wistful tears all. Not that the picture goes out of its way to be sorrowful, and it never is depressing, but it shows the disintegration of an aristocratic, carefree family when faced by the reality of war and the loss of house and lands and the moral support of luxury and position. Lavishly mounted, exquisitely photographed and superbly acted under the direction of King Vidor, this is as important a document of the landed gentry as his "Hallelujah" was of the colored people, and it furthers Miss Sullavan's reputation as one of the screen's greatest.

"In Person."—RKO. Ginger Rogers stars all by herself in a comedy with music and proves that she can do it, though she is hereby advised that costarring with Fred Astaire is no handicap to a girl, even with her talent. Her starring picture is diverting, amusing and tuneful, excellent entertainment all told. She plays a film star who seeks seclusion from the overenthusiastic mob—just the situation that stars in real life love to contemplate. This one resorts to an elaborate and very funny disguise which George Brent, the man in the case, sees through at once. Hiding out in a mountain cabin, the star decides to be herself and thinks that she has only to discard her masquerade to be every inch the star again. But Mr. Brent pretends to doubt her identity, whereupon we have an interlude that reminds us of "The Taming of the Shrew." An admirable cast surrounds Miss Ginger.

"Three Kids and a Queen."—Universal. Laughter and tears are evoked in large quantities by good, wholesome methods in a picture that I consider one of the best. There hasn't been heartier comedy and drama in months nor a picture of more widespread appeal. Teaming May Robson with Henry Armetta was an inspiration, and throwing in for good measure Frankie Darro and a new

"In Person."



REVIEWS

BY NORBERT LUSK



"Mutiny on the Bounty."



"Remember Last Night."

boy, Billy Burrud, makes the result perfect of its kind. They all act to beat the band, which is to say with skill and fluency. It is a troupers' holiday. Miss Robson, a rich old eccentric whose sanity is questioned by greedy relatives, is run down by three boys in a Ford and tracked senseless. Unaware who she is, they take her home and nurse her. Newspapers tell her that when he is found she will be put in an asylum, so she decides to remain with Mr. Armetta, a barber, and his boys. Then he is kidnaped by gangsters. All this is good, exciting fun.

"Mutiny on the Bounty."—MGM. Epics of the sea are seldom seen these days. Hollywood has been gathering its forces. That is why this is magnificently superior to all its predecessors, including "Treasure Island" and the silent "Sea Hawk." The film cost two million dollars, two years went into its preparation and filming and it takes nearly two hours and a half to unreele it. Not only an extraordinary photograph of the sea in its many moods, it is an arresting and striking revelation of character. The period is England in 1792 when the "Bounty" sailed from Portsmouth to Tahiti in command of "Captain Bligh," otherwise Charles Laughton, with Clark Gable as chief officer and Franchot Tone as a midshipman on his first voyage. It is an exciting, harrowing, tragic passage during which the monstrous deeds of "Bligh" drive part of his men to mutiny and give Mr. Tone opportunity for his best acting since "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

"Remember Last Night."—Universal. Mercy on us, how can a picture be so misguided! That, incidentally, is the nicest word that could be used. It is chosen because of past performances of a superior director. His lapse here begins with the scenario and ends with the acting which is mostly irritating and painful. Strangely, the sets

are beautiful and original, mostly modernistic interiors. The story is about a consciously gay and glib set of rich idlers who drink so much at a party that they can't remember anything that might account for the murder of one of them. Then they have some more highballs. They are the most irritating group of characters that ever tried to ape those in "The Thin Man," and Constance Cummings is guiltiest for her studiedly casual imitation of Myrna Loy in that film.

"Hands Across the Table."—Paramount. On the face of it only a bright, glib and superficial comedy, this actually is more. With remarkable success it captures the rhythm of metropolitan life, the viewpoint, conversation and code of the girl who works as a manicurist and depends on the watchful use of her sex to get her out of the basement into a penthouse. Carol Lombard, in this rôle, is uncommonly good and her acting deserves the stellar billing she enjoys. Her flirtation with Fred MacMurray, on the supposition that he is as rich as his family name, is excellently written and played by both. Her discovery that he is about to marry money to save himself from continued poverty is naturally expressed. Of course it ends with them in each other's arms. Mr. MacMurray has never been so likable since "The Gilded Lily."

"Splendor."—United Artists. Rachel Crothers, famous playwright, writes a story for the screen and "mothers" it from its inception till it is ready for the public. The result is interesting but not out of the ordinary. It is notable for good taste rather than freshness or forthright drama. But Miriam Hopkins gives a performance that is fine and true, miles ahead of her much-talked-about "Becky Sharp." She is a Southern nobody who marries the son of a Fifth Avenue family soured by the struggle to keep the ancestral home going on practically nothing.

"Hands Across the Table."



"Splendor."



THUMBNAIL REVIEWS



"Mary Burns, Fugitive."

What the family does to her and she to it, is the story. Aside from the superior dialogue, there is the vibration of a machine-made plot and more than a suspicion that the author is "playing down" to the fans in arranging a happy ending.

"Peter Ibbetson."—Paramount. Straining to adapt the intangibilities of the novel to the screen results in changes that rob the film of proper appeal to readers of the book, and makes it a vague and rather meaningless thing to those who read the title for the first time. Consequently the picture is regrettably mild and tolerable, plus an aura of preciosity that irritates at times. But it is beautifully photographed and sensitively acted. Gary Cooper excels in a simple, searching presentment of poor "Peter," whose spirit floats out of prison to meet Ann Harding, also a spirit, for idyllic scenes in the country. It seems that these lovers are united only in their dreams, but as they look to be flesh-and-blood people their dream romance puzzles the uninformed spectator. Miss Harding's performance is beautiful and her old-fashioned costumes are regal.

"Mary Burns, Fugitive."—Paramount. Fine, intelligent melodrama, exciting, sympathetic, adroit but never merely tricky, this is the motion picture at its best. G-Men relentlessly pursue an innocent girl when they have convinced her escape from prison in the hope that she will lead them to the hide-out of her lover, a youthful killer. From this plot-root stem uncommonly interesting characters, incidents and acting in a picture that every one will enjoy because of its realism. It presents Sylvia Sydney in her best performance since "Ladies of the Big House," and that was a long time ago. Furthermore, it introduces a stranger from the stage, Alan Baxter, who must surely become a favorite. In this he plays the ruthless murderer with a striking combination of maniacal impulse and boyish sympathy. Melvyn Douglas, Pert Kelton, and Wallace Ford also are very successful.

"Frisco Kid."



"Stars Over Broadway."

"Stars Over Broadway."—Warners. James Melton and Jane Froman, radio stars, make film debuts that are satisfactory but hardly sensational. They take charge of the musical side of the picture and let Pat O'Brien and Jean Muir carry on the story and achieve interesting characterizations, Miss Muir as a small-town girl with radio aspirations and Mr. O'Brien as a down-and-out press agent. He "discovers" Mr. Melton as a carefree porter who doesn't know that he has a voice and pushes him to fame. There are complications and sappy scenes, of course, but it all shapes up nicely, with singing tracks, from those who have voices and acting from those who know how.

"Frisco Kid."—Warners. Probably to appease and flatter James Cagney, they have given him a "big" picture; that is, one which employs more extras than usual. They are said to number three thousand. One likes to believe that Mr. Cagney isn't fooled any more than we are. For this melodrama of San Francisco's Barbary Coast in 1854 is unimportant and for all the crowds, unexciting. Mr. Cagney, a sailor, works himself up from nothing to boss of the underworld. He kills the giant, Fred Kohler, plus a steel hook for an arm, in a hand-to-hand conflict, and falls in love with Margaret Lindsay, who publishes a newspaper. Her oratory saves Mr. Cagney from the fury of the Vigilantes after they have hanged several men.

"The Melody Lingers On."—United Artists. This strangely old-fashioned story may appeal to a certain public but it is resented by many, including myself. However, its hokum acquires dignity through the delicate art of Josephine Hutchinson in the leading rôle and it may bring her to the attention of some who might overlook her in a more legitimate film. If so, then this one is justified for she is a rare and exquisite actress in danger of being neglected by those who insist on elemental values in stars. She is seen here as the heroine of a drama of mother love, yearning to help the eighteen-year-old son she cannot acknowledge.

"The Melody Lingers On."



CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"SO RED THE ROSE"—Paramount. From the novel by Stark Young. Screen play by Laurence Stallings, Maxwell Anderson, and Edwin Justus Mayer. Directed by King Vidor.

CAST:

Vallette Bedford.....Margaret Sullivan
Malcolm Bedford.....Walter Connolly
Duncan Bedford.....Randolph Scott
Sally Bedford.....Janet Beecher
Mary Cherry.....Elizabeth Patterson
Edward Bedford.....Harry Ellerbe
Middleton Bedford.....Dickie Moore
George Peudleton.....Robert Cummings
George McGehee.....Charles Starrett
"Knee Boy".....Johnny Downs
William Veal.....Daniel Haynes
Cato.....Clarence Muse
Major Rushton.....James Burke
Confederate Sergeant.....Warner Richmond
Charles Tolliver.....Alfred Delcambre

"I DREAM TOO MUCH"—RKO. Screen play by Edmund North and James Gow. Story by Elsie Finn and David G. Wittels. Directed by John Cromwell.

CAST:

Annette.....Lily Pons
Jonathan.....Henry Fonda
Roger.....Eric Blore
Darcy.....Osmond Perkins
Mr. Dilley.....Lucien Littlefield
Gwendolyn Dilley.....Lucille Ball
Pianist.....Mischea Auer
Tito.....Paul Porcasi
Boy on merry-go-round.....Scott Beckett

"REMEMBER LAST NIGHT"—Universal. Screen drama adapted by Doris Malloy, Harry Clark, and Dan Lotheroh. From the novel, "The Hangover Murders," by Adam Hobhouse. Directed by James Whale.

CAST:

Danny Harrison.....Edward Arnold
Carlotta Milburn.....Constance Cummings
Bette Huling.....Sally Eilers
Tony Milburn.....Robert Young
Fred Flannagan.....Robert Armstrong
Jack Whitridge.....Reginald Denny
Billy Arnold.....Monroe Owsley
Maxie.....George Meeker
Baptiste.....Ed Brophy
Penny Whitridge.....Jack Larne
Professor Jones.....Louise Henry
Faronea.....Gustav von Seyffertitz
Phelps.....Gregory Ratoff
Madame Boucher.....Arthur Treacher
Rafaela Ottiano.....Rafaela Ottiano

"THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO"—20th Century-Fox. Screen comedy by Nunnally Johnson and Howard Ellis Smith. Adapted from a stage play by Ilya Sargutchoff and Frederick Albert Swan. Directed by Stephen Roberts.

CAST:

Paul Gallard.....Ronald Colman
Helen Berkeley.....Joan Bennett
Bertrand Berkeley.....Colin Clive
Ivan.....Nigel Bruce
Director.....Montagu Love
Office Man.....Ferdinand Gottschalk
Croupier.....Charles Fallon

"STARS OVER BROADWAY"—Warners. Story by Mildred Cram. Screen play by Jerry Wald and Inklus Epstein. Directed by William Keighly.

CAST:

Al McGillevray.....Pat O'Brien
Jan King.....James Melton
Joan Garrett.....Jane Froman
Nora Wyman.....Jean Muir
"Offkey" Cramer.....Frank Mellugh
Romeo.....Phil Regan
Minotti.....William Ricciardi
Molly.....Marie Wilson
Announcer.....Frank Fay
Crane.....E. E. Clive
Freddy.....Eddie Conrad
Luigi.....Paul Porcasi
Jim Flugel.....Maurice Black
The Greek.....Patsy Flick
Archie McNeish.....Emmet Vogan
Charlie.....George Chandler

"SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT"—Columbia. Adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett from a story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Tay Garnett.

CAST:

Ricardi.....George Raft
Carol.....Joan Bennett
Mr. Van Dyke.....Walter Connolly
Mrs. Van Dyke.....Billie Burke
"Tex".....Lloyd Nolan
"Fingers" Boston.....Wallace Ford
Tony.....James Blakely
"Ham".....Alan Mowbray
Cesar.....William Tannen
Uncle Wyndersham.....Donald Meek

"THE MELODY LINGERS ON" United Artists. Adapted by Ralph Block and Philip Dunne from Lowell Brentano's novel. Directed by David Burton.

CAST:

Ann Prescott.....Josephine Hutchinson
Salvini.....George Houston
Marco Turina.....John Halliday
Sylvia Turina.....Mona Barne
Manzoni.....Helen Westley
Mother Superior.....Laura Hope Crews
Jonesy.....William Harrigan
Guido.....David Scott
Croce.....Walter Kingsford
Da Vigna.....Ferdinand Gottschalk
Carmen.....Grace Poggi
Louisa.....Inez Palange
Giuseppe.....Frank Puglia
Inkeeper.....Gennaro Cerci
Lieutenant Zettner.....Francesco Marau
Sister Maria.....Bily Malyon
Sister Agnes.....Marian Ballou
Celeste.....Adele St. Maur
Fruit Vender.....Eddie Conrad
Vender's Wife.....Nina Campana
Austrian Officer.....William von Brincken

"MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY"—MGM. Screen play by Talbot Jennings, Jules Furthman, and Carey Wilson. From the book by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Directed by Frank Lloyd.

CAST:

Blight.....Charles Laughton
Christian.....Clark Gable
Byam.....Franchot Tone
Smith.....Herbert Mundin
Ellison.....Eddie Quillan
Baeculn.....Dudley Digges
Barkitt.....Donald Crisp
Sir Joseph Banks.....Henry Stephenson
Captain Nelson.....Francis Lister
Mrs. Byam.....Spring Byington
Tehani.....Movita
Maimiti.....Mauro
Maggs.....Ian Wolfe
Morgan.....Ivan Simpson
Fryer.....DeWitt Jennings
Muspratt.....Stanley Fields
Morrison.....Wallis Clark
Hayward.....Vernon Downing
Tinkler.....Dick Winslow

"THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN"—Universal. Suggested by a story by Harry Poppe and Chester Beecroft. Screen play by Barry Trivers and Sam Ornitz. Directed by Edward Ludwig.

CAST:

Mary Jane Baxter.....May Robson
Tony Orsatti.....Henry Armetta
Julia.....Charlotte Henry
"Blackie".....Frankie Darro
Walter Morkin.....Herman Bing
Elmira.....Lillian Harmer
"Doc".....Billy Burrud
"Flash".....William Benedict
"Boss" Benton.....John Miljan
Wilfred Edgar.....Lawrence Grant
Mrs. Cummings.....Hedda Cooper
Ralph.....Hale Hamilton
Stanley.....Noel Madison
Bill.....Tom Dugan
Crippits.....Henry Kolker

"CRIME AND PUNISHMENT"—Columbia. Screen drama adapted from the Dostoevski novel by S. K. Lauren and Joseph Anthony. Directed by Josef von Sternberg.

CAST:

Inspector Porfiry.....Edward Arnold
Raskolnikov.....Peter Lorre
Sonya.....Marian Marsh
Antonia.....Tala Birell
Mrs. Raskolnikov.....Elisabeth Risdon
Dmitri.....Robert Allen
Grilov.....Douglas Dumbrille
Lushin.....Gene Lockhart
University President.....Charles Waldron
The Editor.....Thurston Hall
The Clerk.....Johnny Arthur
Pawnbroker.....Mrs. Patrick Campbell

"SPLENDOR"—United Artists. A screen drama by Rachael Crothers. Directed by Elliott Nugent.

CAST:

Phyllis Lorrimore.....Miriam Hopkins
Brighton Lorrimore.....Joel McCrea
Martin Deering.....Paul Cavanagh
Mrs. Lorrimore.....Helen Westley
Clarissa.....Billie Burke
Martha Lorrimore.....Katherine Alexander
Edith Gilbert.....Ruth Weston
Clancey Lorrimore.....David Niven
Fletcher.....Ivan Simpson
Captain Ballugger.....Arthur Trencher
Hoffstatter.....Torben Meyer
Billy Grimes.....Reginald Sheffield

"MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE"—Paramount. Screen drama by Gene Towne, Graham Baker, and Louis Stevens. Directed by William K. Howard.

CAST:

Mary Burns.....Sylvia Sydney
Alec MacDonald.....Molyn Douglas
"Goldie" Gordon.....Pert Kelton
Don "Babe" Wilson.....Alan Baxter
Harper.....Wallace Ford
"Spike".....Brian Donlevy
Steve.....Frank Sully
Matron.....Frances Gregg
District Attorney.....Charles Waldron
Judge.....William Ingersoll
"Red" Martin.....Boothe Howard
Joe.....Norman Willis
Willie.....Joe Twerp
Mike.....William Pawley
G Men.....Ivan Miller
Korman Cripps

"FRISCO KID"—Warners. A screen drama by Warren Duff and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

CAST:

"Bat" Morgan.....James Cagney
Jean Barrat.....Margaret Lindsay
Paul Morra.....Ricardo Cortez
Bella Morra.....Lili Damita
Charles Ford.....Donald Woods
"Spider" Burke.....Barton MacLane
Solly.....George E. Stone
Coleman.....Addison Richards
James Daley.....Joseph King
Judge Crawford.....Robert McWade
McClanahan.....Joseph Crehan
Graber.....Robert Strange
"Slugs" Crippen.....Joseph Sawyer
"Shanghai Duck".....Fred Kohler
Tupper.....Edward McWade
"Jumping Whale".....Clandia Coleman
"The Weasel".....John Wray

"IN PERSON"—RKO. From the novel by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Screen play by Allan Scott. Directed by William A. Seiter.

CAST:

Carol Corliss.....Ginger Rogers
Emory Muir.....George Brent
Jay Holmes.....Alan Mowbray
Judge Thaddeus Parks.....Grant Mitchell
Doctor Aaron Sylvester.....Samuel S. Hinds
Minna.....Joan Breslan
Sheriff Twing.....Louis Mason
"Parson" Lunk.....Spencer Charters
Doorman.....Edgar Kennedy

"PETER IBBETSON"—Paramount. From the novel by George du Maurier and the play by John Nathaniel Raphael. Adapted by Constance Collier. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Waldemar Young. Directed by Henry Hathaway.

CAST:

Peter Ibbetson.....Gary Cooper
Mary, Duchess of Towers.....Ain Harding
The Duke of Towers.....John Halliday
Agnes.....Ida Lupino
Colonel Forsythe.....Douglas Dumbrille
Mimsey.....Virginia Weidler
Gogo.....Dickie Moore
Mrs. Dorian.....Doris Lloyd
Wilkins.....Gilbert Emery
Mr. Slade.....Donald Meek
Major Duquesnois.....Christian Rub
Madame Pasquier.....Elsa Buchanan
Madame Ghigli.....Marguerite Namara
Katherine.....Elsie Prescott
Maid.....Marcelle Corday
Nun.....Adrienne d'Ambriouart
Sister of Mercy.....Theresa Maxwell Conover
Warden.....Gerald Rogers
Captain of Guards.....Cyril McLaglen
Guard.....Jack Adair
Prisoner.....Harry Cording
Prisoner.....Leonid Kinsky
Prisoner.....Herbert Evans
Prisoner.....Robert Adair

"WAY DOWN EAST"—Fox. Adapted by Howard Estabrook and William Hurlbut. From the play by Lottie Blair Parker. Directed by Henry King.

CAST:

Anna Moore.....Rochelle Hudson
David Bartlett.....Henry Fonda
Seth Holoomb.....Slim Summerville
Lennox Sanderson.....Edward Trevor
Martha Perkins.....Margaret Hamilton
Hi Holler.....Andy Devine
Squire Bartlett.....Russell Simpson
Mrs. Bartlett.....Spring Byington
Kate.....Astrid Allwyn
Cordelia Woolwine.....Sara Haden
"Hank" Penbody.....Al Lydell
Mr. Penbody.....Harry C. Bradley
"Doc" Wiggins.....Clem Bowen
Mrs. Poole.....Vera Lewis
Musicians.....Seymour and Cornob
Abner.....Phil La Taska
Amos.....William Benedict

Continued from page 53

came to Hollywood together, and until Elissa went on her trip to Europe to appear in pictures in France and England were apart for only a few weeks at a time. The reason the countess didn't accompany her daughter on the trip abroad, was because both her husband and son had but recently come to the film colony. The suddenness of the news of her passing made the event terribly tragic for Elissa.

Young Romances Blaze.—Younger players are getting married at a great rate. Look at this group: Jane Wyatt and Edgar Ward; Jacqueline Wells and Walter Brooks, III; Genevieve Mitchell and Harry J. Bruant; Shirley Grey and Arthur Margetson. Robert Taylor and Irene Hervey would like to wed, but MGM wants to keep Taylor interestingly free from matrimony.

A recent bride was Julia Faye, remembered from the silent days, whose husband is Walter Anthony Merrill. Cecil DeMille, in whose pictures Julia used frequently to appear, gave the bride away.

A Barrymore Jubilee.—In the midst of all the hubbub over the Barrymores, especially John, Lionel succeeded quietly in celebrating his twenty-fifth anniversary in pictures. There's no question of the Barrymores standing together, because Lionel did everything to protect John from prying inquirers, and to deny persistent reports that John was suffering from a nervous breakdown. John hasn't been well; that's a certainty, but his condition is much less serious than some rumor purveyors would make it out to be. He stayed in seclusion for several weeks after he returned to Hollywood on his yacht, following the Elaine Barrie fanfare. Ethel meanwhile had a little wrangle with the press on her own account. There's no doubt that the Barrymores, whether in or out of pictures, can always afford excitement.

Quaintly Apropos.—We must make obeisance to the names of the satellites of the English players. For instance, Merle Oberon has a companion secretary who is called Ruth Dainty. And Leslie Ruth Howard, eleven-year-old daughter of the actor, Leslie, has a governess named Frances Gospel.

Love in the Bud.—Heart palpitations aren't all confined to the grown-up stars. Jane Withers admits a fond admiration for Jackie Searl. In fact, she calls him "My very ideal." They

Hollywood High Lights

go to school together, whenever Jackie works in one of her pictures, and as far as Jane is concerned that can probably be all the time. It looks like an ideal match, we'll say.

A Gracious Prima Donna.—On her return to the Metropolitan Opera, Gladys Swarthout leaves behind her probably the most pleasant impression of any prima donna who ever came to Hollywood. The reason is that she gave generously of her talent for song on a number of occasions when she was desired for benefits, civic functions and the like. She is really a very charming woman. And if all reports can be believed will go very far in pictures. She and John Boles were the only singers to take part in the big Will Rogers memorial at the 20th Century-Fox studio, which was quite an assembling of film folk and political figures. Incidentally, Miss



Though Joan Blondell is all wrapped up in her son, Norman Scott Barnes, she has a sentimental eye for Dick Powell, these days, too.

Swarthout was matched with the very, very temperamental Jan Kiepura, in "Give Us This Night."

Songbirds' Hide and Seek.—And on the subject of Kiepura, it's interesting that Marta Eggerth didn't appear at his coming-out party in Hollywood, and neither did he arrive on the scene at hers. Indeed, they're more than coy about their engagement, or is it marriage? Miss Eggerth, we might note, is a radiant and diminutive blonde. Both Marion Talley and she look like very bright photographic possibilities. But then many of you may already have seen Miss Eggerth in one of her foreign productions, "Casta Diva," which unfortunately was done only in the Italian language.

Hullabaloo Over What!—Much fuss has been raised about Jean Harlow changing the color of her hair. She's to be "brunette" instead of platinum in Riffraff. The shade is between a platinum and a brown. The alteration has been heralded as if it were something utterly new for Jean. How short memory is! Under the guidance of the late Paul Bern, Jean scored her first big success in "Red-headed Woman" and wore an auburn wig through the entire picture.

Design for Loving.—Personally devoted, professionally separated—that's the way Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford plan to work out their married life. Unless occasion absolutely demands, they won't do anything that might be construed as joint activity in the world of art. Which perhaps also means that they won't be seen in many pictures together from now on. That just about follows the same formula that Joan and young Doug set for themselves when they were married. Only this promises to be a much less effusive marriage. It's been much more carefully premeditated.

Freddie Gains Rewards.—Freddie Bartholomew is now enjoying some of the rewards that his rich gifts deserve. MGM is paying him \$1,000 a week on a forty-week contract, and the court decided recently that he should remain in America under the guardianship of his aunt, Mylicent Bartholomew. She has had the child in her charge since he was three years old. The parents of Freddie recently sought to take the child away from her, but she supplied evidence showing that the parents had permitted the boy to come to Hollywood with her for an indefinite sojourn. Freddie gave a great account of himself on the witness stand during the court proceedings setting his future.

Up from Lowly.—Marie Wilson, the young lady who attracted interest for her comedy talent in "Stars Over Broadway," is one of those rare arrivals at success who come from the extra ranks. She was having a terrible time getting a chance just about a year ago. The picture has given meaning to her ability in Hollywood even though critics are not so positive elsewhere. Success of the comedienne is generally a pitifully fleeting thing.

Huge Chaplin Revenue.—One comedy star who proceeds on his way un-

disturbed is Charles Chaplin. It has not been divulged that Charlie's "City Lights" yielded a gross of \$6,000,000, unheard of these days, especially when you consider that it was released in the midst of the depression.

What will Charlie's next picture be? Probably equally as much, and it is to be a silent film. He is the sole surviving star of that era. And it seems to pay to be that in his case.



Shirley Ross will marry Henry Fonda, according to the Hollywood prophets, though James Stewart steps in as a rival now and then.

Lily Pons Fools Them.—The biggest surprise hit of the year is Lily Pons—surprise because it isn't her singing that seems to be the telling asset that she possesses, but her comedy talent. She has a true gift for provoking mirth in a simple and natural way, and subsequent pictures are to illuminate that particular attribute.

The voice of Pons was reputedly very difficult to record satisfactorily. If the tales may be believed that are told of the picture, the arias were, in a manner of speaking, pieced together with the tones that were most successfully recorded. The manner in which

this was done is too technical to be gone into here. But the making of "I Dream Too Much" is regarded as quite a triumph for the sound recorders, also the star, director and players.

Eddy Reigning Vocal Star.—Nelson Eddy is now a star supreme in the concert world. That's what the movies do for a man of music. Nelson gave a concert in Los Angeles, just prior to his departure on tour, and the house was packed to the highest rafters. Also there were people on the stage, and some practically hanging on the chandeliers. And, of course, most of Hollywood was right on the scene.

Nelson mentioned, when he was about to sing "Sweet Mystery of Life" as an encore, that he really should do the song as a duet with Jeanette MacDonald. Whereupon he pointed her out in the audience which stampeded in applause, trying to get the prima donna onto the stage. But Jeanette took a bow and sat down.

Cautious on Girl Question.—Michael Bartlett, another songbird of the films, avoids being seen with the same girl more than twice in public. He has been attentive to Virginia Bruce, Florence Rice, and various other film queens, but he limits his attentions very strictly.

Bartlett is still devoted to the lyric muse. He would rather attend a concert than a preview. Furthermore he's very likely to go to London next year to appear in an operetta written for him by Oscar Straus, of "Chocolate Soldier" fame, who was impressed by Michael's performance in "Love Me Forever."

Cantor's "Sea of Troubles."—When Eddie Cantor's "Shoot the Chutes" is finally completed, there will probably be no end of jubilation. The picture has been a saga of grief. It started with the story, which induced a strug-

gle in the studio that lasted for weeks and weeks. Virtually every comedy writer in the business took a whack at the scenario at some time or other.

Topping everything, a balloon brought from Chicago for a comedy thrill sequence, became more fractious than any temperamental star in Hollywood. One gaseous compound didn't suit the balloon, and it refused to ascend satisfactorily. Somebody suggested helium, a very rare gas for inflation, but there was apparently no place to obtain enough of it, and the expense would have been terrific. Fi-



Hedda Hopper, besides coaching Jan Kiepura in English, chaperons Marta Eggerth when she visits her fiancé or secret husband as the case may be.

nally hydrogen was used with some effect. Meanwhile an air field was engaged for the scenes.

The trouble with Cantor pictures is that each must seem to top the last. That's a difficulty comedians always face.

PRAYER

If fickle fate would only lend
Me Gary Cooper for a friend,
Or give me just an hour alone
With subtly charming Franchot Tone,
And let me dance with Fred Astaire,
Or rumple up MacMurray's hair,
And let me chat with handsome Gable

Across some private dinner table,
(Or maybe Freddie March would do—
His profile makes a lovely view!)
I still would ask for one thing more,
And this I'd wheedle, beg, implore—
For my lasting, full-time steady,
Kindly send me Nelson Eddy!

Rosemary.

and you feel the tang of the sea in the air.

Of course, all this was being planned in 1936, though the public at large knew nothing about it. With the great radio laboratories already establishing their test circuit, or group of professional receiving sets, for the testing of television for commercial use the motion-picture industry and the theater owners had to do something to protect themselves against the invasion of home television sets, which would bring the world's finest entertainment and latest radio flashes into the home in the form of talking pictures, transmitted by television. And this, of course, would put the motion-picture theater out of business.

But to get back to the picture we are seeing in the garden of this 1940 amusement center. We are watching it as it is being played in a theater in New York, where those who still prefer their entertainment "in the flesh" may go to any one of twenty of these performances and see the finest players of all the world—who are repeating their work, night after night. For, strange as it may seem, television has brought the stage back to its own, with a vengeance.

Grand opera, musicals, dramas, mystery plays—all are being played in the great theater and broadcast all over the world by television, to be shown a few seconds later in a thou-

sand such entertainment centers as the one in which we are sitting.

Of course Western pictures, sea pictures and all kinds of outdoor productions are often made on location, and broadcast directly from there.

But now to come back to 1936. Does all this seem far-fetched and impossible? Do you feel that perhaps 1940 will be able to afford you no such marvelous form of entertainment?

Then it will interest you to learn that while the present radius of distribution for television through the air is only about twenty-five miles, that by the use of special "coaxial" cables, programs can be sent any distance, and that such a cable is now being laid between Philadelphia and New York. When the public is ready for television, these cables will network the country.

Nor will this be any great variation from the broadcasting of to-day, as practically all radio programs are sent long distance by wire, and are broadcast from wireless stations only locally. Already England has television programs in film theaters, and is working on television plays for theater and home showing.

Also, it will interest you to know that sets and scenery for productions to be photographed for television are being built in the RKO studio in Hollywood at this very time. That's how close television is to us to-day.

But what we have discussed is only a small part of what you will see, and experience, in your amusement center of to-morrow. You will see things that have never before been visible to the human eye, and hear that which has never been audible to the human ear.

Studio experiments, and the actual taking of motion pictures, have already proved that by use of infra-red rays it is possible to photograph what the eye cannot see. The infra-red rays pierce fogs and other forms of interference that block human vision including darkness. Already photographs are being made in pitch darkness.

One independent producer in Hollywood is planning to produce a novelty picture in which he will photograph five people with normal vision in a pitch-dark room, comparing their blind gropings with the actions of blind people photographed under similar circumstances.

By conquering vision barriers, distance and darkness, infra-red ray photography is opening a new world to the human eye.

And now about hearing things in that 1940 theater that you've never heard before. Already electric pick-up and amplification has given us new ears—and sound experts admit they are still in the cradle of sound reproduction.

Take the matter of music alone. Sound experts and musicians are striving toward twin goals: perfection in electrical pick-up and amplification of music and the production of music by electricity.

In 1940 electrical pick-up and amplification will be used for the purpose of utilizing musical instruments whose tone is too delicate for use in the average orchestra, such as certain strings and reeds whose soft and liquid notes cannot be heard because they lack volume.

Even to-day these can be picked up and amplified to a power where a single one of them could drown out a hundred-piece band. By the same method the fall of a petal of a flower and the flight of a butterfly can be registered in sound.

As we sit in the garden or the shop or the cocktail bar of the theater of 1940, we will hear not only heretofore inaudible sounds but electric music as well, music made by electricity on instruments unlike anything you have ever seen.

Then there will come to us a greater



Even so exquisite a singing princess as Jeanette MacDonald needs nourishment to keep going. Naturally, Nelson Eddy gallantly sees to it that his costar in "Rose-Marie" lacks for nothing that will keep her in top form.

influence than any yet described. It will be what is now known as "psychological appeal," which means the influence brought upon our fundamental senses, and will stir you up inside and make you feel what the picture intends you to feel. In other words, it will be another door to your emotions.

Under the laboratory name of "emotional urge" a mild form of it was tried out on you in "Becky Sharp," color being the emotional influence used.

During the filming of that picture, director Mamoulian said to the writer: "In the ballroom sequence, where the action develops into a general rush to answer the call to arms or to seek safety from the dangers of war, we are striving by the scientific use of color, ranging from a pink to a violent crimson, to excite a mood in the audience in keeping with the atmosphere and pace of our story."

Photographic experts have long maintained that certain scenes in films should be printed on tinted film, because color determines psychological

reaction and has a distinct effect upon the nerves of an audience.

This, of course, has been an old trick of the stage producer. What has been done in the past however, is little to what is being planned for the future.

In such show places as the Rainbow Room in Radio City New York, colored lights are reckoned as one of the surest mediums of emotional influence.

Sound will also be used to stir your emotions. An elaborate system of tests has been conducted on New York audiences by a psychologist to determine just which notes and sounds produce which effects on the human nervous system.

This expert has already proved that certain notes sounded and held on an exceptionally deep-pitched organ have an invariable physical effect on all who hear them.

It is with the knowledge of the possibility of sound as an emotional urge that designers of electrical musical instruments are preparing to create

moods in audiences by the use of contrivances.

So, as you sit in to-morrow's treat, the love scene between the country lass and the city boy will be accompanied by the sounds of the country, the smell of trees and fresh earth and flowers, and just the right music to move you to make you feel you are in the boy's place!

What entertainment we shall get from our movies then! Experts say that in a few years it will be possible, with the correct use of light, color, and sound to scare an audience into hysterics while it watches an old lady dozing by the fire, or to soothe its tired nerves while a murder is being committed on the screen before its eyes.

Not that such contrasting or extreme emotional urges will be used in connection with pictures—but just to show their possibilities. And then you will cry when the script says to cry, cheer when it says cheer and thrill when it says thrill.

All this is definitely coming, is on the way, is almost here!

Continued from page 55

Being "Typed" Is No Disgrace

yet if she is wise she will not stray far from the characterization which she has made so peculiarly her own.

Jeanette MacDonald has won a niche for herself by choosing and perfecting the sort of rôle she is capable of doing best. The same is true of Miriam Hopkins who is the most interesting lady rake on the screen despite the fact that her "Becky Sharp" had no more subtlety than a sledge hammer.

For more than twenty years Wallace Beery has been sticking to his type regardless of whether he portrays a king or a waterfront roustabout. The same rough, bluff, roistering qualities are included in his every rôle so that although he gives the impression of versatility he actually presents much the same character year after year.

Myrna Loy is the only star that comes to mind who successfully broke away from a definite type of characterization and bloomed as brilliantly in another.

On the other hand, Paramount's repeated efforts to take George Raft out of underworld rôles, which he does superbly, have met with discouraging results. Since no other actor has his particular flair for portraying fastidious gamblers and pensive crooks, his studio will be acting wisely in giving him only such rôles.

Mae West is another whose success has been built around one very definite type of character. It is unfortunate for her that her famous creation is so limited in scope. The rôle is not adaptable to interesting variations, such as are possible with many other screen types, and Mae's future is problematical.



Those Britishers, Eric Blore and Margot Grahame, insist on tea between scenes of "Two in the Dark."

Crawford fans will say that their Joan is versatile, but I insist that there is little or no variety in her rôles. Her attempt to portray "Sadie Thompson" was a dismal failure—pretty definite proof that Adrian-gowned cinderellas have been and will continue to be her forte.

The talented Chester Morris made the mistake early in his career of attempting the rôle of "Sergeant Grischa," a grim, tragic, dull-witted character which would have put almost any actor on the spot and kept him there. The debonair George Brent was cast, with sad results, as a plodding, unlettered farmer in "So Big," and even the great Leslie Howard was out of his element as the pioneer in "Secrets."

The lovely, doll-faced Loretta Young is now going to change her type by attempting the tragic Scotch-Indian character, "Ramona." Or was until her illness gave the part to Rochelle Hudson. If anything worth while comes of this venture I'll have to admit that there is no such thing as miscasting.

As I see it, there are two general classes of popular screen actors—a select few whose talents are equal to a wide range of rôles, and another and much larger group who are capable of fine performances within a more limited sphere. My contention is that those of the second group, which includes the aforementioned Oberon, should develop and perfect the type best suited to his or her abilities and build it into a symbol of individual merit.

One More Human: Myrna Loy

The Ritter School of Expression heard of her dramatic ability and through Mr. Head made her an offer to work in that school on Saturdays. She accepted and became at the same time student and instructress.

The talent for training was not confined solely to the Ritter school; she taught Sunday school at the Presbyterian Church in Culver City.

Auntie from Lou Bamberger, who lived several miles away, her closest friend was Jeanny Chessler. Jeanny had a brother, Truman. He was an actor using the name Truman Van Dyke. At that time he was a fairly well-known leading man in pictures. Myrna promptly got a school-girl crush on him though he was about ten years older than she and a full-grown man.

He knew, of course, about her dramatic talent, and realized that sooner or later she might try to enter pictures. Holding the somewhat old-fashioned view that Hollywood was no place for a "nice" girl, he talked to Mrs. Williams telling her that, if he were in her place, he would keep Myrna away from the studios.

Mrs. Williams had no idea that her daughter had any such ambitions—but she had. She had already made up her mind that some day she was going to be a fine actress. Her mother did not do as Truman Van Dyke had advised, and luckily for us now. Had she done so there would have been no Myrna Loy, and no such performances such as she gave in "The Thin Man" and in "Broadway Bill."

Mr. Weinbrenner was commissioned by the high school to execute a statue for the campus. He chose Myrna as his model and that statue symbolizing "Inspiration—a female figure with head thrown back and arms outstretched—stood until the earthquake of 1932, when it was shaken down and severely damaged.

She was studying dancing again now, this time with Ruth St. Denis, who had opened a school in Los Angeles. Miss St. Denis and Myrna took an instant liking to each other, and became firm friends. Whenever Miss St. Denis would go out of town on short trips Myrna would invariably accompany her. From her Myrna got not only practical instruction in dancing but the theory of it as well.

She entered her second year at Venice High School, and was an active member in the Culver City Girls' Club. Though Lou did not live there, she was a member, too.

One afternoon, when Myrna was giving the club a party at her home, Lou came in late. She was peculiarly silent, and finally Myrna asked her what was on her mind. Lou blushed then said:

"I'm married!"

That her friend had reached that age had not dawned on Myrna, any more than that she, too, had outgrown adolescence. She stood quietly for a moment, then burst into tears. It had been a shock.

Lou had married David MacFarland, a Santa Monica boy whom she had known almost since infancy. They are still married and are the parents

of a fine child. Dave is active in the beach city's political circus.

That marriage of Lou's did something to Myrna: she began to brood. Lou and Dave went on to school but the realization of approaching maturity was enough to make Myrna turn her back on conventional education forever.

She heard that Sid Grauman had sent out a call for dancers for his prodigues at the Egyptian Theater in Hollywood and she applied with a friend. Myrna was selected, while the other girl was not.

How she finally tired of that did extra work for a while, and was then "discovered" by Rudolph Valentino—that is now familiar cinema history.

These last lines are being written in a pleasant little town deep in the wooded section of Oklahoma, far from all things pertaining to Myrna Loy and to the life which is hers. But even here they know of her and appreciate the hours of entertainment she has given them through the medium of the screen.

And I am reminded of a scene in her apartment in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel, Beverly Hills, just before I left Hollywood. Things were not going so well at the studio; she had just walked out of a picture because she felt that the part was not suited to her.

We stood in the kitchen, talking the situation over. She said:

"Dud, I'm afraid."

I tried to reassure her, saying that if things did not work out as she desired them, she was big enough now to carry on without fear, another studio would grab her at once.

"I'm not afraid for myself," she said "but for my mother and brother."

I knew what she meant, that if this situation meant fight she'd fight through, regardless of temporary discomfort to those she loved but it would hurt her. They are not dependent on her for support, but she has done much for them and it was her fear that, did she not win her battle they would suffer.

That is her spirit. She is a battle fighter and the justice to be gained in the fight is most important. Hers is the belief that, eventually, right must prevail.

That particular battle is over, but there will be others and I am trusting her to do the right thing and to fight through to the end.

Meanwhile I know that her work will continue to improve and that she will give to us all many more fine screen portrayals.



A merry moment between scenes of "Her Master's Voice" finds Peggy Conklin, leading woman, qualifying for membership in the "dunking club" named for the producer, Walter Wanger. Joseph Santley and Edward Everett Horton are the men.



PICTURE PLAY'S FAMOUS PREVIEWS

MAE WEST, IN "KLONDIKE LOU"

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



LIFE Sweet

"Enemy of Man" has Paul Muni in the rôle of a famous medical chemist who is laughed out of court only to continue his experiments and emerge as one of the greatest benefactors of the human race.

ANITA LOUISE, beautiful daughter of Paul Muni, and Donald Woods, are successful in experimenting with love. Below, Muni, as "Doctor Pasteur," seeks the sympathy and aid of his faithful wife, Josephine Hutchinson, and in the laboratory perfecting his formula.



RIENDSHIP

Victor McLaglen, in
"Professional Soldier"
is commis-
sioned to kidnap
Freddie Bartholo-
mew, young king
of the island. He
is under the
influence of a
corrupt cabinet.



FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW, as
"Peter, the Little King," with Glaria
Stuart, the "Cauntess Sania." Left,
with Victor McLaglen, who is "Michael
Donavan," ex-captain of the U. S.
Marines. Instead of enemies, these
two become the best of friends, and
there are tears in little "Peter's" eyes
as he bids a last farewell to his pal.

Blind Alleys



WARNER BAXTER is manager of a theater, in "King of Burlesque," and Jack Oakie is his partner. Blond Alice Faye is head of the chorus, and Arline Judge is one of the girls in the show. The great success he has known turns to failure when Baxter marries the Park Avenue Mona Barrie, and it is only the loyalty of Alice Faye which brings him out of his despair.



Haunted



GLOURIE CASTLE is sold to a rich American. It is razed and shipped to Florida. With it goes the ghost of a "Glourie" who, because he failed years before to avenge the honor of his clan, must walk the earth until he does. In "The Ghost Goes West," Robert Donat represents the "Glourie" clan, shown above with Patricia Hilliard. Left, Jean Parker with her father, Eugene Pallette.



A L L

"Anything Goes" is brought to the screen with all the gayety which made it a musical stage hit. The action takes place on a ship, with Bing Crosby, minus a ticket, chasing a blonde, and a brunette chasing Bing.

THE two scenes above show some of Reno's "Angels" in the Chinese dance number. Right, Bing Crosby and Charles Ruggles in Oriental disguise to avoid detection. But they seem to be in for it here.



A B O A R D

ANOTHER effective Chinese dance
 Myra Bratton, far
 one of Reno's "Angels." You'll
 see Ethel Merman, right, sing
 "The Top" and "I Get a Kick
 out of You" in her own inimitable
 style. Arthur Treacher, below, ex-
 plains to Ida Lupino why he had
 her kidnaped.



LADY

MARLENE DIETRICH AND GARY



HOUSE OF MY S

"SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE" IS CHOCK-FULL OF STRANGE EVENTS THAT TRANSPIR

A F F L E S

OPER ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER AGAIN IN "DESIRE"

IN her new picture, Dietrich steals a string of pearls and is pursued by the police. She thinks she has eluded them when she drives her car over a cliff. Picked up by Gary Cooper, he takes her to her apartment. They fall in love, but Dietrich's guilty conscience and the fact that the police are on her track complicate their affair.

Photo by Don English



GENE RAYMOND, a novelist, goes to a deserted inn for a quiet session of writing. He is given the only key to the place, but it develops that six other keys are in the possession of mysterious characters who enter during the night. Mr. Raymond and Margaret Callahan, a reporter, encounter strange happenings.

ERY

ING A SINGLE NIGHT



THE PRICE OF PRIDE

An imperious and embittered dowager tries to save the House of Lorrimore from imminent ruin by persuading her son to marry an heiress. Matters become complicated in "Splendor" when he weds a poor girl instead.

MIRIAM HOPKINS is forced to accept the unwilling advances of Poul Covonogh, upper Wealthy and influential, he has made a lucrative connection for her husband, Joel McCrea. The Lorrimore family, David Niven, Joel McCrea, Katherine Alexander, and Helen Westley. Below: Miss Hopkins with Mr. McCrea.



Tough Spot

ALL HARLOW is the best-looking girl
on the waterfront in "Riffraff." Above
see her with Spencer Tracy, the
biggest blowhard in all the fishing fleet.
Leader of men and a breaker of
women's hearts, he's the man "Hattie"
loves. Below, with Joseph Calleia,
her attentions she repulses and who
uses her to be sent to prison.



PIRATES AND



LAVES

"Captain Blood," famous and colorful story of romance and adventure by Rafael Sabatini, is the most thrilling of all tales about the seventeenth-century sea rovers. In the title rôle is Errol Flynn, handsome young Irishman, brought to America from the London stage.

TRIED as a rebel, "Peter Blood" is sent to the West Indies as a slave. Left, under the whip hand of Lionel Atwill are Guy Kibbee, Ross Alexander, "Blood," Colin Kenny, Frank McGlynn, and Robert Barrat. Lower left, Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone cross swords while, left center, "Blood" ready to defend himself with a sword, and, below, human agony. Olivia de Havilland, right, with our young hero, and pleading with her uncle, Mr. Atwill.



LIONEL BARRYMORE and Wallace Beery engage in a friendly game of chess between scenes of their current picture. Below, Eric Linden with Helen Flint who tries to vamp him when he is forced to give up Cecilia Parker. Bottom, Aline MacMahon, Mickey Rooney, Spring Byington, and Bonita Granville attending graduation exercises.



SECRET OF YOUNG LOVE

"Ah, Wilderness" tells of an innocent boy-and-girl romance which suffers because of a father's distrust and lack of understanding.





FIGHTING A JINX

In "Dangerous," Bette Davis spells Hard Luck to all who come in contact with her. Once a famous actress, her degradation is almost complete when Franchot Tone lends a helping hand.



BETTE DAVIS is grateful to Franchot Tone, top, for taking compassion on her. When she realizes that she is ruining his life, she sacrifices her love by telling him that he has been of no importance to her. Left, Alison Skipworth, Tone's housekeeper, explains how she came to be in his home.



"Shoot the Chutes" is the title of Eddie Cantor's latest screen musical comedy in which he becomes manager of "Dreamland Amusement Park" and every one has a good time.

MERRY GO-ROUND

THE three concession-booth girls with Eddie Cantor and Parkyorkus are Geraine Greor, Mortha Merrill, and Victorio Vinton. Left, Helen Lowell, motherly owner of the Park, with Sally Eilers, Eddie's secretary. Ethel Merman, below, delights with new songs.



The Strange Ways of Success

Continued from page 47

Sometimes, just at first anyhow, success embitters them. I talked with George Raft one day a short time after his initial success and during the period when it was becoming apparent that success was to be permanent. He was hurt and bewildered because he had been told of some unkind things that had been said of him. He had already read unpleasant accounts of himself in print. Now they were coming to him by word of mouth.

"Never mind, Georgie," I told him, in my most maternal and comforting manner. "Those things are always said of any one who makes a splashing success. It doesn't mean anything, really, except that you're doing pretty well."

But George did worry and as his success grew more assured, he withdrew more and more from people became increasingly shy and morose, depended more and more upon his companion, "Killer" Gray.

The two drift about Hollywood, rarely speaking even to one another, haunting the fight stadiums and the gay night spots, but silently. This diffidence, which is due to real hurts, created an impression that he was being upstage and has led to remarks which have led, in turn, to fisticuffs. George never goes to parties anymore, although he was, when he went to Hollywood, a naturally friendly and gregarious person. The much-sought-after fame and movie money have turned him into an embittered recluse.

Success has done strange things to Marlene Dietrich, too. When she first arrived in Hollywood she was a cheerful, plump-ish, hausfrau sort of person.

When I first met her she wore pink organdie and a leghorn hat with a ribbon and she looked more quaint than exotic.

After a year or two of being groomed and disciplined, of being stared at, analyzed, criticized, of taking off weight, of being threatened by extortionists, she remarked to a close friend in real bewilderment, "I don't know what I'm doing in this place! I don't belong here. I should be at home in Germany with my husband, running his house, bearing his children, mending his clothes. That's the sort of woman I was meant to be. Why am I here?"

More recently, a friend, encountering her at the studio, propounded the trite query, "Well, how are things with you, Marlene?"

Dietrich sighed, a tired, tired sigh. "All right, I suppose," she managed

to reply. "Only all the time one must work so hard to be so beau-ti-ful. It is very wearying. Oh, very!"

Success has brought weariness to Marlene, weariness and fear. Fear for her child who must have an armed guard when she scoots along Beverly Hills sidewalks on her kiddie kar. Fear of scandal mongers, fear of public opinion, fear of movie critics. She leaned heavily on Von Sternberg's advice and help for a long time. Now they have separated her from him and she must stand alone. I think that she is afraid to stand alone.

Ginger Rogers, younger, gayer, not so much imbued with tradition, has taken success more jauntily. She is having fun with it. She wants clothes, she announces, which look like a star's clothes—fringes and beads and ostrich feathers. She is so furbelowed these days that you can scarcely see her.



Leslie Howard sees to it that Humphrey Bogart has just the right unshaved look for his part in "The Petrified Forest."

She is quite haughty in a youthful and amusing fashion about what she will and will not do.

Invited to go on the air upon a widely publicized radio program, she declined with an emphasis which might have befitted an opera star. Fortunately no one was annoyed with her. The grand gesture aroused a mere ripple of mirth.

Sometimes a modicum of success makes them forget the lean and hungry, struggling days and makes them want to forget or to ignore the people who knew them "when."

I know one star who is in the money now and who is consistently "out" to old friends who call his home. He worked in a modest way in pictures for

years and a great many people not only liked but assisted him. He doesn't wish to know them any more, or to be reminded that there were ever any lean days.

One of our handsome and popular leading men refused, blankly, the other day to recognize, at a party, a chap with whom he had lived, rent free, for months and whose clothes he had borrowed to make the tests at studios for the job which he finally attained.

But these are few. When Ann Sothern was in New York some time ago she gave a party to which she invited all the old gang who were fellow strugglers when she was Harriette Lake, striving for a chance on stage or screen. She hadn't forgotten old friends and she wanted to see them and reminisce about old times. The party wasn't a success, however.

Some of the people who hadn't succeeded were not as generous as Ann and she was uncomfortably aware of awkwardness and strain among some of her guests. But the impulse which gave rise to the party was a wholesome and a sweet one.

I think Clark Gable's situation is an ironic one. Clark enjoys his success, of course, as would any sensible and practical person. But he is embarrassed and self-conscious at being considered a great lover, a romantic hero, a passionate hot-shot. His favorite cronies are still the cowboys and hunters in the mountains of the Southwest where he spends his vacations.

His idol is a man much older than himself, a rancher who taught Gable to shoot and showed him the places in the mountain streams where the trout rise. This man is his hero and Clark is steeped in his wholesome, outdoor philosophy, tries to see things as his friend sees them, keeps his perspective on Hollywood and his bizarre job by trying to view it through his friend's wise eyes.

It is a strange friendship for a man as mature and as experienced as Clark Gable. It is rather like the adoration of a small boy for the corner policeman. But it is real and decent and it is one of the reasons why Clark has kept his sanity and his balance.

A vicarious grandeur complex is pretty amusing, and frequently relatives of stars become, oh, ever so much grander than the stars themselves, who know, after all, what hard work it is to cavort all day in front of a camera.

The mother of one of our highest paid kiddies discovered that she could not button said kiddie into her little

frocks without the assistance of a maid. (Maid was paid for by the studio.)

The brother of one of our successful British actors couldn't be seen approaching a rather shabby night club in my inexpensive coupé. He must needs send for his brother's "moisine and liveried driver. I was sure that no one observed all this elegance except the doorman and myself. And I knew that the car didn't belong to my escort and I think that the doorman had his suspicions.

Jeon Muir is a sensible little soul. She said to me, "I am budgeting myself according to the income I hope to have when my contract is ended. I drive a small car, I live in an inexpensive house. Wouldn't I be silly to allow myself to become accustomed to a lot of luxuries, to allow myself to

believe that they were necessities when I know that sooner or later I should have to give them up? I'm living now exactly as I expect to live when my earning time is ended."

Well, that's one way of looking at it, and rare enough, too.

I recall a newly successful actress remarking about some one "There she was, in that broken-down little car." Suddenly she pulled herself up with a jerk. Good gracious! What am I saying? Six months ago I was driving a cheaper and more broken-down automobile than hers! I can't let myself get into such a state of mind!

I recall William Powell saying, "You think you want security. You think that will be enough. But you find, as your success increases, that your ideas of what constitutes security increase

proportionately. In other words, a bit of success makes you plain greedy."

Sometimes they are greedy, sometimes they are dazzled, sometimes they gain a perspective—a profitable perspective. I think really, that Bill Powell has.

A seasoned trouper like Mae West says, "I give em Klondike Lou until they are tired of the type. Then I'll try to change it. Why change boats in the middle of a stream? As long as they like and pay for the 'C'mup and see me sometime' character, why change her? When public taste changes I'll try to change, too!"

Failure defeats some people. Almost as many are defeated by sudden success.

He Won't Be Caught Without An Umbrella

Continued from page 18

interrupted him in the midst of unpacking. His anticipated trip to New York had been called off when the studio ordered him back to work. Most players would have exhibited temperamental pyrotechnics. Not Pat O'Brien. He merely shrugged his shoulders and said: "Okay. I'll go some other time."

He made his first personal appearance thirty-six years ago in Milwaukee before an audience of three people. Two of them were his parents, the third the family doctor.

"Sure, and we'll name him William Patrick O'Brien," declared his father.

"That we will," agreed his mother. And he'll grow up to be a fine, big lawyer."

As Pat developed into a husky, boisterous youth, he seemed to fulfill his parents' predictions. He indulged in a dozen or two arguments every day and—this was important!—he nearly always won.

"A born lawyer," agreed his parents.

The War intervened and Pat enlisted in the navy with his boyhood pal, Spencer Tracy. They got no farther than the Great Lakes Naval Training Station when the Armistice was signed. Until he costarred in "Here Comes the Navy," years later Pat O'Brien had never been on a battleship.

In accordance with his parents' wishes, he entered Marquette University and began the study of law. Football interested him far more and he became quarter back on the school

team. He considers one of his real achievements the making of a touchdown against a famous Notre Dame eleven. He also joined the Marquette Dramatic Club and succumbed to the spell of the stage. Robert Armstrong gave him his first chance with a Milwaukee stock company and Pat gave up his studies, much to the despair of his parents, you may be sure. Eventually, his destiny led him to New York where he enrolled in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. His classmates were Kay Johnson, Monroe Owsley and William Powell.

His first break came when he was assigned a rôle in "A Man's Man." Lewis Milestone witnessed his performance and brought him to Hollywood to play "Hildy Johnson" in "The Front Page."

He has known hunger and privation.

"Necessity brings out the best or the worst in a man," he said, biting viciously on a long, black cigar and gazing unseeingly at the ceiling. "Pitting your strength against adversity may not always bring victory. It at least gives you a fair estimate of your ability. Before I came to Hollywood, I never realized what a great part chance plays in our lives. I saw men and women of mediocre ability skyrocketed to fame and fortune. I saw them live lavishly and recklessly, only to wake up next morning and find themselves penniless and forgotten."

"I resolved that if my chance should ever come, I would live simply and sensibly. I'm saving my money to buy an estate in Ireland. When the prov-

erbia! rainy day comes, I won't be caught without an umbrella."

He boasts one of the most attractive wives in Hollywood, the former Eloise Taylor. She is vaguely reminiscent of Priscilla Dean and Leatrice Joy.

Between Pat and Eloise exists a quiet devotion and a fine congeniality of tastes. They have adopted an adorable little girl whom they call Mavourneen, which, in Irish, means 'my darling.' He has a penchant for attending murder trials and auctions. At one of the latter, he recently bought an old music box for the youngster.

His consistent punctuality is a relief in a community where tardiness is generally thought fashionable. He believes Helen Hayes is America's greatest actress and that Clark Gable is 'tremendous.'

His features are irregular and likable. He knows many anecdotes about traveling salesmen, but can't for the life of him remember how they end. Perhaps it's just as well.

He shaves himself twice a day, looks older than his age and hasn't forgotten how to press trousers under mattresses.

He enjoys beef stew seasoned with garlic and the smell of baking gingerbread and burning leaves. His clothes are well-tailored in the prevailing mode but subdued in color.

"I'm sorry," he said apologetically. "There isn't much to write about me. You see, I'm just a normal mug."

Continued from page 50

cards reading, "Love from Carol and Russ." The little mother can't yet be told that the "location" he is supposed to have gone on is a permanent one.

Carol has other beaux now—life goes on. But she finds time for the bouquets and the cards.

In his house on a hilltop, "Falcon's Lair," with its black marble floors and crimson cushions, Valentino discoursed

Their Memory Lingers On

gesse, her own strength. She was caught in the spray of her own iridescence. The wheel which she evolved of herself crushed her.

The Big Parade of life is over for sensitive Renee Adore. Hollywood flew to her Arizona bedside with gifts, sent radio messages at every premiere. At last her wistful smile curled into sleep. And the gay song that she had composed was her final lullaby: "What You Don't Know Can't Hurt You."

So many of the men were athletes. Fred Thomson was so clear-eyed, so healthy in every mighty sinew, so abstemious to the point of austerity. But, suddenly, overstrain at sports exacted its toll.

Big Bill Russell, jovial, huge-hearted Bill. I remember jolly Sunday afternoons at his spacious beach house. Bill's heart got tired and stopped.

Heart: brilliant, lovable June Mathis, to whom Valentino and many other stars owed so much. I saw her last at a tea at Billie Dove's. As ever, she was warmly interested in each, questioning, consoling. She collapsed in a theater, died in an adjoining alley.

Heart: After apparently recovering from a long illness, Milton Sills was stricken while playing tennis. A botanist, an astronomer, a pianist of much nuance, a scholar of many arts and sciences, Mr. Sills presented to Hollywood a stern, balanced, and somewhat professorial aspect. His poetry reveals a sensitiveness unsuspected by those who thought him distant and restrained.

The curtain rang down for Willard Mack during a heart attack. Only a short while before he had given Lou Tellegen a come-back chance, in "A Call to Arms." His death followed Tellegen's.

Pneumonia: watching his last picture unreel, I thought of debonair Lowell Sherman, monocled, self-styled cynic. Sherman with his fads and idiosyncracies—wearing shorts at work under the hot lights, smoking through his elongated cigarette holder, topping clever remarks with witty bon mots, so amused with life. Larry Semon also succumbed to pneumonia.

Accident: Guests rallied 'round George Beban's hearth at his housewarming. A few days later he was thrown from his horse, and died. An automobile accident snuffed the spark of comedy from the temporary dwelling of Charles Mack, one of those "Two Black Crows."

Suicide: It is a wonder that more

of our players do not die away fully during those of depression. Theirs are high keyed nervous temperaments. They drain emotions. But in the last years only two took their own lives because of failure to adapt to the ruthless laws of progress: Karl Dane and Lou Tellegen.

Lloyd Hamilton's checked cap and flowing tie and his look of hurt surprise, are remembered by his fans. He had known riches and need. Faithful friends found him in his small stuffy room ill with a stomach ailment. They gave their blood. But a few days later the little game of life that he had played was over.

George Billings, our incomparable "Lincoln," died at the Old Soldiers Home, with his former comrades assembled to hear his taps sounded.

Eugenie Besserer mothered countless film children and numerous real-life waifs, taking the latter into her home, "Camp Harmony" until she could find kind hearts to love and nest them. I best remember her dark expressive eyes in "The Jazz Singer."

Rather than leave his company in the lurch, Robert Williams ignored his attack of appendicitis, and paid nature's penalty.



Marion Talley, youthful operatic star, is in Hollywood for an MGM film debut and her admirers are confident that she will top all other sopranos when finally she is heard.

of life, and tried to phrase his own bewilderment. He was such a mingling of opposites—primitive and intellectual, weary and vitally animal in his quest for life. He grasped—then wondered, perplexed, at what he held.

His spirit urged him on to gain, to achieve, and to feel; but what he wanted most was to be loved. He was oldness and flame, the sheik of the world's femininity, and his heart longed for the hearth.

Restlessly dynamic Barbara La Marr was burned out by her own flame. Her glow was too brightly intense, her rampant imagination exerted too fascinating and fatal a sway over her life. Her eyes were always lamps. A heart often hurt bounced back to challenge new pains.

Her tragedy was that she did not know how to discipline her generous nature, how to whip her emotionalism into balance when need of conservation arose. She gave too much—headlong enthusiasms, financial lar-



Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall visit May Robson and give and get a greeting that overflows with affection.

Back in 1918 Harold Lockwood idol of the flickers, died of pneumonia. Arthur Johnson of the early flickers had preceded him, I think. Olive Thomas died mysteriously in Paris in 1920, while on her honeymoon with Jack Pickford. Also in that year Bobby Harron went away. They were to me just well-liked shadows. But I have not forgotten.

Elliott Dexter, blithe Wolly Reid whose only fault was his easy-going prodigality of self, and grumpy but human Theodore Roberts—a familiar trio on the old Losky lot. From his wheelchair, he discoursed upon life with a rare understanding and a most delightful, if slightly shocking, humor.

In recent years, we bade adieu to Alma Rubens, Art Acord, Louis Wolheim, director F. W. Murnau, Tom Santschi, Robert Williams, Tom Barry, Lya de Putti, Robert Ames, and Joe Farnham.

Others who slipped from our glittering fantasy were Roscoe Arbuckle, Ernest Torrence, whom I remember for his charming teas and his piano improvisations, Jack Pickford, who died

in Paris where thirteen years before his bride, Olive, had passed away, cowboy Roy Stewart, comedian Walter Hiers, whom I often encountered in the Boulevard, shops bewailing the lack of large-sized collars, Julia Swayne Gordon, Spottiswoode Aitken, Virginia Loomis, Sam Allen, Helen Muir, and Marie Shotwell.

Dovid Powell, Louis Mann, Rudolph Schildkraut, Edward Connelly, George Siegmund, Earle Williams, Tom Ince, Dustin Fornum, Marc McDermott, Clarine Seymour, Arnold Kent, Einar Hansen, Glodys Brockwell, Jeanne Eagels—how many have gone, summoned by the Great Director! And even more recently, Marjorie White, Som Hordy, and Gordon Westcott.

Snapshots slip past: courtly Frank Keenan, displaying his flowers, Robert Edeson's pride in his colorful paintings, Anders Randolph talking of art and artists.

In the words of Milton Sills, their "spirits sky enshrined," rest in forgetfulness of earthly woes and the "sharp wind of despair."

Though each plays his part, The Master of the Show directs the entrances and the exits. When the curtain is rung down on a loved personality, let us not bow our heads in a sad solemnity. Instead, let us salute its gallantry and say, proudly and gladly: "Ave! Ave! In vita et in pace!"

Ascent of Youth

Continued from page 35

Although he had always had fun acting, his chief aim was that professorship in English, but with his professional debut he devoted not only his time but his thoughts entirely to acting, and discovered that it was enjoyable.

Howard's strides were rapid in the cinema capital. After his stirring performance in a stage presentation of "Small Miracle," he played a bit in the screen version, "Four Hours to Kill," with Richard Barthelmess. His second chance was in "Car 99." Even in a small part he attracted attention and was offered on important rôle in "Annapolis Farewell." Comment from critics, but not critical comment, poured in. The public wondered who this new juvenile was. The producers decided to show them who and what he was so they put him in the lead opposite Wendy Barrie, in "Millions in the Air."

He is a thoughtful, unaffected young man who realizes that the studio has had much to do with his climb. He is content to allow seasoned men in the movie business control his destiny for a while.

However, despite his willingness to let more experienced men hold the reins, he has definite ideas concerning things. One of his dislikes is publicity for the sake of publicity alone. He hates people to invent tales about him just to make good reading.

Although Claudette Colbert and Herbert Marshall are his favorite stars, Robert Montgomery's frothy comedy is the type of work he would like to try, but he thinks himself unfitted for it in "voice, face, and experience." He

doesn't consider himself effective in dramatic rôles, either, despite the fact that his characterization of "Tony Mako" in the studio stage production of "Small Miracle" started his wagon wheels rolling uphill.

In further discussing the kind of rôles he wants he became quite excited for a moment. This intensity was particularly noticeable because he is usually calm and poised.



Doesn't Sandra Corday remind you a little of Ruth Chatterton? She picked her screen name from a ouija board and juggled the letters.

"I'd like to play a part that has a heart and soul."

This is the reason he relished the "Soak the Rich" job, despite its demands.

We met one day at the Astoria stu-

dio while he was working on a set that represented a bedroom. In this take he was supposed to clamber across a bed, speak a few lines, and clamber back. He had been clambering for hours. The scene before, which also had been rehearsed repeatedly, featured the young actor jumping through a window. He is an athlete but window jumping and bed clambering was something new.

One of Howard's principal ambitions is to write movie scenarios.

The subject of love and marriage brought a frown between his blue eyes.

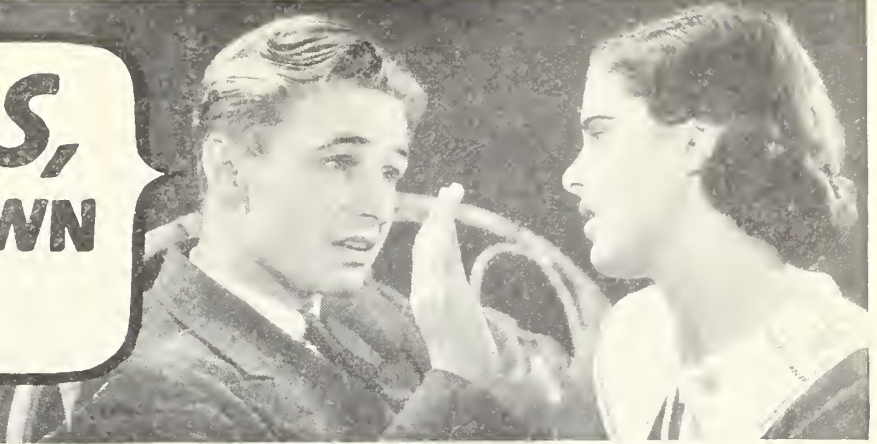
"I don't think that people, especially picture people, should marry before the age of thirty, and even then marriages between actors and actresses are dangerous. Aside from temperament, the business itself is so erratic that it would take two masters of understanding and patience to make such a marriage work. The old story of the husband being on location one month, the wife the next, you know."

When asked if—hypothetically, of course—he loved a girl and vice versa, and she wanted to marry, he would agree or ask her to wait until he was thirty, he answered: "If she loved me I'd expect her to wait. If she didn't—" He shrugged, his shoulders fairly screaming, "So what?"

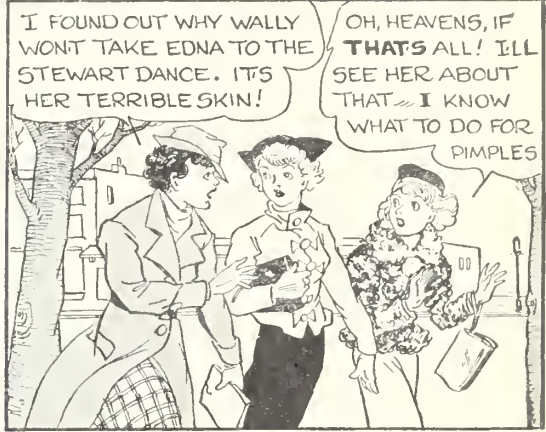
"But then," he added with a smile, "love is one of those unpredictable things that can happen to any one and change any one. No set rules can be drawn for it."

And no rules can be drawn for John Howard. He's interesting and unpredictable, too, but it is safe to predict success for him.

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out of the blood

Continued from page 45

uncannily skilled dramatic coach, gave him his start. The present Mrs. Gable, also his senior, had money. Betting is about even that his next bride will be very social.

A Breath of Fresh Air.—While Zasu Pitts visited New York recently the villagers were treated to the sight of a star who is distinctly individual. Frequenters of bars never saw her, but sight-seers did.

She came to Radio City one day to call for me to go look at a model apartment decorated by a woman's magazine. Parties of tourists being shown through the RCA building turned their backs on the murals about which a lecturer was holding forth, followed her sweetly and quietly, and just waved in friendly fashion when she vanished into an elevator. There must be something about Zasu that inspires good manners.

Early Birds Catch Pitts.—Breakfast at the Pitts ménage, thirty stories above the ground, is promptly at eight, and the morning I managed to get up in time to join her, I loathed her because she looked so alive and rested.

At nine thirty, when the doors of a department store were opened, they almost knocked Pitts over. She had been waiting patiently for some time. Salesgirls succumbed to her charm at once when she methodically pulled out lists and sketches made by her young daughter. She knew exactly what she wanted, and bought it without hesitation.

By eleven she was in Brentano's buying cookbooks for herself and scientific books for her son. By twelve at radio rehearsal. By five, home again. And there she stayed, dining in her room and going to bed at nine. Dorothy, her attractive cousin, came with her, did the theaters and bars of the town and told Zasu all about them.

Radio Appearances for Diet Fans.

If you want to get thin, just get on a radio program. When next you hear a film star over the air, shed a tear for her famished condition. Food beclouds the voice, it seems, so a girl who is going on at nine o'clock dines about five on something no more hearty than stewed tomatoes and a piece of Melba toast.

Night Life of the Stars.—Estelle Taylor is singing nightly at the Biltmore and confiding operatic ambitions to

They Say in New York—

the select many who drop in to see and hear her. Her voice has developed a rounded, warm tone.

June Knight sways to the measures of lighter musical numbers she sings at the Savoy-Plaza after her nightly performance in "Jubilee." Mary Boland fellow star of the stage show is often the center of a merry group at one of the ringside tables. That Boland! She is like a girl seeing the bright lights for the first time. She never wants to go home.

Old Home Week on a really large scale however, takes place at the House of Morgan, the gorgeous night club opened by, for, and with Helen Morgan. Perched on the piano, Helen



Walter Abel, who is a much finer actor than was revealed in "The Three Musketeers," has a more congenial part in "Two in the Dark."

sings her plaintive old songs in the same old way, tears her handkerchiefs to shreds, and makes each person in the room feel that she is singing just to him. Helen turns the same brave and pitiful little twisted smile toward all alike.

Far Fields Are Greenest.—Now that Helen has just the setting she wanted, she has decided that she must go to Hollywood to play her original rôle in "Show Boat." The backer of her club was dumfounded at that news, but nobody could refuse Helen anything. So, off she will go soon, knowing that no other singer can draw the crowds to her club that she does.

Break For Irene.—The starting date

of "Snow Boat" is still uncertain because Universal just cannot find an actor to play Ravene. Meanwhile, Irene Dunne lingers on in New York, dreading the sight of the telegram that will call her West. She has had her trunk's coked for days. Which gives her an excellent excuse to go on buying clothes and such lovely ones. Miss Dunne wears conservative tailored clothes by day and like floating chiffons and velvets by night.

The Fewer, The Harder.—Just as Marion Davies was all set to start production on "Glorious," she changed her mind and rushed to New York. At present her plans are very much up in the air. She may make pictures in New York the California tax situation being the burden that it is. She may spend some time looking around for a story that really thrills her. Making as few pictures as she does she feels that each one should be a knock-out.

So, with film plans indefinite she has the usual army of friends around her, irrepressible laughter fills the air, and shops in the neighborhood of Ritz Towers hope to get out of the red. For the first time in many months a Sixty Club dance boasted the presence of the two most entertaining and stunning blondes, the old inseparables, Dorothy Mackail and Miss Davies.

The Theater Comes to Life.—Max Reinhardt says that nowhere in the world is the theater so brilliant, so open to new ideas, so vital as it is in New York just now. Joan Bennett thinks papa contributes the major part to the revival by his performance in "Winterset." Giddy girl that she is, she goes night after night to see that idol of hers, Richard Bennett. She goes back stage before and after performances, and can shout down anybody who even ventures that there are other plays on Broadway.

Lupe Velez and Johnny like "Dead End," a play dominated by the grandest set of little roughnecks you ever saw on a stage. Lupe let out a staccato "Go to it!" just the way she does at prize fights.

Three players who have never had half a chance to distinguish themselves in pictures, Adrienne Allen, Lucile Watson, and Helen Chandler are making a hauntingly lovely chromo of "Pride and Prejudice." Some one may be brave enough to film it, but the average fan would not like it. The gentle humor comes from such lines as

"We're as good as engaged. He kissed me," and the spirited defense of the hero against the accusation that his intended bride has brains.

Do or Die for Dear Old Culture.—Harpa Marx, enlivening New York by his wistfulness that has the sting of carbolic acid, says that he will go to see "A Midsummer Night's Dream" until he likes it.

Wanted—a Career.—Mary Taylor, twenty-year-old socialite newcomer to pictures, will wait for your verdict on her work in "Saak the Rich" before she decides on acting as a permanent career.

Niece of Countess di Frassa and daughter of the wealthy Bertrand Taylor, she has never been content with mere social life. She has worked steadily as a photographer's model for some time and is an amateur photographer who really works at it. She takes her little speed camera to the studio with her and gets the cameramen to coach her every minute that she is not working. Her favorite sport is fox hunting, or attending first nights with the much sought after Prince Obalensky, but she is willing to forgo all that if a career offers. She plays a petulant, spoiled daughter of the rich—and lacks the part. She takes her career seriously. Worked in the Locust Valley stock company last summer and has been coached by Rabin-san-Duff, who taught Hepburn and innumerable others.



Antonio Moreno is coming back! Here he is, as handsome as ever, in "The Bohemian Girl," with a brunet Thelma Todd.



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Collectors' Mania.—The newest fad among stars is collecting old stills of films they are remaking. Norma Shearer's pals are running around town trying to get stills showing Theda Bara as "Juliet." And my ambition is to find a picture of Mae West taken when she played "Little Lord Fauntleray" in a Brooklyn stock company. I'm afraid I never could bear to give it up to young Bartholomew, though. He will find enough inspiration looking at photos of Mory Pickford in the part.

Opening of the Month.—Warners put on a great side show when they opened "Stars Over Broadway" and threw a party at Jack Dempsey's for James Melton and Jane Froman, radio's contribution to the cast. Rudy Vallée, Paul Whiteman, Jack Dempsey, Lawrence Tibbett, and Jack Benny all came to the opening. Only one flaw marred the occasion. Around the corner Fred Allen's first film was showing and every one was talking about what a knockout he is in pictures. Melton sings beautifully, of course, but he just can't seem to relax.

The Irrepressible Pons.—The Metropolitan Opera won't settle down to taking an interest in its coming opera season. They are all agog over the film débuts of their Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout, and wonder if a good, rousing rivalry can't be built up. Miss Swarthout is leading the coming-dawn-ta-pictures level sweepstakes just now by passing in revealing beach costumes. But take warning, Miss Swarthout, Lily Pons is practicing tap dancing!

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Looking For a Murderer?

Continued from page 43

He knocked about for a while, then the break came. He got a small part on the stage, in a stock company in Breslau, Germany. The pay was small, but again he was happy, for he was actually a professional actor in an established company. But it was not until a year later, in the city of Zurich, that he won notice. He was playing in John Galsworthy's "Society," and both critics and audiences acclaimed him. The rest was easy. Within a short time he was a star in his own right, selecting his own plays. Sometimes he directed; but never a play in which he appeared, for he thinks that it is not good for one man to take so much upon himself. Each is a full-time job.

One day, Fritz Lang, noted German director, came to him and asked him if he would appear in a picture. The story was not ready, but would Peter give his word to appear in it when it was? Peter said he would. He had never worked in a film, and thought it might be interesting.

Two years went by before Lang called for him. They made the picture, "M," together, and its success was world-wide. Both Peter Larre and Fritz Lang were personages in the picture field from then on. Peter liked pictures so much that he has never departed from them. After "M," he worked in Germany, France, and England.

The English picture was "The Man Who Knew Too Much," made in 1934, following which he was brought to this country by Columbia. When he arrived in London to begin working in the picture, he could not speak a word of English; but two weeks after the picture was started, they had to remake the scenes already taken, because his English had improved so much that it seemed that two different people were talking.

Personally, he prefers elemental people, those whose emotions have not been over-refined by too much civilizing. And it is that kind of people he prefers to act on the screen. He makes an excellent distinction between an actor and a screen personality:

"It makes me laugh to hear people talk about the character they are going to portray. You can't portray a character; you have to be that person. I am not interested in making any one scene outstanding in a picture—I see the story as a whole. I

study that person, I became that person. So, no matter what is called for in a scene, it comes naturally, just as that person would do it. Peter Larre ceases to exist for the time."

He says that he hears all directions, all sounds on the set, subconsciously. He believes that no actor can be greater than his story. The weight of a bad story depresses the actor down to the general level.

Work being so important to him, he cannot stand to be idle. It was nine months after his arrival in Hollywood before he got an assignment. It made him physically ill to be idle so long, and he is still under a doctor's care.

He does not think that his first American-made picture, "Mad Love," was a good one. He did it because he could not bear being idle any longer, and because he thought a program horror story would be best for his introduction to American audiences as an American actor. It might not do to be too serious just at first. The picture is a big money maker.

He found working with Josef von Sternberg, who directed "Crime And Punishment," a pleasure. He is one of the few people who have ever said that. Von Sternberg is exacting and difficult. But, Peter being wrapped up in his rôle, personalities on the set don't count. If a director knows his job, he, Peter, and the director get along well, and he thinks Von Sternberg understood "Crime And Punishment" very well.

There is little to say about his private life. He is happily married, and lives in Santa Monica, about twelve miles from Hollywood, which he refers to as "the country."

He loves America, and hastened to assure me that he wasn't just being complimentary, because he never "makes" compliments, and hopes that he may work in Hollywood for a long time. Europe is too concerned with political issues, but in Hollywood pictures are important. He thinks they are, too, so it is a happy union.

Looking back on that evening with him, I find that it was most pleasant. The food was good, the beer was good, and Peter, squatting on a huge sofa like a young Buddha, in a make-up-sailed shirt, made interesting conversation. Anyway, it was to me, and I hope you think so, too.

On and Off the Set

Continued from page 41

CLARK GABLE'S stepson was stepping out one night recently and, like his other school friends, was depending on the family car to take him and his girl to the party. Clark's offer to chauffeur him was gratefully accepted, but when the girl saw who the chauffeur was she insisted upon riding in the front seat.

WARREN WILLIAM may look like the last ward in what the well-dressed man wears in his pictures, but unexpected callers at his home one day found him on the roof with a spray gun in hand putting filler in the awnings so they wouldn't leak when the winter rains set in. He was wearing an old pair of overalls and a cotton cap and looked like any painter, only worse, and was hoving the time of his life.

ACCORDING to her own admission, Shirley Temple's neighborhood playmates stand in no awe of the great star. When she was asked how she liked her new home, she replied: "Well, where we lived before the kids all took turns being it, but where I live now I have to be it, it, it all the time."

JANE WITHERS was playing baseball with some children when she batted the ball right through a neighbor's



Bert Kelton is becoming the most versatile comedienne in Hollywood. Compare this picture of her in "Annie Oakley" with her tough criminal in "Mary Burns, Fugitive," and you will agree.

window. The neighbor lost no time in telling Jane's mother about it, but Mrs. Withers could scarcely believe it because one of the rules is that Jane must always confess any accidents. She called the child in and Jane entered the room, breathless, as usual.

"Now I know exactly what you want, mother," she began. "I broke the window, but I didn't come and tell you about it because I knew some one else would."

She paid the damages out of her one dollar weekly allowance.

LESLIE HOWARD'S eleven-year-old daughter, Leslie, Jr., has determined she will be a veterinary surgeon. She sees no reason why she should wait until she grows up and practices on every sick animal she finds.

Mrs. Howard has to use great powers of persuasion to induce her to sleep in the house, as Leslie is convinced there could be no nicer place to sleep than in the stable with her pony.

She has received such financial inducements to appear in Paramount's "National Velvet," that she may be allowed to take the part, but a career as an actress means nothing to her compared to the thrill of putting a bandage on a sick animal.

AT the apartment building where the William Gargans have moved for the winter, the management allows no dogs or children. The Gargan children have been placed in a fine school in the desert and the dogs have been sent to a kennel. However, as a special concession to the tenants, one day a week has been set aside as visiting day for dogs. On that day the dogs may spend the entire day on the roof. And while nothing has been said about it, it is presumed that the children have equal privileges.

BINNIE BARNES had occasion to ride home from location in a studio car. When, at her door, the driver gave her the customary form to sign, she glanced at the space which contained his instructions and was startled to read there the laconic command, "Deliver kangaroo."

"Who," inquired Binnie, "has been calling me names?"

The embarrassed and excited driver nearly swallowed his tonsils in a stammering attempt to explain that he had delivered a trained kangaroo to the

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studio on his previous trip and that the transportation department had neglected to write further instructions on his little pad.

Binnie smiled, overtopped him, and remarked: "One animal is as important as another in this business. I know a horse who is earning as much money as I am."

ATITLED Englishwoman, visiting the Katharine Hepburn set, spoiled several takes by leaning forward so that her chair creaked loudly. Because she was titled and important, no one would venture to reproach her. Finally the company simply stopped work until she became bored at the inaction and went away. And Hollywood prides itself upon being democratic.

MONA BARRIE and Jane Withers are neighbors. Mona was delighted one evening when she returned from the studio to find a shiny, new gas range installed in her apartment kitchen and the cook ecstatically preparing a "company dinner" on it. Suddenly, determined men with wrenches appeared at the back door, darted in and began disconnecting the lovely contraption right under the dinner. A mistake in addresses had sent the new stove, ordered by Jane's mother, to Mona's apartment.

Mona took her guests to a restaurant while the cook mourned the half-cooked meal.

CREIGHTON CHANEY, twenty-nine years old, emerges from screen obscurity as "Lon Chaney, Jr." He essays rôles in which grotesque make-up plays an important part. He informs us that he is studying the art of make-up, beginning with some of the secrets his father taught him.

Five years or so ago young Chaney, then working for a water-heater company, refused a juicy screen offer because the studio insisted that he take his father's name. He would not, he insisted then, ever try to follow in his father's grotesque-make-up-and-fantastic-characterization footsteps. "It would be a sacrilege," he observed. He is Lon Chaney, Jr., now, make-up kit and all.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S house is almost constantly in the throes of being re-decorated to suit each of Joan's passing phases. Remember when it was all chintz and hooked rugs and checked gingham curtains to suit her domestic

mood when she was married to Doug Fairbanks Jr.?

She spent months within the past year having it made crisp and modern and young to be a fitting background for a modern and successful actress. Now she must begin all over to provide an atmosphere of tender domesticity for a pair of earnest young artists married and deeply in love with one another. No wonder all the interior decorators can afford to open ornate new shops on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood.

BUCK JONES has a valuable and talented horse named Silver. Silver is too valuable to be allowed to risk his life and limbs in dangerous shots, so five doubles are provided for him. All the doubles are named Silver, too.



Mary Jane Halsey, Diane Cook, and Edna Callahan practice an old-fashioned way to acquire grace and poise for "The Great Ziegfeld."

because Buck is superstitious and feels that the original Silver brought him good luck. Buck is also talented but he uses no double, even in the most hazardous sequences.

WHEN an "unknown" teaches Fred Astaire anything about dancing, it's news. Yet it has happened; we witnessed such an event on the set of "Follow the Fleet." During a wait between scenes, Astaire chanced to see a youthful extra lad practicing a tap dance. He was interested, and had the extra teach him an intricate routine which had caught his eye. In

return, if we know our Astaire that extra is going to get some valuable professional help.

GARY CROSBY, aged two-and-a-half, blackened the eye of Richard Arlen, Jr. same age, in an altercation which concerned the kiddie car belonging to young Miss Susan Ann Gilbert. Susan Ann proved herself a lady of forthright qualities by vigorously kicking the shins of both combatants until their parents could untangle them.

IF Joan Blonde weren't such a good-hearted girl, she'd quit picking up hitch-hikers after the experience she described to us the other day.

She was nearing her studio when she picked up a man she thought might be a fellow-worker. "Going to Warners?" she queried as he settled comfortably beside her. The thumb-tourist glared at her.

"Naw! Sa-ay, are you only going to that studio there?" he snorted disgustedly. "Of all the people passin' I would pick a movie star, what could only take me halfway to where I want to go!"

ACERTAIN film hero is every woman's ideal but he allows his closest female relative to toil in a downtown Los Angeles office for eighty dollars a month, to support herself and her mother. He earns something over \$2,500 a week, and we wonder whether he fully realizes that the little office drudge is in poor health and needs fresh air, sunshine, and nourishing food?

WHILE a wardrobe woman was making hasty repairs on Mae West's gaudy costume and cameras filming "Klondike Lou" were momentarily at rest, the star was chatting with Gladys Swarthout and the snorily Conway Tearle. Said Mae, with nary an "aint" or missin' g and only some minor sins of syntax: "Yes, occasionally they do print stories that make me pretty angry. But it's not the defamation of character in some of them that annoys me, so much as the atrocious English they put into my mouth."

HOW a certain star made us blush! An annoying honking behind our venerable automobile drew our attention to her car. It had a white body, red upholstery, orange-and-black tires. At the wheel sat Margaret Sullivan, shouting at us—an utter stranger.

The nerve of her, we thought; another road hog! But when a traffic signal halted us side by side, Margaret called politely, "Could you hear me? I was trying to tell you about your rear bumper. It's dangling. I'm afraid you'll lose it if you don't stop soon!"

KATHARINE HEPBURN tries to conceal the fact that she takes a keen interest in her fan mail. Such a human trait isn't part of the character she would have us know. But we must give away her secret in order to tell about a letter she received the other day. It seems Katie didn't know whether to feel complimented or insulted when a fan wrote: "Of all your photos I like the recent ones with the boyish haircut best. They make you look so startlingly like Tom Brown!"

A FRIEND of ours had the doubtful pleasure of stopping at the some hotel in Palm Springs as Shirley Temple, doubtful because wherever the little girl went, the desert air was made horrid by the clatter of newsreel cameramen. "Just one more pose, Miss Temple!" they begged. Her mother hovered near by, advising Shirley, who wore a tricky little bathing suit, "Hold your stomach in, darling—hold your stomach in!"

This was the vacation of Shirley's that her studio called, with aplomb, an "incognito trip."

OCCASIONALLY in one of the stars' homes you find a touch of old-time Hollywood romance that surprises you in these days of professional decorators and correct, cold interiors.

At Edward Arnold's one night we noticed metal plates on the backs of sofas and chairs—and asked questions. Arnold, we learned, was pretty broke when he came to Hollywood, and as he made good in pictures, he bought and furnished his home. Now each article is tagged with the flicker that paid for it: a sofa labeled "Unknown Blonde," a small settee for "Wednesday's Child," a long bare table for "Rasputin and the Empress." The idea unsettled us at first, but now we like it. "The President Vanishes" paid for a whole row of chairs.

DEVIIOUS are the ways of press agents, who must keep stars' names in the news, whether the stars do newsworthy deeds or not.

Herbert Mundin hasn't been outside

of Hollywood for months, he tells us, but he reads continually of his trips to Arrowhead Lake, Laguna Beach, and other resorts. "Every morning I phone my press agent to find out where I am," he says. His wife's doctor chided her recently for going on that yachting trip so soon after an attack of the flu. "What yachting trip?" she demanded—and then remembered the press agent. Ahoy to you! she cried, and hung up.

EDNA WADDLE laid an egg the other morning, and this small miracle gave Elmer Waddle ideas. The Waddles are a family of ducks belonging to Allen Jenkins. First, Elmer dove down to the bottom of the pool and pulled out the stopper—Edna had carelessly laid her egg in the water, and he wanted to expose it to view. Then Elmer began quacking, as loudly as he could. It was three a. m.; and now Mr. Jenkins has transferred the Waddles to a pool of their own, a nice distance from the house.

WE saw Marlene Dietrich window-shopping on Sunset Boulevard recently, and not a sight-seer within blocks. She looked and looked in all the windows, strolled up and down for a few blocks, and then went home. It was midnight, you see, a time many of the stars choose for promenading in these days of rapacious autograph-hunters.

MONA BARRIE'S house is haunted, the lady insists. Bells ring at night when no human hand has touched them, and there are strange groans and echoes of weird laughter. Recently she missed two bottle-stoppers from her dressing table. They were made of seal's teeth—good strong bones a sledge-hammer couldn't smosh. She found them in the morning on the floor beside the dressing table, shattered bits almost buried in the carpet. Another house for rent, cheap!

KEEPING a romance secret in Hollywood involves a lot of management. We saw Claudette Colbert and Doctor Pressman at a preview the other night. They arrived in different cars. They sat together in reserved seats. They went out by different exits, and drove away in separate cars. Somehow we keep thinking of the fraternity brothers who went to different colleges together.



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Continued from page 12

baugh, (his mother), in which she says: "As far as I know, Dick has never been in La Jolla, much less ever having lived there." Mrs. Radabaugh feels as I do, that there must be another R. Cromwell living there who opened and returned the letter in question. The tragedy of the whole thing is that Dick is one of the most thoughtful and appreciative chaps I have ever met, and just because of a misunderstanding he is having to take the rap.

Mrs. Radabaugh says further: "For two months before his leaving for Europe in August, Dick had no opportunity to see any of his mail, much less answer it, owing to his working on 'Annapolis Farewell.' During that time he scarcely had time to eat and sleep. He has been gone nearly two months and his sister and I have been doing the best we can with the hundreds of letters that have arrived. So Mr. Michel must blame us, not Richard, if we neglected his letter."

A word or two about Dick as he is off screen. All the fine things you read about him are true. Going out of his way for his friends or fans is nothing new in his life. I believe that Dick Cromwell has as little conceit as any one I've ever known. He is gifted to his finger tips, but just try and get him to admit it. His masks of Joan Crawford and Beatrice Lillie are displayed at the exposition in San Diego. My favorite is the one of Garbo which hangs in his room. Besides that, he is interested in writing and is no amateur when it comes to painting in oils.

As for his appearance, Dick looks very much in life as he does on the screen. He is tall, slender, boyish and thoroughly likable. And that lock of hair is always in his eyes. His youthful appearance is the first thing one notices about him, although that disappears as soon as one talks to him, for he is thoughtful and mature beyond his years.

Listen, fans, if you really like your stars, don't impose upon them. It is true that you made them what they are. But it is just as true that we support clerks in stores and others in public service with our patronage. We never think of imposing upon them. Yet, that is the very thing we do with our professional people—particularly those of the screen.

VICTOR PANEK.

1041 N. Bonnie Brae,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Be Careful, Mr. Hitt.

JACK HITT'S letter in October Picture Play made me so furious that for the first time I am rising in wrath and writing to Picture Play.

He describes that splendid actor, Fredric March, as "too intense, overacts in every rôle, and his familiar mannerisms are making him one of the screen's most disliked actors."

Ye gods! He is too intense, says Mr. Hitt. He is not, say I. He was the personification of hard-boiled coolness in "Good Dame," and delightfully light and boyish in the first half of "We Live Again," but naturally he gives intensity to parts when it is required. One expects a Russian prince or an Italian goldsmith to be more emotional than a confidence

What the Fans Think

man. Who wants a man to walk through a dramatic scene with a manner as bored and an expression as wooden as if he were adding up figures?

"He overacts!" Does he? Did he overact in "Les Miserables"? No! He was Jean Valjean—bewildered, tortured, defiant, gentle, generous, self-sacrificing.

Who but he could have played the leading rôle so superbly in "Death Takes

people than myself had tears in their eyes when the lights in the theater went on. His *Robert Browning* was adversely criticized—but who could have bettered it? The real Robert Browning, if history speaks the truth, was lively, unconventional, and highly strung. So was Fredric March, and I have read in more than one magazine that he was far from well while this film was being made.

"Familiar mannerisms!" Will Mr. Hitt please name one or two? I have not missed a March picture since I first saw him in "Smilin' Through," and never have I seen him display any mannerisms, except one which surely cannot be condemned, that of invariably giving a brilliant performance.

"One of the screen's most disliked actors!" Speak for yourself, Mr. Hitt. As long as I go to see films Fredric March is assured of at least one faithful fan, for if there is anything I like better than seeing his pictures it is seeing them more than once.

EVA S. WILLIAMS.

90 Wellington Road,

Twickenham, Middlesex, England.

Pete Is at the Bat.

IN terms of the great umpire, box office, who puts the strongest team in the field—the beauties or the brains? By Brains I mean those who are on the screen because of their acting ability rather than their looks.

Here are two possible sides:

BEAUTIES:

Jean Harlow
Marlene Dietrich
Carol Lombard
George Raft
Joel McCrea
James Dunn

BRAINS:

Katharine Hepburn
Greta Garbo
Elisabeth Bergner
George Arliss
Charles Laughton
Wallace Beery

I expect these lists will cause considerable controversy both on account of the names mentioned and those omitted, but on which side would you put Shearer, Gable, Crawford, and Montgomery?

PETER GORDON.

27 Mining Lane,

London, E. C. 3, England.

Jealous Cats.

ALTHOUGH I am not a fervent Joan Crawford fan, I have grown to admire the lady. She has lovely eyes and her hair is always beautifully arranged in several different styles throughout a picture. She has poise, she has grace; her figure is the loveliest on the screen, and she wears gorgeous gowns like no one else. She's a good actress and a fascinating personality. Her appearance is striking, and I think she is lovelier now than she ever was before. Whether or not it is make-up that makes her so, I haven't paused to notice. Nor do I care for it is only the stunning effect that I see and am interested in. Joan deserves credit for being clever enough to make the most of her type. The make-up she uses is entirely suited to her.

So there are "Thirty of You" in London, England. Yes, I can picture thirty cats sitting around the fire tearing to pieces any beautiful actress that happens to be strikingly different—like Joan, for instance.



Almost simultaneously Myrna Loy is appearing in three pictures. They are "Whipsaw," "The Great Ziegfeld," and "Wife versus Secretary." Better see them all.

a Holiday?" Was that overacted? Not on your life! It was a part that might easily have been ruined, but Mr. March interpreted it so sensitively that more

We have cats like you over here, too—you'll find them at theaters, in ball-rooms, anywhere. The moment some lovely woman enters a room where they are, they immediately huddle together and begin to pick her to pieces and giggle and gossip. The answer, of course, is perfectly obvious. Jealousy!

Nine times out of ten the cats are clumsy frumps themselves, who are too lazy or else just not interested in their own appearance to try to improve themselves and who resent any woman who takes the time and trouble to make herself devastating, and succeeds. As Joan does. For when she made her first picture, she was merely pretty. To-day she is gorgeous. So, instead of giving her credit and being big enough to admire her for it, they pour out their venom and spite and try to hurt her or make her ridiculous. Why? Because they feel inferior to her. They try to tear her down and bolster themselves up.

But never mind, Joan. Remember, every knock is a boost. All women aren't jealous, thank Heaven, and there are thousands of girls who love and admire you, to say nothing of the men. And, oh, it is a generous woman indeed who can forgive another woman for being beautiful and alluring enough to be the center of all men's eyes.

You just go right on being a "painted clotheshorse," Joan, and more power to you. To be despised by her own sex is the greatest compliment to a woman.

IDA HOFFMAN.

121 South Division,
Buffalo, New York.

A Friend Indeed!

AFTER reading Wanda Whitman's letter in the November issue, I rally to the defense of Norbert Lusk, if it is at all possible that he needs it. Miss Whitman deplors the fact that Mr. Lusk neglected to mention Fredric March in his review of "Les Miserables." I do not mean to disparage the performance of Mr. March, or Miss Whitman's opinion of it. But I hasten to point out that he doesn't always mention the names of players that perhaps we think deserve it and who, in our opinion, give outstanding significance to certain rôles. For instance, in discussing "Anna Karenina," not once does he re-

fer to Freddie Bartholomew, Maureen O'Sullivan, and again, Mr. March! Nor does he point out Virginia Bruce in "Escapade," nor the grand Fred Stone in "Alice Adams." Even overlooking Leo Carrillo in "Love Me Forever!"

I thoroughly agree with her that Mr. Lusk shows "extreme impartiality and very good judgment in his criticisms." But I do not think that his including or excluding the name of a player in his review is a matter of palehritude or the lack of it.

And, if we are to believe that Mr. Lusk is prejudiced against attractive men, why is he intrusted with the editorship of the most popular fan magazine, where attractiveness, as a whole, is unquestionably the focal point? Too, why does he allow the pictures of two of the screen's most attractive men to appear in consecutive arrangement in the November issue? Meaning, of course, Cary Grant and Robert Taylor. It must be an oversight. Tek, tck, Mr. Lusk.

ANN D. INMAN.

505 South Pacific,
Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

An Unjust Comparison.

MAY I comment on Adlene Estelle Lewis's letter in November Picture Play? I do not wish to antagonize readers with sharp criticism; a gentle reminder is my preferred technique.

I agree with her in her praise of Claudette Colbert's acting, but I also denounce her judgment of Joan Crawford's work because of the unjust comparison. Miss Colbert has had the Broadway stage to back her; Miss Crawford started her acting in pictures. It has been her great desire to get on the stage to learn from direct audience contact what real acting means. Right now she is tied to contracts that do not permit her to absent herself from Hollywood for any length of time. Stage work would perfect her acting, I know.

When I started school in 1922, the teachers featured me in amateur productions. I had to sing, dance, and the little acting I did was just showing off. At that time every one thought I was cute. When I got to be fourteen, the teachers decided to give me a serious rôle. Not the leading rôle, but an important part. The play required a stage director. It was a new experience, let

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Dickie Moore and Sybil Jason are oblivious to romantic gossip as they eat their fill of ice cream in the Warner commissary.

me tell you, when she shouted: "You big blockhead—I told you to cry—can't you hear me, cry! That sniffling won't do. Some one slap her hard. How she ever became liked around here is beyond me."

Then I was no longer frightened. I became indignant. My thought was to show her a few things. I did cry. I had to recall the most painful experience in my life. I visualized once more the death of my mother. I actually sobbed aloud on the stage, and even now I must check the tears. That scene is still remembered by my classmates because the audience cried with me. And now, at twenty, I am more than thankful for such coaching. It has also helped me greatly in real life.

Most of Hollywood's greatest stars have started out on the stage. They have had the bullying of a hard-boiled director. Fortunate as Miss Crawford was to get into pictures, she is not as lucky as we like to believe. Numerous articles have been written about her one hope some day to impersonate characters from the classics. Since these classics are coming forward, they will not always, or, I think they will never wholly predominate the industry. Miss Crawford is not a shallow, hollow actress, for I distinctly remember her speaking

lines that I afterward carried home with me, and pondered over for days.

I wish to ask all Crawford fans to applaud her in the way she deserves, by patronizing her pictures.

ANN R. CONSTANTINE,

2107 Moffat Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Most Beautiful.

THIS is my first experience at taking advantage of this department, but I felt sure I had something essential to say in regard to Dorothy Wooldridge's article, "The Jury of Beauty," which appeared in the November issue.

For the past few years beauty contests have been held in the various fan magazines to determine the most beautiful star in Hollywood. Out of these contests such winners as Joan Crawford and Loretta Young have risen. In these and in other decisions my opinion has differed, and now I find a chance to point out in detail and with justification why Marlene Dietrich is by far the most beautiful star on the screen.

Dietrich was adjudged to have the most beautiful eyes by Mitchell Leisen, her hair the most beautiful by Wally Westmore, her mouth was given the superlative by Robert Kalloch, and her

renowned legs were winners, according to five of the jury. Her hands, ankles, and feet each received two votes.

Her votes in all totaled fourteen, and seven of her features were described by various members of the jury as the most beautiful. I might add that the five men who voted for Marlene's legs were Berkeley, Newman, Kalloch, René Hubert, and Omar Kiam. In other words, she was given votes by eight of the jury, more than half.

Dietrich's closest competitor was Claudette Colbert, who received acclaim for six features, but only received a total number of nine votes.

Shouldn't this be conviction enough for heralding Marlene as the most beautiful actress in pictures? Mind you, I don't acclaim her the perfect beauty, but I do insist she is the most beautiful of those we have seen.

DUNSTER BIGELOW.

Falmouth, Massachusetts.

A False Step.

A LETTER by Eloise MacDonald in a recent Picture Play advocates the barring of foreign players. I disagree with her. Sentiment such as demanding Congress to rule against alien actors is something akin to that which turned against the music of Beethoven and Wagner during the World War, because the composers were German.

Acting is a universal art and should it be cut off from international contacts, it could not help but be the loser. On the other hand, I do agree with her in saying that we have many splendid actors in America. Nevertheless, I doubt whether any of them can measure up to the sheer artistry of, say, Charles Boyer. Incidentally, he belongs not to France alone, but to every one who admires and appreciates him, and who recognizes him for the great artist that he is.

RHEA McCANN.

822 Pine Avenue.

Pacific Grove, California.

Hard-boiled Reviewer.

I WOULD never qualify as a movie critic. I enjoy Norbert Lusk's Thumbnail Reviews more than any department of Picture Play, but I shall never attain his charitable attitude. The temptation to candor would be too great and some of my reviews would undoubtedly read like this:

"Shanghai"—A most pointless, meandering tale of racial prejudice in which the rather sensuous Charles Boyer wearies no end by his earnest and obvious efforts to achieve the suave Russo-Chinese character. By some hazy means peculiar to theatrical productions, he rises rapidly from a ricksha driver to financial wizard, having devastated several other wizards en route.

Loretta Young, American girl of the Barbara Hutton type, arrives in Shanghai for some reason and after going through her usual eye causthenies for the camera, insists that this genius fall in love with her. Follows numerous unconvincing situations all the way to the Russian hinterlands and back while they announce and renounce their three-way nationalities, finally ending in a tense



Hail, all hail this first glimpse of Norma Shearer as "Juliet"! She displays to a world of waiting women the hairdress she will wear as Shakespeare's immortal heroine, so don't be surprised at yourself when you wear your hair this way, too.

pose which leaves you quite uncertain of anything except relief that all is over. Not worth while.

"Alice Adams"—No one but Hepburn fans, inured to Hepburn crudities, should be allowed to attend. Readers of Booth Tarkington and fairy tales are particularly warned away. The spirit of the book, in which a charming, sensitive, though sadly visionary girl is finally brought to accept the inevitable mediocrity of her lot, is utterly ignored by the superegotistical Miss Hepburn, whose entire performance is a gigantic display of Katharine Hepburn. The storybook version of the ugly duckling becoming a swan, and the Cinderella who must emerge as the gracious princess in order to win the prince, is also flagrantly violated, since Hepburn brazenly remains unchanged but gets the prince, nevertheless, in an impossible finale. Chalk up one more for illogical endings.

"The Dark Angel"—The moths had such a big meal off this tale of war that here really isn't anything left. A slightly new angle is introduced in that it publicizes a man's, rather than a girl's departure from convention. Namby-pamby Freddie March makes a most plausible culprit and namby-pambier Herbert Marshall is his stern accuser. According to routine, they both love the same girl, Merle Oberon. Toward the end, which is cluttered up by noble gestures galore, here is a simply preposterous scene in which Merle fails to recognize a blind man when she sees one! Something or somebody reached the heights here. If anybody is gullible enough to be taken in they ought to be in the picture industry themselves!

G. M. H.

Gregory, Texas.

Too Much Territory.

CECILIA JOSEPH writes in October Picture Play that she thinks Bing Crosby can sing better than any one on the air or screen. She says that's not taking in half enough territory.

I do not agree with Miss Joseph. When she says that Bing can sing better

than any one on the air or screen, does she mean to say he can sing better than Tito Schipa, Giovanni Martinelli, Beniamino Gigli, Richard Crooks, Jan Kiepura, Richard Tauber, Felix Knight, and many others? I agree with Cecilia that Bing can act and has a pleasing personality, but when it comes to singing, "No, no, a thousand times no!"

R. D.

Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

No Gauchos in Argentina.

MAY I say a few things about the films whose action is supposed to happen in Argentina?

Do Americans (I mean North Americans and in particular those of the United States) know so little about Argentina as to represent our people always dressed like gauchos? If they ever came down here, they would not find a single gaucho even in the pampa.

And why do they give us Warner Baxter in "Under the Pampas Moon" all dressed up and wearing boots instead of shoes?

Don't they realize that these things are ridiculous? The public whistles at them when such films are shown at our cinemas.

Argentina, or rather Buenos Aires, is a civilized city, with tall and luxurious buildings, long avenues, large squares and gardens, comfortable railways, big radio stations, telephones, and beautiful undergrounds that cross the city in either direction.

Isn't it ridiculous that a tourist, as soon as he landed, asked with a smile: "Where are the gauchos?" And that was the influence of Hollywood.

If they want to produce films about this country, why don't they come here and see with their own eyes what Buenos Aires looks like and what kind of people live here? Not Indians, of course, as most of them believe, but civilized men and women, who will be glad to show them we are as correct and elegant as they are.

POCHITA.

Calle Yatay 880,

Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. A.

A Good Judge.

I AM glad to see that a favorite of mine did at last get a lead—Leo Carrillo. He was grand, as he always is, in Grace Moore's "Love Me Forever." Please give him another leading rôle, because that man has "these, them, and those," to my way of thinking—and I'm considered a good judge.

I'm disgusted with seeing him wasted on "big brother" and "best friend" rôles. He certainly makes the audience feel as if he and the hero got one another's script by error.

Can't we have more interviews and pictures of such interesting people as Mr. Carrillo, Charles Boyer, Nelson Eddy, Madeleine Carroll, Claudette Colbert, and Ray Milland? I'm sure Picture Play can and will oblige us.

MARILYN.

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John Mack Brown	Marian Marsh
Ruth Chatterton	Grace Moore
Walter Connolly	George Murphy
Donald Cook	Florence Rice
Melvyn Douglas	Edward G. Robinson
Irene Dunne	Gloria Shea
Edith Fellows	Ann Sothern
Wallace Ford	Raymond Walburn
Victor Jory	Fay Wray

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Warner Baxter	Rochelle Hudson
Madge Bellamy	Arline Judge
Bill Benedict	Paul Kelly
John Boles	Nino Martini
Alan Dinehart	Herbert Mundin
James Dunn	George O'Brien
Alice Faye	Valentin Parera
Henry Fonda	Kane Richmond
Francis Ford	Raul Roulien
Ketti Gallian	Gloria Stuart
Janet Gaynor	Shirley Temple
Tito Guizar	Claire Trevor
Edward Everett Horton	Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Paul Lukas
Elizabeth Allan	Jeanette MacDonald
John Barrymore	Mala
Lionel Barrymore	Mamo
Freddie Bartholomew	Una Merkel
Wallace Beery	Robert Montgomery
Virginia Bruce	Frank Morgan
Charles Butterworth	Chester Morris
Bruce Cabot	Edna May Oliver
Mary Carlisle	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jackie Cooper	Jean Parker
Joan Crawford	Eleanor Powell
Nelson Eddy	William Powell
Stuart Erwin	Juanita Quigley
Madge Evans	Luise Rainer
Louise Fazenda	May Robson
Betty Furness	Mickey Rooney
Clark Gable	Rosalind Russell
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
Jean Harlow	Harvey Stephens
Louis Hayward	Lewis Stone
Louise Henry	Robert Taylor
William Henry	Franchot Tone
June Knight	Spencer Tracy
Frances Langford	Henry Wadsworth
Eric Linden	Johnny Weissmuller
Myrna Loy	Robert Young

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

George Arliss	Joel McCrea
Eddie Cantor	Ethel Merman
Charles Chaplin	Merle Oberon
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Miriam Hopkins	Loretta Young
Gordon Jones	Douglas Walton
Fredric March	

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Heather Angel	Helen Mack
John Arledge	Lily Pons
Fred Astaire	Gene Raymond
John Beal	Erik Rhodes
Frances Dee	Buddy Rogers
Richard Dix	Ginger Rogers
Preston Foster	Anne Shirley
Betty Grable	Barbara Stanwyck
Margot Grahame	Helen Westley
Ann Harding	Bert Wheeler
Katharine Hepburn	Gretchen Wilson
Kay Johnson	Robert Woolsey
Francis Lederer	

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes	Boris Karloff
Billy Burrud	Frank Lawton
June Clayworth	Bela Lugosi
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Jean Dixon	Cesar Romero
Marta Eggerth	Margaret Sullavan
Valerie Hobson	Slim Summerville
Jack Holt	Clark Williams
Buck Jones	Jane Wyatt

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander	Allen Jenkins
Mary Astor	Al Jolson
Robert Barrat	Ruby Keeler
Joan Blondell	Guy Kibbee
George Brent	Margaret Lindsay
Joe E. Brown	Anita Louise
James Cagney	Everett Marshall
Colin Clive	Frank McHugh
Ricardo Cortez	James Melton
Marion Davies	Jean Muir
Bette Davis	Paul Muni
Olivia de Havilland	Pat O'Brien
Dolores del Rio	Dick Powell
Claire Dodd	Claude Rains
Ann Dvorak	Phillip Reed
John Eldredge	Phil Regan
Patricia Ellis	Winifred Shaw
Glenda Farrell	Paula Stone
Kay Francis	Lyle Talbot
William Gargan	Verree Teasdale
Hugh Herbert	Genevieve Tobin
Leslie Howard	Rudy Vallée
Warren Hull	Warren William
Josephine Hutchinson	Donald Woods

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Roscoe Karns
Wendy Barrie	Jan Kiepura
Alan Baxter	Rosalind Keith
Mary Boland	Charles Laughton
Charles Boyer	Baby LeRoy
Grace Bradley	Carol Lombard
Carl Brisson	Ida Lupino
Tom Brown	Fred MacMurray
Betty Burgess	Herbert Marshall
George Burns	Gertrude Michael
Claudette Colbert	Ray Milland
Gary Cooper	Joe Morrison
Buster Crabbe	Jack Oakie
Bing Crosby	Lynne Overman
Katherine DeMille	Gail Patrick
Marlene Dietrich	Joe Penner
Brian Donlevy	George Raft
Johnny Downs	Charles Ruggles
Frances Drake	Randolph Scott
Mary Ellis	Sylvia Sydney
W. C. Fields	Alison Skipworth
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David Jack Holt	Virginia Weidler
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Richard Arlen, Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Ralph Forbes, 10111 Valley Spring Lane, North Hollywood. Joan Bennett, Kitty Carlisle, Roger Pryor, Anna Sten, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California. Lionel Atwill, Adrienne Ames, Estelle Taylor, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Edward Arnold, Paul Cavanagh, Otto Kruger, Evelyn Venable, Chick Chandler, Walter King, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 9201 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Fifi Dorsay, care of Vernon D. Wood, 210 Pantages Theater Bldg., Hollywood.



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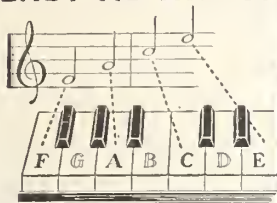
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"I Don't Like George Raft!"

How often has one heard that! What is it that causes such an exclamation from picture-goers who otherwise aren't given to voicing strong opinions one way or the other? Yet, in spite of his popularity with many fans, Mr. Raft is disliked by not a few. Not for any good reason, either, but solely on the strength of his appearance or gossip based on hearsay.

One of Hollywood's best-known writers, William F. French, confesses that he, too, doesn't like Mr. Raft. Or didn't until he investigated in the hope of learning exactly why he was prejudiced.

The remarkable account of his experience is entitled "I Don't Like George Raft" and it will appear in May Picture Play. Frankly, fearlessly he discusses the actor, repeats what he heard about him and describes him exactly as he finds him. All this is by far the most revealing article ever written about George Raft.

Every Admirer of Fredric March

This is a call to the legion of Mr. March's fans. They cannot afford to miss sharing the pleasure of a visit to his boyhood home in Racine, Wisconsin, and chatting with the father of their favorite who tells more about the early life of his son than they have ever read before. Furthermore, he lends Picture Play some precious, old photographs of Fred now published for the first time for Peggy Hoyt Black's charming article, "He Stole a March on Dad." This, too, will appear in next month's Picture Play, the magazine that never lets you down in quantity, quality or intelligence.

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We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

To facilitate handling, the author should inclose a self-addressed envelope with the requisite postage attached.

Mae West answers the call of the wild (Victor McLaglen) in Paramount's

"Klondike Annie," a roaring romance of the Northern waists

You Sleigh Me, Big Boy... Nome was never like this 'till Annie hit town... these sourdoughs were just a bunch of cheap skates before Annie broke the ice... but now... there's a hot time in the Yukon tonight!



Annie Doesn't Live Here Anymore... Tears spout from hardened orbs of Barbary Coast boys as Annie gives 'Frisco the Golden Gate and sails for the wide open spaces of the frostbitten North.



The Big, Bold Miner Stakes His Claim to Annie's Heart of Gold... But Annie can't see him for (gold) dust... he's just one more fur-bearing animal to her... the glamour Gal of 'Frisco is not going to give her heart to any lad in a squirrel bonnet. "Get back to the mines," says Annie.



You're No Erl Painting, But You're a Ferocious Monster... Ah, the secret is out... Annie has given her heart of gold to Skipper Bull Brackett, the toughest lad that ever knocked the teeth out of a gale with a belaying pin. Which proves true love always wins and there's no place like Nome.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

New Characters Preferred.

I WISH to sing my praises along with the rest of the public, of *The Virginia Judge*. Especially of Robert Cummings who played the Judge's son. He is a fine young man,



Robert Cummings inspires Lane Rada-
baugh to sincere, sensible enthusiasm.

erect, square-shouldered, and he has a winning smile.

I saw this picture exactly four times, and each time I watched the reactions of the audience. Once I was seated in front of three ladies, who talked during the showing of the picture. Most of their conversation was about Robert Cummings. One remarked about him just as I have above, and the second

Hugh McCann champions Rochelle Hudson and suggests a personal-appearance tour for her.



whispered what a hard rôle he had to play and how well he portrayed it.

I vote that he should be in more pictures. I'm certain he is due for a great screen career. Newcomers to the screen create new styles in acting and as they are new characters the public takes more to their pictures. We've seen so much of the regular stars that whenever we see an advertisement of a new film with a regular star heading it, we do not care so much to see it because we know just what to expect. Bill a picture with new characters and we'll surely go to see it. Lane Rodobaugh.

161 Oakland Terrace,
Newark, New Jersey.

Where's Dorothy Mackaill?

ARE all producers in Hollywood so blind and helpless that they can't see we are tired of these so-called new faces? We want our old favorites given the chance they deserve.



Helen King deplores the absence of Dorothy Mackaill from the screen, and reproaches the producers for it.

When will producers learn that the public does not forget? How about bringing back to us Dorothy Mackaill who, as Mrs. Charles Newton said in *December Picture Play*, has it in her to rival Myrna Loy?

I've seen Miss Mackaill about New York, and she's still as stunning as ever. What's more, she's the grandest fellow ever. I know.

How about it, producers?
Helen King.

New York, N. Y.

Innocent Target.

I HAVE read *December Picture Play*. In this department I noticed some indiscriminate sniping of certain actresses and actors. The snipers are 'The Morning-Else-To-Do-Club' of Sterling City per Mrs. R. Cope.



An hour's conversation with Tullio Carminati is the substance of Gloria Gage's letter.

One of the targets is Rochelle Hudson who has just achieved stardom after a long hard pull in supporting rôles. As a very ardent fan and self-appointed mentor of Miss Hudson, I resent Mrs. Cope's inference that her total obsence from the screen would be no loss.

Mrs. Cope does not offer any ex-
Continued on page 10

Gerald McErlean of Melbourne, Australia, discusses the career and character of Lew Ayres in no uncertain terms.



POPULAR

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My Sunny Golden Hair"*



That's the story told by delighted girls, proud of the fresh bright appearance soft golden hair gives them. To gain new attractiveness your friends will admire, to *regain* the bright natural tints of early youth, make sunny golden hair the secret of *your own* alluring charm. Rinse your hair at home, *secretly* if you like, with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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Information, Please

Address your questions to The Oracle, Picture Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

By The Oracle

MARJORIE WEBER.—Walter Abel is to play in "The Lady Consents," with Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall. Errol Flynn is to make "Charge of the Light Brigade." Address the former at RKO and the latter at Warners. Shirley Temple uses her right name.



MADÉLINE KAITZ.—Scenes for "Annapolis Farewell" actually were taken at the United States Naval Academy. For a photograph of John Howard write to him at Paramount. He was born April 14, 1913. Tom Brown, born January 6, 1913. Both Howard and Brown use their right names. Richard Cromwell's is Roy Radabaugh; born January 8, 1910. Paramount may be able to supply his photo.

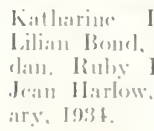
JANE HAZARD.—Ross Alexander was born in Brooklyn, New York, July 27, 1907; six feet one and a half, weighs 160, brown hair, blue eyes. Write to him at Warners for his photograph.



M. H.—As far as I know, Ginger Rogers, Merle Oberon, and Joan Crawford send photographs upon request. Be sure to inclose the customary twenty-five cents to cover the cost. Bing Crosby's hair is thinning and I understand that in some of his pictures he wears a toupee.

LILA KAY SHELBY.—Esther Dale, who played in "Crime Without Passion," next will be seen in "Timothy's Quest," with Eleanor Whitney, Tom Keene, Dickie Moore, Virginia Weidler, Samuel Hinds, Elizabeth Patterson. Address her at Paramount.

DELDA SUDATH.—I am sorry to have to report that Picture Play has never used a cover of Sylvia Sidney. Those used on the cover for the entire year of 1933, beginning with January were: Talulah Bankhead, Maureen O'Sullivan, Sari Maritza, Bette Davis,



Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Lilian Bond, Myrna Loy, Dorothy Jordan, Ruby Keeler, Greta Garbo, and Jean Harlow, Madge Evans for January, 1934.

Mrs. R. G. FRENCH.—Clyde Beatty is very much alive and has just completed a serial for Republic Pictures en-

titled "Darkest Africa." There doesn't seem to be any club in honor of Paul Cavanagh. For his photo write him at 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood.

MARGARET ANN CRONIN.—John Boles was thirty-seven October 27th last. His daughter, Marcelite, is fourteen. The players in "Paris Interlude" were Madge Evans, Otto Kruger, Robert Young, Una Merkel, Ted Healy, Louise Henry, Edward Brophy, George Meeker, Bert Roach, Richard Tucker.



JANE WHITE.—It is the policy of the magazine not to discuss the religion of stars. George Brent was born March 15, 1904. His first wife was Helen L. Campbell Lewis. They were divorced in 1929.

E. B. B.—The price of Picture Play was reduced from twenty-five cents to ten cents beginning with the July, 1931, issue, and increased to fifteen cents with the December, 1934, number. Maurice Chevalier was interviewed by Malcolm Oettinger in September, 1930. The first interview with Elissa Landi appeared April, 1931. The cast of "The Michigan Kid" included Conrad Nagel, Renée Adorée, Lloyd Whitlock, Fred Esmelton, Adolph Milar, Maurice Murphy, Virginia Grey, Dick Palm.

RUTH AND DOROTHY.—In "Naughty Marietta," Jeanette MacDonald sang "Sweet Mystery of Life," "Antoinette and Anatol," and "Chansonette," the Marionette song with chorus; the Italian Street Song with Nelson Eddy. Mr. Eddy sang "I'm Falling in Love With Some One," "Southern Moon," and with chorus "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "The Owl and the Polecat." All voices blended in the final medley of "Sweet Mystery of Life" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." Any large music store will supply the sheet music, or you might try G. Schirmer's, 3 East 43rd Street, New York.



Mrs. J. A. CLARAHAN.—There has never been any one in pictures, to my knowledge, whose right name is Golden Murphy.

L. FREEMAN.—Dorothy Mackaill entered British films about 1920 and shortly afterward came to America to appear in pictures here. Her films are so numerous that I must ask you to inclose a stamped envelope for this information.

M. T.—Robert Donat made "Men of To-morrow" and "Cash" in England before appearing in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." He is expected to return to Hollywood soon to make more pictures. There were roto stills of Dennis King as he appeared in "The Vagabond King" in Picture Play for January, 1930, but we have never published an interview with him. Henry Wilcoxon has brown hair, hazel eyes, and is six feet two. He was interviewed in December, 1934. His next picture may be "Samson and Delilah" for Cecil DeMille. We have had no interviews with Francis Lederer or Brian Aherne. The former is about six feet, weighs 150, black hair, brown eyes. Mr. Aherne is six feet two and a half, weighs 174, brown hair, blue eyes.



E. D.—The Academy award winners for 1928 went to Janet Gaynor for "Seventh Heaven" and Emil Jannings for "The Way of All Flesh." 1929, Mary Pickford for "Coquette," Warner Baxter for "In Old Arizona." 1930, Norma Shearer for "The Divorcee," George Arliss for "Disraeli." 1931, Marie Dressler for "Min and Bill," Lionel Barrymore for "A Free Soul." 1932, Helen Hayes for "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Fredric March for "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." 1933, Katharine Hepburn for "Morning Glory," Charles Laughton for "Henry VIII." 1934, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert for "It Happened One Night." There were interviews with Maurice Chevalier in January and September, 1930, and with Elissa Landi in April, 1931; September, 1933; March, 1934.



CHICKIE.—There was a very nice Frankie Darro story in Picture Play last month. His latest picture is with Roy Mason tentatively titled "Troupers X-13." He is about five feet three. His best girl is Virginia Garland. Charlotte Henry was born on March 3, 1914; about five feet one, weighs 104.



A READER.—We'll have to ask Mr. McKegg what kind of a voice he thinks Kay Francis possesses since he did not include her in his article "What Secret Does a Star's Voice Tell?" in the January issue.

J. P.—That was John Howard as the older brother of Tom Brown in "Annapolis Farewell." Frieda Inescort was *Ann West* in "Dark Angel." In "Streamline Express," Clay Clement and Erin O'Brien-Moore were *Mr. and Mrs. John Forbes*, while Esther Ralston as *Elaine Vinson*, boarded the train with Mr. Forbes, posing as his wife. Helen Gahagan has made no picture since "She," but it is possible that she will be starred by RKO in a screen version of the play, "A Sliver in God's Eye." Stills may be had by writing to the New York publicity departments of the various companies.

MARY MAY.—Dick Powell was born in Mt. View, Arkansas, November 14, 1904. No doubt Warners can supply a photo of Sybil Jason. For a still of "Top Hat," write to RKO Publicity Department, RKO Building, Radio City, New York. You are free to send gifts to the stars if you wish.

BETTY STEED.—The talkie version of "Sally" was released in 1929 with Marilyn Miller, Alexander Gray, Joe E. Brown, T. Roy Barnes, Pert Kelton, Ford Sterling, Maude Turner Gordon, E. J. Rateliffe, Jack Duffy, Nora Lane. For a list of all the films of the players you mention I must ask you to forward a stamped envelope. I have no record of just which stars send autographed photos free of charge.

FAY BERESFORD.—Your letter was most interesting. MGM produces the "Our Gang" comedies. Address Frank Capra at Columbia.

LARRY K.—Olivia de Havilland was born in Tokio, Japan, July 1, 1916; five feet four, weighs 107. Next is "Anthony Adverse." Irene Hervey, Los Angeles, California, July 11th. She just made "Thrills for Thelma," an MGM short. Neither is married.

L. KOHLER.—You can add the following Claudette Colbert films to your list: "The Hole in the Wall," "Man-slaughter," "Honor Among Lovers," "The Wiser Sex," "Misleading Lady," "The Gilded Lily." Dixie Lee and Don Alvarado celebrate their birthdays on November 4th.



DEE DEE.—Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Connecticut, May 12, 1908; five feet five and a half, weighs 105, reddish-brown hair, green-gray eyes. Yes, she has many freckles. The studio has a fan mail department which handles most of her correspondence. Like all the stars, Katie takes time out to read her fan letters.

JACK BENNETT.—Henry Fonda is six feet two and weighs 170; Robert Donat, six feet, weighs 165. Al Seigler was the cameraman for "The Black Room." The Negro who sang "I Feel a Song Comin' On" in "Every Night at Eight" is not given credit in the east, and I have been unable to learn his identity here.

Continued on page 97



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What the Fans Think

planation for her apparent antipathy toward Miss Hudson. Can the reason be because Miss Hudson isn't a sexy blonde, because she isn't a habitué of the late spots, because she hasn't become involved with any of the "big names" in order to obtain publicity, because she isn't, and hasn't been married, because she doesn't crash to the headlines with a divorce?

As a matter of academic interest, may I point out that Miss Hudson's principal roles have been in support of such stars as Claudette Colbert, Chester Morris, Shirley Temple, and the late Will Rogers? To gain even a modicum of fan attention while playing opposite those stars is quite a feat. Rochelle Hudson has done exceptionally well under most trying conditions. She deserves a good deal of praise for the splendid manner in which she has handled some rather insipid rôles. Her future should be very bright if she is accorded fair and sympathetic treatment by the fans as well as by her studio.

In conclusion, may I suggest that it might be a good idea for 20th Century-Fox to enable the public to become better acquainted with Rochelle by having her make a personal-appearance tour?

HUGH McCANN.

491 Gilmour Street,
Ottawa, Canada.

Cultured and Charming.

RECENTLY, I had the pleasure of spending an hour with Tullio Carminati at his home in New York. He had returned from four months in Germany, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, and France.

Mr. Carminati is a comfortable person to talk to, with a keen sense of humor. He admits being restless and loves to travel from one country to another, but finds each time he returns to America just as thrilling as the first trip he made ten years ago.

His admiring public will be glad to know that he has mastered the English language and has lost most of his foreign accent.

He is without doubt one of the most cultured and charming personalities the theatrical and screen world can boast of to-day.

The American screen needs such a capable actor in more pictures like "One Night of Love" and "Paris in Spring."

GLORIA GAGE.

85 Bar Beach Road,
Port Washington, New York.

The Orchid and the Oak.

SIX years ago, having suffered the usual cycle of disillusion, a certain young actor was suddenly acclaimed a great discovery. Given the rôle of a German boy in a film about war, he was told to make the best of this chance. He did so to such an extent that his performance in that film thrilled the world. He made it the most outstanding ever presented to film-goers. Critics and public were unanimous in their praise. Here was genius. Then success went sour.

The young actor was snatched from his true type—a boy with dreamerlike qualities—to a callous, baby-faced killer.

However, he proved his versatility by making that film a winner also. Next, he was cast as a playboy. And, though since then he has made over twenty films, his every performance has been a repetition of that first playboy rôle.

I lit my hat to Lew Ayres for his brave way of weathering that sea of mediocre parts. I applaud him for his strength and ability to keep his fans. I sympathize with him because his screen life has been heartlessly slaughtered. Murdered by men who evidently have use for no others but those depending upon sardonic smiles, worldly airs, perfect physiques and grease paint to get them over with the public. In short, men who hand lucrative rôles to any but those possessing clean, natural, sincere, and finished acting ability.

I admire Lew Ayres for his calmness in facing such injustices and obstacles. I congratulate him for having given to the world something that will live forever. *Paul Baumer.* Lastly, I am indebted to him. He helped me gain a



Leatrice Joy, beloved star of former years, attends the funeral of John Gilbert with their twelve-year-old daughter, Leatrice Joy Gilbert.

true sense of value for every beautiful thing. In my Garden of Remembrance, he is a flower with the beauty of an orchid and the strength of a sturdy oak, and will everlastingly remain in bloom.

GERALD McERLEAN.

Melbourne, Australia.

Lederer's Boyish Gayety.

WE have a new and altogether magnetic personality in our midst. Who is this of whom I speak? None other than Francis Lederer. Wasn't he marvelous in "The Gay Deception"? He is so sincere and individual. It is hard to tell what really is most outstanding about him. I think what attracts most is his sincere, natural and massaging manner. He is a combina-

tion of boyish gayety, dignity and a matured understanding of people and life, all of which shines forth in his work on the screen.

Let us hope that the producers will realize Francis's great talents and give him the parts he deserves. Parts like *Romeo*, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, or *Julio* in "The Four Horsemen," that have lived through the ages. These will really give him a chance to show what a great artist he is. *MARIA LUKASZEWSKA.*

1164 Noe Street,
San Francisco, California.

Del Rio Gets Her Vote.

AFTER reading Dorothy Wooldridge's article in the November issue entitled "The Jury of Beauty," I've decided to "let the argument start" by giving my idea of the composite beauty. And I had to do some thinking, too!

FIRST CHOICE:

Hair	—Dolores del Rio.
Eyes	—Del Rio.
Nose	—Del Rio.
Teeth	—Luise Rainer.
Hands	—Del Rio.
Smile	—Loretta Young.
Feet	—The only ones I've noticed are Del Rio's.
Legs and Ankles	—Del Rio.
Back	—Del Rio.
Body	—Del Rio.

Mouth—As far as I'm concerned, Gloria Stuart, Anita Louise, and Claudette Colbert possess mouths that look natural and not just a smear of lipstick.

SECOND CHOICE:

Hair	—Norma Shearer.
Eyes	—Luise Rainer.
Nose	—Ann Harding.
Teeth	—Joan Blondell.
Hands	—Carol Lombard.
Smile	—Claudette Colbert.
Feet	—The only ones I've noticed are Del Rio's.
Legs and Ankles	—Joan Crawford.
Back	—Carol Lombard.
Body	—Carol Lombard.

Let the argument continue! Every one has his idea of beauty, and most of us have a certain type that we admire. To me Dolores del Rio is as near to a perfect beauty as any one could be. Of course fans can only judge stars from their movies and their photographs. But as I said before, let the argument continue, if it has started at all.

SUZANNE YONAN.

475 College Road,
Lake Forest, Illinois.

College Girls Choose Bing.

I GUESS the saying is true, the more famous one is the more knocks he receives. Just because Bing Crosby is the most popular fellow in the world to-day, the jealous ones are trying to down him. But can they? Never. Bing has so endeared himself to the public that a few knocks will never hurt him, but will make him all the more loved.

It makes me laugh when some person like Kit Cozzens of Saratoga puts in two cents' worth of complaint. Why do

Continued on page 12



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

FOR the first time in nine years Janet Gaynor leaves her own studio to make a picture elsewhere. The change brings her one of the most interesting leading men, too. None other than Robert Taylor! They are happily paired in "Small-town Girl," with Miss Gaynor in the title rôle, of course, and Mr. Taylor a young surgeon with social standing who marries her after a gay party—and regrets it. A series of everyday, true-to-life incidents enables them to find themselves and stay together for keeps.

the producers keep Bing on the screen? It isn't the producers that keep Bing on the screen, it's his adoring public. They demand it. I shudder to think what the screen and radio would do without him. Not since the days of Valentino has there been such a handsome, charming, romantic actor to come to the screen.

Once is enough to see any other actor's pictures, but Bing? I see every one of his at least ten times. I go to a girls' college and have a dozen girl friends who think as I do. We can hardly wait for his next picture to come. Bing is our ideal. And how!

KAY DOBBS,

Troy, New York.

A Dyed-in-the-wool Fan.

I ENTIRELY disagree with Joan Chapau that Ann Harding is morbid. She is a beautiful woman and a fine actress. Also, Garbo, Dietrich, Bennett, and Crawford, have a goodly share of

charm and beauty. As for Loretta Young being a symphony of ecstasy and romance, I can't see it. Jean Harlow never had anything but a beautiful figure, and now she has lost that. She is much too thin. Every one of her features contradicts beauty. The really beautiful women on the screen are Norma Shearer, Luise Rainer, Virginia Bruce, and Madge Evans.

To "Marilyn" I would like to say I admire your taste concerning Ray Milland. He is everything you say he is and more. His performance in "The Gilded Lily" was tops.

The article in the September issue of Picture Play about that handsome, talented young actor, Robert Taylor, was great. He is the best I have seen in a long time.

In spite of all my criticism, I enjoy all the pictures I see, good, bad or otherwise.

VIRGINIA HARVEY,

Santa Ana, California.

Wants Novarro Back.

BOUQUETS for Novarro! Lots of them. What other actor would voluntarily leave the screen just because he feels convinced he is not doing his best? We fans are notoriously fickle, and come-backs seldom turn into stay-backs. Out of sight, with us, is out of mind for good and all.

Yet I am hoping these same fans will prove they can be loyal sometimes. Novarro has entertained us for many years and deserves a hand. The stories he has been getting—light comedy, "singies" plus a little romance and minus quite a lot of sense—are certainly not his metier. And because he does them well is hardly reason enough to justify his doing them forever.

I might mention here that I am no Novarro fan; that is, Fredric March comes first with me, but I hate to see a good actor and really interesting screen personality let down as Novarro has been. Free of MGM, let's hope he signs with some other company. And here are a few "don't's" for the studio that has the luck to get him:

Don't put him in films where the leading lady has the fattest rôle and all the publicity.

Don't give him the poor publicity he has received all along from MGM. Joan Crawford is another of their stars who is being ruined by bad publicity.

Don't give him a long series of one-track rôles. He has versatility, if you'll give him a chance to show it.

Make him sing and dance and wise-crack, but for Heaven's sake, let him act, too. Why not make a picture of gypsy life, with Novarro representing all the best of that romantic and kind-hearted people? Come on, all you much-paid and little-worked writers of Hollywood. Here's plenty of scope for romance, drama, tragedy and pathos, and material for a real epic picture.

And thank you, Picture Play, for being the first and only magazine to combine two things in your articles about the stars—intelligence and judgment.

CINEMA-GOER.

London, England.

English Relations.

AFTER twenty years of film-going, I find it strange to see advertisements of English films in the magazine. I hope our pictures will only give our American friends half as much pleasure as theirs give us.

We should also gratefully acknowledge the wonderful chances given to English men and women by your studios. Between you and me, we seem to grow actors and clowns over here, but they don't get much chance unless spotted by some American producer.

Having the good fortune to be able to attend all the West End theaters, I've developed quite an amateur talent-picking flair. I'm one of those discerning folk who can say "There, I told you so," of practically every American-made English star. And believe me, we've hundreds more waiting to be discovered. Some are luckier than others in getting

Continued on page 93



Reading from left to right: Between the black squares are the titles of some of this star's most popular films.

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

B Y N O R B E R T L U S K

THE attractions of "Rose-Marie" are so many and positive that it is a pleasure to dwell on them and to point out some to others. Not that any one needs to be urged to see Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in any picture! But it often happens that with all the care given by a studio to fostering and exploiting talent the result misses fire and injures rather than enhances first impressions. However, the stars of the new operetta find themselves to-day greater than ever in popularity and in artistic stature because their new picture equals "Naughty Marietta."

MISS MACDONALD is, in my opinion, the leading singing actress of the screen. Greater voices than hers have been heard in operatic excerpts but none more delectable in lighter music. Though she is first of all a singer, she surpasses all others in acting and she has a bubbling, infectious sense of humor that enchants while it amuses. It is even more than this, however, that insures her a leading place on the screen while other singers come and go. The beauty of her appearance, her grace and her magnetism! Lovely enough to qualify as a silent star, the addition of her voice in song and speech makes her irresistible.

AS for Mr. Eddy, can we name any masculine singer of similar accomplishments who has so taken fans by storm? I exclude the popular and likable Bing Crosby because he is not a singer in the sense that Mr. Eddy is; not a singer at all but a specialized crooner. Nor do I consider Dick Powell in my estimate, because he does not lend his voice to operetta or anything approaching it. He sings light, popular airs beautifully, but they are incidental to his comedies. Mr. Eddy is first a concert singer then an actor. It is the fact that he combines both talents so ingratiatingly that I place him—and I know you do, too—ahead of all other baritones or tenors, including the riper and more musicianly Lawrence Tibbett whose equipment is better suited to grand opera than to the screen and his personality more potent on the stage.

THE reason for Mr. Eddy's instantaneous hit with the picture-going public is not alone his voice but his personality. Not good looks solely, either, but a happy combination of everyday masculinity and that certain something that makes a hero romantic or otherwise. That, after all, is what determines the appeal of song on the screen and the success of the singer with the fans. It is neither volume nor range of voice that makes him a hit, but whether or not the camera looks upon him with favor and is able to catch enough of personality to charm, excite and hold the eye. Mr. Eddy has that enviable gift or quality plus a fine, persuasive, manly voice. Widespread as is applause for him at present, I think his career as a screen star is only just beginning.

THE picture that brings together these two artists is a joy. I cannot conceive of any one thinking otherwise. It has the expected appeal of unforgettable music, of course, and the stars give it personal attraction, but there is something else that I think we are apt to take for granted in our sheer enjoyment of it all. It is dramatically right! The best voices singing the loveliest music may prove poor fare for the screen if nothing else is offered. Here we have a story that has real drama in it, with all the elements that make drama believable. There actually is suspense in the heroine's search for her renegade brother, a gasp of dread when she

leaves her prima donna's party to go into the Canadian wilderness with a sinister-looking stranger, shocked surprise when she is deserted by her guide, robbed of her money, and pathos in her attempt to sing in a drinking resort. Ah, but what satisfaction is ours when she is seen by *Sergeant Bruce* in his brave uniform! We know that romance has come at last!

THROUGHOUT the picture a story is told. It never is thrust aside for dance formations or comic relief though there is an outdoor dance and comedy is constant and delicious. Another cause for hand-clapping is that the stars do not look into space and sing just for the sake of singing. Even their solos and duets are part of the progress of the story. The artificiality of stage operetta is overcome by realism that only the screen can give. It takes skill of the highest order to achieve this.

* * *

WHAT'S all this about fan clubs? Will the commotion never cease? Is it not possible for every one to arrive at an understanding? Apparently not while stars are stars and fans are exigent worshippers. Over and over again *Picture Play* receives letters that reveal a state of dissatisfaction among fan clubs, their founders and members.

SHOULD fan clubs be abolished? Are they a bore to the star who, momentarily secure in his place in the sun, does not realize that the public put him there and will keep him warmed by success only as long as it chooses? He should know that it is not pure acting ability that accounts for the continued life of certain players, but the response of the public in letters to the studios and tickets at the box office. Undoubtedly the treatment given by the star to clubs and fans in general has much to do with the volume of mail. We know that all players are pleased with the favor of the public no matter what form it takes, but apparently not all are willing to give anything in return except a sight of themselves on the screen—for a price.

IT is difficult, of course, for an actor in the exciting social and professional life of Hollywood to put himself in the place of a group of boys and girls in, say, Calais, Maine, intent on honoring him with a fan club. How different, indeed, is a small town from the Trocadero or a week-end at Palm Springs. How easy to enjoy the sociability of one's pals at the desert resort and how hard to imagine that a bunch of well-meaning kids in an ice-bound town have anything to do with placing one there. It requires imagination, live sympathy and a keen evaluation of cause and effect to trace the connection. But it exists nevertheless.

THERE'S another side of the question, too. Aren't there too many fan clubs for one or another star, and aren't they organized too informally and dissolved with no formality at all? *Picture Play's* list of clubs supposedly still active, because we have received no notification otherwise, includes some in honor of players absent from the screen for years. Obviously there can be no activity among such groups, but those at the head of them have never taken the trouble to request removal from lists that once were important to them. Is it not likely that some clubs are equally lax in their dealings with stars?

DON'T fans expect too much from stars anyway? Must a club membership be in constant touch with its star? Remember, in some cases there are no less than six clubs headed by the same star. It is not possible for any active player to give individual attention to so many correspondents, to answer all demands and keep everybody contented. It would require the services of not one super-efficient secretary but a whole staff of them. Actually, what do fan clubs give in return for the star's interest, and, let us say, support? Theoretically they are valuable to the player, but how often are they really so?

THE ideal club should, of course, attend every film in which its star appears. Should propagandize the star; should seek new members by communicating club enthusiasm; should convince prospective members of the advantage of pleasant correspondence or companionship. More than anything else those in charge should avoid the least suspicion that the club is a racket carried on for the profit of any one and least of all the founder or founders. How many clubs can stand such scrutiny? How many are one-hundred-per-cent honest?

I THINK that the failure of stars to cooperate may often be traced to this very thing: the suspicion, sometimes the evidence, that their names are wrongfully being used by the unscrupulous. We have only to read the newspapers to know that stars are constantly victimized in one way or another. We have only to know the stars to see that they have constantly to be on guard against this, that, or the other imposition. But I have never met a star who seemed unresponsive to legitimate interest and admiration. So keep the fan clubs sensible and on the level and they will prosper.



Photo by Ted Allen

GAYLY Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, and Myrna Loy stroll across the MGM lot to the stage where they will find everything in readiness for their next scene in "Wife versus Secretary," under the direction of Clarence Brown, whose most recent successes, "Ah, Wilderness!" and "Anna Karenina," tell us what we may expect from such a brilliant quartet. Mr. Gable's rôle is that of a millionaire business man and the title indicates that Miss Harlow and Miss Loy are love rivals. Which of these charmers do you think is the winner?

TORTURED BY A NATION

THE TRUE STORY OF A
NATION'S HIDDEN SHAME



of



FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!



Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER SHARK ISLAND

Starring

Warner **BAXTER**

with

GLORIA STUART • CLAUDE GILLINGWATER

ARTHUR BYRON • O. P. HEGGIE • HARRY CAREY

AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A **DARRYL F. ZANUCK** 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck • Directed by John Ford

Associate Producer and Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson • Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

THE ORIGIN OF STAR NAMES

The meaning of certain film players' names is here interestingly explained.

BY BORIS RANDOLPH

JOAN CRAWFORD is a name somewhat symbolic of the parting of the Red Sea by Moses.



It literally means a bloody stream made passable by the grace of the Lord. Joan is the feminine of John and means the Lord's grace. Crawford is from two Gaelic words meaning bloody and a passable stream. The last name arose among the Gaels after a sanguinary conflict with Roman invaders.

CARY GRANT simply means the great man. Cary is from the Teutonic and merely designates a man. Grant comes from the French and means great, grand, or big, but when personified is more generally descriptive of character than of size.



CHESTER MORRIS means a Moorish fortification. Chester is from the Latin and means a fortified place. Morris is directly derived from the Spanish for Moorish.

RUBY KEELER means a red navigator. Ruby, like Opal or Pearl is one of the various feminine names derived from gems, but the gem itself got its name from its color. Ruby is from the Latin and means to be red. Keeler is from the Scandinavian and means one who manages the keel of a ship, or a navigator. Hence, the name Ruby Keeler may serve to remind us of the Scandinavian navigator who anticipated Columbus in discovering America, namely, Eric the Red.



WALTER CONNOLLY denotes the friendly and courageous ruler of an army who is lord of the woods. Walter is from old high German and means the ruler of an army, but in Saxon it is synonymous with the Latin Sylvester meaning

lord or master of the woods. Connolly is from the Celtic and Gaelic and means friendly courage.



GRACIE ALLEN means exceedingly fair and agreeable. Gracie is an intensive form of Grace and comes from the Latin meaning precisely agreeable. Allen is from the Gaelic and was originally the name of a very fair and handsome tribe of people.

GEORGE BURNS combines water and land in his name. It means river farmer. George is from the Greek and means a husband-man or one who tends the land. Burns is from the Scotch dialects and means rivers.



PATRICIA ELLIS is from the Latin and Hebrew and literally means the noble Jehovah is my God. Patricia from the Latin means noble. Ellis, derived from the Hebrew prophet Elijah signifies Jehovah is my God.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN means a white wave admired by God. Genevieve is still of doubtful origin, but the best authorities derive it from a Celtic word meaning white wave. Tobin is a variation of the Hebrew name Tobias which means distinguished of or admired by God.



MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN implies the dark child of a fair-eyed parent. Maureen is the feminine of Maurice which comes from the same Spanish word as Morris and means Moorish. But the Spanish word for Moorish is in turn derived from a Greek word meaning dark. O'Sullivan is from three Celtic words meaning the child of the fair-eyed one. Incidentally, the prefix O' before a name always means the child of.



FRANK MORGAN means a free soul born near the sea. Frank is from old high German Franco the name given to a Germanic people on the Rhine who freed themselves and established the French monarchy. Morgan is from the Welsh "mor," meaning sea and the Welsh "gan" meaning by or near.

RONALD COLMAN means having the power to judge like a dove. Ronald is from the Scotch and means power to judge. Colman is Gaelic for dove.



ALINE MacMAHON is the light-shedding child of Mohammed. This name springs from Greek, Gaelic and old French. Aline is a changed spelling of Eileen which again is a variation of the Greek Helena meaning a torch or something that gives light. Mac is from the Gaelic and like the prefix O' means the son or child of whenever encountered before a name. Mahan is an old French version of Mohammed and was widely used as a name in the Middle Ages when Mohammed was generally believed to be worshiped as God.



EDWARD ARNOLD means the defender of property who is strong as an eagle. Edward is from the Anglo-Saxon and means a defender or guardian of property. Arnold is from the German, meaning strong as an eagle.



MADGE BELLAMY means a precious pearl and a beautiful friend. Madge is an abbreviated variation of the name Margaret and comes to us through the German from the Greek where it originally meant a pearl. Bellamy is self-evident to any one familiar with French and simply means a beautiful feminine friend.



FAVORITES *of the* FANS

N O R M A S H E A R E R

Photo by George Hurrell



*Shirley
Temple*

THE most popular actress in the United States, the one that more people pay to see than any other star, and not seven years old till April 23rd. What an achievement for Shirley Temple to look back upon in the years to come when Bernhardt and Duse and Katharine Cornell are legends when the life we live to-day is ancient history!



Photo by Ted Allen

Nelson Eddy

WITH "Rose-Marie" now going the rounds to the delighted applause of his admirers, Nelson Eddy is on a lengthy concert tour so that fans who only know his vibrant shadow self may become acquainted with the reality of Nelson on the stage. They will agree that he is the greatest male personality that music has given to the screen.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

ISABEL JEWELL

PICTURE PLAY doffs its hat in respect to Isabel Jewell because of her beautiful, poignant acting in "A Tale of Two Cities" and asks to be forgiven for becoming tired of her in the long series of flip, wise-cracking gals she played before hitting her stride as a real actress. She's grand in "Ceiling Zero," too.



Photo by D. Charles Nelson

HELEN VINSON

BEAUTIFUL Helen Vinson not only wed an Englishman, Fred Perry, tennis champion, but she seems to be casting her lot with British films, perhaps because the Texas charmer is now a subject of King Edward. Well, anyway, you're seeing her nowadays in "King of the Damned," with Conrad Veidt, and she's in London filming a new picture.



Photo by William Walling, Jr.

Grace Bradley

IT takes something for a girl to become a famous hostess in Hollywood where conventional parties are the rule. Grace Bradley achieved fame when she gave a hay ride and barn dance a few months ago with swarms of celebrities as her guests. "13 Hours by Air" is her next film, incidentally.

MARY CARLISLE

WHAT of Mary Carlisle these days? Oh, she's getting along all right, rushing from film to film and getting prettier and prettier and more chic. A better actress, too. You saw her opposite Frank Albertson, in "Kind Lady," didn't you? She's marking time until her big opportunity shall come. Meanwhile she's the life of Hollywood's younger set.

Photo by Ted Allen



JOY HODGES



MOLLY LAMONT



JOAN BLONDELL



LUCILLE BALL



LUCILLE BALL likes her dramatic cape of powder-blue satin lined with a deeper blue.

LITTLE JOY HODGES wears a beautiful color harmony. White lilies, outlined in black, float with green lily pads on a rose background.

MOLLY LAMONT'S gown is of ashes-of-roses moiré shot with gold, the twisted shawl collar of ruby velvet.

JOAN BLONDELL'S afternoon tailleur is of midnight-blue twill.

LUCILLE BALL, on the opposite page, displays a smart outfit of white sharkskin. With it she wears a blouse of white piqué with a black tie.

LORRAINE BRIDGES fashions a two-piece sports dress of light-tan sharkskin.

GAIL PATRICK smartly models a sports suit of beige wool with a crêpe blouse of green dotted in beige.

PATRICIA ELLIS'S costume is said to be for the campus. The bright-green Czechoslovakian jacket is embroidered in white yarn.

ILLE BALL

LORRAINE BRIDGES



GAIL PATRICK



PATRICIA ELLIS



Whispers of
Springtime

DICK POWELL



Photo by Gene Kornman

ONE of the truest likenesses of Dick Powell is here presented to his fans, who must agree that it doesn't resemble the familiar photographs. Dick is seventh of the ten most popular stars, according to a recent official rating, and we agree with the public in placing him there. Next picture: "Colleen."

ERROL FLYNN



Photo by Elmer Fryer

HAILED far and wide as the newest romantic sensation, Errol Flynn is more than that. He's a good actor whose training has come from service in English repertory companies. He has a balanced mind, a modest estimate of himself and a refreshing reserve. His next, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

V I R G I N I A B R U C E

RISING and riding high is the happy destiny of Virginia Bruce. Everybody knows her, everybody likes her on the screen, while her friends adore her because of her sweet gentleness. She is here pictured in "The Great Ziegfeld," and she is to be the heroine of Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It."

Some glamorous blondes that some people think actresses should always have a shining exponent in Betty Grable. Besides attracting attention in some recent films, she is famous as Jackie Coogan's fiancée. You'll be seeing her on their personal-appearance tour and in "Follow the Fleet" as well.

BETTY GRABLE

by Ernest A. Baerach





C E C I L I A P A R K E



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

IF you saw "Ah, Wilderness!"—and if you haven't, you mustn't miss it when it comes your way—you know that Cecilia Parker is an exquisite actress. New York critics raved over her performance. She has the rare gift of portraying girlish innocence without being cute about it. She's a honey!

BESIDES her beauty and charm, the reason Olivia de Havilland is arresting lies deeper than outward appearance. Her acting is extraordinarily sound and mature for a girl of twenty. She fascinates because she acts with the sureness of a veteran trouper and looks like a flower-faced ingénue.

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND



ELEANOR POWELL

LOUISE WILLIAMS, in her interview on the opposite page, describes Eleanor Powell as "simply reeking of sunshine, fresh air, vitality, good humor, and if you can think of an inoffensive word for it, wholesomeness." You learn from the story that Miss Powell taught herself tap dancing and took ten lessons from Bill Robinson.

Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

"BUT I *Must* DANCE!"

INTO as bleak and cheerless a hotel sitting-room as you have ever seen, a tall, slender girl drifted. Suddenly the air was charged with excitement and vitality, as if sunshine had broken through clouds, and a brass band let out its first rousing blasts.

I have seen Eleanor Powell make a bored theater audience snap to immediate attention when she glided out on the stage, but I assumed that the orchestra or the lights had something to do with it.

I did not suppose that, after years of almost daily exposure to high-pressure personal magnetism, meeting any one could make me set down such unadulterated gush as I have written.

Miss Powell—or let's be chummy—Eleanor simply reeks of sunshine, fresh air, vitality, good humor, and if you can think of an inoffensive word for it, wholesomeness.

Our interview did not have to start with a few random questions while we sought a conversational stamping-ground. We both started talking at once about tap dancing, ballet, weekends in the country, upsetting Louis B. Mayer's dignity, the importance of being stubborn, and responsive audiences.

"Yes, I read in one of the papers that I was scheduled to play the lead in a ballerina picture." Her very blue eyes beamed and her candid, wide mouth grinned as she doled up her long legs incased in Chinese blue pajamas and squatted on them tailor-fashion.

"That doesn't mean it will ever happen. Even if MGM had notified me that I was about to leap out in tutu and tights, I wouldn't be sure of it until the cameras started grinding. I am a ballet dancer. I was always a ballet dancer. The taps were just an expedient to make money.

"I've studied ballet ever since I was a little girl. Oh, well, if you insist, I never was a little girl. I was long and rangy and clumsy, so mother had me take ballet lessons in the hope that I would stop (Continued on page 63)

That is Eleanor Powell's answer to all plans to make a dramatic actress of her. And a revealing close-up of the real side of the screen's new sensation.

BY LOUISE WILLIAMS



Eleanor Powell seethes with rage when it is suggested that she didn't do all the marvelous tapping fans heard in "Broadway Melody." Then she explains an interesting trick some studios use to imitate tap rhythms.

LOVE DOES NOT

BY SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK



There is no more devoted couple in Hollywood than James Cagney and "Bill," his wife. But they wisely refrain from telling the world how much in love they are.

Can a star mix love with publicity? Can any one, in fact? The divorce records say "no." For all the Hollywood couples who shout their love from the treetops invariably discover that marital bliss cannot be shared with the public.

REMEMBER that song A Jason song to Madge Evans in "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum"? It began,

Love does not stand sharing,
Not if—one cares—

Well, it's just as true in real life as it is in songs. In fact, we might get whimsical and call that a truism.

It's a fact that in almost every case where a couple have come out in print—either voluntarily or through persuasion—with statements of their great love that love hasn't lasted.

When Joan Blondell and George Barnes were married the stories written about their love were innumerable.

Remember how Joan's devotion was so great she wanted to discard the name of Blondell and adopt George's name—even on the screen? And here they are divorced after a year and a half of that great happiness.

Can any one count the number of articles written about the great, great love of Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay? In practically every interview with Barbara until a year ago, her love for Fay was the motif. Her career was secondary to her marriage. And now they too, have split.

What is more no one was ever more in earnest than these two girls when they talked about their happiness. Why is it that a love that has been publicized can't last?

While I don't recall ever actually having had an interview about Clark Gable's happy



So much in love was Joan Blondell with her ex-husband, George Barnes, that she wanted to discard her name and call herself Joan Barnes on the screen.

STAND Sharing

marriage, the inference was always there that he and Mrs. Gable were ideally happy.

Na saaner were those intimations well launched than rumors began to fly of a separation. The rumors were stoutly denied, but time told its usual tale where a marriage has been publicized.

Could you forget the stories of Joan Crawford and Daug Fairbanks, Jr.? What a great love theirs was? How nothing could ever change it? How everlasting it was? It lasted, all right—about as long as Jack stayed in the army.

Jaan had never had any great advantages as a girl. Daug had been educated abroad. He exercised a potent attraction for the girl who had got most of her education in the charuses of night clubs and musical comedies, but wha, even in those dim days, was filled with a consuming ambition to make something of herself.

How was she to know that love and infatuation are two entirely different things? How could Jaan know that that first fine frenzy that makes us caunt every hour away from our adared wauldn't last?

Bath of them were sure it was lave. Lave in its mast refined form. Nothing like it, they thought, had ever been knawn before. When they weren't together they were phaning each other.

I remember one night, years aga, they were going to the then-fashionable Mantmartre. The Mantmartre was on the second floar of a building in which there was na elevatar. You climbed a lang flight of stairs.

Na saaner were Jaan and Daug safely inside the entrance than they glued their lips together in a kiss, and glued they remained until they reached the tap of the stairs. Flushed, breathless, smiling and happy, they turned and faced such people as were laitering in the lounge.

I suppose when one is young, in lave and happy, it is natural to want to shout one's lave from the treetaps. Unfortunately, treetaps were nat always accessible, sa they shouted theirs from the pages of every magazine and newspaper that would print it. They were Public Lovers Number 1.

Passibly it was the fact they had talked too



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford were Public Lovers Number 1 as far as published statements of their married happiness could make them. Then came disillusionment and divorce.



Sue Carol and Nick Stuart enjoyed columns of publicity, first as engaged lovers and then married ones, always with their love for each other the theme song of the ages.



Love Does Not Stand Sharing



The marriages that last, the really happy ones, are those where no publicity is given the great love. For example, Jobyna and Richard Arlen.



Barbara Stanwyck's love for Frank Fay was secondary to her successful career, according to the countless interviews she willingly gave.



Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, secluded in their hilltop paradise, defied Hollywood to touch and spoil their heavenly marriage.

much, that eventually they tired of having every embrace and every kiss chronicled in print, that caused them to tire of each other.

Jaan strove valiantly to make the marriage last, but it was a losing battle. They celebrated their first wedding anniversary together, but they were divorced before their second.

And Sue Carol and Nick Stuart. I'm not sure that Sue and Nick would have had to take second place even to Jaan and Daug as America's young lovers. They were photographed together at dinner, at the Grave, at the theater, on bride paths, on tennis courts, in canoes—everywhere young people could be photographed together. I'm sure there were just as many interviews given and written on the subject of Sue and Nick as ever there were about Joan and Daug.

When there was nothing left to write about them they married, and it was the same old story over again. Courtship and marriage are two entirely different things. An attractive lover does not always make a desirable husband.

Nick's salary was never large as picture salaries go. When Nick and Sue were no longer under contract to major studios there was the old and annoying question of living. Sue had been getting \$1,500 a week, and in addition, her family was wealthy. Nick's wasn't. He lay around the house for well over a year with only a quickie or two on the credit side of the ledger.

Then they went on a personal-appearance tour that lasted well over a year. I don't know that they ever bickered. When Sue decided she had had enough she just up and quit.

I'll never forget the time I interviewed Nick. He was riding the crest. We had taken the dogs out for their nightly airing.

"There's something every one of us can do," he remarked. "If I flopped at acting, I'd give myself another chance. If I flopped again I'd know I was not meant to be an actor and I'd get myself another job—even if it was only jerking soda. But I'd work. I wouldn't hang around doing nothing as a lot of old-time actors do."

It's easy enough to talk big when things are breaking right. It's something altogether different when things are going tough and one has to put into practice the fine things one has spouted.

Possibly if their love hadn't been so publicized they might have worked things out for themselves. With the eyes of all their friends and acquaintances on them, they hadn't a chance.

Every move they made was public property. Who can blame either of them? It's tough, when you've climbed part way up the ladder of your dreams, to let go and start at the foot of another ladder.

And who can blame Sue when she tells you as she once told me, "Nickie has a lot of charm, but no business sense whatever. Every time we had to see any one about business of any kind I was the one to do the talking. A woman wants to feel her husband is able to take care of her—not she of him."

Remember how Ann Harding and Harry Bannister were hailed as Hollywood's ideal married couple? That romance, too, went by the boards.

They built their hilltop paradise, and no one had

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THAT monumental novel, "Anthony Adverse," will soon be visualized on the screen with what omissions and changes Heaven alone and the Warners know! It is sure to be important, though, and interesting, too, because Director Mervyn LeRoy knows drama, and the part played by speech and music in creating it. Here you see Fredric March as "Anthony Adverse," with Olivia de Havilland as "Angela."

"IT'S THE ANIMAL

A keen writer and an artist with a sense of humor find traits in stars that remind them of animals and birds. See if you can pick them out!

EVERY man has a wild beast in him," wrote Frederick the Great to his friend, Voltaire. If this is true, how is your little beastie to-day? In that very diverting picture, *The Glass Key*, some one asked George Raft why he was continually getting into fights. "It's the Airedale in me," replied George.

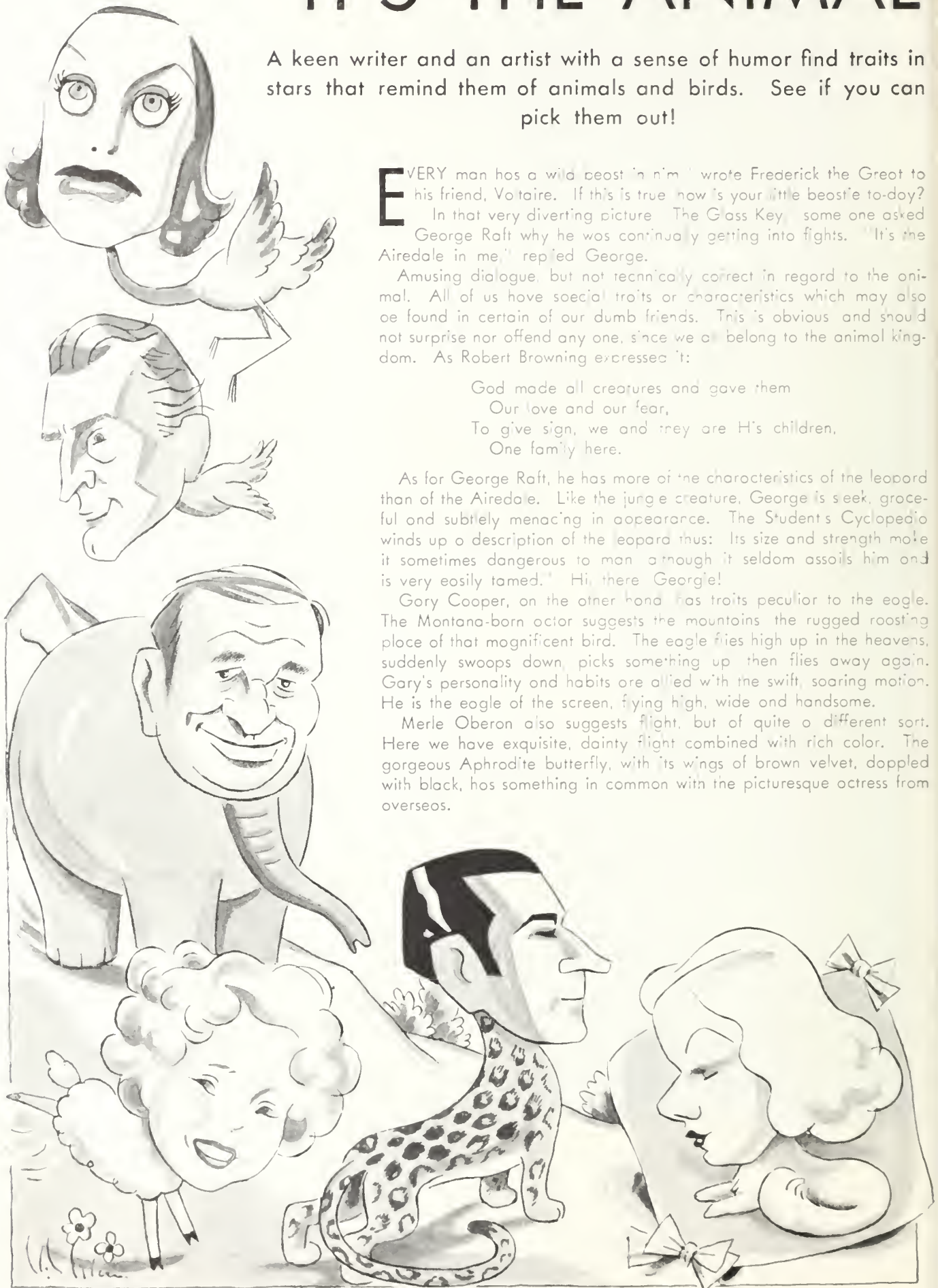
Amusing dialogue, but not technically correct in regard to the animal. All of us have social traits or characteristics which may also be found in certain of our dumb friends. This is obvious and should not surprise nor offend any one, since we all belong to the animal kingdom. As Robert Browning expressed it:

God made all creatures and gave them
Our love and our fear,
To give sign, we and they are His children,
One family here.

As for George Raft, he has more of the characteristics of the leopard than of the Airedale. Like the jungle creature, George is sleek, graceful and subtly menacing in appearance. The *Student's Cyclopaedia* winds up a description of the leopard thus: "Its size and strength make it sometimes dangerous to man, although it seldom assails him and is very easily tamed." Hi, there, George!

Gary Cooper, on the other hand, has traits peculiar to the eagle. The Montana-born actor suggests the mountains, the rugged roosting place of that magnificent bird. The eagle flies high up in the heavens, suddenly swoops down, picks something up, then flies away again. Gary's personality and habits are allied with the swift, soaring motion. He is the eagle of the screen, flying high, wide and handsome.

Merle Oberon also suggests flight, but of quite a different sort. Here we have exquisite, dainty flight combined with rich color. The gorgeous Aphrodite butterfly, with its wings of brown velvet, dappled with black, has something in common with the picturesque actress from overseas.



IN ME!"

BY MADELINE GLASS

Peter Larre's acting and screen personality are rather fearfully suggestive of the electric eel. His screen partrayals produce emational shacks; the eel produces physical ones.

Dalares del Ria's imperiaus beauty reminds one of the stately, aristocratic appearance of the Russian walhfaund. Mareaver, bath have splendid black eyes and natural dignity. A picture of the actress, dressed in flawless white, standing beside a fine specimen of this breed of dag would be a rare study in grace and charm.

Once I asked a famaus actress what she thought of Clark Gable. "Oh, he's a nice old St. Bernard!" she replied gaad-humaredly. Far a moment I was slightly shacked at her wards, yet the comparision is nat without foundation. Physical ruggedness, a gentle dispoisition, a thoughtful mind and handsome appearance are all included in the Gable make-up. Does not the beautiful St. Bernard also have these qualities in his own cruder fashion?

The cat is the symbol of wisdam and was held in reverence by the ancient Egyptians. Several stars have its characteristics.

Jean Harlaw's screen personality resembles that of a Persian cat. If you awn one of this breed you know how soft, luxurians, playful and lavelly they are. You also know that they can change from a bundle of chiffon sleeping peacefully on your lap to a bundle of chiffon suddenly bristling with needle-sharp claws and teeth. After a playful skirmish with the latter, you ruefully investigate your rumpled clothing, shredded stockings, and the places where formerly there were two or three perfectly gaad fingers.

Henry Fanda, my newest screen enthusiasm, likes cats and has some traits in common with the friendly, fastidious Maltese variety.

Katharine DeMille expresses many of the qualities of the Siamese cat. This animal is handsome in a black and tawny fashion. It is temperamental, proud and sullen. I hasten to say that these qualities are visible only in Katharine's screen self.

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B Y E D W I N A N D E L Z A S C H A L L E R T

Scanning the courses of the stars in the movie firmament.



Though April showers may come her way, Maureen O'Sullivan is all prepared with slicker and umbrella.

Dorothy Lee, left center, has just finished her fifteenth picture with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey.

The will of the late John Gilbert included bequests for many in the film world. Every one who had ever helped him seemed to be remembered.



Photo by Tanner

Jeanette MacDonald in "Juliet's" garden singing the famous Waltz Song for "Rose-Marie."

IDA LUPINO is doing a Garba. She comes into restaurants with a fixed stare, and exits gazing languidly about. With success, which she has won at last, she has assumed the attributes of an enigma. Who knows but it will be helpful? For youth must ever proceed through certain phases in Hollywood. Anyway, she has made a remarkable record for herself, though ill luck has a fashion of dogging her. Right when she was about to assume the lead in "One Rainy Afternoon," she was taken ill with "flu." And you may remember that a year or so ago she, out of all the stars in Hollywood, was selected to suffer an attack of infantile paralysis while an epidemic was in progress.

Ida bid a tearful farewell to her father, Stanley Lupina, when he left for Europe. In a way, it's a tragic world for a little English girl, isolated from her homeland and separated from those she holds fondest. And Hollywood success probably can't fully compensate, but instead brings an strange manifestations.

The Quintuplets' Benediction.—Out of virtual obscurity, certain players have risen to a high estate in movieland, all because they happen to be linked with the Dianne quintuplets. Darathy Peterson is an example. She plays the nurse in "The Country Doctor," which will show the remarkable quintet on the screen. Since the picture, Miss Peterson has received ten times as much attention as she did for enacting any number of excellent mother rôles. Because she actually appeared in scenes with the quintuplets, she was literally deluged with requests for interviews.

Even Jean Hersholt, an old hand in pictures, said he had never been assailed by so many inquiries regarding any film in which he had acted during his twenty-add years of experience.

Because they were elected to play the father and mother

of the quintuplets, John Qualen and Aileen Carlyle were similarly marked for popular interest. "The Country Doctor" is consequently being named as the good-luck feature for actors.

Gilbert Memory Memorable.—John Gilbert spread the benefices of his will over quite a fair

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Photo by Wide World

Marta Eggerth returned to Germany without appearing in a single picture. Here she is with her singing husband, Jan Kiepura, and Leslie Howard.



Photo © by
Gaumont-British

Robert Donat was a lonely boy, silent and introspective, so shy that he stammered when meeting strangers. It was to cure this trait that his mother decided he should have elocution lessons.

Lo! A

BY HETTIE GRIMSTEAD

It is no surprise to learn that Robert Donat, the most popular actor that the British screen has given us, is a man of ideals. But how those ideals have shaped his character, career and home is a fascinating story.

"WON'T be standordized!"

Thus Robert Donat unconsciously sums up his whole career and expresses his attitude toward life as well as provides the key to his own character in a single sentence.

His dark chestnut head was silhouetted against the wall like the profile on a Greek coin, and his brown eyes glowed with unaccustomed earnestness as he enlarged his philosophy to me.

"I'm an actor, and I want to be free to act, to experiment and essay any rôle I feel I can fulfill, no matter whether it is tragedy or comedy. That's why I just play from picture to picture instead of signing a long

The home of Robert and Ella Donat, who is her husband's secretary and business manager, is tranquil and pleasant. Their children are John and Joanna.

Photo © by Gaumont-British



TRUE IDEALIST

contract with one company. I'm determined not to become a type.

"You know how easily an actor gets labeled and put into the same cut-and-dried pot time after time until the public grows so sick of it as he does himself. Neither Hollywood nor London is going to standardize me."

They call him Donat the dreamer in the British studios, this handsome young man with the mobile mouth who has brought a new personality to the screen, intelligent and challenging as well as romantic.

Film makers of two continents compete for his services now, and he has been offered some of the finest rôles of the year. He was invited to be Garbo's leading man, to play "Romeo" to Norma Shearer's "Juliet," to act with Marlene Dietrich in her coming British film.

One Hollywood producer recently clobbered him on offer twice on the same day and then called him on the phone in order to press the point further. But Robert Donat remains serene and steadfast, unmoved by all the dazzle and the money, courageously true to his ideals.

Donat the dreamer. Yes, but allied to his dreams of art he has the capacity for wholehearted concentration that characterizes Rockefeller and Marconi and every other man of humble beginning who has made his ambitious fancies into glorious fact.

Sheer hard work is the secret of Donat's rise to success. His life is like a modern fairy story, the silver thread of his faith to which he still holds unwaveringly running through it.

He was born just over thirty years ago in the suburbs of a north of England city. Not the gracious England

of fields and woods and picturesque old houses that tourists know, but industrial England, stark and depressing.

He spent his youth among the great textile factories, pouring out their smoke to add to the dark, dank atmosphere, paying threepence a week for lessons at the humble local school and devouring books of poetry which he tromped the dreary streets to borrow from the

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Photo by F. W. Schmidt, Manchester

Mr. Donat was invited to be Garbo's leading man, to be Norma Shearer's "Romeo," to act with Marlene Dietrich. But he remains serene and steadfast, unmoved by all the dazzle and the money. And he is to play "Hamlet" on the screen!

Robert's tastes are serious and simple. What Hollywood star wears a robe as plain as his, with homy felt slippers, especially when he is to be photographed?

Photo © by Gaumont-British





Photo by Will West

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone

ANOTHER CAUSE FOR JEALOUSY

BY HELEN PADE

THE other day I sat in a star's home with a magazine, pretending to read while I waited to interview her. I say pretending, because what I could see as I waited stimulated my thoughts more than the magazine could have done.

It was the star herself, visible through a doorway as she sat biting a pencil, a perplexed frown on her brow. She was checking the guest list of her next party. One of those little affairs which starts with a hundred invitations, winds up with two hundred, and is attended by three hundred!

Here, I told myself, was one for the Believe-it-if-you-can man. Far, unlikely as it seems, it can be proved that the fans were causing our star this worry and perplexity.

Banish the thought that she was concerned with the expense. And don't take seriously that old-fashioned nonsense about a hostess having to keep the romantic status of her guests in mind. True, in seating a guest, it's better not

The public dictates what stars may be invited and what stars left off the guest lists of Hollywood. For the box-office favorite is seldom the social favorite. This thoughtful article explains a strange paradox.



Fred Astaire



Joe E. Brown



Clark Gable



Mae West

Box-office Favorites:

JOAN CRAWFORD
CLARK GABLE
MAE WEST
FRED ASTAIRE
JOE E. BROWN
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
JAMES CAGNEY
WALLACE BEERY

to surround him—or her—with ex-mates. Apart from that, there's little to worry about.

Such an incident as the one in which Clodette Colbert is said to have walked out on a party because her ex-partner, Norman Foster, appeared with Solly Blone is an exception to the rule, if it happened at all. Clodette may have had any number of other reasons for wishing to leave early.

Yes, it was the fons who were unknowingly intruding into the party the star was planning; who have been intruding into countless other affairs. They, more than any other factor, dictate what stars may be invited and what stars left off guest lists.



Marion Davies



Paul Cavanagh

Marlene Dietrich



Gene Raymond

Carol Lombard



It is easy to understand how fons cause "professional" jealousies through their way of showing overwhelming preferences for certain stars at the box office. And it requires only another step to comprehend how popularity at the box office tends to turn the few stars so honored into apples of discord at large movie parties.

Any hostess, whether or not she herself is a star, or is jealous of such guests, knows that the presence of one of the great public idols at her functions is certain to spoil the fun for some of her less idolized friends.

That explains why top-ranking box-office favorites of the film colony, with the exception of Normo Sheerer, are not top-ranking social favorites. It explains why the names of the public's first ten—Normo again excepted—seldom or never appear in connection with the big private social affairs. But it doesn't explain why this interference of

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Social Favorites:

- MARLENE DIETRICH
- GENE RAYMOND
- MARION DAVIES
- PAUL CAVANAGH
- CAROL LOMBARD
- DOLORES DEL RIO
- HAROLD LLOYD
- LORETTA YOUNG



Frances Langford



Frank Albertson



Edward Arnold



Ginger Rogers

Nydia Westman

On and

Our roving reporters jot down unusual happenings and observations of real interest to the intelligent movie-goer.

HOLLYWOOD mourns John Gilbert. Mourns him and regrets that such brilliant talent should have been so waefully lost. When we first met him he was seemingly at the top of everything. He said to us then, "My life has been so full of ups and downs, so consistently hilltops and valleys, that now when I see a hilltop I can't enjoy it because I'm dreading so terribly the descent into the next valley."

ANN HARDING'S most successful Christmas gift to her young daughter, Jane, was the excursion the pair made together on Christmas Day. "Jane has a passion for babies," Ann explained. "So I took her to call on every one I knew who had an infant. They allowed her to gaze upon their offspring and she was simply ecstatic!" Ann says that her six-year-old is "temporarily a toothless hag and very pink. She is so energetic and so busy that I am worn out just watching her."

WE lunched with Binnie Barnes the other day and she explained her order as she went along. "Buttermilk," she began. "That's for my vitamins. Spinach for my figure. Salad for my pleasure." She paused and gloated. "Chocolate pie! That's my dissipation!" We observed that she paid more attention to the chocolate pie than she did to buttermilk or spinach. But her figure seemed all right.

THE horrific Boris Karloff has a favorite pet named Violet. Violet was a wee and winsome scrap of a beastie when Santa Claus brought her a year ago last Christmas. Boris built her a little house of her own with a tiny front yard. He fed her, petted her, chuckled at her antics until he became extremely attached to her. Violet flourished under this affectionate treatment, and now experts inform Mr. Karloff that in another two months she will weigh approximately a thousand pounds.

This upsets Violet's owner because he is, by now, so fond of her that

Off the Set

he cannot bear the thought of her being turned into hams and sausages and pork chops. Yet what can he do with a thousand pounds of Violet on his postage-stamp estate?

WE encountered Billie Dove the other evening, more beautiful than ever with her graying hair and young face. She could talk of nothing but her youngster, of whom she said, "I think he's beautiful because he looks like his father. You will think him just a healthy little boy!" When some reference was made to her days in pictures she looked genuinely startled. "I can't tell you how long ago those days seem to me," she said slowly. "I can't believe that they were ever real!" Perhaps they weren't.

MONA BARRIE has a new upstairs maid. Mona, careful little housewife that she is, was making a tour of inspection. "Why, Velma!" she said in the sternest Barrie manner. "I can write my name in the dust on this table!"

The new maid was impressed. "Education is sure a wonderful thing!" she commented respectfully.

MUCH as our pretty little stars like to have their pictures in print, they hate to take the time to pose for them. And they particularly object to posing for cooking pictures, which are very necessary if their public would be informed of their prowess in the kitchen.

A resourceful photographer solved the problem recently when he received a request for a picture of Margaret Sullavan baking a turkey. He took a picture of Margaret holding her hands out in front of her. Then he superimposed six other negatives on top of that negative and finally produced a picture of the star placing a beautiful turkey into the oven. Voila! Miss Sullavan is a cook!

WHATEVER Clark Gable's matrimonial intentions are, no one seems to be able to learn, but by intensive snooping your reporter found out that he has approved plans for a house which will be built immediately. One night recently Clark, alone, joined a gay party at a night club. A



Alice Faye



Marie Wilson



Jane Darwell

Cora Sue Collins



Joan Crawford's mother



Dickie Jones



Marjorie Lane



Cary Grant

little while later Mrs. Goble arrived, accompanied by a strange gentleman. Mrs. Goble was dripping furs, jewels, and orchids, but her hot and florid escort was dripping perspiration as they donced and danced and donced.

Clark sot out.



Ernestine Schumann-Heink

THE Leslie Howards have moved into the house which was occupied by Lily Pons for six months recently. It was quite a nice house, but the second day they were there Mrs. Howard discovered a black widow spider in her bedroom. Immediately the Howards moved out, bag and baggage, and a crew of insect exterminators moved in. Not until the workmen were willing to give affidavits that no more wicked spiders were loitering about would Mrs. Howard move her family back into the house. Black widow spiders may do for an opera singer, but not for "Romeo!"

PAULETTE GODDARD is looking very well since she finished her rôle in "Modern Times," the Chaplin picture. In fact, she admitted having gained several pounds.

"You see," she explained, "in the first part of the picture I was a half-starved waif, and Mr. Chaplin wouldn't let me have anything to eat. But after I became a cobarret singer in the last half of the picture, he fattened me up."

WHILE Palm Springs is the best place to get a healthy sun tan, a club a few miles away is the popular place to lose your money gambling at night.

A few Saturdays ago this place was crowded with celebrities when police walked in to make a raid because, after all, gambling isn't allowed in California. But some kind soul had sent a warning five minutes ahead of the officers, and when they arrived the gaming tables and all the money had disappeared and the guests were dancing. One popular young feminine star is still bemoaning the fact that she had just placed ten dollars on a table, which disappeared along with the table and was replaced by a potted palm.



Nova Pilbeam

WHEN Joon Blondell and George Barnes were living happily together as Mr. and Mrs. George Barnes, Dick Powell was the family friend who dropped in with his best girls at all hours and was always welcome. He called Joon "ma" and George "po," and they were all good friends together. Then George and Joan were divorced and, as the friend of the family, Dick began escorting Joon places. Their friendship has ripened into something deeper—maybe it's love—but, if so, it has all happened since the divorce. Dick's fans, however, are taking a different view of the matter and are accusing him of having broken up the Barnes



Warren Hull



Jeanette MacDonald



Darla Hood

marriage. Poor Dick is bewildered, and certainly—for we happen to know—he is entirely blameless.

ONE of the real sights of Hollywood is Mae West en route to the weekly boxing matches. Mae would rather give up a week's salary than miss a good boxing exhibition, but on account of those bold, bad gangsters who continue to threaten her, it is very difficult for her to go any place without more protection than the President of the United States considers necessary for his safety.

So when Mae goes to the fights, this is the procedure:

Two motor-cycle officers stop in front of her apartment; Mae's car is driven out of the basement garage and parked directly behind the officers; then Sister Beverly's car is driven up and parked behind Mae's car; then Beverly and her husband emerge from the elevator, look the lobby over quickly and thoroughly and enter their car; next Mae and Mr. Timany—or whoever happens to be her escort—and two plain-clothes men come out of the elevator and hurry out to Mae's car.

The procession then proceeds to the fight stadium, where they make their entrance in a body. And if you've never had your feet stepped on by one of those burly guards, you don't know what shoving means. Mae moves into a block of reserved seats, completely surrounded by relatives, friends and detectives. Once there she enjoys herself with complete abandon. She has nothing to worry about until it is time to start home.



Julie Haydon

THE loyalty of Hollywood's younger set to Mary Blackford, who was injured more than a year ago and has been completely paralyzed ever since, is a different side of the scene than is usually presented to the public.

A few nights ago Ben Alexander celebrated his first anniversary on the air. He entertained his guests at dinner, and later each one, including Paula Stone, Nick Faron, Grace and Gertrude Durkin, Tam Brawn, Henry Villson, Patricia Ellis, Anne Shirley, Johnny Downs, Cecilia Parker, and Phyllis Frazer appeared on his program. And the guest of honor was little Mary Blackford, who had been brought to the party in an ambulance and who made her first public appearance since her accident.

GENE LOCKHART, the comedian, bought a chance at a recent charity raffle, and the day after the drawing a bright new car drove up in front of the Lockharts' house. Gene and his wife, Kathleen, rushed out to claim their prize. Out of the new car stepped a raffle representative who presented the Lockharts with a bright new egg-beater, as Gene's name was far down on the list of prize winners.



June Travis

UNTOLD STORIES

It's the unmentioned thing that happens during the interview which is most illuminating, says a successful star-chaser. And here he recalls incidents that have never before been published.



Madge Evans



Robert Montgomery



Maureen O'Sullivan



Claire Dodd



George O'Brien

I GRADUATED from college four years ago, yearning for a jolly job. By heading for the movie capital I became a professional star-chaser. Lucky me!

Hollywood is my happy hunting ground, and there's never a closed season on scintillating smoothies. Some one's always news. So habitually I habnab with the glamorous and cash in on my impressions.

Seeing stars is my everyday schedule, since writing 'em up is my racket. But I've discovered this: the untold stories behind "the story" are the better tales.

Actually, it's the unmentioned—or mentionable—thing that happens during the interview which is the most illuminating. Get a star off parade and you have the real person.

Perhaps before reminiscing I'd best explain. My business has a technique, just as yours. I approach only a brand-new favorite without a definite "slant" ready. After a so-called intraductory article has been written about a player, the biographical and general facts are known to the public. I must be prepared with a specific angle that will shed a different light on the darling.

When I come away I'm expected to stick to "the story." My famous vis-à-vis has sparkled along a particular line and it would be unethical to record verbatim. Yet if I only could!

I have no idea what Robert Montgomery plans to give his wife next Christmas, but I was in on what she didn't

get last year. You sum Bob up as cute. I pronounce him canny.

My appointment was for lunch in his dressing room at the studio, and he was to discourse upon Clark Gable. "What do you want me to say?" he demanded with a twinkle. "I love him or I hate him?" Letting that crack at my topic pass, I observed that we had company.

Two high-toned jewelry salesmen were parked on the divan. With infinite flourish they opened their suitcase and dragged forth more than three hundred thousand dollars' worth of gems. Bob's eyes popped as widely as mine. There were trinkets of every sort, some so garish with diamonds that they looked like dime-store stuff.

"Of course, Mr. Montgomery," murmured the suavest, "if you insist upon spending less than a thousand dollars I'd sincerely advise you not to buy jewelry. You'd be purchasing junk!"

The way Bob parried was a scene I'll never forget. And I'm afraid his wife received junk, for those boys did not dip into the Montgomery savings account. Bob bantered but he also budgets. Oh, yes, we spent the remaining ten minutes of his hour hastily disposing of Clark.

I often wonder if the reason Mae West receives me so nicely dates back from my initial indifference at our first encounter. It didn't dawn on me that I should have requested an autographed portrait! We'd finished our chat and then, as I started for the door, Mae drawled, "I go

OF THE STARS

B Y B E N M A D D O X



Nancy Carroll



Dick Powell



Joan Crawford



Norma Shearer



Ann Harding

a lot of new pitchers there on the table. You can have one if you want." I assumed she meant to illustrate my story, and I declined because I don't have to collect art. Another time Mae was whizzing me in her limousine. She prefers to dissertate while moving fast. She reeled off a nifty, and when I laughed she nadded sagely, "That's a pretty good line, isn't it? Use it!" So you see that Mae West, behind her bold bravado, is as anxious to please as a kid performer, and her nonchalant witticisms are not wasted.

Often I come very near to tragedy, but most of the stars are gallant troupers. There is no finer man in Hollywood than George O'Brien. I was to talk with him about his happy marriage, but he was so pent up with emotion that as we sat there in the crowded Assistance League luncheon room the tears were just below the surface. He couldn't help telling me of his wonderful father who had just died. His grief was so real that my heart ached for him.

A little incident at Maureen O'Sullivan's house stands out in my mind whenever any one brings up her name. Her father, a kindly, gray-haired army officer, was visiting her. I had dropped in to show her two stories I'd written. One emphasized that she was the unhappiest girl in Hollywood.

"Is she happy here?" Those were her father's first words to me after she had left the room to read them. I lied.

What else could I do? He was leaving that evening for Ireland, leaving Maureen many thousands of miles from her own home. Her problems were hers, after all. She returned blithely. "You can see these when they appear in print, daddy!"

Maureen penned me a note after they were published. She said she was sending one abroad. You can guess which she didn't mail.

To-day, after Ann Harding has gone through the bitterest ordeal of her life, I hope that somehow the good she has done will rebound to her. How she did her utmost to aid a girl friend who had played on the stage with her has never been told. But I drove that girl up to Ann's hilltop mansion upon her arrival from Detroit. Reverses had forced her into abandoning her career and working in a bookshop.

Ann sent for her. Paid her fare to Hollywood and installed her as a guest. A test was arranged. Every help was placed at her disposal, and one of the most expert directors was induced to put her through her paces. Ann's modiste designed lovely gowns so the girl would shine at the parties to which Ann took her.

And with all that, nothing materialized. It simply wasn't to be. But what a swell scout Harding is! One capable of her brand of friendship couldn't ever be a bad mother.

Sometimes I have my embarrassing moments. Put your-

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THEY SAY IN NEW YORK—

BY KAREN HOLLIS

Dizzy upsets in the picture business have everybody going 'round and around with the song that is a national menace.

Alice White went off to London for Gaumont-British with a lingering look at George Givot.

Gladys Swarthout made a bright début in a dull picture and attracted the most bejeweled audience in years.

Photo by Walling



Photo by International

Katharine Hepburn permits herself to be photographed without a struggle at a skating rink.

THERE is no official date for the opening of the silly season in the picture business. It just steals unannounced, making everything seem as hilariously unreasonable as a Marx Brothers' picture.

This time its arrival was recognized when overnight 'The Music Goes Round and Around' became a national menace, the Hays office made every one lough a dull picture played to big business, a Silly Symphony called "Cock o' the Walk" presented a dance number to end all Busby Berkeley dance numbers





Photo by Bull

Adrienne Ames, besieged by Bruce Cabot, her ex-husband who wants to remarry her, hasn't yet said "Yes."



Photo by Hurrell

Kitty Carlisle came East for an opera audition, the Metropolitan her goal, and there's no singer in Hollywood who coaches more untiringly.

a Jean Harlow film failed to draw crowds, a British-made picture was the wittiest of the month, and Katharine Hepburn consented to pose for a news cameraman.

'Round and Around Every One.—An elegant audience, so bejeweled that it looked like the breaking up of a Hudson River ice-cream, streamed into the Paramount Theater for the opening of "Rise of the Rancho" to honor the film debut of Gladys Swarthout, admittedly the most talented and beautiful of Metropolitan Opera divos. And what should they find practically monopolizing the program but the composers of "'Round and Around" singing and tootling away for all they were worth. Every one figured that this very dull picture needed a prop of some kind. Every one was wrong. All over the country it is doing big business. Audiences take to Miss Swarthout with great enthusiasm and don't seem to blame her for getting mixed up in a picture that is practically a dead weight.

She Can Take It.—Miss Swarthout was frankly puzzled, as any opera star might well be, at finding herself sharing honors on the bill with the newest hat licks of jazz monies. But she smiled a little wanly and said she had never gone to movie theaters much and so could not judge if such contrasts were customary.

Harry Richman, adored of night-club habitués, is not

so complacent over playing second fiddle to the "'Round and Around" boys. He worked hard recently in Hollywood on a picture called "Rolling Along." And now it is to be renamed "'Round and Around." The composers of the song are flying out to the Coast to do their stuff in it. Reeson tatters at the thought of what we will be in for if this goes any farther. If the boys are signed to appear with Norma Shearer, in "Romeo and Juliet," don't tell me.

The Divo at Home.—When you ask for Gladys Swarthout at the apartment where she lives in New York, the doorman glares at you and remarks that he will see if Mrs. Chopman is at home. That gives you a fair idea of how little of the temperamental primo donna there is about her. In her home she is Mrs. Chopman. Vividly beautiful, she is not given either to dramatic flights or tactful reticences. Poised and serene, she blurts out the most candid verdicts on radio tenors who just won't grow up, film stars who have a town car stand by to drive them a few hundred feet from set to dressing room, wily hostesses who want her to sing for her supper.

Hers is a real home, charmingly furnished, but without the suave flourishes of a professional decorator's cunning. Afternoon tea is a big event; her cook just loves to make

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A LATIN from MANHATTAN

BY WILLIAM H. MCKEGG

Cesar Romero, whose striking appearance in many important films has aroused the curiosity of fans, relates some interesting facts about himself.



When Cesar Romero wrote fan letters to stars as a boy, he never dreamed that he would one day be in the thick of Hollywood's social and professional life.

Though his family is Cuban, Mr. Romero hasn't one Latin mannerism in his make-up. That's because he was born in New York, stepped out and worked hard.

SPAIN, Italy, Mexico, and South America, each in turn has presented Hollywood with dashing, dork, romantic Latins. Never before, however, have we had one free from the often dubious methods of transplanting, one that has grown on home soil.

Cesar Romero is the exception.

Born in New York, he has the tastes, habits, and manner of an American. But—and this is the dangerous spark in the gallant—there is still the Latin ardor and fire lurking beneath the surface. They say you can fill the crater of a volcano, but that's no use when its insides explode. Off goes your safety valve, and where are you? Cesar is cool, calm and collected. He resides alone in

one of those exclusive bungalow courts in the exclusive section of Hollywood, at the exclusive end of Sunset Boulevard. A white-bricked, red-roofed court, with a blue-and-white-tiled fountain in which goldfish sported, seemingly as content with life and as quiet as Mr. Romero appeared to be when he opened the door of my first ring.

If Cesar is from Manhattan, a born-and-bred American, his surroundings are as Spanish as Ibañez. A blood-red carpet covered the floor. Hanging on a yellow plaster wall was a painting of a bull-fight poster.

On an opposite wall hung a small picture, remarkably done, of a ferocious bull about to charge. It stored right

Continued on page 66

Josie MARCHES ON

Six films in a row proves that the subtle talent of Josephine Hutchinson is not lost on the movie-going public after all. Here is a close-up of this most unusual and appealing newcomer.

BY HARRY N. BLAIR

FEW actresses have come to the screen with so brilliant a background as Josephine Hutchinson.

All her life she has been surrounded by the atmosphere of the theater. She has acted since childhood.



There is an ethereal quality about Miss Hutchinson that lifts the spirit and stirs the imagination. An actress to her finger tips, with greater stage experience than any film star of her age, she suggests no Hollywood type.

"I never think of 'Robbie' as my mother," says Josephine of Leona Roberts, "but as a splendid actress whom I admire aside from any parental ties."

Far several years before entering a screen career, she was leading ingénue with Evo Le Gallienne's famous Civic Repertory Theater in New York.

The latter group specializes in the better type of plays which it stages in a beautiful, almost reverential manner.

Under the tutelage of the brilliant Miss Le Gallienne, Josephine Hutchinson thus became steeped in the loftier aspects of the drama. From "Peter Pan" to the stark modernism of our present stage, its brilliant procession was carefully traced in a search for the pure elements of drama. With these facts in mind, I approached my interview with some misgivings.

The hearth fire burned brightly, and from a near-by console came the muted strains of a symphony. I had hardly settled myself when suddenly, reflected in the large mirror opposite me, appeared a lovely apparition. It was Josephine Hutchinson, whom I had last seen on the stage as "Alice in Wonderland," who stepped, appropriately enough, through the looking-glass to greet me.

(Continued on page 89)

Photo by Welbourne



Photo by Hamilton, Seattle

Josephine Hutchinson has acted all her life. This photo shows the actress at two years.

THUMB NAIL



"Riffraff."

"Riffraff."—MGM. The odor of a fish cannery hangs over the new film starring Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy. It is an unfortunate sacrifice of talent. The piece is lively, yes, but definitely unpleasant. While the stars acquit themselves well, they prove themselves unable to rise above the claptrap story—and that fish! Mr. Tracy is the bully of the fishing fleet who tries to be a strike leader, and Miss Harlow is a fish packer or boiler or something malodorous, though she is as exquisitely groomed, gowned and girdled when in the midst of tuna as when she emerges from prison a mother. Plenty of slang, fighting and insults keep things moving in shallow waters. Joseph Calleia and Una Merkel are conspicuously excellent.

"Collegiate."—Paramount. "The Charm School," remembered by those old enough to recall Wallace Reid, is the soupçon of plot that inspires this innocuous, obvious musical that crowds theaters wherever it is shown. It seems that Jack Oakie, an alcoholic playboy, inherits a girls' academy and decides to pep up the curriculum by teaching tap dancing, make-up and other adjuncts of feminine popularity. Frances Langford, secretary of the school, wears glasses in the hope that she will be called plain, discards them when she visits a beauty salon and blossoms forth as the irresistible conqueror of Mr. Oakie's affections. There is much wisecracking and vim, dancing and merriment, with Joe Penner the star of the show.

"Next Time We Love."—Universal. Margaret Sullavan's new film is curiously appealing. Quiet, low-keyed, undramatic, it gradually "gets" you, wins your admiration for its taste and intelligence, and finally puts a lump in your throat. You respect it enormously because sentimentality and heroics are missing from the characters. You marvel at the courage which permits them to act

"Next Time We Love."



"Collegiate."

in every situation exactly as the same people would conduct themselves in real life. Yet, somehow, you feel that the story and the picture are unnecessary. It describes the mental and emotional differences of a young married couple, he a newspaperman, she a college girl who becomes a successful actress, and the influence of a man friend. Nothing that they do is expected, nothing is exciting, but everything is so sensitively portrayed that the picture must either be liked greatly or not at all. Miss Sullavan's acting is true and beautiful, the loveliest performance she has ever given. James Stewart, a newcomer is the most lifelike reporter ever seen on the screen, and Ray Milland is finely reticent and real, not forgetting Robert McWade in the circle of perfect actors.

"The Petrified Forest."—Warners. Leslie Howard and Bette Davis recall their memorable "Of Human Bondage" in another searching, tragic study of character which every one will wish to see and few will miss. They have rôles as poignant as those in the Maugham story and they play them superbly. Miss Davis has had no opportunity to equal this except in Paul Muni's "Border-town," but her advantage is greater here because the part is sympathetic. She is a French-born girl strangely out of place in a service station on the fringe of the American desert, longing for her native land. Mr. Howard, a failure in life, makes it possible for her to realize her dreams by assigning his insurance to her and bargaining with desperadoes to kill him. He dies in her arms. The story is unusual, the drama mental and the whole entertainment superior.

"Whipsaw."—MGM. Myrna Loy's return to the screen is cause for jubilation though you and I have seen her in more important pictures and in more demanding rôles. She is mixed up in the theft of pearls here and is pursued

"The Petrified Forest."



REVIEWS

BY NORBERT LUSK



"Whipsaw."

by Spencer Tracy, a G-man who thinks he is passing himself off as an ex-convict. Miss Loy sees through his deception, though, and eventually tells him when he made his telltale slip. The last part of the picture which reconciles hunter and hunted as lovers till death do them part, is rather forced and unreal, but a great deal of suspense, excitement and expert acting precedes this and makes the picture worth seeing. Harvey Stephens and William Harrigan are fine.

"Ceiling Zero."—Warners. The best of the aviation dramas is not concerned with striking air formations like its predecessors, but takes place almost entirely in the Newark Airport. Far from being circumscribed, it is an intensely human, gripping and dramatic recital of the cross-currents of commercial flying told in terms of authoritative dialogue, plausible incident and fine acting. The actual story is simple but the telling is tense. James Cagney, a philandering pilot, goes to certain death in the air to atone for the destruction of his friend, Stuart Erwin, while Pat O'Brien, manager of the line, stands by unable to prevent the disaster. Mr. Cagney, though cast in a rôle that expresses his familiar moods, gives amazingly more of light and shade and subtlety.

"Exclusive Story."—MGM. An attempt to describe the numbers racket in Harlem misses fire after a short time and resolves itself into a fantastic, implausible melodrama on which Franchot Tone and Madge Evans are wasted while Stuart Erwin and Joseph Calleia profit. We learn that racketeers fight among themselves for a cut in the returns from gambling among the poor and that they force grocer J. Farrell MacDonald and his beautifully groomed and gowned daughter, Madge Evans, to act in collusion. All this is tolerably interesting, but when we are told that a ship catches fire at sea and duplicates the

"Exclusive Story."



"Ceiling Zero."

"Morro Castle" disaster because Mr. MacDonald is compelled by the racketeers to carry liquid fire with him on the voyage, we can't let our acceptance of claptrap go any further. Mr. Erwin is finely natural as a reporter and Mr. Calleia is the greatest menace on the screen.

"Professional Soldier."—20th Century-Fox. Freddie Bartholomew and Victor McLaglen, an odd team if ever there was one, make a far-fetched, feeble story charming and entertaining. Master Freddie reading Mother Goose would delight the ear with his inimitably perfect diction and winning voice. But in this he speaks of more adult things—baseball, crap games and machine guns. For he is the modern king of a mythical kingdom, Mr. McLaglen the soldier of fortune paid by political enemies to kidnap him. Of course Freddie wins over the hard-boiled American, is restored to his throne and in a stately ceremonial gives Mr. McLaglen a glittering decoration before they part. So fine are the stars that one actually feels tearful when two such swell guys have to say good-by. The rest of it is pretty mechanical, though.

"The Ghost Goes West."—United Artists. The most original photoplay of the month comes from René Clair, the leading French director, with Robert Donat again modestly proclaiming himself without an equal as a light comedian and one of the most important actors in any mood. Between them they have fabricated a wholly delightful picture, fantastic, imaginative, humorous. It begins several hundred years ago when Mr. Donat rouses the ire of his Scottish father because he is given to philandering with shepherdesses instead of taking up arms against the Stuarts. Dying, his father dooms him to haunt the ancestral castle. He does so until a rich American buys it and moves it stone by stone to Florida. Naturally, the homeless ghost has to cross the Atlantic, take part in

"Professional Soldier."



THUMBNAIL REVIEWS



"Rose-Marie."

ship activities and get settled in his castle when it is set up in an alien land. This is only a hint of the story. The visualizing of it is thoroughly worth while.

"Rose-Marie."—MGM. Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald give us another "Naughty Marietta"! Though it is unnecessary to add anything to this welcome of their new vehicle, the picture is so perfectly entertaining that one cannot say too much. It has everything to make it one of the successes of the season besides being one of the best of all operettas. Not the least of its virtues is its dramatic worth and its humanness. Actually there is suspense in "Rose-Marie's" attempt to find her brother in the Canadian wilds and to outwit and elude "Sergeant Bruce's" performance of his duty in capturing the fugitive while love casts its net over the two. Mr. Eddy's acting has gained in ease and humor and his singing is, of course, second to none. Miss MacDonald continues as our premier singing comedienne and our most adorable prima donna.

"King of Burlesque."—20th Century-Fox. All that a musical should be and more than most of them are! This is hearty but meticulous, funny but never silly, beautiful but never overblown. Still more, it is admirably acted and the characters are rounded, not flat paper dolls. The story has Warner Baxter, a rich producer of "strip" shows, falling for and marrying a Park Avenue widow who persuades him to produce an arty musical and feature her tenor boy-friend. The show fails and she fails her husband, but he comes back when his old pals rally around, led by Alice Faye, who has loved him all the time. Mr. Baxter repeats his success in "Forty-second Street," Jack Oakie and Arline Judge make a record as the perfect comedy team, and Mona Barrie enchants as the polite villainess. Three newcomers, Dixie Dunbar, Nick Long, Jr., and a boy, Gareth Joplin, are hits. Miss Faye's legs are an art exhibition in themselves.

"Rose of the Rancho."



"King of Burlesque."

"Rose of the Rancho."—Paramount. Gladys Swarthout, popular mezzo of opera and radio, makes a film debut with only tolerable success. Her champions say she deserves another chance and she will get it, but I confess that I neither saw nor heard a potential disturber of my sleep. True, the picture is dull and the Swarthout voice is not kindly recorded in the upper register, but what about her acting and dancing? Well photographed but curiously inadequate. However, no artist could have overcome the handicap of such a picture nor failed to let Willie Howard and Herb Williams, comedians, run away with it. They are superb, particularly Mr. Howard who also achieves the song hit of the show, "I Love a Girl in Californiay." The rest of it is the familiar tale of the Vigilantes in pursuit of a masked marauder, one "Don Carlos," who turns out to be the prima donna.

"King of the Damned."—Gaumont-British. This is interesting as are all the British films we see nowadays. But it isn't as good as it might be because the British stubbornly refuse or are unable to yield to Hollywood technique in telling a story. Consequently this, though artistic and intelligent, misses the ultimate effect intended, the same as can be said of many, if not all, English-made films. One wonders why. In this we have a great artist, Conrad Veidt, and two accomplished recruits from Hollywood, Helen Vinson and the veteran Noah Berry, in a story about Devil's Island. Or is it the Foreign Legion? But no matter. It shows Miss Vinson falling in love with "Convict 83" who leads the revolt and eventually causes us to wonder why any one could expect us to care.

"Strike Me Pink."—United Artists. There isn't anything new to say about the institutional Eddie Cantor and his current annual festival. Both are up to the mark and never have been better. Mr. Cantor is as youthful and infectious as if he were making his first appearance and Samuel Goldwyn, the producer, lavish and shrewd.

"King of the Damned."



CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"NEXT TIME WE LOVE"—Universal. Screen play by Melville Baker from the story "Say Good-by Again," by Ursula Parrott. Directed by Edward H. Griffith.

CAST:

Cicely Tyler.....Margaret Sullivan
Christopher Tyler.....James Stewart
Tommy Abbott.....Ray Milland
Michael Jennings.....Grant Mitchell
Madame Donato.....Anna deMetrio
Frank Carteret.....Robert McWade
Kit.....Ronnie Cosby
Mrs. Talbot.....Florence Roberts
Otto.....Christian Rub
Professor Dindot.....Charles Fallon

"KING OF THE DAMNED"—Ganmont-British. Based on the play by John Chan- cellor. Screen play by Charles Bennett and Sidney Gilliat. Adapted by A. R. Rawlinson. Directed by Walter Forde.

CAST:

Convict 83.....Conrad Veidt
Anna Courvin.....Helen Vinson
Mooche.....Noah Beery
Ramon Montez.....Cecil Ramage
Greek.....Edmund Willard
Lumberjack.....Percy Parsons
Boy.....Peter Croft
Captain Torres.....Raymond Lovell
Commandant Courvin.....C. M. Hallard
Doctor Prada.....Alan Jayes
Captain Perez.....Percy Walsh

"THE LADY CONSENTS"—RKO. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson and Anthony Veiller. From a story by Mr. Wolfson. Directed by Stephen Roberts.

CAST:

Anne Talbot.....Ann Harding
Michael Talbot.....Herbert Marshall
Jerry Mannerly.....Margaret Lindsay
Stanley Ashton.....Walter Abel
Jim Talbot.....Edward Ellis
Yardley.....Hobart Cavanaugh
Susan.....Ika Chase

"ROSE-MARIE"—MGM. Screen play by Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett, and Alice Duer Miller. Based on the stage production of Arthur Hammerstein. From the play by Otto A. Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

CAST:

Marie de Flor.....Jeanette MacDonald
Sergeant Bruce.....Nelson Eddy
Myerson.....Reginald Owen
Romeo.....Allan Jones
John Flower.....James Stewart
Premier.....Alan Mowbray
Belle.....Gilda Gray
Boniface.....George Regas
Hotel manager.....Robert Greig
Anna.....Una O'Connor
Storekeeper.....Lucien Littlefield
Teddy.....David Niven
Mr. Daniels.....Herman Bing

"WHIPSAW"—MGM. Screen play by How- ard Emmett Rogers. From the story by James Edward Grant. Directed by Sam Wood.

CAST:

Vivian Palmer.....Myrna Loy
Ross McBride.....Spencer Tracy
Ed Dexter.....Harvey Stephens
"Doc" Evans.....William Harrigan
Harry Ames.....Clay Clement
Steve Arnold.....Robert Gleckler
Wadsworth.....Robert Warwick
Monetta.....John Qualen
Chief Hughes.....Georges Renavent
Humphries.....Paul Stanton
"Curley".....Wade Boteler
Dabson.....Don Rowan
Madame Marie.....Irene Franklin
Aunt Jane.....Lillian Franklyn
Bailey.....Lillian Leighton
Doctor Williams.....J. Anthony Hughes
Larry King.....William Ingersoll
.....Charles Irwin

"COLLEGIATE"—Paramount. Adapted by Walter de Leon and Francis Martin. Based on the story, "The Charm School," by Alice Duer Miller. Directed by Ralph Murphy.

CAST:

Joe.....Joe Penner
Jerry Craig.....Jack Oakie
"Scoop" Oakland.....Ned Sparks
Miss Hay.....Frances Langford
Dorothy.....Betty Grable
"Sour-Puss".....Lyne Overman
Dance Instructress.....Betty Jane Cooper
Mack Gordon.....Mack Gordon
Harry Revel.....Harry Revel
Mr. MacGregor.....Henry Kolker
Thomas J. Bloodgood.....Donald Gallagher
Head Waiter.....Albert Conti
Detective Browning.....Julius Tannen
Diving Instructress.....Georgia Coleman

"RIFFRAFF"—MGM. A screen drama by Frances Marion, H. W. Hancock, and Anita Loos. Directed by J. Walter Ruben.

CAST:

Hattie.....Jean Harlow
"Dutch".....Spencer Tracy
Lil.....Una Merkel
"Nick".....Joseph Calleia
"Flytrap".....Victor Kilian
Jimmy.....Mickey Rooney
"Brains".....J. Farrell MacDonald
"Pops".....Roger Imhoff
Rosie.....Juanita Quigley
Beleher.....Paul Hurst
Lew.....Vince Barnett
Gertie.....Dorothy Appleby
Mabel.....Indith Wood
"Ratsy".....Arthur Housman
Bert.....Wade Boteler
Al.....Joe Phillips
Pete.....William Newell
"Speed".....Al Hill
Sadie.....Helen Flint
Mrs. McCall.....Lillian Harmer
"Lefty".....Bob Perry
Markis.....George Givot
Maizie.....Helene Costello
Matron.....Rafaela Ottiano

"ROSE OF THE RANCHO"—Paramount. A screen operetta adapted from the play by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully. Screen play by Frank Partos, Charles Brackett, Arthur Sheekman, Nat Perrin, Harlan Thompson, and Brian Hooker. Di- rected by Marion Gering.

CAST:

Jim Kearney.....John Boles
Rosita Castro.....Gladys Swarthout
Don Carlos.....Gladys Swarthout
Joe Kincaid.....Charles Bickford
Pancho Spiegelgass.....Willie Howard
Phineas P. Jones.....Herb Williams
Flossie.....Grace Bradley
Don Pascual Castro.....H. B. Warner
Dono Petrona.....Charlotte Granville
Don Luis.....Don Alvarado
Jonathan Hill.....Minor Watson
Hill-Billy Boy.....Bennie Baker
Guadalupe.....Louise Carter
Gomez (Cortez).....Pedro de Cordoba
"Bull" Bangle.....Harry Woods
"Frisco".....Russell Hopton

"STRIKE ME PINK"—United Artists. From the story, "Dreamland," by Clarence Budington Kelland. Screen play by Frank Butler, Walter de Leon, and Francis Mar- tin. Directed by Norman Taurog.

CAST:

Eddie Pink.....Eddie Cantor
Joyce.....Ethel Merman
Charibel.....Sally Eilers
Parkyakarkas.....Harry Parke
Coppie.....William Frawley
Ma Carson.....Helen Lowell
"Butch".....Gordon Jones
Vance.....Brian Donley
Thrust.....Jack LaRue
Sunnie.....Sunnie O'Dea
Rita.....Rita Rio
"Killer".....Edward Brophy

"THE GHOST GOES WEST"—London Films. A screen comedy by Robert L. Sherwood. Directed by Rene Clair.

CAST:

Murdoch Glourie.....Robert Donat
Donald Glourie.....Robert Donat
Mr. Martin.....Eugene Pallette
Peggy Martin.....Jean Parker
Mrs. Martin.....Everly Gregg
Lady Shepperton.....Elsa Lanchester
The MacLaggan.....Hay Petri
Old Glourie.....Morton Seltin
Mrs. Macniff.....Elliot Mason
Shepherdess.....Patricia Hilliard

"KING OF BURLESQUE"—20th Century Fox. Screen play by Gene Markoy and Harry Tugend. Adapted by James Sey- mour. Based on the story by Vina Del- mar. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

CAST:

Kerry Bolton.....Warner Baxter
Pat Doran.....Alice Faye
Joe Cooney.....Jack Oakie
Rosalind Cleve.....Mona Barrie
Connie.....Arline Judge
Kolpolpeck.....Gregory Ratoff
English Impresario.....Herbert Mundin
Marie.....Dixie Dunbar
Ben.....Fats Waller
Anthony Lamb.....Nick Long, Jr.
Arthur.....Kenny Baker
Stanley Drake.....Charles Quigley
Specialty Dancers.....Paxton Sisters
Henkle and Keefe.....Shaw and Lee
Slattery.....Andrew Tombes
Phyllis Sears.....Shirley Deane
"Spud" La Rue.....Harry (Zoop) Welch

"CEILING ZERO"—Warners. A screen drama by Frank Wead. Adapted from his stage play. Directed by Howard Hawks.

CAST:

"Dizzy" Davis.....James Cagney
Jake Lee.....Pat O'Brien
Tommy Thomas.....June Travis
"Texas" Clarke.....Stuart Erwin
Al Stone.....Baron MacLane
Tay.....Henry Wadsworth
Mary Lee.....Martha Tilbott
Lou Clarke.....Isabel Jewell
Joe Allen.....Craig Reynolds
"Smiley".....Richard Parcell
Eddie Payson.....Carlyle Moore, Jr.
Fred.....Addison Richards
Mike Owens.....Gary Owen
Doc Wilson.....Edward Gargan
Les Bogan.....Robert Light
"Buzz".....James Bush
"Baldy".....Pat West

"EXCLUSIVE STORY"—MGM. A screen drama adapted by Michael Fessier. From a story by Martin Mooney. Directed by George B. Seitz.

CAST:

Dick Barton.....Franchot Tone
Ann Devlin.....Madge Evans
Tim Higgins.....Stuart Erwin
Ace Accello.....Joseph Calleia
Werther.....Robert Barrat
Michael Devlin.....J. Farrell MacDonald
Fess.....Louise Henry
Mrs. Higgins.....Margaret Irving
O'Neil.....Wade Boteler
James Witherspoon, Sr.....Charles Trowbridge
James Witherspoon, Jr.....William Henry
City editor.....Raymond Hatton
Comos.....J. Carol Naish

"THE PETRIFIED FOREST"—Warners. From the play by Robert Emmet Sherwood. Screen play by Charles Kenyon and Delmer Daves. Directed by Archie L. Mayo.

CAST:

Alan Squier.....Leslie Howard
Gabrielle Maple.....Bette Davis
Mrs. Chisholm.....Genevieve Tobin
Boze Hertzlinger.....Nick Foran
"Duke" Mantee.....Humphrey Bogart
Jackie.....Joseph Sawyer
Jason Maple.....Porter Hall
Gramp Miple.....Charley Grapewin
Mr. Chisholm.....Paul Harvey
Lineman.....Eddie Acuff
Ruby.....Adrian Morris
Paula.....Nina Campina
"Slim".....Slim Thompson
Joseph.....John Alexander

Lo! A True Idealist

introduced so many British stars to Hollywood.

Donat was one of them, his first American venture "The Count of Monte Cristo." People went to see the famous old story but they came away talking about the brilliant new actor with the expressive eyebrows and intriguing voice. Promptly other California producers attempted to sign him for further costume films.

It is typical of Robert Donat that when a celebrated studio executive called on him he found him kneeling on the floor of his room packing a selection of Hollywood photographs to send to old James Bernard.

True to his creed of artistic experiment and experience Donat refused to repeat his "Monte Cristo" and went back to England to attempt a rôle on entirely fresh lines as "Hannay," the fugitive hero of "The Thirty-nine Steps."



One of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood is Jean Chatburn. A small rôle in "The Great Ziegfeld" is part of the grooming she is being given in anticipation of greater things.

So Bernard begged Mrs. Donat to let her son train for the stage instead of entering an office, and when she replied that they couldn't afford it, the old man engaged Robert as his secretary so that he might pay for his instruction in kind.

Day after day they studied the classics together acting "Julius Cæsar" and "The Merchant of Venice" in a soot-grimed little yard. They stood on the platforms of the mission halls and recited long excerpts from Dickens and Thackeray. They declaimed romantic poetry in local drawing-rooms and occasionally they appeared on the stage at second-rate vaudeville theaters.

Then when Robert was seventeen, England's leading Shakespearean producer, Sir Frank Benson, happened to visit the city. Bernard took advantage of a former stage association to introduce his pupil and Robert Donat obtained his first professional engagement as junior stage manager to the Benson company, allowed to walk on with the extras at such times as it did not interfere with his other duties behind the scenes.

He spent the next ten years in stage work, studying anything and everything likely to help his career—music and fencing and lighting, and even the history of a costume. He played all kinds of rôles, from dashing young lovers to grease-painted old villains, and it was simply to enlarge his experience that he took a part in a film called "Men of Tomorrow."

Then he began work in a new part once again completely different from any other character he had ever portrayed, a gay, light-hearted Scots nobleman in a comedy, "The Ghost Goes West," directed by the brilliant Frenchman, René Clair. Before the developer was dry on the negative he had agreed to go to Hollywood for two films.

But before going to Hollywood he is to appear in a London stage play, after which he will do "Hamlet" for the screen.

His passionate belief in the worth

of art for its own sake inspires his whole work and he is still far from satisfied.

Behind him in this plan of life, as in everything else, is Ella, his wife, slight and lovely, with clustering auburn curls and wide gray eyes. She is a brilliant musician, and was studying for the concert platform before she met Robert Donat, six years ago. Marrying him after a brief courtship, she gave up all her own ambitions, the better to merge her life with his, helping and serving her man as only truly great love can.

Ella is her husband's secretary and business manager, and she always rehearses his rôles with him. They have two adorable children now, a small son, John, and a daughter, Joanna, exactly like Robert even to the eyebrows, and their home is the happiest place imaginable, tranquil and pleasant.

When Donat leaves the studio he spends his leisure quietly with his family. Restaurants and gay parties do not appeal to him in the least. Indeed, no actor in London is less familiar to the social crowd there. He likes to drive and swim, and occasionally he plays tennis, but it is the mental recreations which appeal to him most. When you see him sitting beside the fire, his eyes half closed as he listens to Ella playing Chopin or softly singing, then you see Robert Donat perfectly contented.

His hobby is collecting phonograph records, of which he now owns thousands, ranging from hottest syncopation to Wagner interpreted by the Berlin Symphony Orchestra. His greatest hatreds are "boiled" evening shirts and boiled fish, his favorite food being salads, for he believes in eating lightly in order to keep fit.

One of his keenest ambitions is to bring "Robin Hood" to the screen. "I want to portray the real Robin" and clear up all the wrong impressions that exist about his character. In the past, producers have always shown him as a picturesque medieval gangster, but history proves he was nothing of the kind. Just a gallant and chivalrous forester who could always be relied upon to help the downtrodden peasants in their struggle for justice.

Altogether one of the most unusual and intriguingly "different" men in pictures. There seems no limit to the potentialities of Donat's future when he possesses those too rare attributes—individuality and adventurous courage.

"But I Must Dance!"

Continued from page 35

bumping into things and people. I taught myself to tap, then had about ten lessons from Bill Robinson.

"When I won the title of world's greatest female tap dancer, I figured I had better stick for a while to the thing I could do best. But I still keep up my ballet practice."

In my unpleasant way, I demanded details and learned that she actually does her ballet bar exercises once a week on Thursdays between the matinee and evening performances of "At Home Abroad," the Broadway musical in which she is appearing. And even a ballerina who is performing every night is never satisfied with less than four hours daily practice. If it were humanly possible to hiss "Dilettante" I would have hurled that title at her. But why, when she is such a pleasant, ingratiating person?

"Would you mind telling everybody you know that my feet did all those tap rhythms in 'Broadway Melody'?"

When the Powell seethes with rage, she seethes.

"A lot of letters came to me, and just as I was all thrilled at the size of my fan mail, I found out that my correspondents accused me of not doing the taps they heard. There's a man in Hollywood, you know, who puts thimbles on his fingers and beats out the most marvelous taps for the sound machines. But they are not used with my scenes.

"I work with my feet so close to the floor that people can't see where the taps are coming from, even when they're near me. The camera makes the source of the taps even harder to figure out. So I suppose I should leap around like a gazelle just to prove to audiences that my feet really are beating out the rhythm. Naturally, I'd hate to, when I've worked so hard developing my close-to-the-floor style."

It is fun to argue with Eleanor. Not that you get anywhere, because when her mind is made up it is made up to stay.

We got to arguing about whether she is pretty or not. She insists that she isn't, and that even so, she won't let make-up experts dizzy her up with false eyelashes and a Cupid's bow mouth. I maintained, and still do, that she is in danger of looking too pretty. She can just manage to avoid being one of those effulgent, cloyingly pretty soubrettes by maintaining her natural grin and a casual air.

"It's fun to work in our show," she remarked with genuine enthusiasm. I hang around in the wings watching

Bee Lillie, and I can never see enough of Paul Haakon's dancing.

"I had even more fun working on the MGM lot. Ever since the first time I met Mr. Mayer I've gone against every one's advice, and have not respected his dignity.

"When I first went in to talk to him about working in MGM pictures, I was strongly advised to keep my mouth shut. I was to let him do all the talking, just be meek and respectful. He started talking about how unimportant I was to pictures, how long Shearer and Crawford had to work before they got anywhere, and about the limited appeal of a dancer.

"By that time I was so blazing angry I didn't care who he was or whether he ever hired me. I talked back and said plenty. It's a good thing I did. He was just trying to find out whether I was sensitive or just an impassive mind on a pair of nimble feet.

"Since then I've acted like a buffoon every time Mr. Mayer has come in sight. I run after him across the studio lot, rumple his hair, hug him. One day I thought I'd gone too far. He came on the set with some very pompous people. I rushed over and went through the usual routine and without saying a word, he stalked away. A few minutes later a message came that he wanted to see me in his office.

"Entering his office would be a pretty terrifying thing at any time, if you let it 'get' you. There's such a

hushed air as you pass secretary after secretary. I figured that I was in for some sharp discipline, and I really did regret making a fool of him before visitors.

"I started talking right away so that he couldn't. Told him I knew what was the matter, that I had upset his dignity before a lot of visitors. Then I did this——" She twisted a big handkerchief and perched it on top of her head, her face all sweet and guileless under this travesty of a Victorian bonnet.

Very sternly he addressed her:

"Eleanor, it's unbecoming for the head of a large organization to go on a set with important visitors and have some madcap of a girl rough-house him. I'm going to fire you off the lot—if you ever fail to do it in future."

As you see, Eleanor gets along all right.

So, since she adores the type of pictures Joan Crawford makes and insists that whether it is a short-sighted policy or not, she will go right on playing a dancer in each and every picture, you are in no danger of having her go Bernhardt on you.

And if Eleanor is set in her views and willing to fight for them, so am I. I'm about to organize a picket line to patrol in front of the theater where she is playing. We will carry large placards demanding that she discard the misleading pajama-trouser costumes that she wears, in favor of shorts.



Gene Lockhart, comedian and writer, is to appear with his wife in a series of screen stories about married life. Here they are having tea in their home.

Hollywood High Lights

may. That's a relief matter. As to Miss Dietrich had a disagreement with her supervisor. Rumors of resentment and dissatisfaction are frequently heard.

Cagney in New Revolt.—Jimmy Cagney meanwhile has had a real row with Warners. He has been off sal-

But so many newcomers are merely pallid blondes or a most equally pallid brunettes and are forgotten about as soon as they arrive.

Our choice is Oberon in "The Dark Angel," Ann Harding in "Peter Ibbetson" and of course, if you want to consider real versatility in acting, Bergner in "Escape Me Never."

Jane Withers Gains Point.—Little Jane Withers is getting financial recognition. She's receiving \$1,000 weekly, and her mother is paid something besides for looking after her welfare. The advance in Jane's salary wasn't accomplished in one-two-three order. It took quite a bit of battling. She had only been getting \$150 a week, and any jump like that suggested was frowned on by studio executives.

Now, though, the little girl is on the way to become financially a rival of Shirley Temple, and her name is supposed to spell as much magic at the theaters as those of Myrna Loy and Jeanette MacDonald. What do you know about that?

Caliban and Ariel Again.—Those strange Barrymores! Stranger and stranger from day to day! John's latest misfortune, following in the wake of illness and sensational publicity, is to find himself short \$30,000 in bonds, which were apparently purloined while he was sailing the seas some months ago. John went to the authorities to report the loss, and was accompanied by Elaine Barrie. In fact, he sees her so regularly that we won't be at all astonished if he finally marries her when the divorce decree from Dolores Costello becomes final late in the year.

Old Tribal Custom.—Talk about going back to primitive customs. Evelyn Venable sets the mark for all time because she carries her youngster in a papoose basket. The reason is that Evelyn and her husband, Hal Mohr, live on a steep hill, and they won't trust their child to a perambulator. They call the basket which, Indian fashion, is strapped to the back of the person who carries the child, a papooseket.

Evelyn's daughter's name is Dolores, and you'll soon be seeing Evelyn herself in a picture. She didn't hurry to return to the screen, as is the custom with so many movieland mothers.

No Rhyme Or Reason.—The inquisitive again had a chance to look into the authentic figures on salaries of film



A first glimpse of "Wife versus Secretary" shows Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, May Robson, and Myrna Loy. Of course, Miss Harlow is the mischievous amanuensis and Miss Loy is the equally disturbing wife.

The only marring note occurred at the funeral when newspaper representatives were refused admission and a great deal of ill will was engendered. Many of them felt that this much was owing to them, since they had been friendly toward Jack through the years, but those in charge seemed to stand in the way of that posthumous friendly gesture.

Among those deeply grieved by Jack's passing was Marlene Dietrich. She didn't seem to be herself for days afterward.

Age of Discontent.—Quite an aggravated situation exists at Paramount Studio involving such stars as Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Bing Crosby, and, to an extent, Gary Cooper. It's due to the new régime which was inaugurated with Henry Herzbrun and Ernst Lubitsch in charge of production, and may come to a head any day. Most of the players were signed on contracts under a previous dynasty, and were allowed very liberal terms. The new dictators don't favor these, and there has always been a disturbance beneath the surface. Additionally, Miss West encountered much censor trouble in connection with "Klondike An-

ary, engaging lawyers and everything else that signalizes stormy days. It's been very difficult to bring about anything approaching peacefulness.

It wasn't money that Cagney wanted this time; it was more power. Supervision of stories, directors and cast, as well as making fewer pictures. You'll recall that about two and a half years ago he was on a rampage because of the salary question, but his present stipend is reported as \$4,500 weekly.

At that, he was offered \$100,000 just to appear in one picture for RKO, namely "The Three Musketeers." And what's more, he was named among the ten best stars of the screen.

Feminine Charmers Extinct.—There's a terrible to-do in Hollywood about the lack of really notable performances by women in pictures. Where are the Negris, Swansons, Garbos of a few years ago? Some critics seem to think that only Garbo holds the fort among women of the present. Others hail Merle Oberon as a real discovery. A few are voting for Miriam Hopkins. And, of course, everybody agrees that Elisabeth Bergner is grand. In fact, they go to town when her name is mentioned.

Hollywood High Lights

stars, as disclosed in income-tax records, which, from time to time and for various reasons, are made public. They discovered Mae West to be one of the best money-makers. She received \$339,167 for the year 1934 from Paramount. Bing Crosby turned out to be much incorporated, and drew \$104,449 from one company which bears his name, and \$88,499 from another.

Here are some of the other nifty revenues: W. C. Fields, \$155,083; Gary Cooper, \$139,000; Marlene Dietrich, \$145,000; George Burns and Gracie Allen, from their film work, \$68,791; Charlie Chaplin, \$143,000; Walt Disney, creator of "Mickey Mouse," \$51,500; Constance Bennett, \$176,188; Marian Davies, \$104,000; Mary Pickford, \$52,750, revenue from the Pickford Corporation, although she made no films that year; Sylvia Sydney, \$110,583; Claudette Colbert, \$85,000 from Paramount only; Miriam Hopkins, \$71,145 from the same organization; Jack Oakie, \$82,666; George Raft, \$61,664; Adolphe Menjau, \$67,000; Carl Brisson, \$84,050; Kitty Carlisle, \$52,083; Zasu Pitts, \$60,416. What strange comparisons these figures afford! For those who are liked best are not always those who are paid the most.

Lowly Stand-ins—Huh!—The stand-in's job, much disdained in past days, is becoming one of the most coveted in Hollywood. Probably because with an important player it can yield such steady employment. And any one who plays leading rôles worth the name nowadays generally has a stand-in.

Robert Taylor always insisted that his stand-in be Don Mila, with whom he roomed when he was doing stage work, and not long ago Irene Hervey procured the chore for her foster sister, Kay Kaver.

Taylor's friend, Milo, has graduated, because he is now being schooled for playing parts in the films.

Recently a couple of stand-ins got married in Hollywood. Strictly a class match, we'd say.

The Old, Old Story.—Marta Eggerth's experience in the movies goes down as one of those oddities. Brought over with acclaim a few months ago, she recently returned to Germany without appearing in a single picture. Vaguely it was said at the time of her departure that she will come back to Hollywood in the spring, but we wonder. The studio where she is under

contract probably will have changed hands by that time.

Francine Larrimore and Clifton Webb, from the New York stage, were among those who languished for quite a time before they obtained their first chance.

Too Zealous Fan Unrewarded.—A curious wind-up to fan devotion recently occurred when a young English girl who was in service in her native land and who entertained a wild sort of admiration for Dick Powell, was faced with charges of disturbing the peace. The young lady had come six thousand miles to see her idol, and made three attempts to crash the gate at his Taluca Lake home. But it was all in vain. The upshot of her experience was that she was taken ill, and also had to explain her conduct in the municipal court. The handsome young male star didn't dare risk inviting her into his home.

"No Leg Art," Says Marsha.—Maybe it's because she's on the same studio lot as Marlene Dietrich. But anyway, Marsha Hunt has issued her little ultimatum—namely that she won't have her legs photographed. She wants to be hailed as an actress, not a film beauty with "gorgeous legs." We suspect that maybe Miss Marsha, or her press agent, have discovered a new way to get publicity, but the idea is interesting. For the star that isn't photographed some time or other in a bathing suit is as rare as a pink polar bear.

Small-town Politics.—All the small towns around Las Angeles are beginning to get film mayors. There was talk of Will Rogers becoming the chief figure in the Beverly Hills government once during his lifetime, and Richard Arlen has always held a sort of honorary title of mayor of Taluca Lake.

Most recent of the celluloid politicians is Al Jolson, who has become the head man for Encino, another suburb not far from Taluca in the San Fernando Valley. Jolson was even given a glassy gold-leaf scroll to signify the honor conferred on him.

It seems Jolson has quite a few stars within the domain over which he wields the scepter, for among the names signed to the scroll and pledged allegiance were Warren William, Ann Dvorak, H. B. Walthall, W. C. Fields, Edward Everett Horton, Leslie Fenton, and Barton MacLane. Also, he can boss that high movie executive, Darryl F. Zanuck, around if he wants to.

Farrell to Antipodes.—Charles Farrell will be hailed as a pioneer. He's one of the first of the very well-known actors to go to Australia to make a picture. And it's a fly-by-night enterprise. Gaumont-British engaged him. At one time Richard Dix considered undertaking the job, but felt his twins were still too young to take the trip, and he wouldn't go so far away without them. Phillip Reed also debated a tour to the Antipodes.

Incidentally, these Australian jaunts may become quite the fashion for Hollywood actors.



Tom Brown prefers a nautical bedroom. Wonder who the girl is peeping from the life-saver.

A Latin from Manhattan

more pronounced, her eyes like two flaming lights. She seemed to me to be the very spirit of the dance.

Of course I'd had no stage experience. At boarding school when I was about nine, they put on *The Merchant of Venice*. Richard Mansfield's son played 'Shylock.' I remember the great performance he seemed to give.

In the meantime, Cesar's Broadway debut as a dancer in night clubs mollified his parents. They came to see him warily, but went away wondering. "I was a good dancer—that was all," he remarked with decision, forbidding all polite denials. So I did not offer any. "I never got to a higher mark than 'good.' It was the same

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Then, he said, 'my father got me a position in a bank.' A vague expression moved over his dark features, as though the recollection of it was almost beyond recall. 'I didn't like the work. I wanted to act; always had. As a kid I had been a great movie fan. I used to write to the stars. Reading in fan magazines that many stars had risen from clerks, salesmen, et cetera, I wrote to Norma Talmadge telling her that I was in a bank, and that if she gave me a chance I might become famous too!'

Needless to say, Norma was not looking for budding talent in a bank. But a professional dancer did see Cesar, and heard his longing for theatrical acclaim.

That ended his banking life. His parents got a message from him: "Am opening in a show at Boston to-night. Wish me luck! The elder Romeros did not feel like wishing luck to any progeny of theirs flying off at the deep end of artistic life.

But it did not last—either the show or the elder Romeros' hostility. Aided by his dancer friend, Cesar appeared with her on Broadway. He also danced in vaudeville with Jeanette Hackett, sister of Albert and Raymond.

"I have always been a good dancer," he told me, without any mock modesty. "In childhood, my sister and I always danced. At home we had a Puerto Rican Negress as cook. She used to sing all day long. She taught me the fundamental rhythm of dancing. Under the trees, in the shaded sunlight, you'd look like a moving fountain of color. Her dress of reds and greens and yellow made her black features

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With two current hits to his credit in "King of Burlesque" and "Collegiate," Jack Oakie is ready for a third in "Colleen."

on the stage, too. No one could say, seeing me, 'What a genius! Instead of rising, my stage career went downhill!'

His first part of importance was in "Strictly Dishonorable." Tullio Carmignati had to go to London, so Cesar stepped into the lead. An unknown player, Margaret Sullivan, was an understudy. She and Cesar met later in "Dinner At Eight" when she played the rôle vacated by Marguerite Churchill.

"Margaret is a great person," Ce-

sar related, in reply to my wondering inquiries. "She is so real, so very natural. She told me of the picture offer she had had from Universal. She was nervous. We all are when such offers are made. 'Suppose I am no good on the screen,' she said. 'What shall I do then?' So to keep from betraying her sensitive nature, she chose to remain aloof. Now see where she is!"

We can see where Sullivan is. On my word, I ask you to see where Cesar Romero is.

Cesar had made various attempts to get into pictures. His movie craze had not abated one iota since he was seven years old.

For five years I had tests made," he informed me. "Not one got me anywhere. So I stuck to the stage. Finally came the long-looked-for offer. I was sent out to MGM for 'The Thin Man.' I played the part of Minna Gombell's gigolo husband," he added, to refresh my memory, for I did not recall seeing him in it.

"It's surprising," he stated, "how many fans wrote me about the bit I played in 'The Good Fairy.' That is the funny thing in Hollywood—you may play a lead and get nowhere. While a bit may be greeted as a lead."

"I came near marrying once," he admitted. "But now I see how unfit it would have been. The dancer I have spoken of was the lady. I was very fond of her, and she of me. But she was ten years older than I, and had two children. For two years I was on the road. She went to London for one year. Those three years' separation gradually drifted us apart."

Last year Cesar returned East to see his family in their New Jersey home—his parents, two sisters, and a fifteen-year-old brother.

"When I'm sure of a future in Hollywood," he said, "I will invite my family out to stay. But first I must get firmly established."

Established? Many another with less to his name has regarded himself established for life. Cesar is noticed, written about. Even a Cuban magazine dubbed him 'el guapo gaon de la pantalla.' Cesar is a "guapo" mentally rather than sartorially.

Already he has such major productions as "Cardinal Richelieu," "The Devil Is a Woman," "Diamond Jim" and "Metropolitan" to his credit. But his best performance to date was as the gangster in "Show Them No Mercy."

Picture Play's

F A M O U S
P R E V I E W S



Clarence Sinclair Bull

LIAM POWELL AND LUISE RAINER, IN "THE GREAT ZIEGFELD"



CHILD OF EVIL



"WE THREE" is the screen version of the much-discussed play, "The Children's Hour." Victims of the malicious lies of a child are Merle Oberon, Joel McCrea, and Miriam Hopkins. The two women run a boarding school, and it is the mischievous Bonita Granville, left, with two classmates, Marcio Mae Jones and Cormencito Johnson, who upsets the lives of these three.

WESTON FOSTER and Margaret Callahan form the romantic team in "The Green Shadow." The former, a detective, is called in by a millionaire to solve the mystery of the extortion notes he has received. Excitement follows immediately with the kidnaping of the rich man's ward, and the killing of his two chauffeurs. Miss Callahan is the pretty secretary.

CAUGHT IN THE NET







Mother's Son



Freddie Bartholomew brings the famous story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" to life on the screen, a rôle made to order for the talented youngster.

"THE EARL OF DORINCOURT," C. Aubrey Smith, a proud, tyrannical man, lives alone in his English castle. He never did forgive one of his sons for marrying a poor American girl. With the death of his third son, Freddie becomes the heir. Una O'Connor, left, is with the child when he learns the news. With his grandfather, upper left. Dolores Costello Barrymore returns to the screen as Freddie's mother, "Dearest."

UNJUST PUNISHMENT



WARNER BAXTER is "The Prisoner of Shark Island." A doctor, he is very happy with his wife and child. Two strangers come to his door for medical aid; one of the men has an injured leg. When they are well on their way again, pursuers have traced Abraham Lincoln's assassin to the physician's home, where they find a boot belonging to the wounded "Booth." Baxter is arrested for complicity and later sent to Shark Island. Gloria Stuart is his adoring wife.



Hide- out

"MAN HUNT" is the story of the relentless pursuit and capture of a notorious outlaw who tries to elude the police by hiding in a small Western town. Below, Ricardo Cortez, the bandit, wins the confidence of Marguerite Churchill who later learns that he has lied to her and really means to rob the bank in her town. Below, right, William Gargan, a reporter, takes a hand with his sweetheart in the chase. "Chic" Sale and Maude Eburne, right.





W O R T H T R Y I N G

To win a bet Gene Raymond starts out from New York to Los Angeles in his underwear, in "Don't Bet On Love." By the time he reaches his destination, he has won the bet and the charming Wendy Barrie.

GENE RAYMOND wants his rich uncle to back a play, but the uncle wants Gene to go into his meat-packing business. If he can prove that the plot of his play is plausible the uncle promises to give him the money, or else Gene must enter the firm.

The nephew scores all around.



THE royal dispensers of rhythm are together again in a romantic story about the navy on shore leave. Fred Astaire has music in his soul and wings on his feet, his only ambitions being to lead a band and marry the girl he loves. The girl, of course, is Ginger Rogers, a dance-hall entertainer. Below, Randolph Scott finds it difficult to choose between Astrid Allwyn and Harriet Hilliard.

GOBS AND GIRLS

Three cheers for the Navy. Here come Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in "Follow the Fleet."





VAUDEVILLE

"Song and Dance Man" has Claire Trevor sticking through it all with her drinking, gambling, happy-go-lucky vaudeville partner, Paul Kelly. A final grand gesture is when he steps aside to let her win success on her own.

CLAIRE TREVOR, right, sings and dances for the first time on the screen in her new rôle. Below, with Ruth Donnelly, her sympathetic landlady, and introducing the "Tarumba" with Klayton Kirby. Left, Mr. Kelly and Miss Trevor doing their act. The pair, outer left, with Michael Whalen, wealthy, and much interested in the actress's career.



W E A K

In "The Lady Consents," Ann Harding is the understanding wife of Herbert Marshall, a prominent physician. They are divorced so that the doctor may marry the attractive but designing Margaret Lindsay, but are happily reunited again.

HERBERT MARSHALL, left, discovers the mistake he has made in marrying the brunet Margaret Lindsay. Below, Ann Harding with Walter Abel, handsome young engineer, who is more than interested in the charming divorcee. Outer left, with her father-in-law, Edward Ellis.



M O M E N T I



"GIVE US THIS NIGHT" blends together the lovely voices of Gladys Swarthout and Jan Kiepura. The latter, leader of a band of Italian fishermen, evades the police by seeking refuge in the village church. They meet when each is captivated by the other's voice while singing at mass. At top, with Kiepura's partner, Benny Baker. Left, in church, and Miss Swarthout in her "Juliet" costume, above.

S O N G O F L O V E



Son of an ex-champion, in "The Amateur Gentleman," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., inherits a large fortune and decides to use it to become a real gentleman. Even the blue-blooded Elissa Landi overlooks his pugilistic ancestry in the face of love.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., left, makes his first entry into London society and is presented to the "Marquess of Cambridge," Athole Stewart. Standing with Fairbanks are Hugh Williams and Basil Sydney. Below, with the lovely "Lady Cleone," Miss Landi, on left, returns her engagement to Mr. Sydney.

Lady's Choice





REVENGE

IN "Preview," Gail Patrick and Rod La Rocque are the leading woman and star of a motion-picture company. Here they are doing a scene for "Song of the Toreadore." Others featured in this thrilling murder-mystery story are Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Ian Keith, Conway Tearle, and George Barbier. Mr. La Rocque is worried because of many threats against his life, but a surprise ending clarifies everything.



DARK

MYSTERY

"The Garden Murder Case" is another "Philo Vance" story, with Edmund Lowe playing the rôle of the famous detective.

THE startled house guests of Gene Lockhart, an egotistical financier, are H. B. Warner, Frieda Inescort, Mr. Lockhart, Mr. Lowe, Kent Smith, and Benita Hume. Directly above, the detective and Nat Pendleton question Henry B. Walthall about the mysterious death of his son "Floyd Garden." Virginia Bruce, left, niece of Mr. Lockhart.

Continued from page 55

oatmeal cookies and Swedish coffee cake. Don't ask me how she keeps so slim; I'm wondering, too. She speaks in the most matter-of-fact way of her broadcasts and concert tours—takes them in her stride, apparently. She feels confident that her next picture, "Give Us This Night," is a good one. And she is eager for summer and more picture-making, because she is to do "The Count of Luxembourg."

Recruiting for England.—As soon as "The Ghost Goes West" was shown, and girls in Hollywood saw what a transformation had been wrought in Jean Parker, they all wanted to be off to London to make pictures. Alice White was the first to seek a rejuvenation for her wilting career. Mory Corliss followed by the next ship. Constance Bennett, and Joan, too, will be leaving any day now, though in Joan's case there is no provocation.

Big Plans Ahead.—Alice White won't be satisfied just to make a picture in London. She wants to do a play, despite what happened to Roman Novorro and Doris Kenyon there. In case you haven't heard, there were boos and raffish remarks, and then some one let the curtain down on Novorro's head. Alice plans further to get a divorce from Cy Bartlett while she is in Europe. Maybe she will marry George Givot in the spring. He plans to go over to ask her.

New Assignment for Hays Office.—Discreet silence comes from the Hays office while all through the picture business there is a chorus of chuckles and snickers. A purity seal was given to a delightful little picture called "If You Could Only Cook." The picture was charming, but the title happens to be the tag line of a smutty story long in general circulation. So now it appears that the guardians of the movie public's decency will have to hang around traveling salesmen in smoking cars in order to be up on all the phrases they want to keep out of pictures.

Fair Warning.—Dear Mr. Hays: In case you don't get around much, don't let any one fool you by naming a picture "Little Audrey." All the little girls whose mommas send them to expensive boarding schools know the adventures of that enfant terrible.

Hepburn Draws Crowds.—Katharine Hepburn, the will-o'-the-wisp who usu-

They Say in New York—

ally flees from news comers, consented to pose for one of the Ice Club at Madison Square Garden, and ever since her picture appeared in newspapers, droves of fans have hunted the place. Meanwhile "Sylvio Scarlett" was playing to great stretches of empty seats. And fans who had paid seventy-five cents to get into the Ice Club muttered angrily because they never found her there.

Iron entered her by accident, but not hard enough to send either of us sprawling on the ice. She goes there mornings when all but members of some skating club or other are excluded. In the midst of giddy-colored ski outfits, she wears gray trousers and jacket, blue sweater, beret and mittens. Shedding the defensive attitude with which she repels interviewers and fans, she chatted gaily with attendants who chided her for recklessness, roved in friendly fashion with any one who drifted up to her side. She is an ingratiating girl when she is not on exhibition.

Inclose Receipt, Please.—If you feel moved to send Morgot Grohorne a gift, don't! She is a little squeamish about presents nowadays. It seems that an international sportsman named Jefferson Davis Cohen wanted to send her a handsome fur cape. And news-

papers heralded abroad the news that Madame Frances, Inc., had entered suit for \$3,500 payment. To make matters a little complicated, he was a house guest of Madame Frances at the time the suit was filed. And Morgot Grohorne, and presumably the cape, were for a way in Hollywood.

Endurance Contest.—Adrienne Ames has been in town for two weeks exploring night clubs, rehearsing a radio sketch with Ricardo Cortez, and stalling off her ex-husband, Bruce Cobot, who is courting her determinedly.

When the last guest strolls out of the Rainbow Room at Radio City or the Persian Room at the Plaza, there is Adrienne, still unwilted, ready to go on somewhere else. Her olive skin, deep-blue eyes, and light-brown hair give her striking, unusual beauty.

She loves beautiful clothes and seems to know by instinct what to wear. She says she has no sales resistance in a shop, just wants to buy everything. The selective instinct only works after she gets things home. So her sister goes shopping with her and restrains her. "But where are you going to wear that?" sister demands, as she sees Adrienne about to indulge a whim. If Adrienne cannot name date and event, sister countermands the or-



May Robson in the living room of her Beverly Hills home, in which a distinct Spanish-California motif is carried out, even to ivy growing from a niche in the wall.

der. Not under contract to any company now, Adrienne hopes to take time out to go back West by boat. It is a grand excuse for buying lots of sports dresses and evening frocks. She can argue her sister down with reminders of those sixteen days on board ship and all the changes in climate.

Wanderer Returns.—Douglas Fairbanks come back at last from European wandering all ready to make a picture. He didn't climb the funnels of the ship as it came into harbor, didn't even vault a rail. "I stopped acting years ago according to the reviewers," he confided to ship news men. "I'm not even going to appear in 'Morco Polo.'"

Among Those Present.—Ethel Mermon's birthday was the same day as the opening of 'Strike Me Pink' at Radio City Music Hall, so the theater manager threw a party in her honor. Eddie Cantor, René Clair, Edward G. Robinson, and Eleanor Powell among many others flocked around her. It would take Grand Central Station to hold a representative gathering of the people who adore her. Eddie Robin-

son doesn't get around to parties much. He is a pushover for playing benefits.

When "King of Burlesque" opened, 20th Century-Fox gave a party in honor of Fots Woller, who demonstrated, and attempted to explain, "swing" music. The guests stayed on and on and a harder-worked guest of honor has never been seen.

Perhaps the height of social events was the cocktail party for René Clair given by United Artists. Crowded as a subway jam, it was difficult even to find the guest of honor. Surely the wittiest of all directors since Lubitsch put down his megaphone, Mr. Clair is a very young and determined person. He won't go to Hollywood. Wants to make pictures where no one interferes with him. Wants his pictures to speak for him.

Ticket Buyer Has Some Rights.—On a recent visit to New York, Pot O'Brien met a dire emergency in his own straightforward way. He wanted to see a certain play, but a plump and long-winded woman behind him never thought of that. From the moment he took his seat, she started loudly con-

jecturing about his identity. I just know he's some one I've seen somewhere—I know he's some one famous—I wonder who he is—she went on and on. Finally O'Brien could stand no more. Squirming around in his seat, he told her, "I'm Pot O'Brien. What of it?" She hasn't thought of a good answer yet, but when she does she is going to wire it to him correct.



Gene Raymond's brother is in pictures, too, Gene having given him a small part in "Love On a Bet." The younger actor calls himself Bob Marlow so as not to trade on his brother's fame.

Love Does Not Stand Sharing

Continued from page 38

ever been as happy as they intended to be with each other and their little daughter.

Once again stories flooded the magazines and newspapers of Hollywood's great romance. Mr. Bonnistter's devotion to his wife was pro-



Dorothy Peterson cheerfully carries five bottles of milk to her famous charges, the Dionne quintuplets, the \$50,000 stars of "The Country Doctor."

claimed from what seemed like every loud speaker in the country. Miss Hording's intelligence and devotion would combine to make this a marriage that endured, that defied Hollywood to undermine it.

I don't know that Hollywood had anything to do with it, but I do think too much publicity may have played its part in the dissolution or disintegration of this marriage.

It's a for cry, like the wail of a banshee, that echoes across the years from those idyllic hours to their recent sordid fight in court over the custody of their child.

And Mory Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. If the reams of publicity that have been put out about Hollywood's happiest marriage were laid end to end, as Dorothy Parker says, "I wouldn't doubt it."

When the time for divorce came, it was stated that Doug liked to travel and entertain celebrities. Mory, home-loving soul, had her friends and being in the very roots of Hollywood. She wanted to stay there and be happy with the people she had known practically all her life.

There again, if they had been merely Mr. and Mrs. Dookes, unpub-

licized and unknown to the world they might have had a chance of ironing out their difficulties. But they had been publicized. Their happiness was known in all the corners of the earth, and they weren't Mr. and Mrs. Dookes, so there you are.

I could go on for hours like this. The names of those comprising Hollywood's happiest couples are legion—Gloria Swanson and the Marquis de Folioise, Marion Nixon and Eddie Hillmon, Solly Eilers and Hoot Gibson, Alice White and Cy Bartlett—but what does it profit? The ways they are many, the end it is one.

The marriages that last, the really happy ones, are those where no publicity is given the great love.

Jobyno Rolston and Richard Arlen, for instance. Their happy home life has been emphasized, but their undying love for each other has been kept in the background.

The same is true of James Cagney and his wife, Bill. I doubt that you'll find a more devoted couple anywhere, but many of Jim's friends have never even met Bill.

I think that is the secret of their happiness. I know of no other marriages

men who enjoys the freedom Jim does, of any wife who enjoys the freedom Bill does. If Jim wants to do something that doesn't appeal to Bill, he goes out with some of his friends and does it, and she finds something to occupy her for the evening. If Bill wants to go somewhere Jim doesn't care about going, she digs up one of their friends and goes. Nor is there ever any shadow of a doubt

in the minds of those who go out with them but that Jim and Bill are the only real interest in each other's lives.

John and Marcelite Boles are another couple with a similar arrangement. John doesn't play bridge and Marcelite loves it. When she gets up a game, John goes to the fights, or to bed, or reads. If he feels like going to the fights and she doesn't, she goes visiting or to a picture show.

Chester and Sue Morris are another happy couple, but I have never read an interview with Chester that stresses his devotion to his wife. But any one who knows them knows that that's what it amounts to.

It may have started as a song but it has developed, as I said, into one of Hollywood's greatest truisms: Love does not stand sharing. Not even with the public.

Continued from page 51

ALTHOUGH this happened to a press agent, he'll never tell it! I was talking to one of those pestiferous foreign correspondents, who had arrived to interview some American stars.

"But you can't interview Katharine Hepburn," the press agent began. Seeing the other's astonishment, he added with keen relish for his own wit, "he will not give interviews to any one who has not first interviewed Greta Garbo."

The foreigner beamed. "Dot iss all right, den," he cried. "Me, I haf interviewed Garbo just before I left Europe!"

THE gang of autograph seekers outside Paramount studio was larger than usual. When Wendy Barrie appeared, it rushed to surround her.

"I'll give every one of you an autograph if you'll not crowd those children out into the street," Wendy declared.

Chatting gayly, she was keeping her promise when some one yelled "Here comes Bing Crosby!" The crowd wavered. Then: "Aw, let the sooner go!" a little red-headed gamin yelled. "Le's show Wendy we like her!"

There was not a deserter as Bing gratefully made his escape.

It takes a real actress to carry off a situation like that which confronted an Crawford the other evening. Returning from a drive, she saw a car in front of her house. Her butler and a drowsily inebriated gentleman stood at the door.

"Miss Crawford!" cried the caller. "I'm visiting your neighbors. And my little daughter just had to meet you." Then "little daughter" leaped from the car and stood towering above him at least a head taller. The port-faced butler nearly choked, but she, greeting her graciously, betrayed neither mirth nor astonishment.

On and Off the Set

JEAN MUIR, giving us a lift to Hollywood, bade adieu to Kay Francis. The quietly dressed stars stepped into their small automobiles. Pulling out ahead was a big, elderly limousine sporting a paint job as flamboyant as the costume of its owner, a famous star of yesterday.

The Warner gateman saluted Kay and Jean deferentially. He only stared at the former star.

Poor old-timer! Still relying on the "front" which cost many stars of her generation their entire salaries. If she had flourished in the era Kay and Jean typify, she'd be wealthy and independent to-day.

MAE WEST stood on the sidewalk, five stories below the windows of her apartment. While a car waited to take her to the studio, she stared

upward, fascinated, at a window washer plying his precarious trade. She paid no attention to the crowd gathering around her. The crowd paid no attention to the window washer. It was watching Mae watch him. Then the man leaned far out. Mae gasped. But he didn't fall. He merely shouted to some one below.

"Hey, Bill! This is her apartment, all right, but I don't see her!"

Mae, recalled to crowd-consciousness by a burst of laughter, dashed to her car.

JANET GAYNOR did not know we were unwillingly eavesdropping on the set of her MGM picture, "Small-town Girl." She was greeted by some one she had known on the Fox lot.

"Like it here, Miss Gaynor?" he queried.



Shirley Temple has a new dancing partner for "Captain January." He is Buddy Ebsen, who made his first appearance in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and was liked by every one.

"It's grand," the star replied. "For some reason I feel light and free. Like a mere visitor, despite my hard work in this picture."

As a queen of a big studio Janet has known that heavy and onerous feeling many really big stars get when cut off from the world by a too exalted position.

A MOVIE actress is about the last person you'd expect to write an article on Soviet conditions. Prepare for a surprise then. Marguerite Churchill not only had a baby during her recent furlough from films but flew from London to Leningrad and spent thirty days altogether in Russia. She kept a detailed diary and has been cutting her observations into shape for a national weekly. Her conclusions should be especially interesting, since she is a brilliant girl and has no political axe to grind. She purposely strayed from the regular sight-seeing paths.

THE Hollywood cynics declare that Jean Harlow went off the platinum standard really not for novelty, but because too much touching up was proving disastrous to her hair. Jean herself always swore that her startling blondness was absolutely natural. So perhaps you can sympathize with her now. Staying a "brownette" the rest of her life means she'll certainly be a constant patron of some beauty parlor, doesn't it?

LEAVE it to Louise Fazenda to get into jams. She has a new agent and the reason is amusing. The man who'd handled her studio contracts also represents Dick Powell, Paul Muni, Bette Davis, and Warren William. When his arguments with Warners over their unsatisfactory rôles reached the boiling point, he was barred from the lot. Whereupon poor Louise found herself in No Man's Land. In one trench was her job-getter, and in the other was her husband. He happens to be Hal Wallis production chief at Warners.

GARBO'S return from Sweden draws Hollywood's attention this month to the all-time tops in independence. Others may gush gratitude to their public, but Greta never bothers. Her ten-month holiday was far from rude fans, and to-day, as usual, she is avoiding the regulation demands made on stars. Her negative behavior continues to reap magnificent rewards, too. Even though her box-office rat-

ing is secondary, she rates the town's best salary. More explicitly, a stipend close to \$250,000. Who dares brand her dumb?

HERES a spring triangle bettering the Forbes-Chatterton-Brent friendship of yesteryear. Margaret Sullivan who's married to director William Wyler, is teaming professionally with Henry Fonda. Once they were seriously enough in love to take out a marriage license. It's simply another coincidence that would only happen in Hollywood.

AN argument as to whether fashions are created by Paris or Holly-



Al Jolson is about to star in "The Singing Kid," with Sybil Jason as his juvenile foil and Beverly Roberts his heart interest. Little Sybil can compete with Mr. Jolson in tearfulness any day, if you ask us.

wood designers was raging the other night at a party at Mary Pickford's. As a side issue, somebody spoke of the popular fancies that were created by accident. The pill-box hat which swept the country after Garbo wore one was really meant to have had a brim, we were told. Garbo happened into Adrian's studio before the brim

had been added, popped the crown onto her head as a joke, liked the effect and insisted on wearing it the way before the camera.

A HITCH-HIKER wagged a moustache at Ralph Bellamy the other day and the actor obligingly slowed down. Bellamy now takes pleasure in repeating the conversation. "Got a ride in your car?" the hitch-hiker demanded. "Sorry, no," Ralph answered. "Drive on, buddy," said the hitch-hiker agitatedly. "I always listen to a certain program at this hour!"

ADDISON RANDALL has given Glendo Farrell a friendship ring, thus reviving a pretty custom of great-grandparents knew. Friendship rings were exchanged by sweethearts not quite ready for a formal engagement.

Now the three stages of a Hollywood romance are defined. Friendship. (We're just friends.) Engagement. (With Hollywood suspecting secret marriage.) Marriage. (To be identified as the stage that precedes divorce.)

CURRENTLY, Cukor is directing "Romeo and Juliet." The other morning Norma Shearer was very close. So was Leslie Howara. The two stars spent some time apologizing to each other, while Cukor stood by tapping an impatient foot. Finally he said "What about me? What about my crew! We've been waiting since eight thirty!" Norma apologized to each other and every one.

LUISE RAINER can't get used to the customs. One of her customs is to send her family presents on her birthdays. This year she carefully wrapped up little pots of cactus, unusual and typically California gifts. They all came back to her, with a small notice from the postal authorities that you can't ship cactus abroad. "And it grows wild on the desert," Luise wails.

BINNIE BARNES, Lee Tracy, and Howard Arnold meet every morning at six thirty on the set thirty miles from Hollywood, where the ranch scenes for "Sutter's Gold" are being filmed. They don't speak though. Too much danger of grouchiness arguments and bad tempers. But at nine thirty they all say "Good morning!" and the day begins, socially speaking.



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IT MAY SOUND CATTY ~ BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN



SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY ~ 3 CAKES A DAY ~ AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP

OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH



LATER HELEN, I HEAR YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB ~ I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!

YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-UTIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS!

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Another Cause for Jealousy

Continued from page 47

fons in the movie social game is so perplexing to hostesses.

After all, one may ask, if these great stars are so envied that they cause social jealousy and discord, why should one hesitate to leave them out? There are so few of them, and Hollywood, socially speaking, is so full of brilliant substitutes. Who would miss Clark Gable, James Cagney, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Dick Powell and Joe E. Brown, together with the several others who are rivals for the remaining places among the public's first ten?

Ah, who, indeed? That's the fly in the ointment. For to lend Hollywood affairs that air of distinction, all the nobility and social lights who parade through filmdom are invited to these pretentious parties. And they, unfortunately for the hurried hostesses, are much like the fons of any small town.

"Where is Moe West?" queried the Sultan of Johore at a fête given in his honor. "Surely she hasn't escaped my notice in this gay company!"

When one's attention is focused on the conspicuous absence of great movie names from published guest lists, there can be no further doubt that most hostesses are leaving the public's favorites out, preferring the sort of embarrassment we have described to the consequences of having them present.

But perhaps one may be forgiven for overlooking this odd phenomenon until some one actually points it out. Close as I have been to the problem, and despite countless incidents that happened before my eyes, I overlooked it until a hostess explained it to me in words of one syllable.

Then at last I understood why I had heard Cloro Bow, years back when she was at the height of her fame, almost begging people to come to her parties. Cloro, though worm-hearted and socially inclined, lived as lonesome a life then as Moe West does now.

Understanding Cloro's predicament of yesterday enables us to comprehend why Moe is a lonely figure to-day. For be it known that while Miss Bee Beautiful, of no import at the box office, usually flings a birthday party for several hundred guests, Moe has for the past two years celebrated her birthday in the following manner: James Timony, Brother Jock, Sister Beverly, and Brother-in-law Boikoff dined with her. The year before they dined

at a restaurant. Last year they dined in Moe's apartment.

Likewise, when Bee Beautiful premièred her latest flop, this semisocial event drew a large attendance of polite and praiseful stars. But when Moe, at the height of her fame, found herself hostess at the première of "I'm No Angel," so few stars appeared that the fact became a notional news item.



It is not often that stand-ins resemble the stars for whom they substitute as clearly as Paula Roy mirrors Gertrude Michael. However, Miss Michael's fans know that she stands behind Miss Roy.

When Moe's screen popularity wanes, however, she can have her Hollywood social innings, if she wants them. Some stars even go back and forth between the professional and social goals several times, as their screen fortunes dictate.

Morlene Dietrich, for example, when soaring zenithward on "Morocco" and "The Blue Angel" was on few, if any, guest lists. Now that unfortunate vehicles have dimmed her professional popularity, she is one of the gay and brilliant figures at nearly every party. But if her new films are dross, we'll be hearing, as of old, all about her preference for an apple, a book, and her own fireside.

No evidence one could offer so definitely proves the influence of fons on movie social life as this sort of balancing of a star's popularity scale. Consider the case of Jean Harlow.

As an unproved leading lady, seen places with millionaire Howard Hughes, and working interminably on

a film called "Hell's Angels," which many prophesied would never be completed or released, she became very popular socially. No one foresaw her future supremacy in that very department of the day's hottest feminine competition, sex appeal, so she enjoyed an extended period of favor.

Then "Hell's Angels" was released. Our eyes popped wide at that first revealing glimpse of the new platinum-blond Queen of Sex. Jean's film stockoomed, but her social stock sogged. Her name was seen less and less frequently on guest lists. Hostesses whispered excuses to each other. They said she was a "husband stealer." They complained that when she appeared men deserted their partners to crowd around her. They cast aspersions at her acting ability, social ethics, revealing costumes—even her table manners.

Jean forged ahead toward the brighter goal, creating even more envy en route by proving herself an excellent actress. Then came Mae West, to steal the sex-appeal show. Jean gracefully changed to a comédienne. Her still enviable box-office rank marks no great decline. Nor can we point to her as one of the current social leaders, though she and William Powell add wit and color to many an otherwise dull affair.

Her social prestige could hardly survive her appearance in even a single screen hit, however, for while she is not quite up there in public favor with the conspicuous, envied big ten, she is dangerously near.

Some observers have endeavored to explain away the effect of public favor on social popularity in this fashion: extremely popular stars, they say, are too busy to assume the demanding duties of society. Nonsense! Social favorites such as Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, and Gene Raymond are more active on the screen than Janet Gaynor, Mae West, Wallace Beery, or Katharine Hepburn. Moreover, the public's top favorites find

plenty of time to enjoy their own forms of recreation.

In order to determine the real first ten in social favor, one has only to check over a season's accumulation of guest lists from the newspaper columns. This reveals as the ten leaders, Marion Davies, Dolores del Rio, Marlene Dietrich, Normo Shearer, Carol Lombard, Harold Lloyd, Gene Raymond, Joan Bennett, Loretta Young, and Paul Cavagnagh.

Normo Shearer, the single exception to our rule that stars cannot reign supreme in public favor and cinema society at the same time, occupies a unique position. She belongs to the official, one might say diplomatic, set representing the industry.

The frequent appearances of such great stars as West and Gable at "professional" social or semisocial functions may momentarily mislead the out-of-towner. These are usually for charity causes or business reasons. The invitations are issued by producers or charity sponsors, not Hollywood hostesses. Still, they afford the commoner a chance to show us the big stars "out in Hollywood society."

While Hollywood's social life remains what it is, its hostesses must continue to omit the public's idols from parties, on to-day's guest lists. And their invitations. This probably harms no one, and it affords us an amusing little game. We may ask, for example, where Ginger Rogers stands in public favor to-day. And have fun finding out by trying to discover the name of the vivid little redhead who used to be so popular at yesterday's by consulting his popularity ranking, guess what keeps Fred Astaire, New York society favorite, from being a Hollywood lion.

The answers are easy when once you know how the social destinies of the greatest stars are shaped and guided by their millions of fans, to the majority of whom society is as vital a concern as boondoggling, but not so up-to-date.

Josie Marches On

Continued from page 57

Her rother tall, slim figure was dressed in brown knitted wool. Her imitation hair framed frank hazel eyes set in a pale skin. Her poise and manner put me immediately at ease. There is an ethereal quality about her which lifts the spirit and stirs the imagination. Before the crackling fire,

fortified with steaming tea of just the right strength, we relaxed in a cheerful mood.

All the magic and glamour of the stage was in that room. We were not in Hollywood. We were transported to that beautiful, fanciful world of make-believe which is the theater.

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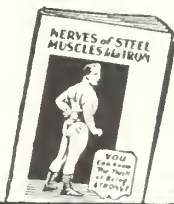
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We thrilled to the joy of mutual en-
rmasms. Her mother, for instance,
known on the stage as Leona Roberts,
is an actress of rare skill. Her por-
trayal of the nurse in the Le Gallienne
production of Romeo and Juliet won
praises from the New York press.

We both lamented the fact that she
could not play the same rôle on the
screen. Robbie would be marvel-
ous of course," said Miss Josephine.
Here her natural sagacity intruded.

But producers must use well-known
names to put over Shakespeare in
films. I realize that."

In fact this latest Hollywood recruit
understands the business of the theater
fully as well as the atmosphere back-
stage. She has a sense of values re-
garding the public's likes and dislikes
which many a producer might envy.

Despite this there is a definite "lit-
tle girl" quality about Josephine Hutch-
inson. When she speaks with convinc-
ing assurance in terms of box-office
and acting standards it is as though
one were listening to an amazingly
precocious child.

Her personality is a charming blend
of sophistication and naïveté. As for
instance: "I'd like to do a play in Lon-
don. People who have played there
say it's no different from appearing
anywhere else. But I'd enjoy it, any-
how."

"It sounds so impressive, don't you
think? Josephine Hutchinson in a play
in London." That would be something
to write home about!"

She knows London and adores it.
She also looks back with fond memo-
ries on a month spent in Paris. We
both agreed that New York, with its
theaters, its gay restaurants, and its
electric spark was a good substitute.

Having long admired Josephine
Hutchinson for her many stage per-
formances, I was rather apprehensive
when I first learned she had signed a
movie contract. I feared that her sub-
tle talent might be unappreciated.

I might have known she would see
to all that. Before signing her con-
tract everything had to be settled in

advance. She does not have to play
any rôle which she does not like, for
instance.

Then why did you let them cast
you opposite Dick Powell in so incon-
sequential a thing as Happiness
Ahead?" I inquired.

Her answer illustrates her sense of
values. It was my first picture. The
greater proportion of movie audiences
didn't know me. Dick Powell has a
large following. I thought it the best
way to become known quickly.

The picture was unimportant, but
it had charm and a certain unstudied
freshness. Besides, it put me at ease
before a camera, whereas a more dif-
ficult rôle would have been confusing."



While making "Showboat," Helen
Westley insisted upon having her
lunch served out in the California sun-
shine. No cold stages for her!

As almost every one knows Joseph-
ine Hutchinson did work in a Mary
Pickford picture as a little girl while
on vacation from her native Seattle.
"Douglas Fairbanks engaged me," she
explained. "Mother and he had
worked together in stock."

"I never think of 'Robbie' as my
mother," she confided. "To me she
is a splendid actress whom I admire
for her accomplishments aside from
any parental ties."

Another person to whom she pays
strong tribute is Mervyn LeRoy, who
directed her in "Oil for the Lamps of
China," her favorite picture.

"He is marvelous to work with," she
enthused. So thoughtful and under-
standing. Not only in the small things,
she added quickly, such as looking
after one's comfort but in the things
much more important to an actor. He
gives you plenty of time to study the
script, discusses the characters with
you, you shoot as much in sequence as
possible, lets you work out your own
characterization.

Often in the late afternoon, when
he noticed we were getting tired, he
would call off shooting and discuss the
next day's schedule with us. That was
grand!

Some directors, you know, like to
spring little surprises by keeping the
actors in complete ignorance of what
they are to do the following day.
I don't like that. The old proverb about
sleeping on a problem surely applies
to acting. Even if one doesn't really
learn the actual lines, his subconscious
mind is turning the character over and
over, so that the following day he has a
pretty definite idea of how it should
be played."

Pavlova is the great enthusiasm of
her life. Once when I was quite
small, my mother took me to see her
dance. From that breathless moment
I determined to be a dancer. I stud-
ied all the classical forms, and while
I had to forget the idea of making that
my career, the training has been of
great help in my acting."

Her reverence for Duse likewise
amounts to adoration. She wears
about her neck, as a good-luck charm,
a locket containing a tiny compass,
which once belonged to the great ac-
tress.

In the crass, commercial atmosphere
of Hollywood her ideals shine like a
beacon of hope to all who are hon-
estly interested in advancing the stan-
dards of screen entertainment. Her
success is a tribute to the advancing
standards of the public.

Continued from page 41

Elissa Landi owns five Siamese cats,
yet they do not symbolize her person-
ality. A golden-eyed Angora for you,
Elissa!

Robert Taylor tall, dark and power-
ful may be likened to a horse—a
black, gleaming thoroughbred. A
horse that knows he is a gentleman
and expects to be treated as such.

"It's the Animal In Me!"

Mae West is the peacock of the
screen. She struts and preens her rich
garments much as that beautiful and
picturesque bird displays its feathers.
Her ornamented hair finds its counter-
part in the peacock's crest of plumules.

Johnny Weissmuller has some of the
characteristics of the seal. The seal is
a delightful animal, sleek, intelligent,

and friendly. It is a wonderful swim-
mer, and has an ingratiating person-
ality. Is not this a partial description of
our "Tarzan"?

Eleanor Powell possesses an out-
standing trait of the gazelle. Her mar-
velously fleet and graceful dancing is
to the human family what the agility of
the gazelle is to the quadrupeds.

In contrast we have Wallace Beery, who gives human expression to virtues found in the elephant. Beery used to be an elephant trainer. In his picture, "O'Shaughnessy's Boy," a pachyderm years before was brought on the set that had worked with him in a picture for another appearance with the actor. The elephant recognized his former friend, or possibly he recognized a kindred spirit!

Jane Withers reminds one of a squirrel. Like the popular little animal, she is alert, smart, active and friendly.

Claudette Colbert is the screen's bird of paradise. Not only is she personally lovely, but her richly colorful raiment might well be admired by the most gorgeous "Paradisea apoda." Moreover, Miss Colbert contrives a charming and suitable setting for her beauty. The bird of paradise displays its charms from a bower of luxurious foliage.

Nelson Eddy is comparable to a meadow lark rather than to a better-known bird. The meadow lark sings joyously, freely, out in the airy, sunny places. Nelson's appearance, personality and manner of singing seem more in harmony with pastoral backgrounds than with the formality of the concert hall or stage.



Hester Deane, one of the beauties to be glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld," has been handed a rôle in "Wife versus Secretary."

Jeanette MacDonald is the screen's canary. The brightness of her hair and the beauty of her song exceed in quality the gay plumage and exquisite notes of the little warbler.

Charles Bickford has the heart of a lion, together with the lion's tawny coloring and fearless mien. No other man in Hollywood, save possibly Jim Tully, has his almost savage independence. In a recent picture he worked with lions. One of them, possibly resenting Bickford's more refined technique, pounced upon him. The actor recovered, as you know, but I understand the lion has been gathered to his fathers.

Shirley Temple, soft, playful and ingenuous, is the woolly, fluffy lamb of the screen.

For various reasons Ramon Novarro always reminds me of a deer. Not only is Ramon swift and graceful, but his eyes are the gentle, black, beautiful eyes of the charming forest creature.

Luise Rainer, with her tousled hair and mischievous black eyes, reminds one at times of that popular pet, the shaggy, waggy, black-coated Scottish terrier.

Off-screen, Richard Cromwell reminds one of a Boston bull pup. Dick is alert, friendly, and understanding, and almost always alive with enthusiasm. These qualities—in cruder form, of course—are also to be found in a puppy of this breed.

Joan Crawford has the vivid, spectacular qualities of the colorful flamingo.

Marlene Dietrich is a human swan, white, proud and picturesque, floating in serene grandeur on the lake of fame.

The gentlemanly, good-natured Chester Morris has one quality in common with the tiger: his walk. Chester's steps are light, quick, and endowed with a sort of prowling rhythm.

Katharine Hepburn, dynamic and fast stepping, her rust-colored hair flying in the breeze, suggests a spirited sorrel race horse.

Franchot Tone has compared himself with a turtle. The idea! He reminds me more of an ocelot.

Other actors have animal traits of one sort or another: Greta Garbo, sea gull; Freddie Bartholomew, a fawn; Gracie Allen, a magpie; Heather Angel, a robin; and Baby LeRoy, a tadpole.

And why does John Barrymore act as he does? My dear, it's the love bird in him!

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out in my shoes when I want to Nancy Crawford a few months after her marriage to Brian Marry. The honeymoon was still on for the bridegroom now Pamela was stuck around. And how was I was supposed to find out who I wanted had such a temperamental disposition.

"What's the most serious thing to say," declared Mr. Marry. Nancy readily agreed the matter by denying it. "I have never been hard to get along with on any time any place. Ask any one who's ever worked with me." I stopped it.

How does Nancy isn't rating as much mention as she might. She declines to comment upon her switch to sweetness and that's the pertinent de-



Between scenes of "Thirteen Hours by Air," Joan Bennett spent her time making a needlepoint footstool and apparently has every one else doing it, too.

Untold Stories of the Stars

velopment in her case. In fact she's demure unless you mention that hateful adjective. Then she's—well, temper-tossed.

Many of the good sports figuratively let their hair down. The last time I called on Norma Shearer she led me out into her front yard. It's all beach, and the constant fresh air sweeping in from the Pacific must brush all the cobwebs away. If you can fancy a cobweb having any connection with Norma.

She hadn't a speck of make-up on. "I thought I knew you well enough now so I wouldn't have to bother," she exclaimed. Incidentally, she is equally effective without artifice.

She is Model A, too. What every interviewee should be. Instead of trying to squeeze you between work, she invites you to her home and allows you at least an hour and a half. Her opinions are forthright, and her calm attention is mutually beneficial.

The enchanting elusives are bottoms so far as copy goes. In this class go Madge Evans and Cary Grant, typical of a group who are delightful, have elegant manners and a sense of humor that's a guarantee of an amusing time. But they're terrible to quote. Madge is cautious. Cary's scared to commit himself.

That hard-to-get Charles Laughtan is another type altogether. He shies for months, and then suddenly is available. He emerges from the labyrinth of fellow actors, prop boys, electricians, cameramen and scenery, and settles slowly into a canvas chair on the edge of the set.

Right away he sinks my proposed angle. It's ridiculous; how does he know anything about it? After several interruptions for the director's sake, he returns and gets under full steam. He brands fan curiosity a nuisance, yet endeavors to speak interestingly. As I depart he pleads, "Now don't write something mean about me!"

There's memoirs behind every star meeting. A recent evening at Dick Powell's reaffirmed the economy of the new régime.

Raking in both screen and radio incomes, Dick is sane indeed. I had gone out to his Toluca Lake house on an assignment, and what did I stumble into? Just one salesman, and it was a miniature movie camera he was peddling. He dangled great bargains. After three hours Dick finally replied "No." He already had several so-so gadgets, and he'd learn to use them well before paying out even

a hundred dollars for the best of buys.

I could go on and on. Joan Crawford, for instance, is truly grateful for genuine admiration. On my last jaunt to Brentwood I stuck in a Crawford addict. When my business was completed, I brought him in. Joan



Jean Parker certainly is looking ahead, going so far as to rehearse an Easter greeting.

quickly discerning that he was among the faithful, spent a whole hour on him. She answered all his inquiries, showed him her scrapbook of stills from her current production. He got not one measly photo, but four. He's been gaga ever since.

I encounter the occasional snooty, such as Claire Dodd. This aloof pretty opines, "I don't wish to be quoted, ever. My public can be satisfied with its imagination. You can say I'm a little girl from the South or a subdeb from San Francisco!" Claire slays me.

But she doesn't faze me. I see stars every day. They're practically in my soup. Some fun, eh?

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

to the fore while still young and blooming, like Robert Donat.

But one special weakness of mine, Claude Rains, was not so fortunate. It must be all of twelve years since he startled us first on the stage. Better late than never, dear old Claude.

You'd hardly believe how Americanized we are becoming over here. I'm in the wholesale coat and costume business, and our firm pays lots of money for American models for our tailors to copy. And do they sell by the hundred thousand! To say nothing of the Hollywood fashions eagerly snapped up by all the trade buyers.

We owe you a lot, in one way and another, and I'm sure we, as nations, understand and like each other much better of late, all owing to films.

F. G. INGMAN.

Shoebury Road,
East Hammersmith,
London, E. 6, England.

Darn Nice Guy.

I HAVEN'T written a letter to Picture Play for quite a while, but I do hope that this one will be printed, because it will prove that there is at least one star in Hollywood who answers his mail personally, and thoughtfully.

That star is Victor Jory.

I wrote him requesting a picture and he answered, promptly, too, that a picture was being forwarded and invited me to write him again and give him my frank opinion, whatever it was, of his future pictures. Darn nice guy, this Jory, and a grand actor. I only wish that he'd get some good, juicy parts and

become the hit star he rightfully deserves to be. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is helping him on to this goal as he makes a majestic and inspiring Oberon.

So here's to Victor Jory, a grand actor and a grand person.

EMILY KISPERT.

1481 Shakespeare Avenue,
New York City.

Never Colorless.

PAGING Joan Crawford. And applauding Norbert Lusk for his delightfully informal article about her. A warm compensation for those fan letters that hurt. Indiscreet comments about her tastes and mannerisms are unnecessary. In the absence of applause, it is the recognized privilege of fans to express critical views about stars and productions, but it is not our privilege to abuse this right. So please, even though her work is not to the liking of all, at least, let it be a test of fan courtesy to refrain from remarks of a destructive nature.

Obviously, Miss Crawford absorbs constructive criticism, for her recent pictures show marked improvement in poise, expression, and dress. The better quality of pictures as demanded by theatergoers was evident in "I Live My Life." Joan's performance was unusually fine, and one so alive. The picture alone was intensely interesting, made so by a consistent plot, select cast, and bright humor.

"Forsaking All Others" was a breath of fresh air in my community after a deluge of erime films and musical comedies. Although "Chained" treated of the eternal triangle, it introduced a new side of the old, old story and won favor for its appeal and newness.

Surely these pictures have made the movie public conscious of Joan's efforts to erase imperfections and bring the very best from her talent and ability.

My advice to her is to nurture the spirit of enthusiasm and fun that she radiates on the screen to insure her future against the pitfalls of mediocre success. Let Hollywood say that she is always dramatizing herself. It is a relief to know that if I were to meet Joan Crawford, she would not appear drab and colorless; but, instead, be any one of the spirited young women whom she has portrayed on the screen.

Mr. Lusk is right! Joan Crawford's future is important. In fact, it is so important that managers will be leasing the Grand Canyon for her box office, and we will be saying as Katharine Cornell's husband said of his famous wife, "She is not beautiful, but she makes you think she is." GERTRUDE L. KILGORE.

115 Park Street,
Greensburg, Pennsylvania.

Why All the Fuss?

MAY I ask the fans just one question for a little information? Maybe I'm wrong, but why all the fuss over Nelson Eddy? All I want is just one good reason.



Lovely Binnie Barnes as she appears in the rôle of "Countess Baroffski" in "Sutter's Gold."

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Yes, he has a beautiful voice, but so have Lawrence Tibbett, John Boles, and Ramon Novarro.

Yes, he has a charming personality, but so have William Powell, Joel McCrea, and Clark Gable.

Yes, he is a decorated blond, but so are Gene Raymond, Randolph Scott, and Ralph Bellamy.

And if one must have a newcomer, why there's always Louis Hayward. After the "Frame Within" and "A Feather in Her Hat" he's tops.

So I ask you—why all the fuss over Nelson Eddy? RUTH HOFFMAN.

P. O. Box 1681,
San Francisco, California.

Talking of "Sincere" Fans—

AFTER reading the splendid January Picture Play from cover to cover, here are a few comments I'd like to make:

I wonder why, when one contributor to "What The Fans Think" disagrees with another, he considers it necessary not only to defend his own favorite, but drag the other's favorite through the mud? "I've been hurt," he seems to say, "now I'll hurt *you!*"—elementary reasoning.

A good example of this is Alice Freedman's reply to Jack Hitt. Now, I certainly don't agree with Mr. Hitt, but neither do I agree with Alice Freedman. Her nasty remarks about Gertrude Michael were un-sporting as well as unfair. Miss Freedman may not like Gertrude, but there are many more people who do. Granted Miss Michael may not be the most promising actress in films, but she *is* one of the few. She's making her way up the ladder, now, and the thing she can most do without is prejudiced criticism.

I think Norbert Lusk's editorial must have stepped on the toes of quite a few fans. I know it did on mine! In speaking of unanswered fan mail, he has taken an unworthy minority to sponsor. The sincere fan-letter writer never expects an answer when he writes to a star. He realizes how busy the player is kept, the impossibility of him or her replying to thousands of letters each week. Usually, the fan is glad of this opportunity to prove his interest, without expecting a reward for it. Sometimes, too, he knows better than any one else that his letter may have been objectionable. (If any one had written to *him* in that manner he would have gone hunting for the person with a hatchet). And he hasn't a chance in the world of getting a reply to it. And sometimes he's fooled on this. He may receive a very friendly, courteous answer from the snubbed star; while an enthusiastic eulogy to a favorite is ignored. All this is in the lap of the gods, as he realizes. The uncertainty is what makes writing to players such interesting fun; and in no instance does a reply, or lack of one, influence his patronage. But, of course, I'm talking of the *sincere* fan.

In conclusion, thank to Picture Play for boosting Elizabeth Allan. I've admired her ever since she came to America, and often wondered, myself, why she hasn't a more enthusiastic following. Her performances are equally fine if

she's in a "Solitaire Man" or a "David Copperfield." Add to her versatility her unique beauty and personality, and you really have a star. I'm for Liz, one hundred per cent! L. MANN.

7512 Kingston Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois

Pity the Reviewer.

THE reviewer for this magazine should be more careful what he says about some pictures. When I read his careless review of that splendid production, "The Last Days of Pompeii," I wasn't responsible for what I said. Having somewhat calmed down, I'll proceed to tell Mr. "Wise Guy" what I think about his nasty little write-up.

In the first place, this great saga is not a pretentious spectacle, and if Norbert Lusk is blind to its praiseworthy



Juanita Quigley displays a dainty printed dress that every little girl will wish to have in her wardrobe this spring.

merits, he must surely be blind in the true sense of the word. If we had more pictures like this and fewer miles of celluloid picturing Miss Lombard or Miss Hepburn flinging their arms about, bawling and screaming, I'd say the movie business had at last come to something.

I realize this coldly critical person probably sees four or five pictures a week and does get quite tired of them; one would. But let him treat pictures of the great magnitude of this one with more respect. Never have I seen anything to equal the power and pathos of

"The Last Days of Pompeii" and I consider it my duty as a loyal fan to defend its rights.

As I said before, in the first place it is not a pretentious spectacle but a grand and human story, wonderfully woven against the mighty background of two great events: the crucifixion of Christ and the destruction of Pompeii.

In the second place, I want to quote the words of this person that "there is practically no love interest." The devotion of *Marcus* for his adopted son is beautiful and moving, and is the high point which predominates throughout the picture.

In the third place, to quote some more of this man's words, Preston Foster "arouses little interest." Of course, he's not a Gable in "Mutiny on the Bounty," or a March in "Les Misérables," but he is truly the star of this picture, and if the studio executives know what acting is, Mr. Foster is headed for better things. His performance is flawless and unstinted.

In the fourth place, Mr. Lusk said the picture was solemn and humorless. You can't expect a picture dealing with a rather grim and serious subject to be a Marx Brothers' or Wheeler and Woolsey comedy.

I do want to add, though, that the greatest piece of acting I have ever witnessed in a theater was the fine work of Basil Rathbone. I'm for him. He was certainly awe-inspiring as the conscience-tortured *Pontius Pilate*. In the sequence after the conviction of Christ he was magnificent and I'll never forget his cry, "What have I done!"

ROBERT SLOTTBERG,
6010 Makee Avenue,
Los Angeles, California.

Voice of the People.

AFTER reading William H. McKegg's article on "What Secret Does a Star's Voice Tell?" in the January issue, I beg to make some corrections. I don't agree with him in regard to some of the stars' voices. He says of Constance Bennett's voice that it is "crying." It's no such thing. If her voice doesn't suggest "hauteur" I don't know what does.

As to Joan Crawford's expressing "anger," well, really, if she hasn't a "petulant" voice neither has Ann Harding a "begging voice." It's plain "disgust." Marlene's voice "indifferent"? No, "egotistic."

Miss Gaynor may have a "beguiling" tone. To me, it's just "whiny." And now for Maureen O'Sullivan and Jean Harlow. They both sound alike—"squeaky."

Now for the men. William Powell, oh no, not "flippant," Mr. McKegg, "bluff." Herbert Marshall's is "melodic," and Cagney's is "dese, dese, dem."

That's all, folks.
MRS. BETTY HOBART,
Stevens Hotel,
Chicago, Illinois.

London Greet Novarro.

I FEEL obliged to thank you for the portrait of Ramon Novarro in November Picture Play. One can always rely upon you to give us the latest and best.

I noticed also a letter from R. G. H., Los Angeles. I agree that Ramon loves putting his finger into every pie, but he never seems to burn it. In fact, I wonder, in regard to this wonder man, what new thing he will be up to next. Weeks ago I went to His Majesty's Theater—one of the largest in London—to book seats. There seemed to be no hope of getting to the first night. Demands for seats are coming in at the rate of three hundred a day. Already, if accepted, they would more than fill Albert Hall, which holds ten thousand. And this is only for the first night, remember! The box office man begins to wear a hen-pecked air already. Tell R. G. H., please, that although Ramon is away from you all, she must not grudge us the wonderful sight of his name over the entrance to a London theater.

She must remember that we English have had very little of the real thing, and even now he has hidden himself away, no one knows where. I think he must leave the theater through a trap-door after rehearsals! He is very popular with the theater staff, and that is saying a good deal. Englishmen in every walk of life are suspicious and unsociable. Especially are they unwilling to unbend to a foreigner. They won't even do it to their next-door neighbors!

If he is good looking, the worse for him. Ramon Novarro has always had to fight against his good looks, so to speak. Therefore, if you hear after "A Royal Exchange" that he has triumphed, you will know that he has accomplished an almost unbelievable task; he has got under the skin of our English audience.

One can easily see the reason for his hold upon his present admirers and his vast army of new friends. I saw him on his arrival from America. Twelve policemen acted as a barrier between him and the people. He looked tired,



Following her rôle as one of the Glorified Girls in "The Great Ziegfeld," Patricia Havens-Monteaule, San Francisco society girl, was awarded an MGM contract and a part in "Wife versus Secretary."



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but rather amused, and very fit and brown.

Just as the gates opened wide enough for him to squeeze through—so that his admirers couldn't mob him, I suppose—some one near by ran forward and called out: "Welcome to England, Mr. Novarro!" He turned and shook hands with a courteous, friendly "Thank you," and a delightful smile.

One feels he is utterly without snobbery. His appearance at the première of "Peg of Old Drury" created another tumultuous scene in Leicester Square. His car was spied long before it turned the corner. Cries of "Ramon, Ramon," could be heard all along the route. I am afraid the audience looked more in his direction than at the screen.

ADA C. STRONG.

6 Adamsville Road,
Sydenham, London, S. E. 26,
England.

They Say in New Mexico—

LET me say right now that "They Say in New York" is of very little interest to the fans throughout the coun-

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C. E. VILSTER, P. O. Box 151 Union, N. J.

try. It seems to me that Karen Hollis is a little bit presumptuous in taking it upon herself to quote comments heard at the opening of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The cast evidently was good enough to please Max Reinhardt, so what? So this: it is hardly fitting for Miss Hollis to slam them as she did. And why get in all of the barbs through Dick Powell? After all, he has never set himself up as a Shakespearean actor, but if his studio thought well enough of him to cast him in the rôle of one of the misunderstood lovers, it was their choice, and if any one should get razzed about it why not the producers?

And for Miss Hollis's further edification, Olivia de Havilland played *Hermia* in the Hollywood Bowl and did very well by it, too, drawing some pretty nice notices.

Instead of forming an Anti-Dick Powell Club, let's form an Anti-Karen Hollis Club. And I would be only too glad to head it.

320 Garfield,

Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Promotion and Demotion.

IF I were Aladdin I'd rocket these stars to the top:

Joan Bennett—she is so divinely beautiful.

Bette Davis—her independence is exhilarating.

Rochelle Hudson—so refreshingly real. Nils Asther—because he's too darned handsome to be loitering in the shadows.

To the rear ranks I'd demote the following:

Ann Dvorak—personality is sadly lacking, and facial expression is unheard of.

Elizabeth Allan—her acting is affected, and her neck is *too* long.

Helen Vinson—too much like a cat purring before clawing.

Now it's off my chest!

RUBY M. CHAPMAN,

502 South Perry Street,

Montgomery, Alabama.

But Garbo Comes First.

THIS is how I rate feminine stars:

1. Greta Garbo.
2. Josephine Hutchinson.
3. Norma Shearer.
4. Claudette Colbert.
5. Joan Crawford.
6. Katharine Hepburn.

These are, with the exception of Garbo, not particularly beautiful, even having gross imperfections; like Shearer's tiny eyes and smallness of stature, Hutchinson's clefted chin, Colbert's enormously wide nose, Crawford's too large eyes and thin face, Hepburn's horse-like visage, as if ready for a race down the turf. Garbo really has a perfect face, modeled like a Grecian goddess, perfectly formed, eyes just the right size, nose right, and mouth natural and lovely. Her form is also exquisitely graceful and attractive. I can think of no one comparable to the Swede in looks.

The others I have listed have a peculiar something which is simply irresistible, and that is the reason they have stayed and will stay on the top of my star list. A pity, though, poor Anna Sten, for she certainly is a brilliant dramatic artist. Yet she lacks something. And it is this something which I hope to convey to audiences when I become a film star.

FLORENCE MILLERSON,

Rahway, New Jersey.



Fashions fifty years from now are forecast in H. G. Wells's "Things to Come," according to this glimpse of Margaretta Scott and Raymond Massey, who are concerned in a powerful drama dealing with the problems of mankind more than what they wear.

Information, Please

Continued from page 9

RUTH KING.—Marian Nixon's latest picture is "Tango," released by Chesterfield. I agree with you that both she and Otto Kruger would be perfectly cast in "St. Elmo."

A. B. M.—The players in "So's Your Old Man" included W. C. Fields, Alice Joyce, Buddy Rogers, Kittens Reichert, Marcia Harris, Julia Ralph, Frank Montgomery, Jerry Sinclair.

A. S. C.—Donald Cook was born in Portland, Oregon, September 26, 1901; five feet eleven and a half, weighs 147, dark hair and eyes. His next picture is "Ring Around the Moon," with Erin O'Brien-Moore.



P. H. GRASSIA.—The name of the film depicting what the world would be like in 1980 was "Just Imagine." Live de Maigret was Mrs. Vollberg in "China Seas." There has been some talk of Clara Bow returning to the screen, but nothing definite has been done about it. Their birthdates are: Dick Powell, November 14, 1904; Franchot Tone, February 27, 1906; Mae West, August 17, 1892.

JOHN W. COX.—Frances Fuller hasn't appeared in any film since she played in "Elmer and Elsie," with George Bancroft. George Hayes was Doctor Parker in "Tumbling Tumbleweeds."

MILDRED HUFSMITH.—Frankie Darro's latest is "Troupers X-13," with Roy Mason, in which he has a featured part. Frank Albertson's "Kind Lady." Eddie Quillan's "Mutiny on the Bounty."

FRANCIS H. CLARK.—Jean Parker is back in Hollywood after making "The Ghost Goes West," with Robert Donat, in England, and is to do "Gram" as her next for MGM.

SHIRLEY STINSON.—Nino Martini has been reengaged by the Metropolitan Opera Association for another season. "Here's to Romance" has been his only film. He was born in Verona, Italy, in 1905, and first came here in 1929. Soon he became well known as a radio soloist, and won the Columbia Broadcasting System's annual medal in 1933. On December 28, 1933, he made his debut at the Metropolitan. Tullio Carminati, too, is a native of Italy, born in Zara, Dalmatia, September 21, 1896; five feet eleven, weighs 155, blue eyes, dark hair, Jan Kiepura, in Sosnowiec, Poland, May 16, 1902; five feet six, light-brown hair, blue eyes. Now playing in "Give Us This Night," with Gladys Swarthout. Ricardo Cortez, Vienna, Austria, July 7, 1900; six feet one, weighs 175, black hair, brown eyes. "Man Hunt," "Singing Kid," and "Walking Dead" are among his latest.

BOB BOWDER.—Leon Janney is appearing on the New York stage in

"Mulatto." Frankie Darro is about five feet three. For stills of "Powder Smoke Range," write to RKO Pictures, RKO Building, Rockefeller Center, New York.

T. P. S.—That was Billy Lee as Sonny in Paramount's "Wagon Wheels."

HOPPY FROM CONNECTICUT.—See "Jane Hazard" for information about Ross Alexander. We published an interview with him in March, 1935, which gives further details about him. Our Subscription Department will be glad to send this issue upon receipt of your order and fifteen cents.

DOR S.—Brian Donlevy was Edward G. Robinson's bodyguard in "Barbary Coast." Mr. Donlevy is a former stage player whose other films include "Mary Burns, Fugitive," "Another Face," and "Strike Me Pink." There is no biographical information about him available at present, but you should be able to reach him at the United Artists Studio. Next, "Thirteen Hours by Air."

JEAN PHELPS.—For stills from Will Rogers's pictures, address 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California, inclosing ten cents for each still desired.

JEAN ARNOLD.—A John Howard interview appeared in this magazine for February which I hope you saw and enjoyed. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 14, 1913; five feet ten, weighs 150, brown hair, blue eyes. His films include "Four Hours to Kill," "Car 99," "Annapolis Farewell," "Millions in the Air," and "Soak the Rich." Dick Powell's birthdate is November 14, 1904; Ross Alexander's, July 27, 1907.

M. LANGLAND.—Sorry, but I just haven't any information to give you about Tehani, the native girl opposite Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty."

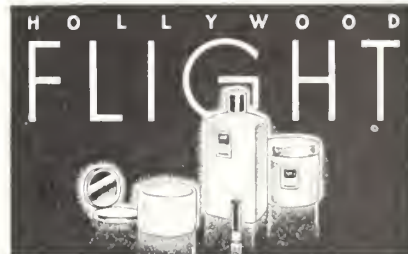
GWEN.—Phillips Holmes's latest picture is opposite Anne Shirley in "Chatterbox." That was Edward Norris who played Rochelle Hudson's husband in "Show Them No Mercy." For his photograph, write to 20th Century-Fox.

E. GIORNI.—I have all the information you wish ready to mail to you if you will put your address on a stamped envelope. There just isn't space here for all you wish to know.

THREE QUESTIONS

Who is the fellow
Creating the flurry?
Who is the mister
Who's making men worry?
Who is the hero
Who's making girls hurry?
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Robert Allen	Victor Jory
Jean Arthur	Peter Lorre
Lew Ayres	Marian Marsh
Michael Bartlett	Grace Moore
Tala Brell	Lloyd Nolan
Leo Carrillo	Florence Rice
Ruth Chatterton	Gloria Shea
Walter Connolly	Ann Sothern
Jean Dixon	Charles Starrett
Melvyn Douglas	Lionel Stander
Edith Fellows	Raymond Walburn

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Astrid Allwyn	Rochelle Hudson
Warner Baxter	Arlene Judge
Bill Benedict	Paul Kelly
John Boles	June Lang
Alan Dinehart	Nino Martini
Dixie Dunbar	John McGuire
James Dunn	Herbert Mundin
Alice Faye	Valentin Parera
Francis Ford	Gloria Stuart
Janet Gaynor	Shirley Temple
Edward Everett Horton	Claire Trevor
	Jane Withers

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Paul Lukas
Elizabeth Allan	Jeanette MacDonald
John Barrymore	Mala
Lionel Barrymore	Mamo
Freddie Bartholomew	Una Merkel
Wallace Beery	Robert Montgomery
Virginia Bruce	Frank Morgan
Charles Butterworth	Chester Morris
Bruce Cabot	Edna May Oliver
Mary Carlisle	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jackie Cooper	Jean Parker
Joan Crawford	Eleanor Powell
Nelson Eddy	William Powell
Stuart Erwin	Juanita Quigley
Madge Evans	Luise Rainer
Louise Fazenda	May Robson
Betty Furness	Mickey Rooney
Clark Gable	Rosalind Russell
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
Jean Harlow	Harvey Stephens
Louis Hayward	Lewis Stone
Louise Henry	Robert Taylor
William Henry	Franchot Tone
Allan Jones	Spencer Tracy
Frances Langford	Henry Wadsworth
Eric Linden	Johnny Weissmuller
Myrna Loy	Robert Young

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

George Arliss	Fredric March
Eddie Cantor	Joel McCrea
Charles Chaplin	Ethel Merman
Ronald Colman	Merle Oberon
Paulette Goddard	Mary Pickford
Miriam Hopkins	Frank Shields
Gordon Jones	Douglas Walton
	Loretta Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Heather Angel	Helen Mack
John Arledge	Herbert Marshall
Fred Astaire	Victor McLaglen
John Beal	Moroni Olsen
Frances Dee	Lily Pons
Richard Dix	Gene Raymond
Preston Foster	Erik Rhodes
Betty Grable	Ginger Rogers
Margot Grahame	Anne Shirley
Ann Harding	Barbara Stanwyck
Katharine Hepburn	Helen Westley
Molly Lamont	Bert Wheeler
Francis Lederer	Robert Woolsey

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Binnie Barnes	Frank Lawton
Billy Burrud	Edmund Lowe
June Clayworth	Bela Lugosi
Andy Devine	Zasu Pitts
Irene Dunne	Cesar Romero
Valerie Hobson	Margaret Sullivan
Jack Holt	Slim Summerville
Buck Jones	Clark Williams
Boris Karloff	Jane Wyatt

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander	Josephine Hutchinson
Robert Barrat	Allen Jenkins
Joan Blondell	Al Jolson
Humphrey Bogart	Ruby Keeler
George Brent	Guy Kibbee
Joe E. Brown	Margaret Lindsay
James Cagney	Anita Louise
Colin Clive	Frank McHugh
Ricardo Cortez	Jean Muir
Marion Davies	Paul Muni
Bette Davis	Pat O'Brien
Olivia de Havilland	Dick Powell
Dolores del Rio	Claude Rains
Claire Dodd	Phillip Reed
Ann Dvorak	Phil Regan
John Eldredge	Winifred Shaw
Patricia Ellis	Paula Stone
Glenda Farrell	Lyle Talbot
Errol Flynn	Verree Teasdale
Kay Francis	Genevieve Tobin
William Gargan	Warren William
Hugh Herbert	Marie Wilson
Leslie Howard	Donald Woods
Warren Hull	

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Dean Jagger
Wendy Barrie	Helen Jepson
Alan Baxter	Roscoe Karns
Mary Boland	Jan Kiepura
Charles Boyer	Rosalind Keith
Grace Bradley	Charles Laughton
Carl Brisson	Baby LeRoy
Tom Brown	Carol Lombard
Betty Burgess	Ida Lupino
George Burns	Fred MacMurray
Kitty Carlisle	Herbert Marshall
Claudette Colbert	Gertrude Michael
Gary Cooper	Ray Milland
Buster Crabbe	Joe Morrison
Bing Crosby	Jack Oakie
Robert Cummings	Lynne Overman
Katherine DeMille	Gail Patrick
Marlene Dietrich	Joe Penner
Brian Donlevy	George Raft
Johnny Downs	Charles Ruggles
Frances Drake	Randolph Scott
Mary Ellis	Sylvia Sydney
W. C. Fields	Alison Skipworth
Henry Fonda	Sir Guy Standing
Cary Grant	Fred Stone
John Halliday	Gladys Swarthout
Julie Haydon	Kent Taylor
Samuel Hinds	Virginia Weidler
David Jack Holt	Mae West
John Howard	Toby Wing
Marsha Hunt	

Free-lance Players:

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.
Richard Arlen, Ralph Bellamy, Sally Eilers, 6615 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. Margo, Adrienne Ames, George Bancroft, Joan Bennett, Mary Brian, 430 California Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California. Lionel Atwill, Dorothy Peterson, Cora Sue Collins, Edward Arnold, Paul Cavanagh, Otto Kruger, Evelyn Venable, Chick Chandler, Walter King, 1509 North Vine Street, Hollywood. Neil Hamilton, 9201 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

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STREET & SMITH'S

Picture Play

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VOLUME XLV MONTHLY NUMBER 1

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MIRIAM HOPKINS

NEXT MONTH: THE STRANGE CASE OF GARY COOPER

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Paramount Picture. Directed by Lewis Milestone. Screen
play by America's foremost playwright, Clifford Odets.

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Letters selected from hundreds in answer to Picture Play's question, "Do You Want Swanson Back?" reflect strong opinions, but the majority say "yes."



The Bottle Rages.

IM delighted Picture Play has taken up the battle for Gloria Swanson. For ages I've been seething with frustrated rage at the way film producers have neglected her. She has more of that overworked ward glamour, more charm, fascination, and acting ability than any other actress on the screen.

As for her being too old, nonsense! She can't be very old. Surely only in her middle thirties. There is something perennially fresh and youthful about that odd, fascinating face and beautiful figure.

I have never been able to understand why she has received so much adverse criticism concerning her four marriages, while Kay Francis with five, and evidently soon to have her sixth, should have been completely overlooked. Perhaps it is because Gloria always excites comment while Kay does not excite to the same degree or in the same manner.

Anyway, I do hope Ruth Biery's article will start in motion whatever it takes to bring a star back to the screen.

I want to congratulate Picture Play, too, on the Fredric March and Fred McMurray articles. How perfectly the writer has caught the atmosphere and people of the Middle West! The average Middle Westerner is naive, friendly, unpolished kindly. He has his maddening qualities which make you want to tear your hair, but there is the side which the writer caught so well.

Alice Clifton.

225 East Riverside Drive, Peru, Indiana.

Poor Gloria Grilled.

NO, decidedly no for Gloria Swanson. She had the thrill of knowing and feeling the success and love of the world. Since then she has disregarded many conventions which the average serious mother considers necessary to a respectable home.

Without affection no director could put her over, so to speak. Her kittenish ways in "Perfect Understanding" were too much. Her flashy car and "mon of the moment" beside her doesn't help any, either. One man says "thumbs down" and I fear that expresses the feeling of most of us. Her talks and advice to Gloria, aged sixteen, must be amusing when she considers her own experiences. Swanson back on the screen? No, decidedly not.

B. M. Wood.

Hyannis, Massachusetts.

(Continued on page 10)



UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM

CAROLE

POWELL

LOMBARD

AS THE BUTLER

AS THE DEBUTANTE

in

"MY MAN GODFREY"

with

Alice Brady • Gail Patrick • Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette • Alan Mowbray

From Eric Hatch's glorious Liberty Magazine serial "Irene, The Stubborn Girl," and "My Man Godfrey," the popular novel version

Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

INFORMATION, PLEASE

ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BY THE ORACLE

GRACE WOLVINGTON.—Nelson Eddy's film appearances include "Dancing Lady," "Broadway to Hollywood," "Student Tour," "Naughty Marietta," and "Rose-Marie." His next will be "Maytime," with Jeanette MacDonald. There are several fan clubs in his honor and if you will send a stamped envelope I shall be glad to mail you a complete list of clubs.

W. H. C.—Leslie Howard is scheduled to appear on Broadway in "Hamlet" about the middle of September. Errol Flynn entered pictures in 1935 and has appeared in "The Case of the Curious Bride," "Don't Bet on Blondes," "Captain Blood," and "Charge of the Light Brigade." His next is to be "Another Dawn," Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy have



appeared together in "Naughty Marietta" and "Rose-Marie," with "Maytime" to follow. For the sheet music of their films, write to G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street, New York, or any large music store in your State. Address the stars in care of the studios as listed on page 98.

HELEN DAVIS.—George Houston played in "The Melody Lingers On," "Let's Sing Again," and "Captain Calamity." You might be able to reach him at the RKO studio. Address Frank Parker, at Radio Station WABC, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.



H. K.—For stills of Ramon Novarro as he appeared in "The Night Is Young," address MGM Publicity Department, 1540 Broadway, New York. They sell for ten cents each.

EDWARD COLL.—George Ernest has been in pictures since 1931. Some of his films are: "The Human Side," "Little Men," "Mystery of Edwin Drood," "Dinky," "Racing Luck," "Too Many Parents." His latest is "Educating Father." You might address 20th Century-Fox for his photo. He was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, November 20, 1921.

ANNA NELSON.—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was born in New York City, December 9, 1907, six feet, weighs 150, light-

brown hair, blue eyes. In England he has made "Mimi," "The Amateur Gentleman," and "Accused."

PATRICIA LYNN.—James Cagney's first film was "Sinners' Holiday," released in 1930. A complete list of his pictures will be sent to you upon receipt of a stamped envelope. It is quite likely that Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard will make another picture together. Myrna Loy was born in Helena, Montana, August 2, 1905; five feet five, weighs 115, light auburn hair, green eyes. Mae West, Brooklyn, New York, August 17, 1892; five feet four, weighs 119, blond hair, violet-blue eyes. Joseph Calleia, Nottabie, Malta, 1901; five feet eleven, weighs 160, black hair and eyes. Charles Quigley is a new Paramount player whose first rôle is "And Sudden Death."



MARGARET S. FAULKNER.—Interviews with Jeanette MacDonald appeared in Picture Play for August, 1931; July, 1932; August, 1933; September, 1934; January, 1936. Nelson Eddy was interviewed in January and June, 1936. These back issues may be ordered from our Subscription Department at this address. Henry Garat has been appearing in French Films, his latest being "Un Mauvais Garçon" (A Bad Boy).



JUNE A. HAZELHURST.—Harriet Hilliard married Ozzie Nelson, orchestra leader, just four days before she left for Hollywood for the rôle of Ginger Rogers's sister in "Follow the Fleet." Her father, Ray Hilliard, is a well-known stage director; her mother, Hazel Hilliard, is a former prima donna of musical comedies. Harriet made her stage debut when she was six weeks old and played her first speaking rôle when she was three. At six, her parents chose to halt her career temporarily in favor of a scholastic education. She attended various public and private schools, and, at seventeen, graduated from St. Agnes's Academy, in Kansas City. She lost no time in resuming her career. Ozzie saw her in vaudeville and signed her to appear with his band. He trained her as a singer and she became the featured soloist with his orchestra and a favorite ra-

dio entertainer. Her next picture for RKO is "Comt Pete."

R. E. M.—For a photograph of Fuzzy Knight who sang "Melody From the Sky" and "Twilight on the Trail" in "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," write to the Paramount Studio. Henry Fonda is to make "Spendthrift," with Pat Paterson, and "Slim," with Pat O'Brien.

BARBARA WRIGHT.—Douglas Montgomery recently made "Everything Is Thunder," with Constance Bennett for Gaumont-British, and apparently has no immediate plans for returning to these shores. For stills of his picture, "Harmony Lane," write to Republic Pictures, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York. His birthdate is October 29, 1907. I keep no record of the home addresses of players.



H. E. L.—Robert Taylor was born in Filley, Nebraska, August 5, 1911; six feet one-half inch, weighs 165, brown hair, blue eyes. He attended Done College, at Crete, Nebraska, and Pomona College, Pomona, California. He has been in pictures since 1934. Randolph Scott is still single. Nelson Eddy is six feet tall. Joan Crawford gives her birthdate as March 23, 1908; Myrna Loy, August 2, 1905; Ginger Rogers; July 16, 1911, Fred MacMurray, August 30, 1909; six feet three, weighs 185, dark-brown hair and eyes.

ED BENTL.—George Ernest was Roger Evers and Kenneth Howell Jack Evers in "Every Saturday Night." Robert Cummings hails from Joplin, Missouri, and celebrates his birthday on June 9th.

B. J. G.—Gary Cooper was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901; six feet two, weighs 180, brown hair, blue eyes. When he was eleven he was taken to London and enrolled in a preparatory school. He returned to Helena three and a half years later. He married Sandra Shaw on December 15, 1933, his first marriage. Has been in films since 1925. A list of his films will be sent to you upon receipt of a stamped envelope.



JERRY.—Henry Wilcoxon was born in British West Indies, September 8, 1905. His latest picture is "The Last of the Mohicans."

ELEANOR BARTLETT.—Shirley Temple did not sing in French, Russian, and Hawaiian in "Captain January." I understand that these sequences were eliminated, as well as an Hawaiian dance number, by the censors before the picture was released. With her in "Poor Little Rich Girl"

are Gloria Stuart, Michael Whalen, Alice Faye, Jack Haley, Henry Armetta, Claude Gillingwater, Sara Haden, Jane Darwell. A list of Fredric March's films will be mailed to you upon receipt of a stamped envelope. He was born August 31, 1898, and is six feet tall.

LORETTA S.—For a photo of Griffith Jones, who played with Jessie Matthews in "First a Girl," address the Gaumont-British Pictures Publicity Department, 1600 Broadway, New York.

GEORGE RAFT FAX.—Mr. Raft's next picture will be called "Carnival," with Gladys Swarthout. Write to the Publicity Department, Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York, for stills of "The Crusades"; Columbia Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, for those of "She Couldn't Take It," and 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California, for stills of "It Had to Happen." Ten cents each.

DOROTHY M.—Luise Rainer was born in Vienna, Austria, January 12th; five feet three, weighs 115. brown hair and eyes. Cesar Romero, New York City, February 15, 1907; black hair and eyes. Pat O'Brien, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, November 11, 1899; five feet eleven, weighs 175. brown hair, blue eyes. Edward Everett Horton, Brooklyn, New York, March 18, 1886; six feet, weighs 165, brown hair, hazel eyes. Allen Jenkins is five feet ten and a half, weighs 155, brown hair, green eyes.

SUNNY.—When writing for stills it is advisable to mention what scenes you desire or at least who in the production you wish represented in the stills. For some of "Stormy," address the Publicity Department, Universal Pictures, 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York. Noah Beery, Jr., was born in New York City, August 10, 1913; five feet ten, weighs 170, brown hair and eyes. Write to him at Universal Studio.

S. L. R.—"Captain Blood" stills may be had by writing to Warner Brothers Publicity Department, 321 West 44th Street, New York, and those of "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" to Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York. You may inclose stamps or money order; ten cents each.

ANN L.—Myrna Loy was not in the cast of "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." Barbara Stanwyck played opposite Nils Asther in that picture. Loretta Young is descended from American-English-

French parents. Jean Parker has played in such films as "Little Women," "Lazy River," "Two Alone," "Operator 13," "Sequoia," "Caravan," "The Ghost Goes West," "Princess O'Hara," "The Farmer in the Dell."

LORRAINE A.—Barbara Barondess is making "Accidents Will Happen," with Onslow Stevens, at RKO studio. For stills of "Hold Your Man" and "Red Dust," write to MGM's Publicity Department, 1540 Broadway, New York. They sell for ten cents each.

ELEANOR HENSON.—Jeanette MacDonald appeared in amateur theatricals when she was three years old and professionally when she was five. She has been taking singing lessons practically all her life. June 18, 1907, is her birthdate. Her next film with Nelson Eddy is "Maytime." For stills of their two films apply to MGM, 1540 Broadway, New York. You might mention what scenes you wish; they cost ten cents.



Monkey sees, monkey does. Jane Withers is up to her old tricks between scenes of "Pepper," in which she changes Irvin S. Cobb from a grouchy old millionaire into a human person.

READER.—You forgot to sign your letter so I hope you see this. George Raft is playing with Dolores Costello Barrymore in "Yours for the Asking," formerly called "The Duchess." Don Ameche, of radio fame, appears in Jean Hersholt's "Sins of Man," and will be in "Ramona," with Loretta Young and Kent Taylor. Address him at 20th Century-Fox.

JEANNE FAULKNER.—Neither John Arledge nor John Eldredge is related to Pinky Tomlin. Ginger Rogers has reddish-blond hair.

B. R. II.—Stills of "Rose of the Rancho" and "Give Us This Night" may be obtained by writing to the Publicity

Department, Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York. They cost ten cents each.

SHERRILL ROBERTSON.—By writing to MGM, 1540 Broadway, New York, they may be able to tell you the name of the tune that Clark Gable and Jean Harlow danced to in "Wife versus Secretary."

DOLLY THORNDYKE.—Henry Wilcoxon is making "The Last of the Mohicans." It will take some one wiser than I am to tell why a single woman is always depicted as a tyrant in stories about an orphanage while a married woman is pictured as the "sweet lady." But you're right about this.

BOOKIE GEISSINGER.—John Howard has made "Border Flight," "Lost Horizon," and "A Son Comes Home" since he appeared in "Thirteen Hours By Air." He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 14, 1913; five feet ten, weighs 150, brown hair, blue eyes. Address him at Paramount studio for his photograph. Alan Baxter is five feet eleven.

ROY J. HOWE.—Richard Cromwell was born in Los Angeles, California, January 8, 1910; five feet ten, weighs 148, light-brown hair, green-blue eyes. Dutch-American descent. Right name is Roy Radabaugh. Playing in "Poppy." A free-lance player is one who is not under contract to any particular studio and is free to offer his services to whatever company he chooses.

WILLIAM CARPENA.—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire are to costar in two pictures a year. Their next is called "Swing Time." Fred was born in Omaha, Nebraska, May 10, 1899. Claire Trevor in New York City, March 8, 1911. Her latest is "To Mary, With Love." The next Laurel and Hardy picture is "You'd Be Surprised."

MARJORIE.—Joseph Calleia was born on the Isle of Malta, in 1901. We published an interview with him in June. You might address him at MGM studio.

BILL.—Jackie Cooper was born in Los Angeles, California, September 15, 1933. He has blond hair and hazel eyes.

LUCKY.—Mala, who appeared in "Es-kimo" and "Last of the Pagans" as a native, I understand is Ray Wise, well-known in Hollywood. We used a front-piece of him and Lotus Long from his last picture in December, 1935. Before the film was released it was known as "Typee" and "Mala."



A. J. B.—Norma Shearer is a native of Montreal, Canada, born there August 10, 1904; five feet three, weighs 112, brown hair, blue eyes. She has a sister, Athole. She uses her own name. Has been in films since 1920. After "Romeo and Juliet" she is scheduled to make "Marie Antoinette." Please inclose a stamped envelope if you wish a list of all her films.

Continued on page 97

Strong Plea for Swanson.

THAT was a good article by Ruth Biery in the June Picture Play, "Do You Want Swanson Back?" And in the same issue a strong letter from Don Rohrig in this "What The Fans Think" department, "Where's Gloria Swanson?"

Both these articles hit the spot with most every movie fan. We do want Swanson back! We like her! And we'll keep yelling until the Hollywood moguls give us our way. We want Swanson!

As Mrs. Biery queries: Why should Gloria Swanson have to be a shrewd politician? It isn't becoming to a woman to be so cold-bloodedly conniving and so deadly ambitious. And why worry about her hectic love life? I'm all for it. Shows she's every inch a woman, and thank goodness for that. And she married her men, didn't she? A lot more than many of us are able to do, let me tell you, with even *one* man.

We don't have to forgive Gloria anything. Her three children put her beyond condemnation for any minor sins she may have committed. Don't we all?

And she's human and normal in her love life. Why not? I'll wager there isn't a woman who sincerely to herself hasn't said: I wish I could be so popular and adored of men. And if there is a woman who, having seen and read about *la* Swanson, hasn't at some time had that natural thought—then she must be the possessor of a rare husband or she's a hypocrite and a cheat.

There's a gayety and spirit, a charm of independence, a color of character and life about Swanson, that stirs one to the realization that the thoroughly feminine woman still exists. And what a relief! When one considers how rapidly women are losing all the allure and desirability of their sex, in the whirl of this present-day urge for equality and masculine viewpoints and ambitions.

Fiddlesticks with age! As Mrs. Biery writes: Gloria is *ageless*. She has the glamour of experience and worldliness tucked under her belt, the charm and compelling air of the true sophisticate and adventurer. She is the subtlety and delight of rare wines mellowed in Tiffany bottles; the enchantment of primitive earth, the witchery of a priceless jewel cloistered in the charm of a modern setting. How can inexperienced youth hope to compete with such qualities of intrigue and glamor?

Well, I'd better stop—or they'll accuse me of being a frustrated old female. I'm a freckle-faced, pug-nosed dame without an ounce of what it takes to get my man—the man I want. And I'm not jealous. Rather, I'm chuckling because one of my own sex is what she was meant to be—all woman, all emotion.

My sincere admiration and loyalty to a grand person—Gloria Swanson. And my hat off to Ruth Biery and Don Rohrig.

RUSSEL JABOR,

129 West 48th Street,
New York, N. Y.

What the Fans Think

Swanson "Glamour" Girl Supreme.

DO you want Gloria Swanson back?" asks Ruth Biery, hopefully, in June Picture Play. Of course we do, those of us who remember the great days of screen acting. The question is only whether other fans whose memories do not extend beyond the talkie period also want her.

I am constantly struck by the realization that the majority of fans who write to these columns seem to know only the present crop of stars and consider Nancy Carroll an old-timer, while Pola Negri, Lillian Gish, and Norma Talmadge are only names to them. It seems incredible that a new generation of fans arises every five years, so one is forced to the conclusion that the younger movie-goers are the more articulate.

Perhaps this accounts for the recurrent and somewhat snobbish statement that acting on the screen has improved



The latest fad among Hollywood's younger set is to have waterproof flow-ers for beach wear pointed on the limbs. Here is Perc Westmore, head of the make-up department, giving Patricio Ellis a "beach corsage."

greatly since the talkies. In spite of obvious minor improvements, there is grave doubt on this subject. Miss Swanson is the supreme exemplification of this, for there is only one other artist like her on the screen to-day, yet she is typical of a Hollywood era now dead and buried.

Of all the stars of to-day who strive for good performances, which can be said to be always dependable? Miriam Hopkins, Carol Lombard, Bette Davis, and Joan Crawford struggle to characterize, to give individuality and depth to

their rôles, yet more often than not they are good in certain parts only, and remain popular only as long as they are identified with a single type. In other words, they reflect the quality of the rôles they play—and good rôles are hard to find on the screen.

There's where Miss Swanson comes in, for she was always better than even her best pictures. With one exception, she is the most exciting actress ever to appear on the screen. Unlike our present stars, she had little education or histrionic training, yet even her crudities were interesting because she managed to use them for purposes of characterization.

No, it's impossible to convey the quality of excitement that was hers. When she was supreme in popularity she was "typed" as a shopgirl actress, and played the same part over and over again. Yet there was always suspense when one went to a Swanson picture, for she offered something new every time—an added touch of individuality, a deeper insight into the nature of woman. No part, no mood, eluded her, because she made them all her own.

Versatility—the old story. Yes, but how much more is behind that indefinite quality. As Don Rohrig pointed out in his recent letter, Miss Swanson's artistry and compelling personality strike one with awe. Her energy makes Joan Crawford seem listless by comparison: she could be either a tornado unleashed or as subtle and silken as the panther her face suggests. In the words of a poet who lived in an era deader than that of Gloria's eminence, the world is favored by her existence, and I hope that the present generation of fans will give her a chance to show them why. Glamour might make a come-back if Miss Swanson is allowed to return and shine in her rightful place. But there's no question of where her place would be. She can breathe only the air of the summit.

RICHARD GRIFFITH.

Winchester, Virginia.

Scandal Ruins Careers.

THE screen could undoubtedly find great advantage in having Gloria Swanson return once again. Personally, I always liked her very much—on the screen—but I happen to be one of those fans who prefers her favorites to be a little careful of their reputations off the screen. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that many feel as I do, because I believe that is why some screen careers have been broken. However, it seems to me that the stars owe it to the public to keep themselves as far above scandal of any kind as is humanly possible.

It is a strange fact, though, that many of the most glamorous, exciting, and arresting personalities ever seen on the screen have been those with little or no regard for the conventions—and they have been the greatest artists of all. No need to name them, although I can't resist mentioning John Barrymore at this point. Undoubtedly a fine actor, he has hurt his chances by the very unfavorable publicity that has lately been following him.

Continued on page 12



Photo by Frank Tanner

THIS first glimpse of "The Good Earth" heralds one of the most important of the new pictures and one of the greatest achievements in production that Hollywood has ever given us. The Chinese farm which forms the background of much of the film is a marvelous reproduction, every blade of grass specially planted and cultivated. This atmospheric photograph shows Luise Rainer as "O-Lan."

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To go from one extreme to the other, I cannot help but consider a person such as Nelson Eddy deserving of the finest. He demands respect, and yet he is human and likable. There are probably more reasons than one why he isn't seen frequently on the screen, and no doubt his refusal to "go Hollywood" in the slightest degree and to lower his standards in any way have something to do with it. The screen needs more characters like Eddy—he brings beautiful music, strength, and ability in a medium that should always be glad to receive such attributes.

There is still another subject on which I feel the urge to write—the fans who criticize players unfavorably because they consider them to "get by" only on personality. In other words, the "popular" stars, who appear in picture after picture and who really make the money for the "artistic" ventures, are the ones

who get little credit for their outstanding qualities from many sources.

There is a definite need for such as Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Dick Powell, Shirley Temple, Clark Gable, and Claudette Colbert, just as there is also need for Paul Muni, Norma Shearer, Josephine Hutchinson, Ronald Colman, and Fredric March, to name a few. I appreciate them all, for what each one, in his or her own individual style, has to contribute. I can enjoy pictures like "Top Hat," "Thanks a Million," and "Captain January" for very different reasons than, say, "Louis Pasteur," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Oil for the Lamps of China." The screen needs vivid, electric personalities as well as those who delve completely and wholly in various characterizations.

ELLEN W. BARKDULL.

5247 Florence Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



Warner Baxter bears up smiling between the affectionate attentions of Myrna Loy and Claire Trevor. The three are in "To Mary—With Love."

It All Depends on Gloria.

IT was with real interest that I read in the June number, the article "Do You Want Gloria Swanson Back?"

Yes, I do. Why? She has given much to the screen. Her artistry has been an important factor in the promotion of picture supremacy, and I am certain she has a great deal more to contribute. Also, if Gloria has at last struck her stride, has arrived at the realization that no one person is all-sufficient, then she



Rosina Lawrence is an attractive addition to any picture, as you will see for yourself in "Mister Cinderella," with Jack Haley and Betty Furness.

has something to offer, which translates into terms of pictures, would be of great value to the screen.

Both the article and a letter from Don Rohrig query, in effect, "What's wrong with Gloria Swanson that she is not a screen favorite?" Obviously, because her publicity, the machinery that sells a star to the public, has not struck a responsive chord in the majority of those who are partially, at least, responsible for success—the box-office subscribers.

It would seem that part of Gloria's difficulty lies in the fact that her widely published private life has not squared with public opinion, so very necessary if a star wishes to be established. The publicity surrounding Gloria for the past two years or so has contained elements that are far from sportsmanlike in character, hence it has been "thumbs down" from mature cinema-goers. Hitherto Gloria's publicity had hurt no one but herself. It was a different matter, however, when others were definitely and adversely affected by it, thus affording opportunity for critical comment, recollection of past publicity and permitting a gradual opening of the avenues for ridicule, which means a blow to any one's career. Also, the younger set could find no common ground in such publicity. They were further conditioned by the fact that Gloria, as an artist, was merely hearsay to them.

The American public, as a whole, will

Continued on page 96

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

B Y N O R B E R T L U S K

FANS complain that there are entirely too many "new" faces on the screen while "old" faces are absent. They add that the newcomers, most of them, have nothing to offer except their faces which are soon altered and standardized by Hollywood to look like all the other faces. All this is true up to a point. Opportunities are given to entirely too many outsiders while promising veterans of a few seasons are allowed to work out their contracts in routine assignments, with little to remember except that they were the hopefuls of their day. Of course, producers talk of "new blood" and remind us that it is important constantly to "develop" fresh talent as insurance against the time when favorites of the day no longer reign. All this would be logical if it worked out, but it rarely does. "Developing" a player requires analysis, vision, care, and time. The latter is the most precious and rarest element in a producer's life or in any one else's life in Hollywood. Can you name a player who has steadily and consistently advanced as a result of a wise selection of rôles, careful publicity and shrewd management? For the life of me I can't, though I may when I see this in print. The lucky break of one good part is more likely to keep the player of it in favor than a producer's consistent nurturing of talent. Consider Bette Davis, in "Of Human Bondage." All the king's horses haven't been able to develop another rôle for her to equal it. Meanwhile scouts are roaming the country—Universal even has a lady traveling by automobile so as not to miss a new face by the wayside—in search of talent, or what appears to be talent. Never have producers been more eager to give strangers a whirl, a taste of the glamour of studio life. Yet Madge Evans is still in their midst, with John Arledge, Ross Alexander, John Howard, Frank Albertson, Una Merkel, Gloria Swanson, and Elissa Landi, to mention a few whose fans champion them in letters to *Picture Play*. All are waiting to be developed into front-rank favorites while their sponsors sign newer faces without experience, willing to stand the expense of developing them until still newer faces loom. But to get back to the question of what is the proper development of a newcomer.

READER ELLEN BARKDULL, whose contributions to "What the Fans Think" are always characterized by thought and logic, writes: "What is happening to Robert Taylor? It looks as if MGM is following the same course pursued when Clark Gable became the rage a few years ago—that is, placing Bob continuously in one picture after another, opposite this fair beauty or that, with little or no regard for his suitability to the rôles and permitting him no chance to delve very deeply into any of them so far as improving his acting is concerned."

SHE continues: "What may all this mean? It may mean that it will soon checkmate his career, professionally and physically, as it almost did Mr. Gable's. It seems a pity that such a calamity might happen. It seems too bad, also, that the studio is turning this typical American boy into a ladies' man. He has too many good points to deserve that classification. If his frequent appearances in Hollywood with this actress and that have been at the advice of his studio in order to stimulate fan interest, his advisers could spare themselves the trouble. Once the feminine portion of America singles out a male personality for its enthusiasm, he could be a hermit or a Don Juan in real life and they would never care. In spite of all MGM's efforts to make Mr. Taylor seem a gay Lothario, it strikes me that he got a juvenile kick out of visiting New York for the first time recently, and thoroughly enjoyed himself—the natural and understandable reaction of a boy lifted from obscurity to great popularity within a short time.

HE is decidedly good-looking, yes," Miss Barkdull voices popular opinion. "and he has that romantic appeal, but he was first discovered by the public and the press because of an excellent bit of acting in a secondary rôle in 'Society Doctor.' He should be allowed to develop that ability and not be turned into a mere foil for feminine stars. I would say that Robert Taylor is in a spot, and that all the acclaim and popularity which he is now enjoying may prove a boomerang unless his film appearances are more carefully considered. I am truly sorry that the fact that he is handsome and charming may blot out the more important—and lasting—fact that he also has possibilities of developing into a splendid actor."

MISS BARKDULL has said all that need be said at the moment about the folly of trying to develop a promising player through overdevelopment, through misguided publicity. All that Mr. Taylor needs is sensible rôles within his scope as an actor, time to study them, no romantic ballyhoo, and fewer ladies of the evening in his publicized life. He says, in his interview on page 38, that he hasn't thought much about playing "Arnaud" to Garbo's "Camille." One wonders if he will be given time to think a bit about the most important assignment that has come his way, one that has tested the skill of many a forty-year-old actor on the stage.

* * *

SPEAKING of new faces, I have recently seen no less than four that seem to me uncommonly worth looking at. Not because of good looks but because of conspicuous talent, which I think will develop without much fostering and in spite of the hazards a newcomer must face. Curiously, they are male faces as have been most of the discoveries in the last year or so, and two of them are children with that uneasy flair for projecting true feeling which must baffle directors and experienced players as surely as it delights audiences. These boys are Billy Mauch, who plays a drummer lad with Kay Francis, in "The White Angel," and impersonates a juvenile Fredric March, in "Anthony Adverse." I do not know how Master Mauch comes by his talent, but I do know that spectators listen at the first sound of his voice because of its appealing, sympathetic quality, and when he proposes marriage to the austere "Florence Nightingale" there is a flutter of tenderness and the sound of noses being blown, with a burst of applause when he wins Miss Francis's promise to "settle down" at the end of the War. Perhaps it isn't acting at all, but just being natural. That in itself is a rare gift and it singles out this boy for honorable mention and a future as well.

THE other youthful actor is Desmond Tester, the ten-year-old "King Edward VI" of "Nine Days a Queen." It is a leading rôle, that of a natural, playful boy, son of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, who inherits the throne and suddenly develops imperial traits, touchingly in conflict with his childish instincts. He is king, gentleman, and high-spirited, rebellious youth all in one. It is an amazing example of acting, as sure as if Master Tester were a veteran instead of a fledgling. I suggest that you not miss this for it is truly brilliant.

THE third new face belongs to Don Ameche, in "Sins of Man." Especially in the latter part of the picture, when Mr. Ameche plays the orchestra-leading son of Jean Hersholt, do I consider this young actor important. Dignity, restraint, and deep feeling are his characteristics. They are brought out and emphasized by a fine voice, a degree of magnetism that holds the listener and an open, manly countenance that is more eloquent than chiseled good looks. He belongs to the new order of reticent actors who, like Charles Boyer, seem to withhold themselves rather than assault the spectator with everything they have to give. I think that fans should acquaint themselves with Mr. Ameche, else they will all be wishing they had seen this picture when it is perhaps too late.

LAST, and most mature and accomplished of this quartet, is John Gielgud who makes his first screen appearance in "Secret Agent," a film of British origin as is "Nine Days a Queen." One of England's greatest stage actors, he is to play "Hamlet" on Broadway next season and inevitably will go to Hollywood unless all auguries are wrong. His spare frame, ascetic features, and elegance of manner predicate the physical equipment of a perfect "Hamlet." His part in the picture is light, engaging, and it is this mood that he projects. But his reserve and intellectuality are that of an actor capable of playing anything. He is the most important artist discovered in a British picture since Oscar Homolka, the Dutch actor, appeared in "Rhodes" or "The Diamond Master," if you saw it with that title. I believe that every serious follower of the screen should see Mr. Gielgud. Not for spectacular acting in this picture, for it does not exist, but because of his impressive reputation and the chance that his illuminating talent may find a place in Hollywood. If it does, I predict that the prestige and intellectual beauty of the screen will be considerably increased.



Photo by Hal A. McAlpin

F R A N C E S F A R M E R

WHEN a newcomer to the screen is singled out by Samuel Goldwyn for a lead she must have more than ordinary equipment. That is exactly the good fortune of Frances Farmer. She is to play the heroine in Edna Ferber's "Come and Get It" for Mr. Goldwyn, with Edward Arnold. But first you will see her as Bing Crosby's ladylove, in "Rhythm on the Range," wearing this lovely bridal gown.

THE TRUTH ABOUTS

B Y R U T H B I E R Y



Shirley is so human that she is normal. She forgets her lines, has difficulty in taking a pose, likes to quarrel with her brothers, and enjoys dunking when her mother isn't looking.

No one can work in Hollywood without the menace of gossip—not even a baby. Here some of the rumors about the most famous child in the world are run to earth. The result is a private view of Shirley such as you have never had before.

I SUPPOSE there have been more words written about Shirley Temple than any actress in the world, with the possible exception of Garba. It doesn't seem as if there could be anything new to write about her, does it?

You have read these endless words, or at least part of them. You couldn't help it. One can't pass a drug store without seeing a Shirley Temple doll. One can't stop at a news stand without seeing a magazine with her picture on the cover. Shirley Temple dresses are displayed in all department stores.

I wonder what you really think of this little girl, from all you've read about her?

Noturolly, you have also heard gossip.

She is supercharged with energy without being supercharged with nerves. She doesn't act; she feels. And everything connected with making a picture is fun.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

o one can work in Hollywood without facing that menace—not even a baby.

I recently attended a Hollywood dinner where Shirley was discussed. I heard, among other things, that she was really a midget; an orphan, adopted, because of her genius, by Mr. and Mrs. Temple for the sole purpose of being exploited; she was so big, now, that the studio had special furniture built for her—of huge size, so she would look smaller before it; that she was cast with large players so she would look tiny in comparison. I heard, too, that Shirley had grown so fat that she had to diet.

There were strangers from New York at that dinner table. I tried to deny all this, but was patronizingly smiled down. I was merely protecting her, their smiles said. That was my business.

Now, I have never been a press agent, and any publicity department in Hollywood can tell you that it has never accused me of falsely protecting Hollywood people.

The day after that dinner party I watched Shirley at work at the studio, and then had lunch with her and her mother in a private room. In all I spent several hours with the little girl. And now I'd like to tell you what I think about her and see whether you agree after all the other stories you have read.

When she came from the set to the wings, where I was standing while the sound track was recording, she did not curtsy like a little daughter of the rich. She shook hands. I had to bend low to be



Shirley doubts if she could sit in school all day. She feels sorry for "kids" who have to do so. But she concentrates so thoroughly that she can learn a whole part in one evening.



Photo by International

Wild rumors have Shirley a midget, an orphan adopted by the Temples, yet so big that oversized furniture is used in her films so she will look small beside it. These and other rumors are investigated and found to be groundless. Here is Shirley with her mother and father.

on her level. She said nothing, but studied me with wide, childish eyes, and then said excitedly, "Are you the lady who I have lunch with? I hope we don't keep you waiting too long."

Frances Deaner, a member of the publicity department and a favorite of Shirley's, stepped forward. "Would you like to wear my bracelet to-day, Shirley? I remembered to bring it for you." Shirley broke into her biggest smile and completely forgot me. She held out her little arm and helped put on the bracelet, taking little jumps up and down in her glee.

Naturally, this told me one thing. I had interviewed child stars before, and not one had ever forgotten I was a writer. Shirley didn't even know it. I was merely the lady with whom she was to have lunch. A grown-up with whom she had to be bothered. And the moment another grown-up had a toy for her, she forgot all about me.

She was collared to the set and skipped off, waving her left arm so she could hear the bracelet jingle. She returned a moment later, her face covered with a dark cloud. "I—I forgot. I didn't wear this bracelet when I

Continued on page 90

3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!

All from



Darryl F. Zanuck
in charge of
production



Reunited in the best love story The
Saturday Evening Post ever published!

WARNER
BAXTER and LOY

IN *To Mary-
with Love*

with
IAN HUNTER and CLAIRE TREVOR
JEAN DIXON

**SING
BABY SING**

Even more laughs than in "Thanks a Million"
with

**ALICE FAYE
ADOLPHE MENJOU**

GREGORY RATOFF · TED HEALY
PATSY KELLY · MICHAEL WHALEN
RITZ BROTHERS



HERBERT
MARSHALL and CHATTERTON
in
GIRLS' DORMITORY

introducing the star discovery of 1936
SIMONE SIMON
(pronounced See-mōan See-mōan)

with
CONSTANCE COLLIER · J. EDWARD BROMBERG
DIXIE DUNBAR · JOHN QUALEN
SHIRLEY DEANE



Picture Plays

FAMOUS PREVIEWS
RAY MILLAND & GERTRUDE MICHAEL
IN "THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG"



Peggy O'Neale



"THE GORGEOUS HUSSY" is Joan Crawford, who rose to become the First Lady of Democracy. Her real love is Melvyn Douglas, left, who thinks of her only as a tempestuous child. She marries Robert Taylor, below, who is killed in action. Another admirer is James Stewart, lower right, on horseback. Louis Calhern seems pleased that "Peggy's" young officer is called to sea. With her friends, Lionel Barrymore, as "Andrew Jackson," and Beulah Bondi.







Debt of Honor

LAURENCE OLIVIER, in "I Stand Condemned," is a Russian officer whose love for Penelope Dudley Ward, nurse, causes him to gamble to an amount which he cannot meet. When a spy is found dead in his lodgings, as well as a receipt for sixty thousand rubles, he is court-martialed. A conscious-stricken rival saves his life.

"RAMONA" is the tragic story of an Indian girl left in the clutches of a hard-hearted white woman. Loretta Young is the girl, right, with Don Ameche, head of a band of sheep-shearers, who find love and tragedy together. Below, Katherine DeMille, Pauline Frederick, head of the stately old hacienda, and Kent Taylor, her son.



Half-breed



LANCERS

"THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE" has Errol Flynn in the rôle of "Captain Geoffrey Vickers," who leads his company of lancers to India and then to Arabia, where he successfully drives off hostile chieftains. Right, with Olivia de Havilland, his fiancée, who he learns is in love with his brother, Patric Knowles, below. Nigel Bruce, bottom, feels kindly toward the girl and the brothers. Bottom, left, Spring Byington offers aid.





"LOST HORIZON" is the story of a group of persons who live in the mountains of Tibet. Ronald Colman is kidnaped by the high lama. Jane Wyatt, below, with Colman and John Moynihan. Left, with John Howard. Outer left, Edward Everett Horton, Isabel Jewell, Howard, Benny Baker. Upper right, arriving in Tibet.



STRANGE LAND



TOMAHAWKS



"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS"
is said in 1757, and shows Randolph
Scott, right, as "Hawkeye," heroic
American scout, and Binnie Barnes,
daughter of the commander of the
British forces in America. Left, her
sister, Heather Angel, with Phillip
Reed, faithful Indian. Below, the
English girl spurns Scott's offer of
marriage, who is accompanied by Reed
and his father, Robert Barrat.
Center left, Henry Wilcoxon and
Lillian Gish Buckler map a route as Bruce
Cabot, renegade Indian, looks on.





YOUNG LOVE



"GIRLS' DORMITORY" tells of an exclusive school in the Tyrolean Alps where young girls are carefully and severely trained. Herbert Marshall and Ruth Chatterton, above, are members of the faculty, and a fine camaraderie exists between them. That is, until one of the pupils, Simone Simon, left, admits her love for the professor. At last receiving her graduation diploma.

IRLEY plays the title rôle in "M'Liss," the Bret Harte tale of a wayward, passionately fiery daughter of a good-for-nothing old man with her intense desire for "learnin'"; romance with the young school-teacher, below. Right, with William Benedict, and, school, with vixen, blond Barbara Pepper.



MINING TOWN



Desert



Sands

"THE GARDEN OF ALLAH" is the stirring tale of a girl who, after the death of her father, goes to Algeria hoping for a change in her existence, meets her great love only to find that she must part with him forever. Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer, left, play the leading rôles. Bottom, with Basil Rathbone and C. Aubrey Smith. Lower right, Joseph Schildkraut, the poet-guide and philosopher with "Domini."





"TO MARY—WITH LOVE," covers a ten-year period of married life, filled with prosperity and poverty, love and jealousy. The couple are reunited just when divorce seems inevitable. Top, Ian Hunter, who has always been in love with "Mary," Warner Baxter, Myrna Loy, and Jean Dixon.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY

A VENEER THAT RUBS OFF

BY ETHEL H. BARRON

Despite the fact that some of her friends think Ginger Rogers has gone glamorous, she is still a grown-up kid with a coat of Hollywood varnish which the air of Broadway takes off in a few minutes.

"SHE'S changed," some of her friends said to me. "Ginger Rogers isn't the way she used to be. This last year has turned her head pretty completely. She's gone glamorous in a big way."

That information rather surprised me. It sounded so very different from the Ginger Rogers I had known years before she became a star. A freckle-faced, light-hearted, gay little youngster—that was Ginger. Could Ginger Rogers really have changed?

I called the publicity office for an appointment.

"Sorry," they said. "Miss Rogers is not giving any interviews."

Hm-m. It seemed as if maybe her friends were right, after all. Ginger was going Katharine Hepburn. Aw, give her another chance, I reasoned. So I called her direct at the Waldorf-Astoria and asked her if she remembered me.

"Sure," she said, "come right up. I didn't want to see any fan-magazine reporters. But I'll never let an old friend down."

That didn't sound as if Ginger had changed. And when I saw her again next afternoon in her hotel suite I knew once and for all that she would never change. Oh, of course, she'd matured a bit, bleached her red hair blond and acquired that certain sophistication and poise that are synonymous with success, but fundamentally and temperamentally Ginger has remained the same.



Photo by Miehle



Photo by Bachrach

Ginger may have bleached her red hair blond and acquired that certain sophistication and poise that are synonymous with success, but fundamentally and temperamentally she remains the same.

She enjoys working with Fred Astaire and says he is an artist and very kind and considerate. Their next together is "Swing Time."

"I'm awfully tired," she said, sinking back into a damask chair. She looked like a very weary little girl who had been allowed to stay up past her bedtime and was paying the price.

"I've seen sixteen shows in the eleven days I've been here, bought a fur coat and oodles of clothes besides seeing the New York officials of our organization and sandwiching in all the old friends whom I never get to see except on such trips as this. I'm pretty much a in. Besides, this suite gives me the willies. This place looks like Buckingham Palace except that I've never seen Buckingham Palace."

I asked her how she enjoyed working with Fred Astaire.

"Very much indeed," she answered quickly. He is an artist and very kind and considerate. Remember we've done four pictures together, so we must get a long

Continued on page 95

JOAN SAVED

Here is one of the most amazing confessions ever published! We are brought face to face with the tremendous influence of stars on the lives of fans and are shown how Miss Crawford actually changed the entire pattern of an unhappy girl's existence.

If any one had told me that one day I would be sitting with Joan Crawford in her dressing room, discussing music, films, Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart—whom she considers the best bet among newcomers—and what not, I'd have thought them slightly "teched." Of course, I dreamed of it—what girl hasn't?—and I was to learn that dreams do come true. But how could I have known?

Most readers of *Picture Play* are also devotees of its famous "What The Fans Think" columns, and perhaps have seen my name therein at one time or another. Joan Crawford's fans undoubtedly still harbor a keen resentment against me for the bitter attack I waged on Joan a few years ago. I hope it will disappear after they have read further.

I sat one night in the darkened corners of a movie theater in Detroit and had the entire pattern of my life changed by the grace of a figure on the screen. The film was "Sally, Irene, and Mary," the girl, Joan Crawford.

I didn't fully realize her magic then, but something happened inside me which eventually caused happenings inside my home. Crude, undeveloped as she was, her eyes mirrored an inner beauty, her smile was a lovely thing, and her unquenchable thirst for life and growth was caught by

the camera even then. I couldn't analyze her though; I just thought I had never known such beauty.

It wasn't until two years later that the pattern of my life began formation. Some one conceived the idea of casting Joan as "Diana" in "Our Dancing Daughters." I won't repeat its amazing success—how it broke box-office records all over the country and lifted to stardom Hollywood's madcap Joan.

I left the theater an entirely new person—suddenly imbued with Joan's, "Diana's"—they were one, those two—love of life. I wanted, for the first time, to create, to mold, and fantastic though it sounds, the ambition which has carried Joan to heights surged through me. Joan gave me the desire to live and to grow.

I was just starting in high school then, a gangling, awkward kid, homely, sickly and tortured with crossed eyes. I looked ahead and saw so many obstacles in my path. I am, or was, rather weak and spineless, but when I looked back and saw the hurdles Joan had made, I drew strength from her. I had vowed to quit school rather than graduate with my eyes still afflicted; now, I honestly believe they would be straightened. Faith for the first time, and she gave that to me!

I had to work desperately hard to stay in school—ten

"She gave me everything I have—ambition, education, self-confidence, belief in humanity and belief in marriage," says Miss Rogers of Joan Crawford in her remarkable chronicle of a girl's infatuation, disillusionment and ultimate discovery of a lasting ideal.



MY LIFE

BY DOROTHY N. ROGERS

hours a day in a drug store after hours—and it took hard work to keep up the record which I held all through school. But after three years I had overcome my self-consciousness, my superiority complex and my timidity, and had become editor of the school paper and annual, president of the student council, winner of all shorthand and typing contests, and the only possessor of an unblemished scholarship record.

And—this will always be a miracle to me—because of all this, the teachers became interested in me to the extent of enabling me to have my eyes operated on and straightened. After that, nothing could keep me down!

During my senior year I became vice president of the senior class, author of the school yearbook and commencement program, president of the literary and dramatic clubs, and upon graduation was presented with a Summa Cum Laude diploma and the title of "girl most likely to succeed." I know that the new force in my life accomplished all this for me.

Do you wonder that I fairly worshipped Joan—that my entire scheme of things was focused on her? She gave me everything I have—ambition, education, self-confidence, belief in humanity and belief in marriage. She destroyed the false deities I had of love and matrimony and gave me in their stead fine, high ideals.

I had never known a happy marriage as a child. My own home was a broken one, and my environment overrun with lagging couples who endured one another only because of children in the family. When I soon fell in love with Doug and married him, I found something to believe in. It became the perfect union to me, and the publicity given that marriage strengthened my belief—for I was only a gullible fifteen-year-old.

After seeing Miss Crawford in "Our Dancing Daughters," with John Mack Brown, Miss Rogers left the theater with the desire to live. She is frank in confessing her pitiable handicaps, too.

Miss Rogers's description of Joan at work on "The Gorgeous Hussy" is vivid and revealing—a little masterpiece of word painting.



This, then, was Joan—the person and the actress as I saw her—when along came that nightmarish era of hideous make-up, phony pictures and corresponding acting—and the collapse of her marriage.

Joan herself has said that "illusions count terribly when you are young—when your whole world is wrapped up in personalities."

They counted too much with me young and self-centered as I was. She had shown such great talent, and when I saw "To-day We Live" and "Rain," I became sick all over. That couldn't be my Joan—the splendid, fine, real girl I loved. And the "soul" interviews—the attempts to make herself over! And her divorce!

Had I been older, I'd have realized that these things are a part of life and necessary to growth. But I was hurt, and blindly dipped my pen in poison ink and wrote to Picture Play what was probably the most spiteful letter ever published.

I called Joan cheap, shallow and melodramatic. I condemned her for her divorce and ridiculed her acting. I know now that I couldn't have meant any of it. We just don't ever idealize people who fit such descriptions.

I didn't realize how cruel those

Continued on page 38

There are turns and twists in Robert Taylor's nature which lead to a whole new set of ideas and which make you realize there is more to him than a kit of extraordinary good looks.



Photo by Hurrell

EVERY REASON TO

Far from being taken in by the good fortune which has skyrocketed him to stardom, Robert Taylor has his feet firmly on the ground and proves to be an entirely regular person.

B Y D E N A R E E D

GETTING to see Robert Taylor is just as simple, I discovered, as sitting in on a Garbo set. And, after having waited fifteen minutes in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria, I was prepared for a very handsome, very grand and very smug young Hollywood star, to find, instead, Bob Taylor—very handsome, entirely regular and completely disarming.

Sitting opposite me was the screen's most eligible bachelor, aged twenty-five, wearing a brown sweater and slacks, devouring a tardy breakfast and apparently not too satisfied with life.

Mentally I reviewed the glamorous stars opposite whom he has recently appeared—Janet Gaynor, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck—to say nothing of the glorious Garbo to whose "Camille" he will play "Armand."

It occurred to me that he has squired some to night clubs and to premières, and, as a result, their names have been coupled, romantically, with his.

Who, I wondered, was worrying him—professionally or nonprofessionally?

But I asked, instead, whether he was finding his first visit to New York the exciting adventure he had expected.

"That's just it," he answered. "Having a picture career is entirely consuming. I love it and wouldn't trade it for anything in the world, but it does give one so little time to do anything besides pictures—even when one is three thousand miles away on a vacation!"

"Won't there be plenty of time later to indulge those other interests?"

"Then," he said, "I'll be directing or producing, and, besides, every one needs a full life, a diversity of interests."

He is entirely in earnest. This youth who has skyrocketed to stardom has his feet firmly on the ground. I was quite unprepared for his quiet reserve and the knack he has of saying briefly and without subterfuge what another might turn into a lengthy monologue. He needs, I soon found, to be drawn out.

"Well, I noticed in your biography that you have other interests. I believe there was some mention of collecting sweaters."

"I'm afraid I don't find collecting sweaters very thrilling," he said simply, one of his eyebrows raised characteristically. "I'm much more concerned with my real-estate ventures."

"Well, that is something. Tell me about it."

"It's just a theory of mine that I can indulge my energies and develop my interests and at the same time do something for people, too."

It was interesting to notice his expression change from apathy to animation. Here, obviously, was something he likes to talk about.

"You see, by selling land and houses to folks in California or Nebraska, my home State, and in New York, I'll really be helping them to live better and be happier, which is exactly what I'm hoping to do—and it honestly seems to me, at times, more important than anything else."

If you know Robert Taylor, even for five minutes, you realize that's a lot for him to say and that unconsciously he had revealed himself—or almost. There are turns and twists in his nature which lead to a whole new set of ideas and which make you realize there is more to him than a kit of extraordinary good looks.

"How about being a doctor?" I suggested. "Do you ever think of going back to medicine and 'doing it over'?"

"Heavens, no!" he said firmly. "I haven't a scientific mind; besides, all that was knocked out of me at college. And," he added, "I certainly hope I don't have to play a doctor again for some time. I want to do something different, and I expect to get that chance in my next picture."

"That's to be 'His Brother's Wife,' opposite Barbara Stanwyck, isn't



Photo by Bull

Hollywood's most eligible bachelor prefers the small, brunet and sympathetic type of woman; but, first of all, she must be intelligent. Here's your chance, girls!

BE DIZZY



it?" I asked, looking at him out of the corner of my eye for "reactions."

"Yes," he answered eagerly, giving an excellent counterfeit of complete nonchalance, "and from all I hear it's a rôle utterly unlike those I have played. I'm supposed to be rather wild, and I must say that's something of a relief."

"Plying opposite Garbo is different, too. Aren't you dreadfully excited? You know, most of her leading men are!"

"Perhaps I shall be petrified when the time comes, but at the moment I haven't thought too much about it, except to be terribly pleased. From what I've heard she's a shy, intelligent, rather swell person, and that oughtn't be very hard to understand."

The reason that Robert and she should get on perfectly is, I believe that he's rather Garboesque himself. I don't mean he 'wants to be alone.' Not at all. But I suspect he's shy, I know he's intelligent and I guess it's pretty generally acknowledged that he's swell—so there you are!

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Photo by Allen

Bob as he appears in "The Gorgeous Hussy," with Joan Crawford. Besides, he has been selected to play opposite Greta Garbo in "Camille," and with Barbara Stanwyck in "His Brother's Wife."



The magic of a fateful night in a garden long ago is felt as you look at this setting for the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet."

HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

Stray morsels of news and gossip from the Gold Coast that you will not find elsewhere.

THE old rivalry between Marlene Dietrich and Anno Sten is heralded again.

Sten, the dynamic Russian actress, returned to Hollywood a few weeks ago after a whole year abroad. Following her arrival, there were indications that Josef von Sternberg may become her director for a future picture. La Dietrich and Von Sternberg have evidently reached the stage where there is no hope of a reunion of their picture activities together, but Joe would find a new and doubtless sympathetic stor on whom to lavish his individual art as a director in the Slavic artist. And Sten, who has never yet had a real break in Hollywood, would undoubtedly profit through his direction.

Anna is more slender since her return from Europe and is still the utterly vital person she has always been. Doctor Eugen Frenke, her husband, is to produce her future films, except that she will go to England to play in "Bonnie Prince Charlie," with Leslie Howard.

Jeanette Swained and Honored.—The companionship between Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond seems a settled thing. Jeanette is occasionally seen with other Hollywood swains but Gene holds the steadier record.

Fascinating Jeanette has had a most difficult year because of making so many pictures; so she is to have a long vacation in



Exotic no longer, Merle Oberon likes to fish sans make-up, sans glamour, sans everything but her lovely, natural self.

the near future. She has had a very high honor conferred on her by her native Philadelphia—the Senote Award, which is tendered to former Philadelphia who win distinction in some artistic or other field of endeavor.

Another Game Craze.—"Hondies," the game which has had such a vogue in the country at large, has also captured Hollywood. Parties lately have often been more or less dedicated to the postime, which, if you don't happen to know already, is distantly related to the charades idea. Probably that's what has made the game go in

Hollywood, where charades were the most popular diversion in the good old days. The expert in the "handies" demonstration is George Burns, of Burns and Allen. We've seen him hold a whole aggregation of people around him while he went through a most amazing exhibition that seemed endless. A favorite subject is titles of pictures.

If you must have some illustrations, "A Farewell to Arms" is pantomimed by waving at your left arm with your right hand, and your right arm with your left hand. "Eight Girls in a Boat" is illustrated by clasping the hands together, with the fingers up to look like tiny figures, and the thumbs going through the motion of rowing.

Might Go by a Number!—Another idea that is likely to catch on in a big way in movieland is the legalizing of professional names. Maybe it's a signal that their possessors, in the instance of feminine stars, will henceforth forgo marrying.

Jean Harlow, who is legally known as Harlean Carpenter Rosson, wants the courts to approve her being just Jean Harlow, and Kay Francis, who is legally known as Katherine Gibbs Mielziner, has the idea that she doesn't want to be bothered with anything except Kay Francis.

It will all be pretty complicated because Jean might wed William Powell, and Miss Francis might marry Delmer Daves, and then their troubles would start all over again. Occasionally it must be difficult in Hollywood for fair ladies to remember just what name they should sign on state occasions.

Chaplin Denies and Denies.—Charlie Chaplin gave an interview to the press upon his return from the Orient, but was very cagy about any discussion of his romantic affairs. He wouldn't even say whether an announcement of engagement or marriage should come from Paulette Goddard, and Paulette is keeping silent, too. He was asked whether he was already married to the leading lady of

"Modern Times." He declined to answer, although he wouldn't say an outright "no," which was expected. The rumor still persists that the license was obtained in England by the couple, and that they had a ceremony performed at sea two years ago.

Youth Applauds Youth.—The collegiate crowd is apparently all in favor of the screen debs and sub-debs. They disdain the Garbos, the Shearers, and the Crawfords. A good cross-section of their opinion was afforded when some two hundred chapters of a national fraternity gave their first approval recently to Alice Faye, with June Travis, who has only played in a picture or two, the second place. Others favored were Ida Lupino, Margaret Lindsay, Mae Clarke, June Gale, Betty Furness, Ann Sothern, Betty Grable, and Kay Linaker. It must be that they all look like the ideal of the young college man, which is none other than the fair coed.

Continued on page 65



Ann Sothern's tastes have changed with her hair. Her blond tresses gone, she's just a brunet, rollicking, outdoors girl these days.



Photo by Wide World

Anna Sten returns to Hollywood as gloriously vital as ever, but somewhat slimmer. She is to make pictures, possibly with Josef von Sternberg as director.

Mrs. Gary Cooper is as pleased as Gary is with the contract he has signed with Samuel Goldwyn. It was Sam who gave Gary his first part in "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Photo by Wide World



BENEATH HIS CHARM

Francis Lederer has been so often called the most charming man in pictures that it can't embarrass him any more. Besides, there is so much more to him than charm. Here is an attempt to describe it.

B Y D U D L E Y E A R L Y



TWO men sat in the lounge of the New York Athletic Club three years ago talking. Francis Lederer was one of the men; the other was myself. He had just opened in "Autumn Crocus" on the Broadway stage, and had critics reaching for words of praise. The ladies were clutching at their hearts. At that time our conversation went something like this:

Myself: Do you believe in marriage?

Lederer (shrugging): Marriage—it is supposed to be for life, is it not? Well, love is a matter of feeling, and how can you tell how long a feeling will last? No matter how hard you try, marriage is built on a—how do you say it?—on a foundation that can never be solid. Never.

Myself: Do you ever expect to marry?

Lederer: If I should find my ideal woman, why not?

That was three years ago. Recently I found him on the set of his current picture. And this is the present-day dialogue:

Myself: Do you still feel the same way about marriage as you felt in New York?

Lederer (smiling): What did I say then?

I repeated.

Lederer: I have changed my mind. I am wholly in favor of marriage. It is good to be married.

Myself: Are you contemplating marriage?

Lederer: I wish I could be sure of the other person.

Myself (taking notice): Does that mean that you're thinking of getting married?

Lederer: I said—I wish I could be sure of the other person.

Continued on page 64

"A beautiful mind, a mind that radiates the quality which the women in the paintings of Leonardo do Vinci possess," says Mr. Lederer in unusual answer to the usual question about his ideal woman. And you believe him because he, himself, has a fine mind.

JOURNEY'S END

BY WHITNEY WILLIAMS



Steffi Duna's strange, eventful history has a happy climax in her present success in "The Dancing Pirate." But what of the loneliness, uncertainty and heartbreak that went before? Here is her story.

WHEN Steffi Duna—née Stefanie Berinde—arrived in Hollywood some three years ago, she thought she had found the end of the rainbow.

Hollywood, to the little Hungarian, had always seemed the unattainable, the one spot on earth she would never live to see. As a dancer throughout Europe, and an actress in Germany and England, she had tasted her share of fame, but Hollywood—No, no, that was a place of which only to dream.

Although she apparently had reached the rainbow's end of her dreams, still she did not find the pot of gold awaiting her. Many months were to pass before she made her début in an American film, and then in a rôle of doubtful worth. More than a year was to elapse before she came out of her unwelcome retirement to play Francis Lederer's Eskimo wife in "Man of Two Worlds."

I recall vividly the first time I met her, shortly after the completion of that film. Never in all my experience have I encountered so unhappy a person.

Here was tragedy, I told myself, the instant we were introduced—stark tragedy of some sort. And indeed it was.

Alone in a comparatively strange land—she had made very few friends—she was waiting to hear from Washington whether she could remain in this country or would be forced to return to her native land.

All her visitor's extensions had been used up. If she



Photo by Baehrach

Steffi's right name is Stefanie Berinde, she is Hungarian and, at the height of her career as a dancer in Europe, she decided to become an actress. She looks like a gypsy, dances like a houri and doesn't care if she never leaves Hollywood.

couldn't get a quota number she would be obliged to pack her belongings and leave the country at once. We chatted on a Wednesday, I remember, and Friday, just two days off, would determine her fate. (Continued on page 93)



Jessie Matthews

On and

Hollywood as seen through alert, intelligent eyes in a series of paragraphs that tell exactly what you wish to know about stars at work and at play.

TWO naughty little boys in Palm Springs were told by their mother that they'd meet Shirley Temple some day, if they were very good. When the star visited the resort, they did meet her. They were even allowed to play marbles with her. That night their mother noticed that they were awfully quiet. "Don't you love Shirley?" she demanded hopefully. "She's such a good little girl!" They looked at her in silent scorn, and then began shouting, "Shirley Temple cheats at marbles! Shirley Temple cheats at marbles!" When Shirley departed, we are informed, there wasn't an oggie or a good little boy in Palm Springs.

KATHARINE HEPBURN now takes sun baths in the middle of a small grass plot in one of the busier sections of her studio. A group of executives usually surrounds her, fully clothed in the glaring sun, mapping their foreheads, trying to talk business—and probably thinking thoughts all their own.

THESE Hollywood sensibilities! Luise Rainer was supposed to kill an ox in "The Good Earth." Of course, she didn't really kill it, but the mere idea affected her so that she rushed from the set, weeping as if her heart would break. On the studio street she met Joan Crawford and sobbed out her grief. So affected was Joan, in turn, that she hastened to a telephone and ordered a huge box of gardenias sent to Miss Rainer's dressing room.

MARIE WILSON, the blonde with amazingly long eyelashes, has a diet all her own. She eats by the clock. She may order whatever she chooses, and stuff down as much as she can. But when the alarm rings at a certain time, she must stop—no matter how far she has progressed. "It's my own idea," she admits smugly. "Keeps me thin."



Basil Rathbone



Freddie Bartholomew



Frank Lawton



Bette Davis

Off the Set

NO one in Hollywood really believed in Mervyn LeRoy's success until he moved into the polotial bungolow once occupied by Colleen Moore. It's the best dressing room on the Worner lot, but that isn't why Mervyn's residence there is significant. When Colleen, then one of the brightest of stors, possessed it, a young fellow nomed LeRoy was her \$30-o-week gog mon.

WE ore pleased by the facts that: (1) Koy Francis has never hod a chouffeur, because driving relaxes her. (2) A prize roce horse, octing in "Blood Lines," has a stond-in. (3) Corol Hughes always feored horses until she hod to ride in Joe E. Brown's new epic. Then she become such a jumping enthusiast that the studio wrote a no-riding clause into her contract. (4) Clarence Brown, director, colls Joon Crawford from her dressing room to the set of "The Gorgeous Hussy" by blowing a fish horn.

FOR months ond even years Fronk McHugh begged Worner Brothers for a vocotion. Instead, they put him in one picture after onother. Then his two children come down with scarlet fever, and for a few weeks Fronk was quorontined at home. Bock ot the studio ot lost, he begon asking for the vocotion. "Listen," on executive told him, "you've had your vocotion!"

FIRST prize for originolity goes to the fons who besieged Olivia de Havillond ond Ruby Keeler for outogrophs ot a local swimming meet. The stors signed their nomes on a \$100 confederote bill. They scratched their signotures with noils upon medols. They scrowled on swimming cops. One fellow even got their signotures on a greosy popcorn bog.

MR. POMEROY is the gentleman who made the headlines rother ingloriously when Clork Goble, as they wrote, "K. O.'d him." Nabody printed whot hoppedden the next doy, in a retoke of the some scene for "Coin ond Mabel." Mr. Pomeroy broke one of Mr. Goble's ribs. But that made no headlines ot oll.



Kenneth Howell



Kay Francis

Dixie Dunbar



John Carradine



Jeanette MacDonald



Jane Wyatt



Ruth Hart



Gary Cooper



Carol Lombard



Louise Latimer

WHEN John Masefield, poet laureate of England, visited the Hollywood studios a few months ago, he obviously was as impressed as were his hosts. At MGM he was taken to the "Romeo and Juliet" set and all the prominent Englishmen in town—James Hilton and H. G. Wells among others—were brought out and dusted off to make him feel at home. Leslie Howard came over to greet the great man. He was wearing one of his fancy costumes. Mr. Masefield looked him over and gingerly fingered one of the shiny buttons on Leslie's jacket. "Mode especially, I presume," he murmured.

HOLLYWOOD shook its head knowingly and said, "It couldn't last," when rumors that the romance between Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson was dying a natural death went the rounds of film colony gatherings. Marshall has been seen out alone quite frequently and Gloria has been seen driving about the different night spots looking for him.

FROM England comes word that Constance Bennett "behaved like an angel" over there during the shooting of "Everything Is Thunder." She announced her intention of finishing the picture in a hurry and was as good as her word, working long hours every day. Which is quite a different picture from the Hollywood Constance, who always has it in her contract that she works from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon. But that's in Hollywood.

SINCE her return from Sweden, Greto Garbo and George Brent have resumed their games of hide and seek with the press. She starts out for one of her lonely hikes and George meets her by arrangement on some vacant lot and away they go for a ride in George's little Ford coupé, which looks just like any other Ford coupé. That's romance!

ERROL FLYNN has given so many stories of his past adventures that he is running short of material—or imagination. At any rate he is planning to replenish his stock of story material by a big game hunt in British Guinea immediately after he finishes his next picture "Green Lights." Meanwhile he is playing tennis with all the local champions, who are trying to persuade him to try out for the United States Olympic tennis team. He's that good!



Virginia Weidler



Diana Gibson



David Scott

HOLLYWOOD worries over anything that isn't explained, and its latest anxiety concerns the fact that when Jeon Harlow sold her beautiful home she moved into a small house on the wrong side of the tracks in Beverly Hills. And although Jeon seems to be enjoying the simple life for a change, the contrast between her gorgeous white house with its swimming pool, tennis court, and every other conceivable luxury, and the simple little seven-room cottage is too much for busybodies to figure out.

BETTE DAVIS is going to court with a suit for damages against the Sonto Monico Yacht Harbor. It seems that some small boys turned her little catboat upside down and used it for a target. And when Bette, all rigged out in her best yachting costume, went down for a sail, the bottom of her boat was full of holes.

Her friends are trying to persuade her that the suit will cost her more than the price of a new boat, but Bette is determined to sue.

"Right is right," she declared. "It may be just a catboat to the harbor officials, but it's my 'Queen Mary' and they must pay me for her."

MARLENE DIETRICH and a friend risked lunching in downtown Los Angeles the other day. Their table was by a window next to the crowded sidewalk.

Soon a passer-by recognized the star, paused, and pressed his nose to the pane. In a few moments, countless noses were flattened. Rear-rank spectators threatened to push those in front through the glass. Eyes stared fixedly at the star's face, or rolled hypnotically in their sockets, following the movements of her fork from plate to mouth.

Smiling uncertainly, Marlene struggled through her meal and thus won our award for courage under fire.

ON the 'Chino Clipper' set we saw something typically Hollywood. Josephine Hutchinson and her husband, James Townsend, dropped in to visit Pat O'Brien. The impulsive Irishman rushed forward and embraced Josephine, holding her close, cheek to cheek. Whereupon Josephine, over Pat's shoulder, flushed her husband a sort of appealing "now-understand-this-doesn't-mean-a-thing" glance.

Mr. Townsend's thoughts were hidden behind a poker face.

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Jean Harlow



Lucille Ball



Photo by Barbara

Barbara

LET'S GO

BY SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK

Barbara Stanwyck seems a much happier, freer person since her divorce. Coming out of her shell, she is a regular nighthawk nowadays, getting the most she can out of life.

"I've tasted freedom for the first time in years," says Barbara, "and it's marvelous. I want to stay single and enjoy myself."



SO much has been written of Barbara Stanwyck's post and present I got to wandering about her future. You know, "the past, the present and the future." I'm no good at telling fortunes with cards and anyhow it's a lot more fun talking to Barbara than it is riffling a deck of pasteboards and looking at a lot of sappy jacks and queens.

I had been in her living room waiting for her. All at once there was the sound of foot-steps running down the stairs, and a moment later Barbara skipped, half laped into the room, attired in a pair of gray flannel slacks and with no make-up on her face. She wasn't the glamorous actress then. She was the girl next door as she appears when she first sticks her head out in the morning to dig in the paper and milk—before she's got her face on.

"Hi ya, toots?" She grinned, extending her hand. Park it there—indicating the divan—and I'll be with you in a minute.

She disappeared briefly and

then came back. Shortly afterward a maid came in bringing a huge silver tray and coffee service. "Coffee?" Barbara asked, and poured me a cup without waiting for an answer. "One or two?" she queried as her hand sought sugar. She dropped one in before I could say "Black." "Never mind," she comforted me. "I'll drink it myself. If I can dish it out I ought to be able to take it. Here you are"—handing me a fresh cup—"as pure and unadulterated as Mae West."

I commented on the change that has taken place in her. She nodded. "I even took my son to the circus the other day," she said. "What a day that was! I put on a pair of dark glasses and some slacks and thought no one would recognize me—but they did. For an hour I carried that heavy kid around on one arm and tried to autograph with the other. Then we went into the big tent and he fell asleep."

"And you could go home," I guessed.

"I did, like fun," she laughed. "Then I could eat popcorn and peanuts without having to refuse him, and I could look at all the clowns and trapeze artists. That was when I really had fun."

A thought struck me. It's fairly easy to classify most stars. You see them around, know pretty much what their habits are, who they run around with and about what they do to kill time. Barbara never used to go to parties. In all the years I've been in Hollywood I don't believe I've seen her or more than two. I wondered what constituted "hoving fun" for her. I asked.

That's one thing about the Mooks. When we want to know something we just out and ask. No beating about the bush, no fencing or hedging. All the cards right on the table.

"What do I do for fun?" she mused. "Oh, I'm a regular nighthawk nowadays. Sometimes, when I'm not working, I'll go out to some of the night spots as often as a couple of times a week. I like to go to pre-views. Whenever there's a good play in town I take it in. I play tennis—or did until I sprained my wrist reaching after a high one that would have been out, anyhow. I ride horseback occasionally. Most of the time during the day, unless I have appointments, Marion Marx—Zeppo's wife—and I just bum around together. She helped me decorate my house."

She paused a second and then, "I suppose as long as I'm giving her billing I might as well tell the truth and shame the devil by admitting that she decorated it. She has marvelous taste in house furnishings."

"You didn't do this?" I asked, waving my arm around to take in the room and knocking over a lamp in the process.

"No," said Barbara.

"You mean," I persisted, "you haven't any leanings toward interior decorating? You don't think if you were finished in pictures that you could make a living 'doing' houses?"

"I know damn well I couldn't," she stated positively, and I was like to swoon.

I've been in Hollywood a little over seven years, and Barbara is the first woman star I've met who didn't feel the interior-decorating business and the art of dress designing were poorer because she wasn't in them.

"I have pretty positive ideas about what I like," she admitted, "but I wouldn't have the remotest idea about how to start furnishing a place. I'm a push-over for any antique dealer who shows me something and says 'this is a hundred years old.' And if he can tell me anything about the history of the piece—well, I practically sign my name to a blank check and let him fill in his own figures."

I indicated an etching and a wood-cut on the walls. "You didn't pick those out?"

"Yes," she admitted once more, "but there was a reason for that. People come to interview me or to talk over some business that is a little

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Photo by Parrish

Barbara says she has no plans for the future. Everything she ever planned turned out differently, so now she is going to let nature take its course.

Photo by Parrish



There is something forthright and honest about this star which one doesn't often encounter in women. Every writer is pulling and rooting for her these days.

HANK'S DARK YEARS

The story of tragedy and courage behind the success of Henry Fonda to-day. Though he has reached the top, every inch of the way has been hard fought—and paid for.

HAVE you ever noticed a certain look of tragic sorrow wardenly flash across Henry Fonda's face?

Sometimes even when he is smiling there is a shadow in his eyes—those eyes that so honestly mirror his inmost self. Just as laughter is often very close to tears, so in a Henry's pictures there are moments, perhaps only split seconds of time, when the expression in his eyes and the set of his mouth seem to grip the on-looker's very soul.

Perhaps you have sensed a story behind these flashes of self-revelation. There is one. There is a closed tragic chapter in the book of Henry Fonda's life. His acting to-day proves once more the age-old belief that to portray suffering one must himself have suffered.

For a long time the real story of Fonda's tragedy, the loss of his wife Margaret Sullivan, was one which could

not be told. In the first place the true facts were known only to close friends of the two. Those few who knew all, or most of the truth, were so completely in sympathy with Henry's wish that the matter of his separation and later divorce from Margaret never be discussed that wild horses couldn't have dragged a word from them.

Now that time has healed some of the hurt in Fonda's soul, now that he can look with some degree of dispassion on those black years which seemed centuries long in the living, his friends feel that their history should be revealed.

The story is one of sheer courage and desperate endurance in the face of heartbreak. For Fonda, sometimes without work, often hungry and cold trying not to let the bitterness within show in his face, doggedly kept going through months when the whole world, with the exception

**B Y J A N E
D A V I D S O N**

Photo by Walling



In all Henry Fonda's pictures there are moments when the expression of his eyes, the set of his mouth, or the searching quality of his voice seem to grip one.

of the few who knew the fight he was making, seemed to have definitely turned its face against him.

Henry comes from a sturdy race of mid-West pioneers. He had left college, told his family good-bye, and trekked East to carve out a career for himself in the theater. Never once did it occur to him, even when love had gone and there seemed no niche for his talent anywhere, to turn aside from his chosen task.

When I first knew Henry he was working with a fly-by-night stock company somewhere in New Jersey. A friend who had known him since the old University Players first banded together, brought him to my apartment one Sunday afternoon in the winter of 1932. He was pleasant enough, though he had little to say. Most of



Photo by International

If Henry Fonda and Margaret Sullavan remarry, as many think they may, it will not be because Hank has forgotten his dark years, but because he is better able to cope with Peggy now.



the time he sat gozing silently into our glowing fire, speaking, with his shy, absent-minded smile, only when some one addressed him directly.

Afterward I asked about him, and bit by bit during the ensuing weeks, when he came again with the crowd or when I ran into him at the homes of mutual friends, I managed to piece the story together.

Even then, at a time when Margaret Sullavan was making the headlines in the stage version of "Dinner at Eight," no one ever spoke of Hank as "Peggy Sullavan's husband." We all knew the two were still husband and wife, although they were not living together. But somehow you couldn't think of Hank as belonging to any one. You couldn't use the possessive in referring to him. He was then, as he has continued to be, a lone wolf. He was friendly, as he is to-day. But what he was, you felt instinctively, he was of himself alone, through his own efforts, unaided, for good or for ill.

But he had not always been so. Only once, just a year or so before our meeting, Henry Fonda had merged his life, his ambitions and dreams, the whole flame of his heart's desire, with those of another human being. It hadn't worked. And since that failure he has never allowed even the thought of any sort of dependence to enter his mind again.

To-day he is successful, popular, sought after in Hollywood. He has regained his love of life, of play for its own sake, even something of his belief in the essential rightness of everything. But he depends on no man and no woman, on no one except Henry Fonda.

The camera catches him with a crowd in a car, on a fence watching the races, with one lovely screen star or another at a party. Leading ladies candidly like him. He meets them all, quite unself-consciously, on the same basis of liking and understanding. But not even the most imaginative Hollywood press agent has dared to cook up a romance.

It was at Christmas time in 1931 that Henry married Peggy in Baltimore. They had been playing there for several months as leads of the University group, all college boys and girls who had

Henry's next picture is "Spendthrift," which has the novelty of Mary Brian as a blackmailing villainess, with Pat Paterson playing the good girl in the case.

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Joan Bennett, tired of being a fireside companion, is traveling more and more these days. She and Irene Dunne were shipmates aboard the "Queen Mary" and became great friends.

Bobby Breen strikes a tenor's attitude and welcomes George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill with a song. It wouldn't be "Let's Sing Again," would it?

THEY SAY

BY KAREN HOLLIS

JOHN BOLES became the conquering hero of the Eastern States from Baltimore southward this month, and Robert Taylor stepped up into the position of Public Man'io Number One in New York.

Driving through Baltimore, I was somewhat startled to find "John Boles In Person" dominating the billboards usually reserved for cigarettes, motor oils, and local hotels. I should have known better than to go down the main street past the theater where he was appearing. Maybe you think that you have seen traffic snarls and mobs swarming around a theater. You've seen nothing if you weren't in Baltimore during his engagement.

Farther on, in Virginia, I found that he had already devastated the country. Exhibitors were trying to dig up all the recent films in which he appeared so as to put on a regular John Boles week. Photographers worked overtime turning out prints of all the pictures taken of him locally. Lynchburg residents are somewhat pained to remember that one of the local citizenry made a slight error and introduced him as Major Bowes. But Mr. Boles took it good-naturedly. A sense of humor is an added attraction to his good looks.



IN NEW YORK—

Film belles are looking wistfully toward the stage while mobs grow dizzy over matinée idols like John Boles and Robert Taylor.

He Can Take It.—Even though he couldn't get out of his hotel without being stymied by mobs of outograph collectors, even though his bodyguards and the watchful minions of the Waldorf-Astoria got things slightly balled up and tried to keep out the friends he had asked to drop in to see him, Robert Taylor isn't complaining.

He figures that the time to complain will come when the public doesn't want to see him. A little groggy from being rushed here and there, he managed, nevertheless, to have some fun. First he looked up Tomoro Gevo, the lovely Russian dancer with whom he made the test that landed him in films. With her and a flock of girls from her show, "On Your Toes," he did the town, taking in all the big res-



Robert Taylor obliged even the girl performers at Radio City Music Hall. Here he's autographing the blouse of Catherine Eyles.

Anita Louise is so beautiful that a coal-scuttle hat isn't ridiculous on her.



tourants that have midnight floor shows. You'd think there were no pretty girls in Hollywood, to hear him rave about our chorus beauties. Spectacular success in pictures hasn't robbed him of any of his youthful enthusiasm. He may be your hero, but his is Gory Cooper.

A New Star Arrives.—Coming home from London on the maiden voyage of the "Queen Mary, Anita Louise learned that Warner theater men had voted that she be made a star. "But what does it mean?" asked Anita. She was thrilled, of course, but she seemed to recall that stardom was not always an unmixed blessing. She reserved decision until arriving in Hollywood and finding what stories had been selected for her, and whether stardom meant little pictures with so-so costs or big ones with the best of everything.

In London she fell prey to the oddities of milliners and dressmakers, some fiend having induced her to wear a coal-scuttle hat. Of course, she is

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DO THE

BY RICHARD GRIFFITH

Letters from readers of film magazines provide a truer understanding of the movies than anything else that is written. This article discusses the contents of "What the Fans Think" since 1920.

AFTER carefully reading your correspondence forum for several months, I am moved to suggest that its title be changed to 'Da the Fans Think?' Or, rather, can they?"

Thus superciliously a superior young woman expressed herself in *Picture Play* a few years ago. Her letter continued, no less vehemently, to denounce the "vapid fans" who clutter up the pages of the magazine with wild and meaningless praise and blame for players who are important for a day and then forgotten. "'What the Fans Think'—ha! They can't think. Instead of offering constructive criticism to players and directors, all they do is pour out reams of adoring rati about some baby-faced ingénue, or condemn to mather rôles all stars who are over thirty."

Such was the burden of this damsel's wail. And she is not alone. For years the highbrows have been laughing at the printed opinions of fans. The movies themselves are bad enough—tasteless, trivial, wretchedly done—but movie audiences and their ideas! Well!

Away with Garba—she isn't cute. Down with Harlow—her beauty spot is old-fashioned. Madge Evans is the ideal American girl and therefore the greatest actress. Such, according to H. L. Mencken and other literary lights, are the typical "criticisms" of the movies by those who attend them. Morans, just marons.

Cocella Mullen created a reverberating sensation with her poetic tribute to Barry Norton's nostrils and was so razed that she retired from "What the Fans Think."

Clark Gable has always been the subject of controversy among the fans, Frank Tully, one of his defenders, going so far as to celebrate his "honey-and-hemlock smile."

At one time Jean Harlow's beauty spot was the subject of bitter criticism. She was warned to discard it because it was old-fashioned.



FANS THINK?

As one of the zanies so accused, I have been somewhat interested in determining just how much truth there is behind all this pointed sarcasm. So I got out my old Picture Plays—my files date from 1920—and started to work. It took me nearly two weeks to read them all, but by the time I finished I had what I imagine is a fairly comprehensive view of just what the fans do think.

The result? Well, I frequently found my task hilariously amusing. Occasionally it was boring. But for the most part it was interesting—oh, very interesting.

"What the Fans Think" is a complete guide to the movies. It is more significant than the most thorough compilation of statistics because it represents the vital reaction of living people to their favorite entertainment and the embodiment of their dreams. It is a panorama of the development of pictures from a nickel amusement to a national passion. It is alive.

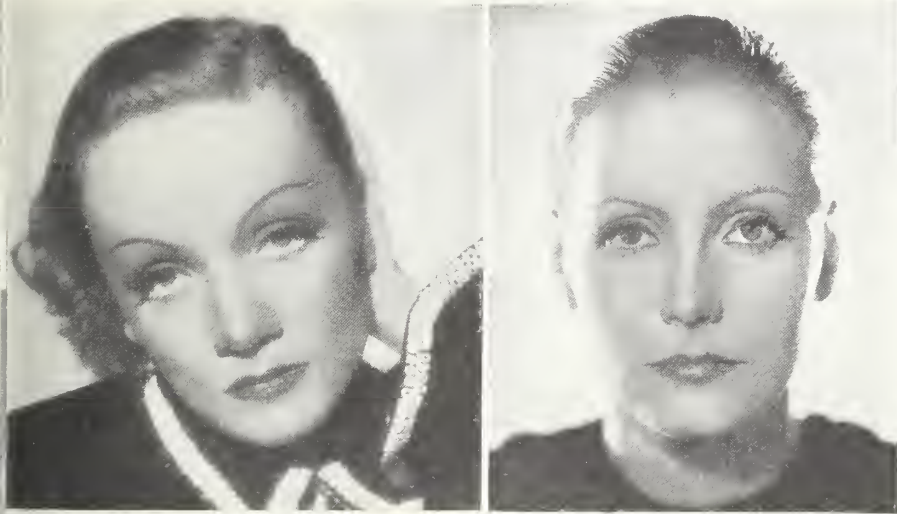
Alive. Controversy is the life of criticism. And "What the Fans Think" is nothing if not controversial. The subject may be only Dietrich's traveling eyebrows, but the fans are interested enough to go on arguing until they get to the bottom of the matter.

Take that well-remembered discussion known to every orthodox reader as the battle of the accents. The enigmatic possessor of the initials "S. C." shook "What the Fans Think" to its adamant foundations when she suggested that the Southern accent of some star



When Paul Boring described Shirley Temple as "an insignificant and fatuous mite" he laid himself open to puns on his last name.

Can you remember the time when admirers of Marlene Dietrich insisted that she would supplant Garbo's popularity? That was one of the arguments which enlivened "What the Fans Think," with both sides defending their favorite.



was caught and modified from the Negro. Apparently no greater insult could have been offered the former Confederacy, for the battle of the accents assumed the proportions of a second Civil War, and ranged far from the field of the movies.

Dixie and Yankeedom were not the only combatants, for representatives of England, Canada, and Austria leaped into the fray, each claiming his own land as the native habitat of perfect speech. Extravagant statement and impersonal analysis alternately held the field, but, though "Daniel" Webster's dictionary was rejected as an authority, a decision was finally reached.

It was strongly pointed out that there is good and bad

speech everywhere—that while there is no ideal norm for the language, the intonation of each section of the country, though provincial, has its own peculiar charm.

The battle of the accents, though long-lived, ran its course and died. Other issues, however, seem to have a perennial appeal. They bob up, are discussed, settled and resettled, and then lie dormant for a while, only to recur when a new generation of fans rises to confront the problems of the movies.

From Picture Play's beginning, the fans have enjoyed trying to decide who is the supreme star of the screen. When Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson disputed supremacy at Poromount, their adherents enthusiastically took

Do the Fans Think?



Through all the years, more letters have been written about Ramon Navarro than any other star, his admirers extravagant in their praise.

Fans told the great Nozi-movo that her glamour provided no excuse for three-foot cigarette holders. This was in 1920.



sides, with Glaria's legion decidedly in the majority.

Later, when Garba's reign was challenged by the vibrant Dietrich, a similar wardy battle raged. Garbo's proud adorers icily patronized the new-comer, while Miss Dietrich's fans rudely parried with the implication that the Swedish star's fabricated mystery would soon pale when compared to Marlene's ruddy reality. Or, as one fan vividly put it, "Garba will soon be just another number on the phone-booth wall."

The issue died when Dietrich became just a part of the background of Von Sternberg's mystic films, but it may be revived now that she has returned to the type of rôle she played in her early pictures.

Even longer-lived is the endless discussion of just which male star rules the hearts of feminine fans. This one has been going on continuously since the archaic days when "Francis X. Bushman versus Maurice Costello" was the battlecry. And if statistics are trustworthy, Ramon Navarro is the masculine idol supreme. For over ten years he has been the target for a measure of condemnation and an avalanche of passionate praise. As one correspondent shrewdly sums it up, "At first it was Navarro versus Valentina. When Valentino died, it was Navarro versus Gilbert. When Gilbert faded, it was Navarro versus several others. Now it seems to be Navarro versus Gable. When Gable goes it will be Navarro versus somebody else."

The last prediction is perhaps obviated by Ramon's momentary absence from the screen, but it's certainly true that he has always had the greatest number of loyal fans. In fact, more letters are received about him than any other player, and his admirers are more extravagant in their adoration.

For several years they launched a concerted, untiring demand for "sing-ing for Ramon" at MGM, and why the studia did not relent sooner is still a mystery. Some were even converted to Catholicism because it was the religion of their idol, not to mention studying his native language, Spanish. One young

lady received verbal spankings from several of the sterner fans because she dis-satisfied that seeing Ramon in person had sent her to bed with a heart attack. The Navarroitites thrive on opposition.

Their love—that's the word—for Ramon survives time and disillusionment, and it has even led some into retirement. In all sincerity, one asks with Madam Glass: What is his mystic power?

Another question which never grows stale is that of fan letters to the stars. Many a heart has been broken by favorites who not only fail to respond to letters of praise, but even forget to send photographs which have been paid for in advance. "Who gets the quarters?" was for a time the angry cry of a legion which rose to ask if this was a new studio racket, and to remind the stars that the fans who made them popular could also send them into oblivion.

Artificiality is never countenanced by a discerning audience, and it seems at least for any length of time. As early as 1920, various correspondents took occasion to inform the supreme Nozi-movo that her undoubted glamour provided no excuse for three-foot cigarette holders. The fans of 1925 at first thought Mae Murray's pouts and poses cute, but enough was known by then to register protest. Mae wealthy and firmly entrenched, she paid little heed. She even ceded soft-focus photography to the other eccentricities of her picture.

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Malcolm H. Oettinger's unsympathetic interview with Polo Negri stirred up more strife among fans than anything ever published in Picture Play.

The fans of 1925 at first thought Mae Murray's pouts and poses cute, but eventually protested against her artificiality.



L A D Y S

W A R T H O U T

EVERYBODY who has met Gladys Warthout is strong in the belief that she has everything that it takes to become a great screen star in spite of two films that were less than sensational. Paramount thinks so, too, and recalled the Missouri mezzo-soprano for a third attempt to capture her beauty and charm, as well as her true voice. She is to be in "Champagne Waltz," with Fred MacMurray. This photograph shows her happy arrival.



Photo by G. E. Richardson

THUMB NAIL



"The White Angel."

"The White Angel."—Warners. A companion piece to "The Story of Louis Pasteur," this newest of the biographical dramas recites raptly, reverently, the saga of Florence Nightingale. Victorian England of 1850 was shocked when this daughter of the aristocracy dedicated her life to reforming hospital conditions in London, later recruiting a band of women to accompany her to nurse the wounded in the Crimean War. She overcame prejudice with fortitude and courage; she triumphed over official red tape with fanatical devotion to duty, enduring everything with sublime abnegation until, her work recognized by the public, she was received by Queen Victoria. There the picture ends, though Miss Nightingale's work did not stop then. She opened the profession of nursing to women as we know it to-day. All this is set forth uncompromisingly. Often it is beautiful, frequently dramatic, and the sincerity and high purpose of the picture are unquestioned. Kay Francis, imbued with the spirit of the lofty undertaking, never falters in her portrait of the amazing heroine. Of course Miss Nightingale couldn't have been so sensuously beautiful, but Miss Francis can't be blamed for looking like a dream walking.

"San Francisco."—MGM. A rousing melodrama in the good old style, climaxing with the earthquake and fire which destroyed San Francisco in 1906, is this lush and showy entertainment. The period and the disaster have never been approached in the many attempts that the screen has made to reproduce it. The addition of sound adds to the terror and realism as the earth yawns and buildings crumble. Preceding that we have the conventional but not unlikable story of Clark Gable, tough boss of the Barbary Coast, and Jeanette MacDonald, a choir singer who strays into Mr. Gable's "Paradise" bordello and becomes an opera star at the famous Tivoli. This to assure

"The Poor Little Rich Girl."



"San Francisco."

you that our singing princess of the screen sings everything from topical songs, arias from "La Traviata" and "Faust," to "Jerusalem" and "Nearer My God to Thee." And sings them all beautifully, of course. So inspiringly, in fact, that Mr. Gable is converted to spirituality by the hymn and kneels praying in the street as his homeless fellow citizens vow to rebuild San Francisco. There is more, much more, to the picture than I have told you. But as every one will see it for its thrills and sensationalism, no further recommendation is necessary.

"The Poor Little Rich Girl."—20th Century-Fox. Shirley Temple in a song-and-dance show with a mild plot is just what the majority want, especially those of us who found "Captain January" rather drab. The story commands no respect and demands little of Shirley's talent as an actress, but her singing and dancing make surpassing amends. Her tap routines are marvels of precision and grace, and her songs are tuneful and cute. It seems that the current rewrite of the old story has the poor little rich girl meeting up with a small-time radio team, joining their act and making the trio a sensation—as well she might. Her father recognizes his lost daughter's voice on the air and—well, that's about all. The story is riddled with holes and implausibilities, but it is a splendid vehicle for Shirley.

"Fury."—MGM. Mob violence is dramatized with skill and terror up to a certain point, but this widely acclaimed picture doesn't reach its goal with me. It simmers down to conventionality, a courtroom sequence capping the climax. The object of the story is to show how easily our citizens are inflamed by the desire to lynch a fellow man without a trial to determine his guilt: how they will sacrifice a life to gratify the sadism that lies

"Fury."



REVIEWS

BY NORBERT LUSK



"Private Number."

dormant in every average man. Spencer Tracy, an honest garage man, is arrested as a kidnaping suspect, jailed on flimsy evidence and supposedly burned to death when the infuriated townspeople fire the prison. How he escapes isn't explained, but he appears at the trial of the mob leaders and his evidence condemns them to die. However, he relents and his conscience is clear for a happy fade-out with Sylvia Sydney.

"Private Number."—20th Century-Fox. Remember Constance Bennett and baby in "Common Clay"? It was hugely successful with the mob and deplored by the few. Rewritten and redecorated, it is remade for the benefit of Robert Taylor and Loretta Young and is still the story of a housemaid and a millionaire's son. Except that the new crop of censors see to it that Mr. Taylor marries the girl in the first place, which should cheer servant girls no end. They will also be cheered by Miss Young's extensive wardrobe of pretty clothes. Even her uniforms have that "special" look, and her mistress gives her an elaborate evening gown in time for her big scene in Mr. Taylor's arms. It isn't a cast-off, either, but was designed for Miss Young's lissom figure and starry-eyed type. With such a set-up as this, it is no wonder there's a happy ending. Basil Rathbone, as a vengeful, frustrated butler, is impressive, and Patsy Kelly's comedy is a godsend.

"Secret Agent."—Gaumont-British. The odd attractiveness of "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "The Thirty-nine Steps" is recaptured in this spy melodrama by the same director. Not quite so fully, but enough to make the new picture important. It begins when a supposedly dead novelist is given a new name by the British Secret Service and sent to Switzerland to kill a German spy. He is accompanied by a mocking fiend known as

"Sins of Man."



"Secret Agent."

"The General," superbly played by Peter Lorre. A "wife" is provided for him, too, the lovely Madeleine Carroll whose flirtation with Robert Young not only brings out the best performance the American actor has given, but recalls Miss Carroll's sparkling performance in "The Thirty-nine Steps." A horrifying moment comes when an innocent tourist is killed in place of the spy. The climax is original and exciting, and the Swiss scenes are varied and beautiful. Another important factor is the first screen appearance of John Gielgud as the novelist pressed into governmental service. One of England's important actors, he is to play "Hamlet" on Broadway next season and looms large as Leslie Howard's rival.

"Sins of Man."—20th Century-Fox. Heavy, lugubrious, disjointed, this is more a vehicle for that popular character actor, Jean Hersholt, and the unnamed make-up man than a forthright picture. It recalls the mood of Emil Jannings in "The Betrayal" and "Sins of the Fathers" without, however, the art of a Jannings to sustain it. Here we have Mr. Hersholt running the gamut of tears. An Alpine sexton and bell ringer, he is doomed to a raw deal in life as soon as you see him. He is too naïve and quaint to escape a lot of grief from his sons, one of them a deaf mute, the other breaking his heart because he is air-minded. War, the death of one son and a journey to New York further the plot until Mr. Hersholt is seen as a feeble, mournful Bowery derelict and dishwasher. Then he hears a symphony conducted by the great "Mario Singarelli" and recognizes the bells of his native village in the music. Speaking of coincidence, the world-famous maestro is his son. Don Ameche plays one son as a boy and the other as a grown-up. I think we shall be talking about Don Ameche in a year. Allen Jenkins is excellent and much needed comedy relief.

"Dancing Pirate."



THUMBNAIL REVIEWS



"Nine Days a Queen."

"Dancing Pirate."—RKO. Here is a picture like a beautiful waif, a lovely outcast. No one has a good word to say for it; no one wants it. Ten persons whose judgment ordinarily is good tell me it is inexcusable. I befriended it because I like it, because its beauty has value in my eyes. I contend that it is the best example of color photography that the screen has given us; that the color is truer than in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and the tableaux and costumes are more artistic than in "Becky Sharp." Of course the story is light. It should be for a singing and dancing exhibit. But it holds charm and originality for me. I like the idea of a dancing man, with a noose around his neck ready for hanging, dancing to save his life. I've not seen that before. Nor have I seen much else that this picture gives me, including the agile and individual stepping of Charles Collins and the graceful dancing of Steffi Duna.

"Nine Days a Queen."—Gaumont-British. A bloody page of English history is finely realized in this story of Lady Jane Grey's brief occupancy of the British throne and her death at the hands of Mary Tudor. The gentle girl, victim not of her own ambition but the plotting of her elders, is beautifully played by Nova Pilbeam, a bonnie lass if ever there was one, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke is very fine as her enemy, the "Earl of Warwick." You will also respond to Desmond Tester as the boy King Edward whose speech reminds one of Freddie Bartholomew and whose acting is remarkable. The entire picture is done with taste, restraint and that fidelity to fact which make these historical films a proud record of England's achievement.

"Poppy."—Paramount. W. C. Fields's infrequent appearances should teach something to other stars, for he becomes more important with fewer pictures and, if anything, better, even when he mumbles and fumbles his lines. He is more appreciated than when he made this

"The Princess Comes Across."



"Poppy."

picture as "Sally of the Sawdust" years ago under the direction of D. W. Griffith, with Carol Dempster instead of the Rochelle Hudson of to-day. Now he is an institution, comparable to no other comedian, and suggesting no one in his characterization of a likable scoundrel. While critics hymn praises of Chaplin's universality, they must not forget that Mr. Fields is supremely powerful because of his ineluctable Americanism.

"The Princess Comes Across."—Paramount. This is the month's best example of glib comedy combined with murder, mystery and melodrama—a popular pattern nowadays. But this picture has distinction and subtlety as well, not to mention sparkling performances by Carol Lombard and Fred MacMurray, the best, in fact, that this popular leading man has given. Miss Lombard as a Brooklyn girl masquerading as Swedish royalty in the interests of a movie contract tops anything she has given us, including her extraordinary exhibit in "Twentieth Century." You feel that her accent burlesques Garbo's, until you remember that the Norse goddess speaks perfect English; therefore Miss Lombard deserves all the more credit for suggesting the comparison.

"Hearts Divided."—Warners. Dick Powell as a Corsican and a Bonaparte to boot isn't so edifying. In fact, it's miscasting at its worst, for which I am the last to blame Mr. Powell himself. Let's be nice and lay it to the exigencies of his contract and forget it. He is Marion Davies's hero in an elaborate costume film which twists the story of Betsy Patterson, belle of Baltimore, and her marriage to Napoleon's brother Jerome. The picture has the Emperor of the French talking her out of it. Last scene of all has Miss Davies with tears of sacrifice streaming from her eyes and Mr. Powell presumably reconciled to marriage with a Wurttemberg and the title of King of Westphalia. I knew I'd hit upon ham sooner or later! Anyway, the picture is a waste of talent.

"Hearts Divided."



CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"THE WHITE ANGEL"—Warners. Screen Play by Mordaunt Shairp. Directed by William Dieterle.

CAST:

Florence Nightingale..... Kay Francis
Fuller..... Ian Hunter
Charles Cooper..... Donald Woods
Doctor West..... Nigel Bruce
Doctor Hunt..... Donald Crisp
Doctor Scott..... Henry O'Neill
Tommy..... Billy Mauch
Mr. Nightingale..... Charles Coker-King
Mrs. Herbert..... Phoebe Foster
Mr. Herbert..... George Curzon
Mrs. Nightingale..... Georgia Caine
Ella Stephens..... Ara Gerald
Lord Raglan..... Halliwell Hobbes
Sister Colombo..... Eily Malyon
Mr. Bullock..... Montagu Love
Alexis Soyer..... Ferdinand Munier
Parthenope..... Lillian Cooper
Pastor Fliedner..... Egon Brecher
Mrs. Walters..... Tempe Piggott
Minna..... Barbara Leonard
LeFroy..... Frank Conroy
Soldier..... Charles Irwin
Soldier..... Clyde Cook
Soldier..... Harry Allen
Soldier..... George Kirby
Storekeeper..... Harry Cording

"SAN FRANCISCO"—MGM. Screen play by Anita Loos. From an original story by Robert Hopkins. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

CAST:

"Blackie"..... Clark Gable
Mary..... Jeanette MacDonald
Tim..... Spencer Tracy
Jack Burley..... Jack Holt
Mat..... Ted Healy
Della..... Margaret Irving
Mrs. Burley..... Jessie Ralph
"Babe"..... Harold Huber
Professor..... Al Shean
Baldina..... William Ricciardi
"Chick"..... Kenneth Harlan
"Alaska"..... Roger Imhoff
Dealer..... Frank Mayo
Drunk..... Tom Dugan
Tony..... Charles Judels
"Red" Kelly..... Russell Simpson
Duane..... Bert Roach

"THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Sam Hellman, Gladys Lehman, and Harry Tugend. Suggested by stories of Eleanor Gates and Ralph Spence. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CAST:

Bertha Barry..... Shirley Temple
Jerry Dolan..... Alice Faye
Margaret Allen..... Gloria Stuart
Jimmy Dolan..... Jack Haley
Richard Barry..... Michael Whalen
Collins..... Sara Haden
Woodward..... Jane Darwell
Simon Peck..... Claude Gillingwater
George Hathaway..... Paul Stanton
Tony..... Henry Armetta
Stebbins..... Charles Coleman
Percival Gooch..... Arthur Hoyt
Ferguson..... John Kelly
Flagin..... John Wray
Dan Ward..... Tyler Brooke
Tony's wife..... Mathilde Comont

"PRIVATE NUMBER"—20th Century-Fox. Based on a play by Cleves Kinkead. Screen play by Gene Markey and William Conselman. Directed by Roy Del Ruth.

CAST:

Richard Winfield..... Robert Taylor
Ellen Neal..... Loretta Young
Wroxton..... Basil Rathbone
Gracie..... Patsy Kelly
"Smiley" Watson..... Joe Lewis
Mrs. Winfield..... Marjorie Gateson
Perry Winfield..... Paul Harvey
Mrs. Meecham..... Jane Darwell
Rawlings..... Paul Stanton
Stapp..... John Miljan
Cockley..... Monroe Owsley
Frederick..... Billy Bevan
Graham..... Frank Dawson
Judge..... George Irving
Grandma Gammon..... May Beatty
Footman..... Alex Pollard
Gus Rilovitch..... Jack Pennick
John..... John Van Eyck
Joe..... Kane Richmond
Hazel..... Lilyan Irene
Olga..... Maxine Hicks
Teena..... Betty Morris
Maud..... Lillian Worth
Violet..... Ann Howard
Hamlet (dog)..... Prince

"FURY"—MGM. Screen play by Bartlett Cormack and Fritz Lang. Based on a story by Norman Krasna. Directed by Fritz Lang.

CAST:

Katherine Grant..... Sylvia Sidney
Joe Wilson..... Spencer Tracy
District attorney..... Walter Abel
Kirby Dawson..... Bruce Cabot
Sheriff..... Edward Ellis
"Bugs" Meyers..... Walter Brennan
Charlie..... Frank Albertson
Tom..... George Walcott
Durkin..... Arthur Stone
Fred Garrett..... Morgan Wallace
Milton Jackson..... George Chandler
Stranger..... Roger Gray
Vickery..... Edwin Maxwell
Governor..... Howard Hickman
Defense attorney..... Jonathan Hale
Edna Hooper..... Leila Bennett
Mrs. Whipple..... Esther Dale
Franchette..... Helen Flint

"SECRET AGENT"—Gaumont-British. Screen play by Charles Bennett, based on the play by Campbell Dixon from the novel, "Ashenden," by W. Somerset Maugham. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock.

CAST:

Elsa..... Madeleine Carroll
The General..... Peter Lorre
Ashenden..... John Gielgud
Marvin..... Robert Young
Gaypor..... Percy Marmont
Mrs. Gaypor..... Florence Kahn
R..... Charles Carson
Lilli..... Lilli Palmer

"SINS OF MAN"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Samuel G. Engel. Based on a story by Joseph Roth. Directed by Otto Brower and Gregory Ratoff.

CAST:

Christopher Freyman..... Jean Hersholt
Karl Freyman..... Don Ameche
Mario Singarelli..... Allen Jenkins
"Crusty"..... J. Edward Bromberg
Canton Engel..... Ann Shoemaker
Anna Engel..... Dewitt Jennings
Twicheska..... Fritz Lieber
Father Prior..... Francis Ford
Town drunk..... Christian Rub
Fritz..... Adrian Rosley
Singarelli's butler..... Gene Reynolds
Karl Freyman (as a boy)..... Mickey Rentschler
Gabriel Freyman (as a boy)..... John Milnton
Mr. Hall..... Paul Stanton
Minister..... Edward Van Sloan
Austrian army doctor..... Egon Brecher
Doctor..... Fred Kohler, Jr.
Bella Twicheska..... Maxine Reiner
Frieda Freyman..... Ruth Robinson

"DANCING PIRATE"—RKO. Screen play by Ray Harris and Francis Edward Faragoh. Adapted by Jack Wagner and Boris Ingster. From a story by Emma-Lindsay Squier. Designed in color by Robert Edmund Jones. Directed by Lloyd Corrigan.

CAST:

Jonathan Pride..... Charles Collins
Alcalde..... Frank Morgan
Serafina..... Steffi Duna
Pamfilo..... Luis Alberni
Don Baltazar..... Victor Varconi
Chago..... Jack LaRue
Blanca..... Alma Real
Teolote..... William V. Mong
Pirate chief..... Mitchell Lewis
Pirate cook..... Cy Kendall
Shepherd..... Julian Rivero
Orville..... Harold Waldridge
Orville's mother..... Vera Lewis
Landlady..... Nora Cecil
Miss Ponsonby..... Ellen Lowe
Mozo..... John Eberts
Pirate mate..... Max Wagner
Sailor..... James Farley
And the Royal Cansinos

"NINE DAYS A QUEEN"—Gaumont-British. Directed by Robert Stevenson.

CAST:

Lady Jane Grey..... Nova Pilbeam
Earl of Warwick..... Cedric Hardwicke
Lord Guildford Dudley..... John Mills
Edward Seymour..... Felix Aylmer
Thomas Seymour..... Leslie Perrins
Henry VIII..... Frank Collier
Edward VI..... Desmond Tester
Mary Tudor..... Gwen Pfranco-Davies
Jane's mother..... Martita Hunt
Jane's father..... Miles Malleon
Ellen..... Sybil Thorndyke

"POPPY"—Paramount. Screen play by Waldemar Young and Virginia Van Upp. Based on a play by Dorothy Donnelly. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland.

CAST:

Professor Eustace McGargle..... W. C. Fields
Poppy..... Rochelle Hudson
Billy Farnsworth..... Richard Cromwell
Attorney Whiffen..... Lynne Overman
Countess Maggi Tubbs..... Catharine Donnet
DePuzzi..... Rosalind Keith
Frances Parker..... Granville Bates
Mayor Farnsworth..... Adrian Morris
Constable Bowman..... Maude Eburne
Sarah Tucker..... Ralph Remley
Carnival manager..... Dewey Robinson
Calliope driver..... Tammany Young
Joe..... Bill Wolfe
Edmout..... Bill Wolfe

"THE PRINCESS COMES ACROSS"—Paramount. Screen play by Walter DeLeon, Francis Martin, Frank Butler, and Don Hartman. Based on a story by Philip MacDonald. Directed by William K. Howard.

CAST:

Princess Olga..... Carol Lombard
"King" Mantell..... Fred MacMurray
Lord..... Douglass Dumbrille
Lady Gertrude Allwyn..... Alison Skipworth
Benton..... William Frawley
Darcy..... Porter Hall
Captain Nicholls..... George Barbier
Inspector Cragg..... Lumsden Hare
Steindorf..... Sigfried Rumann
Kawati..... Tetsu Komai
Morevitch..... Mischa Auer
The stranger..... Bradley Page
Ship's bellhop..... Bonnie Bartlett
Assistant purser..... David Clyde
Chief purser..... Edward Keane
Steward..... Tom Herbert
First reporter..... George Sorel
Second reporter..... Jacques Vanaire
Photographer..... Gaston Glass
Official..... Gladden James
Jones..... William Newell
American reporter..... Milburn Stone
Photographer..... Phil Tead
Frenchwomen..... [Jeanne de Briac
Nanette Lafayette
Charles Fallon
Andre Cheron]

"HEARTS DIVIDED"—Warners. Screen play by Laird Doyle and Casey Robinson. From the play, "Glorious Betsy," by Rida Johnson Young. Directed by Frank Borzage.

CAST:

Betsy Patterson..... Marion Davies
Captain Jerome Bonaparte..... Dick Powell
Henry..... Charles Ruggles
Napoleon Bonaparte..... Claude Rains
John..... Edward Everett Horton
Sir Harry..... Arthur Treacher
Charles Patterson..... Henry Stephenson
Aunt Ellen..... Clara Blandick
Isham..... John Larkin
Pichon..... Walter Kingsford
Du Fresnoe..... Etienne Girardot
Cambaceres..... Halliwell Hobbes
Innkeeper..... Hobart Cavanaugh
President Thomas Jefferson..... George Irving
Mammy..... Hattie McDaniels
Colored servant..... Sam McDaniels
Gabriel..... Freddie Archibald
Madame Letizia..... Beulah Bondi
Pippin..... Phillip Hurlie
The Hall Johnson Choir

"LITTLE MISS NOBODY"—20th Century-Fox. Taken from a story by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan, from an adaptation by Lou Breslow, Paul Burger, and Edward Eliscu. Directed by John Blystone.

CAST:

Judy Devlin..... Jane Withers
Martha Bradley..... Jane Darwell
Gerald Dexter..... Ralph Morgan
Teresa Lewis..... Sara Haden
John Russell..... Harry Carey
Mary Dorsey..... Betty Jean Hainey
"Dutch" Miller..... Thomas Jackson
Junior Smythe..... Jackie Morrow
Hector Smythe..... Jed Prouty
Sybil Smythe..... Claudia Coleman
Harold Slade..... Donald Haines
Herman Slade..... Clarence H. Wilson
Jessica Taggart..... Lillian Harmer

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PROBABLY Garbo is still laughing for this is the sort of thing that appeals to her sense of humor.

A crowd breathlessly watched Alice Foy alight from a roadster on Hollywood Boulevard and enter a music store. In the crowd unrecognized and looking like the rest of us was Greta. She was carrying three bulky packages which in themselves formed an effective disguise.

In order to call a last glimpse of Alice before she disappeared into the store, the crowd turned forward, allowing Greta freely. Evidently Greta didn't mind. She strode off clucking.

ONE of the unhappiest of old-time stars was exotic temperamental Jetta Gouda, once described as "thin-nosed and vinegary."

To-day, as Mrs. Harold Grieve, Jetta is becomingly plump and jolly. She hasn't a care in the world except to improve her tennis game. Last time we saw her she was squealing with laughter because she had learned the knack of volleying.

Watching her with a look that might indicate envy was our own Katharine Hepburn. Could Kotie have been wishing she, too might drop her burden of pretenses?

A GIRL carrying a brief case stopped Fred Astaire. With an utterly expressionless face she recited, "Mr. Astaire, I've always admired

your acting. You're my favorite. Will you please autograph a photo I've treasured for months awaiting this opportunity?"

Briskly she opened her brief case. In it were at least a hundred photos of stars in alphabetical folders. She found Astaire's between portraits of Jean Armour and Mary Astor.

"Lady," chuckled Fred, as he penned his signature "I'm overwhelmed that you single me out for this honor!"

WHILE on location for "The General Died at Dawn" Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll invited Lee Tung Foo and three other Chinese members of the cast to dinner. In deference to their guests they steered the party to an Oriental restaurant.

Gary and Madeleine ordered Chinese food. The Chinese actors, who politely insisted on ordering last, selected such American dishes as ham and eggs, liver and bacon, and steak.

Incidentally, Gary has learned twenty-seven Chinese words. He takes mischievous delight in practicing their use on long-suffering friends.

ALL actresses wear false eyelashes while working but Joan Bondell's are probably the longest. Recently a friend commented on their luxuriant growth. "Yes," said Joan, "they grow like mud from nine to five every day and then they sort of droop and fall

off—like a morning glory. And, it's the funniest thing the days I don't work they don't grow at all!"

TOM BROWN has become quite the socialite. He has been a guest at the Hearst ranch several times the past few months. "How do you ever get up there in the first place?" some one asked.

Tom's voice sank to a whisper. "I think they intended asking Joe E. Brown and got the names mixed," he confessed.

BENNY BAKER erstwhile stooge now was one himself—a gent who goes by the name of Joe Frankenstein Plotky. He does nothing without orders from Benny. Introducing him to a girl recently Benny said "This is a nice girl. You take your hat off to her." So Joe lifted his hat and stood there holding it above his head until Benny told him to put it back—which is being what you might call a well-disciplined stooge.

GARY CROSBY, the three-year-old son, inherits Bing's and Dixie's wit. Norman Taurog, the rotund director is a close friend of the family. A few days ago he called. "Hello, Goy," he greeted the youngster.

Gary eyed him disapprovingly. "Hello blimp," he drawled.

GARY COOPER now playing in "The General Died at Dawn" says they're going to have to change the name and kill the general in the afternoon. Gary can't get up at dawn.

CAN it be that Hollywood's penchant for conspicuousness has got hold of our old friend, Irvin S. Cobb? Or is it merely that he doesn't care? He appeared, one hears, in a Santa Monica department store clad in a sombre black velvet pants and a knee-length white smock with an oversized pearl buttons. The spectacle of Cobb in such an outfit would give even us pause—and we're difficult to rouse after all these years in Hollywood. The town of Santa Monica we are to a pause almost as one man and there was a near-riot.

THE John Mack Browns celebrated their tenth—tin—wedding anniversary the other day. Jeonette MacDonald and Gene Raymond were invited to assist them in the celebration. After much deliberation as to a suitable gift



June Knight is a modern sun worshiper. Her play suit is of gay-colored chintz. The large hat has lots of brim—but is minus a crown.

the pair found an elderly Ford car upon which they had painted the suitable inscription, "In honor of your tenth anniversary." Gene had a bit of difficulty with the gear shift but eventually they managed to chug to the Brown doorstep in the contraption which was received with due mirth.

You wouldn't think that Jeanette and Gene had heard some rumor of Carol Lombard's much-publicized Valentine to Clark Gable, would you? Or would you?



Irene Bennett, one of the new faces that swarm Hollywood, first appeared in "Rhythm on the Range," and then stepped into "Lady, Be Careful."

THAT riotous meller-drammer, "The Drunkard," continues, after three years, to furnish Hollywood with one of its favorite forms of amusement. Our most glamorous stars gather there to hiss the villain, applaud the hero and to sing in lusty, if inaccurate, harmony in the intervals. When a customer has made five visits to "The Drunkard" he receives a gold star. Lyle Talbot, W. C. Fields, John Barrymore, Mae West, Lewis Stone, and Gloria Swanson are proud owners of the stars. Constance Callier took Freddie Bartholomew to the show a week or so ago. Freddie not only joined in the community singing, but offered some solo numbers of his own. He intends, he says, to earn a star.

THE DRUNKARD" cast are the only actors we have ever met who really yearn for noise and disorder in their audiences. Jan Duggan, who plays the farmer's wife, told us, "If our audience doesn't hiss and shout and pound tables with its beer mugs, our performance inevitably begins to sog. The whole affair is designed for a romp. If the audience won't romp with us, we fail in our purpose. Our

best audiences are picture or stage people. Claudette Colbert came, for the first time, the other evening. The entire cast concentrated on her, trying to make her laugh. When she did, our evening was a success!"

GLEND A FARRELL is embarrassed at the moment, by a plethora of riches in the form of peach trees. She visited a kindly uncle who owns a fruit ranch and evinced such interest in his rare trees that he sent her a couple for her very own. Now, Glenda apparently really cares about peach trees because she is—honestly—shopping for a "ranch" where she may plant not only these but some other varieties which she has thought up. She says that she intends to be another Luther Burbank.

PAT O'BRIEN has the instincts of a squirrel! A year or so ago when the O'Brien menage began to seem a bit constricted for the needs of the family, Pat called in some professional movers to make an estimate on transferring his belongings to some other point. The estimate was mild enough until they came to Pat's den.

That room is piled ceiling-high with old theater programs, corncob pipes, clippings, magazines, rubber boots, etchings—objects which have sentimental associations for Pat and with which he would not part for the world.

The movers advised him to build a new wing on his house. Now, Jim Cagney has introduced Pat to auctions at antique shops. Among the absolutely useless junk with which Pat is cluttering his storeroom he has some really rare things—two first editions of Dickens

and three old and valuable music boxes. Pat is very quiet about his other purchases. And so he should be.

LIFE is so much simpler for Joan Bennett now that she can leave off her "whiskers." An assured wit with a husky drawl, she used to be forever going into a hard-to-do act. The pseudo-cynical personality her recent pictures have introduced is actually the real Joan. And since she's ceased pulling her punches she admits frankly that she never had a thing in common with those gaga pretties she portrayed.

WHEN a college boy makes good in films every one who knew him when" remembers him. Thomas Beck discovered this when he wrote an article about Hollywood for the magazine of his fraternity. He belonged to Phi Gamma Delta at Johns Hopkins University. The leap from engineering student to screen lover was such a big one that he lost touch with many former pals.

To-day, however, judging by the flood of mail descending upon him not only is he well recalled by those he chummed with in his own olma mammy, but he's becoming a new buddy to "brothers" scattered in chapters all over the country.

IT'S no pose, this tenderness evidenced by Hollywood's parents-by-law. As a matter of inside fact, Pat O'Brien wouldn't have to be planning to tell his Mavourneen she's adopted if it weren't for the news hawks. He'll have to confess because the whole world's been let in on the situation. But it'll be the hardest thing he's ever had to do.



Jackie Cooper was host to a little party given for Judy Garland before she left for New York. Left to right: Mickey Rooney, Edna May Durbin, Judy, and Jackie. You can see that they had a good time.

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We left there. The director called to him for a scene and, grasping the hint of a good sword, he marched away to war—with the camera. And while the cameras were winding I thought of things he had told me about himself that day in New York.

He was born in Prague, Bohemia, a province of Austria-Hungary before the War and which, following the downfall of that empire, was shifted



Richard Arlen and his son go for a stroll with Mr. Penguin. This was taken in England, where Dick has been busy making pictures.

from pillar to post, finally emerging as one of the Czechoslovakian states. Bitter hatreds were raging when he was a boy; people in Prague were concerned with far deeper things than entertainment, and Franz, as he then was called, grew to hate war and its aftermath with a bitter hatred which persists in full force to-day.

"When I was sixteen," he told me, "I wanted to be an actor; but my father, a merchant, objected. An argument was averted because shortly thereafter I had to become a soldier. Military service is compulsory in my country and I served for fifteen months.

It is terrible that military! It is for stupid people. If you are not stupid, it will make you stupid. That is the trouble with things to-day. Everywhere they try to take away your individuality and use the people as a mass force." Then he said gravely, "It is the politicians.

I had asked him how he felt about going to Hollywood, for he had just been signed by a picture company. He said:

I do not mind. I have made many pictures in Berlin. And following those pictures he had gone to France to star on the musical comedy stage. First

Beneath His Charm

he did 'The Cat and the Fiddle,' then 'Autumn Crocus.'

Shortly before he was to leave for Hollywood, the New York office told him proudly that they had found a story for him. He was to portray an Eskimo. He looked at the story editor in blank astonishment.

"An Eskimo?" he repeated. "Do I look like an Eskimo? Why don't you get an Eskimo to play it?"

He got his first taste of Hollywood right there. But it has baffled intelligent men before Francis Lederer.

The picture was made, and it was hardly a smashing success. But critics everywhere praised Lederer's performance. "That," he told me, "is all I cared about. I was not responsible for the picture as a whole."

And back to the present—Francis came bounding off the set. I followed him to his dressing room, where he doffed his sword and uniform and threw on some street clothes. Next we arrived at a place on Hollywood Boulevard where stars—male and female—get their hair washed. Entering, he threw off his shirt and tossed it at random. Then he sat down in a chair and an attendant began work on him. This, thought I, is rather an unusual place for an interview.

"What else do you want to know?" he asked, flicking soap from his eyes. "I'm at your service."

"Do you think Hollywood has changed you during the time you have been here?" I asked.

No, he said. "I didn't come out here expecting to be a great success; consequently when the first picture wasn't good, I wasn't embittered. I live for to-day, anyway. If something goes wrong—there's to-morrow. I've always been like that."

What I really wanted to know was what this romantic fellow had to say about women and the relationship between men and women. And now was the time. Three years ago he had been impressed by the freedom of American women. Now he is no longer impressed. He thinks that spirit of equality of comradeship is good. In Europe, he says, the woman is dominated by the man—and likes it. Here, the woman takes the attitude of being man's equal—and the man likes it.

And I do not believe in the laws that favor the woman more than the man in divorce," he said. "They are an outgrowth of chivalry; man's conquering spirit would have him be gallant to the ladies. But the laws—they are not fair now."

"Tell me," said I, perching on the edge of his chair, "just what you'd want to find in the woman you'd love."

He smiled that famous smile of his. "A beautiful mind," he answered without hesitation. "A mind that radiates that quality which the women in the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci possess. I would want to look up to her as something divine—to recognize in her the divinity that lies in each human being.

Of course I realize that I'm not worthy of such a woman; but—well—I can't be blamed for wanting her."

Which might lead us to the observation that what Francis Lederer is searching for is an ideal. Most men would like to have a woman like that.

Both in New York and in Hollywood, for a time, his name was linked romantically with that of Steffi Duna, and later with the niece of Anita Loos, the writer. And in the latter I believe it is still the case.

Following the preview of "One Rainy Afternoon," he sent umbrellas to the Los Angeles film critics. On the umbrella handles was engraved:

To _____, from Francis Lederer, on "One Rainy Afternoon."

Rather cute, no? And when he finishes a picture there is generally some token of esteem from him to each member of the cast.



Dorothy Stone, eldest of Fred Stone's dancing daughters, is the wife of Charles Collins of "Dancing Pirate."

After a bad start, he has undoubtedly found his place in the motion-picture firmament. And so long as he possesses to the great degree that he does, the quality which Sir James Barrie once called "that damned charm," there is no reason why he should not keep on going for quite a while.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 41

The Exceptional Marriage.—We're quite thrilled over the seeming happiness of Jack Oakie. He appears a new person since his marriage to Vanita Vardon. And Vanita herself looks more than radiant. The many friends that Jack has gathered to himself through the years in Hollywood was evidenced before his marriage and immediately after his return, because he was fêted right and left, and some of the largest and showiest parties were given in his honor. Incidentally, he had to attend some of the gatherings with the full beard he wears in "The Texas Rangers."

Formal and Frigid.—As far as we can gather, no great fuss was made over the little French Shirley Temple who come to Hollywood to visit the star of the golden ringlets she was reputed to resemble. The name of the little porlez-vous lady is Mademoiselle Ginette Marboeuf-Hoyet, a contest winner. She spent only about two or three days in the colony, and as far as could be ascertained had only a few minutes with Shirley during the course of which she presented her with a doll. Of course, one trouble was that Ginette spoke only French, and while Shirley has been studying the language, her vocabulary as yet is limited.

A Scholastic Champ.—No fault to find with Anne Shirley's scholastic record. She buzzed through her grammar and high-school grades in ten years, despite all the interruptions of film work. If the truth be told, children educated while busy in pictures don't fare badly at all. They receive a lot of attention in their schooling because the classes are so small. During the last year or so Anne was the only young lady getting instruction in her particular grades. There was another girl with her, but she was in a different class. Anne has graduated from high school. She announces that she will try to take a college course, majoring in French and music. Which is a nice ambition.

Love à la Mode.—Kisses have come to mean less than nothing in Hollywood. It's the custom of the colony for friends to be thus friendly. Still, when Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell embraced recently, and Loretta Young and Edward Sutherland indulged in an exuberant greeting on Sutherland's return from abroad, there were the usual rumors of engagements. You can figure there isn't much to either report,

if you've heard it. The effusiveness is just the order of the day, or maybe it's the whim of the moment.

Just a Movie "Hero."—Nothing may be mentioned to equal the experience of Lee Duncan, owner of Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. Like his famous father, this inheritor of canine fame is becoming celebrated for his brave exploits on the screen. He may always be depended on to pick out the villain and inflict on him his just deserts. But recently burglars entered the home of Duncan while Rinty was snoozing. And did the dog up and at the bad men? Not a bit of it! He snored while they rifled the house and took away \$500 in clothing, jewelry, and money.

A Stinging Greeting.—Fine experience Don Ameche had to signalize his introduction to the charms of Southern California! He was struck by a sting ray or stingaree. Did you ever hear of one? Well, it's a fish famed for the nasty wounds it inflicts on bathers. And that's no fish story, either. Ameche was in the sea near San Diego, when he happened to step on one of the vicious denizens of the deep. He suffered a mean wound on his right foot as a result. He's almost the first person in Hollywood we ever heard of who was a victim of that particular kind of experience.

The "Little Colonel."—Henry B. Walthall's battle for life foiled. The "Little Colonel" died on June 17th just after he had passed the silver anni-

versary of his first film success. He contributed many unforgettable moments to pictures from the famous return to his Southern estate—a sad, pathetic and realistic scene in "Birth of a Nation"—to his famous ten-minute speech in "Judge Priest," which more than rivaled the much publicized one made by Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty." It was his patriotic defense, you may remember, of Will Rogers in that production.

Nobody ever believed that Walthall would be able to go through that from beginning to end, and the crew started bringing cardboards with the words written out onto the set before he started talking, but Walthall asked that they be removed. He once told us that it was like waiting for the death chair until he got to that scene, but once he was actually saying the lines it was all very easy.

That accomplishment gave a new lease to his career, and led to his acting his notable part of "Doctor Manette" in "A Tale of Two Cities," which was such a striking culmination. Walthall appeared in several other pictures after the Dickens adoption, but that was really the climax.

The remarkable thing was the manner in which he was ever able to recapture his screen prominence. He was noted for the great simplicity and unaffectedness of his portrayals from the days of "The Avenging Conscience," which was his favorite early picture, and "Judith of Bethulia," on through both the silents and the talkies.



Having completed "The Charge of the Light Brigade," Olivia de Havilland finds pleasure in sunning herself on the lawn of her home.

Hollywood High Lights

Waltz's death was caused by poisoning from vegetable spray.

Millionaire Babies.—Much argument about just how much their new contract with 20th Century Fox is to mean to the Dwyer Quintuplets. Also about the revenue to come from their film activities in the next few years because they constantly make newsreel appearances for Pathe. Of course the thing is, how much will their percentage deal mean?

They are to get a one-tenth royalty on the profits of their pictures in addition to \$250,000 initially paid, and a further sum of \$50,000 within the next two years. As told it is thought that the entire amount for this one contract will reach about \$600,000, and it won't be astonishing if other work they do on the screen will enable them to put away a cool million before they are even five years old!

It's thought that the little quintet will be cast with Shirley Temple in a picture.

Ladies Courageous.—Honor medals for life-saving or something of the sort should go to several feminine stars. It seems to be their time for showing presence of mind and courage. Josephine Hutchinson was applauded for saving the guest of her secretary from drowning in a Beverly Hills swimming pool. The visiting lady had slipped off into the deep end and had become so excited it was difficult to rescue her,

when Josephine went to her aid quite valorously.

Then Loretta Young became a candidate for a Carnegie Medal by saving a two-year-old baby boy while the Ramona company was on location. The set caught fire, and the youngster who was in a scene was in danger. Loretta picked him up out of his cradle and carried him to safety though her own dress was on fire at the time.

Not Even Skin Deep.—Battle over beauty again prevails in Hollywood. Artists have been expressing themselves on the subject, and Ann Harding appears to be one of the high favorites. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Kay Francis, Jeanette MacDonald, Merle Oberon and others are mentioned for honors. However, one artist, a woman, caused quite a shock when she said she wouldn't name any one because all stars are too utterly artificial.

Meanwhile, the make-up men have decided that no one has a perfect face in pictures. Their dictum is that the good points of various stars must be combined if the ideal beauty is to be found. That's no new theory, but the stars mentioned are different in the present catalogue.

The perfect beauty would have the forehead of Carol Lombard, the mouth of Dolores del Rio, the chin of Binnie Barnes, the nose of Tala Birell, the teeth of Anita Louise, the eyes of

Frances Drake, the hair of Evelyn Venable and the neck of Helen Gahagan. That would make a perfect face. But it's long been determined that nobody, probably, would look at such a face. It's the imperfections that mean something.

The Novarro Perplexity.—What of the future of Ramon Novarro? Many fans are interested in that naturally. Ramon spent the past year abroad but lately returned to the film colony. He made a bad start with his stage play in London but was much more favorably received in his personal appearances.

Himself, he has a yearning to produce pictures but stars do not generally fare their best when trying to boss the job.

Since his return he has been resting and enjoying many a chat with his old friend, Rex Ingram, the director. Ingram recently returned to Hollywood, you may recall, after a thirteen years' absence. Alice Terry has been present longer. She met Novarro on his arrival. There is a real instance of devotion that doesn't wane, for Rex and Alice and Ramon have been like three musketeers through the years.

Jean Stunt Artist.—Jean Arthur is the most remarkable expert in Hollywood, among women at learning tricks that require manual dexterity for her pictures. In fact, she's being called the female Douglas Fairbanks.

Do you remember how she looped the rope in her first scene in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"? That wasn't easy. In fact, it took her about two weeks to do the stunt. Also, she had to learn a coin trick which hardly showed on the screen. It took her two days to master that.

In "The Plainsman" she will have to become almost as dextrous with a whip as Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q," if you happen to remember that old picture. She's to drive a stage-coach, with a span of six horses and will have to be able to flick the front one on the ear. Also, she will be a barmaid in a Western bar in the film, and must be able to lasso nonpaying customers.

Furthermore, there are going to be no feminine fripperies for her in "The Plainsman." As "Caamity Jane," her customary dress will be buckskin trousers, boots, and a rough wool shirt.



Those fans who squawk for pictures of Preston Foster should be pleased with this. It shows Preston as host aboard his yacht with Erik Rhodes, Mrs. Foster, and Betty Grable.



FAVORITES
OF THE FANS

FRED MacMURRAY

Photo by Eugene Robert Riche

CLARK GABLE

Photo by George S. Storz





Photo © by Ernest A. Bachrach

FRED ASTAIRE



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

LESLIE HOWARD

GENE RAYMOND

Photo by John Miehle





Photo by William Walling, Jr.

ROBERT TAYLOR

ROBERT TAYLOR

Photo by Graybill





- OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND selects a wardrobe that will appeal to every college miss. Far evening, a cape of gray kidskin, upper left, with a deep-rose taffeta gown.
- TWO-PIECE black crêpe ensemble with white satin bodice, above, with and without the tunic coat, for off-the-campus dining. All the accessories are black suède.
- THE black crêpe afternoon frock, left, has a waist-length swagger cape lined with star-splashed taffeta. The sandals have square toes and heels.
- PLEATED skirt of green-and-red plaid, topped with a red twin sweater set, is the practical campus outfit, outer right.
- FOR afternoon wear, a yellow-and-brown printed challis, with a sheer brown wool redingote, right.
- SHAGGY plaid wool in tones of brown makes an ideal campus coat. A white satin blouse is a perfect complement for the fall suit.

OFF TO COLLEGE





Photo by Scotty Weidourne

DONALD WOODS

JOHN BOLES





Photo by [unreadable]

GARY COOPER

GEORGE RAFT



CARY GRANT

Photo by Tom Ufer



Continued from page 53

so incredibly beautiful that she can get away with a little comic relief in the way of hats. But thanks to Orry-Kelly, she won't be allowed to wear any such monstrosity in pictures.

Time To Make Friends.—Joan Bennett and Irene Dunne became great friends on the "Queen Mary" going to England. Between making pictures, looking after her youngsters, and making more pictures, Joan doesn't get around to meet many people in Hollywood. That's one thing she likes about travel—she can relax and have time to cultivate pleasant acquaintances. Soon after reaching London, they were off to Paris to look at clothes. Joan didn't find much, though. She likes classically simple things that depend on perfect fit for smartness, and the redoubtable Hattie Carnegie had already shown her in New York the best of the Paris collections.

London Points With Pride.—The American film colony in England is having great social success as well as professional. And Britons have decided that really nice Americans work in pictures, and only the peasant class come over and whoop it up as tourists.

Miriam Hopkins is dazzling them with a Schiaparelli wardrobe second to none; Sylvia Sydney has taken a doll-like house and is quite as eager to stay as British producers are to have her; Ann Harding delights them by looking dowdy in the conventional British county-matron manner; Dick Arlen prefers their public golf courses to the swanky clubs where he has guest cards; Ben and Bebe Daniels Lyon are favorites in vaudeville; Richard Barthelmess and Edward G. Robinson prow around exploring historic sites. And, of course, there are always Helen Vinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who have been there so long that the Brits have adopted them as their own.

Footlights Act As Magnet.—Two of the screen's top-flight stars are deserting pictures for the stage, and two others are off on brief excursions into try-out theaters. Katharine Hepburn is to play "Jane Eyre" for the Theater Guild, and Margaret Sullavan is to do the Ferber-Kaufman play, "Stage Door." Grace Moore is all set to prove that she is a dramatic actress on the stage of Connecticut's little Westport theater, and Josephine Hutchinson is to gratify her whim of appearing at a little theater in Massachusetts.

They Say in New York—

The Minority Rules.—You've known people who were always on the other side of every argument. Well, Margaret Sullavan is a born anti-everything. Just because the rest of the world holds money in some regard, it gave the little Sullavan unbounded pleasure to turn down a Universal contract and agree to do a stage play at a fraction of the salary the picture company offered. Too many people have told her that she ought to cooperate with the press, that otherwise the public would forget her. So she flatly refuses to have new photographs made or give interviews. The more she is told to consider her appearance in public, the more tousled she becomes. And such happiness as hers in being as ornery as she likes is rare to behold.



Allan Jones probably is mapping out the route he and Irene Hervey will cover when they become husband and wife. The wedding will be very soon now. "Broadway Melody of 1937" and "Born to Dance" are on his schedule of coming pictures.

The Temple Influence.—If you are at all dubious about the continued influence of Shirley Temple on the infants of the country, you should motor through the byways of the South. Tap-dancing schools flourish in the smallest towns, and giddy soubrettes of five and six emerge only to hurry home, throw their dolls in a corner and make the front porch resound with taps expertly stepped. They wear Shirley Temple dresses and shoes, and even eat out of Shirley Temple dishes. The old Kentucky feuds may be dying out,

but there are new ones in every township over which child most resembles Shirley.

Come Back, All Is Forgiven.—Elizabeth Allan, too long absent from the American screen, has been summoned from England to play in Katharine Hepburn's "Portrait of a Rebel." That postpones again the screen debut of Doris Dudley, the Broadway flash, who is destined one of these days to be Hollywood's darling.

Miss Dudley happens to be a skilled actress, one of those instinctive ones who, with little training or experience, lends conviction to any scene she plays. But Hollywood could hardly be expected to like her for that. Her chief appeal to Hollywood will be that she can cause more talk in a day than any one else in a week. Melodrama follows her every footstep. And the girls who lounge around in slacks and sweaters will look as if they were dressed for presentation at Buckingham Palace in comparison to Doris in her favorite little numbers.

Not Among Those Present.—All the while that you have been marveling at the "Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" number in "The Great Ziegfeld," the singer who made the song famous on the stage has been struggling to make a meager living. John Steel, one of the handsomest and most lilting-voiced of stage idols a few years ago, dropped out of sight—no one seems to know why.

About a year ago he started a come-back singing in a little café. It was sometime before word got around that this was John Steel, "The" John Steel, in as fine voice as ever, and with never a complaint about the sour breaks that had checked his career at its height. A few weeks ago a representative of Warners wandered in to hear him sing, and now he has a contract for pictures.

Around the Town.—With many of the theaters shuttered until cool weather, and out-of-town restaurants drawing crowds away from Broadway, New York has few attractions to offer visiting film celebrities. George O'Brien and Marguerite Churchill, Lily Pons and James Cagney are about the only famous faces one sees about town. Cagney's lawyers and those of Warner Brothers are in a huddle. It looks as if the embattled principals might be reconciled, with Jimmy taken back the second time.

Barbara Lets Go

out of the ordinary. If I haven't met them before there's a little strain at first. I can't just say, 'I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Smith.' If you just squat and pay attention. I'll be glad to tell you the story of my life—including my habits, ideas, ambitions, tastes in clothes and men and any other intimate details you'd like to know.

If I have something in the room that is not at all the ordinary—that obstructs itself on the notice—we can talk about that for a few minutes while we become acquainted. Then the other isn't so hard.

Cathy Barbara. I think if I were a woman and could have my choice, I would rather be in Barbara Stanwyck's shoes today, as regards the press. Than any other star's in Hollywood. There is something forthright and honest about Barbara that you don't often encounter in women—Blonde, Lombard, Kay Francis, Arline Judge—and maybe one or two others. Every writer I know is pulling for her and rooting for her.

I mentioned something of this to her. 'I'm glad to hear you say that,' she smiled. 'I try to play ball with them. I know writers are often in a spot. We players have only ourselves to think of in giving interviews. We tell what we like, and if we don't like a question we just don't answer it. But you people—you've got to get a story that will not only be interesting but it's got to satisfy the player, the studio, and your editor. It isn't always easy. If you're interested enough to want to write about me, I feel the least I can do is cooperate by seeing you as soon as possible and by giving you, as near as possible, the story you've come for.'

That's great," I beamed. "Gimme the story I came for, then."

"Well, what did you come for, besides the coffee?" she twitted me as I unashamedly held out my cup for the third time.

"I want to know your plans for the future," I announced.

"I haven't any," she averred. 'I used to make them—plan and dream about big things. But everything I ever planned turned out differently, so now I just let nature take its course. The only thing I want is to work. When I was at Warners I used to scrap over the stories, trying to get one I thought would make a good picture, but one turned out pretty much like the other. Now I take things as they come.

People have criticized me for taking that part in 'A Message to Garcia.' It came right after my divorce.

I was all tied up in knots mentally. I felt if I could only be working it would divert my mind and I could get a grip on myself. And I also felt I ought to be before the public again. The fact that it was only a small part didn't seem to me to make any difference. When you're in a picture with two other stars like John Boles and Wally Beery you can't expect to have your part dominate theirs. I was grateful to Mr. Zanuck for his confidence in me and it served its purpose. I was like a different person when I finished that picture.

As for the future, as I told you, I have no plans. I'm constantly asked if I intend marrying. Not for a long time if ever. I don't say I never will, but at the moment, nothing is farther from my thoughts. I've tasted free-



Three starlets who have a perfect form for golf, or for anything else for that matter, are Marie Wilson, Anne Nagel, and Carol Hughes.

dom for the first time in years, and it's marvelous. I want to stay single and enjoy myself.

"I intend working in pictures as long as I can. When I'm washed up I hope to have enough money laid by to enable me to travel and see the things and places I've always wanted to see. Do you know I'm one of the few people in Hollywood who has never been abroad?

"I want to go to Europe, but I don't want to see it the way the average American does. I'd as soon stay home. Wally Beery flew all over it last year, and he gave me a pretty good slant.

He said 'Don't spend all your time night-clubbing and shopping in London and Paris and Berlin. You might just as well stay in New York. Spend a few days in those places and get it out of your system. Then go to places the tourists usually skip—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, the interior of Spain, Greece, and Istanbul and places like that.'

Did you ever read that poem of Ezra St. Vincent Milroy's? she went on. "It goes,

"How shall I know unless I go
To Cairo and Calvary
Whether or not this blessed spot
Is blessed in every way?"

"It may be that the flower for me
Is this beneath my nose.
How can I tell unless I smell
The Carthaginian rose?"

That's me. And then there's always the stage. After you've once been on it, I don't believe you're ever quite content to give it up. This past year I was offered the feminine lead in 'The Postman Always Rings Twice.'

'Gee!' I interrupted, 'why didn't you do it? You were free and you'd have been sweet in it.'

'Hey!' she ejaculated. 'I'm a working gal. I've got to have money coming in. At the time I was offered the part the Theater Guild was going to put it on, and it always takes them six months to get a play ready and cast and into production. I couldn't wait around that long.

"Speaking of plays I broke in once more, haven't you ever felt any desire to do a comedy?"

"Sure," she answered promptly. 'But I don't know if I could find one I could do. I don't even know if I could play comedy. It's always seemed to me there's something too heavy about me. I mul't over in my mind, but I can't connect myself with comedy. It seems to me I had better stick to the Get Outs.'

"The 'Get Outs?'" I puzzled.

'Yes,' she laughed. 'At some place in every one of my pictures I always have to tell some one. Now, get out.'

Her voice took on a dramatic intensity as she delivered the line in her accustomed screen tone. I glanced at her suspiciously. She was smiling again, and there didn't seem to be any hidden meaning to the words. But the coffee was all gone, so there was no use taking a chance.

I got out.



**SHE'S GOT STYLE
ALL RIGHT—BUT
SHE'D JUST RUIN
OUR SHOW...**



READ HOW
KAY'S
PIMPLES
NEARLY
KEPT HER
OUT OF
THE
FASHION
SHOW



THAT'S FINE, KAY... YOU'VE GOT THE WALK
DOWN PAT... BUT I DON'T LIKE THE DRESS
ON YOU... SUPPOSE YOU TRY ONE OF
THE SPORTS
SUITS

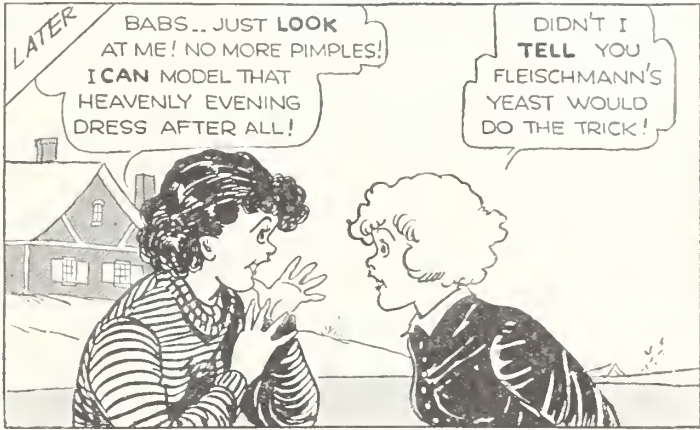


HOW COME?
WHY'S SHE
MAKING YOU
CHANGE?
SHE SAYS THE DRESS DOESN'T SUIT
ME... WHAT SHE MEANS IS I'VE GOT TOO
DARN MANY PIMPLES TO WEAR IT. OH,
BABS, HOW CAN I GET RID OF THEM
BEFORE THIS
SHOW COMES
OFF!?!



KNOW EXACTLY
WHAT YOU OUGHT
TO DO... EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST.
HONESTLY, IT'S DEATH ON PIMPLES.
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW... IT
BEAURED UP MINE!

IT DID?
I'LL START
TONIGHT!



LATER
BABS... JUST LOOK
AT ME! NO MORE PIMPLES!
I CAN MODEL THAT
HEAVENLY EVENING
DRESS AFTER ALL!

DIDN'T I
TELL YOU
FLEISCHMANN'S
YEAST WOULD
DO THE TRICK!



WHAT A PEACH! SAY, DO
YOU KNOW HER? HOW
CAN I MEET HER?

**Don't let adolescent pimples keep
YOU from being admired**

UNSIGHTLY skin blemishes are a big trial to many young people during the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

Important glands develop at this time, and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur throughout the entire system. The skin, especially, gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, the pimples disappear.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly each day, before meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.



—clears the skin
**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

The thought entered my mind and I could feel ten inches great about my own selfishness.

"How?" he asked, interested. "I simply don't ever do alone. Why I need a lady to take care of me—when I'm in a hurry, or lead I have to be playing as companionable."

"Can you tell me you are not really just a part of the Holy Wood Whirlwind?"



Juanita Quigley, now playing in "The Devil Doll," is soon to dance with Eleanor Powell in "Born to Dance."

He rose and towered above me and smiled. "I guess that's right. Since I have had my house I've given only one party and that was on mother's birthday—and flinging himself in a vast easy-chair he asked, 'But just because I don't like great affairs and the necessity for reciprocating in kind, that doesn't mean I'm an Old Man of the Mountains does it?'"

"Not a bit of it. It takes real character to gauge values and a great deal more to put them into effect."

As he settled down to a smoke I thought I'd chance the question: "Have you any particular choice when it comes to the feminine ideal?"

"I have certain preferences, I suppose."

"That sounded promising."

"Just what type of woman do you prefer? Tall short, blonde brunette the common sort or the sophisticate?"

"The first women, first of all," he said with conviction, "and in the order named—ma' Brunet and symmetrical. Every man I know likes a woman who cries on his shoulder and who is sympathetic to his needs. I know I do!"

Every Reason To Be Dizzy

And how are you about advice? Do you take it as an advice-giver, and how does it fit?

"Oh, I love to give advice—it's probably a throw back from having a doctor for a father—a sort of reflex from seeing him give it out. As for taking good advice—I don't know."

"Oh, come now!"

"Well, sort of. Deep down I suppose I'm pretty good at it," he smiled.

"But may I add I find women's advice indispensable?"

"So you see he can take it as well as hand it out."

"On the other hand," I related academically, "there are the sweetheart, the husband, the big-brother types—not mentioning villains. Into just which category do you fall—in real life, I mean?"

His robust laugh was pleasant to hear, for he doesn't indulge it too often for comfort.

"I'm afraid I'm the cautious type—and that is distinctly big brother. And I shouldn't be surprised," he added, his eyes twinkling, "if because of my attitude I've lost the friendship of a good many fine women, because, you know, lots of them had big brothers to begin with!"

"Well, maybe it's just because of your profession. Don't you think that actors usually develop a protective mechanism?"

"Maybe they do—but I was born with one. Just between us, I'd like to get rip-roaring drunk sometime. I not only want to, but I've tried, and always just before that last fatal plunge something against my will always calls the whole thing off. I'm that way in everything. It's terrible to relate, but what can I do? I guess I'm just that sort of person."

"That sort of person" is some one entirely likable, to use a modified expression. He's also the sort of person who has the courage to admit he enjoys looking at mountains better than buildings—the sort of person, too, who can't abide scandal.

The fact is he's as retiring as Ronald Colman and as popular as Clark Gable. When I pointed out to him that some one with his achievements could perhaps kick up his heels a bit and get away with it, he answered: "It's O. K. for some—but not for me. I know myself."

He does. He knows that while his career means more to him than anything else at the moment, he's not the type to call good looks, intelligence and physical ability enough. There

will always be serious extra-curriculum interests.

"What do you really want?" I asked, wondering what more any one could ask.

"I want to travel—to see the world by bike if possible, which is the right way. But most of all I want security. Why, a country doctor earning a hundred dollars a month with a wife and a couple of children has more security than I."

"But you can marry, have a family and earn enough to keep them in affluence all their lives," I protested.

"That's just it," he returned seriously. "It's a long life, and security stands for so many things. It doesn't only mean an annuity or money in the bank. There's mental security too—the feeling that you count not only to yourself but to other people by a full, rich, real life. That's what I want."

"You get it the way you've got success," I said as I rose to go. "I'm sure of it."

"I hope you're right," he smiled. "Everything I've got so far is luck more than anything else."



Most of Jean Chatburn's spare time is spent bowling on the green. You'll see her soon in "The Devil on Horseback."

"I don't know what to wish you. You seem to have everything whether you realize it or not."

"You can wish that my luck continues and if you want to be very nice you can keep your fingers crossed," he said as he took my hand in a nice, firm he-man clasp.

I immediately obliged although I'm sure he doesn't need crossed fingers. But I'd like to see the person, especially a female, who could refuse Bab anything!

Do the Fans Think?

Continued from page 56

Most extraordinary of the characteristics of "What the Fans Think" is that it has built up a star system of its own! Not through editorial favoritism, but through the haste to assure you. It's just that certain of the fans have contributed so regularly and strikingly that they have become well known to readers.

Richard E. Passmore's odes to Garbo gave him the position of the Swedish star's most potent defender, though his letter telling Joan Crawford to drop her assumed culture and be herself did not go unchallenged.

Most famous of them all, the embattled Crocella Mullen created a reverberating sensation with her poetic tribute to the beauty of Barry Norton's nostrils. In doing so she raised up a Frankenstein which eventually destroyed her, for the equally celebrated Frank Tully gave her such a royal razz that she finally retired from the arena.

This was probably the most hotly contested fan battle of them all, and though Crocella claimed a moral victory, the belligerent Tully certainly swept her from the field. Then he, too, announced his retirement. But, even as the stars themselves, Tully found inactivity boresome, and he has returned from time to time to celebrate "Clark Gable's honey-and-hemlock smile" and "Miss Harlow's misunderstood perfection."

Arguments as bitter as this have been rare recently, though the venturesome Paul Boring laid himself open to endless puns on his last name when he described Katharine Hepburn as an "unwanted blight" and Shirley Temple as "an insignificant and fatuous mite."

The Lillian Gish-Ruth Chatterton dispute was the first occasion on which your correspondent entered the arena, and it brought down upon my head the polished shafts of Earl Alan Johnson, who later confessed that he, like Crocella, admired Barry's nostrils.

Nothing in the panorama of the movies escapes comment by some fan, and Picture Play's staff writers have had more than their share. Malcolm H. Oettinger's unsympathetic interview with Pola Negri bade fair to imperil his life, and his criticisms of Hollywood's mild night life gave rise to the accusation that he had never been there. This to the veteran who has interviewed every star from Dagmar Godowsky to Charles Laughton!

On the other side of the ledger, Norbert Lusk's reviews have received more consistent praise than any of Picture Play's departments and Samuel Richard Mook and Myrtle Gebhart have built up fan followings which the stars themselves might envy. Perhaps indeed, their positions are more enviable—generations of stars rise and fall, but these patriarchal pens push on forever.

Yes, the fans do think. But what about the implication of that query—is their thinking worth while?

Of course it is! Any one who says it isn't doesn't know his movies. The highbrows have fooled themselves badly on this point. Because the fans criticize instinctively, without reference to an academic standard of judgment, the scoffers have decided that their criticisms are formless, without basis—whims of the moment. But quite a different conclusion is forced upon the investigator who pierces the extravagances of overstatement and looks upon fan criticism as a whole. Instinctive it may be, but that instinct is surprising sound.

When the Legion of Decency campaign broke in June, 1934, producers declared that it took them by surprise—that they couldn't tell whether to clean up pictures or not because they didn't know whether the movement was backed by a majority of audiences or just a handful of reformers.

If they had investigated thoroughly, they would have found that for a year prior to the decency outcry "What the Fans Think" had been dotted with protests against the endless stream of gangsters, shady ladies, and glorifications of questionable characters.

Generally speaking, though, Hollywood intently follows audience criticism, and this includes the stars. Joan Crawford is only one of those who reads fan letters and governs her screen efforts accordingly. Even Garbo reads the fan magazines avidly.

And why not? If Hollywood has glamour, it is not provided by the personalities of the players but by the concentrated interest of fans. Letters from the fans provide a truer understanding of the movies than anything else that is written.

For stars, producers, critics, and for the fans themselves they are the sacred scriptures of filmdom.

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Joan Saved My Life

and I saw them in print. But others realized their cruelty, and I saw Fay's sympathy over with letters to me as did my own mail box. The Joan Crawford Club devoted half its magazine to advocating me and the other was used as the nucleus of two interviews with Joan. When I read in one of those interviews that I had hurt her, I wrote her my first letter. She answered—was to learn why later about what she is photograph.

After that I stepped out of the scene until I saw 'No More Ladies' when I came back again, still having the audacity to criticize her, though in a milder tone. She wrote a sweet letter and asked me to write again. I didn't, however, for I went to California soon afterward and our brief correspondence ended.

I saw Joan at various places in Hollywood—sopping at the studio, at concerts—but it was as though I were in a dream. I was almost sure she would never care to see me, but wrote her anyway, telling her I would appreciate a chance to vindicate myself. Then her letter came inviting me to meet her. You can imagine how I felt!

As I walked on the set of 'The Gorgeous Hussy' I attended a meeting here. The first person I saw was Robert Taylor sitting on the side lines, watching Lionel Barrymore do his stuff as 'Andrew Jackson.' Behind me stood James Stewart, also eying Barrymore. Off to one side stood Clarence Brown, talking to a girl in a blue argand'e gown of the Jacksonian period and a crowning glory of brown curls. I saw a sudden familiar nod of her head and sweep of hand—the girl turned! Joan! She came toward me. My feelings at that moment were a mixture of incredulity and a desire to turn and run.

As she came nearer our eyes met, she smiled—and when she smiles you're sunk—and the next moment I was holding her outstretched hand and hearing her say—you will never know how sweetly simple she was—'Hello Dorothy. How are you?' She led the way to her dressing room and for five minutes we sat in deathly silence. You could almost hear the gulf between us—if you can hear a gulf.

We lit cigarettes and she began brushing mascara on her lashes. She was making it very hard for me. I knew she was waiting for me to break

the ice, and I finally did by bursting out with 'Joan I wish I could tell you how sorry I am!'

She turned then, her eyes flooded with remembrance, and said, 'Let's forget it, shall we? No, I forgive you.'

But I can't forget nor can she, nor will we. I told her so.

I was terribly hurt by your letter at first. It cut me deeper still when I received hundreds of letters from people who agreed with you. Then I soon realized that people who can turn against one so easily aren't worth caring about. Aren't worth tears.

That stung. So much so that I said, almost crying, 'But I didn't turn, Joan. I discovered afterward that I loved you more than ever. And you should have read the letters I got from people who disagreed with me!'

I blamed my youth for much that I said, and I still do.

You say you were sixteen when you wrote that and emotional? Well, I was emotional at sixteen—God, I was emotional. But I can't ever remember criticizing any one's personal life as harshly and bitterly as you did mine.

That stung too. But I loved hearing it. I loved the fire in her eyes, the force in her voice. Joan didn't stop to realize, however, that she no doubt grew up long before most children do. I think she was always a woman.

People have said that Joan lives in printers' ink—that her soul, her ideals, her innermost feelings have all been given an airing. But I learned in a few hours that the things nearest Joan—those things that have hurt her and added a deeper sadness to her eyes—are kept within herself, deep down where she alone lives.

You have only to look into her eyes to know that she could never deliberately hurt a living creature. That I think, is why she didn't write me a fiery, resentful letter. She said she wanted to, but she knew it would hurt me, and she thought it petty. She has known too much pain herself to give pain to others.

Yes, I know. You are saying, 'So this girl, too, has been taken in by the Crawford glitter and glamour.' And I say you are wrong.

First of all I saw Joan at work sans any glitter, glamour or superficial coatings. In the six months I have been in Hollywood I have seen over two hundred stars at work, at play, in crowds and in private groups. I have seen them mobbed by fans and have witnessed their reactions to autograph



Arline Judge and George Raft make merry at one of those Hollywood parties largely attended by stars who tell interviewers that they never go anywhere—just a quiet evening at home with a few friends.

makers. And I can say that, with but one exception, Joan is the simplest and the least spoiled of them all.

I was amazed at how utterly oblivious she is to all the fuss that is made over her, and at her vitality.

A portrait of Joan at work: Eight or ten visitors on the set wanting to meet her. She graciously complying and giving them, as they leave, autographed pictures and an unforgettable living portrait of a winsome, gracious hostess. Posing for publicity stills. Reading an excerpt from a book at some one's recommendation. Going over her next scene with the director. Stopping to greet Bob Taylor and Jim Stewart. Brushing up on her lines and having her maid brush up her coiffure. Boiling her gown on studio machinery and waiting an hour and a half for preparation. Approving a new face cream made for her. Talking to her husband on the phone. Time out for a chat with Jerry Asher, one of her close friends. Catching her brother as he leaves and introducing the handsome young man to me. Trying to listen to Barrymore's booming voice through dressing-room walls. Stopping to meet guests of a publicity writer. The constant chant of "Miss Crawford, will you O. K. this?" "Miss Crawford!" "Miss Crawford!"

In the midst of all this you discover that you are the bewildered one, not she. Her simplicity, her humanness floor you. The tale about her studio popularity is true. A great deal of her success is due, I believe, to her ability to meet people on their own



Don Ameche, who came to the screen via the radio, gave such a magnificent performance in "Sins of Man" that he was cast opposite Loretta Young in "Ramona."

"Another glass!"



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level. No affectations, no inflated ego, no attempts to impress. She failed a few years ago to make herself into something terribly strained and theatrical. She failed because her own self is so much finer than any she might evolve. The girl herself is so colorful, so alive and interesting, that in attempting to create a new personality she was bound to produce a poor carbon copy.

Like every one else who has met Joan—like Norbert Lusk—I came away captivated. It's a sin for one woman to have so much charm and magnetism. And the nicest thing about her is that the charm refuses to ooze. Like Mr. Lusk, I don't think Joan has reached her ultimate. She is headed for greater achievement and renown. "The Gorgeous Hussy" offers her a new field—costume and history. She is afraid the picture will fail. She al-

ways is. She cannot see how devastating and irresistible she is in the picturesque costumes of the fabled "Peggy O'Neale" who went so far as to captivate "Old Hickory" himself.

Perhaps I may never see Joan again, but my admiration, respect and gratitude will never cease. My admiration for her blazing talent, admiration for her beautiful womanhood, and my gratitude for giving my life to me and for fitting so perfectly into the pattern I wove in my mind.

The finest compliment I can pay Joan is to say that I want the child I hope for one day to be a girl and to live a life as brave and fine and full as hers. To have her courage of her convictions, to "dare to dream her splendid dreams and make her dreams come true."

What a loss to the world that Joan Crawfords are so rare!

When he is there, what is there? Will you skip over it all, please. Miss Temple?

Some one do not do anything, certainly, that is, whatever about the moment was probably the usual thing. But long after the moment was forgotten they were watching the scene over because Shirley Temple had forgotten her lines.

I was surprised. Having spent many years watching countless scenes made I know it is impossible for any actor really to remember his lines. I have often wondered if Shirley, who is supposed to remember not only her own lines but those of the other performers, could be human. Of course it is easier to remember the other person's lines than your own. Don't you recall when you were in school how you knew the answer to the question the teacher asked the little girl ahead of you, but not when she came to you?

Don't think I have seen anything more winsome than Shirley forgetting her lines. The disappointment on her face. The way she clenches her tiny little fists and in a while slumps her back. Oh, yes, Shirley likes to remember. She would adore being super-human as the rest of us would, but she can't you see. She's just a lovely little girl who forgets—but not as often as she remembers.

They took still pictures of her when she had completed the scene—the photographs you see in newspapers and magazines. She isn't even perfect in posing. This scene in which I watched her was really an interruption from her regular work. It was her trailer for the Red Cross fund-raising campaign. She was an adorable little nurse. Her curls found loose edges in the car and sneaked their way into her hair to wave jubilantly, like young boys playing hokey. Her eyes were as blue and as bright as stars seen from an airplane on a clear night.

As she stood before that camera he was the cutest bundle of humanity I have ever seen; and she was human. When she raised her forefinger and took the pose for "Please give," she didn't get the picture. Her finger was off. It was too low. It was too high. Finally she caught it. And she looked so worried until she did!

Why are we reason we love Shirley Temple is because she is so human. Her facial expressions are as natural as any normal child's. Just as she looked with pity when Miss Draper had lost the bracelet and looked when she returned it to her. So

does she flash from one natural emotion to another before the camera. She reacts to the lines because she feels their emotional meaning. She doesn't act; she feels, and, having a face which is a natural mirror for what goes on within her intense little being, the camera records it. Incidentally the furniture on all the sets was of normal size.

Despite the fact that I was there with a representative of the publicity department and stood chatting with Shirley's mother as well as Shirley, I was paid particular attention by a tall, handsome man introduced casually to me. He seemed interested in my work, and adroitly drew me out. I found myself being interviewed, and not too



Jane Hamilton is one of RKO's bevy of promising pretties waiting for the big day that will bring her a nice, fat part, and she waits becomingly.

casually. "Who is that inquisitive man?" I whispered, thinking him to be some actor not displeased with the thought of obtaining publicity from a writer. Now I fear to mention his name because of what he might do should I give him publicity. He was one of Uncle Sam's men guarding our little lady. And although a visitor may be O. K.'d by the entire studio and family if she doesn't have this man's approval—well, her exit would be handled politely but firmly.

Shirley made a lightning change

from nurse's costume to pink Fanne Dress and coat and a headgear halfway between a hat and a bonnet. She walked into the dining room with so much energy that she seemed to radiate electricity and make us tingle from it. You don't mind if I kick my leg under the table, do you? They go about five miles an hour, you know, and I don't feel right when they aren't going.

The air beneath the table became an eddy as though whirred by an electric fan. Her estimate of five miles an hour was modest. But we didn't mind because we realized that some part of Shirley must keep going every minute.

She talked with the same throb of action. And there was no self-consciousness in a single sentence. Shirley has too much pep to be self-conscious. She's too busy doing something or saying something to think about herself as anything but a little girl seeking fun and having it every moment. A self-conscious child would not have said, with a shy glance at her mother, that she liked to dunk and her mother did, too. But perhaps I might object to dunking? I explained about dunking being a polite custom in some countries. She was interested immediately. What countries? Mexico. That wasn't far away. Perhaps she and her mother could go to Mexico some day and dunk freely just as they'd done at home now.

Her favorite fan letter was from her brother. He was a freshman at Leland Stanford. He had asked for an autographed picture of her. She giggled. She seemed unaware that to be Shirley Temple's brother at college was to be famous. To her it was a big joke. Oh, yes, she quarreled with her brothers. She adores quarreling. Of course she ate at the table with her family. Why shouldn't she? Wasn't she part of the family?

Of her work she chatted little. It was fun. She didn't believe she could sit in school all day. Her face turned from an almost perfect circle to a long pointed oval. She sighed. She felt sorry for "kids" who had to sit still all day.

I doubt if Shirley could sit in a school all day. She is the closest I have seen to perpetual motion. And perpetual emotion. To try to harness her would be like trying to harness a cyclone. Her eyes change expression from second to second. Her perfect little mouth twists from one angle to another without once losing its beauty. I would hate to tell her a bad story. I

am certain she would cry until you couldn't stop her. And yet the most dominant expressions are the ones flashing all variations of happiness. She adores living; every moment of it.

I should not call even her table manners perfect. Oh, she knows perfection, but she's too busy to remember. She's as likely to wave her spoon in one of her more exuberant moments. If the spoon adds excitement—she will use the spoon in the most appropriate way to add to it.

Naturally, she knows she's famous. She can read. She goes shopping with her mother. She can't walk down the street without seeing her face smiling back at her from some window. But she doesn't pay attention because she's too busy being herself—using up her energy—to think about it. After all, she knows all about herself, and there's so many things everywhere that she doesn't know. She's difficult to interview because she wants to keep asking questions.

All you have read about the sensible discipline of her mother is true. There's a kinship between these two which is a whole lesson in child training. If Shirley starts to twirl her spoon in her mouth in her excitement and catches her mother's eye, the spoon comes out with a jerk and the most friendly smile. The smile says, "Sorry, mother, I forgot." And mother's answering smile says, "It's all right, dear. I know you did." Of course, any mother would have to keep discipline with a child like Shirley, and the re-

Continued from page 51

banded together to try out their ideas of what was fresh and vital in the theater. They had been well received. Both Hank and Peggy were adored by the rest of the company. They fell madly in love with each other. For a few months they seemed fused by their happiness into a single entity. But it was a temporary illusion. Basically, their natures were as far apart as the poles.

The company returned to New York. Almost at once Margaret was offered Broadway billing. She was beautiful, meteoric. She made friends on sight. And she knew and practiced the art of making the friends who could further her career.

Let there be no mistake. Hank, too, wanted to succeed. But he wasn't the kind to do it overnight. In place of spectacular good looks, instant charm,

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markable thing is Shirley seems to know this. It is as though she has learned from experience that mother does know best, and having learned, why shouldn't she take advantage of the knowledge?

Now what do you think about Shirley Temple? I think she's the most interesting child I have known, and I have taught school and am a mother myself. She is supercharged with energy without being supercharged with nerves—which is the nicest compliment I know to pay her mother. She has

been allowed to use that energy, so she has not developed nerves. She can concentrate so thoroughly that she learns an entire part in one evening, but it is because her imagination acts every word, sees each line as a picture, so is not conscious of memory as drudgery.

I believe Shirley to be the most exciting child of seven in the world—but also the most normal because she is exactly what she is: a normal outlet for abnormal emotions and energy.

Hank's Dark Years

he had dogged determination, the will to keep his eyes on a goal for as many years as it took him to reach it. He had two feet on the ground, and he meant to keep them there.

When Margaret's salary jumped to three hundred a week Hank's happened to be nearer twenty-five dollars. To her the arithmetic was plain. When a couple had over three hundred a week they lived at one of the best hotels. They dressed well, went to the right places, made and kept the right contacts. Naturally they did, if they were headed for the top.

But Henry was never good at that sort of arithmetic. Out where he came from men supported their wives. Not the other way around. To him Margaret was Mrs. Henry Fonda, and he meant to take care of her to the best of his ability. On a salary of not much

over twenty-five a week a man can support his wife even in New York.

Nothing Margaret could say made him see it differently. Hank has a blind spot that way. Maybe he has a one-track mind. Some folks would call him downright stubborn. But he has a sense of humor. He even thought it might be fun for two young professionals to get along in New York on what the husband earned.

Margaret has been quoted as saying that she left Hank because he always played." Because he made a game out of life and being poor. Poverty was too much a reality to her. It frightened her. She couldn't laugh and sing and pretend it was fun to be a poor man's wife. Not even with Hank, whom, for a time she loved.

No one who knows them both believes that Margaret made her deci-

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Henry. She may even have felt that she could best help her husband by leaving him. Whether or not she figured it out that way, the sands of time have run in that direction.

Soon everything was happening for Margaret just as she had tried to persuade Henry it could happen for them both. She met the right people, among them Jed Harris. In practically no time at all she was Hollywood bound.

Meanwhile things looked down rather than up for Hank. Just a year after his marriage he found himself committing to the Jersey jerk-water job, in preference to standing in the bread line. In good weeks, when people came to the plays he collected over twenty dollars. In bad weeks he was down to the last ten. Out of that had to come railroad fare—he had to be in New York in the daytime to make good—rent for his room, meals—if any.

Many a time that winter Hank's head, knowing the precarious way of his wife, insisted that he have early dinner at her apartment or another. Could he do that, helping to prepare the vegetables or setting the table? Afterward, with a towel tucked

round his waist, he'd do up the dishes in the twinkling of an eye and run for the tubes in Hoboken. Hank always was a lad who paid his way, and those who understood him best knew he was happiest doing so.

Inevitably some recognition came. In "New Faces," early in 1934, Broadway cheered the solemn youth in a polo coat whose rhythmic gum-chewing was somehow side-splittingly funny, especially when he pulled an infinitesimal flag from his baggy pocket with a great air of mystery.

Still not many people knew who the solemn young man was. His rôle wasn't featured and his identity wasn't a matter of concern to the layman. Talent scouts, however, made notes. Here was a young man worth watching.

That summer Hank went up-State to play in stock at Mount Kisco. There, in the Westchester Playhouse, he and Peggy had done leads together the summer before they had gone to Baltimore. It was hard to go back to the scene of so many memories but it was his best chance for a summer of meaty rôles. Plying each production for one week while rehearsing for the next one was the rule and Hank knew he

needed the added training under a good director.

Margaret Henry knew, was vacationing in England after strenuous weeks of making "Little Man, What Now?" in Hollywood. But imagine his state of mind when she telephoned from New York, having unexpectedly returned to this country a month earlier than she had planned. It was not to Henry that she telephoned, but to the director of the Playhouse. She wanted to come back and play for one week. Would he have her?

Would he! Rush orders were sent to the local printer for huge placards. These announced that Margaret Sullivan, star of Broadway and Hollywood, would return to the Playhouse for a week of "Coquette."

The play in which she and Henry had been costarred a hundred times! Naturally he was cast opposite her again. He hadn't seen her since she had left him.

One afternoon during the week of their reunion I was driving through Westchester County. I stopped to see Hank and he invited me to stay over for the play that night.

We sat near the swimming pool as we talked that afternoon. Hank, in trunks, was brown and looking better than I had ever seen him. He spoke of Margaret, of how well she had done in pictures, of how pleased every one



Jane Rhodes, another newcomer, is seen in "The Arizona Raiders," but not in this beach costume. She reserves that for private use.

was to have her at the Playhouse again, and what crowds her new fame was drawing from the countryside.

I remember realizing it was the first time he had ever mentioned her in my hearing.

That night I succeeded in getting a seat at the very back of the tiny theater. After the play there was to be a party and I had been invited. It was my intention to go. I didn't for the simple reason that I couldn't—when the time arrived.

That performance of "Coquette" was the most moving I have ever witnessed. Half the audience was in tears as the play drew to a close. To me the experience was almost devastating. In addition to the tragic quality of the play itself, I felt—many people there

must have felt—the echo of the personal tragedy of the young hero who, in the play, died for the Southern girl he loved.

I stumbled out of that theater blinded by tears, found my car and drove away—all the way to New York that night. Strangely enough, I had never before seen Margaret Sullivan in person. For the first time I realized what giving her up must have meant to the boy who had been her husband.

Now Henry Fonda, too, has reached the top. Every inch of the way has been hard fought—paid for.

That is the story behind the present Fonda success. It all shows in the finished work. It makes for a quality of greatness which is not overlooked by the discerning few.

Journey's End

Continued from page 43

"I've never known such suspense." Steffi smiled in recollection when we lunched together recently. Clad in a salmon-pink ensemble with brown accessories, not even remotely did she suggest that pitiful little figure of eight-months before.

"You see, I so desperately wanted to stay in Hollywood and America that I felt life wouldn't be worth living if I had to leave. My entire future de-

pendent upon the government's decision, for I had burned my bridges behind me. To return to Europe meant the end of everything."

She flashed me one of her smiles. She doesn't like to smile, for she says she does it poorly, but genuine happiness radiated from her lips. What a transformation from that other day!

On the threshold of a brilliant career, Steffi Duna to-day is one of the pioneers in color photography. You will recall her, no doubt, as the tempestuous star of "La Cucaracha," the all-color short produced about a year ago, and, more recently, in the leading feminine rôle of "The Dancing Pirate." Her naturally dusky beauty enhances the photographic value of her face in color.

By the time you read this, too, you may have caught her work in "Anthony Adverse," in which she enacts the half-caste "Neleta" in the African sequence, and "I Conquer the Sea."

Hollywood must glorify some name of the moment, some personality to bear out the truth of the assertion that this smiling hamlet of ours is the most fascinating center on earth. If that person intrigues filmdom's capital by the very virtue of little or nothing being known about her, so much the better. And that precisely is what Steffi Duna is doing to-day.

Every one has heard of her, but who can tell you anything about her apart from the fact that she's Hungarian? Many believe her Spanish or Mexican—and many strange stories have followed her from Europe.



Isn't Mrs. Fred MacMurray as chic and attractive as you would wish your hero's wife to be? You'll find mention of her in "Hollywood High Lights" that proves she is as nice as she looks.



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Journey's End

There has been talk that she married someone in Europe—dancing and others of kind friends perhaps not—jewels, diamonds upon her, and many rain-bridges, the world of fashion, adorned and adorned she as it were. The one and other, however, have been related about her by the press, without any basis, and the matter, whether or not marriage would be traced in any of the papers.

However that may be, Steffi presents a living picture of Romany when you meet her with her taven tresses, her own beauty and her deep, brooding eyes. You can visualize her in colorful gypsy raiment dancing merrily around a camp fire and singing the joyous songs of that wandering race.

This may account for her being cast so frequently in Latin rôles, certainly for studios being willing to give her these exotic characterizations. Twice now she has portrayed Mexican girls, enacted Portuguese in two other films, and an Eskimo and a half-caste Negress. Never, however, has she played a Hungarian—nor will she, if studios follow their customary practice of casting foreigners in every nationality but their own.

Only chance dictated that Steffi Duna would be anything but a dancer. Born in Budapest of nonprofessional parents—her father was a vintner—she started to dance almost as soon as she could toddle, and became a pupil of the ballet master of the opera while still under ten.

"As long as I can remember, I wanted to dance," Steffi relates. "All my interests were centered in achieving that goal. I studied very hard, and before long I was one of the ballet master's star pupils."

Making her professional début at the age of fifteen in Solzburg, she scored sensationally and was proclaimed a dancer with a great future.

"My style of dancing was not that of most young dancers," she continued, "but more of an order I myself had evolved. It was impressionistic, without being strictly so."

With applause still ringing in my ears, I expended every effort in perfecting myself. I slept little, devoting most of my time to new routines, working out new musical arrangements for the dance.

Some little time later I started out on tour. We traveled through most of Europe, Vienna, Warsaw, Leningrad (then St. Petersburg), Paris, Brno, Copenhagen—I danced in them all. I loved the life, for I was indulging my two greatest

desires, dancing and traveling. I picked up most of my education as we toured from country to country."

While completing her engagement in Berlin, Steffi suddenly decided to be an actress.

All my life I had danced, my whole existence had been directed to that one end—and then, poof!—to a myself I had finished dancing. It would be like a chess.

You wish to know why I made this change? Because acting paid far more than dancing!

I am not money-mad, as you call it—neither then nor now—but I knew that even though I might achieve great



Ketti Gallian, erstwhile French heroine of "Marie Galante," is back on the screen after a long absence. She's in "Murder in Pictures" and still French.

some as a dancer, I could never hope to earn the money that the dramatic stage returned. And money gives one a most comfortable feeling."

As a consequence of this startling decision, overnight Steffi abandoned a highly promising dancing career, one which had won her both fame and popularity throughout Europe, for the study of dramatics.

Since languages come easy for her, it wasn't long before the little dancer picked up sufficient knowledge of Ger-

man to take a part in "Wunderbar."

After my Berlin experience in acting I knew I would devote the remainder of my life to it. I love dancing, but there is greater satisfaction in characterizing a part in a play or picture, showing that you can be somebody you are not.

The courage displayed by this Hungarian girl in giving up dancing on the chance that she might succeed on the dramatic stage may well be imagined. That quality of courage to-day is one of her predominating traits. The gamble would be uncertain enough in this country, but in Europe the odds are doubled or trebled, for over there greater obstacles exist. But listen to Steffi in commenting upon this.

I wasn't taking quite the chance you might think for a dancer must be an actress as well. In interpretive and impressionistic dancing, especially every emotion must show on the face either directly or through suggestion, so I was fairly well prepared for the dramatic stage before I actually launched myself on my new career.

Another rôle on the Berlin stage, and Steffi made up her mind to go to London, where once more she was confronted with the difficulty of learning a new language. But perseverance and study overcome this handicap, and within a few months she had mastered the tongue sufficiently to win a leading rôle in Noel Coward's "Words and Music."

Motion pictures attracted her, and she was featured in several English films. Although others in the studios were leaving for Hollywood, it never occurred to Steffi that she might in time herself go there.

"But my chance to go to America finally arrived," she says. A New York producer saw me in "Words and Music" and offered me the principal part in "The Beggar's Opera" which he planned to put on Broadway. After my show closed, I boarded a boat, and for four months sang in that quaint operetta. Then Hollywood!

She looked me squarely in the eye.

"I don't care if I never leave Hollywood," she declared. "I'm completely happy right here now. I've been everywhere I ever wanted to go, and seen everything I ever wanted to see. I've already taken out my first naturalization papers. Why shouldn't I make Hollywood my permanent home?"

After traveling halfway round the world to become one of Hollywood's most interesting and engaging personalities—why not, indeed?

A Veneer That Rubs Off

Continued from page 35

pretty well. "Only—and Ginger laughed gayly—"I gave him a terrible scare while we were making 'Follow the Fleet.' We were rehearsing the dance routine called 'Eggs in One Basket' where we shove each other around—remember?"

"Fred Astaire pushed me down, and I fell so hard that it scared him so that he could hardly go on with the rest of the take. He told me later that during that time when he was finishing his part of the dance and I was sitting on the floor, he was saying to himself: 'Oh, my goodness, I'll bet she's hurt! If she'd only move, I'd know everything was all right.' Then I moved, and was he relieved! It was a hard fall, but I wasn't really hurt."

Dancing in pictures, you see, has its strenuous moments.

Oh but I love it!" Ginger exclaimed enthusiastically, pinning her hands behind her head. "People always keep asking me if I have any hobbies. I can honestly say I haven't any except dancing, unless—"

"Unless it's giving money and clothes to charity," I interrupted. Ginger is one of the most lavishly charitable of stars in Hollywood.

"I ask you—is it charity when one talks about it?" she asked laughingly. "I shouldn't call that a hobby in any case. I do like to pretend I can write songs or help my mother collect books or go for long walks with Rover, my dog.

"Do you know," she said, "I've got one fault that makes me so very mad? I never give the right answer at the right time. Does this happen to you, too?" she asked eagerly as she noticed my grinning countenance nod in the affirmative. "Just yesterday I met a man who said something that made me sore. And long after he'd gone, I thought of a swell comeback. I always do that—think of the neatest answers when it's too late. I get in more jams by not being able to make quick decisions, and after I've made the right decision there's always the trouble of extricating myself because it's too late. But somehow it always comes out right."

Which reminds me of a story that her lawyer once told me about Ginger.

It seems there was some litigation going on in New York in which Ginger was very much concerned. She was in Hollywood and was a little worried about the outcome of the suit.

Her attorney kept in touch with her for several weeks, and she couldn't make up her mind what to do about it. Then the matter was dropped for a while. One night he had gone to bed and was sleeping soundly when the jangle of the phone awakened him. He saw by his watch that it was two o'clock; picked up the receiver and learned that Ginger was calling from Hollywood.

"Of course I was worried," he said. "I couldn't imagine what had happened.

"What's wrong, Ginger?" he asked.

"Why, nothing. I came to a decision about that suit."

"But why at two in the morning?"

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A Veneer That Rubs Off

"Two a pack in the morning? Why it's away and a pack and here."

I told the story to Gloria and she laughed heartily.

I remember that she laughed only because it was a means to tell you. It's more cynical of me and it explains, I suppose, why I was trying to say. People think it's unimportant. It isn't that so much, it's just that it takes me longer to make it my mind. Mother attends to my business affairs and I guess my brain goes about as fast as a mile.

The telephone rang and Ginger answered it. Another invitation to the program.

"I'm seeing another show to-night," she said when she had hung up. Oh, I must tell you this story before you go. Last night I saw Jane Cowl in "The Lady" and it reminded me of the time when I was just a kid. It was during the War and mother had taken me to see "Number Please" in which Miss Cowl was then starring. Between the first and second acts she came out

in front of the curtain and sold Liberty Bonds. Mother let me sign for a fifty dollar bond. When the application was taken up to her and she saw my age she asked me to come out to the stage. I was brought to her by an usher and she picked me up in her arms, making a speech to the audience about little Belgian children like me being deprived of their homes and parents. That was my very first New York appearance.

Last night I tried so hard to nerve myself to go back and meet her and remind her of the incident. I couldn't do it, but one thing I do know and remarked at the time that it is my one desire to develop into the type of actress that Jane Cowl is to-day.

The telephone kept ringing constantly now, and interviewing Miss Rogers was becoming a very difficult business. I rose to go and wished her a happy trip West.

Good-by, I said. "Next time you come please give me another exclu-

sive interview. I certainly do appreciate your seeing me.

She laughed and Ginger's laugh is just about the heartiest, most natural laugh I have ever heard.

"Tell you what," she said, "we'll make a bargain. You say I did you a favor. Now you do me one. Give me a penny for luck."

"Sure," I said, digging down into my purse for two coppers. I put in my two cents any old time.

I've a hide-away bank account that's made up of pennies, nickels and dimes that people have given me for luck and which I've saved in penny banks for over twelve years. You would be surprised what a sum has accumulated. Which proves that Ginger has Scotch blood in her as well as Irish.

Which also proves that Ginger is still very much of a grown-up kid with a veneer of Hollywood varnish which the air of Broadway takes off in a couple of minutes.

Continued from page 12

like above the petty publicity of any man. So it is my belief that Gloria Swanson would be welcomed back, but all indications point to the fact that any "stay-back" and, more important, any "stay-back" is in her own hands, since she herself supplies the source of any publicity concerning her.

JANE MCNEIL.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bring Gloria Back.

AN article in June Picture Play asks if we want Miss Swanson back. I should like to ask one in return, "Why did we ever lose her?" She has, to me, the most fascinating voice of any actress. She sings beautifully. Her acting ability surpasses most of the stars we see. Now I have seen Miss Swanson—I sat at a table next to hers at Caliente last summer. I heard her voice in conversation and laughter. She has poise, mirth, looks, and a musical voice. I should like to see her often in pictures worthy of her talents.

L. HOLEMAN.

Texas, Texas.

Not Convincing.

WHY, oh, why, must the producers always cast Robert Taylor as a son of the rich, then have him turn around into a scrupulous surgeon? Any one knows that surgeons are older men and not youngsters out of college. Bob—how hardly be much older than twenty—how in the world can he be expected to portray the great surgeon he was supposed to have been in "Magnificent Obsession"?

The same goes for "Small town Girl." The beginning of the picture was perfect. As the gay, light-hearted college boy he was perfect, but please, Mr. Producer,

What the Fans Think

not any more serious doctor rôles. Truly, Bob Taylor doesn't look any more like a doctor than Mickey Rooney does!

Here's hoping Bob gets more rôles like the one he had in "The Broadway Melody"—natural, gay, and boyish, the way he really is.

AGATHA FELIPPELLI.
4021—166th Street,
Flushing, New York.

Jean Harlow Defender.

THIS letter is to do two things, compliment Norbert Lusk on the splendid editorial in June Picture Play and to defend Jean Harlow. Regarding the former, we fans can pretty well rely on Mr. Lusk. His article was friendly and unbiased. What other editor or publication gives as much time and space to the fans? Mr. Lusk is never too busy to answer a letter, and each letter has that friendly, personal touch that he so aptly applies. I'm not indulging in flattery; each statement is as sincere as the genial Norbert Lusk himself. His "Soft and Sharp Focus" lacks only one feature—his picture.

About Jean Harlow. It seems that as long as Jean has been in the cinema spotlight, she has been a target for criticism. Some of it constructive, much of it destructive. I've never defended Jean before, but now that I have ample cause to do so, here I am.

Recently I have read various comments regarding fan clubs and the stars' attitude toward them. One writer says that Miss Harlow is one of the most inconsistent toward her fans and clubs. Undoubtedly the writer is not a member of the official Harlow club. It is one of the best in the entire array of clubs. Just recently Jean took over the entire responsibility of having the club journal

printed and mailed out. Every one knows the expense involved in such an undertaking. With each copy of the journal goes a huge, personally signed photo of Miss Harlow. I have yet to hear a complaint from any member that Miss Harlow neglects to answer their letters. Possibly she cannot answer all personally, but at least they are all answered and given special attention. Never a gift is given by the members that Jean does not write each giver and thank them personally. At Christmas a greeting goes out to each member. Is this a good definition of inconsistency? Of course, none of us are as conservative in our remarks about others as we should be, but I suggest that before writing condemnations of stars and their clubs it would be a good idea to do a little detective work on the side.

Jean Harlow's club is one of the biggest in existence and certainly the friendliest, besides, believe it or not, the most consistent! The little adage "Names written on hearts are longest remembered" can most assuredly be applied to the generous and lovable Jean Harlow!

ANN D. INMAN.

505 South Pacific,
Cape Girardeau, Missouri.

In the Wrong Rôles.

MISCASTING. That is one of the worst crimes of Hollywood producers. I had a feeling that Claudette Colbert would be very inadequate as the fiery *Cigarette*. I have seen "Under Two Flags" and find I am right. Remember Priscilla Dean in this rôle? Ronald Colman was not a good choice in this picture, either.

Fancy the plum male rôle of "Romeo and Juliet" going to John Barrymore!

It's enough to make the fans tear their hair when they see good plays so badly cast. He may make a good job of *Mercutio*, but he is still too old for the part. It is going to take Leslie Howard all his time to make a youthful enough *Romeo*, but I do think that Norma Shearer will be an excellent *Judith*. If they would omit the lines about her age it might be a help all the way through. A few times lately the popular Warner



On or off the screen, Jeanette MacDonald is pleasing to behold. Her gloves, belt, bag and pumps are in cornflower kid to contrast with her royal-blue polka-dot frock. "Maytime" will be her next.

Baxter has been cast with too youthful love interest. Myrna Loy and Irene Dunne would be more his type.

While every one raves about "Magnificent Obsession," most people make the criticism that Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor are not a suitable team, though both did excellent work in this picture. It will be a joke to cast Bob with Greta Garbo. In "Anna Karenina" she looked forty-five in some scenes. Bob always looks youthful, no matter how he trims his hair.

Marlene Dietrich in "The Garden of Allah" will be another hard pill to swallow. Exciting about her face is against her for this role.

Errol Flynn was far too youthful for the rôle of *Captain Blood*, even though he made a good job of the picture. Thousands of people would tell you this, and if he is cast as "The Sea Hawk," a picture which Milton Sills made one of the outstanding pictures of all time, it will be horrible.

Fancy putting Ralph Bellamy in a wheel chair in "Happily Ever After" and letting the grinning Fred MacMurray romp all over the place. His grin is getting me down.

Carol Lombard, Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, and Greta Garbo are miscast in any picture. None of them can act. MGM would be surprised to know how many people think this. On the other hand, so many fine actors and actresses are wasted in minor rôles. These include Frances Drake, Madge Evans, and Kay Johnson.

Clark Gable seems to be able to handle any rôle he plays. Basil Rathbone is excellent in all parts he is given, but should get bigger rôles. Warren William is fine, and a good actor, and did you ever stop to think that he has about the most pleasant countenance in pictures? Margaret Sullivan's is just the opposite.

Peter Lorre was terribly miscast in "Crime and Punishment." He looked like a criminal from the start.

We could do excellently without Bing Crosby, too. He is always too bored for words, and this applies in double measure to Herbert Marshall.

The above remarks embody not only my own ideas, but those of dozens of people I know. Incidentally, there isn't any movie magazine half so good as *Picture Play*—especially in the fan department.

DIANE ALLAN,
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Information, Please

Continued from page 9

A. A. H.—An interview with Brian Donlevy appeared in last month's issue. I hope you read it because it contains all the information available on him. I might add that he is divorced.

DARTY O'DARE.—How do you like the gallery of all male portraits in this issue? So you see we don't cater exclusively to the ladies! Interviews with Frankie Darro appeared in March, 1935, and March, 1936. By sending thirty cents to our Subscription Department at this address both these issues will be mailed to you. Frankie recently com-

pleted "Charlie Chan at the Race Track," and is now at work on "Racing Blood." You might try to reach him at Conn Pictures Corp., Talisman Studio, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood. I must ask you to send a stamped envelope if you wish a list of his many films.

LONA P.—Although I am sorry not to be able to give you any information about John Carroll of "Hi Galop," you might write to RKO studio for his photograph.



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Isabelle Corbett	Walter Catton
Anna Devine	Cesar Romero
Irma Dore	Margaret Sullivan

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

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Dee Arlberg	June Lang
Warner Baxter	Keye Luke
Thomas Beck	Victor McLaglen
J. Edward Bromberg	Warner Oland
John Carradine	John Qualen
Ruth Chatterton	Bill Robinson
Ivan S. Cobb	Simone Simon
Alan Dinehart	Gloria Stuart
Brian Donlevy	Slim Summerville
Dixie Dunbar	Shirley Temple
Alice Faye	Lawrence Tibbett
Douglas Fowley	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	Michael Whalen
Edward Everett Horton	Jane Withers
Kenneth Howell	Helen Wood
Rochelle Hudson	Loretta Young
Arline Judge	

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Lionel Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Fredde Bartholomew	Una Merkel
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Virginia Bruce	Frank Morgan
Billie Burke	George Murphy
Charles Butterworth	Edna May Oliver
Bruce Cabot	Maureen O'Sullivan
Joseph Calleia	Reginald Owen
Mary Carlisle	Cecilia Parker
Jean Chathburn	Jean Parker
Jackie Cooper	Eleanor Powell
Joan Crawford	William Powell
Buddy Ebsen	Juanita Quigley
Nelson Eddy	Luise Rainer
Stuart Erwin	Florence Rice
Madge Evans	May Robson
Betty Furness	Mickey Rooney
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Jean Harlow	Harvey Stephens
Louise Henry	James Stewart
William Henry	Lewis Stone
Jean Hersholt	Robert Taylor
Irene Hervey	Franchot Tone
Weldon Heyburn	Spencer Tracy
Allan Jones	Johnny Weissmuller
Eric Linden	Robert Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

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Tom Arledge	Herbert Marshall
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Bobby Breen	Gene Raymond
Helen Broderick	Erik Rhodes
Jean Davis	Ginger Rogers
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Margot Grahame	Bert Wheeler
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Ronald Colman	Chester Morris
Walter Connolly	Lloyd Nolan
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United Artists Studio, 1041 N. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

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Eddie Cantor	Merle Oberon
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Miriam Hopkins	C. Aubrey Smith
Gordon Jones	Douglas Walton
Joel McCrea	

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

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Leslie Howard	Donald Woods
Warren Hull	

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Roscoe Karns
Bennie Bartlett	Harold Lloyd
Jack Benny	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Ida Lupino
Tom Brown	Fred MacMurray
George Burns	Adolphe Menjou
Claudette Colbert	Gertrude Michael
Gary Cooper	Ray Milland
Buster Crabbe	Jack Oakie
Bing Crosby	Lynne Overman
Robert Cummings	Gail Patrick
Marlene Dietrich	Charles Quickley
Johnny Downs	George Raft
Frances Drake	Charles Ruggles
Mary Ellis	Randolph Scott
Frances Farmer	Sir Guy Standing
W. C. Fields	Fred Stone
Ketti Gallian	Gladys Swarthout
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Julie Haydon	Virginia Weidler
David Jack Holt	Mae West
John Howard	Eleanor Whitney
Marsha Hunt	Grant Withers

Walter Wanger Productions 1040 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, California

Alan Baxter	Henry Fonda
Joan Bennett	Frances Langford
Charles Boyer	Pat Patterson
Madeleine Carroll	

The
INQUIRING
REPORTER asks



Mademoiselle

Q. What is this article, "Lovers by Latitude," in your August issue?

A. It clears up the old argument about who makes the best husband—Southerner or Northerner.

Q. Is there a big argument about it? I haven't heard.

A. Some think the Southerner has a lot of early ardor, but follows it up with post-nuptial impatience—while the Northerner's prim passions are balanced by a Plymouth Rock stability.

Q. You mean that although the Southern boy might give you a swell time when he's running after you, the Northerner's the best bet after the wedding bells?

A. That's the popular idea. But we've been conducting a Searching Investigation—and wait'll you read the results!

Q. What's this "Make the Most of Yourself" campaign I hear you've been running?

A. I'm making available to all my readers the expert advice that screen and stage stars and professional beauties get. How to make the most of your face, your hair, voice, poise. Something pretty special, too.

Q. Anything else that is absorbing in this August issue?

A. Anything else! Pages of young, vivid advice on careers—stage news, Hollywood news—and gags, gags, gags . . .

Mademoiselle

ON SALE ALL NEWS STANDS JULY 28



25¢

When Irish Eyes
are smiling...



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STREET & SMITH'S

OCTOBER
1936

Picture Play

15¢
1/- IN ENGLAND



ROSALIND
RUSSELL

THE STRANGE
CASE OF
GARY COOPER



NORMA SHEARER • LESLIE HOWARD

in
"Romeo and Juliet"
with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • BASIL RATHBONE • C. AUBREY SMITH
ANDY DEVINE • RALPH FORBES • REGINALD DENNY • CONWAY
TEARLE • ROBERT WARWICK • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER

You've heard about it for months! You've read about it everywhere! It's all true. This is the greatest love drama, the mightiest entertainment of our time. Every moment throbs as sparks fly, as steel meets steel . . . and the crimson follows the rapier's thrust...Lovers meet ...and dream...and plan. Pomp and grandeur sweep by in spectacular pageantry. Here are thrills, suspense to spur the pulse...tender romance to charm the heart...beauty to fill the eye. A love story deep in the heart of the world forever, now given enthralling life in such a picture as the screen has never known.



A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Triumph
Directed by George Cukor

"Swept off my feet" _____ —Robert Benchley

"A far greater film than 'Mutiny on the Bounty'"
_____ —Jim Tully

"List it among the screen's major achievements"
_____ —Walter Winchell

"I think the modern American girl has many things to learn from the Juliet of Norma Shearer, and I advise her to go about learning them right away"—Anita Loos



A GREAT BOOK!

AN OUTSTANDING PLAY!

A SUPERB PICTURE!



by
**SINCLAIR
LEWIS**

Nobel Prize Winner **SINCLAIR LEWIS**
...Pulitzer Prize Winner **SIDNEY
HOWARD**...Famed Producer **SAMUEL
GOLDWYN**...this winning combination
which gave the world "Arrowsmith"
has again united to create the *entertainment*
achievement of the year!

Samuel Goldwyn

HAS THE HONOR TO PRESENT
SINCLAIR LEWIS'

DODSWORTH

with **WALTER HUSTON**
RUTH CHATTERTON
PAUL LUKAS · MARY ASTOR

Directed by
and **DAVID NIVEN WILLIAM WYLER**
Screenplay by **SIDNEY HOWARD**

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS

● Hundreds of thousands saw the play which ran for nearly two years on Broadway and on the road! Millions have read the book which topped best-seller lists! And now millions more will see the superb picturization of this great prize story!

STREET & SMITH'S

Picture Play

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VOLUME XLV MONTHLY NUMBER 2

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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ROSALIND RUSSELL

NEXT MONTH: HEPBURN'S FOUR "LOVES"

STREET & SMITH'S PICTURE PLAY MAGAZINE, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. GEORGE C. SMITH, JR., PRESIDENT; GEORGE C. SMITH, JR., VICE PRESIDENT AND TREASURER; ALBERT H. SMITH, VICE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY; CLARENCE C. VERNAM, VICE PRESIDENT. Copyright, 1936, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York, U.S.A. Published by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-Class Matter March 6, 1910, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress, October 3, 1917, authorized for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917. Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: This magazine is published weekly, except the last issue which is published bi-monthly. Single copies, 15 cents. Yearly subscription, \$1.50 per year. In advance. Foreign postage, including The Gleaner and British Honduras, \$1.75 per year.

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

AS THE TWO CHILDREN FACED HER, CARRIE KNEW, WITH A STRANGE AND STARTLING CLARITY THAT FROM THIS MOMENT EVEN TO THE END OF TIME THEIR LIVES WERE FASTENED TO HER LIFE BY BONDS OF STEEL.



A VALIANT PICTURE FOR A VALIANT STAR

BY MARY
ROBERTS RINEHART



GLADYS GEORGE, famous American actress, who makes her screen debut in Paramount's "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," with Arline Judge, John Howard, Harry Carey, Dudley Digges, William Collier, Sr., Isabel Jewel, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Maude Eburne, from Barry Benefield's best seller, produced and directed by WESLEY RUGGLES.

ILLUSTRATED BY DON BENDER

➤ IT WAS a strange title for a book, "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," so when it came out some months ago I sent out and got it, and I read it through at one sitting.

➤ Women are often brave, perhaps always brave; but to be valiant implies also gallantry and an indomitable spirit. And here were both a valiant woman and a remarkable story, the woman an outcast and a pariah in a small Louisiana town, but humorous and generous, the story one of pure courage and sturdy regeneration. It was evident that there was a great motion picture here. Carrie had no illusions. If the French half of her was cautious the Irish half would dare anything, and had. But the picture began, of course, when one day a small boy with two buckeyes in a treasure box wandered into that secret garden of hers and told her she was not bad; and Carrie promptly fell in love with him.

➤ Here was everything for a picture, humor and pathos and deep human understanding. There was nothing mawkish about Carrie. Sometimes she told herself she was crazy, and sometimes that she was an old fool, but her love for this boy and later on for a small waif of a girl is the very essence of womanhood. For the time came when Carrie had to plan so that she could face them both without shame, and the picture is a story of that struggle.

➤ I intend to see the picture, of course. I want to see Carrie leaving behind her Cemetery Road and the easy money of her past, and escaping into a life where as she says she will go straight if she has to sling dishes in a restaurant. And I want to see her with her waifs that incongruous three against the world, and watch them slowly and successfully conquering that world. Also I want to see Gladys George as Carrie. I know her work, which is that of a fine dramatic artist, and her own story, which is one of ups and downs, and for a long time mostly downs.

➤ SHE HAS a long record of achievement behind her. She narrowly escaped being born in a theater, for her parents were actors. She was on the stage herself at the age of three, and as a youngster in small towns paraded the streets with a sandwich board which said "Wouldn't you like to see me tonight at ——— Theater?" It is quite typical of her life that she got her first real chance while nursing a badly broken nose, and not surprising that after almost seven hundred riotously successful appearances as the star of "Personal Appearance," some one took a plane and signed her up for Carrie in this picture.

➤ She will play it with skill, understanding and honesty, for Carrie was always honest, even with herself. But above all she will play it as she has lived, valiantly, with courage and an indomitable spirit.

WHAT THE FANS THINK



Beautiful But Not Human.

WHY speak of Marlene Dietrich's bad luck in pictures? She has had average stories and certainly some of the best leading men.

Miss Dietrich's pictures do not click because she neither looks nor acts like a human being. Very beautiful to be sure, but so is a piece of statuary or a sunset. But one doesn't fall in love with them.

Can you imagine a young American automotive engineer falling in love with any one so rude and unreal as she was in "Desire"? As for a brain specialist falling for that absurd acting and that "sure" well, I certainly wouldn't want him to treat me! And the way she dressed in many of the scenes. Just let any honest-to-godness woman try it and watch the fun.

Why don't Miss Dietrich and her producers learn the reason for her failures from the more successful pictures? "Men in White," "It Happened One Night," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Magnificent Obsession,"

"Small-town Girl," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," Shirey Temple's or beloved Will Rogers's pictures, just to mention a few.

Why were they successful? Not good luck, but just lovable people who might live across the street. We could go into almost any farming community in the United States and meet the characters of "State Fair."

The opinion of at least one person who really enjoys good movies is that Marlene needs a human director like Frank Capra and a bit of common sense, or enough at least to understand the movie-going public is made up largely of what we term the middle class, and they enjoy most the pictured lives of people like themselves.

Here's hoping Miss Dietrich makes some really good pictures, for she certainly is very lovely to look at. E. Ruth Adams.

148 East 8th Street,
Erie, Pennsylvania.

Allan Jones a "Prince."

IF any company is going to film "The Student Prince" can we not have Allan Jones as the prince? He has had plenty of experience in operettas and would fit this rôle

(Continued on page 10)

E. Ruth Adams analyzes Marlene Dietrich and decides that her pictures are unsuccessful because the star neither looks nor acts like a human being.

THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

● Screen history will remember 1936 as the year of Warner Bros.' herculean picturization of "Anthony Adverse." In sheer physical grandeur and emotional immensity, here is a picture that dominates the screen of the year as completely as Hervey Allen's mighty novel dominated the world's bookshelf in its two-year reign at the top of the best-sellers. Reader millions who called it impossible to film will now acclaim it as impossible to describe—as it sweeps through three heroic generations, across the turbulent frontiers of three continents, to pack highlights of the 495,000 most exciting words ever put on paper into 2¼ hours of high-tension entertainment. The supreme adventure of your movie-going career awaits you in—

"ANTHONY

ADVERSE"



From the biggest and biggest-selling novel of modern times, by

HERVEY ALLEN
Starring, among scores of featured players,

Fredric MARCH
With a cast of more than 2,000 including

Olivia de HAVILLAND
Anita Louise · Donald Woods
Edmund Gwenn · Claude Rains

Louis Hayward · Steffi Duna
Gale Sondergaard · Billy Mauch · Akim
Tamiroff · Ralph Morgan · Henry O'Neill

Directed by **MERVYN LEROY**

● Another "Anthony Adverse" would have to be written to catalogue all that is to be seen in the 412 scenes of the photoplay. Accurate description seems beyond the power of words. It is, like all miracles, a thing that must be seen to be believed—a crushing answer to those who said a picture could never be made equal to the book.

TO MAKE "ANTHONY ADVERSE" COME TRUE ON THE SCREEN

The novel Hervey Allen turned hermit four years to write was read 11 times by Sheridan Gibney in planning the screen play . . . 17,137 fans wrote letters asking Warner Bros. to give Fredric March the title role . . . Sets were built in duplication of scenes in France, Italy, Switzerland, Cuba, Africa and America . . . Olivia de Havilland won her role before the public knew her, studio officials having seen her tests in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

INFORMATION, PLEASE

ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BY THE ORACLE

JULIA FARRER—Robert Montgomery's former partner in 1929. A bit of an actress, she will be seen from the neck up in a famous sequence. He was born in Queens, New York, May 21, 1900, and had a wife, the actress, Mrs. Farrer.

M. L. S. and D. L. C.—Janet Gaynor has no children. Her next picture is "Daddy to Love." Robert Taylor is not first choice in her company, as well as Barbara Stanwick's. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres have appeared. Fred MacMurray was camera man on "Angel" with Judy Bennett and on "Fidelity" with Eleanor Page. The reason that none of the stars have a name appearing last name in the news is that they do not believe their name will mean anything, perfectly correct as the press had to believe that the studio had no interest in their names to obtain screen rights.



E. L.—John Dugan is married to Dr. Francis D. Griffin. They have no children. For a lot of her time, I may ask you to send a complimentary check to Olivia de Havilland to get married. The September and October 1935 issues of Picture Play may be had by writing your name and address of their office to the Advertising Department.



Love in Love—John Barrymore's picture in "Walking on Air" with Ann Sothern and Buster Crabbe. "Love Be Loved" with Lew Ayres and Joan Blondell.

Love in Love—John Barrymore's picture in "Walking on Air" with Ann Sothern and Buster Crabbe. "Love Be Loved" with Lew Ayres and Joan Blondell.



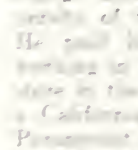
Three Little Girls—After making several pictures in England, Mary Dixon returned to the Picture Play company. "Stardust" with "Special Delivery" with "Three Little Girls" and "The Picture" with "New Picture" 17, 1935. "The Love" is being announced. Liked with that of Carl Green. Carl has been married in 1935. His latest is "Walking Proud" with Joan Blondell.

E. L.—"Hail the Frontiers" with the artist was first shown in New York on May 15. His first English picture is "The Marriage of Carol."

may be released by the time the picture starts.

M. D.—Leslie Howard receives his mail at the Warner Studio, Nelson Eddy has no intention of retiring from the screen. Fred MacMurray played opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Grilled Lob." For stills of "The Great Zerkow" address MGM's Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York City. Marion Davies was born January 1, 1888.

Comparing Apples—Buster Crabbe holds the world swimming records, 1000-500 national championships and numerous college honors. Taylor represented the United States in the Olympic Games. Born in Oakland, California, February 7th, about 1906, his parents married to Honolulu when he was two years old. He came back when he was in the second year of college and graduated from the University of Southern California in 1929. He said his way through college by working in the truck room of a clothing store in the winter and as life guard on a California beach during the summer. Paramount sent for him to take tests for the role of the Lion Man in "King of the Jungle" because of his physical physique. He had some tests were satisfactory so he took a course of vocal lessons, they returned and got the part. This was his first professional acting experience. He is six feet one, single, 194, and has brown hair and eyes. "Lady Be Careful" and "Stage of Stars" are his other pictures. Write to Paramount for his photo, and to MGM for one of Francis Taylor.



John H. H. H.—Three little girls are Frances Marie August 24, 1898, Bron Aronoff May 12, 1902, Greta Garbo, September 18, 1900, Margaret Sullivan May 10, 1900, Claudette Colbert, September 18, 1902, Lew Rainer January 12th, 1904, not discussed.

John H. H. H.—Three little girls are Frances Marie August 24, 1898, Bron Aronoff May 12, 1902, Greta Garbo, September 18, 1900, Margaret Sullivan May 10, 1900, Claudette Colbert, September 18, 1902, Lew Rainer January 12th, 1904, not discussed.



Seven Sisters—The picture was first announced in "Favorites of the Fair" in "Glamour" June 19, 1935. February, Gloria Stuart, January, Joan Harlow, July, Ginger Rogers, January and May, 1935. I am unable to say which studio

supply more photographs. I can only suggest that you inquire of the different companies. By writing to Paramount they may be able to tell you whether you can obtain these photographs of Gary Cooper that we published in May, 1935.

MARIAN THOMAS—I think it can be said that practically every player has freckles without exception since most of them enjoy the Hollywood sunshine and all outdoor sports. Janet Gaynor was born October 6, 1907, and is five feet tall. Jean Harlow, March 3, 1911, five feet three and a half; Ann Harding, August 7, 1901, five feet five; Spud Jason is eight; Robert Taylor has brown hair and blue eyes.



L. L.—None of Olivia de Havilland's brothers and sisters in "Anthony Adverse" are given credit in the cast and therefore I am unable to identify the one with the attractive eyes in the May issue.

M. H.—The only issue of the magazine that contains stories about Ronald Colman that are not available are as follows: "As He Is" April, 1935 twenty-five cents; "Is Ronald in Love?" April, 1935 fifteen cents; "22 Years Later," May, 1935, 50 cents. These numbers may be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department. For stills of "A Tale of Two Cities" address the MGM Publicity Dept., 1540 Broadway, New York. They cost ten cents each.



A. L. G.—Joan Malfroy was born in London, England, March 11, 1907. Her first big picture, "British in Paris Love Song" James Stewart is one of Joan's best. Her last leading part is "The Greenback Fairy." Write to the MGM Studio for his photo. Belle Davis entered school destination of a very early age. After several years on the stage she was seen by studio executives and given a contract. Peggy Conroy has not been given any screen picture assignment.



Continued on page 17

RING OUT THE OLD SEASON SWING IN THE NEW

to Jerome Kern's glorious new tunes in the most dazzling musical entertainment in the careers of the queen and king of song and swing! It Follows the Fleet and tops Top Hat!

Hear these Jerome Kern
SONG HITS
"The Way You Look
Tonight"
"Pick Yourself Up"
"A Fine Romance"
"A Waltz in Swing Time"
"Bojangles in Harlem"
"Never Gonna Dance"
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

FRED ASTAIRE GINGER ROGERS JEROME KERN'S SWING TIME

with their best supporting cast to date
VICTOR MOORE • HELEN BRODERICK
ERIC BLORE • BETTY FURNESS
and **GEORGES METAXA**

A PANDRO S. BERMAN Production
He gave you "Roberta," "Gay Divorcee," "Top Hat"
and "Follow The Fleet" • Directed by George Stevens

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE



What the Fans Think

to a "I." He is going to be a most popular singing star. I don't think any company would lose anything by sticking to the script—not making it unrecognizable like "Rose-Marie"; and *Kathy* should be a girl with a voice equal to Jeanette MacDonald's. There should be a good male chorus with a particularly good bass or bass-baritone for that grand drinking scene near the end of the picture, where a solo by this bass goes over very big if well sung. "The Desert Song" would be another excellent picture for Allan Jones.

Picture Play is by far the finest fan magazine, and "What the Fans Think" is one of my favorite departments, though the whole magazine seems far more newsy than other magazines.

F. A. G. SMITH.

Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Poor Bob Taylor!

THIS Robert Taylor romance business is getting quite sad. Desperately in love with what he considers the only girl in the world, he is forced for publicity's sake to be seen in the company of various ladies of the cinema. He's seen with this one and that one, but magazine snapshots show that his heart isn't in it. After all, his heart beats only for some one else.

And then suddenly Mr. Taylor's lady-love announces her engagement to one of the singing stars of the movie heavens. Ho hum, Bob, were you stringing your fans all along? It really doesn't matter one way or another, but what romantic hoocy will you try on us next? No matter what it is, I bet your fans will laugh and laugh and laugh.

LEONARD EURY.

Box 404, Boone, North Carolina.

A Patrician Among Politicians.

MY answer to the recent article in *Picture Play* entitled, "Do You Want Gloria Swanson Back?" is emphatically *yes*. Certainly the cinema should not lose permanently the most dynamic, magnetic shadow it has ever projected. A great pantomimic artist, she has also revealed an effective voice, both speaking and singing. Never beautiful according to orthodox standards, she is much more than that: arresting, exciting, provocative, highly intelligent, and, above all, warmly human. Her great heart has always shown through even the shell of sartorial elegance and sophistication with which she has at times clothed herself. A great heart comparable to only a few others in her artistic medium, such as Marie Dressler, Will Rogers, Mary Pickford—hearts so full of love and understanding as seemingly to be capable of embracing and sustaining the entire universe.

Unconventional and non-conformist she undoubtedly is, but Swanson has never stooped to meanness or pettiness. Truly, she is a rugged individualist, but with a great respect for the sensibilities and rights of others. A patrician among politicians; a portrayeur of character and bona fide emotions among a flock of poll parrots and glamour girls; a person of rare grace and genuine charm in a bevy of ecchlophane-wrapped pretenders.

I should like to see her come back in something worthy of her great talent and charm. And especially so if it would add to her personal happiness, for Gloria deserves to be happy—for so many of her hopes and expectations have turned to ashes; but she would never be the one to complain. I do not believe I have ever read a sob story centered around Swanson, and that is pretty nearly a record. Even when the newspapers were making a Roman holiday of Constance Bennett having "stolen" her precious marquis, she behaved with dignity and restraint, and neither bid for sympathy nor made any gesture of condemnation.

I give you Gloria Swanson, a great lady and a consummate artist. May she resume her rightful place in the movie forefront, and may her genius ever irradiate us and never grow dim!

MARGARET FLETCHER.

St. Louis, Missouri.



Doris Dudley swings into the RKO Studio for a screen debut as Hepburn's daughter in "Portrait of a Rebel."

Novarro Not to Blame.

JUDGING from comments on Ramon Novarro's play, one would think it was the only London play that had failed. Robert Donat's play also failed. I have witnessed the failure of a very famous London stage actor. London demands the best—and the play is the thing.

The first night disturbance of "Royal Exchange" has been exaggerated. A few people can make a lot of noise and the ill-mannered "Go back to Hollywood" cries can be ignored. They did not appear to me to be directed at Novarro at all. Anyway, they were not deserved. The failure of the play was no reflection

on the merits of any member of the cast, American or otherwise.

I agree with your London correspondent that it was practically impossible to hear the nervous, gentle-voiced Ramon on the first night of the production, but when I went a week later his voice could have been heard from any seat in the theater. The play was greatly improved, too. Ramon had taken it over himself. It went with a swing; had gained pep. It is probable that, given time, Ramon could have gained some success even with that very unoriginal story.

Cherry Valley can take heart. The play was a failure, yes, but Ramon was not. The scenes outside the theater after the last performance prove that. The crowd was so great and so insistent that Ramon had to open his window and, with the snow coming down, sing the "Pagan Love Song." Unprecedented, surely. Could this happen to a failure?

Twelve days later he was back on the London stage. Yes, *Cherry Valley*, Ramon has courage. There were cries of "Good old Ramon" and "Good luck, Ramon"—and lots of applause.

Now, a word to Madeline Glass. She says, without malice, I admit, that Ramon appeals mainly to feminine fans. But is she correct? I have never heard any male star so praised by men as Ramon Novarro. What is the experience of other fans?

Another word to *Picture Play*. Many, many thanks for the interesting articles and pictures of Ramon that have appeared in its pages. I have always looked upon this magazine as Ramon's own; and now that he has returned to America, I hope we shall soon have news, maybe an interview with him, in *Picture Play*.

MISS K. BROADHURST.

183 Queens Square, Batterssea.

London, S. W. 8, England.

American Stars versus Foreign.

I HAVE no racial prejudices, but I must agree with Mrs. Cope, of Texas, who laments the "foreign element" in Hollywood.

Certainly these imported stars have nothing to complain of, given the publicity, the cream of stories and direction as they are and received with open arms by a gullible American public which still clings to the illusion that anything European *must* be synonymous with *art*.

The reason they fail to measure up is because they are brought up against infinitely more dynamic and versatile competition. And I shall be willing to eat my words whenever:

Charles Laughton becomes as good as Lionel Barrymore; Merle Oberon tops Myrna Loy.

Freddie Bartholomew or Sybil Jason catch up with Jackie Coogan or Shirley Temple.

Ronald Colman, Herbert Marshall, and Leslie Howard overshadow William Powell, Fredric March, and Gary Cooper.

Elizabeth Allan, Binnie Barnes, Ida Lupino, or Heather Angel begin to compare with dainty Ginger Rogers, Janet Gaynor, Anne Shirley, or Rochelle Hudson.

Charles Boyer, Errol Flynn, and

Francis Lederer outhandsomes Robert Taylor, Gene Raymond, and Henry Fonda.

Garbo and Dietrich can be outlandished any day by Jean Harlow or Joan Crawford and twice as interestingly.

And as for the songbirds, it is simply sacrilege to mention any of them in the same breath with the enchanting Nelson Eddy, lovely Gladys Swarthout, Jeanette MacDonald and a dozen other American musical charmers.

And, finally, I shall be among those present if, and when, any foreign star ever twines himself, or herself, around the heartstrings as did Marie Dressler, Mary Pickford, and the beloved Will Rogers.

ISABELLE JARSK.

Corpus Christi, Texas.

Turning the Tables.

WHAT THE FANS THINK is just the place for the subject, "What I Think of the Fans." For years fans have been tossing posies and phooeys at the stars; now let's turn the tables.

Let me take, for example, the letters in July Picture Play. The "Eight Girls from New York" have written a broad-minded criticism of Gable, and here's my chance to say that few actors can wear mustaches and not look insipid. Jack Hitt must be praised for his essay on Astrid Allwyn, which gave us the correct impression of a star. Olive Adams, you illustrated my idea of a "squelch beautiful" without the far too frequent nasty remarks. Here is where letter-writers should improve. For instance, Fran Kowall, if you were so in-

tent on protesting against Fresia Smith's brickbats for Landi, Loy, and Lombard, why throw any yourself? Insults to fellow fans are far-fetched. A courteous correction or criticism will bring far more appreciation and comment. I agree with you, Fran, in defending the three L's, especially Landi, who is undoubtedly the first lady of the screen.

We fan club executives are indebted to such persons as Donald Holt and Jeanette Mendro for letters in behalf of clubs. We are also deeply grateful for Norbert Lusk's fine cooperation and interest in fans. There is no finer writer in Picture Play than Grace Donohue. Her letters are very intelligent and constructive. Her platform in regard to decency is laudable. Pixie Benson, congratulations for the appeal in behalf of Phillip Reed and John Beal. I enjoyed Dena Reed's article on Mr. Beal, because I had a delightful visit with John and quite agree with the portrait Miss Reed painted of him. Now, Miss Pamphillon, never expect Gable or Bob Montgomery to answer your mail—they never will. Miss Colbert did not send you a price list. Paramount did. Every star, with few exceptions, appreciates fan mail more than you think.

I wish Donald Woods's fans would deluge Picture Play with letters in Don's behalf. We haven't a good showing at all for this fine, cultured actor. Exquisite Miriam Hopkins, too!

The last thought. Producers, you must give us Elissa Landi as *Joan of Arc*. The whole world wants Elissa in that rôle.

WILLIAM M. EVES.

Chebeague Island, Maine.

Just as Great.

I READ the letter of Don Rohrig in the June issue and all I can say is he acts "a leetle tetched in the haid." In my opinion, and I think many other fans will agree with me, that letter from the common-sense viewpoint is the worst I have ever read.

Speaking of the Astaires, the Colberts, the Gables, and the Harlows cluttering up the movie medium, who could ask for finer acting than Miss Colbert gave in "Under Two Flags"? It was truly a magnificent gift to the screen. Her portrayal of *Cigarette* was perfect, and for it she will probably be remembered as one of the greatest actresses the screen has ever known. Miss Harlow and Clark Gable proved their great dramatic ability in "Riffruff" and "Mutiny on the Bounty" respectively. Mr. Rohrig must not have seen these pictures. And who can deny that Fred Astaire is one of the greatest artists ever to go to Hollywood?

Of course, the stars whom he mentioned of to-day and bygone days, like Nazimova, Valentino, Mimi, and Tone are great, but why run down those who are just as great?

I'm sure that the motion-picture industry will make as much progress, if not much more, with the stars of to-day as those of yesterday. It has so far, and will most assuredly continue to do so.

JIM USHER.

514 North 5th Street,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

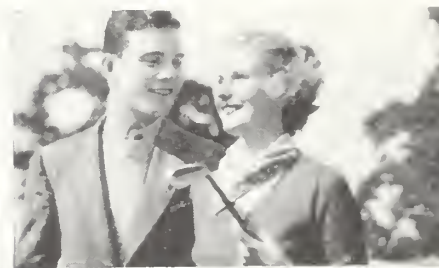
I felt so
Sluggish!



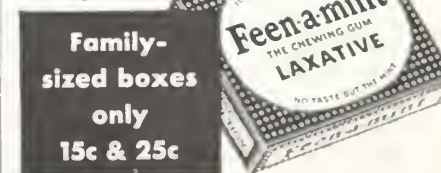
● I was dull and logy—felt a headache coming on—thought the day would never end! I knew all too well what the trouble was—poor elimination. Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I took a tablet. It worked like magic. Now I can't say enough in favor of FEEN-A-MINT!



● What you do: Just chew FEEN-A-MINT, a dainty white mint-flavored tablet, for 3 minutes. Troublesome constipation yields to FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing-gum laxative. You chew it for 3 minutes, and this chewing makes a world of difference in the way it works. Gentle but effective results will be yours!



● Blessed Relief! Once more full of natural vim and pep, thanks to FEEN-A-MINT. No griping, no violence, no disturbance of sleep. Not habit-forming. Economical. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Get FEEN-A-MINT yourself—for happy r-e-l-i-e-f from the misery of constipation.



Slightly higher in Canada



Betty Compson, still too lovely to be called an old-timer, reappears in "Hollywood Boulevard" with a number of other ex-stars.

What the Fans Think

All Hail to Allan Jones.

I WANT to be one of the first to hail the newest singing star, Allan Jones. I had the great pleasure of hearing him sing the leads in two operettas shortly before his screen debut in "Reckless," and can testify to the fact that he is even more attractive in person than on the screen. Allan does himself proud in "Show Boat" which I have just seen for the third time.

I understand MGM plans to produce my favorite operetta, "The Student Prince," with Allan in the leading role. He will be perfect in the part of the prince, and I predict that his good looks, beautiful voice—warm and richly colored—and appealing personality will speedily place him on the top rung of celebrity. **LOIS WILLIAMS,**
Sgt T & P Budding, Dallas, Texas.

Unfaithful to the Stars.

I HAVE just come home from the movies and for the first time I am going subscribe to an American movie magazine.

I am a French fan paying a visit to the United States, and I think you should hear the opinions of a foreigner.

I have just seen "Small-town Girl" and I cannot see why the people in this country are so unfaithful to their stars. First that picture Janet Gaynor was great. I was so happy seeing her in a good role again that I could have cried. I was happy, too, because I heard she was not good any more and her day had passed. How could our unforgettable *Diva* of "Seventh Heaven" not give us more good portrayals? She did not only give "Seventh Heaven," she gave "Sunrise," "Four Devils," "Lucky Star," and "Street Angel," and a very amusing musical comedy, too, "Sunny-side Up." No! with her new picture you cannot say she belongs to the past. "Small-town Girl" is proof of what she can give today.

I agree with Don Rohrig and Ruth Bary. Gloria Swanson should be on the screen again, and so should Mary

Pickford, Dorothy Gish, Corinne Griffith, and above all, Lillian Gish.

In Europe, we consider Lillian Gish the greatest star the movies ever had. It is not my opinion—it's Emil Jannings's, Conrad Veidt's, and Max Reinhardt's.

I have read she is playing on the stage now. Why did you let her go?

I cannot understand how you forget so easily and consider an actress a fade-out just because there are some new faces trying to win fame.

Since she left the screen, we miss her unique personality, her eternal beauty and her exquisite acting. Please, producers, let us see Lillian Gish again!

ANNETTE GERARD,

Lourdes, France.

A Simple Question.

I WANT to ask a simple question and I don't want to be thought sarcastic, either. I actually want to know if any one really likes and enjoys Greta Garbo? For years I have attended picture shows, read movie magazines and all sorts of reviews and I have moved in several different circles of society, the business crowd and also a university group, and I have yet to meet one single person who didn't giggle when her name was mentioned. I have seen a number of her pictures and to me she is the most lifeless, uninteresting, wooden personality on the screen with the exception of Marlene Dietrich. I was once in a large party when the men brought up the subject of Garbo's large feet and the whole crowd of us went to a theater where one of her pictures was showing just to check up on their actual size.

For a while her silly publicity stunts were slightly amusing, but now they are only wearying and presently they will become repulsive, and the public will be indignant because, after all, she is an alien who makes no attempt to conceal the fact that she is here only for all the American dollars she can garner to re-

turn to her dear Sweden. Ditto Marlene.

Another actress whose popularity I question very seriously is Katharine Hepburn. Every one laughs at her wildly rolling eyes, her clawing fingers open mouth and flying hair. Is she trying to be an actress or a wild mustang? Any colt can kick up its heels and at-



Glendo Forrest likes starched neck-pieces in conjunction with block velvet. Her next is "Loudspeaker Lowdown."

tract attention temporarily, but how long does she think such antics will last?

When you want to clean up a bee-hive, you first get rid of the drones, and I, if I were cleaning up beautiful, busy exciting Hollywood, would tie together Garbo, Dietrich, Hepburn, Mary Astor, Dolores del Rio and Ann Harding, and take them right out to the deepest spot in the Pacific and sink them gently to oblivion.

ELSIE J. KIMBALL,

Dallas, Texas.



Ten of the pretty showgirls in "Sing, Baby, Sing," with their dancing teacher, Geneva Sowyer, on the extreme left. Next her is Pappy Wilde, and down the line are Diane Caak, Bonnie Bonnon, Georgia Spence, June Wilkins, Wanda Perry, Pauline Craig, Monica Bonnister, Clarice Sherry, and Mory Lang.

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

B Y N O R B E R T L U S K

DO you like film stars on the radio? When they are scheduled to broadcast, do you stay away from the theater in order to hear them in your home? Theater men all over the country believe that you do and are up in arms against it. They contend that the stars they have made are lending their names and talents to a competitive medium. They insist that the free entertainment offered by the radio is seriously affecting attendance at their theaters. Further, they are moving high heaven to put a stop to it by appealing to the producers and even to the stars themselves. "We made these stars. We can unmake them as fast as we caused the public to become interested, and we will if these radio appearances are not stopped," the exhibitors threaten.

SINCE this flare-up a truce has been declared. The stars will continue to do their chores on the air regardless of theater owners. With closer coöperation between studios and radio there will be more exacting supervision of the material used, it is promised; and the harmonious relationship will give the radio access to better material, it is further promised. Just where the exhibitors come in with their grievance is not made clear, but apparently every one concerned realizes that the reason why many stars do not "click" on the air is due to the poor material provided.

IN fact, few stars that I recall have given a satisfactory account of themselves via radio. For the most part their voices are the same as we hear on the screen, but voice minus the personality we know and admire—minus, too, the costume that plays so large a part in establishing the appeal of most players—is a poor substitute for what the eye can see. However, this gap may be bridged by interesting material of which there is a complete dearth, if we are to judge by what is given the stars to read over the air. It is mostly tabloid versions of outmoded plays, scenes from a picture about to be released, or even an old picture. Neither gives the star a chance to tell a sustained, continuous story, or to achieve anything but a sketchy characterization. The plays are not the provocative plays of the stage to-day, but are more than likely to be some antiques salvaged from the theater of twenty, twenty-five, or thirty years ago. Such as "Merely Mary Ann," "Within the Law," or "The Girl of the Golden West." Not by any chance a success current on Broadway which listeners-in far away from the theatrical mart would be anxious to hear first-hand, but a play that was written to appeal to a different age, a different viewpoint. Not by any chance a classic, either, but always a sentimental comedy or a melodrama sentimentalized to the point of having no relation whatever to reality. The stars of the screen have this handicap to overcome before their contribution to the radio can even approach the dignity of intelligent entertainment.

CONDENSED versions or so-called dramatic highlights of pictures are equally unworthy of the high prices paid stars for their services. They rarely entertain the intelligent listener and are, in fact, comparable to the film hodgepodes we see on the screen as trailers which are supposed to pique the curiosity of the beholder in the next attraction. More often than not they bore him with their unrelated scenes, ballyhoo and repetitiousness. So it is with the "previews" of films on the air. In the first place, dialogue for films is not written with the completeness required for a stage play. It is coördinated with action, with rapidly changing scenes. Attempting to entertain by giving snatches of the picture by voice alone and, perhaps, sound effects, is futile to the discriminating listener. Beyond comparing familiar

voices of unseen speakers, this form of radio entertainment offers nothing that is worthy of the star or the fan.

WHAT radio fails to give to the admirer of the film star is *completeness*. No matter how smartly dramatic material is condensed, it is still abbreviated and shows it. Consider the difference between what the stars give and what Cornelia Otis Skinner offers. Each of her monologues is rounded and complete. She offers a flesh-and-blood character, if not several of them, and she does it unaided. It is not only a tribute to her skill in the use of her voice, her keen awareness of character and her ability to crystallize it with brevity and emphasis, but to the completeness of what she offers. Here's hoping that the closer relationship between the screen and radio will develop a really first-rate entertainer among the stars. A continuation of what they have done in the past will not do it. A careful selection of up-to-date material may. And please give me credit for not describing my reactions to what I have heard on the air from Hollywood so far.

* * *

ONE of the most extraordinary and informative surveys of motion pictures recently was made by "The Hollywood Reporter." It tabulates the box-office returns on all films released for the first six months of the year as indicated in over eight hundred theaters. Bluntly, pictures are divided into three classes: money-makers, no profits, and flops, two hundred and twenty-one in all. "Mutiny on the Bounty" is the most successful on the list, "Soak the Rich" the least. Next to "Mutiny" comes "Follow the Fleet," with "Rose-Marie," "San Francisco," "Wife versus Secretary," "Captain Blood," and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" next in order. The startling conclusion reached by "The Hollywood Reporter" is that about thirty-five pictures out of the two hundred and twenty-one are paying for the non-profitable ones and the failures. The inevitable question is, why are not more successful pictures produced with all the talent and money at hand? Any pretense of an answer to that large question would require many pages and the opinions of many authorities, including alibis as well, so we needn't attempt anything of that sort here.

THE fact most interesting to the fan and the critic is the type of pictures that are most successful, not in one locality or in theaters of one class, but throughout the country. There isn't a static picture among the winners, and the most widely favored one—"Mutiny"—is the most stirring and exciting of all. This proves that the public demands movement, action and drama in motion pictures. The most conversational among the best films is "The Petrified Forest," but not even the most indifferent spectator could call it talky, for every word reveals character and furthers the development of it. The public likes hokum. It always has and it always will, consequently it is deplorable, though not surprising, to find "Private Number" on the list of preferred pictures, higher up, alas, than "These Three" and "Ah, Wilderness!"

ANOTHER point that is brought out beyond dispute in this survey is that "the play's the thing." By no means does it follow that other players would have made "Mutiny" the big success that it is, or that substitutes for Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald would have put over "Rose-Marie" with equal effect. Far from it. But I think it does prove that audiences would not have patronized these pictures to the same extent if one had not been superlatively thrilling because of the artistry of the players chosen, and the other delightfully tasteful and charming because of the music and the singing, both representing the finest available talent. But first and foremost it is the picture as a whole that is responsible for its rating in any survey or its appeal to the greatest number of persons. One has only to study "The Hollywood Reporter's" list of money-makers, no profits, and flops to discover certain stars in the three classifications. It would seem to indicate that the loyalty of fans to their favorites is put to the test by the merit of their pictures and they, like the more casual film-goers, patronize the attraction that is known to be best, and pass up a weak picture regardless of the names featured in it.

* * *

FOR some time stars jealous of Norma Shearer's eminence, as well as gossips in need of fresh fuel, have said, in effect, "Sure, she's on top. She gets the pick of stories, directors and casts because she's married to Irving Thalberg. She can't fall down." But even these petty-minded critics must find their venom turned to honey by the beauty and grandeur of the new "Juliet." Only a great actress could have met the demands and risen to the heights of a performance that takes its place beside those of Katharine Cornell, Eva Le Gallienne, and Jane Cowl on the stage. Story, director, cast and money alone could not have done it had not the artist been ready. Miss Shearer was prepared for this great opportunity as surely as she is for her next.



Photo by Ted Allen

ROBERT TAYLOR and Barbara Stanwyck, romantically paired in real life, are brought together by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a screen romance called "His Brother's Wife" which practically every one will rush to see for obvious reasons. Fans will be interested to know that Mr. Taylor isn't a great surgeon in the picture but a bacteriologist with a serum to discover that will save Miss Stanwyck's life in a jungle adventure. W. S. Van Dyke directs this for realism, and Jean Hersholt and Joseph Calleia contribute portraits of character.

portrayed at the sanity trial in Mr. Deeds Goes to Town."

Meanwhile, to add confusion to confusion, the fashion changed. Distinguished critics discovered what fans had known all along—that Gary's acting ranked with the best. Famous intellectuals who met him reported him anything but dull-witted.

In the face of these disclosures, did the know-it-alls hang their heads and admit their mistake? Far from it! They merely invented a theory, at good but glib, to prove they had been right. Gary, they explained, had changed. The inept actor and dullard of a few years ago had become the fine actor and keen thinker of to-day. By what miracle this change had been wrought they didn't say.

Actually, the only miracle about Gary is that the years he has spent in Hollywood have changed him so very little.

Many interesting facts about him become apparent when one discards the false premise that Gary was ever a poor actor or a dullard. It is our purpose here to give some true glimpses of the man behind his characterizations, of a real-life Gary Cooper, apart from his work.

First, however, let us explain how Hollywood in general ever tolerated, and to some extent fastered, the notion that he was an indifferent actor.

When Gary entered silent films, the actors who still won Hollywood's heartiest acclaim were those who tore their hair, wigwagged with their eyebrows and gestured all over the shop. They had learned their technique during the screen's mechanically imperfect days, when broad acting was necessary to convey any sort of impression on the jumpy celluloid. That the celluloid was no longer jumpy had not changed the technique of their school materially.

Gary offered the same sort of repressed, natural performances he gives to-day. Only the more discriminating critics appreciated what he was doing. His work in "The

Winning of Barbara Warth," in which he played his first important rôle, is considered by some a performance nearly equal to any he has given. Certainly that in the early Cooper film, "Wings," compares favorably with his laudly tauted offering in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

Gary's excellent voice and delivery suited the talkies. But their advent brought to the screen another group of attention-getting Thespians, broad of gesture, glib of speech because of training given them on the stage. Their showiness in turn blinded Hollywood's eyes to Gary's more subtle wares.

Yet his effectiveness on celluloid at the time was proved by his popularity with picture-goers. Vehicles considered, he was probably as popular then as now, and the demand for him in 1930 caused Paramount to make plans for starring him. At the same time the more intelligent, alert and gifted of the stage stars then in talkies changed their styles to meet what they perceived were the demands of the new medium. They began using the natural technique Gary had used all along.

This fact did not immediately bring recognition of Gary's ability. Hollywood did not realize that he had come into the movies ahead of his time. Nor that the Movie Mountain had now come to Mohammed Cooper.

So it remained for actual competition with the stage's best to set all tongues a-wag about Gary's histrionic prowess.

Continued on page 84

Photo by Bullock



There is no star whose acting has been so misjudged and whose character has been so misunderstood as Mr. Cooper's, strange as it seems to-day.

**YOU DON'T "SEE" THIS
PICTURE...YOU LIVE IT!**

THE GREAT LOVE DRAMA OF THE GREAT
WAR!... fired with the inspired acting of
the year's most impressive cast!

FREDRIC MARCH · WARNER BAXTER
LIONEL BARRYMORE



**THE
ROAD
TO GLORY**

with
**JUNE LANG
GREGORY RATOFF**

Directed by Howard Hawks
Associate Producer Nunnally Johnson



Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production



STAR-GREAT! EMOTION-MIGHTY! THE STRANGEST DRAMA EVER LIVED!



PICTURE PLAY'S

FAMOUS PREVIEWS

FRANCIS LEDERER AND ANN SOTHERN

APPEARING IN, "MY AMERICAN WIFE."

SOUL OF THE



GOIL



ON these and the next two pages are pictured scenes from "The Good Earth," great story of Chinese farm life, the first of its kind ever to be filmed. On the opposite page appears Paul Muni as "Wang Lung," the farmer. Below are Luise Rainer as "O-Lan," with Keye Luke, William Law, and Roland Got. The third photograph has Harold Huber with Miss Rainer and Mr. Muni. Native players top Miss Rainer on this page.





ON the opposite page, below, is a panoramic view of the Chinese farm, every blade of grass, even on the distant hilltops, specially planted and cultivated. The large photograph shows Miss Rainer again, with Mr. Muni below her. On this page Mr. Muni toils, above, and Miss Rainer is with Charles Grapewin. Below, "Wang Lung" presents his first-born to Walter Connolly.



Across the Pacific



"CHINA CLIPPER" dramatizes the first flight of an airplane across the Western ocean, with Pat O'Brien the courageous enthusiast who makes it possible. Seen with him is Beverly Roberts as his wife. Marie Wilson and Ross Alexander are the young romantics.

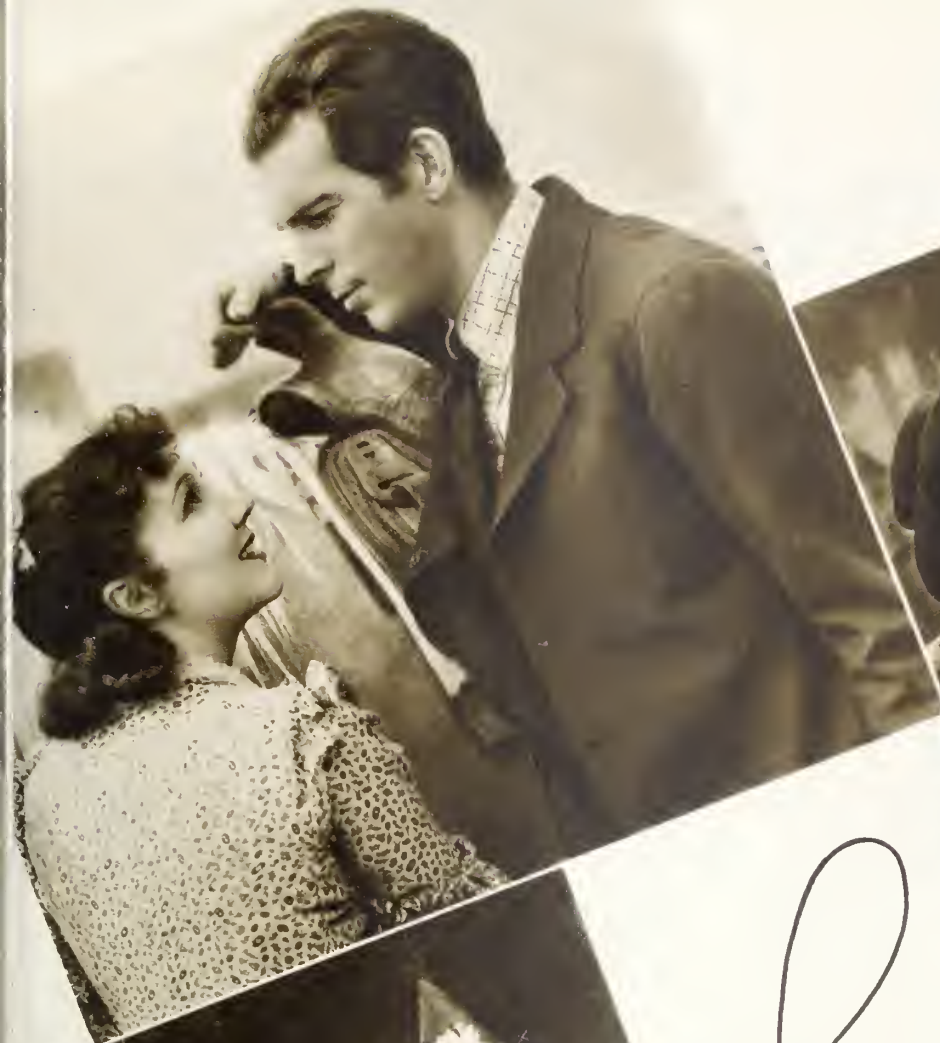
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., and Dolores del Rio are husband and wife in "Accused," produced by Mr. Fairbanks's own company. Dancers in a Parisian theater, they become involved in the death of Florence Desmond, pictured below, and Miss Del Rio is tried for her murder.



Jerry and Gaby



"THE TEXAS RANGERS" is the sweeping, human story of the men who founded, and made safe, the State of Texas. Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, and Lloyd Nolan are bad men in this ambitious picture which has King Vidor as director as well as author, and Jean Parker for its gingham-and-sunbonnet heroine —with plenty of Indians and that likable little chap, Bennie Bartlett.



Love Star State





"SWORN ENEMY" is an exciting melodrama which gains importance from the presence of Joseph Calleia in the cast. It exposes the activities of the criminal gang which controls the food-market racket and climaxes in an unusual use of dynamite.

AT top of page is Mr. Calleia, a crippled gang leader. Robert Young anxiously watches the impression Florence Rice, his fiancée, is making on "Joe Emerald." A striking study of Mr. Calleia comes next. Below are Harvey Stephens, Lewis Stone, Mr. Young, and Miss Rice.

RACKETEERS

SHIRLEY

MADEMOISELLE TEMPLE has Frank Morgan, Delma Byron, and Robert Kent with her in these glimpses of "The Bowery Princess." The time is 1850, and a performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is included in the picture.





MARION TALLEY is the latest prima donna to make her bow on the screen. In "Follow Your Heart" she has Michael Bartlett as hero. Above, Eunice Healy dances. Top, Miss Talley with Mr. Bartlett, and with Ben Blue and John Eldredge. Opposite page shows Mr. Bartlett and Miss Talley and Margaret Irving, Nigel Bruce, and Mick Rentschler.





CIRCUS CATS

BARTON MACLANE stars in "The Bengal Tiger," the story of an animal trainer's troubles outside as well as inside the steel cages. Pictured here are Mr. MacLane, above, and with June Travis and Warren Hull, below.





THAT inimitable comédienne, Mary Boland, plays her first dramatic rôle on the screen in "A Son Comes Home." The story has Miss Boland mothering a fugitive from the police as she pretends that he is her son. Donald Woods plays this part, with Julie Haydon the heroine.

MOTHER MARY



Charming People



FRED ASTAIRE and Ginger Rogers appear in "Swing Time." No need to tell you to see it, for you couldn't resist it, anyway. Mr. Astaire is a magician's assistant, and Miss Rogers teaches in a dancing school, where they meet, quarrel, make up—and dance. Victor Maare, the comic magician, and Helen Braderick with Mr. Astaire, below.



SO THEY SAY

Thoughts and meditations of the stars as gleaned from newspapers and magazines.



LUPE VELEZ— We (Johnny Weissmuller) never spend any money on ourselves. I have never seen the inside of a beauty parlor and I never go to a hairdresser for my hair. It's naturally curly. I manicure my own nails, and we never go to night clubs. —New York "Herald Tribune."

LIONEL BARRYMORE— You think this fellow Van Gogh's such a great guy. You could take a couple of eggs and break 'em over a canvas and get more exciting colors than Van Gogh's—and you'll still find fools to pay thousands for it." —Screen and.



CHARLES R. ROGERS, studio executive— We are trying very hard to have our women well groomed and hope to derive plenty of exploitation and publicity thereby in time to come." —Universal Bulletin.



NORMA SHEARER— 'Ours is not the usual Hollywood marriage. It's the same Romeo and Juliet union that Shakespeare discovered in Verona and which to-day is prevalent in Keokuk and Kamazoo.' —"Time."

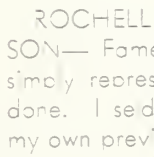


KATHARINE HEPBURN— "You know, all this isn't the real me—those crazy stunts weren't for publication. I don't wish to give the public the impression that I'm a lunatic. After all, I'm trying to be a dramatic actress on the screen, not an eccentric comedienne." —"Screenland."

JOAN BENNETT— 'Clothes are really a business asset in Hollywood. So much depends on the appearance. Consequently, when I set out on a shopping tour I go about it exactly as a business man might if he were buying new machinery for his factory.' —"Movie Mirror."



ROBERT TAYLOR— I love the wide-open spaces, beautiful scenery, and being far from the crowded thoroughfares. You see I'm still a small-town boy!" —"Screenland."



ROCHELLE HUDSON— Fame to me simply represents work done. I seldom go to my own previews. I've never taken the trouble to look at the theaters where my name appears in lights—not even the first time for all this stands for work done, and in my future the past has no part. —"Movie Mirror."

BINNIE BARNES— 'I'm proud of my background, proud of the poverty and hardship.' —"Hollywood."



CAROL LOMBARD— "I'm the most feminine woman in the world—ridiculously feminine in my attitude toward clothes and things like that. I adore to shop. —"Motion Picture Magazine."

CLAUDETTE COLBERT— 'When you're in pictures and in one sense a man is unfortunate enough to fall in love with you—well, you owe him something.' —"Screen Guide."



JOHN BOLES— Being successful at love is a desirable primary aim, and it's a simple procedure. The grand passion is neither a myth nor outmoded. It is natural to be very romantic.' —"Screenland."



ROBERT TAYLOR— Voice, hair and eyes. I love 'em those are the three things about any woman that impress a man first. And eyes, I prefer the kind that don't sparkle and tell all. I go for the slumbrous kind that keep things half hidden—à la Marlene Dietrich." —"Screen Book."

KATHARINE HEPBURN— The screen is the product of both illusion and delusion, and the public should not try to spoil the illusion by prying into the lives of famous film characters." —New York "Herald Tribune."



OLD-FASHIONED



To-day in a swing-time city, Luise Rainer's Viennese piquancy, coupled with her complete femininity, emphatically distinguishes her from the roster of Hollywood stars.

To Luise Rainer, her career is just an episode. She doesn't intend to sacrifice her whole life to the screen. She wants to marry and have children and be with them.

A true artist instead of an exhibitionist, Miss Rainer hasn't adopted hard-boiled tactics to command attention.

Photo by Bull



EVERY once in a while when all the ladies of the movies seem to have become standardized career queens, a definitely different newcomer bargues overnight into the charmed circle that tops the Hollywood circles.

The minute I was introduced to Luise Rainer I sensed that here was another of those rare, genuinely intriguing personalities for whom we're always waiting. They won't have to put on a campaign to make her fascinating. She already is.

Behaving in the ordinary brilliant way.

It's astonishing too that the secret of this sensational rise of hers lies in what she doesn't do and doesn't want.

She isn't playing the game of the ultra-moderns. Engagingly honest, she's never forward. She hasn't learned to think like a man and doesn't intend to. A true artist instead of a naïve exhibitionist, she hasn't adopted hard-boiled tactics to command attention.

Nor is she reacting to the acclaim she is receiving in the manner with which I'm familiar. Being idolized isn't the supreme thrill. Indeed, she avoids big-screen personal appearances. Yet not because she desires to be a goof.

It is that I realize I am no one important, she explains earnestly. "I am not some exceptional creature."

Which, if you know your Hollywood girls, only goes to prove that this Luise Rainer certainly is apart from the crowd. She is a charm student, but she's also intelligent enough to understand how fickle wholesale applause really is.

Until very recently she side-stepped the press as assiduously as she's been shying from the point and casual playing around of the film world. When I finally was informed that I might have a Rainer interview, MGM advised me to be extremely cautious. It was principally to inquire about her rôle in "The Good Earth." She was a timid butterfly with a Garbo complex.

It took three separate dates for me to finish my chat with Luise Rainer. But the interruptions were not her fault, and our serial conversation enabled me to discover how exceedingly interesting she actually is. Incidentally, she is anxious to speak sincerely on whatever fans care to hear about her.

The tribulations of an actress were never so strongly illustrated before. I was driven first to a location where three babies proceeded to dent the shooting schedule. Unhappily built between three airports, the elaborate courtyard of an Oriental mansion was prepared for an easy scene featuring Miss Rainer, Paul Muni, and their four months old baby. The camera had to follow them as they walked. No sooner did they start than Betty Soo Hoo wailed maddeningly. The director called for Baby Number Two.

From a distant improvised nursery, Sam Lee was brought and the red cape and cap were switched to her. When the cameraman, the director and the electricians were ready again, the stars resumed the action with their sucking infant. Whereupon it pervasively shrieked. The baby wailed at intervals, but by the way, and a terrific row was scattered to give the necessary baby wailer atmosphere.

A S E V E

BY BEN MADDIX

After three hours, during which Baby Number Three faithfully imitated its irreconcilable predecessors, I agreed with the still gracious inter-sweetie that there wasn't going to be much chance for a serious tête-à-tête.

So, a few days later, I was ushered onto a stage where Miss Rainer was formally presenting her baby to her old mistress. Numbers Two and Three were parked handily with their mothers. Fortunately, Number One didn't misbehave.

We retired between "takes" to the tiny dressing room of an invasion on the side of the set. It was two thirty, and Miss Rainer reached for a pint package of ice cream. This was lunch, and when she had a dash for another shot she hid the ice cream under a nap to save it from the melting lights on the make-up table.

"I enjoy this rôle better than Anna Held," she declared, "or not many people experience the fantastic whirl a rich woman has. This character is closer to the heart. I prefer to interpret everyday, fundamental feelings."

"This obedient, staid Chinese woman is a thorough transition from your vivacious late rôles, isn't it?"

"I am sorry if any one assifies me as cute," she replied. "I am not." And Luise Rainer isn't the least coy. "On the stage I was used to a new part every night and was never typed."

I wondered if she had spent months in preparatory research for this assignment, as I had.

"No," she said. "I depend on my own imagination. I read a script, then I think of a person all the time. Somehow instinctively I assume the right attitude. It disturbs me to be told how to portray emotions. To be convincing, I



"Not to be peculiar do I dress in a slack suit and let my hair be wind-blown," says Miss Rainer. "But because I know this style suits me best."

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THEY SAY IN NEW

MARLENE DIETRICH stayed in New York only one day en route to London, but she could not have made a more wahoo impression if she had hired the Moulin Rouge to hold a Sunday revival meeting.

As she stepped from the train, a vision of lust, elegance, and conveyed a battery of cameras flanked by some six hundred fans, she confided that Garbo was her favorite actress. If some press agent advised her she should be given the golden key to all Hollywood, if the thought of it herself, the ghost of Barnum would rise to salute her.

After a long session with interviewers at the Waldorf-Astoria, Miss Dietrich was off to the Colony restaurant to lunch with Counters d'Frasso, the Colony of the gilded social set who resent the intrusion of professional glamour girls, because they don't want to be caught looking un-basé at anybody. And they did stare at Marlene.

To answer your question: No, she isn't as lovely-looking off-screen as on. Her features seem sharper, her eyes screwd and calculating rather than mysterious. The warmth of her voice is a magnet, her detached manner like a "stop" traffic light.

After lunch Miss Dietrich went to Lily Doodle's and bought thirty-eight hats. Evening found her at a party at the Viennese Roof of the Hotel St. Regis that went on and on and on until a lot of guests just had time to change from evening to day clothes to see her off on the "Normandie." The ship was swarming with girls bearing autograph books, special police had to hold back crowds on the pier, fashion scouts darted out from every corner asking her to hold up her purse, her handkerchief, her watch so that they could jot down every detail. And Marlene's one wish was to hurry on board to make sure that her daughter, Maria, had arrived safely.

Her Sacrifice.—Fame and its attendant fortune almost always demand some sacrifice. In Miss Dietrich's case it is separation from her child. Frantic fear of kidnapers and the realization that the hullabaloo of ever-present cameramen and reporters are not good for an impressionable child force her to send Maria to and from trains and ships accompanied by a maid. Every moment that Maria is out of her sight, she is gripped with icy fear. Yet, she is nerving her self to leave her child in school in Switzerland or England when she returns because Maria's chance of a normal life seems better there.

All Is Forgiven.—The dress manufacturers, who let off a mighty stretch of protest when Marlene donned men's clothes two years ago, now embrace her as their favorite star. On the train she reserved a compartment to hold twenty trunks and as many hand bags so that she would have plenty of clothes to gratify any whim.

On arrival, she wore a black, loose, plain, black braided Italian coat with scarlet trim, and a tiny tuque down on the right eye up from the left, with raggedy top leathers worn about. Departing, she wore a black, loose, plain, black braided coat with a full ruffled about down the front, tailored white jacket, high-crowned black felt hat with a brim that tipped down over her right eye, with a misty blue veil draped around the brim falling to her shoulders.

Rich fabrics, extreme prices that last but a few days before the cheap copies flood the streets with grotesque travesties on their leather, veils—that's the kind of clothes the merchant wants to wear. "Dippy" clothes they are called by the trade.

Your Hat in the Movies.—Your first winter hat is likely to be an ad for Anthony Adverse or Mary of Scotland. At the Paris openings in midsummer, French designers bowing to the

Continued on page 62

Marlene Dietrich brought twenty trunks and as many bags to New York for her European trip and bought thirty-eight hats one afternoon.

Irene Dunne returned enthusiastic over her discovery of the gay youth of Madame Curie whom she is to portray on the screen.

Photo by Wide World



Photo by Wide World



YORK—

Marlene Dietrich wins the year's prize for diplomacy and clothes, stealing the spotlight from all other visitors.

BY KAREN HOLLIS



James Cagney has signed with a new company, Grand National, for one picture to be made subject to his approval of every detail.

Madeleine Carroll, off to spend the summer at her castle in Spain, was dismayed to read of revolutionary turmoil in the surrounding country.

Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke return, he to make "The Green Light" for Warners.

DOUBLE-HEADER

BY HARRY N. BLAIR

Jean Arthur has become such a fine actress that she makes a home run in both the light and the serious moments of every film in which she plays. This close-up of the girl herself will make you like her more.

cess, beauty plus an adoring husband and a lovely home. "What else is there to reach for?" I asked. Her answer was sure and swift. "To become a really fine actress" she announced with decision. "I'm just beginning. There's so much to learn."

Jean Arthur is brimming over with ambition. Once she tried being idle. But after three months of just wasting time I simply had to do something. I had never been on the stage and realized that I knew nothing of stage technique. That was a challenge.

It was Jean's determination to master this medium which brought her back. Behind her present success is months of grueling labor. (Continued from page 4)



The small picture, above, shows Jean with her natural hair, the others as the radiant blonde which so perfectly suits her temperament—her delightful sense of humor. She's to play with Gary Cooper again, in "The Plainsman."

THREE years ago, when I first met Jean Arthur she was in New York intent on proving to the movie moguls that she really could act. Then she seemed taut and nervous like a finely bred race horse. Chafing at the bit.

Meeting her this time in Hollywood was a revelation. Now she is gracious and assured. Brimming over with energy and good spirits her straggly white teeth in dazzling contrast to her bronzed complexion.

The keen blond-headed girl who sat completely relaxed, opposite me has received the heights reserved for a very few. She looked comfortable in her white silk pants dress, tennis shoes and rolled-down socks.

Intimidated by her seeming complacency. Healthy suc-

Hepburn's

CHOICE

BY WILLIAM H. McKEGG

Although the two have never met, Katharine Hepburn is the one responsible for bringing Alan Baxter to the screen.

KATHARINE HEPBURN took one glance at him and saw in him the symbol of the ideal actor, one worthy of national—nay, universal notice.

Don't think it was the case of a star speaking for a friend, for she was quite unacquainted with him. Nevertheless, her preference burned Walter Wanger's ears so fiery a red that a long-distance phone call did the trick. That is, it sealed, if not signed, Alan Baxter for a Holly-



Alan Baxter met Barbara Williams while she was dancing in a musical play for which he had written a sketch. Now the two are happily married.

The "killer" rôles he plays are no reflection of Alan's character and bringing up. A good home, good circumstances, afforded him all he needed to set him off into life with gusto.

wood career. And if signs mean as much as the ancients declared, then his movie venture will be an the upward grade.

Hepburn thus proved herself to be like unto a Druid prophetess. For when the fans beheld "Mary Burns, Fugitive," they let "Mary" fuge away alone, and concentrated ardent attention on this distinctive newcomer.

In rapid succession—always a good sign—he has been seen in "Big Brawn Eyes," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," "Thirteen Hours by Air," and "Parole."

(Continued on page 91)



HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

Wherein the march of events in movieland is cheerfully discussed.

BY now Bette Davis and Warner Brothers have adjusted their difficulties—well, maybe!—but that was quite a flare-up between the star and the studio. Curiously too that studio represents the same sector where James Cagney recently battled gaining his freedom under a court decision.

Bette Davis came right out in the open, in her usual frank manner, and declared her argument was about money. Warners yelled bloody murder about the amount they were paying her. They said it was \$1,600 a week that

established Hollywood organizations who seemed to feel that his fight with Warners needed trouble hid himself to New York to line up with a brand-new company at a reported \$100,000 for his first picture.

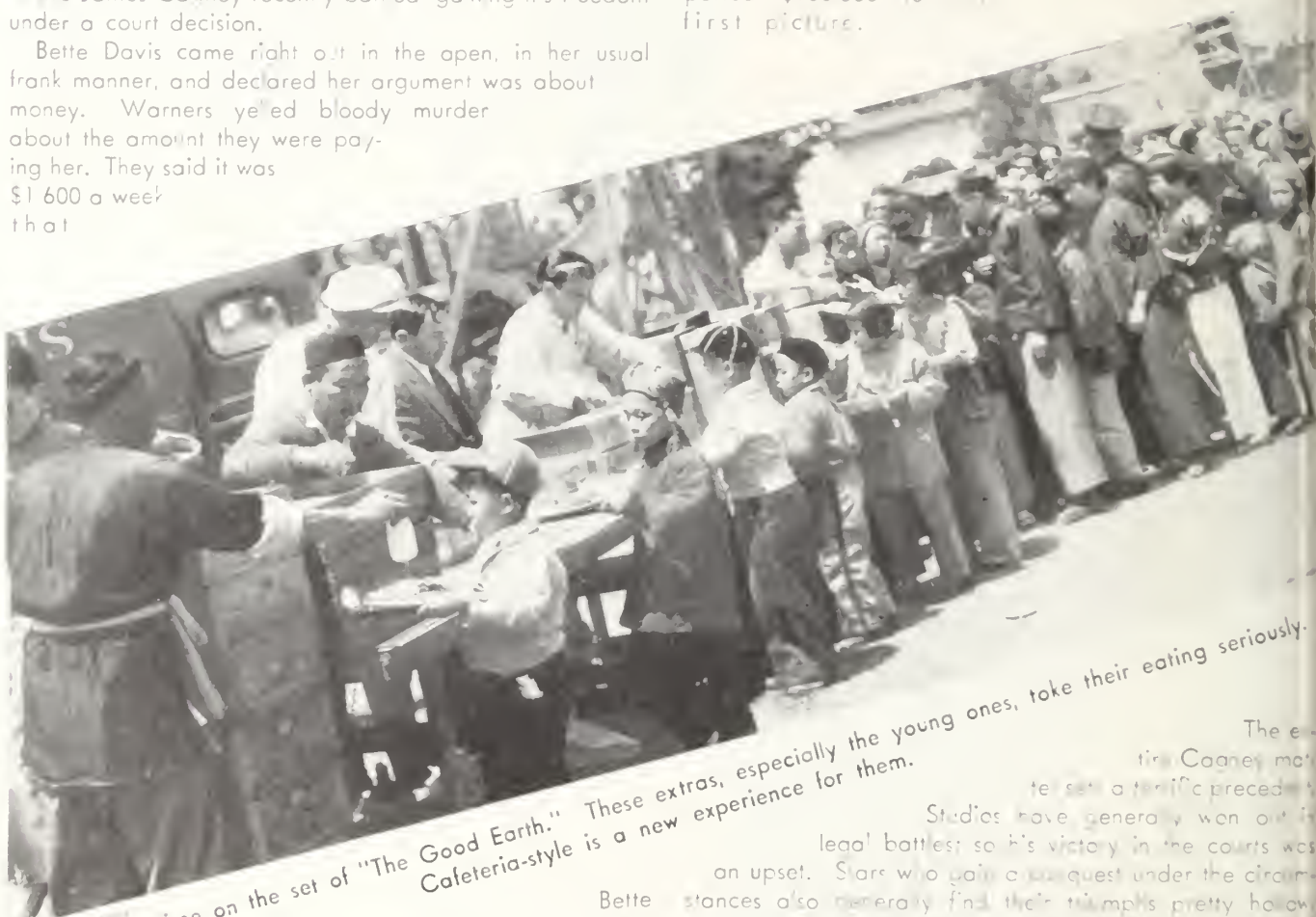


Photo by George F. Stone

It is lunch time on the set of "The Good Earth." These extras, especially the young ones, take their eating seriously. Cafeteria-style is a new experience for them.

Bette was to receive \$2,000 by January 1st and that they had been willing to adjust her contract. Bette declared they wouldn't even lend her to play "Queen Elizabeth" for RKO, let alone pay her a proper stipend. And, after all, she is an Academy prize-winner!

Bette always has exhibited a high degree of sportsmanship, and unquestionably deserves some sympathy on that account. She is known as a capital trouper.

Jimmy Ends Revolt.—Meanwhile James Cagney knight-errant of the movies, unable to secure any contract with

The extra-fine Cagney may set a terrific precedent. Studios have generally won out in legal battles; so his victory in the courts was an upset. Stars who gain a surquest under the circumstances also generally find their triumphs pretty hollow. There are dark murmurs of a studio black list to be covered with. Many think that Cagney, as an independent star, may have a hard time getting showings for his picture.

Everybody therefore is watching the course his fortunes will take, because there are other bright stars who might say a revolt if they beheld Jimmy the bellwether of the procession, enjoying a real benefit from his controversy.

Clark and Carol.—We don't believe now that Clark Gable and Carol Lombard are pretty serious about the marriage business. Their romance had such a light-hearted start what with a flirtation at a Mayfair party, and Carol giving Clark a gag automobile in the shape of a broken-

down flivver, which he promptly had completely renovated and still drives, but the thing is that they do go about together most devotedly, and appear to be ideal, if temperamental, companions. Also Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone have set a pace for these prominent-player marriages, which is exerting influence on the minds of film-dom's elect. The William Powell-Jean Harlow romance, despite many denials, will likely also lead to the altar.

Hollywood's "Other Side."—Oddest and saddest of tales concerning an effort to crash the studio gates is the one that concerns Harry Rose, a playwright, who with his wife and six children lived and slept on a vacant lot in West Los Angeles while working on a scenario that he hoped to sell to some company. Their plight came

manner in which she was called as a witness in the Thelma Todd investigation, just because she happened to be interested at the time in Thelma's ex-husband, Pat di Cicco.

Her latest misadventure was one of strange terror when she and Donald Woods and Humphrey Bogart drifted for three or more hours in a motor boat, whose engine had gone dead, off Catalina Island. Passing craft seemed oblivious to their "halos," and they had visions of being swept out to sea by the tide.

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Photo by Wide World

Photo by Wide World

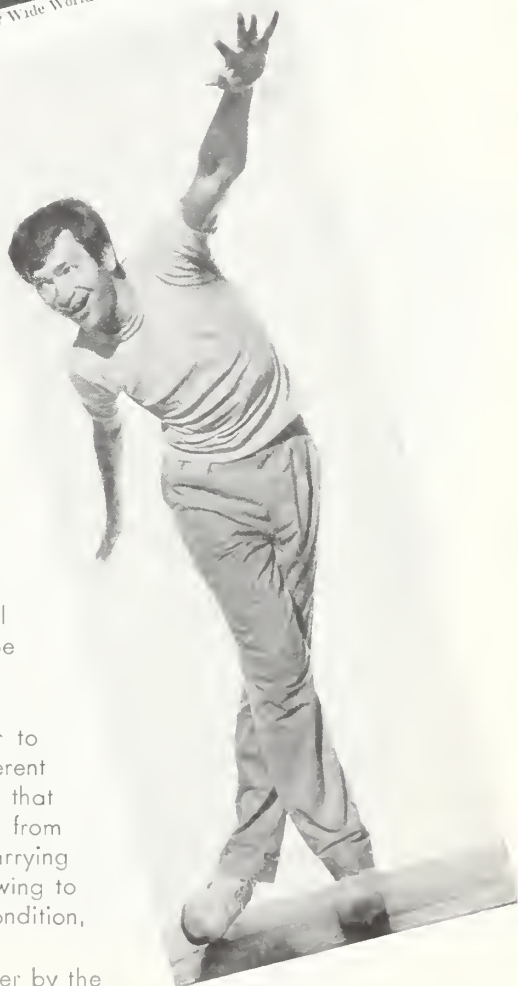
Patricia Ellis puts on her last coat of tan for the season. Henry Wilcoxon smiles at his new bride, Sheila Browning. And Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, upper right, are much more interested in each other than in the canapés they are eating. Buddy Ebsen, right, does a little practicing for "Born to Dance," the new Eleanor Powell picture.

to light when the police investigated the matter, and took the children away from their parents so that they might have a proper home.

Rose had been obtaining food for the family out of the remainder of a veteran's bonus. He had to use a portion of that money to pay old bills, and there wasn't much over for their sustenance. The children ranged in age from eighteen months to twelve years. Several studios immediately became interested in the Rose situation, and it may be that the family will be reunited.

Margaret's Troubled Life.—Funny is that fatefulness which seems ever to hover over Margaret Lindsay. The beginning of her film career was different enough, because of her feigning to be an English actress. Furthermore, that experience left quite an upsetting influence in its wake. She suffered from nervousness for months, because of the strain she put upon herself by carrying out the deception. You will recall that she underwent a frightful siege, owing to an operation for appendicitis. In part, that was due to her run-down condition, induced by nerves.

No sooner was she out of these woods than another test was put upon her by the



WHAT PRICE

Glory?

BY MYRTLE GEBHART



Dummies of drama, puppets of play-acting, theirs is the most inglorious calling in Hollywood—the stand-ins! This is the article that every picture-goer will want to read.

Part I

SALUTE the stand-ins! They do the most acting, though their faces never reach the screen. They pose and perspire for hours—engrossed for the moment but often too tired to care. They're the gameness, others' the glory. They get the pain, others the dreams.

They take part in hundreds of rehearsals, but never in a performance. They share love scenes with others of their own calling, but never with the romantic stars. They just manufacture the moods and set the stage.

They are dummies of drama, puppets of play-acting. They smooth the way for the stars through interminable standing poses while every ray of light is studied and arranged to focus artistically, thus conserving the stellar strength.

Frank McGroth, Sally Sage, Dick Foster, Phyllis Yates, Emily Baldwin, Pat O'Shea. What do their names mean to you? But without them you would not be able to watch vital Warner Baxter, radiant Bette Davis, idealistic Leslie Howard, lovely Ann Harania, charming Rochelle Hudson, funny Joe E. Brown.

They, and others of their odd calling, are the salaries behind the lines, who carry on without benefit of wealth, fame, or publicity.

How do they feel when they step back into the shadows and watch others walk the paths which they have paved?

The stellar eyes face the lights only during a few quick rehearsals and the filming of scenes, each of which takes less than a minute and a half, as an average. Between "try-its" and takes the star rests.

Francis Lederer's stand-in, Victor Jase Saboni, is three inches shorter than the star, but that is easily overcome by wearing "lifts," as you see above.

Frances Waverly stands in for Patricia Ellis and plays a small part now and then. Just what substituting for a star means, is fully explained in this article.

But during the adjustments of lights, the stand-in must hold the pose for long, tedious stretches, often staring directly into the broad beams of blinding glare, for even the lowering of eyelashes might create an undesired shadow. Each arc must be focused in delicate exactness.

The stand-in's salary ranges from thirty to fifty dollars a week, paid by the studio. Warners pay five dollars a day, adding one-fourth of that amount for each two hours, or fraction thereof, overtime. If the star works only one hour of the day, the stand-in draws full pay for that day, being dismissed when the star is free.

Several perform additional tasks for the stars, being paid by them for such extra services, and quite a few do extra work and bits when their stars are between pictures.

The majority have been, or want to be, actors. However, those who are carbon copies of celebrities know that their chances are slim. To some, the thorny stand-in path is a hopeful come-back trail—for instance, Marie Osborne and Mary Jane Irving, starlets during their childhood.

Many point out optimistically the fact that Helen Hayes once stood in for Lillian Gish, that Frances Fuller got her opportunity because of her resemblance to Helen, who couldn't take the rôle, being busy elsewhere. So they toil and hope.

Others, with no stellar ambition, are satisfied with steady and interesting, though often tiresome, jobs.

"Rochelle just happened to get into the movies first," said Emily Baldwin, generously. Emily is often mistaken for Rochelle.

Standing-in is a business in itself," Gale Mogul insisted, earnestly. "A person can make a real art of it.

What's the difference between a star and a stand-in? Mostly, just a spark. That touch of something elevates the one into world fame, the lack of it keeps the other obscure.

It isn't looks, for sometimes the stand-in is prettier than the star. Nor is it talent for many a gift for acting flashes during those preliminary rehearsals. Just such a ray of ability, released dramatically when she was inspired out of her pose into expressing her own interpretation took Jean Alden from the bench and into the field.

It isn't a matter of training or education, even of getting the breaks that makes one a prince and the other a pretender.

The will to achieve through expressing self is the guiding force that urges one ever upward, whatever the hazards, that driving determination which characterizes our stars.

The stand-in, because of the very duties of his or her work is apt to lose that inner propulsion toward releasing self. He or she, perhaps previously tossed about through the uncertainties of the extra ranks, gratefully eases into the comfort of a regular job.

The stand-in accepts a sure salary in place of the risks and upheavals chosen by the restless individuality intent upon progress.

In copy-cattng celebrities, they smother their real selves.

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Kindly Bette Davis takes an interest in her stand-in, Sally Sage, and coaches her in the reading of a part.

Leslie Howard commends his stand-in, Dick Foster, for his wood carving. These two are much alike in coloring.



A FIGHTING



Mr. McLaglen is such a good-natured, trusting cuss that people take advantage of him. Woe betide them when he finds it out!

THERE are two types of celebrities in Hollywood—the type, even in prominent places, who give much publicized parties, give parties and do lots of things. Then there is the occasional man who doesn't care for the rozzleazzle who chooses his own playmates and his own—perhaps unfashionable—pursuits. These are Hollywood's lone wolves. And Hollywood respects them a little.

Ronald Colman is one of these. So is Paul Muni. There are also Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, and Garbo. There is also Victor McLaglen.

Now the role of a recluse is the last thing I should have expected of McLaglen. I met him first, let me see, about 1922, at the old Stoll Studio at Cricklewood, London, where he was making "The Glorious Adventure" with Lady Diana Manners. Which must have been the first feature-length picture in color. That Vic, with that tough-looking pan of his should have made what was practically his debut in pictures opposite one of the most—if not the most—beautiful women in England! Well, you never know in this business.

I had seen him before that—in the prize ring fighting one of Britain's top-notch heavyweights. He was shaded, but he took it, and gave it. I met him next on the old F. B. O. lot in 1926, where I was writing scenarios. It's RKO now. He was working in a picture called "The Isle of Retribution." He was portraying a mad Russian who held a lovely lady in duronce vile. The leading man was about half Victor's size, and the only way he could overcome him was to have him caught in a bear trap. Even then, Victor put up a good fight.

Vic zoomed abruptly to prominence with "What Price Glory?" But I was present on the occasion of the première of his first talking picture, "The Black Watch." I don't know whether you remember, but the name of the beautiful lady played by Myrna Loy, in that ditty was "Jasmini"—pronounced "Yosminnie." Well, when Vic plunged into his love scenes, murmuring "Yooosminnie," the first-night audience howled with mirth.

Essentially a family man, Vic lives on a magnificent estate with his wife and two children, fifteen and twelve years old. He has a large set of kennels for homeless dogs.

Quick on the draw, Victor McLaglen can't hold a grudge for more than a couple of minutes. This intimate story of one of Hollywood's principal stars covers fourteen years of reminiscence.



SOFTIE

BY DICK PINE

Friends sitting near Vic were sorry for him, and between tearful peals of laughter tried to say, "Vic, old chap, it's tough luck." But by this time Vic himself knew the thing was funny. "Fartune of war," he gulped, and left the theater. I've been told that he sabbed afterward, with humiliation and chagrin. I prefer to believe that if he sobbed, it was with a frustrated desire to deal violently with the supervisor, or whoever was responsible for the debacle.

To-day that same McLaglen is the winner of the Academy award for the best performance of 1935 for his rôle in "The Informer."

I collared him at his Sparts Center the other day.

"What in the world," I asked him, "ever made you imagine that you could ever become an actor? Events have certainly proved that you are. But when I first saw you, you were a prize fighter, an ex-soldier, a war veteran, an adventurer. When I first met you out here, I thought



Photo by International

The four McLaglen brothers bicker among themselves sometimes to the point of pokes in the nose and tilts in court, but they are a loyal clan, genuinely devoted to one another. Victor, left, with Cyril, "baby," of the quartet.

The next McLaglen picture is "The Magnificent Brute," with Binnie Barnes.



they were merely using that tough-looking mug of yours for its pictorial value. But, by gad, you can act. You've proved it!"

He just said: "Oh, well, I had a lucky break. Story—director——"

I said, "Well, you weren't so good in 'The Captain Hates the Sea,' and you had one of the best directors then."

Vic scratched his head. "Yes," he admitted, "I did. And I was pretty terrible. Well, I don't know."

That, of course, is the answer. Vic doesn't know. He is what is known as a director's star. Vic doesn't act. He is himself. Which means that he can fill any robustious he-man's part with considerable distinction.

Well, he didn't choose to be in pictures. Pictures chose to have him in them. He's been a drifter, an adventurer, a fighting man all his life. He is still all of these things. He faked his age to get into the Baer War. Size, brawn, got him into that scrape, and size and brawn took him traistering around the world and back again afterward. Size and brawn really got him into pictures.

Edmund Lowe, a finished and experienced actor, used to have Vic in a state where he was fit to be tied. Lowe would stall on a scene, blow up in his lines, and they would repeat and repeat until poor Vic was worn out, and just walking through. Whereupon, Lowe would suddenly snap into it, do a brilliant bit of work, and steal the scene. Which is an old movie dodge. Vic used to be reduced to helpless rage. But he is a good-natured bloke, and can't hold a grudge for more than a couple of minutes, and the two were, in fact, very fond of one another despite certain snarlings and snappings on the set.

He is such a good-natured, trusting cuss that people are always trying to take him. But he is still a fighting man, and when he finds out—usually belatedly—that he is being mistaken for a sucker, he rolls up his sleeves and shows them.

Actors who are in the money are constantly being sued or threatened with suits by unscrupulous folks who know that the actor's place in the spotlight makes him pretty

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DON'T CALL HER



Hollywood didn't give Virginia Bruce her background and poise. She had those to begin with. Her family was socially prominent, and Virginia grew up planning to do the things expected of girls who came from comfortable, pleasant homes.

B Y M U R I E L B A B C O C K

The legend that Virginia Bruce came from the prairies is a myth! This story of her early life in North Dakota is sensitive, understanding and truthful.

Getting awfully tired of hearing Virginia Bruce referred to as the beautiful farm girl from North Dakota who had risen to fame in Hollywood. Of the implication that she was an "uncheered" raw-boned product of the prairies who came to movie town and acquired culture, savoir faire and wealth. That she knew nothing about life until she was discovered by our best people.

It was probably John Gilbert who unconsciously started this when he once tenderly and half-humorously referred to Virginia as "my little peasant girl."

Jack appreciated the resolute frankness and the clear-eyed way in which Virginia looked at life; he appreciated her youth and her honesty, and in his mind he associated it with the sturdy qualities of people who come from the soil. He was deep in love with her and he saw all her truly fine characteristics. Of course he didn't mean Virginia was actually a peasant.

As a matter of fact, Virginia's family is one of background and breeding and at one time had money. Not money in the Hollywood sense but in the good, comfortable Middle West tradition.

The family was prominent socially in the city of Fargo, North Dakota, where they lived and Virginia grew up planning to do the things that most girls do who come from comfortable, pleasant homes. She was to study, go to college, have good times, eventually marry some nice boy and have her own home.

Her father and mother were Mr. and Mrs. Earl—yes, with two "E's"—F. Briggs. They belonged to Fargo's younger social set. They were members of the Smart Fargo Country Club. Mrs. Briggs was a top-notch golfer and she won the State women's championship one year. She also found time to be active in the music section of the Fargo Fine Arts Club, besides running her home capably and entertaining a good deal.

How do I know all this?

F A R M G I R L



Let's see, now—there was Elmer Stranahan, and John Patrick McNeese, the football player, and Walter Shamp, and others, all of whom liked her and gave her a rush. Some of her girl friends included Eileen Fowler, Agnes Weible, Mary McKone, and Margery Hannah.

You had good times if you grew up in Fargo. In the summer you went to the Detroit lakes, some sixty miles away. There was always a house party or two during the summer. Oh, sure, carefully chaperoned. This was Fargo. In the winter there were private dances and parties, there was ice skating on the park rink, there were basket-ball games and sleigh rides with the gang ending up somewhere later for oyster stew. There was plenty of fun, if you belonged to the right set, which Virginia did.

Later, after high school, you usually went to college, preferably to one of the "big ten" universities or possibly to an Eastern girls' college such as Vassar or Smith. Mostly, however, Fargo believed in coeducational universities. And then you came home, married one of your beaux and started your own family.

This, or very much this, was Virginia's destiny until fate—or shall we blame it on a succession of poor crops?—interfered. In Dakota the crops get blamed for everything!

For, by the time Virginia was ready for college, hard times had

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"I don't want to marry again until I can have another child," says Miss Bruce. "That, I know, won't be for four more years."

People in Fargo admitted Virginia Briggs was pretty, but never dreamed that it would lead to a movie career. She was just another well-brought-up little girl, as you see above.

Well, I lived in Fargo, too. I served my cub-reporter days on the Fargo "North Dakota Forum." I well remember when Mrs. Briggs won her golf trophy. When you win a State championship in Fargo, you get your name in the paper—just as Virginia's young brother hit the Hollywood sheets recently when he won at Annis.

Well, on one occasion I was the reporter who wrote about Mrs. Earl Briggs and spelled her name with only one "l" instead of two. Sure, I heard about it!

And I used to catch my street car for downtown at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, where stood the comfortable, squarish brick house where the Briggs family lived. Often I used to see Virginia playing with her friends in the front yard—little dreaming that here was a future movie celebrity.

Virginia went to Agassiz Grammar School and Fargo Central High, where she won no scholarships, nor was she particularly noted for her beauty. People in Fargo admitted she was pretty, but they never dreamed she had the sort of pulchritude and charm which would lead to a screen career. Oh, my, no. But in Fargo you didn't see yourself as a potential movie star anyway.

Virginia played the piano well. Too well, in fact. Often she was the girl who thumped out the dance tunes while the others idly trotted. Yes, she went with the nicest girls and boys in town, and she had lots of beaux, just as she has to-day.

Photo by Allen





Maureen O'Sullivan



Joe E. Brown



Owen Davis, Jr.



Mary Garden



Barbara Pepper

On and

Picture Play's roving reporters turn the spotlight here and there in Hollywood and find no end of odd happenings to write about.

A CHAP who worked in a picture with Shirley Temple brings us the month's most engaging bit of scandal. It's about Shirley herself. "When she learns her dance steps ahead of every one else she gets pretty bored," he hissed in our ear. "So she passes the time pinching chorus boys from the rear." He seemed happy to know that Shirley isn't always the terribly angelic little girl her publicity agent picture her.

SUDDENLY Hollywood has discovered how to treat Crosby, Garbo and other stars who insist on going home at a certain hour in the afternoon even if they're in the midst of important scenes. They sold Bing an interest in his new Columbia picture "Pennies from Heaven." He used to quit at five p. m., no matter what. Now he pleads for a chance to work all night—and cut down production costs.

LEGENDS of Marie Wilson's amazing blank mind took our credulity. A press agent sent her out to buy a life-sized doll to be photographed with. Good gag. Marie rushed out, bought the doll, then wandered off the photographer's without it. She couldn't even remember why she'd come there. "What doll?" she demanded, when some one tried to explain. Later Sybil Jasan came in with the toy which Marie had absent-mindedly given her a few minutes before.

YOU know the clipped, seemingly affected way Katharine Hepburn talks. We met a lad who knows her hairdresser, her stonemason and other studio associates. They all talk the same way and their boy friends are sore at Katie for starting it.

FANS might be disillusioned about Hollywood romances if they glimpse Jean Harlow and William Powell having a snack in Miss Harlow's dressing room after the day's work. Jean wears no make-up, and has no

Off the Set

cream on her face. Bill relaxes from being the screen's most debonair gentleman. The conversation? They don't say a word, but sit munching in happy, companionable silence.

LENORE GARDNER, famous portrait painter, visited Hollywood with the notion of doing Bette Davis in oils. Bette was in one of those moods of hers and said, flatly, "No." Not unless she could be painted with Tibbie, her favorite Scottie. Huffily Mrs. Gardner replied, "I'm not an animal painter."

There matters stood until one day Bette rushed into the painter's studio, beaming. "I'm ready to sit for the portrait!" Mrs. Gardner began working—happy but puzzled. At the last moment, Tibbie appeared and jumped into Bette's arms. "Now, Tibbie!" said Bette "we'll be together always." And she was so darned charming that she won her point. We hope she can melt Warner Brothers just as easily in her current tiff with them.

JOAN CRAWFORD heard some studio visitors chattering in French, so she greeted them in that language.

Consternation! They reddened sputtered apology. "You understand French? Ah, Miss Crawford, forgive us! We were so frank, so rude!"

Joan hastily assured them she hadn't taken offense and they departed without learning that their worry had been needless. Joan hadn't understood more than a few words of the rapid-fire colloquial patter, and still wonders what "so frank, so rude" things were said.

BEVERLY ROBERTS, one of the rising stars, is a smart girl. When a press agent asked her why her once-frequent visits to the ballyhoo department had tapered off, she replied:

"I was bothering you too much."

The press agent pointed toward a bit player who was once nearly a star. "She also arrived at a point where she thought she was bothering us too much," he hinted shrewdly, starting to walk away.

Beverly got it instantly. "By!" she called. "I'll be seeing you frequently!"



Anita Colby



Nova Pilbeam



Toby Wing



Frances Farmer



Ruth Donnelly

On and Off the Set



Johnny Weissmuller



Gail Patrick



Kathryn Marlowe



Arline Judge



Desmond Tester

WHY do some actresses who have played opposite Robert Taylor refuse to share the average fan's enthusiasm for him? It may be a mystery to Hollywood but a girl who knew Bob in college says it's an open secret to her.

Taylor, she explains, harbored a good healthy case of self-esteem even in college. Yet he'd infuriate his girl friends by accusing them of being more conceited than himself. Now, reasons our correspondent probably using the same line on movie queens.

ANNE SHIRLEY may deny the fact that she's an ardent Hepburn fan but this anecdote will prove it. The other day Katie displayed a scrap book containing only anti-Hepburn items and adverse criticisms. Anne thought the idea brilliantly sardonic and decided to copy it. She bought a scrap book and began conning her clippings for suitable knocks.

Much to her dismay she couldn't find any!

SINCE the star we're talking about is not one of those who receive publicity from her charities we promised not to tell her name. Yet this is typical of what she does.

The other afternoon on the set of her current picture she collected over \$1,000 in cash to defray hospital expenses for a studio secretary she scarcely knew. She started the collection with \$800 of her own.

A PAIR of out-of-towners were heading for one of Hollywood's better-known cocktail bars when they overtook Constance Bennett and Loretta Young walking in the same direction.

"It's time for my afternoon drink," they heard Connie remark. "Will you join me, Loretta?"

The tourists parked up. They'd heard that they patronized the cocktail bar they were seeking. But to their astonishment Connie and Loretta passed its ornate portals and perched on stools at a nearby spot where nothing is served but malted milk.

THE prize for frankness goes to a Hollywood newsboy. "An Joan Blondell emerged from the theater recently. He asked her to buy 'Gee, Miss Blondell,' he enthused, 'I'm just like all the other marionettes—I think you're wonderful!'"



Carol Hughes



Mary Astor



Victoria Vinton

THE prize for something or other goes to the news photographers who infest Hollywood, snapping celebrities at every opportunity. When Daniel Frohman was arriving to supervise the gigantic performance for the Actors' Fund, the committee cast about for some one to head the delegation to meet Mr. Frohman at the train. They finally persuaded Victor Moore to officiate. He dashed to the station with his make-up on. "Who are you?" one of the photogs asked officiously. "I'm Victor Moore," the gentleman told him. "Well, stand aside, will you, till we get these pictures!" the photographer ordered brusquely.

AFTER working for four successive days on one scene where he was required to guzzle spaghetti, Lionel Stander went home at the end of the fourth day and—you guessed it!—they had spaghetti for dinner.

At one of the night clubs recently, a fan attempted to stop Normo Tolmodge with a request for an autograph. "Get away, dear," said Miss Tolmodge sweetly. "I don't need you any more." "Wasn't it Miss Tolmodge who once gave on interview saying, "Hollywood is so ungrateful?"

JAMES DUNN is one actor who is honest, if nothing else. Not long ago a member of the publicity department came up to him. "We're getting up a layout of good-luck pieces," the fellow said. "Have you a good-luck piece?" "Yeah," said Jim. "This ring. I never start a picture without it." "We can't use a ring," the publicity man announced. "We've already made a picture of Joel McCrea's ring. Can't you fake something else?" "No," said Jimmie positively. "You asked for my luck piece and it's a ring. If you can't use that, leave me out of the layout. I don't have luck pieces!"

THE stork's expected visit to Dixie Lee Crosby has been rumored so often—and hotly denied—that now whenever the Crosbys show their faces at a night club the orchestra begins playing "Is It True What They Say About Dixie?"

(Continued on page 63)



Marie Wilson



James Melton

HOLLYWOOD'S FOR

Who are they? Why, the cowboy stars, of course! Some of them rich, all of them comfortably off, they shun social life as completely as they are omitted from guest lists.

THEY are Hollywood's forgotten millionaires. These spur-and-saddle boys who thunder to the rescue of a heroine and outwit the desperadoes in every picture. They have again become the very substance, the very backbone of the motion-picture industry, and receive fitting financial reward.

But while the drawing-room lovers and the glamorous ladies stress their importance with frequent public appearances in royal grandeur, the Western stars are as little known personally in Hollywood as they are to their vast audiences.

They are the true enigmas of Hollywood. For even though their incomes in some cases, make Garbo's weekly stipend look like spending money, their lives are quiet and without ostentation.

Rarely do these heroes of the range entertain in the lavish fashion which has made Hollywood famous. Neither they nor their families go in for the social racket. And you will seldom find the name of Ken Maynard or George O'Brien or Buck Jones on the lists of among those

Nick Foran



BY SONIA LEE



Ken Maynard

presently a scintillating Hollywood affair.

Not since Tom Mix have any of them displayed ideas to crash the headlines. Tom was

one of the pioneers of lavish living in Hollywood. The gold doornobs in his home became a legend. The gold buttons on his clothes were an eye-opening and his bediamonded belt buckles were properly dazzling. He was symbolic of the old Hollywood and its live-for-a-day policy.

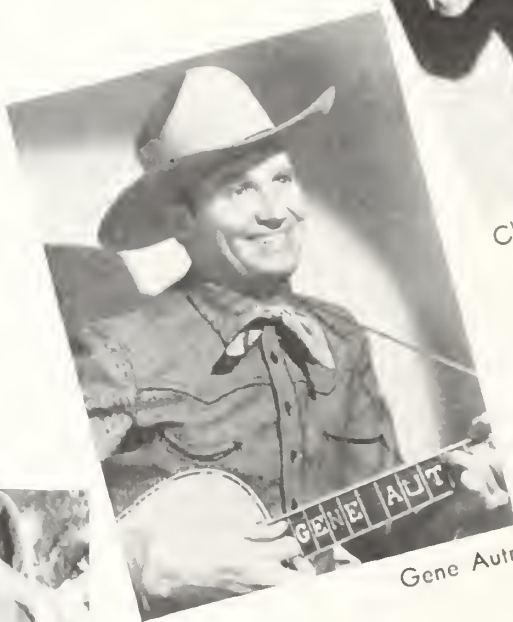
To-day there survives the spectacle of stars with diamond bracelets from here to yonder. With fur coats by the dozen. With establishments staffed by so many servants that they would make body-aria for a king.

The spur-and-saddle boys aside from their expensive playthings which include yachts and ranches and airplanes and polo ponies live simply.

There is Ken Maynard, for example. Ken is one of the boys in money. He gets a healthy salary for every picture he makes. But in addition to that, his percentage arrangement with the studios that release his pictures nets him many times the amount of his contract wage.

The Maynards have by no means an oversized house. They live in Hollywood Park, one of the more conservative sections of Los Angeles, and are far removed from the flamboyant cinema life. Mary Maynard is busy in her household and her husband is a wholesaler, friendly, natural, kind, being, who does not believe that the social merry-go-round is a requisite of happiness in Hollywood.

Many evenings the Maynards spend reading, and retire long before



Gene Autry

Charles Starrett

GOTTEN MILLIONAIRES



Tom Tyler

clock turns to midnight. When they entertain, it is entertainment on a modest scale. Much after the fashion of thousands of homefolk who ask another couple in for an evening's visit.

Yet Ken is one of the wealthier men in Hollywood. His ranch in the San Fernando Valley is now given over to his Wild West Show, which is the culmination of a boyhood dream. He has invested approximately a quarter of a million dollars in this circus. And even though it is the realization of a dream and as such might be called a luxury, it still promises to be an excellent investment. After summering and wintering in California, Ken plans to take it on the road, and there is little doubt that this undertaking will bear great financial fruit.

Ken owns a yacht—little used now since his zealous interest in aviation. He has always taken to the air for his vacations and cross-country jaunts. And flights over the South American jungles are invariably on his vacation program. In the past eight years he has owned seven planes. This in itself marks him as a gentleman of considerable wealth. He is an expert pilot and has had many new ideas built into his planes as safeguards against jungle dangers.

He invests in annuities and bonds. The Maynards live gracefully—with charm—but are as far away from studio hysteria as the north pole.

His income would permit him to live on Hollywood's scale, but he is happier being one of the town's forgotten millionaires.

While George O'Brien has as yet not reached the millionaire class, he is very definitely in the upper-bracket earning division. He receives twenty-five thousand dollars a picture, and a percentage of its gross earnings.

But George and Marguerite Churchill, his wife—a fine actress in her own

right—might as well be living somewhere in the suburbs for all they concern themselves with hysterical Hollywood. They too, like the Maynards live modestly, are seldom seen in the gay spots of Hollywood, and are infrequent guests at those convention-size parties which stud Hollywood's social calendar.

The only indication of their wealth are their frequent trips east and west and north and south.

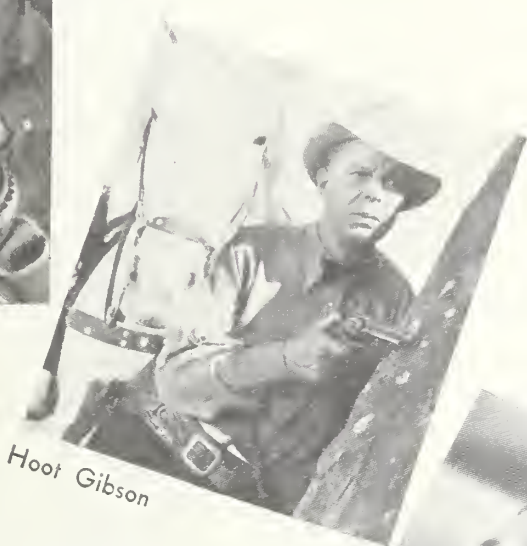
Before their last baby was born they went abroad, trekking into Russia, and had the time of their young lives, not as movie stars but as a couple of young Americans out to see and hear and do. As a matter of fact, they were mistaken for a young engineer and his wife because Marguerite was wearing a rather dilapidated traveling suit, with an equally ancient felt sports hat. The Russians, like every one else, believe that a star is known by his retinue, or in the case of a lady, by her diamonds and her orchids and her general disdain of inconveniences.

O'Brien shares with the rest of the spur-and-saddle boys the common ailment of itching feet. He never remains in Hollywood between pictures, but instantly departs for quiet places, where the name O'Brien merely points to him as being a

member of a large-sized clan.

It would be inconceivable for this actor to be anything else than a very normal human being. He has the solid heritage of a father who, as chief of police of San Francisco, was loved and honored

Continued on p 93



Hoot Gibson



George O'Brien

Buck Jones





BY CRUIKSHANK

WITH countless millions enjoying the somewhat sterile leisure of the larger life, and still more multitudes yammering for participation in the troughs of broodogaling boodle, it seems a happy time to twist the hands of the clock back to the unruffled days of rugged individualism with the telling of a rags-to-riches tale such as once served to inspire the youth of America.

It will be a story of, by and for Sylvia Sidney, lady of the 'Big House,' fugitive of "Mory Burns," star of "Fury," and the reason why the Technicolor "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was so well-worn. "Of" Sylvia, because it must include the saga of her progress from the poverty of the Bronx to the bonanza of Hollywood. "By" Sylvia, because she, herself, will share success secrets with you. "For" Sylvia, because no one can be against her.

On August 8th the girl attained her middle twenties. She looks like a kid still in her teens, has a smart, new, short bob, a figure that is a perfect geometrical combination of lines and curves, and a bank balance of similar pulchritude. Last year she cut her Uncle Sam in on his share of a hundred Gs. This year Mr. Whiskers will do at least equally well at the shapely Sidney hands. And His Majesty of England will slice himself a piece of cake from the Sidney dough. For Sylvia's latest departure from our shores is for London and Gaiumont-British.

Not bad for a kid too young to remember the War! And her achievement has been accomplished without the aid of mirrors. She battled her way to the top as sure as Dempsey, and through as many discouragements and setbacks as Braddock. Only Sylvia used her head instead of her hands. In this presidential election year of wars, or something, you'll be hearing a lot about 'the record' and looking at it. Let's get the habit with a peek at that of Sylvia Sidney.

Born Sophie Kowitz, she changed the first name because she pleased, and the last when her Russian mother married a second husband. At

WITHOUT

The story of Sylvia Sidney includes everything but getting by on the strength of good looks. She tells what else it takes to be a success.



"I wanted to be an actress. Asleep or awake, that was my one thought. I had no childhood and very little girlhood. Maybe I've missed a lot, but acting isn't work to me," says Sylvia.

we've, an one of pinto's and twin bracks for many ad- cents Sylvia went to work. That is, she determined to be an actress and began to prepare to get a job, much as though she had chosen stenography for a career instead.

If you want to be helpful about it, you can say she "studied elocution." Closer to fact is that she "pake pake" "Mary Had a Little Lamb." The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck—you know. At the time the Theater Guild was seek-

BENEFIT OF BEAUTY

ng talented youngsters to people the barren boards of its stage. So it established a school, and the entrance examination consisted of the ordeal of arising before the Guild's inquisitors and doing your stuff. The record shows, and no foolin', that small Sylvia spoke a piece which she illustrated with a flute. Whether she played it or just made motions is a question lost in the limbo of forgotten fact.

Anyhow, she won the privilege of sweating over lines and gestures. Three years later she was turned loose, an actress, with the whole world from which to earn her bread. Broadway didn't seem particularly impressed. Indeed, diplomas never appear to create a furor, as a lot of lads and lasses fresh from the schools are learning about now. So Sylvia pounded pavements looking for work. Eventually she got it.

What a kick that first engagement must have been—while it lasted! A real actress on a real stage with people paying to see your "art"! Sylvia went out and bought a fur coat—a dollar down. In two weeks the show went to the storehouse, and the coat went back to the shop. But there were other plays, other triumphs, other misfortunes. In "Old-fashioned Girl" she broke an ankle. In another show she tore a ligament. And still another engagement ended when her appendix acted up after a second-act curtain.

Of course, all this "career" didn't happen at one time. There were arid, liverwurst intervals between the oases of engagements and turkey sandwiches. And during these barren stretches Sylvia first turned, with full heart, hungry eyes and empty stomach, toward the movies. It is interesting to notice how many youngsters peered toward the sun-kissed Coast then from behind the footlights. In a play called "Crime," Sylvia appeared with Kay Francis, Kay Johnson, Chester Morris, Douglass Montgomery, and Jack La Rue. In a stock company, a young fellow named Fredric Morch was the juvenile. Sylvia acted with a kid called Gene Raymond, Raymond Guion then, in a thing titled "Mirrors." Guthrie McClintic and George Cukor were among her directors in the theater. Subsequently Master Raymond was Sylvia's hero in "Ladies of the Big House," and Fredric Morch played opposite her in "Good Dame."

Anyway, Sylvia turned toward pictures. She got a few fives and sevens doing extra work around the New York studios, and even had a bit in the late Lya de Putti's first American film. But the one-eyed cameras and the completely blind directors saw no histrionic pearl in the Sidney girl. Nothing happened until 1931. While bells of jubilation still echoed through the New Year and its attendant hang-overs, Sylvia went West. And mode

fine a flop as any fish out of water. The picture was "Through Different Eyes." And that's the way Sylvia saw Hollywood.

You'll notice that the old umpire had called two strikes on her. It began to look as though Hollywood was just a Never-Never Land for one kid who at twenty had five years of theatrical tramping behind her. So back she went to the weary round of agents' offices and "nothing to-days," of rehearsals and opening nights and closing nights. Then lightning struck. She was in "Bad Girl." And Hollywood rediscovered her.

Well, the saying that one man's meat is another's poison holds true for girls, too. If you continue playing long shots, eventually one will come home. No one knows what might have happened to Sylvia if it hadn't been for Clara Bow. The Brooklyn bonfire was cost with Gary Cooper for

City Streets." And Clara was taken ill. The newcomer was sent in to pinch-hit, and, at the movie bat for the third time, Sylvia knocked a homer right over the fence of film fame—and fortune.

The rest of the record is recent—"Street Scene," "American Tragedy," twenty more. And now the kid who spoke pieces and made gestures with a flute, the kid who returned that first fur coat, the kid of the broken ankle and the torn ligament, is a favorite, with a niche awaiting her in Broadway's hall of fame should she care to return to the theater.

Continued on page 66

A thousand Bronx babies were born on Sylvia's birthday. Now that thousand are in offices, behind counters or at home raising other Bronx babies. Why is Miss Sidney different?



THUMBNAIL

"Romeo and Juliet."—MGM. With pomp, ceremony and distinction, Shakespeare's classic of romance is brought to life on the screen. Several previous attempts at transcribing the bard are overshadowed by this, at least on the human and the dramatic side.

The picture unquestionably is a milestone. And without effort such words as "gorgeous," "lavish" and even "magnificent" may justifiably be used to describe the picture, which, of course, represents the utmost that a great studio can expend in money, time and effort.

From the first impression of a medieval tapestry, whose figures come to life and assume the rôles of the characters of the play, until the closing scene, where the characters once again blend into the tapestry design, the mood, the spirit and the quality of an exceptionally fine production are established and sustained.

The poetic tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet" who loved with such a consuming passion, who lived an eternity in four brief days, is told thrillingly in the impressive and beautiful language of the screen and in the stirring stanzas of Shakespeare. Certain deletions of

"Romeo and Juliet."



"Rhythm on the Range."



the poetic line may be noted, but these are slight in the compensations of spirit and glowing beauty of the film in its entirety.

Norma Shearer as "Juliet" is breathtakingly lovely in her impression of the young girl who lived and died in the first fires of love, and she rises to compelling heights as an actress in the potion scene, and again in the final scene of her death. It is a fine contribution to screen art, and scores a second triumph for her since her "Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

Leslie Howard, as "Romeo," is more restrained than fiery, but gives the rôle tenderness and grace. John Barrymore as "Mercutio," whose death by the sword of "Tybalt" precipitates the tragedy of the Capulets and Montagues, is as lusty a character as could be imagined. It is a fantastic interpretation in many ways, but fascinating. Edna May Oliver as the nurse is a good counterpart for Mr. Barrymore, giving her characterization much of the same vigorous spirit. Henry Kolker, C. Aubrey Smith, Reginald Denny, Ralph Forbes, Robert Warwick, Violet Kemble Cooper, all impress. But outstanding for an interpretation that haunts with its character of great nobility is Basil Rathbone's "Tybalt." He spells destiny in the story, and fulfills it with distinction and power. Excerpts from Tschaiikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" add much to the stunning fabric.

"Rhythm on the Range."—Paramount. Bing Crosby snaps out of his lethargy in several pictures and shines in a good one. His admirers will rejoice and his doubters will be converted by the excellence of the entertainment. It is amusing, refreshing, original, with seven songs making the proceedings unusually tuneful, the best being Mr. Crosby's "I Can't Escape from You." More, the picture is spotlighted by a new heroine, Frances Farmer, who is intelligent, charming, and two recruits from the radio, Bob Burns and Martha Raye. Miss Raye is a rare and rowdy comédienne and Mr. Burns is so likable that stardom seems inescapable. The story has an heiress stowing away aboard a cattle train with a cowhand and his prize steer, the yokel suspecting that she is a crook. Falling in love with her cures him of that. Mr. Crosby is alive to the humor of the situations throughout.

REVIEWS

BY NORBERT LUSK



"Anthony Adverse."

"Anthony Adverse."—Warners. In passing judgment, one must of necessity take into consideration the vast task that confronted the director in reducing the monumental novel to the brief span of an evening's entertainment. Happily, the result will more than satisfy those who have read the book as well as those who meet "Anthony" for the first time. The production is magnificently mounted, sensitively directed and at all times captures the stirring, adventurous spirit of the troublous times in which it is laid.

Beginning with the events which preceded and led to his birth in 1776, "Anthony Adverse" is in reality a cavalcade of history as seen through the effect of events on the life of one man, carrying him through his boyhood in Italy, his young maturity in Cuba, his degeneration and redemption in Africa, his return to an Italy and France bowed beneath Napoleon's yoke, and finally, his departure for the New World of America with his son.

As "Anthony," Fredric March gives a something less than inspired performance, but brilliant portrayals by the rest of the cast more than make up for his lapse. Of outstanding brilliance is Anita Louise as "Maria," "Anthony's" young mother who dies at his birth, and of equal importance is Claude Rains as a gayly sinister "Don Luis." Olivia de Havilland, as "Angela," lives up to the promise she showed in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Gale Sondergaard as "Faith" is all the evil women of all time, and Louis Hayward as "Dennis" is a new and welcome addition to the ranks of screen heroes. One more word—about Billy Mauch, who plays "Anthony" as a boy. The lad is delightful and lives up to his promise in "The White Angel" last month.

"Mary of Scotland."—RKO. Katharine Hepburn is the most uneven of stars, her films the most unpredictable. Her newest and most ambitious is least satisfying of all, her acting in it the least impressive, probably because she set too high a mark for her talents. She is earnest, striving, as the Scottish queen, but her portrayal is dry, without charm or beauty. It has none of the gayety or lovable wildness we associate with the ill-fated Mary Stuart, and none of her driving ambition. It is softened and

sentimentalized for the film. Somehow Miss Hepburn's acting suggests a talented graduate starring in the commencement play—the girl her friends say really should go on the stage. Of course, the picture itself may be partly to blame for this. It is overwritten, long-drawn-out and cold. One is never gripped by the fate that overtakes "Mary," or wishes to stay it. Instead, his mind wanders to "Mary of Scotland" on the stage, and whatever biographies of her he has read, to fill the incomplete image on the screen. Or to the strange variability of Miss Hepburn's talent. Ravishing in one picture, undistinguished in the next. Honors for acting go to Florence Eldridge's "Queen Elizabeth," to Douglas Walton's "Darnley," and to Moroni Olsen for his "John Knox." Fredric March's bluff heartiness as "Bothwell" carries weight with every one but me. I cannot see the unscrupulous "Bothwell" of history turned into a forthright cinema lover without wincing, or can I accept the current conventionalizing of "Mary" as anything but a movie evasion. The real characters and their human weaknesses were much more interesting. However, the picture is loudly applauded generally.

"Mary of Scotland."



THUMBNAIL REVIEWS



"Suzy."

"Suzy."—MGM. Jean Harlow plays a sweet chorus girl given to innocent dreams of matrimony with a prince. She seems made for martyrdom and pretty tears. Miss Harlow is not convincing or interesting in this plea for sympathy—not nearly so amusing as a wisecracking gold digger or something akin. But it seems that the films must be purified at the expense of earthy, racy characterizations. Anyway, Miss Harlow, stranded in London, marries Franchot Tone, an inventor who is shot before her eyes by a mysterious woman. Without waiting to see if he is dead, she runs over to France and marries Cary Grant, an aviator, who is unfaithful to her. Mr. Tone, now an aviator too, appears as a friend of Mr. Grant and Miss Harlow unmasks the mysterious woman of the early reels as a German spy. The convenient death of Mr. Grant paves the way for her third marriage—to Mr. Tone. The picture is foolish and lively and melodramatic.

"The Devil Doll."—MGM. Of all the macabre plots, this is the weirdest. You don't believe it, but you follow it with what used to be called bated breath. Meaning, in modern parlance, that it is pretty damned clever. It is the sort of story that would have gone to the late Lon Chaney. We have a mock-scientist, crazed by incarceration on Devil's Island, returning to Paris with a formula for reducing human beings to doll-like atoms, still retaining life, but with no mentality except that which is given them by hypnotic control. And so Lionel Barrymore, disguised as an old woman, maintains a laboratory where the "dolls" are used in avenging his wrongs. Out of this curious setup a love story sprouts and blooms and even a happy ending is achieved. Mr. Barrymore is a quizzical, snarling old woman—a striking characterization along broad lines—and Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton are sweethearts one wants to see married. A good picture of its kind and chilling, too, though not at all subtle.

"Early to Bed."—Paramount. Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland have never been funnier than in their cur-

"The Devil Doll."



"Early to Bed."

rent teamwork, a continuous chuckle broken by laughter, their artistry all the greater because they never exaggerate. You believe that "Chester" and "Tessie," names that fit them perfectly, really exist and are married. Their story is quaintly original. Engaged for twenty years, he confesses it is because of his secret "condition"—he walks in his sleep. Their honeymoon is spent in a sanitarium where "Chester," downtrodden secretary to a manufacturer of glass eyes, gets a contract from George Barbier for a million of them. But there are setbacks, complications and what not, all soundly hilarious.

"The Return of Sophie Lang."—Paramount. You remember, of course, the clever and handsome jewel thief named "Sophie Lang" in "The Notorious Sophie Lang." Or don't you? Well, anyway, she was Gertrude Michael and the picture was reasonably exciting, if rather overdrawn. Further chronicle of similar adventures is here presented, with "Sophie Lang" reformed for good and all but, due to her reputation, still under suspicion because of the cleverness of the real thief, Sir Guy Standing whose performance is a stand-out. The picture is lively, attractive and easy to take, if not to believe. Miss Michael has the assistance of Ray Milland in promoting love and right pleasant they are at it, too.

"Spendthrift."—Paramount. Something must be done to stop Henry Fonda being cast in comedies. Earnest, brooding, intense, he is out of his element as a farcical character, but a fine actor in the right milieu. In this he is a youth who has squandered his fortune on polo, racing and incidentals and is married for his money by an adventuress. When he comes to his senses, he buys off the girl, gets a job as a radio announcer at a thousand a week and marries his stableman's daughter who has loved him all along. Wisecracks and insults enliven the silly story. Mary Brian, erstwhile dispenser of sirupy sweetness, startles with her vivid, shrill portrayal of the most hateful villainess in years.

"The Return of Sophie Lang."



CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"ROMEO AND JULIET"—MGM. By William Shakespeare. Adapted by Tuller Jennings. Directed by George Cukor.

CAST

Norma Shearer
John Harrington
Huma May
Ruth Hathbone
A. Arthur Smith
André Lefevre
Ralph Forbes
Richard Leung
Madeline Murphy
Carmay Jones
Henry Kolker
Robert Warwick
Virginia Hammond
Violet Kemmer-Casper

"ANTHONY ADVERSE"—Warners. Story by Harvey Allen. Screen play by Sheridan Gooey. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy.

CAST

Freddie March
Olivia de Havilland
Donald Woods
Anna Louise
Edmund Gwenn
Claude Rains
Louis Hayward
Gale Sondergaard
Norma Lewis
Billy Mauch
Allen Tamplin
Eugene Morgan
Henry O'Neill
Pedro de Cossio
George E. Stone
Luis Agramonte
Fritz Lehner
Joseph Cotten
Rafaela Orlano
Rita Lavelle
Leonard Mack
Marjorie Reynolds
Marilyn Cornish
Ely Malyon
Carrrol Nicks
Sandy Rickett
Paul Stone
Frank Reicher
Clare Blount
William Richards
Grace Stafford

"HYTHM ON THE RANGE"—Paramount. Original story by Mervin J. Harner. Screen play by Walter De Leon. Francis Martin, John C. Mifflin, and Sidney Salt. Directed by Norman Taurog.

CAST

Blue Crossley
Francis Farmer
Bob Burns
Merrill Ray
Samuel S. Hinds
Warren Hymer
Walter Gibson
George F. Stone
James Barks
Merrill Sawyer
Clara Evans
Leland Kirkley
Charles Williams
Ben Baldwin

"ARLY TO BED"—Paramount. Screen play by Arthur Kober. Story by Lester Krollfeld and Chandler Sprague. Directed by Norman McLeod.

CAST

Mary Boland
Charles Ruggles
George Barringer
Gail Patrick
Robert McWick
Lillian Leighton
Celia Taylor
Hein Flint
Rae Dacorte
William Wright
Eddie Brown
Brooks Bennett
Tom Wilson
Sally Blumberg
Arthur Hoyt
Jane Griffiths
Bobby Gilbert
Sarah Edwards

"MARY OF SCOTLAND"—RKO. Screen play by Dorothy Mewis. Based on play by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by John Ford.

CAST

Katherine Hepburn
John Carr
Richard Widmark
Lionel Barrymore
John Payne
John King
Michael O'Shea
William Stokely
Ruth Hussey
Ann Murray
John Davidson
Frank Cray
Mary Tamm
Mary Gordon
Helen Westcott
Leonard Miles
Abraham Hanft
William Evans
W. A. Rorer
Walter Catlett
Cora Myrland
Robert Warwick
Murray Kinnell
Lorraine Young
John Stammers
Lester Riggall
Walter Byron
Eugene Pallette
Paul M. Miller
Loyal Underwood
Gordon Jones
Neil Fitzgerald

"SUZY"—MGM. Adapted by Dorothy Parker. Alan Campbell, Harace Jackson, and Lester Kroll. From the novel by Herbert Warren. Directed by George Fitzmaurice.

CAST

Joan Harlow
Franklin Panama
Cary Grant
Lynn Stoney
Brenda Runtz
Beverly Mason
Linda Corning
Albert Meyer
David Cook
Christian Rob
George Spivack
Ann O'Connor
Charles Jones
Theodor von Eltz
Stanley Morner

"M'LISS"—RKO. Screen play by Dorothy Yost. From the novel by Beat Harie. Directed by George N. Shields, Jr.

CAST

Anne Shirley
John Bond
Guy Kibbee
Laughlin Duggan
Meredith Olsen
Frank M. Thomas
Ray Mayer
Richard Fisher
William Bantley
Arlene Hill
Margaret Armstrong
James Best
Kester Howard
Lynn Mason
Arthur Loft
Faye Emerson

"BENGAL TIGER"—Warners. Screen play by Roy Cuckey and Paul Selvin. Based on play by Louis King.

CAST

Robert Montgomery
John Payne
Walter Catlett
John King
Robert Barrer
Richard Widmark
Carlyle Moore, Jr.

"GIVE ME YOUR HEART"—Warners. Screen play by Henry Johnson. From the play by Noel Coward. Directed by Arthur H. Brown.

CAST

Norma Shearer
John Carr
Richard Widmark
Lionel Barrymore
John Payne
John King
Michael O'Shea
William Stokely
Ruth Hussey
Ann Murray
John Davidson
Frank Cray
Mary Tamm
Mary Gordon
Helen Westcott
Leonard Miles
Abraham Hanft
William Evans
W. A. Rorer
Walter Catlett
Cora Myrland
Robert Warwick
Murray Kinnell
Lorraine Young
John Stammers
Lester Riggall
Walter Byron
Eugene Pallette
Paul M. Miller
Loyal Underwood
Gordon Jones
Neil Fitzgerald

"THE DEVIL DOLL"—MGM. Based on the novel "The Devil Doll" by Albert Maltz. Screen play by Herman Frank. Guy Endorn and Fred S. Sefton. Directed by Ted Tetzlaff.

CAST

Robert Montgomery
John Payne
Walter Catlett
John King
Michael O'Shea
William Stokely
Ruth Hussey
Ann Murray
John Davidson
Frank Cray
Mary Tamm
Mary Gordon
Helen Westcott
Leonard Miles
Abraham Hanft
William Evans
W. A. Rorer
Walter Catlett
Cora Myrland
Robert Warwick
Murray Kinnell
Lorraine Young
John Stammers
Lester Riggall
Walter Byron
Eugene Pallette
Paul M. Miller
Loyal Underwood
Gordon Jones
Neil Fitzgerald

"THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG"—Paramount. Screen play by Frank Merz and Clarence M. Nunn. Based on a story by Frederic Irving Anderson. Directed by George Aronson.

CAST

John Payne
John Carr
Richard Widmark
Lionel Barrymore
John Payne
John King
Michael O'Shea
William Stokely
Ruth Hussey
Ann Murray
John Davidson
Frank Cray
Mary Tamm
Mary Gordon
Helen Westcott
Leonard Miles
Abraham Hanft
William Evans
W. A. Rorer
Walter Catlett
Cora Myrland
Robert Warwick
Murray Kinnell
Lorraine Young
John Stammers
Lester Riggall
Walter Byron
Eugene Pallette
Paul M. Miller
Loyal Underwood
Gordon Jones
Neil Fitzgerald

"SPENDTHRIFT"—Paramount. From a story by Tom Hodge. Adapted by Rowd Wash and Bert Haines. Directed by Mr. Wash.

CAST

John Payne
John Carr
Richard Widmark
Lionel Barrymore
John Payne
John King
Michael O'Shea
William Stokely
Ruth Hussey
Ann Murray
John Davidson
Frank Cray
Mary Tamm
Mary Gordon
Helen Westcott
Leonard Miles
Abraham Hanft
William Evans
W. A. Rorer
Walter Catlett
Cora Myrland
Robert Warwick
Murray Kinnell
Lorraine Young
John Stammers
Lester Riggall
Walter Byron
Eugene Pallette
Paul M. Miller
Loyal Underwood
Gordon Jones
Neil Fitzgerald

"THREE CHEERS FOR LOVE"—Para-
mount. Screen play by George Nathan. From the play by Tom Hodge. Directed by Ray McCann.

CAST

John Payne
John Carr
Richard Widmark
Lionel Barrymore
John Payne
John King
Michael O'Shea
William Stokely
Ruth Hussey
Ann Murray
John Davidson
Frank Cray
Mary Tamm
Mary Gordon
Helen Westcott
Leonard Miles
Abraham Hanft
William Evans
W. A. Rorer
Walter Catlett
Cora Myrland
Robert Warwick
Murray Kinnell
Lorraine Young
John Stammers
Lester Riggall
Walter Byron
Eugene Pallette
Paul M. Miller
Loyal Underwood
Gordon Jones
Neil Fitzgerald

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influence of Hollywood so apt inspiration from the periods of these pictures. In honor of 'Anthony Adverse' we will see wearing tricorne trimmed with ermine, soldier Louis with deep vibrant trimmed with a buckle, turban, or gaudily, or an Egyptian turban.

Mary of Scotland gives us the widest hot that sits on the back of the head with a trim falling down the sides and dipping sharply down the center of the forehead, ivory-tipped. For evening Mary's jeweled mesh cap with a pendant jewel hanging over the forehead will vie with Norma Shearer's 'Juliet' cap for favor.

Incidentally, most of the European dress designers have been haunting the Leicester Galleries in London where Oscar Messel is exhibiting his costume sketches for 'Romeo and Juliet.'

On with the Dance.—Irene Dunne spent her vacation in Europe doing a little independent research into the life and habits of Madame Curie whom she is to portray for Universal. Madame Curie's daughter let her read all the letters and diaries that would throw any light on the great scientist's personality and what she found there is guarantee that the picture won't be as dreary as Kay Francis's 'Angel of Mercy.' To her great delight, Irene Dunne found that Madame Curie was the unquestioned belle of her home town that night after night she danced ho'ies in her shoes. There seems to be no end to Irene's good luck. She is slated now to do 'The Count of Luxembourg' for Paramount, a picture that was half-promised to Gladys Swarthout.

MGM to the Rescue—But Late.—Encouraged by the tremendous success of 'The Great Ziegfeld' MGM is toying with the idea of filming the life of Lillian Russell. If they do, they will use her daughter's memoirs as the basis of the story.

While they mark time in story conferences, Dorothy Russell Calvit is in serious straits, and because of an eleven hundred and fifty dollar rent debt was forced to put up at auction a diamond and emerald ring valued at fifty thousand dollars, a gift to her mother from one of her many admirers.

The story of that ring is in itself a drama. Jewels never meant much to Miss Russell. Children of the players in her company used to gather in her dressing room and play with the fabulous baubles while she was on the stage. Years after her death her last

They Say in New York—

husband, Alexander Moore gave this particular ring to Carlos's widow, to whom he was engaged. The engagement was broken and after a legal battle Dorothy Russell Calvit got the ring. But it is gone now.

The Winnah, James Cagney.—Whatever the legal aspects of the case, I am sure that no judge could look at James Cagney and say he was guilty of being stubborn, quarrelsome or unreasonable toward Warner Brothers.



We think Maureen O'Sullivan looks quite charming in her new sea-satin bathing suit. Her latest picture is "The Devil Dall," with Lionel Barrymore.

He seems so candid and forthright in person. He is eager to get back to making pictures and to make them under the most pleasant conditions has signed a contract with a new company Grand National.

They have an unusual agreement

with each other. They will make a picture, with selection of story, director and cast subject to Cagney's approval. If the first one is a success, and satisfactory to him, too—which did not always follow in the case of his Warner pictures—he will make another for Grand National. And then another, maybe. Meanwhile he is free of the first one to make a picture for Samuel Godwyn, who wants him to do a play. He wants to put a good play and take it to all the rank towns he used to play as a vaudeville troupe.

Cagney's closest friend in New York is Charles Leonard, now advertising manager of Universal, who used to be a fellow bellhop at the Lambs Club. His biggest thrill in recent months was that the Abbey Players, imported from "The Polish and the Stars," said that he was their theatrical idol and asked to meet him.

Refuge from Excitement.—No sooner had Madeleine Carroll decided to spend a languorous peaceful vacation in a house in Spain than revolution broke out and bombardments broke in. With growing horror she read the dispatches, trying to believe that they were exaggerated. Just now she torn between rushing over there to make sure that her lovely castle and garden are safe, and dreaming of plans to a summer in England where she has too many social duties. Her rôle as say in pictures or as royal intrigante is far from the Carroll temperament. She likes gracious living—loathes intrigue even the most social and professional kind. Her friends will tell you she is too tolerant, too easy-going—just a softie because she doesn't want to hurt any one.

They Knew Disappointment, Too.—If Ed Sullivan's Broadway column does not run in your home-town paper, you'll see him in the Fox newsreel series—you may have missed his 'Bull's Up from a Terrific Letdown'—an endless source of encouragement to struggling performers.

He has pointed out that Irene Dunne just a few years ago was put in a stock company because she was not considered good enough for Broadway. 'Shew Boat' that Jeanette MacDonald as a forty-dollar-a-week showgirl was bowed out for carelessness and lack of ambition and told she would never get anywhere; that in 1917, Fredric March was fired from 'The Melody Man' because of awkwardness.

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ADOLPHE MENJOU made the discovery recently that outographs of the Marquis de Lofoyette were worth almost twice as much as those of Napoleon because the Corsicon signed his nome more often than did the marquis. This gave Mr. Menjou pause—and now it is almost impossible to persuade the actor to sign his nome to anything except a contract. We don't know whether he is trying to build the value of these signatures for his heirs or whether he plans to sell them, himself, in his old oge.

NEVER again will Donald Woods curse the seaweed which sometimes makes our beaches so untidy. On location at Catalino, Don sought an isolated cove where he might swim on nature. Emerging from a refreshing splash in the briny, he found socks and sweater missing. Returning to camp, dropped gratefully in seaweed, he encountered a stroy dog who was merrily engaged in demolishing his gorments. "Seoweed," says Don, "is one of our most valuable and beautiful vegetables."

A CERTAIN Hollywood motron who is shy of making introductions, and who stumbles over names, reduced us to a welter of sympathy recently when she read us her guest list for a large party she was planning. "How shall I ever cope with it?" she wailed. When we saw the list, in port, we understood.

Bob Riskin, Bob Ruskin, Allon Rivkin, Som Briskin, Jock Benny, Benny Rubin, J. Wolter Rubin, Arthur Lubin, Ben Bernie, Pon Bermon, Fronk Morgon, Rolph Morgan, Bill Morgon, Byrom Morgon, Wolter Byron, Arthur Byron, Mory Pickford, Charles Bickford, Jeon Arthur, Johnny Arthur, Charles MccArthur, Mrs. Leslie Corter, Reginold Borker, Austin Porker, Dorothy Porker, Cecilio Porker, Jeon Porker, and Porkyorkus.

What would have happened to the poor lady had she had to deal with Lewis Stone, Franchot Tone and Lewis Milestone, we can't imagine!

CARETAKERS of Richard Arlen's Toluco Lake home discovered that during Dick's absence in England an urchin who owned a lodder had been doing a thriving business, charging other urchins ten cents each to scole the woll which incloses the Arlen swimming pool. The caretakers wrote to ask Dick what they should do about it. Dick cabled, "Open the gates every

afternoon and let every one swim except the promoter. If the promoter reforms, let him swim, too."

By the time you read this, Dick will be at home to open the gates, himself.

A COLUMNIST reports gleefully that Horpo Morx tossed a party for Joe Schenck at Joe's house, utilizing Joe's servants and charging the food to Joe. Huh! Horpo was slow. A contract player we know gave himself a birthday party. A friend in Beverly Hills lent her lovely house, furnished food and service as her gifts to the birthday boy. Some hundred guests



Margaret Lindsay tries archery for a change between pictures.

arrived, bearing gifts. The actor furnished whisky and gin.

Afterward he glooted, "I paid off a year's social obligations. I have enough shirts and ties and dressing gowns and highball glosses to last several seasons—and I had enough liquor left over to give a really good party in my own apartment the next day!"

GENE RAYMOND is one of our shyest young men and we appreciated his confusion the other day when, as he left the Brown Derby, a young

woman rushed up to him and planted a resounding kiss upon his chin. But we were as bewildered as he was when she cried, "That's for Mory!" and fled, blushing as brightly as was Gene, himself.

A letter which Gene received subsequently explained that Mory was "the kid sister," back in the Middle West and that when the writer had set out for Hollywood, she had given Mory her solemn promise that she would kiss Gene Raymond for her.

WHEN Rolph Bellomy stepped out for a cigorette during intermission of the Actors' Fund Benefit, a youth approached and asked for an outograph. His request granted, he snatched Rolph's evening scarf from his neck and fled. "The curious thing," Rolph reported, "was that the scarf had been a gift from an unknown admirer. Now you wouldn't think that the youth had sent it and then, perhaps, having seen one of my later performances, had repented his generosity? Or would you?"

WE regret to inform you that D. W. Griffith, the Bosil Rothbones and Dougloss Montgomery are the only members of the picture colony who appear in Los Angeles's current Blue Book—guide to who's who in Southland society. The Clark Gobles have been dropped since their seporation. And Joel McCreo, member of one of California's oldest and finest families, has been dropped for no reason that any one can think of. We trust that the drop-ees won't take this too hard.

LUISE RAINER hasn't broken her rather astonishing social record yet. A year and a half in Hollywood and she hasn't had a single date with an actor! Nevertheless, she's no recluse. Luise steps out with artists and "philosophers." Among the latter are director William Wyler and playwright Clifford Odets. They may be movie men, but not the kind who have to be eternally showing the best profile.

DURING Bette Davis's latest strike she hasn't been wasting her spare time. "Hom" Nelson decided that she simply must learn some elementary geographical facts. So Mr. and Mrs. Nelson retire to the parlor of a regular hour every day and twirl a globe. When they're finished with a little session the proud husband informs you that now Bette knows where Molto is, to say nothing of Poroguoay.

Double-header

to make comparisons and on Broadway. "None of the plays lasted very long. I've never been in a real hit," she dares say.

"I'm in love with acting. It's my job. I've interested in all phases of the business, whether it's the theater or movies.

"I asked the inevitable question, and I consider the name 'the primitive family.' I enjoy the hazard of trouping. The grand feeling of having created something. The excitement of making new performances. Of suddenly finding oneself in an entirely different set than the one used in rehearsals. Filming in mixed casts and covering up left business."

Jean gave a nostalgic sigh. "There's a mental alertness about it all that keeps one keyed up to the highest pitch. I love it!" she exclaimed with enthusiasm.

Hollywood's newest rave reached over and rubbed her ankle. "I'm learning how to play tennis. It'll probably take years. This with a glance at her good-looking young husband. "Somehow people always think I'm athletic. I'm not the least bit, you know, although I love to swim."

The case of Jean Arthur is a great boost for the sacred institution of marriage. For if ever two people complement each other it is she and her husband, Frank Ross.

Their common interests become immediately apparent. There is a casual feeling of good fellowship in their attitude toward each other. "Come, sit closer, dear so you can kick me if I say anything wrong," she suggested to him, laughingly.



Mary Astor isn't seen in pictures any too often these days, but she's about to make up for lost time by casting her lot with Walter Huston and Ruth Chatterton, in "Dodsworth."

Jean may not have remembered a net copy-book may be, but one surely seems to have stuck in her mind. That is: "Think before you act."

It was her husband who pointed this out to me. "Jean thinks about everything when she is in a picture. Not only her own but the other parts and their relation to the character she is to portray. She has the knack of studying out every detail in advance.

Her capacity for absorbing responsibility extends to all those around her. If she had not adopted acting as a career, she would have made a fine office executive.

Yet for all her ability there is something very naïve about Jean. Her personality is a maze of contradictions. She will discuss the most complex subjects in her little girl's voice. In the next breath she is bemoaning the death of a sparrow snared that morning by one of her pet tabbies. She collects dolls and first editions.

Nothing riles her more than to be called temperamental. They say you're temperamental unless you agree with everything. Now her hazel eyes are flashing. "If one is sincere in his work there must be an opportunity to inject some of his own personality into it. All the better directors will at least ask a player for his opinion. I've never had any trouble with my directors, except in one instance."

She knows what she wants. If she is at all difficult to handle, it is only on the question of publicity. She is a great believer in preserving the illusions with which fans are supposed to cloak their favorites. She'll not indorse a commercial article, for instance.

"To have my picture appear in magazine and newspaper, eating the virtues of a certain pickle, or particular would not only be harmful but downright silly. Dismissed too. I hated the pickle on gorges. On this point she is as firm as Gibraltar.

Her chief pleasure is travel. She related with enthusiasm a recent trip to Mexico. There she had discovered a typical Russian village.

"It was just like really being in Russia," she said. "There had been no intermarriage among Mexicans, and it's quite a sight to see so many blond heads in a country of dark-skinned people."

Right now her objective is the South Seas. But Europe must come first. Her husband is quite firm on that point. Jean has never been abroad and he looks forward to showing her the places he has a ready visited.

Jean intends to visit Norway, the home of her maternal ancestors. Perhaps it is this Viking strain which gives her such indomitable courage.

Sympathetic to the core she was genuinely upset upon learning that a prominent stage couple whom she knew slightly had come to a parting of the ways. Her own marriage has been so ideally happy she feels that others should find the same Utopia.

The home which they have chosen in Beverly Hills shows Jean's decided flair for interior decoration. This artistic ability she inherits from her father, whose landscapes adorn the walls of her living room.

In fact Jean has an instinctive flair for the best things in life. Skilled acting, fine music and good books are to her essential. Much of her spare time is devoted to music and English literature. And she'd walk a mile to see either Katharine Cornell or Helen Hayes in a play.

There are no idle moments in Jean's life. Always her active mind is thinking up things to do and ways in which to achieve greater heights in her profession. No day is soon enough to include her crowded schedule.

Driving back to Hollywood, I fell to speculating on what Jean will do when there are no more new places to go and no new minds to woo. When there is no more work to be done and nothing left worth fighting for.

"I just relax and take things easy," she says. "I'm really a very busy person at heart. All this work is just in order to give me a chance to loaf later on."

(I wonder)

A Fighting Softie

Continued from page 47

erable. Most of the acting gentry, rather than face the possibility of unpleasant publicity and the bother of fighting these suits, will pay off just to get rid of these gadflies.

But not the fightin' McLaglen. In the past two years he has spent over a thousand dollars in attorneys' fees, fighting twenty-one actions, most of them palpably absurd. He has, to date, won nineteen court decisions. The other two suits are still pending.

He is, you see, by way of being a dissuader. These things cost him more time and energy and money than it would cost to settle quietly out of court. That's not the way the McLaglen handles things. He urges other actors to take similar trouble in an effort to bring an end to this type of racketeering, fighting man.

Yet, he is absolutely unable to resist the pleas of the inevitable hangers—who cadge money, meals, and free sets to the movies. He is likely to pop up a ragged youngster on a street corner and whisk him off for a spending spree of clothes and toys and cream and a check to take home to mother, which leaves the kid breathless, with a renewed belief in Santa Claus. Fightin' man or not, he's an oldie.

I sat with him the other night at his Sports Center Club, watching some young women drilling on the parade ground. That Sports Center is his pet, his child, his passion. It is here he spends his every spare moment—and where he spends a great many spare dollars.

A lover of cavalry, he first organized the McLaglen Light Horse Troop—an organization of men who love horses and drill. Vic donated the clubhouse, and then decided that it might be used by athletically ambitious young people for their activities.

Last year, this pet of Victor's netted enough profit to feed thousands of hungry families. That is saying enough. Watching Vic, as he watched those girls drill, I realized, suddenly, what made him so fine an actor. It is his ability to lose himself completely in a role, an activity, an emotion. He didn't realize that I was there at all, though he threw me an occasional pertinent, courteous remark. He didn't read the messages which people brought him occasionally from the studios. He was watching those girls, glowing in their youth, health, their giving military precision, as they drilled under the guidance of a hard-boiled ex-top sergeant. He was lost

in it. "My boys and girls," he says, when speaking of the youth that trains at his plant.

His own children, Andrew, fifteen and Sheila, twelve, he meets mostly on horseback, and in much the same mood he meets his youthful protégées at his Sports Center. He lives on a magnificent estate in La Crescenta Hills a few miles from Hollywood. There he rides, oversees his large and varied collection of livestock, and—I don't know whether I should tell you this or not—has become an expert on rose culture. Well, I've already told you that the fightin' McLaglen was, un-



Charming Elizabeth Allan, long absent from Hollywood, was summoned from England to play in Katharine Hepburn's new picture, "Portrait of a Rebel."

derneath, an old softie. I'll tell you something else. He has a large and luxurious set of kennels for homeless dogs.

His wife, Enid, is apparently just the sort of wife Vic should have. When she was thrown from her horse not long ago, and was trundled to the hospital with a fractured skull, a broken nose, and I don't know what else, her chief worry was that she might not be

able to ride in a forthcoming horse show.

Women have so much more courage than we have," Vic commented to me, apropos of this episode. (Vic faced Jack Johnson in the ring when that great fighter was at his peak.)

McLaglen is a difficult person to quote. He doesn't say things, he does them. I recall that when I was serving in Salonica, during the War, I heard legends of that two-fisted military chief of police of Bagdad, who, when discipline became somewhat difficult to enforce—and troops, whether they be dough boys or Tommies, are a little wild at times—would remove his tunic with its badges of rank, and enforced good military order and discipline with the aid of his two fists. Troops weren't tough with Colonel Victor McLaglen. At least, not twice.

We talked, the other day, under the peaceful California sun, about the possibility of a future war. "A terrible prospect," Vic intoned solemnly. "But if it does come, I hope it may be soon enough for me to see a bit of it!" He grinned. You've seen him grin on the screen. His eyes were eager. A born fighting man.

He is a simple man. He likes his beer and his cronies, and his outdoor activities, and his loud, healthy laughs. His father was a British bishop. And the bishop's sons number four—all fighting men. Cyril, the youngest, who fought with me in the same regiment during the War, assures me that he is the "baby." Cyril measures about six feet three inches from top to toe, and makes the scales look somewhat absurd at two hundred and twenty-five pounds. I'm a sizable chap myself, but Victor makes me stretch my neck to look him in the face. If all the McLaglens were laid end to end they would measure—?—and weigh—there is no prize for the answer. The bishop had quite a family.

The brothers bicker among themselves sometimes to the point of pokes in the nose and tilts in court, but the McLaglens are really a loyal clan, genuinely devoted to one another. I must add, just as a commentary upon motion pictures and their strange vagaries, that all the McLaglens, except Vic, are very handsome guys.

You never can tell in this business, can you?

I have always been moderately proud of the fact that I was the son of a J. P. But now, thinking it over, darn it, I'd trade that privilege to be a fightin' son of a bishop!

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That in brief and sketchy outline, is the saga of Sylvia Stoney. But no story may ever pretend to be complete unless it lifts the curtain for a glimpse into factors and motivations hidden from casual view unless it affords a peep into the ways and whys of an achievement. What, then, are the contributing factors to the success of Sylvia Stoney? A thousand Bronx battles were born upon her very birth-day. And now that thousand are in battle, behind counters or in Bronx flats raising other babies. Why is she different?

"It's easy for you to talk," I hear some one say, "but she is beautiful she—"

Not a moment later one at a time pleats. Beautiful? Did I hear some one say beautiful? Sylvia Stoney has no beauty! A radiant charm perhaps. Maybe a smile that sort of gets you. All a ow funny crinkly blue eyes and a nose that's rather adorable. But beauty,—never!

True a painter of women recently told me that her face is a perfect oval. That from her chin to the top of her forehead is just three times the length of her nose; that the space between her eyes is just the width of an eye; that her eyebrows start on the same line as the inner corner of her eye; that her face is exactly twice as wide as the length of her nose. But, nevertheless hers is not the beauty which causes passers-by to gasp and stop a d turn. So ladies, what next?

Talent? Luck? Genius? Rather endless hours and days and years of apprenticed slavery. Rather grim determination in the face of seemingly unsurmountable obstacles. Rather courage, ambition and indomitable will.

"First decide what you want," she told me, "then go get it!"

Yes as simple as that. I looked incredulous.

"You can have anything if you want it badly enough."

Oh, yeah?

Say for example it's an automobile. If you want it badly enough you'll contrive ways and means of getting it. You'll exclude every thing else from your life. You'll devote all your energies, all your abilities, all you have, to the accomplishment of your purpose. If you're not willing to do this, to make sacrifices, then you don't really want an automobile. If you do—you'll get it!

I wanted to be an actress. Nothing else mattered to me. I had no

Without Benefit of Beauty

childhood and very little girlhood. Awake or asleep that was my one thought. Maybe I've missed a lot. But I wanted to be an actress and I am one. Or at least people think so, which amounts to the same thing.

I don't know whether or not I had any aptitude for the theater. All children are actors until they become self-conscious. Natalie Barn mimics you hear mothers say. And they're right. But there are years of preparation lying between the born actor and a professional trouper.

I believe every young person should take a good look in the mirror and take stock of himself before beginning his life's work. There are certain assets, certain liabilities. Write them



A diamond clip with slacks is a quirk of fashion sponsored by Betty Grable, who is always ready to oblige with something new.

down and strike a balance. Then select work for which you are best fitted. Sometimes there are handicaps which would seem to preclude chosen careers. For instance, a cross-eyed man or a stutterer would scarcely seem fitted for the theater. Yet, I recall Ben Turpin and Rollo's Atlas!

"Too many persons think the casually. They simply drift through aimlessly and without purpose. You may say that the economic struggle is too great, that a youngster has to get out and get a job—any job. That atti-

tude causes most of life's misfits. Success comes when an individual is engaged in work he loves. Then it's work, don't you see? It's pleasure it's his whole life.

"Acting isn't work to me. And you don't think we work in Hollywood let me tell you that in 'Fury' Director Fritz Lang kept us on the job for fifty or a twenty hours at a stretch. I was minded. Each of us was concentrating on what he wanted most to do all the world. Later we were dead. But what of it?"

Because of years of application Sylvia has no difficulty with lines. As you'd be surprised to know how easy they are. She writes them once, writes and no retakes are required. She tells you there is no such thing as a trick. Tricks, she says, just tricks. If you must know the tricks. One we learn place to learn is in a stock company, and the WPA theatricals offer a greater opportunity to young talent than it has enjoyed in twenty years.

Even now Sylvia has small time anything but her work. In New York she sees plays. In Hollywood at the studio and home. Her hobby books. Through reading she has acquired a great deal of widely diversified knowledge. She is interested in the science of medicine and is amazingly familiar with its latest developments. This interest dates from association with a cousin, now a prominent scientist. When she was striving was he. They had no one else to talk with, so they interested themselves in each other's work. The interest lasted.

You can't kick Sylvia around because she'll fight back. But she'll do so without losing control of herself. Can't afford to waste the energy she says. Crowds and parties she abhors simply because they take something from her—that energy which she needs to her acting.

All this indicates the price she has paid for her success. I insist that one willing to do likewise is bound to attain achievement in his chosen endeavor. I asked her whether when and if, she had a daughter of her own, she'd encourage the child to try for stardom. Sylvia's blue eyes went shadow darker.

No, she told me, the sacrifice is too great. But I imagine the little girl will have something to say about it. For you see she'll be Sylvia Stoney's daughter. And if she makes up her mind to be an actress, she'll go, regardless of anything.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

FAVORITES OF THE FANS

CAROL LOMBARD

JOAN CRAWFORD

Photo by Edward Cronenweth





Photo by Ted Allen

ELEANOR POWELL



CLARK GABLE



© Elmer Fryer

KAY FRANCIS



BETTE DAVIS

Photo by Albert Krass



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

MERLE OBERON

- Dolores Costello Barrymore wears a dinner gown that shows the Bolinese influence in the flaring peplum jacket.
- Elizabeth Russell shows a minoret tunic of stiffened black crepe over crêpe.
- Betty Furness displays a two-piece ensemble of navy blue crêpe fashioned with countless tiny pleats.
- Miss Vonce, opposite, models a gown of black crêpe with gold cloth trimming.
- Betty Furness, next, spotlights a dress of sand-colored wool with navy blue dots.
- Gertrude Michael follows with navy blue wool, the lapels outlined in red leather, repeated in hot rod belt.
- Anita Colby, last, shimmers in black satin topped with black net in peplum style.

DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE



ELIZABETH RUSSELL



BETTY FURNESS

PRE

BETTY FURNESS

VANCE



GERTRUDE MICHAEL



ANITA COLBY

EASON



Photo by Clarence Hibbard Bell

PRESTON FOSTER



MICHAEL WHALEN

ANNE SHIRLEY



Ernest A. Hart



Photo by Scotty Welbourne

GEORGE BRENT



Photo by Sonty Welbourn

MARGARET LINDSAY

CLAIRE TREVOR





Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

NELSON EDDY

Haro at H O M E

BY MERLIN PIERCE

This intimate close-up of Nelson Eddy will delight his huge audience.

NELSON EDDY is emotionally unawakened and on incurable romantic. Have you ever noticed his eyes in a close-up, either on the screen or in a photograph? And have you remarked how sad they are? They are in truth mirrors of the soul, for he's a sad boy. You wonder why. He has youth, health, more than his share of good looks, success, money—in short, everything most of us desire. And there's nary a skeleton in his closet to cause the sad look, either.

It's simply that he feels his life is empty and it causes him to slip into a state of apathy for days at a time when he's not actually working on a picture. And it is empty! When not at the studio or on concert tours—these last occur from January to May each year—his days are probably as dull and uneventful as those of your next-door neighbor, if not more so.

Here's a typical day: He sleeps late, partly from boredom, I suspect, and on "escape" desire. Always comes downstairs perfectly groomed, never in negligee as do so many stars on their days off. After breakfast and a glance at the papers, a half hour with his accompanist, Theodore Paxson. This last is very informal and the rich baritone of Nelson is heard all over the house in hearty laughter as often as in singing. Then usually a trip to the studio to pick up his fan mail. The studio has the mail in fat bundles of various hues, fastened with elastic bands.

Back home, dropping the mail into the study for his secretary who is already inundated with it. Then a light lunch, also usually at home. His mother, himself and his secretary. He eats very sparingly, on account of the camera which always exaggerates one's weight. Probably a lumb

Continued on page 92

Nelson Eddy exudes a certain spiritual strength. One can't be in the room with him without feeling it. One feels that his aura of faith and goodness is the result of many hours of intensive right thinking.



Photo by Gull

The Strange Case of Gary Cooper

Probably illustrated with "A Farewell to Arms" in which he vied with one of the greatest contemporary actresses, Helen Hayes. Then "Design for Living" pitted him against Frederic March and Miriam Hopkins and "The Wedding Night" against the brilliant Mos Defrancis actress, Anna Sten. His triumph in such company could not be ignored.

The false impressions of Gary as a person were fully as widespread as those about his work. They were even more unfair, because fans could judge his acting for themselves, but their impressions of him as a person had to be gleaned secondhand.

Gary's passion for solid quality as opposed to glossy veneer for original humor as opposed to the joke-book variety, for sincere expression as opposed to sophisticated patter and conspiracy to create the original impression that he was, at Hollywood so elegantly phrased it, "dumb."

The verdict was thoughtlessly accepted. Thrown on the defensive, Gary drew back into his shell. Hence the legend was carried on until recently when it was proved untenable by authorities strong enough to impress even Hollywood.

That money and fame have sharpened Gary's wits or given him a taste for displaying them is as utterly false as that he lacked wit in earlier days. He hasn't gone Hollywood; he hasn't become a pretender.

The Montana boy was not wealthy by birth. His father was State Supreme Court judge. Gary's telephone at Judge Cooper's ranch was incidental. He was given an excellent education, including three years in England and two years of college at Grinnell, Iowa.

During that time Gary won honors in scholarship. And a lot for those who have contended he was once very shy! At Bozeman High School he was the best debater. He won honors in a State oratorical contest and in college debates. Shy!

Judge Cooper is fond of telling how Gary at the age of sixteen went on an important business mission for him out of the State or substitute for his twenty-four-year-old brother, Arthur. The men with whom Gary transacted his business wrote to the judge, complimenting him on his son's salesmanship and intelligence. The letter revealed clearly that they had mistaken Gary for the brother.

Contrary to the damaging impression often conveyed Gary didn't come to Hollywood to get into the movies.

He arrived in Los Angeles following a lead he hoped would result in a job as cartoonist with one of the newspapers. Instead he began sketching and then writing copy for an advertising agency. More or less as a lark, he started doing extra work on week-ends. The movie money was useful, but when the advertising agency went out of business he would have sought a steadier job than extra work had not an opportunity popped up to dole out for Western stars.

Even this pursuit wasn't steady and lucrative enough to please Gary. He went to Samuel Goldwyn and accepted for the small part of "Abe Lincoln" "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Drawn, cracks today at the nerve and assurance Gary displayed. Says the noted producer, "I looked him over and asked him, 'Can you act?' He gave me that winning grin, thought a moment and said frankly, 'I don't know.' He got the job!"

This was a year after he had played in his first movie scenes. Not too bright for a "Tough" outfit and knowing son of the Montana prairie, as one writer described him. How well he shared with Ronald Colman and Linda Stedley in his first picture may be guessed from the fact that Paramount signed him without a camera test and gave him "Wings" to do.

Gary's immediate popularity with fans and the wild romances cooked up by well-meaning publicity writers or pulled off for various feminine stars, gave him new value. But Gary himself suffered by it. He was willing to escort the ladies but he wouldn't speak for the interviews.

So, from that time on, the detractors began to get in their work.

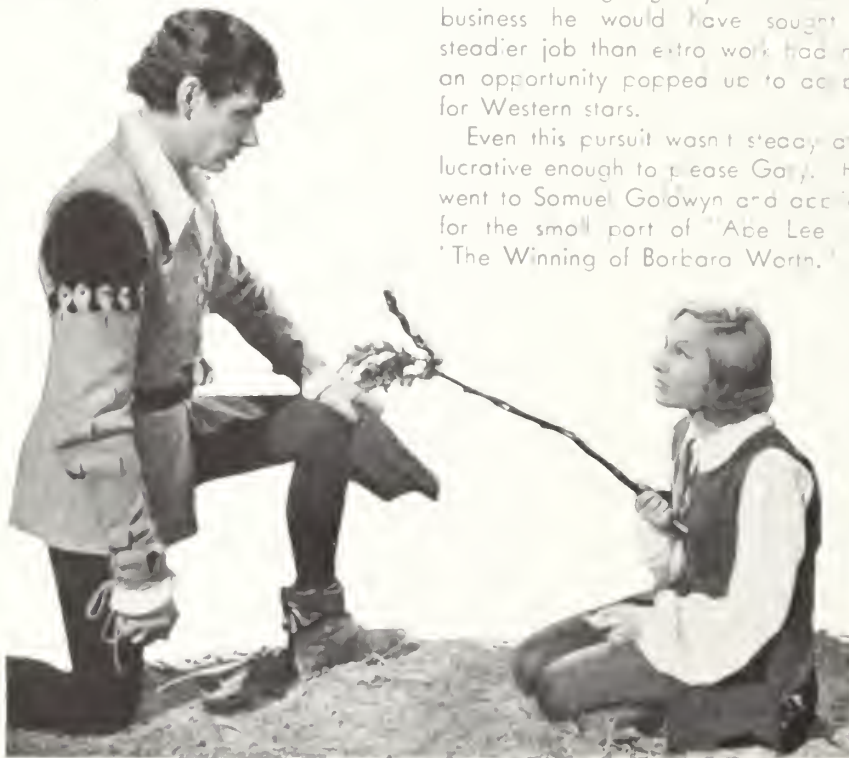
In addition to branding Gary on his feet with a colorful personality and a colorful, they overworked their type writers on his romances. Characteristically they gave the world a very faint picture of some wholly imaginary and some rather very cold affairs of the heart. The one lives of most worthwhile college youths would have afforded far richer material, but what Gary lacked in letters, imagination, succeeded.

Meanwhile Gary, cool as a cucumber, calmly sparred criticism. And in time, for all the reward for his acting ability and the fame that came to him, found romance. Her name was Gertrude Ederle, known in Hollywood as Sara Shaw.

In all fairness, we should state that there was one Cooper characteristic ignored thoughtfully from the start. His modesty succeeded to fit in with most of the traits of him. Gary's modesty is not the immature, egotistical, over-estimating sort so many celebrities claim, prompting them to wear dark glasses to avoid recognition and drive Ford trucks. It's genuine. It's the real thing.

Could like about his acting ability and his love you one of those famous ones and say, "I'm just a type."

We'll concede here that for the old-fashioned reason that "type" means "imitable example," Gary is a symbol to which Hollywood can point with satisfaction. An example most brother stars would follow to prefer advantage.

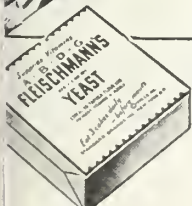
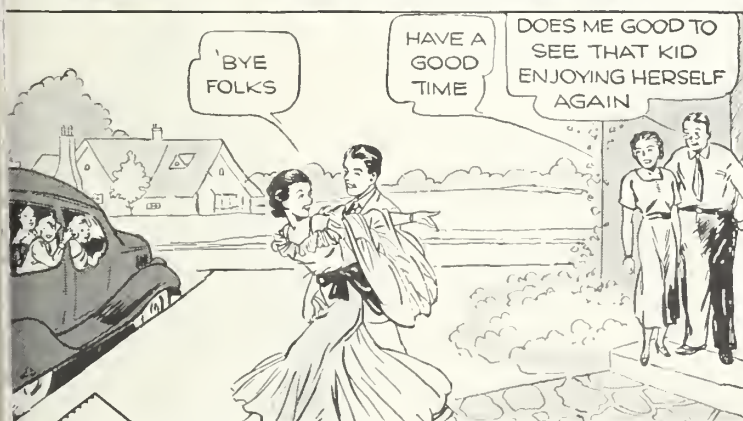


Elisabeth Bergner is another star who believes in Shakespeare on the screen. Here she is as "Rosalind," in "As You Like It," with Laurence Olivier.



**NOBODY ASKS
ME OUT
ANYMORE!**

**HER
PIMPLY
SKIN WAS
THE
REASON
FOR SARAS
THIN TIME'
UNTIL-**



clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly*—a cake about one-half hour before each meal. Eat it plain, or in a little water until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.

Eye Make-up in Good Taste



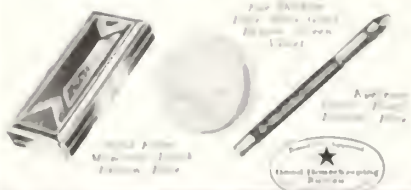
Maybelline Cream Mascara—Black Brown and Blue—washes off in daily zipper bag.



SOME are born beautiful—others acquire beauty. If you aren't a natural beauty, then the most natural thing in the world is to acquire beauty. Encourage yours! Begin with your most important beauty feature—your eyes. Make your eyelashes look twice as long, twice as luxuriant—quickly, easily, with a few light brush strokes of Maybelline Dark Lift, silky lashes add a sparkling depth to eyes which intensify the whole clear and expressive of the face. Do as the most exquisitely groomed women of Paris and New York do—use the pure Maybelline Mascara, in either the new Cream form or the over-popular Solid form.

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Maybelline

The World's Largest Toiletry Distributor

Don't Call Her Farm Girl

Continued from page 41

set in in North Dakota. You may not have realized this, but we people who lived in the prairie country knew about differentiation long before it became a national byword and a Republican campaign slogan.

The crops failed several years in succession, and when the crops failed, whether you were a farmer or whether you lived in the city, you were poor that year. We were poor in North Dakota for years at a time.

The Briggs family lost all their money. They packed up like a lot of the other Middle Westerners and struck out for California, which they had been told was the new land of gold and opportunity. They decided they would live in Los Angeles while Virginia went to a California university and Stanley to Los Angeles High.

Well, you know how a movie director William Beaudine located Virginia right off, saw her possibilities, gave her a start. How she worked at Paramount in stock, how she went East and worked in the Ziegfeld "Follies," how she came back to Metro-Goldwyn under contract and met and fell in love with Jack Gilbert. About her marriage about her child. That she is now with MGM and zooming right along.

Perhaps she has eaten a few more slabs of caviar, seen a few more cutlers and footmen in action, ridden in a few more Rolls-Royces; perhaps she has met more famous figures in the world of art, music, literature and cinema because she lives in Hollywood instead of Fargo. Perhaps her deep emotional experience her direct, clear-cut fight to win film recognition, her contacts with fine minds and warm personalities—for we have some pretty fine people tucked away in this town—all packed into a relatively few years, have broadened her and quickened her maturity.

Perhaps Virginia is no longer the same ingenious youngster who came out of Fargo intent to earn a college diploma, but don't ever let me catch you saying that Hollywood gave her her background and polish. She had those to begin with.

What's she like today and what is she up to? Well, she still has plenty of beauty. An advertiser recently told me that her hairdressing showed Romeo upon Romeo in her life, but not marriage yet a while—and all which conforms with Virginia's ideas. She is

now determined she won't marry for a while. She is trying to plan her life so that when she will bring her the most happiness and contentment.

"I don't want to marry again until I don't have another child," she told me, "I laid my egg at last week, while she



Jack Loomis, physical director for MGM stars, teaches Madge Evans how to keep her lovely figure round without becoming chubby.

ripped off a vegetable salad and your spruce tore into a fine plate over the lunch table at the MGM commissary. Phillips Hameel, who had cleared out Zolt, because he said there were no other chairs to be had in the room—I think I've met another gent, he just wanted to use Virginia—and who was making the most of an opportunity to take admiring glances and compliments at Virginia, cracked up his ears.

Marriage without a child would be a pretty queer sort of a line for me, the lady. And I don't believe in making up having children with having a career. It's all very well, I suppose, for some people to take a little time out from the studio set to have a baby and then rush right back to work, but it wouldn't do for me.

A child is a terrific responsibility, and a Hollywood mother—I know I couldn't have them and a screen career too. But when I have reached a certain place in my work I want to marry and I want to have a child. That I know, want to be for four more years.

What you really mean? I suppose. But in the year it is that you don't get into it any one more. It is just

enough to give solemn pronouncements about the future, say you won't marry and mean it, if there isn't any man on the horizon for you."

"Well, yes," returned Virginia, "I suppose so. But I am pretty definite about this, Phil. I said a year ago I wouldn't marry for five years, and I meant it. A year has gone by and I haven't changed my mind."

"But nobody has come along to intrigue your interest," insisted Phil. I kept my attention strictly on my salmon, but listened. A man and a woman arguing about marriage and love are always interesting.

"Yes, but still I wouldn't marry," returned Virginia. "You see, I want so much to make my mark in pictures about for something. I haven't time to think of romance. I have singing lessons and dancing lessons and lines to study and radio opportunities, and even while I am worrying about my next rôle, always there is Susan Ann to be considered. I won't marry again for four years, I tell you."

And then, for some reason—and I couldn't get them started again—they dropped the love-and-marriage topic and went into talk of work and getting perspective on yourself.

Virginia feels the show-girl rôle she played in "The Great Ziegfeld" was her best to date. "It was the first time I had an opportunity to do anything other than look pretty in a picture," she said. "Lots of people have said that the rôle was not suited to me. Perhaps not, but I liked doing it because it gave me a chance to get my teeth into a real, honest-to-godness part. It wasn't a namby-pamby ingénue.

"Certainly I sing in my own pic-



len Westley, who likes to lunch on the set, pauses between scenes of "The Merry Princess" for a spot of iced tea.

tures. In 'The Mighty Barnum' and in 'Metropolitan,' where I had operatic arias, the studio had a professional opera singer record for me, but ordinarily I record my own songs."

How about Susan Ann? Does Virginia want to bring up that raly-paly youngster, who is already so beautiful in her baby way, as she was brought up in Farga? Well, yes and no.

Virginia is determined that Susan shall have every advantage in the way of education, but she is also determined that Susan Ann shall have two years at least in a public school that "she may know and mix with girls and boys from every walk of life. She has to know the real values of life.

"Just because she is Jack Gilbert's daughter doesn't mean that she is to be protected and sheltered. Because she is Jack's daughter, she must be prepared to get the most out of life, to know and enjoy it fully. I want her to mix with people—know what life is about.

"I'd love it if she wants to go to college, and I hope she chooses a co-educational university instead of an Eastern college. Travel? Of course, but not until she is through school."

Will she be an actress and follow in her father's and mother's footsteps? That depends upon Susan Ann, but judging from the way she steals the camera now when her picture is taken, judging from the way she poses and preens for her mother, she will be an actress.

Virginia lavishes affection and thought not only on her child, her mother and father, who now make their home with her in the big new house in Beverly Hills, but upon her handsome young brother, Stanley. Get her on the subject of Stanley and you can hardly stop her. She's so proud of him you'd think she was his fond mamma instead of an alder sister.

I really think it gave her more joy to travel to San Francisco this spring and watch Stanley, in cap and gown, receive his diploma from the University of California at Berkeley than it did to get a coveted rôle in "The Great Ziegfeld." In a sense, his sheepskin was the one upon which she set her heart long ago, and which she gave up in order to be a movie queen and earn her living.

Well, maybe there's a diploma of some kind ahead for Virginia—this Farga girl who is making good in Hollywood. And don't let me catch you calling her a farm girl—the word is Farga!



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"Because little Lady Jane is my favorite character, and her love story my favorite love story . . . I was a tough audience . . . I ended up in tears on my knees . . . I sincerely believe that it is one of the great pictures . . ."

—Adela Rogers St. Johns
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DAYS**
A Queen

JOHN MILLS
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Directed by Robert Stevenson

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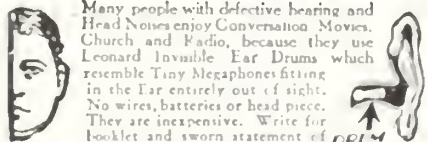
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What Price Glory?

(Continued from page 45)

Their tragedy is that in order to pursue their livelihood they must sacrifice much of their own personalities.

Analyze Crawford, Stearns, Gable. Can you imagine any one of our big stars letting ambition atrophy? Arranging itself in the garment of another being?

I believe they would starve rather than surrender that precious individuality.

The stand-in prefers a reliable livelihood to the chaos of career. To a few, in cases where the resemblance is slight, this work proves to be a good training school.

Lets call the stand-in "me" for a moment. That he or she and him or her, business gets me a confused. Remember that most of these observations apply to the men as well.

The requirements of a stand-in are that she must be the same height, weight, and figure as the star. Coloring should match. Texture of the skin is important, as it absorbs and refracts light in odd ways.

The stand-in reports on the set an hour before the star usually. She is costumed very nearly as the player will be for the scene; often the costumes are made in duplicates. Usually she is made up exactly as the star will be made up.

She "stands in" literally—though sometimes she does get to sit in!—during the tedious adjustment of lights which would sap the strength of the star. It may take hours to arrange the set-up properly. Snappy director like W. S. Van Dyke accelerate things. But pity the substitutes on the DeMille and Von Sternberg pictures!

Assuming the pose which the star will take for the final rehearsal and action the stand-in resembles the celebrity in figure, coloring and gesture. During these preliminaries, she goes through the motions of the scene's business—closes the door, opens the letter, greets the guest, et cetera. She draws, laughs, registers horror, talks. Of course, her line of the dialogue need not be perfect, though her movements must be exact.

She limbs through the scene many times while various effects are studied and minute changes are made. The shadow that slips ahead she is the puppet that paves the way.

Her work as actress usually is back later from countless repetitions from physical weariness; the heat of the

whits whits her enthusiasm. Is it or wonder that she cannot summon up that final pre-rehearsal when the director's eyes are focused at last directly on her, every detail by now having been attended to an inspired flourish her acting gift?

The pale print vanishes; the original enters, glowing. Tired, the stand-in drops into the background. The star radiates fresh steps through the scene a few times; then there are several "takes" with the camera recording the action and the microphone catching the lines.

To the stand-in, the star is a job, no matter of loyalty, or admiration—of lack of it.

Studying the stellar work, costume, mannerisms, expressions—in even a frown slightly wrinkles the forehead or a caner displace a carefully blended lighting effect—acquires the substitute with each scene is being taken with the star.

That scene is "in the can" meaning filmed. While the boys move up the cameras for the next setup, perhaps a close-up, and the electricians get busy with the lights, the star rests or gives interviews. And the stand-in slips from the shadows for another scene of pseudo-glory.

The premiere of the picture eventually occurs. The star's strong individual quality, her sparkle of self is mainly responsible for its success. That it lives lives you and you and you. So the



Francis Lederer steps out of his usual character to appear as a cowboy in several sequences of "My American Wife," with Ann Sothern.

accclaim which rewards her is merited. She has earned it, by relentlessly forcing self into still greater forms of expression.

I would deprive no star of her glory. For at many a weary time she has faced that battle of urging the lagging spirit or of giving up into easy mediocrity. And a large number of her hours of career are done off the set: selecting stories, when a mistake would be so costly and vital, learning her lines and perfecting her "character," giving interviews, posing for portrait photos, fitting costumes, appearing in public.

The star is entitled to the trumpeting. Only a strong will could continue climbing through so many big worries and distractions, rising from one defeat to new victories.

But at auspicious premières, I spare no thought for the stand-ins who toiled to make all that glory possible—for no other. Generously, most of them are thrilled at the stellar success. Many of them attend, guests of studio star.

Many stars recognize in those reactions of themselves people worth knowing, individualities repressed by necessity. Some wonderful friendships have developed between star and stand-in.

Joe E. Brown thinks so much of Pat Shea that he had Pat put into his contract. Aside from Pat's fine stamina, can that be because he is a baseball player? Pat, who looks a lot like Joe, doubles for the awning-mouthed comedian in some of the "tough stuff." He is married, has a little boy, and enjoys his work. When Preston Foster signed his latest contract, he insisted that his friend and stand-in, Harry Moya, be included. They take week-end cruises on Foster's boat.

Leslie Howard demands Dick Foster—no relation to Preston—as his substitute. They are great friends. Under the star's encouragement, Dick is developing his knock for wood-carving. Bill Dagwell "shadows" Hugh Herbert when the comedian is lent out by home studio. He is an ex-stogie smoker, resembles Herbert, and does not work when not needed by his boss. Dagwell is married and has two children, and thinks Hollywood is swell.

If you believe their press agents, every little starlet calls her stand-in her "pep-in." Everybody is supposed to laugh and lough—but the smiles are getting a bit strained.

(To Be Continued.)

WINNER!



Miss Theda Boyd, Permanent Wave by Edmond (55th St.) one of New York's fashionable hairdressers.

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BLONDES—Restore natural golden beauty to dull, faded or streaked hair. To brighten your hair to an alluring sunny shade, rinse with Marchand's.

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See details in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your Druggist's. Or use coupon below.

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Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 43

We should note perhaps, that this has been written to the Di-Cicco-Lindsay romance.

Claudette-Shirley Rivalry.—Claudette Colbert is expected to steal top-notch honors among the stars of Hollywood in the annual accounting of favorites among the feminine luminaries. It is believed that she will displace even Shirley Temple, whose rivalry has been never-ending. Most curious of reactions concerning Shirley is that of the people of India, as reported by James B. Shackelford, a cameraman and amateur archaeologist. He says that the people of India think her to be a dwarf about thirty years of age. Only a few years ago the “be-

nighted heathen,” or what have you, were figuring just about the same way about Jackie Cooper. The infant wonders of Hollywood never do get proper credit for their talents in the far places.

A Woman of Affairs.—Cliver, there English! Here’s Binnie Barnes, for example, who never acts any place that she doesn’t start some sort of business as a side line. In London Binnie had a dress shop and a beauty emporium. In Hollywood she recently acquired a studio bungalow court, dwells in one of the houses herself and runs the other. What’s more, Binnie is keeping pace with her husband, Sam Joseph, who is a dealer in rare books, is a collector herself of book bindings, et cetera

and miniature furniture. That keeps me broke at the present time,” she said, “but it will be worth a lot of money some day.”

Incidentally, we believe even Sam if he happens to lend out one of Binnie’s carefully bound volumes. The couple have the same big library at their home in England, but their residences are kept entirely separate and each has a desk on the opposite side of the room. Regardless of their long separations from each other, and their strictly independent attitude, they manage to be quite happy together.

Treacher’s Rebellion.—Arthur Treacher, that long lanky Englishman, with his famous “Ye-e-e-s, sir,” which everybody knows by now is staging a revolt against continuing to play bit parts. What he wants to do is to escape only “Jimmy” from now on and sort of keep that character intact and separate. When he takes a job in another picture it will be as a lord, a duke, a “off” or somebody like that.

He’s a pretty smart fellow about his career, and he should be because he has come the hard way in Hollywood. At one time he worked in a stage play for eight dollars weekly. 20th Century-Fox of course is starring him now. Treacher is a full-fledged bachelor, too, outside of a past marriage or so, if you’re interested in the romantic side of his life. But there is one lady we believe in the offing. He does an insidious fan letters and criticisms of which he receives a number from 12—more or less—admirers in England.

Hail, the Mustachio!—The progress of the mustache in Hollywood is being watched with great interest. It’s staging quite a comeback. Those who have recently joined the mustachioed include Dick Powell, Errol Flynn, and George Brent. Clark Gable wore the beginnings of one for a time. And Jack Oakie, since his recent experience with ample facial hair, is threatening to add the upper-lip decoration, but Verne Varden says an emphatic no. Mustaches are part of the stock in trade of such players as William Powell, William Wyler, John Barrymore, and a few others, but apparently they’re a lot for a lot of competition.

Passing Summer Fancy.—That romance between James Blosley and Olivia de Havilland was just a passing flare-up nothing more. Blosley, as you may remember, is a member of the

Hyde family of New York, where his mother, Mrs. Grace Hyde, is a social figure. He was once reported engaged to Mory Carlisle, whose interests nowadays seem to lie elsewhere—though rather uncertainly elsewhere. Olivia really gave the "no" to the Blakeley engagement, saying that the romance rumors were considerably exaggerated. Oh, and we should mention that this clever young girl's sister, a beautiful blonde whose professional name is Joan Fontaine, is almost equally talented. She scored a hit on the stage in Hollywood in "Call it a Day."

Marlene Well Guarded.—The exit of Marlene Dietrich from Hollywood was, to say the least, impressive. Two powerful-looking bodyguards accompanied her when she boarded the train with her daughter, Maria. It was divulged that she maintained a staff of six such gentlemen, because of the kidnaping threats which have caused her terror from time to time. Also Marlene took with her to Europe her own hairdresser and make-up artist. She is determined not to risk one whit of the diminishing of her beauty while she works in the British studios.

There's much to-do about "The Garden of Allah" in the meanwhile, though the picture had its share of trouble while actually produced. Merle Oberon's hurt feelings have been smoothed, too, with the result that she has

dropped her suit against David O. Selznick, the producer of the Hitchens novel. We wonder if that suit was ever really to have been taken seriously.

The Inevitable Superstition.—How curiously the "fatal three" bobs up in Hollywood! On the last occasion the reaper took Alan Crasland, who directed the first big feature with talk, "The Jazz Singer." That, you may remember, was truly the film that gave Hollywood its voice. Another director, Stephen Roberts, who made the very successful "Ex-Mrs. Bradford" as his last film, also passed away.

Then a heartbreaking lass was suffered by Evalyn Knapp, the star, in the unhappy end of her brother, Orville, the band leader, in an airplane accident in the East.

The Hour of Isobel.—Happiness is certainly spreading its benediction over the head of that clever little actress, Isobel Jewell. Right while everybody was predicting great success for her in "Lost Horizon," the Frank Capra film, she became engaged to Owen Crump, radio writer and executive, and it looks as if that were just about the most joyous match imaginable. Isobel is offered no end of bright chances in pictures these days, too. So that's a chapter in her rather plaintive story which has a glad finale for a change. Miss Jewell was deeply in love with Lee Tracy for several years, but finally broke with him.

Strange Moral Rulings.—The Hays office is certainly laying down the law on even the smallest questions. Official monitor of the morals of the movies, this institution recently cost out the title "Street Girl," which was to have been affixed to the next starring film of Lily Pans. A few years ago it may be remembered the story was produced with Betty Campson as the heroine. And at that time the title was passed.

Once the Hays office forbade the title of "Rain," and had Glorio Swanson choose "Sadie Thompson" instead. Later, with Joan Crawford as the star, "Rain" was permitted.

Also here's a funny one. Naughty lines are "out" completely in any production, but in "Romeo and Juliet" there are some very highly spiced bits of repartee between John Barrymore as "Mercutio" and Edna Mae Oliver as "Juliet's" nurse. However, that's Shakespeare!



Andrea Leeds appeared in a home-made movie and got a contract to appear in a real one, "Come and Get It." Of course, it all depended on being seen by the right people.

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in rows to dry. This goes on until he's completely covered the floor. He's very systematic in every way, almost methodical.

To go on—he rarely always dines at home. Usually dines with his mother, but has a few guests occasionally. After dinner he sometimes goes dancing, but not had enough to visit the publicity department at his studio. Drink very sparingly. In fact, come to think of it, he's very moderate in everything. One thing, at Emerson's way on good money to the effect that moderation is the mark of a gentleman. This is true at Nelson.

And so to bed. Not a very exciting day for any one, is it? Especially for a movie idol. And it isn't that he lacks opportunities. He's besieged with invitations to all sorts of parties. He doesn't go because he's a one woman man and hasn't met the one woman, hence the sadness, hence the reflection of that sadness in his eyes.

Sounds sort of silly to say he's a one-woman man when there's not a woman in his life except his mother, but it's true. Sounds old fashioned to say he's remaining true to his ideal, but that's a little true. The one woman just now happens to be that mother we've read so much about.

Their marriage is of the simplest. One maid one dog two cars. Not a tiny bit of swank. It's an event when they have the caterer in for a party. When they do Nelson enjoys sneaking down late at night after every one has gone and finishing off the remains of the ice.

He studies a certain spiritual strength. One can't be in the room with him without feeling it. Having no conventional religion one feels that this aura of faith and goodness is the result of many hours of intensive right thinking. It isn't my aim to picture him as a Boy Scout, but it would not be a true portrait of him if this quality were not mentioned.

He wants to get married. Says, "I don't care what her position is, she may be, or what she may look like, but I do hope the girl I fall for will be full of life." Then in the next breath, "Do you think I could expect any modern girl to be true to me while I'm away at concert halls? It'd be impossible to take her along." How's that for narrow? And he means it.

Nelson Edgely is really a variation of the theme of the poor little rich boy. Having everything, he still has nothing. Will he find the girl to drive the sadness from his soul eyes?

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Hero at Home

Continued from page 83

chop salad, and always mix. Then works on his mail with his secretary in the afternoon or read—read—read heavy stuff, too, psychology, psychiatry. Kraft-Ebing, my dears, but yes!

Romp in the garden with his dog for a while before dinner, and invariably goes into the garden to look for four-leaved clovers sprawling at the grass like the boy that he is. You know just a big kid. He always finds a clover, too, when he's out there. He believes in his luck, at least as he's been told by the contrary.

One of his pet theories is that thinking hard along the right lines will attract that luck. Brain coupled with ability and hard work, will do the rest.

Then there's always the obligation, ostensibly to be loved. Says he a deal in the corner of his study opposite his secretary and throws them on the floor as he writes. Also quite a pile has accumulated, he stacks them neatly

Hollywood's Forgotten Millionaires

Continued from page 55

not only for his integrity but for his human qualities. It gives the son a measure of comparison, a rule of living and thinking which neither a large income nor fame nor the excitement of Hollywood can disrupt.

Hoot Gibson, like Ken Moynard, invests much of his sizable earnings in an interest parallel to his career. The Hoot Gibson Radea, which he holds in his ranch near Saugus, attracts not only the picture colony but a large percentage of all good Californians who remember the wild, free days of the past.

He, more than any of the other Western stars, joins in some of the Hollywood social activities. Since his divorce from Solly Eilers, he has married several of the most beautiful girls in the colony.

However, on a basis of comparison, he lives far below the scale of the average star in the same earnings bracket with him. Yet he has a number of millionaire hobbies. His interest in aviation abated somewhat since a near-fatal accident three years ago.



Arna Loy seems radiantly happy now that she has become Mrs. Arthur Hornbly, Jr. We can't say that the groom looks anything but happy, either. Good luck to both of you.

Since then he has neither owned nor piloted a plane. He is now engrossed in polo and owns seven very fine ponies. When his period of probation ends, he will be rated as one of the high-goal men on his team.

Hoot is always in demand as an actor, and his earning power could be unlimited. But, like the other brethren of the sambrera, he has no ambitions for costles in Spain, nor the trappings of a maharajah.

Driving out Cahuengo Pass into the open country beyond, you might see a rase-covered bungalow and never dream that this is the home of Buck Jones, the hard-riding, fast-shooting Buck who is the ideal of many a small boy's heart. Perhaps it is the kinship he feels with the youngsters of the land which makes him cut his pattern of life along simple lines.

At one time he had vast wealth, which he lost in a circus venture. He came back to Hollywood and began again—remembering his first arrival in the town, when movies were young. Then he and his wife lived in a little cottage for which they paid twelve and a half dollars a month rent. Lived and laughed and worked.

This time there was no long climb to success. He instantly recovered his place as a Western star, and it wasn't long until he was again entrenched financially. Some day that modest bungalow in which he now lives will have wings added to it. The land around it will be improved. Perhaps they might even build a swimming pool. But now they are content living placidly and keeping close to the real values in existence.

Among the lesser Western stars, there is Gene Autry, Bob Steele, Rex Bell, Charles Starrett, Nick Farn, and Tam Tyler. In a year of searching of Hollywood's own social columns, not one of these names will be found.

Rex, now married to Clara Bow, is living peacefully on his ranch near Los Vegas, and comes to Hollywood for only an occasional picture. The Bells are happily situated financially and yet nothing in their manner of life or their behavior would indicate it.

The stars in the saddle are in a sense Hollywood's forgotten millionaire stars.

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Old-fashioned As Eve

Continued from page 37

What do I do as I would do under the circumstances. That is, of course, if I were that particular woman."

Whereupon the assistant director spoke in upon us with the news that they were moving to another stage, and Miss Rainer was to put on a fresh make-up. I made her odieu as she headed for the make-up department to have her old Chinese "face" for the day. Her brown eyes were subtly slanted, and her lustrous black hair was clipped of all waves and pulled back to a plain bun. This has been the color routine for four months—for

she invited me to lunch the next day. Then the company didn't work. The more I caught up with her, now she hovel where she and Muni and three children were suffering the pangs of famine. I watched them make one of the saddest sequences in the entire story. They discussed selling their daughter to get back to the land and an opportunity to earn a pitance for food.

Between difficult shots Miss Rainer invited me to join her in her dressing room. She was attired in a spotted Chinese suit.

"Excuse me, please, while I slip something over this." Vponity? No.



As Louise, as ethereal in sports as she is in her acting, has made a hit in "Anthony Adverse."

Rather a simple of her innate consideration for others. She couldn't be untidy when greeting a guest.

"This some you're getting," I began anew. "Whot does it mean to you?"

"It means satisfaction of making people happy," she answered. "I did not seek to become a star. I had no urge to become talked about. I just felt a joy of the notion of acting and wanted to make others feel basic emotions."

"I don't suppose I shall remain in Hollywood more than three or four years. You see, I couldn't sacrifice my whole life to the screen. It is wonderful to be working now, to be attempting to create women with whom audiences will sympathize. But to me my career is just an episode. There is so much else, too."

"I had six years on the stage before I come here for the movies. That was a grotifying period. But I will tell you something. I want to marry. There will be three or four children. That is what I anticipate after this period."

"Can't you combine a career with marriage?" I was finding out so many facts that I determined to clear up all the doubts about Luise Rainer.

"Perhaps a husband and films would mix. But I should hesitate to add children to such a scheme. Not unless one were so popular one could do only one production a year. Anyway, when I have my children I want to be with them."

I had one more personal query. Luise Rainer's favorite costume is the stock suit. Why?

"Not to be peculiar do I dress like that and let my hair be wind-blown. But because I know this style suits me best. I could put on a lot of fancy things, but my uniform is most flattering to my personality. Yes," she smiled, "I am positive many presume I am very stingy. I like a certain pattern and have blouses and stocks cut from various materials and in many colors. Maybe they do not guess that I choose a fresh uniform each morning."

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Information, Please

Continued from page 8

R. COROMINTA.—Robert Taylor made his first screen appearance in 1934 in "Handy Andy," a Will Rogers picture. He is currently playing in "Private Number" and "Gorgeous Hussy," with "Camille," opposite Greta Garbo, to follow. He was born in Filley, Nebraska, August 5, 1911; six feet one-half inch, weighs 165, brown hair, blue eyes. His right name is Spangler Arlington Brugh.

NORA R.—Betty Burgess, who appeared in "Coronada," was born in Hollywood. She learned to dance when she was very young and has acted in children's programs on the radio. Graduating from high school she entered a dramatic school. An agent saw her and within three months she was under contract to Paramount and playing leads.

JUDITH WILSON.—For stills of "The Scarlet Empress," address the Publicity Dept., Paramount Pictures, Paramount Bldg., Times Square, New York; "Little Women," RKO Pictures, RKO Bldg., Rockefeller Center, Radio City, New York; "Caravan," 20th Century-Fox Pictures, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California.

M. M. P.—Victor Jory was born in Dawson City, Alaska, November 23, 1902, of French parents. He is married to Jean Inness. They have a five-year-old daughter. Address him at Columbia.

KATHERINE.—Felix Knight sang over the radio before going into pictures. His films include "Babes in Toyland," "The Bohemian Girl" and two shorts, "Springtime in Holland" and "Carnival Days." Write to the MGM Studio for his photograph. John Beal recently completed "M'Liss," with Anne Shirley. He was born in Joplin, Missouri, August 13, 1909; five feet ten and a half, weighs 150, brown hair and eyes. German-Irish descent. Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1930. Married Helen Craig, stage actress, in July, 1934. Dennis King has been appearing in the recently closed stage revival of "Parnell," and with a summer stock company at Westport, Connecticut.

ROBERT C. WALLACE.—Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 18, 1907; five feet five, weighs 122, red-gold hair, greenish-blue eyes. She is of Scotch-American descent. Studied dancing and singing as a child and later appeared in a revue on the stage. From chorus girl she became the lead in a series of musical comedies. Her first picture was "The Love Parade," with Maurice Chevalier, in 1929, and her next is "Maytime," with Nelson Eddy. She was engaged to Robert Ritchie, her business manager, for some time, but it seems to be all off now.

DOROTHY JAHNKE.—Spanky McFarland may be reached at MGM Studio. Try George Breakston at United Artists, and Richard Quine at RKO. Jackie Cooper's next is "The Devil Is a Sissy," with Freddie Bartholomew.

M. G.—Photographs of Norma Shear and Jeanette MacDonald may be had by writing to them at the MGM Studio. Gallery portraits of Miss Shearer appeared in this magazine for August, 1934; March, 1935; April, 1936. Interviews with her in January, 1929; February, 1933; and March, 1936. Interviews with Miss MacDonald: August, 1931; July, 1932; August, 1933; September, 1934; January, 1936.

CONSTANT READER.—Ralph Bellamy was attending college when he ran away from home to join a repertory company. From then on he stuck to the stage and in 1930 came to Broadway looking for fame. He had a leading rôle in "Roadside" when he was offered a screen contract to appear in "The Secret Six." His latest are "The Final Hour" and "Johnny Gets His Gun." He was born in Chicago, Illinois, June 17, 1904; six feet one and a half, weighs 178, light brown hair, blue eyes. Married to Catherine Willard.

B. B.—We published an interview with James Stewart in August, which we hope you did not fail to read. He was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, May 20, about 1912, is over six feet, with brown hair, blue eyes. He is not married. Write to him at MGM.



Bobby Breen, who used to be known as Jackie Borene, is as pleased with his new name as fans are with his stardom.

AUDREY M. E.—Janet Beecher was born in Jefferson City, Missouri, in 1887. Address her at Paramount, and Spring Byington at 20th Century-Fox. I have no record of the birth date of the latter.

LILA SHELBY.—By writing to the MGM Studio they may be able to supply a photograph of Fannie Brice.

MICKEY PEARCE.—Stills are made of all films and these include each scene from the production. They are used for publicity purposes, such as in fan magazines and theater lobbies. Naturally, if you are interested in a particular star you ask for stills that show that player. The stills are black and white glossy prints. James Stewart is with MGM. Write to Robert Donat, 8 Meadway, London, N. W. 11, England, for his photo.

A. S.—Ian Keith was born in Boston, Massachusetts, February 27, 1899; six feet two, brown hair, gray eyes. Real name is Keith McCauley Ross. He has been divorced from Blanche Gurka, Ethel Clayton, and Baroness Fern Andra von Weickes. He recently married Mrs. Hildegard Pabst Smits. Fade his picture debut in "Manhanded," released in 1924. His current films are "Mary of Scotland" and "The Gorgeous Hussy."

F. O.—Benny Baker was *Tammany*, drummer in the Ned Lyman Band in "Thanks a Million."

ELEANOR WALKER.—Frankie Darro is free-lance player and therefore to obtain stills of his films it will be necessary to write to the various companies that have produced his pictures. For instance, his latest, "Racing Blood," was made by Conn Productions, Talisman Studio, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; "Charlie Chan at the Race Track," 20th Century-Fox Pictures, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradshaw," RKO Pictures, RKO Bldg., Radio City, Rockefeller Center, New York; "Three Kids and a Queen," Universal Pictures, 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York.

D. J. W.—For stills of "Small-town Girl" and "The Thin Man," address the Publicity Dept., Metro-Goldwyn Pictures, 1540 Broadway, inclosing ten cents each still desired.

D. WEBER.—Jack Holt is now free-riding. His current films are "San Francisco" and "Crash Donovan."

I. ADAMS.—Nelson Eddy has appeared on the screen in "Broadway in Hollywood," "Dancing Lady," "Student Store," "Naughty Marietta," and "Rose-Marie." His next is "Maytime." No other picture has yet been scheduled for him.

BERNARD LOCKHART.—None of the films you list have appeared in the "Review" section of this magazine. In most cases, only stills were used when the films were reviewed.

F.—Stills are taken of every scene

in a picture. If you desire some of "Rose-Marie," address the Publicity Dept., MGM Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York, inclosing ten cents for each. For an autographed photo of Nelson Eddy, write to the MGM Studio, Culver City, California, remitting twenty-five cents.

M. M. H.—Ross Alexander played the rôle of *Sparks* in "Shipmates Forever," and John Arledge was *The Coxswain*. Irene Dunne was born in Louisville, Kentucky, July 14, 1904; Allan Jones, Scranton, Pennsylvania, October 14th; Joan Blondell, August 30, 1909; Dick Powell, Mt. View, Arkansas, October 14, 1904; Rosalind Russell, Waterbury, Connecticut, June 4th; William Powell, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, July 29, 1892; Ross Alexander, July 27, 1907; Fred Astaire, May 10, 1899; Ginger Rogers, July 16, 1911; Margaret Sullivan, May 16, 1909; Henry Fonda, May 16, 1905.

MARGARET DAVIS.—Luise Rainer was interviewed in *Picture Play* for November, 1935, which says, in part: "In her childhood, her family was wealthy. She went to good schools and studied writing and art. Her father, a merchant, spent some years in this country, and even became a naturalized citizen, but then he returned to his native home. When the family fortunes failed, Luise suddenly decided to try the stage. She applied for an audition at the Luise Dumont Theater in Dusseldorf, an inexperienced girl of sixteen. Ten minutes later she was under contract. Arriving in America with a MGM contract, she spoke no English at all, but learned hectically in the three months before 'Eseapade.'" Allan Jones is under contract to MGM. Although his father worked in the coal mines of Scranton, Pennsylvania, where Allan was born on October 14, 1907, he had a fine tenor voice which his son has inherited. The lad's vocal lessons began at the age of four, when he sang simple tunes at church picnics and socials. When he was eight he was singing in the church choir. Until his eleventh birthday, he was a boy soprano soloist. Then his voice changed to alto. At fourteen, it changed to tenor. Later on he studied in Paris after which he received many concert engagements in the United States. New York producers saw him in "Boccaccio" and engaged him for operettas for three years. He then went to St. Louis for the Municipal Opera, where he sang in musical stock. Following a tour, he returned to St. Louis for his third summer season. Back in New York, he was invited to make a screen test; a contract resulted.

KATHERINE QUARLES.—I do not find that I have any Henry Wilcoxon Fan Club among my list of clubs.

RATTI.—Thomas Beck played the rôle of *Roger Tyler* in "My Marriage." Besides that he has appeared in "Charlie Chan in Paris," "Life Begins at Forty," "Charlie Chan in Egypt," "Music Is Magic," "Every Saturday Night," "Champagne Charlie," "Under Two Flags," "White Fang," "Charlie Chan at the Race Track."



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 Street.....
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ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Henry Armetta	Louis Hayward
Edward Arnold	Buck Jones
Binnie Barnes	Boris Karloff
Noah Beery, Jr.	Bela Lugosi
Billy Burrud	Sunnie O'Dea
Ricardo Cortez	Walter Pidgeon
Andy Devine	Cesar Romero
Irene Dunne	Margaret Sullavan

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Astrid Allwyn	Robert Kent
Don Ameche	June Lang
Warner Baxter	Keye Luke
Thomas Beck	Victor McLaglen
J. Edward Bromberg	Warner Oland
John Carradine	John Qualen
Ruth Chatterton	Bill Robinson
Irvin S. Cobb	Simone Simon
Alan Dinehart	Gloria Stuart
Brian Donlevy	Slim Summerville
Dixie Dunbar	Shirley Temple
Alice Faye	Lawrence Tibbett
Douglas Fowley	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	Michael Whalen
Edward Everett Horton	Jane Withers
Kenneth Howell	Helen Wood
Rochelle Hudson	Loretta Young
Arline Judge	

'Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Ann Loring
Elizabeth Allan	Edmund Lowe
John Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Lionel Barrymore	Jeanette MacDonald
Freddie Bartholomew	Una Merkel
Wallace Beery	Robert Montgomery
Virginia Bruce	Frank Morgan
Billie Burke	George Murphy
Charles Butterworth	Edna May Oliver
Bruce Cabot	Maureen O'Sullivan
Joseph Calleia	Reginald Owen
Mary Carlisle	Cecilia Parker
Jean Chatburn	Jean Parker
Jackie Cooper	Eleanor Powell
Joan Crawford	William Powell
Melvyn Douglas	Juanita Quigley
Buddy Ebsen	Luise Rainer
Nelson Eddy	Florence Rice
Stuart Erwin	May Robson
Madge Evans	Mickey Rooney
Betty Furness	Rosalind Russell
Clark Gable	Norina Shearer
Greta Garbo	Harvey Stephens
Jean Harlow	James Stewart
Louise Henry	Lewis Stone
William Henry	Robert Taylor
Jean Hersholt	Franchot Tone
Irene Hervey	Spencer Tracy
Weldon Heyburn	Johnny Weissmuller
Allan Jones	Robert Young
Eric Linden	

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Abel	Harriet Hilliard
Heather Angel	Louise Latimer
John Arledge	Fredric March
Fred Astaire	Herbert Marshall
Smith Ballew	George O'Brien
John Beal	Moroni Olsen
John Boles	Joe Penner
Bobby Breen	Barbara Pepper
Helen Broderick	Lily Pons
Joe E. Brown	Gene Raymond
Margaret Callahan	Erik Rhodes
Joan Davis	Ginger Rogers
Owen Davis, Jr.	Anne Shirley
Preston Foster	Ann Sothern
Betty Grable	Barbara Stanwyck
Margot Grahame	Bert Wheeler
Katharine Hepburn	Robert Woolsey

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Allen	Jack Holt
Jean Arthur	Victor Jory
George Bancroft	Marian Marsh
Ralph Bellamy	Ken Maynard
Leo Carrillo	Grace Moore
Marguerite Churchill	Chester Morris
Ronald Colman	Lloyd Nolan
Walter Connolly	Lionel Stander
Dolores del Rio	Charles Starrett
Richard Dix	Raymond Walburn
Jean Dixon	Fay Wray
Edith Fellows	

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

Elisabeth Bergner	Ethel Merman
Eddie Cantor	Merle Oberon
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Paulette Goddard	Frank Shields
Miriam Hopkins	C. Aubrey Smith
Gordon Jones	Douglas Walton
Joel McCrea	

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

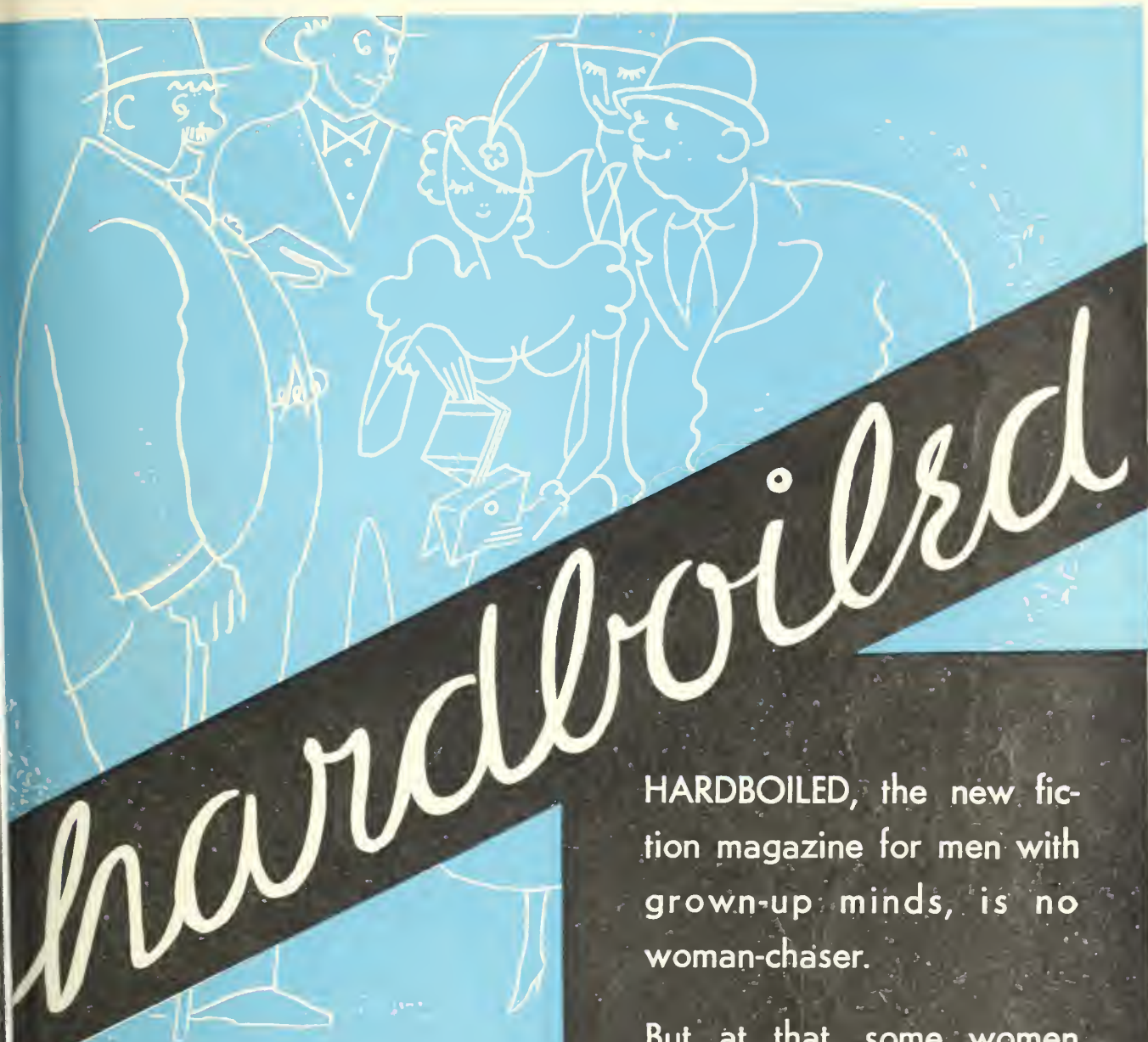
Ross Alexander	Allen Jenkins
Robert Barrat	Al Jolson
Joan Blondell	Ruby Keeler
Humphrey Bogart	Guy Kibbee
George Brent	Margaret Lindsay
Marion Davies	Anita Louise
Bette Davis	Frank McHugh
Olivia de Havilland	Jean Muir
Claire Dodd	Paul Muni
Ann Dvorak	Pat O'Brien
John Eldredge	Dick Powell
Patricia Ellis	Claude Rains
Glenda Farrell	Phillip Reed
Errol Flynn	Winifred Shaw
Nick Foran	Paula Stone
Kay Francis	Verree Teasdale
William Gargan	June Travis
Hugh Herbert	Genevieve Tobin
Leslie Howard	Warren William
Warren Hull	Marie Wilson
Josephine Hutchinson	Donald Woods

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Roscoe Karns
Bennie Bartlett	Harold Lloyd
Jack Benny	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Ida Lupino
Tom Brown	Fred MacMurray
George Burns	Adolphe Menjou
Claudette Colbert	Gertrude Michael
Gary Cooper	Ray Milland
Buster Crabbe	Jack Oakie
Bing Crosby	Lynne Overman
Robert Cummings	Gail Patrick
Marlene Dietrich	Charles Quigley
Johnny Downs	George Raft
Frances Drake	Charles Ruggles
Frances Farmer	Randolph Scott
W. C. Fields	Sir Guy Standing
Ketti Gallian	Gladys Swarthout
Cary Grant	Kent Taylor
Julie Haydon	Virginia Weidler
David Jack Holt	Mae West
John Howard	Eleanore Whitney
Marsha Hunt	Grant Withers

Walter Wanger Productions 1040 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, California

Alan Baxter	Henry Fonda
Joan Bennett	Frances Langford
Charles Boyer	Pat Paterson
Madeleine Carroll	



hardboiled

HARDBOILED, the new fiction magazine for men with grown-up minds, is no woman-chaser.

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Picture Play

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STREET & SMITH'S

Picture Play

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VOLUME XLV MONTHLY NUMBER 3

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KATHARINE HEPBURN

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This is the Champagne Waltz
 This is the Dance of Love,
 Under the Soft Light's Glean,
 Just Close Your Eyes and Dream!
 I'd Dance My Whole Life Thru
 If I Could Dance With You.



JACK OAKIE

VELOZ & YOLANDA



WHAT THE FANS THINK



Can You Beat It?

R READ in this department recently where a girl in England had over three thousand pictures of Joan Crawford.

I have five thousand four hundred and twenty-three pictures of Jean Harlow in my scrapbooks, and many more to cut out.

There is nothing in life which affords me as much pleasure as collecting pictures of Miss Harlow. I've never thought of any other star except as a person that could act, but Jean Harlow is different. It isn't like cutting out pictures of an actress, but of a very real, beautiful person whom every one loves. Each new picture means more to me than if it were a diamond, and adds a thrill and very warm spot in my heart.

In my bedroom there are ten beautiful pictures autographed by Miss Harlow. When I get out of bed, every morning, her smile greets me and I have a happy start for the day.

I was only seven years old when I saw her for the first time in "Hell Angels," and I haven't missed one of her pictures since. I've always known she would climb to the very top of the ladder of success and win a million fans and friends. When I came out of the theater and hear people rave about her, my heart fills with pride.

That she may have every good thing in life and plenty of happiness is my nightly prayer.

Vela Adams,
435 Minden Street,
Bossier City, Louisiana.

Men With Curls.

A MONTH or so ago, in O. O. McIntyre's column, was this observation: "Too many pretty boys in the movies these days."

O. O. said a mouthful! If there is one thing I can't stand, it is a man who curls his hair. And recently, it seems as though even the most popular actors indulge in this feminine practice. Nel

Continued on page 10

Vela Adams has five thousand four hundred and twenty-three pictures of Jean Harlow in her scrapbooks. She says that each picture means more to her than if it were a diamond and she prays for Miss Harlow every night.

Photo by Ted Allen

(Academy Award Winner)

VICTOR McLAGLEN

The MAGNIFICENT BRUTE

"A fighting fiend and a fool for blondes"

with BINNIE BARNES, JEAN DIXON,
WILLIAM HALL,
HENRY ARMETTA, EDWARD NORRIS



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EDMUND GRAINGER, *Associate Producer*

Directed by JOHN G. BLYSTONE

INFORMATION, PLEASE

ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BY THE ORACLE



ALBERTA DAVIS.—Ralph Bellamy will be seen next in "Johnny Gets His Gun." He was born in Chicago, Illinois, June 17, 1904; six feet one and a half, weighs 178, light-brown hair, blue eyes. Married Catherine Willard in 1931.

J. W. S.—For a photo of Jean Parker, write the MGM Studio, inclosing twenty-five cents to cover the cost. A list of her films will be sent to you if you will send me a stamped envelope. Address United Artists' Publicity Department, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, for stills of "The Ghost Goes West." These sell for ten cents each.



PATRICIA ANNE.—Many of the stars go in for photography as a hobby. Drawing is James Cagney's hobby, and collecting first editions is Jean Hersholt's. The latter was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, July 12, 1886; five feet eleven, weighs 190, brown hair, blue eyes.

EVELYN.—Bobby Breen was born in Montreal, Canada, November 4, 1927. Shirley Temple is as attractive off-screen as she is on. Yes, she has freckles. Did you read the story about her in September Picture Play? Virginia Weidler is eight years old. Ann Harding was thirty-five on August 7th, and Norma Shearer thirty-two on August 10th.



ERIKA AND LEAH.—You might bring your suggestion for a Jean Parker rôle to the Production Manager, MGM Studio. Interviews with Robert Donat appeared in this magazine for May, 1935, and April, 1936. They may be had by sending your order with remittance of thirty cents to our Subscription Department. Mr. Donat will not make an appearance in the stage production of "Hamlet."

A MILLAND FAN.—Ray Milland is under contract to Paramount where he is making "The Big Broadcast of 1937" and "Girl of the Jungle." Write to him there for a photo, remitting twenty-five cents. Please send a stamped return envelope if you wish a list of his films. Write to Madeleine Carroll at Paramount. Stills of "The Great Ziegfeld"

may be obtained from the Publicity Department, Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York. Each still costs ten cents. A two-year subscription to Picture Play is \$2.70.

All persons writing to The Oracle are requested to include their full name and address. This will permit a reply by mail if there isn't space here. For information about stills, casts, fan clubs, stars' films, inclose a stamped envelope.

K. K.—An article about stand-ins appeared in the magazine last month. Nancy Carroll is not active on the screen. She has been on a European holiday with her daughter. Mitzi Green is appearing in the English musical show, "Yes, Madame."



ADMIRING FAN.—Robert Taylor is of Scotch, Dutch, and English descent, his real name being Spangler Arlington Brugh. Born in Filley, Nebraska, August 5, 1911; six feet one-half inch, weighs 165, brown hair, blue eyes. A list of his films will be mailed to you upon receipt of a stamped envelope.

THEATER FAN IN CANADA.—By sending fifteen cents to our Subscription Department you will be able to obtain a copy of the May, 1935, issue. For a photo of Robert Donat, write to him at 8 Meadway, London, N. W. 11, England, and for one of Jack Hulbert to Gaumont-British Pictures, Lime Grove Studios, Shepherds Bush, London, W. 12, England.

M. E.—George Ernest has been in pictures since 1931. He has been playing in the Jones Family series, "Educating Father" and "See America First" having been released. He was born in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, November 20, 1921. Katharine Hepburn's birthdate is November 8, 1907. We spell Carol Lombard's name the way she did when she first entered



pictures. Since then she has added a final "e" to her first name, which spelling other magazines follow. It is our policy to use the original spelling.

J. K. B.—John Arledge was born in Crockett, Texas, March 12, 1907; six feet, weighs 140, gray-blue eyes, blond hair. He is still single.



M. C.—Their birthdates are: Eleanore Whitney, April 21, 1918; Fay Wray, September 15, 1907; Adrienne Ames, August 3, 1909; Toby Wing, July 14, 1915; Ruby Keeler, August 25, 1909; Grace Moore, December 5, 1901; Elissa Landi, December 6, 1906; Julie Haydon, June 10, 1910; Virginia Bruce, September 29, 1910; Ann Sothern, January 2, 1909; Sally Eilers, December 11, 1908; Ann Harding, August 7, 1901.

LUPE VELEZ FAN.—Your favorite made "Gypsy Melody" for British International. Lupe has black hair and dark-brown eyes. We have had no interviews with her since February, 1931. Our Subscription Department will be glad to supply that issue upon receipt of thirty cents. Sorry, but there isn't space in the magazine to list a star's films.



F. A. S. AND D. G.—Frankie Darro used to play in Western films and got lots of practice riding horses in them. He is five feet three. Billy Mauch of "The White Angel" is about eight. He also appears in "Anthony Adverse."

B. L. N.—Their heights are: Ann Sothern, five feet one and a half; Carol Lombard, five feet two; Jean Arthur, Luise Rainer, five feet three; Jean Harlow, Loretta Young, five feet three and a half; Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Jessie Matthews, five feet four; Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, five feet five; Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, five feet six; Jean Muir, five feet seven.



P. RILEY.—You'll be seeing Allan Jones in "Broadway Melody of 1937" and "Born to Dance." He uses his right name. His birthdate is October 14, 1907.

Continued on page 95

"Folks, Meet 'OIWIN'"

('Oiwin' is Brooklynese for the good
old Anglo-Saxon name of Erwin)

To the bride and neighbors he was a polite and milk-toasty Erwin, but to the mob he was 'Oiwin'—the horse-picking demon who gave bookmakers financial D. T.s! A gentle Jekyll in Jersey . . . but a Hyde-de-ho in the betting ring.



Now it can be told! Nearly every star comedian in Hollywood wanted to play 'Oiwin'. "I'll buy the play," said one . . . "I don't want any salary. Just give me the chance and a percentage," said another world-famous funnyman . . . But Warner Bros. decided to give this coveted acting plum to Frank McHugh—not because he was the best-known actor to do 'Oiwin'—but because in their opinion he was by far the best suited. How glad you'll be they made this choice when you meet 'Oiwin' on the screen!



Candid camera study of 'Oiwin' . . . as
a marvel of the ages picks a long shot
that almost wrecks the betting industry.



"I just love a bettin' man,
'Oiwin' . . . especially if he
keeps winning all the time."



Every time 'Oiwin' looked at
a racing sheet the book-
makers took more aspirin.



"Oiwin, you made us million-
aires . . . we want to do
some little thing for you."

COMING SOON!

"THREE MEN ON A HORSE"

Conceded to be the greatest comedy hit in ten years, now in its second capacity year on Broadway and being played in four countries, by ten companies to thousands of hilarious crowds everywhere!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with

FRANK McHUGH
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART



Continued from page 6

on Eddy's finger wave is beautiful, I admit, but I've seen pictures of him with his hair out of curl, and he looked more manly. Ralph Bellamy's marcel is nauseating, and yet I think I'd like him a lot if he'd only slick his hair back. Although I just recently selected Robert Taylor for my favorite, the first stills of him in "The Gorgeous Hussy" have ruined my admiration completely. His hair is all curly-wurly, and he looks like a big sissy. Good-by, Bob, you were a good favorite—while you lasted.

Can't something be done to make the male players stop curling their hair? If they only knew how disgusting it looks to those who expect a man to be a man, and not a pretty puppet.

I don't know if Gable curls his hair, but I recently saw a picture of him wearing sissy sandals, scarf, and beret. And he is supposed to be a he-man! What a laugh! MARY A. EDWARDS, Berkeley, California.

Don't Blame Us!

WITH each issue of Picture Play Magazine that I buy I quickly turn to the "What the Fans Think" and read every letter in it. But, why, oh, why, will you eternally print letters about Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, and Ramon Novarro? Good heavens, are they the only stars in the world? I've come to the conclusion that they have an interest in your magazine. Joan must be the editor; Garbo the publisher; and Ramon the star interviewer.

Please let's see letters about others. There's Robert Taylor, a handsome youth. He is clean-cut, refined, appealing, and a fine and intense actor. But I have not seen anything about him. If the fans wrote more about our up-and-coming young actors and actresses and less of Joan's make-up and Garbo's

What the Fans Think

emoting, and Ramon's sweet martyrdom, your department would indeed be better off.

Here is something for that young lord, Franchot Tone, to think over. If he doesn't come off his high horse, be a little more pleasant and not so caustic in his screen appearances, he is going to awaken some day and find himself minus a great many fans.

Now take Ronald Colman, for instance. There is a great actor. He is so wishful and adoring that one would like to mother him and never so much as speak a harsh word to him. The producers should give him better rôles that suit his character and less of the Foreign Legion. Robert Montgomery is another splendid actor; so, too, is Reginald Owen. These two stars should play together in pictures which give them a chance at comedy. However, they could both do with a loss of a pound or two of flesh.

More of these actors and less of the stars like Gary Cooper, whose one claim to acting is biting his jaws; nasal-toned Jean Arthur; simpering, idiotic William Powell; and Myrna Loy, the coy. As for Gable, well, he is tops with me. I won't make any comments about the women stars, for as a general rule, I enjoy them with the exception of a few.

HENRY WEISS,

4823 Elm Street, Winnetka, Illinois.

No Voice for Opera.

WHY must Jeanette MacDonald sing opera? An exquisite actress, a charming personality and a lovely singing voice in light musical selections, but as one of her most admiring followers, I must register protest at her attempts to sing opera.

"Naughty Marietta" is the type of film we want to see Miss MacDonald in, with similar rôles offering the sparkling

comedy which she realizes so brilliantly and with the light, tuneful music to which her voice is technically suited.

There is a surfeit of opera singers but there are few so gifted with the ability and personality of Miss MacDonald. Let those so trained sing opera, but for the sake of the discriminating give Jeanette MacDonald musical-comedy rôles and operetta music within her vocal capacity.

A SENSIBLE FAN.

Colton, California.

Prefers the Present Gable.

I WISH to answer the letter from "Eight Girls in New York," published in your July issue. They are dissatisfied with Clark Gable. They want the old Gable of "Susan Lenox" and "Possessed"—the Gable of five years ago.

The Gable of "Susan Lenox" and "A Free Soul" was bitter, he had "menace," and his personality, both on the screen and in real life, was still pretty much of an unknown quantity. But how can a man remain bitter for five years when the world has given him everything but privacy? And how can a man's personality remain a mystery when every detail—even the most personal—of his past and present life, has been revealed, or at least speculated upon by innumerable writers?

In fact, how can any individual, especially one who has lived through a variety of unusual experiences, be expected to remain the same for five years? Perhaps if Gable had won his popularity purely on acting ability, he could play the same parts in the same way to-day as he played them then. But it wasn't acting; it was personality that made him a sensation.

Gable, after all, has been remarkably lucky. He has always been able to adapt himself to changing screen eyes and to his different costars. He can be suave with Shearer, rowdy with Harlow, dynamic with Crawford, and natural with Colbert. He can play in adventure stories, sophisticated comedy, and comedy drama, melodrama, and romances, all with more or less equal ease.

But suppose he had gone through the past five years "menacing" each costar. Where would he be to-day? He would still have the Eight Girls from New York cheering him, but I'm afraid that would be the extent of his following. And even they, I suspect, would by this time have switched their admiration to Dick Powell, Richard Cromwell, or some other innocuous star.

AN HONEST GABLE FAN.

San Diego, California.

What About the Others?

FOR several months, I have read the fans' letters telling their opinions of the stars. But what I can't understand is why some one doesn't give a little praise to the stars who really deserve it. Everybody is busy writing about Jean Crawford, or Shirley Temple, or the so-called Great Garbo, but, tell me—what about Constance Bennett? And Merle Oberon? And Margaret Sullavan? They are the stars who should have all the bouquets.



While William Powell and Spencer Tracy thoughtfully discuss large issues between scenes, Jean Harlow adds a domestic touch with needle and thread. All three are in "Libeled Lady," with Myrna Loy besides.

Take Merle Oberon, for instance. Miss Oberon is one of the sweetest actresses ever—and one of the best. I went to a showing of "The Dark Angel" to see my favorite, Herbert Marshall, but I came out raving about Merle Oberon! Then came "These Three," and what a grand performance she gave in that picture! She's so tiny and adorable,



Betty Furness is as noted for her hats as some others are for their acting. Her latest is a collapsible topper.

and her voice, with her English accent, is certainly music to one's ears. Don't the rest of you like her? Well, who cares? I think she's wonderful!

And Constance Bennett. What has happened to poor Connie? I've yet to see her give a bad piece of acting. Most all of her pictures were hits—"Bought," "Common Clay," "Affairs of Cellini," and more recently, "Moulin Rouge" and "After Office Hours." And who says that she wasn't good in "Outcast Lady"? She was swell. I enjoyed the picture more than any other I ever saw. She was more beautiful than ever as *Iris March* in that immortal story, and the performance she gave was outstanding. Who can ever forget the last scene in the picture when she wrecked her car, killing herself? The expression on her face, the look of terror in her eyes when she realized she was going to crash will live in my mind forever. Come on, Hollywood, give us more of *la Bennett* in bigger and better rôles. She's still her fans' Magnificent Obsession.

Now for my little say on Margaret Sullivan. Her work in "Next Time We Love" and "The Moon's Our Home" surely should prove that she's another Bernhardt. The way she talks, the way she laughs, and that cute "squinty" grin of hers sends me happily to the box office. And need I say that she's from Virginia? You can keep your wonderful climate, California, and all you New Yorkers can boast of the Statue of Liberty, but we Virginians will claim our Peggy Sullivan any day. We're proud of her!

CONSTANCE HILLMAN.

429 Quincy Street,
Fairmont, Virginia.

Garbo's Will Power.

SOME months ago a reader stated "To compare any other actress with Greta Garbo is like comparing a candle to the sun." I thought then how well this phrase illustrated the greatness of Garbo and her superiority over other stars. There is no actress who possesses such a wide range of facial expressions. Not only can Garbo portray anguish with insight and feeling amounting to genius, but her manner of displaying joy and ecstasy make her lighter scenes unforgettable. Why has Garbo succeeded so greatly? It is known that a child of humble birth may in later life suffer from an inferiority complex through the remembrance of his original lowly status. This is the explanation of the reserve and awkwardness of many men or women who have made good.

Greta Garbo's early years were passed in poverty. Her inferiority complex is, therefore, compensated by her acting. None of her family had ever been remotely connected with the theater. Thus by her own personality and intelligence she has acquired and developed acting.

This proves that her will power is so strong that she is able to alter her own destiny by overcoming every obstacle.

CISSIE RUFF.

St. Mildreds, Westwood, Margate,
Kent, England.

Attention Betty Middleton.

I SHOULD like to answer Betty Middleton's criticism of Kay Francis.

Her question, "What Is Kay Francis?" seems rather absurd when you take into consideration all the fine points Francis possesses. She has poise and a certain amount of glamour that I'm sure even Miss Middleton does not possess. As far as her mouth is concerned, I've never noticed it as being extra large.

Manreen O'Sullivan may be her favorite, but I don't believe she should run Kay into the ground. Perhaps if Betty would look into a mirror she might see something that would scare her more than a mere picture of Kay Francis.

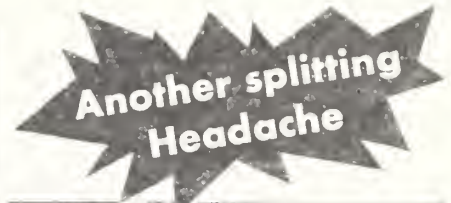
DONALD BLACK.

724 Lake Street,
Rockwell City, Iowa.

Aces High.

ISN'T it strange what a kick some of these foreign fans seem to get panning our American stars, and how unkind and unfair they can be? Within the last few months I have read two of the most sarcastic and insulting letters about Joan Crawford that have ever been my lot to read, and both from English fans. I think it is about time some one told them where to get off.

Joan is not only a superb actress who portrays all her parts with great skill, but she is beautiful as well as magnetic and simply draws you to her. Her voice holds a soft caress, and her eyes pierce your very soul, and with it all, she is so utterly human. A finer character never existed. Joan is self-made. She has struggled unceasingly to get where she is to-day, and never tires of trying to improve herself, and she certainly deserves a great deal of credit.

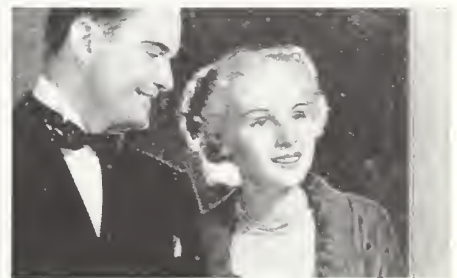


● Feel dizzy, headachy? Skin sallow and inclined to break out? These may be signs that the system needs clearing out. Millions now enjoy freedom from the misery of constipation. For an ideal laxative has been found—a dainty white mint-flavored tablet. Its name is FEEN-A-MINT.



THE **3** MINUTE WAY!
Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● Just *chew* FEEN-A-MINT, the laxative that comes in delicious chewing gum. Chew it for 3 minutes—longer if you like. The chewing makes the difference! FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed r-e-l-i-e-f. Used by 15,000,000 people of all ages. Non-habit-forming. Convenient. Economical.



● Again able to enjoy life! All accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No upset stomach due to faulty elimination. No splitting constipation headache. No medicine taste. So try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—the cool, mint-flavored chewing-gum laxative that is winning thousands of new users daily.



Family-sized boxes only
15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

We all love Joan very much, so I'll say, "Lay off a while, Johnny Bull, and stay in your own back yard. We will not tolerate your slams."

It wasn't enough to rib Joan, but they had to rub it into her leading men as well—Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery, and I'll say that whoever can knock these two fine actors must certainly be sour on the world in general. There is no pair on the screen that teams up any better than Joan and Clark—we all know that—and I would rather see a Crawford-Gable picture any day than eat when I'm hungry.

Oreholds to you, Joan, and always remember no matter what they say, they can't hurt you for you are ace high with all of your American fans, and that's what counts. EDITH E. COLLINS.

Box 1322, De Land, Florida.

Nothing to Fear.

REGARDING the article, "The Strange Case of Fred Astaire," which appeared in the July issue, it seems to me there is nothing strange in the case of Mr. Astaire who deserves credit for his attitude, not censure. I admire him for his stand and hope he will hold fast to his ideas regarding what is right and fitting and a perfectly proper privilege, that of protecting himself and family from prying publicity.

Fred Astaire has achieved fame by

persistent effort and attention to business. No public personage should be averse to real publicity, which is a necessary factor in keeping the public aware of him and advertising his public performances. When those are as consistently good as Fred Astaire's, it should be unnecessary to throw the spotlight of publicity on his private and domestic life that is a species of gossip and ballyhoo to be frowned upon by every right-minded individual.

Let us be fair to the stars, who work hard to attain and retain their positions and to please their public. Give them the right kind of publicity and respect their desires to reserve and preserve the dignity of their private affairs.

Fred Astaire has nothing to fear. The integrity of his life is reflected in his actions, and in his interesting, entertaining, original performances, which are enhanced by the artless simplicity of his manner and the charm of his smile.

In Fred Astaire, behold an actor without guile!

MARY BATTISCOMBE.
2007 Delaware Street,
Berkeley, California.

Wrong Kind of Tribute.

AFTER reading Melvin Ecker's letter in July Picture Play in which he expresses his so-called blunt and unsullied opinion of Merle Oberon, and after having seen her on the screen, I con-



Among the newcomers in Hollywood this season, none is lovelier than Virginia Grey. Definitely she is! She's in "Old Hutch" and "Born to Dance."

clude that Mr. Ecker must be one of those individuals whose mind, through perhaps some severe strain, accident or misfortune, gradually or suddenly became totally deranged, unbalanced and racked. Miss Oberon is indeed fortunate in happening to be Mr. Ecker's favorite actress, as even the extending of my deepest sympathies to her would far from suffice if she weren't.

It is not the least surprising to note that Miss Oberon's beauty should prove too much for Mr. Ecker's limited field of comprehension. He must have as much eye for feminine pulchritude as Haile Selassie has for Mussolini. The Oberon figure may not be that of a Venus but it compares more than favorably with that of the average star. In so far as acting is concerned, I am more than certain that there are very few actresses in Hollywood who could surpass her.

No matter how hard I may strive, I cannot understand how Picture Play allowed such an enfeebled and demented specimen of humanity as Melvin Ecker to soil and contaminate the fair name of Merle Oberon in the guise of a "tribute." Millions for defense but not one penny for this type of tribute!

VINCENT BRIDGEMAN.

105 Wisconsin Street,
Long Beach, L. I. N. Y.

Unfair to Novarro.

THE two letters concerning Ramon Novarro in the June number interested me very much. Thanks, Cherry Valley, for your splendid statements, all of which I can guarantee to be absolutely correct.

Now, Marion Thompson, I wonder just what's wrong with your ears. Maybe you are a little deaf or perhaps you did not want to hear Ramon's voice, because it's absurd to say he could not be heard from the eighth row of the stalls. I was sitting well back in the circle and didn't miss a word or a note, and that's not all. Twice I sat in the

Continued on page 92



Katharine Hepburn gives a waiting world this first glimpse of herself in "Portrait of a Rebel," her new picture of Mid-Victorian England.

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

B Y N O R B E R T L U S K

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER. Edith Wharton, Vicki Baum and countless lesser authors have attempted portraits of motion-picture actresses in their novels. All failed to describe one that is remembered except vaguely, though Mr. Hergesheimer was said to be inspired by friendly contact with Lillian Gish and Aileen Pringle, who certainly were in the thick of the movies at the time he wrote.

WHERE these brilliant writers, practiced in the art of penetrating externals and exposing character, failed to reveal the inner self of a cinema star, one of the actual stars has surpassed them in the portrayal of character in this specialized field. She is Mary Astor. Her ledger-sized diaries, opened to the public in her recent lawsuit against her ex-husband for the custody of their child, are not only the most intimate personal records ever printed in newspapers, but they yield the frankest description of a Hollywood actress that has ever been written. Miss Astor spares neither time, paper, nor violet ink in writing about herself, her thoughts and actions. She is honest and merciless.

INSTEAD of an actress absorbed in her work, ambitious to get ahead, worried over her rôles, or any of the topics you read again and again in Hollywood's censored publicity, we learn that an actress's chief interests may be elsewhere. Miss Astor is excited over trysts and tête-à-têtes, the state of her soul in love, and men, men, men, among whom her husband is a minor key and her child an incidental note. "Came back by plane Tuesday morning and found the baby very sick with flu" is her brief postscript to a long and "simply too wonderful" week-end at Palm Springs, which climaxes with the exclamation, "Ah, desert nights!"

LIKE most people who have too much of anything, including love affairs, Miss Astor is not happy. There should be a lesson in this for those who long for the excitement and glamour of a star's life. Her pretty head turned by the companionship of a famous playwright, she exults in the "few good suggestions" she made for the improvement of his work, and confesses that she is "pretty puffed up" in the naïve belief that she is the first to hear him read his play. But she is still restless, unsatisfied, with her experience at the literary fount. "How do I know I'd be any happier with George than I am with Franklyn?" she questions. Miss Astor's thrilling existence leaves her wanting something she cannot name. Perhaps it is peace and quiet, hard work, luxuries earned instead of had for the asking, and absorption in the welfare of her child instead of her own emotions.

LOYALTY to the profession that lifted her from obscurity would help to dissolve some of the perplexity and confusion she feels about life, and would strengthen a corner of her literary skill, her flair for self-analysis, and her pretty face, too. So far Miss Astor's diary reveals no pride in her work, no gratitude to the profession that has enabled her to live life more fully and freely than falls to the lot of the average person. She says, "Even if I were terrifically successful in the movies, I'm sure I wouldn't be very happy. I don't like the work . . . The hours are horribly long, the stages are the most unhygienic places in the world to work in—cold and damp or hot and stuffy, and no sunlight ever—the waiting around, the jittery, nervous atmosphere. The time between pictures when you get a chance to rest up is spent waiting for a call saying that you go to work next week, or tomorrow maybe. And so it goes, year after year. . . . I don't care for California, and I hate Hollywood." This is the opinion of an actress after fourteen years' experi-

ence at the top, with none of the struggles of an extra trying to gain a foothold. It should be heeded by every one who aspires to go Hollywood and be famous.

STRANGEST of Miss Astor's attitudes toward her work is found in her annoyance at her employers for interrupting her holiday and depriving her of a day in New York. "The studio got ants as soon as I got out of reach and had me hurry back to start a picture this morning. . . . The picture doesn't start till to-morrow—how I hate them!" she records. Of course, it is annoying to have one's vacation curtailed a whole day, even if one is humdrum and ordinary—like those whose patronage of the movies supports stars; but it is possible that those of us who live a less glorified life might withhold hatred from our employer and console ourselves with thought of the long holiday we could take when our contract terminated.

* * *

THE little Simone Simon, whose début in "Girls' Dormitory" has created a pleasant stir, is an engaging and important discovery. Though not yet revealing herself as a great actress, she expresses warm emotion, the conflict of mind and heart, and she is original in her acting. More than that, she resembles no other screen personality. Without being beautiful, she is piquant and provocative. I know of no other actress who so completely combines the girlish appeal of an ingénue with the depth and passion of an adult. It is interesting to imagine her as "Cigarette" in "Under Two Flags," for which she was first announced. One cannot but conclude that she would have given a brilliant performance, for her equipment is precisely that of the Ouida heroine, though this must not lessen our appreciation of Claudette Colbert's superb rendition of the part.

NOW that Simone Simon is launched—she is soon to be seen in "Ladies in Love"—we must all unite in a plea to keep her as she is. Her originality is her most valuable asset. It is what makes her exciting and different. But we know from experience that Hollywood producers never let good enough alone. They strive to change, to adapt, to standardize their discoveries, to beautify them according to a common mold, or to transform their individuality into something unearthly and outlandish. We have only to consider the freakish make-ups of which almost all our stars have been guilty at one time or another; the craze for altering the line of the eyebrows into something resembling the antennæ of a butterfly or a beetle, the distorted lips painted on otherwise harmonious faces, and that curious and most persistent disfigurement of false eyelashes that succeed in violating nature more often than contributing beauty to a face. Simone Simon needs no wiry eyelashes, no distorted brows, no glistening lips to tell us that she is a featured actress. Her mouth is as expressive as the curved petal of a scarlet poppy rippled by the faintest breeze. Please let her stay as she is!

* * *

IT requires no listening ear to hear the approval that Joan Crawford is winning these days. She is enlisting converts and believers on all sides. Not alone by her kindnesses, her unfailing correspondence, or her vast capacity for friendship—not forgetting her eagerness for personal contacts wherever possible—but for her acting. One of the most unusual examples of a change of mind is found in a letter from which I mean to quote. It comes from a stranger who is far removed from the mark of a fan. He writes: "Although only a casual reader of moving-picture magazines, I happened to pick up *Picture Play*. After being put in very good humor by the fine editorial, I skimmed through the book until I came to the story, 'Joan Saved My Life.' Miss Crawford has always been one of my pet peeves. I had seen none but her earliest pictures. . . . More amused than otherwise at the title, I began to read, and to my amazement, later, found that I read on to the end. Not only that, but I was impelled to go to see Miss Crawford's picture, 'The Gorgeous Hussy,' which really impressed me tremendously at the strides Miss Crawford has made. I must thank Miss Dorothy Rogers for providing so interesting a study of a most unusual woman."

IF Miss Rogers's story had done no more for Miss Crawford than to persuade one skeptic to see her on the screen, it would have been worth while. Multiply one non-believer by hundreds and we realize how many new admirers the article has won for her. I can think of no greater satisfaction in store for the picture-goer than the discovery of the newest of the "new" Joan Crawfords, in "The Gorgeous Hussy." Even more significant than her performance in this excellent picture is the promise of an exciting future. In my opinion, she has only begun her career as an actress. She has outgrown, discarded, the limitations of the past, and from now on we may expect anything from her, be it "Lady Macbeth" or to-morrow's incarnation of a dancing daughter.



"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ" has Fred MacMurray and Gladys Swarthout in the leading rôles. It is a sentimental comedy which combines the charm of the old Viennese waltzes with the excitement of modern swing-music. Mr. MacMurray is the leader of an American band in Austria and Miss Swarthout is a member of the old Strauss family resentful of his intrusion and his music.

HEPBURN'S FOUR

"LOVES"

BY SIDNEY RILEY



Katharine Hepburn's decency is traceable to her upbringing. She blushes a rich, peony red when something disconcerts her, especially a risqué story. Blushing stars are rare in Hollywood.

The Hepburns pictured, right, are Marion, Mrs. Hepburn, and Peggy.

IN Hollywood we talk too much of "love." We lose sight of spiritualities in the merry-go-round of movie courtship—glamour, orchids, Trocadero nights, Yumo weddings, Reno divorces.

When we speak of Connecticut-born Katharine Hepburn's four loves, our minds immediately gallop toward Romance with a capital "R." There's a let-down when you can count only two bona fide swains in Hepburn's career: her ex-husband, Ludlow Smith; her manager, Leland Hayward; with a possible third in the exciting rumor of the interest she had in a former brunet leading man.

The men in Connecticut Kate's life? They are less important than her devotion to her four exacting traits—honesty, decency, democracy and humor.

That Hepburn is not the typical Hollywood movie queen surrounded by lovers, undoubtedly bothers not at all the daughter of Hartford's Doctor Thomas N. Hepburn. She is so busy being true to more important things that her dearth of lovers passes unnoticed. Hepburn, as those who know her will say, has her loves, all right and vastly different from the Hollywood conception of love they are, too.

In her passion for honesty they detect a love. In her inherent decency they see another. In the unaffected way she pursues her career they see love of democracy. In her daily life they see the



humor which is an important Hepburn love. Let us have some examples of Hepburn's four loves.

Her honesty, for instance. Hepburn is so completely honest, with the honesty that hurts as well as helps, that she often does herself more harm than good. When she was making "Mary of Scotland," a visitor was brought to the set to be photographed with her. Hepburn would have none of it. She was not going to be exploited in such fashion, she said, no matter how important a tie-up it was for her. It was embarrassing, furthermore, she continued, to subject the visitor to such treatment.

With mercurial swiftness Hepburn pointed this out to the press agent. Why had he let this person in for a turn-down? Why, countered the press agent, didn't Hepburn consent to pose with the visitor and tear up the negative the following day? The visitor would be none the wiser. Hepburn looked at him. That, she declared, was dishonest. Perhaps it was, according to Hepburn's lights. But it was hard on the visitor, and hard on Hepburn. It helps earn her the title of high-hat.

Another time the studio thought it would be a great story if they could print that the character of "Bathwell," in "Mary of Scotland," was actually an ancestor of the star. His family name was Hepburn, and it looked like a space-getting yarn. Too, there was a chance that it might be true. Katharine Hepburn's forefathers settled in Virginia in 1609. It was a relatively short time after the turbulent days of Mary Stuart. Who knows? The Hartford girl might be a direct descendant!

"No," said 1936's Hepburn, terse as a Caolidge, that other Yankee. Besides, she inferred with a twinkle,

Continued on page 83



Photo by Bachman

Katharine Hepburn has not added a flower, picture, bow, to her studio dressing room in an attempt to make it look homy. Her rented house shows no sign of being done over to express her ideas of interior decoration. Hollywood is not home to her.

FOUR MORE GREAT HITS FROM 20th CENTURY-FOX

IN THE NEW PERFECTED TECHNICOLOR

R A M O N A

with

LORETTA YOUNG

DON AMECHE · KENT TAYLOR
PAULINE FREDERICK · JANE DARWELL
KATHERINE DE MILLE · JOHN CARRADINE
 and a cast of thousands

Directed by Henry King
 Executive Producer, Sol M. Wurtzel
 Based on the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson



Janet GAYNOR
Loretta YOUNG
Constance BENNETT

in

LADIES IN LOVE

with

Simone SIMON

DON AMECHE · PAUL LUKAS
TYRONE POWER, JR. · ALAN MOWBRAY

Directed by Edward H. Griffith
 Associate Producer, B. G. DeSylva
 Based on the play by Ladislav Bus-Fekete



SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

DIMPLES

with

FRANK MORGAN

HELEN WESTLEY · ROBERT KENT · ASTRID ALLWYN
DELMA BYRON · THE HALL JOHNSON CHOIR
STEPIN FETCHIT

Directed by William A. Seiter
 Associate Producer, Nunnally Johnson



PIGSKIN
PARADE

It's a "triple threat" of girls, music, and laughter!

With a Cast Picked for Entertainment

STUART ERWIN · JOHNNIE DOWNS
ARLINE JUDGE · BETTY GRABLE
PATSY KELLY · JACK HALEY
YACHT CLUB BOYS · DIXIE DUNBAR
TONY MARTIN · JUDY GARLAND



Darryl F. Zanuck
 in Charge of Production

Directed by David Butler
 Associate Producer, Bogart Rogers



PICTURE PLAY'S
FAMOUS PREVIEWS
MERLE OBERON AND BRIAN AHERNE
APPEARING IN "LOVE UNDER FIRE."

FOOLISH WIVES





"DODSWORTH" is the story of a retired business man, played by Walter Huston, who seeks to enjoy his hard-earned fortune by traveling through Europe with his beautiful wife. Feeling that youth is slipping from her, Ruth Chatterton, the wife, decides to make the trip an adventurous one. First it is Paul Lukas, left page, who turns her head. Then it is young Gregory Gaye, whose mother, Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, comes to warn "Fran" that her son could not marry a divorced woman. "Dodsworth" finds solace and companionship with Mary Astor, above, a divorcée.

C A M E R A - E Y E

Gail Patrick and Lew Ayres in the mystery story, "Murder With Pictures."





ARTHUR TREACHER again plays his inimitable butler rôle in "Thank You, Jeeves." His master, David Niven, receives a mysterious visit from a beautiful girl who he believes is a pawn of international crooks. He follows her to a tavern where he almost fumbles her scheme to trap the scoundrels who have stolen plans from her cousin, an inventor. Below, Mr. Niven and Virginia Field at the mercy of Colin Tapley and Lester Matthews.

CAUGHT



DEVOTION



GLADYS GEORGE plays the title rôle in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie." Though the world is against her, "Carrie" is good at heart and starts life anew with two orphans who have attached themselves to her, Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt. The youngsters grow up to be Arline Judge and John Howard. Above, Hattie McDaniels.







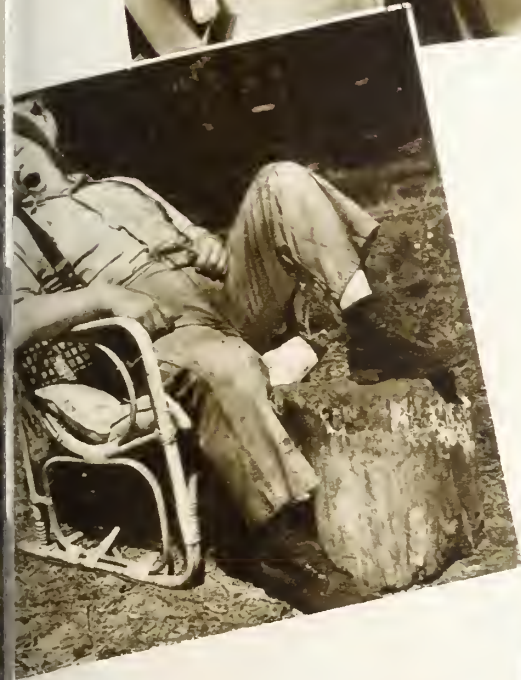
ROBERT YOUNG and Florence Rice, left, are teamed in the mystery thriller, "The Longest Night." The former is playboy heir to a large department store in which the latter is a clerk at the jewelry counter. Her sister, Julie Haydon, below, with Leslie Fenton, a crook, also works in the store. Bottom, Mr. Young, the sisters, and Olin Howland stare at the body of the second murder victim.



THIEVES



LOAFER



AS "Old Hutch," Wallace Beery is the laziest man in town. The only solution not to arouse suspicion when he seeks to spend a hoard of money which he has found, but which he doesn't know was robbed from a bank, is to go to work. He is warned by gangster Edgar Edwards, top, not to notify the police. Right, Eric Linden proposes to "Hutch's" pretty daughter, Cecilia Parker.



T I M B E R L A N D



EDWARD ARNOLD, in "Come and Get It," loves Frances Farmer, café singer, shown with her and Edwin Maxwell, extreme right, but refuses to let sentiment stand in the way of his future. The entertainer finally marries Walter Brennan, his Swedish friend, top, right. Years later, Arnold discovers that he is infatuated with their grown daughter, above, with Bob Lowery, also played by Miss Farmer. Mady Christians is her aunt. Joel McCrea is Arnold's son.



CHIVO



NINO MARTINI, in "The Gay Desperado," is a singer in a movie theater. Leo Carrillo, outlaw, decides to operate on "the American plan" and forces the singer to join his band. Ida Lupino figures romantically. Mr. Martini, below, with Harold Huber and Mr. Carrillo.





"STRANGERS ON A HONEYMOON" has Constance Cummings marrying Hugh Sinclair, who she believes to be a tramp, but who really is "Lord Elliot Quigley." Sara Allgood receives them. Below, David Burns and Noah Beery, assassins. Miss Cummings, bottom, receives a visit in jail from Beatrix Lehman, the "lord's" cousin.

OCTOBER JONES





DICK POWELL rehearses Joan Blondell for a play in "Stage Struck," while Craig Reynolds, leading man of the show, looks on. Below, Dick waits for the chorus to assemble to try out a new dance routine. With Warren Williams, producer, and the dance director, is Jeanne Madden, singer in the show who holds attraction for Mr. Powell.



BEHIND SCENES



"LADIES IN LOVE" is the story of three young girls who share a small apartment in search of rich husbands. Constance Bennett, above, with Paul Lukas, is a mannequin. Janet Gaynor, below, with Don Ameche, sells neckties. Loretta Young, right, is a chorus girl. Simone Simon, outer right, adds to complications.



THREE WISHES



"CAIN AND MABEL" has Marion Davies losing her job as a waitress and becoming a dancer in a show. When the play does not succeed it is decided to cook up a romance between Marion and Clark Gable as a boxer. You can guess the outcome of their immediate hate for each other. Ruth Donnelly is "Aunt Mir."



ON THE CHIN

THE ORIGIN OF STAR NAMES

B Y B O R I S R A N D O L P H



GEORGE BANCROFT means one who tills the earth on a very small farm beside a river. George is from the Greek, meaning an earth-worker or farmer. Bancroft is a combination of two Anglo-Saxon words meaning the shore of a river and a very small farm.



DOLORES DEL RIO means the anguish of the river. Dolores is from the Latin and implies pain and sadness. The word was probably first used as a name as a reminder of the sorrow and suffering attending the birth of a child. Del is Spanish for of or from, and Rio, of course, is Spanish for river.



RUTH CHATTERTON means a friendly companion on an estate famous for the chirping of many birds. Ruth is the contraction of a Hebrew word meaning friend and companion. Chatterton is originally from the Middle-English "chatter" and the Anglo-Saxon "tun," meaning, respectively, the twittering of many birds and an estate or manor.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE means the missel thrush that nests in a house in the sky. Shirley is local English for missel thrush, so-called because it feeds on the mistletoe. Temple is from the Latin and formerly meant a place marked out in the sky. Such places were called

houses and are still known as such in astrology. Every astrological house having its ruler or divinity, the terrestrial places marked out for the worship of these divinities took on the name of their heavenly domains and also became known as temples.



GRETA GARBO means the graceful outline of a pearl. Greta is a variation of Gretchen which is the German form of Margaret. Margaret comes to us from the Orient and means a pearl. Garbo, on the other hand, is evidently Italian and refers to the graceful outline of a person or thing.



ERIC LINDEN means I find peace under a beautiful shade tree. Eric is Icelandic and suggests a union between the ideas of peace and self. Linden is the name of a shade tree of lovely proportions which bears flowers that abound in honey.



JOHNNY WEISSMULLER means a little gift from God in the form of a white, flour man. In American slang, the equivalent of this might be paraphrased as "heavenly doughboy." Johnny, of course, is a diminutive form of John which in Hebrew means the gift of God. Weissmuller is German for white miller, a miller being one who prepares meal or flour by grinding it. Miller or Muller dates back to the Latin "mola" meaning a grindstone.



GORDON JONES may be said to mean a dove on a bloody hill, and as such it symbolizes an armistice. Gordon is traceable to two Anglo-Saxon words. The first half of this name has the triple meaning of spear, wound, and blood, the one probably derived from the other through association. The second half means a fortified hill or mound. Jones is sometimes associated with the name John, but it is really a form of the name Jonas, from the Hebrew Jonah, meaning dove.



ROBERT TAYLOR suggests a bright and famous cutter. Robert is from Anglo-Saxon and old high German and means fame and brightness. Taylor is a variation of the word tailor which comes from the French and means a cutter, with the idea of cloth implied.



ANN HARDING might mean either the grace that makes for strength, or the graceful deer in a low-lying meadow. Ann is a form of the name Anna which comes from the Hebrew Hannah, meaning grace or graceful. Harding, however, has two possible origins. As a modified part of the verb to harden it means strengthening, but there is some likelihood that it may have originated with the Middle-English "hart" meaning deer, and the Provincial English "ing" meaning a low-lying meadow or pasture.



FRANCIS LEDERER means a free leather-worker. Francis is from the German and means free. It was originally the name of a tribe called the Franks which eventually grew up into the French nation. Lederer, like Taylor and Muller, is an occupational name. It comes from the German and means one who works with leather.



NELSON EDDY means the son of a courageous champion who is a defender of property. Nelson means the son of Neil, Neil being a combination of Gaelic and Irish for the ideas of courage and championship. Eddy is an abbreviation of Edward, a name derived from two Anglo-Saxon words which mean one who guards or defends property.



Continued on page 37



Anna Lee



Brian Donlevy

Janet Gaynor



Gene Raymond



John Wayne



On and

Intimate, revealing observations gleaned by Picture Play's unsung reporters who know their way about Hollywood as few others do.

ALL the stars at MGM Studio but Garbo have moved into the new dressing-room building. She refused to leave the two-room suite she has occupied so long. Perhaps she is sentimental about it and perhaps a trifle superstitious, but at any rate she still climbs her private stairway to her rooms. The studio plans to tear down the building, and every one is wondering what will happen then.

And, speaking of Garba, when her ten-year-old car was sold recently the automobile dealer's book, which sets the price for second-hand cars, was not considered. The buyer considered it worth more than a new car, and backed his belief up with cash, so Garba's new car cost her nothing, and, in fact, she made a little profit on the deal.

BARBARA STANWYCK and Robert Taylor slipped into the theater where "His Brother's Wife" was being previewed without attracting notice, but the MGM publicity department, which never sleeps, took care of everything. Just before the preview was over, several employees of this department circulated in the crowd outside the theater and whispered right and left that Barbara and Bob would soon be out. The crowd needed no further instructions. The stars were mobbed, and you've probably seen pictures of the incident before this.

IN Irving Thalberg's outer office sits a young woman who does nothing but attend to the social side of the Thalbergs' lives. She calls the hairdresser for Norma; she accepts and declines invitations and delivers personal messages. And she is one of the busiest secretaries at the studio.

HUMPHREY BOGART, the bald bod man of the screen confesses that, at the age of fourteen, he took a correspondence course in how to become a detective in ten lessons. "Sure," he says slyly, "that's how I learned how bad men act."

Off the Set

DESPITE rumors to the contrary, Katharine Hepburn and John Ford, her director in "Mary of Scotland," are not as dear to each other as it would seem. And one trouble, people on the set said, was due to the fact that Mr. Ford insisted on calling her "Kate."

"Katharine, if you please," she protested, but Mr. Ford said, "No, just plain Kate."

And Kate it was all through the picture, because John Ford is known as a director who always gets his way, no matter how big or how temperamental the star he directs.

IAN HUNTER, very much the English gentleman, has a sly sense of humor. Arriving on the set a few minutes late the other day, he explained his tardiness this way.

"You see, an army of ants moved into my dressing room and——" He hesitated, and then said with a grin, "Some of them got in my trousers!"

The director, not being English or shy, said, "Oh, so you've got ants in your pants?"

ALTHOUGH a publicity blurb states that Franchot Tane requested the small rôle he has in "The Gorgeous Hussy" for sheer love of his wife, he really objected violently to having to do it. He realized perfectly that his playing a much less important part than Robert Taylor and James Stewart would seem funny to the fans who remember that he was head man in Joan Crawford's casts before their marriage.

THOSE who grinned at the costarring of Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, and Simone Simon in "Ladies In Love" had great expectations. Which were partially realized. Simone's temperament threatened to overshadow Connie's. So the veteran blonde beat the impart to the first punch by loudly demanding a better dressing room before she'd step on the set.

La marquise got the studio suite with a kitchen, as required. Janet, long queen of the lot, accepted this sharing of honors like a good



Anita Louise



Merle Oberon



Veda Ann Borg



Robert Taylor



Anne Shirley



Eleanor Powell



Patric Knowles



Gladys Swarthout



Jean Harlow



Randolph Scott

sport. Of course, Loretta was a bit nonplused at the way Simone is being pushed. And the photographic problem was no cinch. Each of the four girls has been accustomed to her own lighting set-ups and it was some task for the cameraman who had to photograph a redhead, a blonde, and two brunettes impartially.

GERTRUDE MICHAEL is as honest as she is sophisticated. She admits that the Little Theater movement she instituted in Alabama was invaluable personal training. "By telling my ambitious pupils what to do," she declares, "I gradually learned what not to do myself."

THE Hollywood ladies who have tried to snare handsome Randolph Scott took one astonished glance at the newspaper photos of his secret bride, the former Marion du Pont Somerville, and promptly threw up their hands in despair. Mr. Scott is a cultured member of the South's richest family. But the candid cameraman failed to record much in the way of looks. To think that Randy prefers character to beauty!

THERE are those catty persons even in Hollywood. Certain lovely actresses, who haven't been fortunate in the breaks, rave about Norma Shearer's marvelous "Juliet." And then odd that they'd be knockouts themselves if they'd ever had as much time and care spent upon them.

JEAN HARLOW has decided that she doesn't want to be interviewed by any new writers. She is sticking to the old faithfuls, whose kindness has been proved.

TOM BROWN recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday by establishing a trust fund for his parents which will make them independent for life. He also purchased his first piece of real estate, a tract of land upon which he will build a house for his parents and a separate establishment for himself. Tommy, at twenty-one has accomplished more than many men of fifty.



Maxine Reiner



Smith Ballew



Esther Ralston

REPORTS hove the Elaine Barrie-Jahn Barrymare ramance first aff, then on. But their relationship would seem to be a bit domestic. Elaine listened while John rehearsed for a radio broadcast recently. Afterward all and sundry swarmed about to tell him how fine, magnificent, superb, et cetera, his performance had been. All, that is, except Elaine.

"Haw did you like it, dear?" queried John at last.

"I thought you were terrible," quath Eloine. "You sounded as if you had a cold in your nase, and I couldn't understand a word you said!"

After that every one went home.

LAWRENCE RILEY, author of the Broadway success, "Personal Appearance," which will serve as Mae West's next picture, inadvertently achieved the reputation of being Hallywaad's highest and widest spender. One of his guests at the Tracadero ordered a caviar sandwich. The waiter braught toast and a bawl af caviar. The other guests dipped in. People from other tobles, pausing to greet the group, also dipped in. Anather partian was ordered, and anather, and anather, and Larry's bill for caviar alane was aver o hundred dallars. Since then he has been deluged with phane colls and dinner invitations from Hallywaad's feminine cantingent.

As one blonde darling put it, "No actar ever spends his maney in that fashion! Imagine these playwrights!"

SHED a teor for Basil Rathbone. He doesn't like himself in the rôles he plays, and he suffers a maunting fear that na one ever will be fand af him agoin. The consequence is that he positively skips about the sets, drawing gay caricotures af fellow ployers, making sly quips, being simply the life af the party, in the manner which is described by psychiatrists in their chapters on "defense mechanisms."

If Basil hadn't been giving us such swell performances of late, and receiving such agreeable sums af maney far his meanie rôles, this correspondent's tears would be fotter and wetter.

ITEM from MGM news bulletin: "Robert Taylor was considering business administrotian or banking as a coreer, when on MGM scout saw him in o college performance of (Continued on page 34)



Terry Ray



Johnny Downs



MENDING A

B Y R U T H G E R I

Work, work, and more work. Work; weariness; blessed, forgetful sleep. This is how Eleanor Powell is trying to find some compensation for the marriage she rejected for Hollywood stardom.

WHEN real romance, the kind that plumbs the depths of a man's or a woman's heart, burns to its brightest, whitest heat—and then expires in a dull pffft, one of two outcomes is the invariable result.

A weakling goes to pieces, shattered on the rocks of heartbreak. The reaction of a strong character is diametrically opposite. Work, work, and more work. A nepenthe, a numbing solace. Work; weariness; blessed, forgetful sleep.

Hollywood has more than its quota of hard workers. There are those who are striving along the thorny uphill path because fame has beckoned a luring finger. There are those who toil for prosaic bread and butter. Then there are those who have pitched themselves into a maelstrom of relentless, unremitting tasks because in work they can forget.

In all Hollywood none works harder, with more frenzied abandon, than Eleanor Powell. Nervous energy wells like an inexhaustible fount from her trip-hammer legs. During the making of "Born to Dance" she was on the set every morning at seven o'clock. She was always last to leave.

"The nearest thing to perpetual motion Hollywood has ever seen," said one case-hardened columnist, awe-stricken at the star's indomitable work-mania.



Eleanor Powell and James Stewart, her leading man in "Born to Dance," have a little fun between scenes.

Abe Lyman, top, celebrated orchestra leader, whose engagement to Eleanor was broken by mutual consent.

Day after day members of the cast begged her to stop a while, to take a little rest from the broiling heat. She waved them aside. Men shed their coats and perspired like cotton-pickers. But Eleanor danced on and on and on. Why?

Because she felt her rippling rhythms were yet short of perfection? Because she feared she might not make good? Because it was fun to hammer her flying feet like a pair of pneumatic drills on the hard, hot boards of the set? Or because she wanted to forget? Well—

The tale of the woman who turns her back on love for the sake of a career is common enough, especially in those two graveyards of love—Broadway and Hollywood. But remembering Eleanor when she was in the happy heyday of her one real romance, it seems now incredibly sad. There is something so vastly different about this glamorous girl of the screen

and the hoyden they called "Dinky" along Manhattan's White Way, when she was excitedly showing every one the huge solitaire that had sealed her troth to Abe Lyman, famous orchestra leader.

Certainly the girl who captured the hard-to-get heart of Broadway's Bachelor Number One bore no resemblance to the lovely, vibrant person who flashed across the screen in "Broadway Melody." Not in the most generous moment

BROKEN HEART

could any one have applied the adjective "beautiful" to the old Eleanor of Broadway—with severely cut mouse-brown hair, careless clothes, crooked teeth, freckled face. Charming? Most assuredly, and with a capital "C." Beautiful? Na.

Small wonder, then, that Broadway nearly blew out a fuse when tall, attractive Abe was seen slipping out of the café where his band was playing to dash across the street to the night spot where a kid named Eleanor Powell was doncing. Abe always had a penchant for beautiful women, and this kid, while she was a swell doncer and all that, was downright plain. Except when she danced. Then her careless slouch seemed to disappear. Her hips, wide in comparison with her thin shoulders, and her legs with their dancing muscles seemed to melt into a whole of enchanting symmetry and grace.

It had been all over for quite a while when I sat one day chotting with Abe. He's never talked of Eleanor after—well, for quite a while. Eleanor hadn't talked of Abe. She just wouldn't, that's all. My eyes stole toward the framed photograph bearing the scrawled inscription "To Abe—with undying love." Suddenly, as if sensing my thoughts, he spoke.

"That kid has something," he said awkwardly. Then his voice took on a tender note. "There's something wholesome about her. Sort of like outdoors in the country. It showed up even plainer in a night-club background. Even though she'd been around in vaudeville and shows since she was sixteen she'd never been spoiled.

"Why, I remember the first time I met her. She sat down at my table with some other people. I ordered drinks for everybody except myself. I noticed Eleanor didn't touch hers. She didn't smoke, either. I felt like a guy who'd stumbled on an oasis in a desert, only of course it was the other way around. It was like finding a dry spot in an oasis, if you get what I mean.

"You know a fellow in my line seldom gets to meet girls except those in show business, and they're pretty much the same. Sophisticated, drinking, smoking—a fellow gets awfully fed up with that.

"But Eleanor wasn't like that. She was natural. She was the most naïve kid I've ever bumped into around Broadway, and yet she was smart, too. She was—well, she was just a perfect girl, that's all."

Abe went on haltingly. Often he digressed. Often he paused for a long time in reflective silence. But it pieced together. Friendship blossoming under early-morning skies into romance. At four or four thirty each morning, when Eleanor and Abe had called it a day—or a night—he'd meet her and they'd walk through hushed Manhattan streets to Central Park and sit with hands entwined like any boy and girl. They'd drop in somewhere for early breakfast, then home. Not wildly exciting—but highly satisfying to two people in love.

Of course, it was inevitable that Abe would propose—and be accepted. Then the love story of Eleanor and Abe did what all love stories have a habit of doing. It hit rough going. Eleanor's mother, while fond of Abe, wasn't prepared to relinquish her daughter so soon.

"Wait a little while," she cautioned them. At that time there were rumors that Hollywood had its eye on the doncer.

Eleanor's mother extracted a promise. The lovers should wait a year, continue their courtship and then, if they were still of the same mind, they should have her blessing. With a lifetime ahead, a year seemed short enough to Eleanor and Abe.

The romance between Eleanor Powell and Mr. Lyman began before she went to Hollywood, when she was a hoyden nicknamed "Dinky" along Broadway. She returned as a celebrity and still in love, but Abe Lyman knew she didn't belong to him any more. She belonged to Hollywood.

Photo by Bull



Mending a Broken Heart

But in that year many things came to pass. Among them, Eleanor took a successful screen test and was cast for "Broadway Melody." Abe was apprehensive.

"But, Eleanor, what if you should be a terrific success—what about us then?" he worried. Abe, you see, had had far wider experience than the naïve girl.

"Don't worry," she laughed, and her ready assurance stilled his fears. "Don't worry one bit. Remember my floppala in 'Scandals.' I'll probably be back home before you know it."

But it didn't work out that way. The Hollywood that had once shaken its head and declared Eleanor Powell hopeless, the Hollywood which had ignored her in the filming of George White's "Scandals," sat up and took notice. Here was a new star. Here was—but the story of Eleanor's success is too well known to bear retelling.

Then Eleanor came back to Broadway to star in the "Fallies." But what a changed Eleanor! The boyish hoyden was a femininely alluring creature. Even her coiffeur was new. Her crooked teeth were straight, those once crooked teeth that had imparted to her infectious grin a gamin quality.

Abe greeted her with trepidation—and an armful of flowers. Her letters from the Coast had been warm, enthusiastic, full of her work and the movies. Yet even when she fell whole-heartedly into his outstretched arms, it was hard to reconcile this glamorous beauty with the pal of those ham-and-egg early breakfasts. Somehow you couldn't even imagine this girl sitting on a bench in the park at sun-up holding hands. Her joyous greeting should have reassured Abe, but after you are in show business twenty years, you get a sort of sixth sense about people.

Mr. Lyman's tribute to Miss Powell is honest and touching. He says, "There's something wholesome about her. Sort of like outdoors in the country. She's a great kid."

Perhaps his unconscious wariness which crept into their relationship irked Eleanor. It puzzled her, perhaps. She couldn't understand it. Wherever they went, wherever they moved, people crowded up to beseech her autograph. She was no longer a dancer. She was a celebrity.

Abe laughingly recalled her pique, her very words.

"What's the matter with you, with me, with us, with everybody?" she questioned irritably. "Gee, can't a girl even change her hair comb without every one getting into a lather about it?"

Eleanor knew Abe still loved her; she knew, too, that she still loved him. But the change puzzled her. For one thing, they never seemed to have long talks about the time when they would be married. Odd, too, for Eleanor's mother appeared to have changed her attitude. She no longer looked at the courtship coldly.

"Of course, you see, I knew she didn't belong to me any more. She belonged to Hollywood," Abe explained mood-

Continued on page 88

Photo by Croninwith





MICKIE COOPER, MICKEY ROONEY AND FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW

WHEN three of the most talented boys in pictures were combined for "The Devil Is a Sissy" every fan was excited over the promise of an exceptional film. Now that picture-goers have a chance to see the result, they are elated. For the youthful stars are ideally cast in a story that is original, amusing and touching, with such grown-up luminaries as Ian Hunter, Katherine Alexander, Peggy Conklin, and Gene and Kathleen Lockhart in their support. You really mustn't miss this grand combination of talent.

They Say in NEW YORK—

BY KAREN HOLLI

It's the girls' turn to dominate pictures now, and fashion creators are gloating.

MEN have dominated pictures much too long with their ruthless "Mutinies," "Bengol Lancers," "Chino Seas," and a lot of other titles. It was high time the girls stopped cowering in corners. So now the screen has gone feminine with a vengeance, as well as with quite a few frills and furbelows. "Suzy," "To Mary—With Love," "Mary of Scotland," and "Girls' Dormitory" are forerunners of the feminine invasion to come. And all the big business men who peddle hats, shoes, dresses and gadgets are cheering.

Apparently nothing else so breaks down a woman's soles resistance as swarms of lovely-looking gals on the screen wearing a succession of striking costumes.

The Come-back King.—Except for Robert Taylor, whose dizzy popularity spreads like a plague, the only actor to grab some of the fan attention this month is Adolphe Menjou. In "Sing, Baby, Sing," he

June Lang, left, is only nineteen and a little dizzy from the build-up she is getting from 20th Century-Fox.

Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson sailed for Europe, he to make a picture in France and very averse to talking about his rumored distaste for Marlene Dietrich during the filming of "The Garden of Allah."

Luise Rainer is discovering America for herself by way of visiting rural theaters.



Josephine Hutchinson had one glorious week on the stage with a summer stock company in "The Shining Hour."

Ginger Rogers received \$5000 for a personal appearance at the Texas Centennial, but she showed up at a dance contest sponsored by a New York newspaper for nothing. She's sentimental about dance contests. That's how she got her professional start, you remember



Photo by Chidnoft



bids fair to become the nation's darling. Nat, perhaps, the darling of those who would rather sigh rapturously than laugh, but of all the rest.

Tearing New York's playgrounds in all his impeccable elegance, just before going on a European vacation, the suave Adolphe—and that adjective is misleading, because he talks with the speed and force of a machine gun—remarked that it wasn't uncomfortable to be forgotten for a while as long as he could come back with such gusto. Never really deep in the haze of oblivion, Adolphe gives the public a jolt every few years.

First in "A Woman of Paris" he stepped being a heavy and became a polished man of the world; after a lull he showed up as a first-rate dramatic actor in "The Front Page." Now, in "Sing, Baby, Sing," we get a savage and hilariously ribald sketch of an aging "Rameau," which may, in a few details, remind people of episodes in the life of John Barrymore.

The Boy Grows Up.—First honors of the theatrical season go to Richard Cramwell. No matter how well you have liked him in pictures, you would like him even more if you could see him in "So Proudly We Hail." That is, you would like him in the first act, where he plays a fine, sensitive youngster; loathe him in the last act where he has become a ruthless, boasting bully, and admire his acting all the way through.

He has gone back to Hollywood and picture making now, having appeared in the play's try-out at the Red Barn Theater in Lacust Valley, New York, but he will be back in a few weeks for the play's opening on Broadway. Young Cramwell was so overcome by his reception the first night that he had to be all but kicked out on the stage to take a bow.

Jo Gets Her Wish.—It is no wonder that Richard Cramwell was almost a nervous wreck from discovering the magic of the theater at work on him. Acting before a living audience, feeling their emotions swaying with him and against him, is paradise to an actor.

Homesick for the real, live theater, Josephine Hutchinson got Warners to let her go to Stockbridge, Massachusetts, for a week's fling in "The Shining Hour." When the first performance was over, she was eager to start right in and do it all over again.

The screen has not yet caught the warmth and radiance, the luminous quality, that she brings to the stage. I do wish that a Warner brother or two could have been spared from Hollywood to see her working under full steam.

Looking Ahead.—Next year the try-out theaters are going to have Joan Crawford or spend their last nickel trying to get her. Not long ago she confided to a reporter that she would like a stage try-out in some secluded spot. Just twenty theaters tucked away in New England byways sent word at once that they were ready whenever she was.

The Good Listener.—Wise as a sphinx, and much more decorative, Luise Rainer won't confide her plans to MGM, and will go exploring when she is not needed at the studio. Finishing her scenes in "The Good Earth," she disappeared from Hollywood, and a few days later they heard she was in Nichols, Connecticut, visiting the Group Theater's rehearsal farm, and more particularly Clifford Odets, the brilliant young playwright.

If you think that Luise held these actors, who work for a mere pittance, spellbound with tales of Hollywood magnificence, you don't know Luise. She listened, as usual, with such rapt attention that they not only adored her,

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50 TO 1

ON MICHAEL

BY DOROTHY HOPE

Michael Whalen has plenty of Irish competition in the movies, but he is the author's choice after a careful surveyal of a promising field.

When Michael arrived in Hollywood three years ago he met with a chilly reception. No luck at the studios, his money gave out, and for days he lived solely on lentil soup, stale bread and coffee.

His fan mail is pouring in, and Mr. Whalen confesses that he answers every letter himself.

THERE are quite a few new leading men these days, young leading men, but if I had to place a bet my money would go on Michael Whalen.

This is a decided choice after a careful surveyal of an exceedingly promising field, and a very close race it should prove to be. First there is Errol Flynn to contend with, a comparative newcomer, but already Warners are starring him, and are handing him nice juicy plums in the way of staries, such as "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Then along came Patric Knowles out of the Landon fogs to the Californio sunshine. He is also making the Warner Studia his home, and already quite a few feminine heads are turning in his direction. So Michael Whalen has plenty of competition—Irish competition, at that—for all these three "up and uppers" admit to the red raring-ta-go blood that boils from Erin's green isle.

It would be a difficult task at any time to keep six feet two inches of pep, brawn and



muscle at the bottom of the ladder, but when you add a dogged perseverance and a sense of humor at himself and the whole world, which twinkles out of very blue eyes, then surely Michael Whalen should prove a winner.

He has not had an easy time, either. No film scout spotted him, clapped him on the shoulder, and rushed him to Hollywood and stardom. He's had to make the grade himself, and had a pretty tough time doing it. He told me this when we had lunch together one day at the studio restaurant.

I was very late for that appointment, and very apologetic. "Oh, that's all right," said Mr. Whalen unconcernedly, looking up from his coffee. "I still have an hour before I need be back on the set."

Then suddenly he caught sight of Doc Bishop, publicity agent, and his eyes twinkled.

"I rather hoped you'd come before I had to go, Doc, because you can pay the bill; and it's a big one, because I ordered duck, and very good it is. Have some?"

We did, and not only proved that Michael was an epicure, but that 20th Century-Fox has a chef that is a chef.

"Let me interview you," remarked our Irish friend, suddenly catching my eye.

"That's a very good idea, and quite different." But I was firm. "I have to write about you," I told him, "and I can't possibly unless I question you."

"Of course she can't," chimed in Doc. "You must talk—tell her about your love life."

"I haven't any," came the pat answer. "I am in love with love."

"I thought I saw you at the Trocadero the other night with Dixie Dunbar," I told him, "and on Thursday you were dancing with Alice Faye, and on—"

"Enough," groaned Michael, gulping the remainder of his coffee. "Eat your duck before it gets cold, then have some pie."

I did, and wondered whether this was Mr. Whalen's kindly concern for my welfare or a clever way of keeping me from asking awkward questions. It's very difficult to interview people with a mouthful of very delectable pie! I did him an injustice, however, for pushing aside his empty cup, he cheerfully started to talk, and I learned quite a lot of his history before he came into the film world.

"You know, I get quite a kick out of this," he explained. "When I was working on 'Professional Soldier,' I used to watch the press come on the set to interview Victor McLaglen or Freddie Bartholomew, but none of them came near me. Right then I determined that one day they would, and here we are!" He grinned cheerfully, and the Irish eyes, wrinkling with amusement, become mere slits.

"Lots of fan mail pours in on you," I suggested.

"It does, and I answer every letter myself," came the emphatic answer. So all you readers who want to write to Mr. Whalen are sure to receive an answer. It's worth while trying, and if you don't hear, let me know and I'll confront him with it.

Suddenly Michael glanced at his watch, got up quickly and hurried out of the restaurant, saying, "Sorry, I've got to get back to work; finish your lunch and come over to the set. You'll find us out on the back lot."

I sat and watched for a time, then the director called "Cut!" and Mr. Whalen took advantage of the lull and wandered over to me.

While the cameras were being moved for the next "take," we talked for a little while of astrology. Strange to say, the stars of destiny do seem to influence the lives of the stars of Hollywood, for Michael admits to a birthday on June 30th, and the chief characteristic of people born under the Cancer sign is tenacity—a quality which Michael possesses to a marked degree.

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Michael enjoys his home, which is built on the top of a mountain. He plays the piano with an expertness which might have got him far in the musical world, and he has a fine baritone voice.

Photo by Kornman



THOROUGH BRED

This first interview with Lloyd Nolan is at the request of many admirers, of whom the writer is one of the warmest, and we guarantee that every one is satisfied now.

WHEN Lloyd Nolan talks to you he looks you straight in the eye and speaks as simply and as naturally as though he'd known you for years. He has that serene poise and the effortless graciousness that puts one immediately at ease, and transforms the ordeal of an interview into a delightful visit.

In fact, I was put so much at ease that I almost forgot what I had come for.

We talked of plays, people, and current events, and though I stayed for two hours instead of the thirty minutes I had intended, there was little talk about Mr. Nolan himself.



BY JULIETTE LAINE

No matter how I tried to steer the conversation to include more data about him, everything I said reminded him of something or some one he thought much more interesting.

He did enjoy talking about "The Texas Rangers," and he admitted that his rôle was the best he's had in films, and that he'd had the time of his life while on location in New Mexico. However, his major enthusiasms seemed to be Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie.

However, little by little, he did tell me something about himself. I found out, for instance, that he was born in San Francisco, where his father had settled after migrating from County Cork, Ireland.

His father had been an active influence in the growth and development of the city, and naturally hoped that his son would follow in his footsteps. After public school, young Lloyd was sent to preparatory school at Santa Clara and then to Stanford University, where he was affiliated with the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

"I went in heavily for dramatics," he explained, "and as my mother loved the theater she encouraged me. My father did not. He was a shoe manufacturer and wanted me to take up the business where he left off. However, when my sophomore year ended I got a chance to work my way around the world on a ship. It was a great experience. A person who works

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The interviewer is impressed by Lloyd Nolan's innate fineness, his character that comes from generations of good breeding rather than the hard glitter of synthetic veneer so often found in Hollywood actors.



Mr. Stander is that unique comedian who manages to stand out beside the stars he is supposed to support. He says fans ask for his autograph because they believe he can't write. He became an actor when an expert crap shooter was needed in a show.

Photo by Schafer

IF HE COULD ONLY COOK!

BY LAURA ELLSWORTH FITCH

Left in the lurch when groceries didn't arrive for lunch, Lionel Stander offers entertainment in this interview which made his guest completely forget food—as it will you.



AN invitation to lunch with Lionel Stander at his home sounded interesting, for I must confess that after years of seeing stars rise and fall, I turn on once in a while. And this actor's intelligent work in "The Milky Way," "If You Could Only Cook," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Meet Nero Wolfe," and many other pictures had aroused my enthusiasm.

He doesn't bother with petty larceny or resorting to any of the old scene-stealing tricks. He goes right in for wholesale thievery, and doesn't stop until he has the whole picture sewed up around his performance. He is never the star of the picture. That is, he never gets star billing. He is what they call a "supporting" player, but after only one year on the screen, he collects more salary for the "support" of the Stander family than do many of the stars from whom he steals pictures.

He was alone, except for about eight other people. Besides his mother and his secretary, there were some friends who had stopped to pick him up to go on a weekend trip. In characteristic fashion, I was told, Mr. Stander had forgotten all about it. Instead of being poked and ready to leave, he had ordered lunch for two and was prepared to give his all for dear old Picture Play.

He was a bit embarrassed, but it was finally decided that we would all lunch together, he and I could talk, and they could be on their way for the week-end immediately after. There was just one thing wrong with that idea.

There was no immediate prospect of lunch because the groceries hadn't arrived.

"Things are a little hazy around here this morning," he apologized. "The groceries haven't come, although we ordered them early this morning and have telephoned about them five times."

He is slim and tall, his height emphasized by a shock of tousled, curly brown hair. He looks straight at you with one green eye and one brown, and is not at all handsome, but has a lot of that indefinable quality called charm. Generously supplied with brains, he tries to create the impression that he is at least a little bit eccentric. His friends all call him "Joy," which is his middle name and suits him.

He is delighted when fans recognize him and ask for his autograph, "although they only ask me because they think I can't write," he assures you modestly. And in order not to disappoint them he signs laboriously and illegibly.

He was born and brought up in New York, where his father, Louis E. Stander, is a public accountant. It was Mr. Stander's hope that Lionel would adopt the same profession, but Lionel had no idea of spending his life looking at rows of figures.

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LOVELY TO LOOK AT /



Photo by Schaefer

Irene Dunne has clear, straightforward eyes that are friendly and true. Her tilted nose, short upper lip and lovely mouth hold delightful coquetry that neither the screen nor her photographs seem to catch.

IRENE DUNNE returned from her vacation in Europe with a greater respect for pictures than she ever had. If America likes pictures, Europe seems to adore them. In Paris particularly few people attend the theater. But the cinema—the cinema is of major importance these days when Parisians wish to be amused. One must respect an industry that gives so many millions of people happiness, and really take it seriously. And perhaps fans in America will be interested in hearing what their European friends think of their favorites.

Did you like 'Back Street'? Then you will be pleased

BY HELEN LUDLAM

Irene Dunne, returned from a European vacation, is enthusiastic to portray the life of Madame Curie, and collected firsthand information about the scientist while in France.

to hear that the French like it too. In fact the picture is still current in Paris, Miss Dunne was surprised to discover.

And did you love Irene in 'Show Boat'? Then how good you will feel to know that the "most popular king in the world," Edward VIII, liked it too. He requested a showing of it at Buckingham Palace. Some English friends of Irene's, who were guests of the king on that occasion, told her so. How friendly one must feel toward a king who likes what we like!

As you know, Irene went over on the 'Queen Mary.' It docked in time for her to make an appearance at the premiere of 'Show Boat' in London and attend the "Mississippi Dinner" given by Lord Portal in honor of James Whale, director of the picture.

The dinner, Irene said, was one of the most impressive affairs she ever attended. Press and motion-picture dinners in America are more or less informal. But not this one. Yet there was a most informal attitude. I mean by that every one had a wonderful time; the fact that it must have cost a small fortune was kept far in the background. And there were mint juleps, fried

chicken, yams, everything that should be served at a Southern dinner, which made the Americans, even the Yonkees, feel right at home.

Paul Robeson, who is a social lion in London, was also a guest.

"I suppose you were mobbed in London?" I asked, knowing Irene's popularity with the fans.

"It was pretty frightening in some places," she replied. "I loved it, but mother was with me, and it was not so good for her. I was really worried on her account, though the police in London are adepts in keeping a crowd in place.

DELIGHTFUL TO KNOW

rose bobbies are really wonderful and show the result of excellent training. We all remarked it. They don't seem to be individuals at all but part of a vast, regulated system which gives one a feeling of solid protection."

I garnered that one felt the whole force of Scotland Yard back of the outstretched arm of a traffic policeman. Well, that's as it should be.

But what do you suppose Irene bought in Paris? Gowns? Tricorne? Not Irene! She bought a few clothes but I was amused to hear that the couturier with greatest vogue at the moment is Mainpoucher who is an American. And do you know that Malyncaux was English? However, I can't get the idea that all the couturiers in Paris are foreign. The French ones, those whom the aristocratic women of France patronize, are tucked away on side streets away from the glare of the spotlights. But Irene was not concerned with clothes this time.

No, Irene's shopping was of a vastly different nature. It was for furniture. Furniture for the Hollywood, or rather the adjacent Hollywood Hills, domicile.

"Antique I suppose," I murmured, thinking of the antique she bought modern stuff.

Irene laughed. "Epoch, my dear!" She pronounced epoch in the good old French manner. "What an air of French have! Epoch sounds so Imperial while our dear little antique seems actually belittling alongside it."

Epoch furniture, Irene continued, has to be one hundred and five years old at least and the law is so terribly strict about it over there that one feels quite protected. While all this was going on, Irene and I were lunching in the air-cooled, vine-shrouded dining room of the Sherry Sheraton instead of the Pierre, where she was stopping. The rooms there were filled with trunks and bags preparatory to her departure for Hollywood that afternoon and I suspected that her selection of another hotel for lunch was a protection against telephone interruptions that would probably have resulted at her own hotel. It was just another proof of the much-to-kead-of thoughtfulness of this charming woman.

I couldn't get much out of her about "Show Boat." She loved it and loved doing it, but it was too close to her for her to play a part at all but like living again a part of her childhood. However, I want to set down a few facts about that childhood that have become confused in the public mind.

For years it has been the general belief that Irene herself owned a snow boat and that Irene herself played the part as a child and later played in the show.

This is far from the truth. Mr. Dunne was never manager of a snow boat; he was a shipbuilder and supervisor of river boats. When a snow boat came to the river town in which Irene lived it was a gala day and all the children gathered round, as inland children do at a circus parade. But well-brought-up little girls were not allowed on the boats themselves, and Irene never in her life played a real one except in pictures.

The attitude of parents toward snow boats in those days was rather like ours would be about bumper cars shows to-day though very respectable people did and do play in both.

"What a grand team you and Nelson Eddy would make!" said. "I wish you'd do a picture with him."

Well, that's a funny thing, Irene exclaimed, I can't tell you how many people have said the same thing. As a matter of fact I wanted him to play with me in "Show Boat" and Universal tried very hard to get him but it couldn't be arranged. He was booked for a concert tour and although the studio offered to buy up the whole tour, neither Mr. Eddy nor his managers would agree to it.

Nelson was very sweet and sincere about it all. I think he would really have liked to do the part but he has a fine quality of conscientiousness and did not think it would be fair to cancel a tour at the last moment.

However, his inability to play in "Show Boat" gave a promising newcomer the break he needed. Alon Jones told a friend of mine how astonished he was to find a star of Miss Dunne's magnitude so friendly and lacking in swank. She gave him many useful tips about

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In her next picture, "Theodora Goes Wild," Miss Dunne plays a demure small-town girl who writes sensational novels under a pen name.



HOLLYWOOD

HIGHLIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT



Photo by Wide World

At top of page you see Marion Davies and part of the camera crew, including George Barnes, filming a scene for "Cain and Mabel."

Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer relax on the deck of their yacht moored off Catalina Island, while in New York "Romeo and Juliet" receives the highest praise of any picture they've made.



Photo by Wide World

Superior Judge Douglas Edmon grants Kay Francis the right to adopt her professional name as her legal cognomen. Prior to taking this step, Kay was legally Katherine Gibbs Meilziner.



Photo by Chiron

Elissa Landi, whose absence from the screen has irked her fans recently, now gives them cause for rejoicing. She's cast her lot with MGM in "White Dragon."

THE day of the diary is ended in Hollywood. In the future, picture companies that sign stars will probably make it part of the contract that their luminaries shall neither start nor continue such personal records. The Mary Astor document caused enough excitement to last a decade or two.

Most people, of course, assume that everything the beautiful auburn-haired star inscribed in her little book was fact; a few, however, entertain the opinion that Mary has some gifts for fictional embellishment. They also declare that she exhibits a flair for writing, and may have quite a future in that field. So the whole exposure of her personal confessions may not be in vain.

In retrospect, it must be said that this latest nine days' wonder of the movie colony certainly outdid everything in noise and fanfare. It even surpassed the Thelma Todd mystery. At that time some fifty thousand words went over the wires from Hollywood to newspapers throughout the world, but during the peak of the Astor case it is estimated that this soared to sixty thousand, to seventy thousand. The whole episode was a Roman holiday of sensationalism and publicity, during which the star herself bore up remarkably.

It was, incidentally, a pretty trying test for her, because throughout the trial she had to keep at her work in "Dods-worth." Executives tore their hair over the interruptions of the film; but Mary remained fairly calm through it all. Hollywood itself, for various reasons, finally put a stop to the legal proceedings. The story still goes the rounds that various people mentioned in the complete version of the story were the ones who managed the quieting of the case. What, though, will be the ultimate effect on her career? We wonder.

Huge Fan Following.—It seems as if every case pertaining to the stars that gets into the courts now receives a maximum of hullabalooing in the press throughout the country. Entrances to the tribunals of the law during the battle between Miss Astor and Doctor Franklyn Thorpe were lined with fans as the doors of a theater at a Hollywood première. The presence of Ruth Chatterton and Florence Eldridge naturally drew additional attention. Ruth was smart enough, too, to appear differently attired each time she was present. It was truly quite a style show.

Right after the Astor case came one of tragic significance involving mother and daughter. Little Edith Fellows, the girl who made such a hit in "She Married Her Boss," had to testify in court that she was more devoted to her grandmother, with whom she has always lived, than with her mother.

Those bottles, of which there seem to be an increasing number, are a pretty pitiful commentary on the contentions that surround any one who gains a little fame and money in the picture world. Only recently Freddie Bartholomew was in the midst of such a conflict. Edith Andrews showed remarkable naturalness and self-possession when she was placed on the witness stand.

Earl an Actor.—Still another experiment is to be tried in presenting nobility in pictures. MGM signed the Earl of Warwick recently, and hopes to make him a leading man on the screen. He's a very handsome chap, for whom the movies have been bidding a long time. Mervyn

LeRoy, who directed "Anthony Adverse," made a test of the earl one time in England.

There's never been an instance worth talking about where the dukes, duchesses, earls and their ladies have proved popular enough with audiences to justify their remaining in pictures. Years ago it was Lady Diana Manners, who was starred in a color film, "The Glorious Adventure," but she never made another appearance worth chronicling.

The marriages of Pola Negri and Mae Murray to the Princes Md'ivani were never helpful, nor those of Gloria Swanson and Constance Bennett to the Marquis de a Folaise.

Recently the Princess Paley and Countess Liev de Margret were seen in more or less minor parts, though there is scarcely any continuity to their activities.

Two knights thrive, however—Sir Guy Standing and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

We wonder if the fate of the Earl of Warwick will be the usual. He's a handsome chap of about twenty-five. Incidentally, Adele Astaire—Lady Cavendish—sister of Fred, is due for a movie début.

Scott Fools Colony.—It's almost impossible to believe that Randolph Scott was able to keep his marriage a dark secret for five months. But then that shows just what a quiet chap Randy is. He comes as near being a true recluse as anybody in pictures. Fred MacMurray positively goes around with trumpets blowing by comparison, and Heaven knows the gossips never find out much about Fred, who rather disdains the whole idea of loud-voiced publicity. But nobody seemingly discovered anything about Randy.

As you know, he married into the du Pont family of Wilmington, Delaware, last March, and the news didn't leak out until August. His wife spent time with him in Hollywood following the wedding, but even that didn't give the facts away. It took a formal announcement from her brother in the East.

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Photo by International

Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald announce their intention to marry as soon as the house they're building is finished.



PAUL MUNI WORRIES ALONG

B Y F R A N C D I L L O N

"It would be a terrible thing to have a job not worth worrying about," says Paul Muni, whose concern is induced by an ever-burning desire to achieve perfection in his work.

MOST women would agree with Mrs. Muni that Paul is an ideal husband. He lives quietly. His pleasures are simple and sensible.

The world knows him as a great actor, but in his private life he lives as simply as the bookkeeper in your corner bank. He likes to have congenial friends about, but probably the evenings he and Mrs. Muni enjoy most are the ones they spend at home alone, when the quiet is only broken by the strains of his violin as he plays to the accompaniment of his wife at the piano.

Sometimes they listen to their favorite symphonies on the phonograph and frequently they drive to the Hollywood Bowl and, after the lights are low, sneak in to hear a concert under the stars. He adores his wife and his home. They, with his books, his dogs, his music and his work, fill his life.

To meet him at home you would never suspect him of a bad habit to which he confesses. He worries!

But it is only his work that causes him an unhappy moment, and it is at the studio that he yields to the temptation to fret over things. He insists it is not unnatural to worry over one's job.

"I would be very sorry for a man who never worried about his job," he said earnestly. "It would be a terrible thing to have a job not worth worrying about."

His concern, of course, is induced by a desire to achieve perfection in his work; a desire to make every picture his best. He resents any distraction when he is working and is particularly annoyed by visitors on the set.

Knowing this, I was surprised when told I could visit him on the set where "The Good Earth" was being filmed. My apprehension was quickly dispelled, however. He was in high good humor. I couldn't resist speaking of the change that had apparently come over him.

"Oh, come now," he protested. "I'm willing to talk. I'll talk about anything."

Whenever Muni wasn't needed for a scene in "The Good Earth," his interest was centered on watching the other players and the production in general.

He resents the general impression that he will not talk to reporters; that he is difficult to interview. He is bothered that the public is curious about him personally.

"I'm not a member of the my-private-life-is-my-own-business club," he laughed. "But my private life would seem very dull to most people."

I recalled an incident that occurred in 1932 when he was making "I'm a Fugitive From a Chinatown." It was a very warm August afternoon. For days the cameramen had been working in the broiling sun on the rocky, shadeless hillside. Every one was tired and nerves were on edge when suddenly, without prearrangement, onto the set trooped bus loads after bus loads of young Chinese girls. They were the feminine athletic teams in Los Angeles for the Olympic games.

When Muni saw this crowd of giggling girls surround him, he walked off the set in a rage. The studio officials



who had brought the girls begged him to return so the visitors could see him act and get their promised thrill.

"All right," he compromised, "I'll go through the scene if you will promise not to photograph it. I don't want to be rude to the girls, but I can't do good work with all those eyes watching me. I'll put on a show for them if I can make the scene for the camera after they have gone."

His whole concern was for the picture, and it was done that way.

"The company pays me to make pictures," he explained. "They pay me very well," he added, with a chuckle, "and I only insist upon being given the opportunity to give my best in return. I can't work when strangers are watching me. But since I've been working on 'The Good Earth' there have been many days when I've had to appear before the camera but a few minutes all day long. I'm glad to talk to people when I've not much to do. It takes my mind off the picture. After four and a half months, I'm glad of a little relaxation.

"Sometimes I look at that big script," and he indicated the working script for "The Good Earth" lying on his dressing table, a manuscript nearly three inches in thickness and about three times as long as the ordinary script, "and—well, I'd just like to close the book and leave it closed. And we expect to be working on it more than a month longer," he added wearily.

He isn't weary of the picture, understand, but just physically and mentally tired from the strain. There have been days and weeks of working in the rice fields; days when he was wet to his waist from wading through the flood scenes. But no matter how tired or bedrogged he might be, his enthusiasm for the picture has never waned.

One of his principal worries concerns his make-up, which seems strange inasmuch as make-up has been his hobby from the time, at the age of eleven, he made his stage debut playing a man of sixty. From then on he played with his parents in a traveling stock company. Often he was called upon to play two or three different rôles in one show and he became, naturally, very adept at disguising himself as any age or type.

Rarely does he play a part straight, and seldom does he repeat a characterization. The fact that you believe him to be whatever character he undertakes to portray however, is not only a tribute to his skill at making up but in a greater measure to his competence as an actor.

In "The Good Earth" he wears comparatively little make-up and it is amazing to see how truly he resembles a Chinese.

"But no matter how little make-up I wear, it's still a make-up. Will the public accept me as Chinese when I'm playing with real Chinese?" he wondered.

He was so concerned over this question that long before he began actual work in the picture he visited San Francisco in search of a Chinese family, a family still living in the traditions of the Orient. But he was doomed to disappointment.

"I thought I might live with a family of this kind for a week and perhaps steal something from them, something of their inner feelings; absorb some old country atmosphere. But they are all Americanized," he said sadly. "They are more American than Americans.

"The Chinese are a passive race," he continued. "I'm

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Production completed, the Munis are off for a brief vacation in Honolulu.

Isn't a fear that he can't play any rôle that makes Muni fret over it, but a desire to do whatever he does as well as he can.



WHAT PRICE *Glory*?

BY MYRTLE GEBHART



Mary Ardell is Kay Francis's stand-in, her resemblance to the star in height and posture making her valuable in arranging the lights and working out a scene before Miss Francis arrives to act it.

Lionel Palmer was found to be the only man in Hollywood of the approximate height and shoulder-breadth of Brian Donlevy whose physique is unusual.

The unsung heroes and heroines of the movies are those who substitute for the stars in preparation for their scenes. They are known as stand-ins and this is the second article about their odd calling.

Part II

ANONYMOUS actors, the stand-ins suffer under the hot lights, while photographic range and the lighting "line up" are prepared correctly, but they receive comparatively small pay.

Only the DeMille stand-ins, who are required to learn accurately the dialogue of the cast, are paid the salaries of supporting players.

But a few achieve promotion, inspiring the others with hope.

Jean Alden emerged from the obscurity of shadows into a contract. She says that Anita Louise, whose stand-in she was for a couple of years, taught her a lot.

A starlet of yesteryear, Baby Marie Osborne, acted scenarios written for her by Mrs. Lela Rogers, who had a little girl about her age. Mrs. Rogers wasn't happy in Hollywood and went back to Texas. Now her little girl, Ginger, is a star.

Fickle fate! Marie had married, and things weren't going well with her and her own little daughter. Ginger and her mother heard of her circumstances and got a job for her as Ginger's stand-in.

Another former child star has chosen this method of regaining studio contacts. Mary Jane Irving has been Janet Gaynor's substitute for the past five years.

She plays bits when they turn up and hopes to re-establish herself. Mary Jane wears a wig imitating Janet's hair, but off the set retains her own charming personality. She lives with her mother.

"This work keeps me up to date and enables me to meet



directors," she says, "and to study the work of new stars."

Gale Mogul has built up quite a 'business.' For seven years he has stood in for Ronald Colman, Eddie Cantor, Robert Donat, Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bayer and others. Just now he is with Cantor.

Considering his job an art in itself, he concentrates on it. He has designed twenty pairs of shoes with sales ranging from one to six inches thick, thus varying his height. He makes up his face as much as possible to resemble the actor on each job.

The fine friendship between Warner Baxter and Frank McGrath began seven years ago. They spend weekends on the desert or at Warner's mountain cabin, and talk for hours.

Frank wants to act and Warner has such belief in his shadow's abilities that he plans to produce Westerns as a side line, starring his pal. Frank used to be a cavalry officer.

Their resemblance is confusing. Once, when Warner was detained, he sent Frank to a tennis party as proxy. Until the party was almost over, hostess, guests and fellow players all thought that he was Warner.

One day Frank demanded of a chap, "Stand in for me standing in for Baxter. I must go and fit in a uniform for him."

A rival of that one was the occasion when Wilbur McCaugh sat in for photo portraits of John Bales. They actually were published, as pictures of the star.

Edward Arnold and William Hoover might be twins—only they didn't pick the same parents. The actor's press agent presented an interviewer to the double, thinking him her client. A moment later, both women wondered if the cocktail had been too potent. Two Mr. Arnolds!

"Don't be embarrassed," the real one said smilingly. "Even my own daughter gets us mixed when we are both in costume."

Hoover, who used to be a trick rider with circuses, is a great help to the actor, out of loyalty and admiration doing many things for his comfort and to save his time and energy. In return, Mr. Arnold stipulates that his stand-in go along when he is lent to the various studios.

Emily Baldwin seems to be a mimeograph of Rochelle Hudson, with identical measurements, a startling resemblance, and just a few more months on her age. She fits Rochelle's

Continued on page 66



Julie Haydon's stand-in is Babe Cane who formerly stood for Gertrude Michael.



Even when Warner Baxter lunches he is accompanied by his stand-in, Frank McGrath, who has acted in that capacity for six years and is a close friend besides. Often he is mistaken for the star outside the studio.



Buddy Roosevelt, once a star in Westerns, substitutes for Ronald Colman in the arduous work of filming a picture.

You may not think that Jack Goodrich looks enough like Dick Powell to be his stand-in, but under the lights he does.

T H U M B N A I L



"The Gorgeous Hussy."

"The Gorgeous Hussy."—MGM. Joan Crawford's finest performance has charm, depth and sincerity in fullest flower. The qualities that she has given hints and flashes of in the past are here in unwavering beauty and her faults are cast away. She has new dignity, a winsomeness that is never forced and a tragic fatefulness that are worthy of her exacting rôle in her most ambitious picture. She is part of a fascinating panorama of American history—Washington in 1823 and the years following, when Andrew Jackson was elected seventh president and his friendship for "Peggy O'Neale," coupled with her political opinions, caused her to be ostracized by society and made the president her open champion. He even dissolved his cabinet because of the disfavor in which "Peggy" was held by the members' wives. The picture has humanness, drama and much charm. It is splendidly acted by a star cast, with especial emphasis on Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, and that magnificent artist, Beulah Bondi. Robert Taylor is still another drawing-card.

Rating: Joan Crawford's most ambitious picture; her finest acting.

"Girls' Dormitory."—20th Century-Fox. Simone Simon merits genuine enthusiasm for her first appearance in a Hollywood production. She is fascinatingly different from all other actresses both domestic and foreign. At first glance an ingénue, she has a woman's capacity for emotion. She is at once childlike and passionate, disarming and exciting. Her picture is catchy and superficial, proper, I suppose, for a successful début, but it might have been realistic and important. It has the little Simon a pupil in a Swiss school where Herbert Marshall is the youthful principal and Ruth Chatterton his silently loving aid. A

"Swing Time."



"Girls' Dormitory."

warm love letter discovered in a wastebasket is traced to Simon who is badgered by fanatic members of the faculty and championed by Miss Chatterton and Mr. Marshall. Unable to stand threats and persecution longer, she runs away in a storm and is followed by Mr. Marshall to an isolated cabin where she confesses that she wrote the love letter to him. Then she pretends that she was only fooling—a favorite trick of the movie heroine in love—but Mr. Marshall follows her again, this time for a conventional fade-out. Don't overlook Miss Chatterton's lovely performance of a miserable part.

Rating: Highly effective introduction of a newcomer.

"Swing Time."—RKO. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are more than up to form in their new picture: they are better than ever. Expert judges of song-and-dance films, of which theirs are always best, say that their newest is as fast as "Top Hat," as melodious as "Roberta" and more amusing than any of its five predecessors. After that, what is there for me to say? This report is only for the benefit of those fans in places removed from Broadway, or for those who are waiting for the picture to come to their neighborhood theater at reduced prices. They may take my word that they will not be disappointed. Seven songs by Jerome Kern furnish inspiration for the stars' matchless dancing, the settings are gorgeous and spectacular as well as tasteful, and Victor Moore, Helen Broderick, and Eric Blore vary the light-hearted merriment of the stars with robust laughter from time to time.

Rating: Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers at their best.

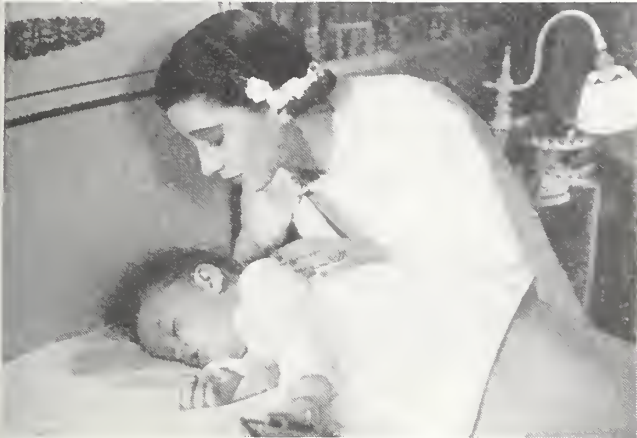
"My American Wife."—Paramount. A foreign count marries an American girl in Europe and goes with her to

"My American Wife."



REVIEWS

NORBERT
LUSK



"Give Me Your Heart."



"Follow Your Heart."

her birthplace in the Far West. The novelty of this is that he is more American than his wife. While she and her mother "do" society in a big way, he prefers horses and the companionship of his wife's grandfather, an earthy pioneer who insists on living on his ranch and shunning the pretensions of his relatives. At first prejudiced against the foreigner, the old man sees his worth and they become boon companions in the corral and the barroom until the wife finally realizes how silly she is. Or at least the picture would have us believe that she does. But I don't think that Ann Sothorn has the least inkling that her acting is always silly and vapid. Francis Lederer is the fun-loving count, playing with familiar charm and with better material for spreading it on than usual. Fred Stone is grand as the grizzled, tobacco-chewing rancher.

Rating: Bright, breezy comedy with original slant on character.

"Give Me Your Heart."—Warners. A quietly acted, intense dramatization of emotions rather than actions, this presents Kay Francis at her best, besides giving every one in the cast a splendid opportunity. It has the quality of a stage play, a good one, as indeed it was. "Sweet Aloes" was the name and those who miss Diana Wynyard from the screen may have vicarious enjoyment in watching Miss Francis in the English actress's rôle. She is a well-bred girl who gives up her baby to its titled father and his wife, the latter ignorant of the infant's parentage. Miss Francis marries George Brent and in spite of the luxurious life he provides, she is unhappy because of secret pining for her child. Finally everything is smoothed out and when Miss Francis smiles again one is glad. Roland

"To Mary—With Love."



Young is brilliantly and lovably amusing as the friend who untangles Miss Francis's psychological troubles.

Rating: Kay Francis in elegant psychological drama.

"Follow Your Heart."—Republic. If you like prima donna warblers as actresses you should see Marion Talley and keep up to date. She has a charming, sympathetic voice on the air but the screen recording is unpleasantly loud while Michael Bartlett, whose voice also is trained for singing, unfortunately hasn't the tonal quality to make the effort worth while. Or so it seems to me. However, I've heard them raved over in this picture, but to me the most artistic moments come from Eunice Healey's tap dancing and the deep-river singing of the Hall Johnson choir, of both of which there is all too little. It seems that Miss Talley is the stay-at-home member of a barn-storming family, determined not to be a ham, too. Then Mr. Bartlett comes along, discovers that she has a marvelous voice and forces her to sing in a spectacular musical show staged on the lawn of a Southern mansion with the willows for a curtain. All this has some charm and originality and the music is good.

Rating: Pleasant musical starring girlish-looking prima donna.

"To Mary—With Love." 20th Century-Fox. Described by one of its characters as "a portrait of marriage," this picture seems to be exactly that. It is persuasive, moving, but not entirely satisfying. Is it because marriage is like that everywhere, or is it a subtle reminder that even ecstatic unions in Hollywood are not one hundred per cent bliss? Not that this has anything to do with Hollywood in its choice of characters and locale. The people con-

"The Last of the Mohicans."



THUMBNAIL REVIEWS



"Piccadilly Jim."

cerned are New Yorkers, their affairs everyday but never commonplace. It might even be called the familiar triangle in so far as two of three friends pair off for marriage while the third stands by with undeclared passion. The fascination of the picture lies in clever, sensitive dramatization of everyday affairs and the development of character, not to mention the scenic and emotional panorama of the years following 1925. Because of intelligence and discrimination behind every word and action, it is absorbing. But one wonders why so much rain comes down for no dramatic reason at all.

Rating: Married life, its ups and downs, glamour and disillusionments.

"The Last of the Mohicans."—United Artists. The famous old classic that used to be part of every school-boy's required reading, and maybe now for all I know, comes to thrill him and many others in a screen version that could not be bettered. It has the dash, excitement and elemental conflicts between the American Indians and the white men of 1757 and thereabouts. Picturesque and appealing, it tells a simple story with suspense, pathos and fine authority. There isn't a nobler character than "Hawkeye," the American scout likably visualized by Randolph Scott, or a gentler Indian lover than Phillip Reed whose hopeless passion for Heather Angel brings about his death. Bruce Cabot is a menacing and treacherous "Magua" in a frightening make-up, while Henry Wilcoxon, once of "Cleopatra" and "The Crusades," surprises by being commonplace instead of heroic. Robert Barrat, one of the finest and least heralded actors in all Hollywood, is striking as the loyal "Chingaghook," last of the Mohican tribe.

Rating: Stirring blood-and-thunder melodrama.

"Piccadilly Jim."—MGM. Witty, adroit, continuously amusing, this is the best comedy of the month. It is too long for those of us who think that wit and humor should

"His Brother's Wife."



"The Road to Glory."

be compact to register most fully, but many pictures nowadays are extended beyond logical length and no one complains. This one is always entertaining, with never a dull moment or a let-down. Furthermore, it returns Robert Montgomery to us as the perfect light comedian, civilized but never self-conscious, knowing but never too smart or smug. It is his most legitimate and likable performance in a long time. The picture also brings back Madge Evans to us in her loveliest guise, whether the girls think her hair combed off her forehead is becoming or not. More important is that she is revealed as a sophisticated comedienne, always believable but never obvious. She is cool, ready with her answers but never flip or glib. She is provocative instead. It is impossible to tell the story of "Piccadilly Jim" in this brief block of print. But I am willing to assume responsibility if you don't love it.

Rating: Sparkling comedy, droll and original.

"His Brother's Wife."—MGM. Admirers of Robert Taylor assure me that his latest picture is entertaining and that he is grand, as usual. So who am I to go against the current? Besides, if he continues to appear in picture after picture in rapid succession it is only natural he will become a good actor under such intensive training. Some of our most accomplished stars developed in that way, though their schooling was hard on the public. Mr. Taylor is a big tube-and-serum boy in his new rôle, a scientific genius who discovers a cure for spotted fever. Barbara Stanwyck angrily breaks her engagement to marry him when his dull brother reminds him of his duty to humanity and persuades him to go to the jungles alone. Spitefully, Miss Stanwyck fascinates the weak brother into marrying her and Mr. Taylor lures her to the jungles to tantalize her with his charm. The leading characters are singularly unpleasant, not even Mr. Taylor being more than a cad.

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"Yours for the Asking."



CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"THE GORGEOUS HUSSY"—MGM. From the story by Samuel Hopkins Adams. Screen play by Ainsworth Morgan. Directed by Clarence Brown.

CAST:

Peggy O'Neale.....Joan Crawford
"Bow" Timberlake.....Robert Taylor
Andrew Jackson.....Lionel Barrymore
John Randolph.....Melvyn Douglas
Roderick Dow.....James Stewart
John Eaton.....Franchot Tone
"Professor" Sunderland.....Louis Calhern
Mrs. Beale.....Alison Skipworth
Rachel.....Beulah Bondi
Cuthbert.....Melville Cooper
Daniel Webster.....Sidney Toler
Major O'Neale.....Gene Lockhart
Louisa Abbott.....Clara Blandick
John C. Calhoun.....Frank Courroy
Maybelle.....Nydia Westman
Martin Van Buren.....Charles Trowbridge
Secretary Ingham.....Willard Robertson
Mrs. Bellamy.....Ruby de Kemer
Mrs. Wainwright.....Betty Blythe
Mrs. Daniel Beall.....Zeffie Tilbury

"GIRLS' DORMITORY"—20th Century-Fox. From a play by Ladislaus Fodor. Screen play by Gene Markey. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CAST:

Doctor Stephen Dominik.....Herbert Marshall
Professor Anna Mathe.....Ruth Chatterton
Marie Claudel.....Simone Simon
Professor Augusta Wimmer.....Constance Collier
Doctor Spindler.....J. Edward Bromberg
Luisa.....Dixie Dunbar
Toni.....John Qualen
Fritzi.....Sbirley Deane
Count Vallais.....Tyrone Power, Jr.
Doctor Hoffenreich.....Frank Reiber
Doctor Wilfinger.....George Hassell
Dora.....Lynne Berkeley
Greta.....June Storey
Forester.....Christian Rub
Professor Emma Kern.....Rita Gould
Professor Josephine Penz.....Lillian West
Professor Clotilde Federa.....Symona Boniface

"SWING TIME"—RKO. Screen play by Howard Lindsay and Allan Scott. From an original story by Erwin Gelsey. Directed by George Stevens.

CAST:

"Lucky".....Fred Astaire
"Penny".....Ginger Rogers
"Pop".....Victor Moore
Mabel.....Helen Broderick
Gordon.....Eric Blore
Margaret.....Betty Furness
Ricardo Romero.....Georges Metaxa
Judge Watson.....Landers Stevens
Raymond.....John Harrington
Simpson.....Pierre Watkin
Schmidt.....Abe Reynolds
Eric.....Gerald Hamer
Policeman.....Edgar Deering
1st stage hand.....Harry Bowen
2nd stage hand.....Harry Bernard

Dancers.....

}	Frank Jenks
	Jack Good
	Donald Kerr
	Ted O'Shea
	Frank Edmunds
Bill Brand	

 Hotel clerk.....Ralph Byrd
 Taxi driver.....Charles Hall
 Roulette dealer.....Jean Perry
 "Mugsy".....Olin Francis
 Romero's butler.....Floyd Shackleford
 Minister.....Ferdinand Munier
 Announcer.....Joey Ray

"HIS BROTHER'S WIFE"—MGM. Story by George Auerbach. Screen play by Leon Gordon and John Mehan. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

CAST:

Rita.....Barbara Stanwyck
"Chris".....Robert Taylor
Professor Fahrenheit.....Jean Hersholt
"Fish-eye".....Joseph Calleia
Tom.....John Eldredge
Doctor Claybourne.....Samuel S. Hinds
"Iara".....Phyllis Clare
"Pete".....Leonard Mudie
Ell Arnold.....Jed Prouty
Doctor Capolo.....Pedro de Cordoba
Captain Tanetz.....Rafail Corio
Vinters.....William Stack
"Charlie".....Edgar Williams

"MY AMERICAN WIFE"—Paramount. Original story by Elmer Davis. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Directed by Harold Young.

CAST:

Count Ferdinand von und zu Reidenach.....Francis Lederer
Mary Cantillon.....Ann Sothern
Lafe Cantillon.....Fred Stone
Mrs. Robert Cantillon.....Billie Burke
Adolph.....Ernest Cossart
Robert Cantillon.....Grant Mitchell
Vincent Cantillon.....Hal K. Dawson
Mrs. Vincent Cantillon.....Helene Millard
Stephen Cantillon.....Adrian Morris
Mrs. Stephen Cantillon.....Dora Clemant
Butler.....Montague Shaw

"GIVE ME YOUR HEART"—Warners. From the play by Jay Mallory. Screen play by Casey Robinson. Directed by Archie L. Mayo.

CAST:

Betinda Warren.....Kay Francis
Jim Baker.....George Brent
"Tubby" Barrow.....Roland Young
Robert Melford.....Patric Knowles
Edward Lord Farrington.....Henry Stephenson
Rosamond Melford.....Frieda Inescort
Doctor Florence Cudaly.....Helen Flint
Oliver.....Halliwell Hobbes
Esther Warren.....Zeffie Tilbury

"TO MARY—WITH LOVE"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Richard Sherman and Howard Ellis Smith. From the story by Mr. Sherman. Directed by John Cromwell.

CAST:

Jock Wallace.....Warner Baxter
Mary Wallace.....Myrna Loy
Bill Hallam.....Ian Hunter
Kitty Brant.....Claire Trevor
Irene.....Jean Dixon
Sloan Potter.....Pat Somerset
Switchboard Nurse.....Helen Brown
Doctors.....

}	Wedgewood Nowell
	Harold Foshay

 Drunk.....Paul Hurst
 Guests.....

}	Franklin Pangborn
	Tyler Brooke

 Bartender.....Arthur Aylesworth
 Salesgirl.....Florence Lake
 Butler.....Edward Cooper
 Nurses.....

}	Margaret Fielding
	Ruth Clifford

"PICCADILLY JIM"—MGM. From the book by P. G. Wodehouse. Screen play by Charles Brackett and Edwin Knopf. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.

CAST:

Jim Crocker.....Robert Montgomery
Mr. Crocker.....Frank Morgan
Ann Chester.....Madge Evans
Bayliss.....Eric Blore
Eugenia.....Billie Burke
Macon.....Robert Benchley
Lord Priory.....Ralph Forbes
Nesta Pett.....Carl Witherspoon
Ogden Pett.....Tommy Bupp
Paducah.....Aileen Pringle
Herbert Pett.....Grant Mitchell
Editor.....E. E. Clive
Taxi-driver.....Billy Bevan

"THE ROAD TO GLORY"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Joel Sayre and William Faulkner. Directed by Howard Hawks.

CAST:

Lieutenant Michel Denet.....Fredric March
Captain Paul La Roche.....Warner Baxter
Papa La Roche.....Lionel Barrymore
Monique.....June Lang
Boufflou.....Gregory Ratoff
Regnier.....Victor Kilian
Relief Captain.....Paul Stanton
Dullous.....John Qualen
Lieutenant Tannen.....Julius Tannen
Major.....Theodor von Eltz
Rigaud.....Paul Fix
Ledoux.....Leonid Kinskey
Courier.....Jacques Lory
Doctor.....Jacques Vanaire
Nurse.....Edythe Raynore
Old soldier.....George Warrington

"THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS"—United Artists. From James Fenimore Cooper's classic. Screen play by Philip Dunne. Directed by George B. Seitz.

CAST:

"Hawkeye".....Randolph Scott
Alice.....Binnie Barnes
Major Heyward.....Henry Wilcoxon
Magua.....Bruce Cabot
Cora.....Heather Angel
Uncas.....Phillip Reed
Chingaghook.....Robert Barrat
Colonel Munro.....Hugh Buckler
Captain Winthrop.....Willard Robertson
General Montcalm.....William Stack
General Abercrombie.....Lumsden Hare
Gamut.....Frank McGlynn, Sr.
Jenkins.....Will Stanton
Sachem.....William V. Mong
De Levis.....Art du Puis
William Pitt.....Ian MacLaren
Duke of Newcastle.....Reginald Barlow
King George II.....Olaf Hytton
Patroon.....Lionel Belmore
Duke of Marlborough.....Claude King

"YOURS FOR THE ASKING"—Paramount. From the story by William R. Lipman and William H. Wright. Screen play by Eve Greene, Harlan Ware, and Philip MacDonald. Directed by Alexander Hall.

CAST:

Johnny Lamb.....George Raft
Lucille Sutton.....Dolores Costello
Gert Malloy.....Ida Lupino
Dictionary McKinny (Colonel Evelyn Carstairs).....Reginald Owen
"Saratoga".....James Gleason
"Honeysuckle".....Lynne Overman
Perry Barnes.....Richard Gallagher
"Bicarbonate".....Edgar Kennedy
"Slick" Doran.....Robert Gleckler
Henchman.....Louis Natheaux
Henchman.....Keith Daniels
Mr. Crenshaw.....Walter Walker
Clark Bering.....Huntley Gordon
O'Rourke.....Ralph Remley
Benedict.....Richard Powell
Society woman.....Betty Blythe
Society woman.....Olive Tell
Mr. Amos.....Charles Requa

"FOLLOW YOUR HEART"—Republic. Screen play by Lester Cole, Nathanael West, and Samuel Ornitz. Story based on idea by Dana Burnet. Directed by Aubrey Scotto.

CAST:

Marian Forrester.....Marion Talley
Michael Williams.....Michael Bartlett
Henri Forrester.....Nigel Bruce
Tony.....Luís Alberní
Madam Bovard.....Henrietta Crosman
Gloria.....Vivienne Osborne
Shelton.....Walter Catlett
Tommy Forrester.....Mickey Rentschler
Harrison Beecher.....John Eldredge
Louise.....Margaret Irving
Specialty dancer.....Eunice Healey
Ben Blue.....Ben Blue
Mr. Hawks.....Si Jenks
Mrs. Plunkett.....Josephine Whittell
Choir leader.....Clarence Muse
Hall Johnson Choir

"THE CASE OF THE VELVET CLAWS"—Warners. Adapted by Tom Reed from the novel by Eric Stanley Gardner. Directed by William Clemens.

CAST:

Perry Mason.....Warren William
Della.....Claire Dodd
Eva Belter.....Winifred Shaw
Carl Grillin.....Gordon Elliott
George C. Belter.....Joseph King
Frank Locke.....Addison Richards
Spudsy Drake.....Eddie Acuff
Wilbur Stron.....Olin Howland
Peter Milnor.....Kenneth Harlan
Crandal.....Dick Purcell
Judge Mary F. O'Daugherty.....Clara Blandick
Mrs. Veite.....Ruth Robinson
Norma Veite.....Paula Stone
Sergeant Hoffman.....Robert Middleton
Digley.....Stuart Holmes
Esther Linton.....Carol Hughes

Lovely to Look At, Delightful to Know

make-up and camera technique which helped him get his personality across, and without which he would not have registered half so well.

Irene is deeply interested in her approaching contract to portray the life of Madame Curie. Her holiday took her to France particularly to meet the Frenchwoman's daughter, Eve—pronounced Ave—and hear the intimate, human stories concerning the personal life of one of the greatest women of modern times.

The world in general knows Madame Marie Curie only as a quiet little person, with thin gray hair pulled straight back from a thinker's forehead, unassuming, plainly dressed, stuffy according to our standards, since her idea of a good time seemed to be pouring strange liquids in and out of glass tubes over a laboratory flame. Her life, for many years, was spent strictly within the radius of a few blocks. What would Irene Dunne want to make a picture of her for?

Ah, but what does the world know as yet of the girlhood of Madame Curie? Or that it was more glamorous than that of most screen stars! How many girls to-day dance a pair of slippers into holes in one evening? But Madame Curie did, many times, just like the princess in the fairy tale. And she skated and skied with the best of them, excelling in winter sports. How many people know that during the early years of her marriage, when the brilliance and gayety of her girlhood was tempered and turned through love of the great man she married into scientific research, that beside the little glass test tubes with which she worked burned another blue flame, and over it hung a container of milk for her infant, who slept in the next room?

Her right hand rocked the cradle of her home, but her left hand was outstretched in compassion for the suffering of the world.

A great part? A great picture? Wait till you see it! Irene takes it all very seriously. She says it must be absolutely authentic in every detail or the French will have none of it. They are sticklers for authenticity, even in little things. They will drop a whole sequence from a picture in which a set has been wrongly built, even of a street, because the audience would laugh, and managers don't like ridicule of that sort in France.

I could see that her dip into the scientific world of France had made a deep impression on Irene's mind.

What interested me very much was the allegiance those people have for their work. Some of them have contributed toward the progress of medicine, scientific research, aviation, machinery of all kinds, yet they earn the most trifling sum a month and are quite content. They don't think about money at all.

"One must have clothes enough to cover one and food enough to keep one alive, but when those things are taken care of their need for personal wealth vanishes. What they are greedy for is liberty and an opportunity to work on the idea that is the driving



Terry Walker, a full-blown rose, and a garden—what more romantic combination of nature's generosity? Terry is a Paramount starlet, too.

force in their lives. If they win, the world is enriched and their reward is the respect of men capable of appreciating what they have done.

"They were horrified at the way I was followed around by fans and accompanied by a press agent. They told me earnestly that I must give greater concentration to my work, that these extraneous things must be cut out of my life, allowing me opportunity for deeper study." Irene smiled—

such a charming smile this girl has. "How different our work is from theirs. Our success is strengthened and made up by the very things that would uproot them."

"Yet your work is as necessary to humanity as theirs," I told her, thinking that I noticed a wistful note in her voice. "When people are sick they need scientific care, but when they are depressed they need to be shaken out of their gloom. The world must be amused or it will go mad—particularly to-day," I said, believing every word of it.

"For our work, Hollywood is the best place in the world, I think. There are no distractions, nothing to tempt one away from concentration," Irene astonished me by saying.

"Well, I mean, there are no theaters, no night clubs to speak of." (Oh, Trocadero, pride of Hollywood, hear you that?) "All the recreations out there tend to soothe the nerves instead of stimulating them—swimming, golf, tennis. My garden makes up to me for the lack of theaters; besides, I don't think of things like that out there. I know how easy it is to be side-tracked and made up my mind long ago that Hollywood meant work, and when wanted to play I must go to New York. In that way I am able to steer away from the distractions Hollywood might otherwise have for me."

"I get it," I said. "Hollywood is your office and New York is your home, so to speak."

"Something like that," she said, smiling.

When I was in Hollywood several years ago, some one told me that a sweep of Irene Dunne's lashes would heighten the blood pressure of most of the men there, but the expression of her eyes would bring them right down to earth again. Clear, straightforward eyes she has. You think they are hazel and then you are certain they are gray—a deep, dark gray with brown flecks in them, cool and friendly and true. The tilted nose, short upper lip and lovely mouth hold coquetry aplenty, but her eyes and the quiet dignity of her manner would give any girl confidence if her best young man seemed to be all of a flutter when he met Irene. And I don't mean that as a slam at Irene's charm, but a tribute to her character.

Irene's next picture is "Theodora Goes Wild," in which she plays a demure small-town girl who writes sensational novels under a nom de plume, with Melvyn Douglas her leading man.

Continued from page 41

His heart and soul have always been set on music and acting, but his father wished him to follow in his footsteps and become a building contractor. There was a little difficulty, but eventually they compromised, and Michael migrated to a chain store, became manager, and when his father died he supported his mother until she married again—all this at the age of twenty-one. But during these years he never once lost his desire for a musical and stage career, and eventually it became so strong that he suddenly threw up his job and left his native Pennsylvania for the lights of Broadway.

He tramped and tramped the rounds of theater managers' offices, meeting with many rebuffs, but holding on tenaciously to every ray of hope, never giving up, however hard the going, until at last he persuaded Eva Le Gallienne to try him out in bit rôles.

"It was a red-letter day in my life, that first small stage part," said Michael.

Cancer people have deep home interests, but are at the same time rather restless and have a longing for travel and change. Here again Michael faithfully follows his star, for though he enjoys his home, which is built on the top of a mountain and boasts a swimming pool, a bull terrier, and, best of all, a sister who keeps house for him, he always has the urge to see something of the world.

Cancer people are usually intensely musical, and one of Michael's greatest friends is his piano, which he plays with an expertness and feeling which might have got him far in the musical world had he so desired. He is also the lucky possessor of a fine baritone voice, and often sang over New York radio stations.

Tao, Cancer people are romantic, and of a loving and affectionate disposition. Well, I think Michael is still following his star in this respect also. He is popular with everybody with whom he comes in contact, and is a hail-fellow-well-met type of man. Being a woman, I can easily fathom the romantic side of his nature. He is a bachelor, too, and that's no small inducement to popularity, especially with the feminine sex, so he's sure to capture plenty of fans—and a few hearts at the same time.

Lastly, Cancer people are inclined to be supersensitive and require plenty of encouragement. Michael has chosen the life of an actor. All good actors are sensitive; they have to feel emo-

tions to get them over to an audience, and Mr. Whalen is, in my opinion, one day going to be a very good actor, so that quality won't hurt him. As for encouragement, if he goes on as well as his studio hopes he will, his fans will be sure to give him many pats on the back.

Astrology wasn't the only thing we talked about. I was glad the set took a bit of shifting around, for it gave us a little more time. Michael had removed his coat and cooled off a bit, so I was able to hurl a few more questions at him without feeling he was suffering acute discomfort. The imitation snow was blinding in the strong sunlight.

"I am not surprised people used to suffer from snow-blindness," I told Michael.

"Here, take these," he answered, handing me a pair of dark glasses, which certainly did the trick, for they made everything a nice tame beige color.

"There's one thing I still don't understand," I told him, "how you got from New York to Hollywood."

"I believed so much in the artistic sincerity of motion pictures," he explained, "that I decided to try my luck."

He arrived in Hollywood just three years ago to try his luck, but he met

with a chilly reception. Week after week went by with no sign of a part coming his way. His money was gone, and for days he lived solely on lentil soup, stale bread and coffee.

"Lentils are cheap and nourishing," he explained seriously. But at last he came to his last nickel, so he squared his shoulders and set to work as a laborer sweeping off the roof of a sound stage, and so made enough money to get to Vancouver, Canada, where he obtained six weeks' work with a stock company. From there he went to San Francisco, and finally arrived back in Los Angeles in a revival of "The Girl of the Golden West."

"My salary was very small," he told me, "and though I was on the verge of starvation, I was much happier than I had been as a successful business man."

This is quite easy to understand. He comes of a breed that enjoy fighting their way through terrific odds, and when the real break came Michael was able to appreciate it. Those three very lean years taught him true values. So when Darryl Zanuck happened to see him in "Common Flesh," a Little Theater production, recognized his talent and put him under contract, a real gag-getter gained a place in the sun, and I am still betting fifty to one on Michael Whalen.



Elissa Landi accompanies Nino Martini in an informal song. Let's hope she's not too intent on her notes to hear Nino's thrilling tenor voice.

but they felt she was a brilliant and understanding soul. One young student actress went to some lengths to explain to Miss Rainer that money is not everything.

I know," agreed Miss Rainer, whose every syllable is a caress, "and Hollywood is not America."

What's the Verdict?—20th Century-Fox would like to build June Lang into a big public favorite, and to that end there was great whoop-te-do and bell-ringing over her just before "The Road to Glory" was released. She was brought to New York, it was arranged that a sculptor would ask her to pose for the figure of a war bride, she confided her beauty secrets to a chain of newspapers, and got around where she would be seen.

An extraordinarily pretty girl of nineteen, she was not accepted as good material by the fashion hounds. Hip trouble. By her own admission, her hips measure thirty-six and one half inches, and that just doesn't get a girl into the beauty class. Thirty-four is the maximum for beauties, even if they are five feet nine tall, and Miss Lang is only five feet three and one half. A girl with thirty-six-inch hips can be tragic or comic, but not a beauty.

That Was Ginger.—After handshaking some thousands at the Texas Centennial, Ginger Rogers wanted relaxation, and no fuss, please. So when she came to New York, friends, press, and public were supposed to pretend that they really thought she was Miss Smith or Sadie O'Toole. Just as Gin-

They Say in New York—

ger decided that people were really swell if you gave them half a chance to be, she had a rude awakening. She discovered that they really did not know her.

In suburban towns all around New York near the Westchester Bath Club where she spent considerable time, there had just been a wholesale revival of Ginger Rogers pictures. And all the giddy young girls thereabouts had studied her so intently that they looked more like Ginger than Ginger did! She looked a little tired. Her one public appearance was at a dance contest staged by a newspaper. Ginger is sentimental about dance contests. That's how she started.

Will-o'-the-Wisp Boyer.—Charles Boyer thinks that newspaper reporters are delightful and interesting young men. He has seen many of them portrayed on the screen—and that's where he would like to see all of them, exclusively. The trouble with news hounds is that they ask questions. So, when he sailed to make a picture in France, he changed his stateroom, hurried from deck to deck, and avoided any encounters with the press until the very last minute.

He did not want to talk about the Mary Astor case, about the rumored fist fight between Walter Wanger and Louis B. Mayer over his services, or about how he enjoyed working with Marlene Dietrich in "The Garden of Allah." His wife, Pat Paterson, spoke a few words in favor of Miss Astor, but was pleasantly vague otherwise. So you can just go ahead and use your

imagination—and probably think up a much more poisonous feud than the mild distaste he and Marlene are said to have felt for each other.

Dynamite Under Control.—Fears that Mary Astor's insistence on airing her troubles in court might end her career are, apparently groundless. Po's conducted by newspapers here and there brought an overwhelming response in favor of continuing to see her in pictures. Within sight of the Times Square subway station, no less than four theaters had her name up in lights shortly after the verdict in her child-custody case. The only result so far is agitation for a new clause in the already overburdened player contracts. Don't keep a diary is the new ruling.

Helen Vinson Presents.—If they have their way, Helen Vinson and her tennis-playing husband will make a picture together. There is never a dull moment in their household what with play-reading and acting all the livelong day. They will make one appearance together on the radio before Fred Perry romps into the Forest Hills tennis matches, and then they will listen intently for a call from Hollywood or England or any place that will let them act together.

Would-be Garbos.—Ethel Barrymore, approaching her fifty-seventh birthday, has decided to quit acting and just coach others. That announcement was enough to bring swarms of pupils to her, but when she told reporters that Garbo was by all odds her favorite actress, you should have seen the telegrams that poured in. It seems that there are one thousand girls in this country who believe that they are second Garbos.

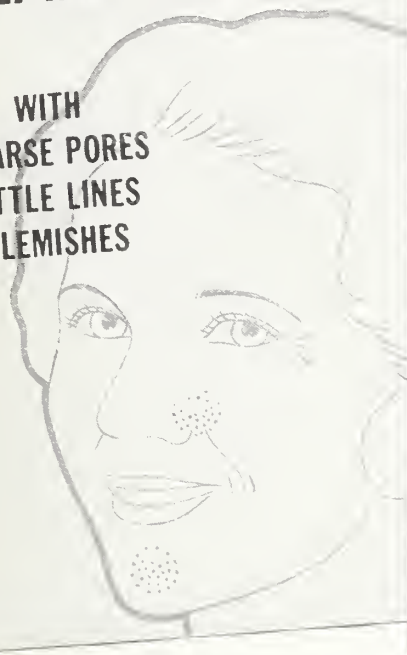
Whirligig Notes.—Robert Montgomery finally got away for a vacation on his New England farm after the farming season was over. . . . Ricardo Cortez is so obsessed with the desire to direct that he interrupts his friends and makes them repeat their stories more dramatically. . . . Constance Bennett has been showing Gilbert Roland the social sights at Saratoga Springs. . . . Marion Davies is off on a European vacation. Friends say that she would like to retire from pictures. . . . Jesse Lasky has put Olivia de Havilland's kid sister under contract, her name being Jean Fontaine.



Jeanne Perkins, Louise Stuart, Terry Ray, and Ann Evers line up for a bit of archery while not busy working in "The Big Broadcast of 1937."

YOUR FACE IS
"YEARS OLDER"

WITH
COARSE PORES
LITTLE LINES
BLEMISHES



Mrs. Adam K. Luke, Jr. says: "Pond's Cold Cream certainly keeps my pores fine."

Faults that start in your UNDER SKIN

A SINGLE blemish can dim the freshness of your skin . . . make you look *older* than you are.

A few coarse pores say, "She's getting on in years"—just as loudly as lines and wrinkles say it. Stubborn things—that keep on getting worse till you learn their real cause and the real way to treat them.

Deep-skin rousing needed

The truth is, almost all skin faults get their start, not on the surface,

but in your underskin.

In your *underskin* are little hidden glands and cells and blood vessels. These are the foundation of your *outer* skin's health. The minute they function poorly, pores begin to clog. And then blemishes come. Even lines are really nothing but creasings in your outer skin, caused by failing tissues underneath.

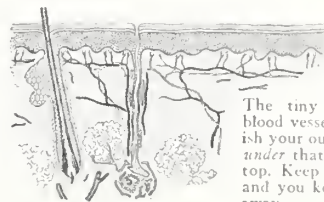
But—you can rouse that underskin to healthy vigor—by the regular use of Pond's invigorating deep-skin treatment.

Twice daily—for a fault-free skin

Pond's Cold Cream goes deep into the pores. Its specially processed oils loosen every particle of dirt. Easy to wipe it all off.

Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream

briskly patted in. How wonderful it feels. Blood tingling. Skin glowing . . . and so much softer! You are waking up that underskin.



**Aging
faults
start here**

The tiny glands, cells, blood vessels which nourish your outer skin are all *under* that dark layer on top. Keep them active—and you keep skin faults away.

Every night, pat in Pond's Cold Cream to loosen dirt, make-up. Wipe off. Pat in more cream briskly—to rouse your *underskin*, keep it working properly, so annoying little faults *can't* age your skin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer every time—looks younger. And it's all smooth for your powder.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. L146, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Beauty Company

Miss Jane Mellon
"Pond's Cold Cream
keeps my skin soft
and clear—smooths
out little lines."



Continued from page 57

clothes, and is thrilled when the actress puts over a good scene.

"I'm crazy to act," Emily said, "but I'm handicapped because I'm such a carbon of Rochelle. I am philosophical about it, not at all envious. She happened to get in first. We are fond of each other, and she does lots of lovely things for me."

Recently when Emily entered the Beverly Wilshire Hotel supper room, the orchestra struck up "The Music Goes Round and Round," in tribute to the apparent Rochelle. The spotlight focused on her, she was introduced, and had to take a bow as Rochelle. At her insistence upon mistaken identity, every one just laughed.

Half the romances attributed to Rochelle in the gossip columns are really Emily's.

Emily recalls how Mary Miner's resemblance to Irene Dunne—even though she had a plastic surgeon work on her nose—prevented the newcomer from advancing, how May Slattery remains an extra because of her likeness to Nancy Carroll, for whom she used to stand-in.

Rochelle's "other self" knows how hard a fight Bette Davis had for recognition, due to her facial similarity to Constance Bennett.

She knows that Isabel Jewell was mistaken for Alice White at first, thus retarding her career, that Heather Angel did not get anywhere for a while, her features duplicating Janet Gaynor's.

What Price Glory?

But she points out that Julie Haydon got ahead in spite of looking like Ann Harding, and that Joan Marsh and Jean Harlow differ principally in their eyebrows. So Emily hopes.

"It's fun, if you can stick it out," Babe Cane said, on a set for "The Return of Sophie Lang," while the lens and lights were being regulated. She was standing-in for Gertrude Michael.

"The only thing I mind is that the lights hurt my eyes. When my time is my own, I can't read or sew any more. But I get to dress up in all kinds of clothes. I like masquerade scenes best.

"I see my favorite stars' pictures, if my eyes aren't hurting me. But I don't bother any more to see a film just because I worked on it. I'm too often disappointed in the final editing. They cut out many of the parts I've liked best pretending to do."

"Slim" Talbot, a six-foot three-inch image of Gary Cooper and as spare as a range cow's rib, has an interesting history. He and Gary were boys together, twenty years ago, riding the Wyoming ranges.

"He went to school and I went to Arizona," big Slim told me. "So he's a star. And I have had adventures."

Only Leo Lynn can boast of standing-in for surgery. Bing Crosby's doctors were urging the star to have an appendectomy. Rather than hold up his picture, he temporized. Meanwhile, Leo got sick, was rushed to the hospital, and emerged minus his appendix.

Later it was decided that Bing didn't need an operation!

When I was convalescing," Leo remarked, "Bing offered to lie in for me on all the rest and attention I was getting."

"Cracker" Henderson, who hails from Georgia, is Jack Oakie's Number One boy. Just now he is in disgrace, having lost the paper with Jack's diet on it. In fact, he got fired—again.

"If it keeps up," the Southerner drawled, "I might some day take it seriouslike. But the Oakie just orates. He's O. K. Wears like an old shoe. In three years you get to know a guy. I have to watch his cash for him or he'd give it all away. Never gets riled. He's right easy on the nerves."

A close friendship exists between George Brent and Carter Gibson, who lives with the star in his Toluca Lake home. Gibson, a tall, lanky young man who wears glasses, doesn't look like Brent. He used to stand-in for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

He is also Brent's secretary and often flies his plane, drawing a salary from the actor in addition to his studio check. They dine together but have separate social engagements. When Garbo traveled East en route to Sweden, Gibson was on the train to look after her comfort.

For four years Lillian Kilgannon posed for the camera without having her picture taken. Born at Coney Island, where her father was a side-show barker, she followed the carnivals and did children's bits at the old Reliance Studio in New York. Her father worked as studio gateman until they gave him small rôles. From the extra ranks she was chosen to be Mae West's stand-in.

Ten-year-old Gloria Fisher is playmate and stand-in for Jane Withers. They exchange gifts, and when the manufacturers send new samples of the clothes named for her, Jane first picks out sets for her pal. Gloria acted in "This Is the Life" and in "Little Miss Nobody."

The friendship between Ann Harding and her stand-in, Phyllis Yates, dates back four years. Six-months-old Donna Ann Yates has the lovely Ann for godmother. Happily married, Mrs. Yates has no hankering to act. Because of her astonishing resemblance to her favorite actress, she stands-in just for her.

Now that you know all that many readers ask about stand-ins, how do their jobs appeal to you?

The End.



Billy Mauch, seated, is the remarkable boy actor everybody liked in "The White Angel" and "Anthony Adverse." With his twin, Bobby, he is to appear in "The Prince and the Pauper."



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

FAVORITES OF THE FANS
FRANCES LANGFORD

MARTHA RAYE

Photo by Tom Evans





ANN SOTHERN

Photo by Eugene Robert Richee



BASIL RATHBONE

Photo by George Hurrell



JAMES STEWART

Photo by Ted Allen



Photo by Elmer Fryer

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

PAULETTE GODDARD





ELIZABETH RUSSELL



ROSALIND RUSSELL



MADELINE CARROLL

ALL SET FOR
AUTUMN



DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE



MARSHA HUNT



GRACIE ALLEN

- Madeleine Carroll, on the opposite page, illustrates the effectiveness of smart tailoring with feminine detail. Beige wool is the material, with dark-brown blouse and accessories.
- Rosalind Russell, next, displays a dinner dress of navy blue with a taffeta jacket.
- Elizabeth Russell follows in black velvet with a deep collar of white embroidered net, high in front, low in the back.
- Dolores Costello Barrymore, above, is regal in crêpe roma, rose-tinted and sable-trimmed.
- Marsha Hunt offers contrast in her suit of brown-and-white tweed flecked with red. Red wool covers the buttons.
- Gracie Allen surprises as a queen of chic, with ables galore and a saucy hat of fluted faille in dark brown.



Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

WALTER ABEL

DOUGLAS WALTON





Photo by Ted Allen

ALLAN JONES & IRENE HERVEY



BINNIE BARNES

NOW I ASK YOU—WHY



READ HOW
A BAD
CASE OF
PIMPLES
QUEERED
ADA'S
CHANCES

IT JUST BURNS ME UP — WHY, MOTHER, I KNOW I'M EVERY BIT AS GOOD AS LOTS OF THESE GIRLS THAT GET JOBS RIGHT OFF. OH, THERE'S THE PHONE —



WELL — THEY DO SHOW UP PRETTY BADLY. ADA, I KNOW WHAT TO DO — THEY SAY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WONDERFUL FOR GETTING RID OF PIMPLES. WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT?

OH, GRACE — DO YOU THINK IT WOULD HELP ME? I'LL GET SOME ON MY WAY HOME.



LATER

HERE'S YOUR DESK, ADA—OH I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE HERE

SO AM I — AND AM I GRATEFUL FOR YOUR TIP ON FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT WAS THOSE PIMPLES THAT DECIDED MISS MARTIN AGAINST ME BEFORE. I ASKED HER ABOUT IT



JEANNETTE MACDONALD

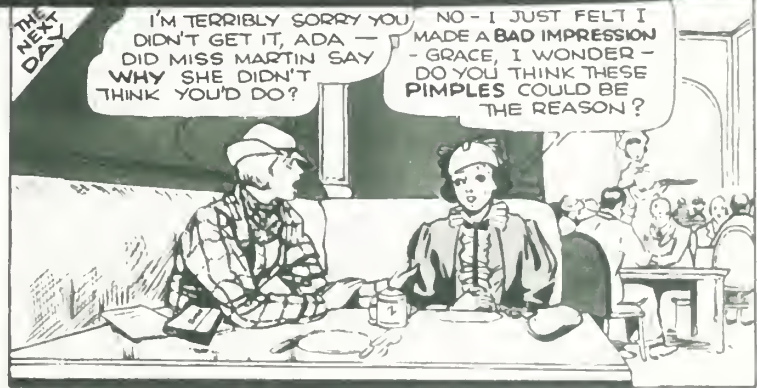


CAN'T I LAND A JOB LIKE THIS!



HELLO-ADA? THIS IS GRACE. HAVE YOU FOUND A JOB YET - BECAUSE THERE'S ONE DOWN HERE I'M SURE YOU COULD FILL - I SPOKE TO MISS MARTIN AND SHE SAID TO COME IN AND TALK TO HER TOMORROW.

OH - GRACE - THAT WOULD BE GRAND - THANKS AWFULLY FOR THINKING OF ME



THE NEXT DAY

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY YOU DIDN'T GET IT, ADA - DID MISS MARTIN SAY WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D DO?

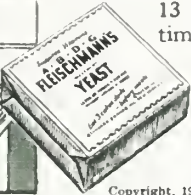
NO - I JUST FELT I MADE A BAD IMPRESSION - GRACE, I WONDER - DO YOU THINK THESE PIMPLES COULD BE THE REASON?



OH YES, MR. BARNES - I'LL BE RIGHT IN

YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS MADE A REAL HIT WITH MR BARNES - HE ASKED ME YESTERDAY IF SHE COULDN'T DO ALL HIS WORK

I KNEW ADA WOULD MAKE GOOD, MISS MARTIN - AND ISN'T SHE PRETTY NOW THAT HER SKIN IS CLEAR?



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOU OUT OF A JOB

PIMPLES can easily spoil that good impression you hoped to make. Yet—they often occur after the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or longer. At this time, important glands devel-

op and final growth takes place. The whole body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes a day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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RICHARD ARLEN





Photo by George Hurrell

MYRNA LOY

Hepburn's Four "Loves"

Continued from page 17

how many legitimate heirs did Bothwell leave? She didn't want to be a left-handed descendant. The story was not to go out. But it wasn't the matter of birth that made her kill the story. It was her honesty. She was keeping faith with herself. Chalk it up to one of her loves.

As for the press—well, she's honest, but not particularly democratic with them. Often she is bluntly rude. "I'm not an authority on anything," she says in explanation of why she won't be interviewed, "so why should I be quoted?" Her love of democracy shows itself, however, on the set, among the extras, the studio workers. Walk on a Hepburn set and the star is hard to find.

Her portable dressing room of some sort of dark-green cloth and slats is never occupied. She dresses in her room in the dressing-room building. To this room she has not added a flower, picture, bow, in an attempt to make it look homy. There's a Spartan quality about the girl. On the set she uses a funereal-looking pier glass, six feet high, to complete her make-up. You may find her there if you look hard enough.

The glass carries her name, but if Hepburn tries to use it, chances are three or four extras are daubing powder on their noses in front of it, and Hepburn doesn't bother to shoo them away. She stands on her toes and looks over their shoulders.

As an example, Katharine's brother, Richard Houghton Hepburn, aged twenty-four, was given by his father three years in which to develop his dramatic talents. He had his sister's interest in the theater. His play, "Behold Your God," made its appearance at Jasper Deeter's Hedgerow Theater in Philadelphia last spring. It may not have been the perfect play it was hoped to be, but it was a part of the Hepburn's child-rearing plan. Even Mrs. Hepburn, through with the problems of her own youngsters now that they have reached maturity, is absorbed by an outside interest—birth control.

As for Hepburn's inherent decency (why is decency always "inherent"?) she is tops in Hollywood for that. She is the one actress in Hollywood who can blush a rich, peony red when something disconcerts her. The last time she blushed was when a risqué story was repeated in her presence. If Hepburn hadn't had that strong set of Yankee convictions, she could have walked away from the story-teller and

saved her blushes. But no. He had asked her permission to repeat the story. She had given it. She stood her ground, blushing like a sunset, honest as a summer's day.

The story got too much for her blushes. She pulled a large linen handkerchief from her pocket, tossed it into the air. It descended, tentlike, to cover her flaming face. Thus sat Hepburn until the story was completed. Lamely completed, I am sure. There was a titter of nervous laughter, and no more attempts were made to tell dirty stories in front of Connecticut Katharine. Her fellow workers don't think she's prudish. Not on your life. They respect her for the decency, the honesty, of her attitude. Chalk up another for Hepburn's loves.

As for humor, Hepburn has that droll, dry humor of the typical New Englander. Nothing ribald, but enormously funny if you understand the Yankee wit. The day I was on the set I saw a clipping and some candid camera cutouts pasted on Hepburn's mirror. The clipping was from a newspaper and was a formal pose of John Ford, director of "Mary of Scotland," and the caption read "distinguished di-

rector and winner of the Academy award for 1935." Other views of him were very informal. Very! There were four or five candid views of Jack in various directorial attitudes. Rear views, squatting, standing, leaning. Each one good for a laugh—a Hepburn laugh.

Within herself, Hepburn is very much a home girl, but California is not home to her. Visitors to her rented five-acre residence, where she lives with cook, chauffeur, housekeeper, maid, black-and-white Cocker spaniels named "Michael" and "Peter"; "Button," a French poodle; "Cocoa," a Siamese cat, find she has made no effort, with extra decorations, to give the house the appearance of home.

So little of Hepburn's between-picture time is spent in Hollywood that she probably wouldn't have room for the business of courtship if, say, Clark Gable should suddenly decide to rush her. And any man who did lay siege to her heart, with the exception of Leland Hayward, would have tough competition with those other four loves of Hepburn's—honesty, decency, democracy, humor.

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Continued from page 39

Journey's End and offered him a screen test. Item from the same newsletter: Robert Taylor, who gave up a medical career because he did not want to be a doctor, has completed in *His Brother's Wife* his fourth rôle as a doctor within a year."

Oh, come now, Bob! And now you're an actor and aren't you surprised?

WE are reliably informed that there is no truth in the rumor that prominent soap manufacturers protested when the pretty ladies of Wichita, Kansas, insisted that Gene Raymond autograph the backs of their hands during his sojourn there in the interests of the drought-relief fund. But it is true that he returned to Hollywood with his right arm in a sling. And no wonder! He signed two thousand autographs which sold at twenty-five cents each, netting the fund a pretty penny and Gene a very lame wrist.

RUBY KEELER'S representative answered us snootily when we inquired about her adoption of a second baby. "Miss Keeler says she positively will not have another baby for at least two years!" She's very annoyed about the rumors. Evidently it's improper to adopt babies without a decent lapse of time between them, according to Hollywood etiquette.

BETTE DAVIS has not gone to Lake Louise, though the newspapers gave that as her destination. She just rushed out and bought a trailer, and



A sandwich and a dill pickle provide nourishment for Norma Shearer, even as you and I when the mood is upon us.

On and Off the Set

disappeared. The trailer contains Bette, husband Ham Nelson, and sleeping quarters for their two dogs, Tibby and Cedric Woggs, M. P. It's a lovely picture—Miss Davis calmly enjoying herself as one of America's million trailer tourists, while in Hollywood the Brothers Warner fret about her temperamental ways.

STRAWS in the wind show the ghastly effects of \$1,000,000 pictures on the stars. On their slim shoulders, you see, the success of these little ventures depends. So Eleanor Powell has installed flood lights in her patio, and practices new dance steps half the night. Nelson Eddy rises at dawn to make a recording of his day's lines. The record is rushed to Nelson's voice teacher, who suggests improvements.

ROSS ALEXANDER will no longer pursue the pretty custom of giving each of the inhabitants of his henhouse a name. Creates too much feeling. The other night, young Alexander noticed a mournful expression on the face of his butler as he served fried chicken. "You see, suh," the family retainer sobbed, "that's Mary!"

ONCE Hollywood gladly aided Greta Garbo in her campaign of mystery. Even those in the know refused to give their friends a hint of her address. Now nobody seems to care. She has taken a house in Brentwood recently vacated by Jeanette MacDonald. Neil Hamilton owns it—and every one knows where it is.

WHEN the cast of "Libeled Lady" went off on location, Jean Harlow tripped down to the train to see them off. It's her picture, but she didn't happen to appear in any of the location scenes. She brought a brass band with her to the station, and box lunches for every one, providing gaiety and refreshments all at once. And other stars wonder jealously why studio workers adore Harlow!

THE new song hit, "May I Have the Next Romance with You?" is said to have been dedicated to James Stewart, Robert Taylor, Tom Brown, and Lyle Talbot.

NEWS item: The house on which Dick Powell has lavished so much time, money and thought is for sale. Dick says he's tired of it, but a friend whispers that it is laid out in such a manner it would not fill the require-

ments of a married couple. Can this mean Dick is contemplating matrimony?

BING CROSBY and Mickey Daniels, the heavily freckled ex-member of the "Our Gang" comedies, met for the first time the other day. Ya know, Bing drawled, eyeing Mickey closely, "if you could pull those freckles together you'd have a swell tan!"



Randolph Scott's secret bride, the former Mrs. Thomas H. Somerville, is a noted sportswoman and a member of the socially prominent Du Pont family.

LADIES IN LOVE now shooting at the 20th Century-Fox Studios boasts the presence of Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, and Simone Simon. A wit suggests that inasmuch as all but Loretta have only one more picture to make at that studio, the executives decided to put them all together and get the headache over with. And if you don't think it's a headache, ask any one on the lot!

SINCE Luise Rainer is now practically Garbo's next-door neighbor in Brentwood, it's not surprising that a mystery should attach itself to her.

Luise's small car is escorted home each night by another small car which follows her faithfully, holding its headlights on her until she is safely in the house before it speeds away.

No one seems to know whether a boy friend or a bodyguard drives the escort car, and Luise isn't telling.

EDWARD EVERETT HORTON tells us that his final illusion was shattered the other day.

He visited a neighborhood theater to see how his latest comedy was be-

ing received. In front of him was a little girl of four who, bared by the news reel, wanted to go home.

"Hush, darling," said her mother. "There's a funny picture next, with Eddie Hartan in it."

Appeased, the cherub sat quietly through Hartan's picture. Her mother asked how she had liked it.

"All right," she conceded. "But, mummy, when's the 'funny' picture coming?"

A SOPRANO duet rendering "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" wafted from the open windows of the women's wardrobe department at MGM.

"Say, those wardrobe girls are pretty good!" passers-by remarked. "The studio ought to sign 'em."

We felt the well-known Hollywood urge to discover new talent, so we investigated. The singers were Jeanette MacDonald and her close friend, Lily Pans.

Jeanette was having a fitting and Lily was waiting to go to lunch with her. And the wardrobe woman, a real opportunist, had persuaded the two divas to sing her favorite song.

FIVE minutes after a "No Visitors" sign had been hung outside the stage where Barbara Stanwyck was filming "The Plough and The Stars," a visitor entered.

Everybody, including the star, glared at the dim figure approaching. An assistant director ran toward it, bristling with anger. He stopped abruptly, retreated in confusion. Into the lighted area strided Katharine Hepburn.

Leaving the cameras, Barbara came to meet Katharine. Twenty persons held their breath, anticipating fireworks. This is a news item, because one went off. The two stars began chatting amiably.

THREE once-famous stars, now extras, were complaining sadly to Glenda Farrell that visitors on the set never recognized them.

"That doesn't mean they've forgotten you," Glenda comforted. "They simply don't know you off the screen. It's the same with me. The other day I was talking to six visitors, and I heard one of them whisper, pointing to me, 'Who's this blonde?' None of them could tell her, so they finally asked me."

Whether or not Glenda's anecdote is factual, we thought it a kindly gesture toward the old-timers.

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Continued from page 53

Nobody who knows Hollywood would believe that anything of a romantic nature could escape the attention of its smart, prying settlers for so long a time.

Scott's wife was Mrs. Marion du Pont Samerville, and was divorced in Reno about a year ago. Randy knew her for many years prior to their marriage.

Raft's Matrimonial Perplexity.—Everything looked so serene for George Raft and Virginia Pine, and then Mrs. Raft, who is quite a surprisingly good-looking woman, arrived in town and said she didn't know anything about a divorce. So everything is all mixed up now as far as George and Virginia are concerned. There's even talk that the romance may be disrupted because of the uncertainties about the future.

Mrs. Raft was quite airy on the whole subject of Virginia and any possibility of her husband, from whom she

is estranged, wedding the golden-haired beauty.

Discovered, a Mother.—Another little secret was divulged in connection with a marriage recently. Irene Hervey was discovered to be the mother of a five-year-old daughter when she was married to Allon Janes. The daughter, Gail Hervey, a beautiful blond child, was a flower girl at the ceremony performed at the bride's home. Irene had admitted to close friends that she had a child, but she had always tried to keep the fact out of publicity.

At the wedding, though, little Gail was photographed with her mother and stepfather.

Wonder if, by any chance, Robert Taylor will marry Barbara Stonwyck, now that Irene has become Mrs. Janes? He and Irene were thought to be engaged for a long time. Bob's fancies in a romantic way are rather flitting and fleeting.



New poise and contentment are noticeable in Myrna Loy these days, and marriage has given her gaiety and sociability, too. Here she is thinking of the scene she is about to play in "Libeled Lady."

Gary a Golden Pawn.—What's a star worth actually in the grand old slave market of Hollywood? Paramount declares that Gary Cooper has a value to that organization of five million dollars. The company announced this recently when they sued Samuel Goldwyn, because he had, so they said, inveigled Cooper into signing a contract through undue influence. Four million was named as actual damages, and one million as punitive, so maybe that cuts the net worth of Gary by a million.

The suit is regarded as pretty fantastic. Nevertheless, it brought out the fact that Cooper's salary is more than a hundred thousand dollars a picture.

The value put upon a star is very interesting, because certainly four or five million dollars is plenty of money.

Margaret Rivals Katharine.—Margaret Sullavan was responsible for a big flurry when she captured Leland Hayward as escort for a Hollywood Bowl concert. Hayward had always seemed to give the maximum of attention to Katharine Hepburn.

Nothing serious, the Sullavan interlude. After all, Hayward is the agent for Margaret, as he is for Katharine and also Miriam Hopkins.

Katharine still is the shining favorite as far as we can make out. But we don't think they're married, regardless of all the rumors.

Dick's Voice Gathers Power.—Dick Powell will probably have to watch his voice for a while. He's singing in "Gold Diggers of 1937," though he certainly went easy on the vocalizing in "Stogie Struck."

There've been all sorts of wild rumors afloat about his singing, even lately. Some of these have gone so far as to say he has a double on the radio programs, but that is pretty ridiculous, in view of the fact that these are given before an audience.

Voice troubles have hit some of the greatest songbirds. Not a few of the famous divos and operatic tenors and baritones have had to go mute for a time. Notably this happened to Enrico Caruso and Lucrezia Bari.

Dick managed to get out of his difficulty very well. He's been warbling on the radio program for some dozen weeks, and "Gold Diggers" is expected to reveal him in full picture microphone form.

Church Approves Wedding.—We Maureen O'Sullivan finally got off the

complications straightened out pertaining to her marriage to John Farrow. It took much patience—a virtue which is rarely exhibited in the matrimonial realm in movieland. Moireen wouldn't be married outside the Catholic Church, of which she is a devout member, and Farrow had been married and divorced, which constituted an obstacle. It took several years to obtain the dispensation, which came right from the pope.

Sonja Henie Real Calypso.—Sonja Henie has cut the most romantic figure of any one lately invading Hollywood. She's a personality much admired by all the men. Rumors circulated that Cory Grant was smitten, but he still remains pretty faithful to Mory Brion. It appears that the ice-skating champion is receiving a variety of attentions rather than the single sort of adulation of the present time. And, by the way, the plans for her picture are the most elaborate. It's called "One in a Million," and she will take part in three ice-skating ballets.

Gag Becomes Too Real.—One of the best publicity stunts devised in a long while is that famous engagement of Betty Groble and Jackie Coogan, with the wedding date set in December of next year. But it had a kickback recently. Miss Groble actually had a clause inserted in her contract which

prevented her wedding until about fourteen months hence, and she wanted to see whether it was iron-clad. There was some thought on the part of Jackie and herself for speeding up the day of the ceremony. She found, though, that the studio is going to hold her to the pact. And that's no laughing matter.

Jackie Discovers Side Line.—Quite a way to bridge the difficult period of growing up has been discovered by Jackie Cooper, who is just about arriving there. Cooper will make records for distribution over the radio. He receives \$10,000 for a series of twenty-six, in which various younger players will take part with him. Of course, the Cooper contract with MGM goes right on. Anne Shirley and Betty Groble have been appearing with Jackie on his recorded programs.

Barrymore Rest Cure.—John Barrymore's condition is most regrettable. He is taking a long rest on account of a heart condition. The doctor seemed on the verge of a fine comeback because of his colorful performance as "Mercutio" in "Romeo and Juliet." The episode of "Colibon" and "Ariel" seems over now, with Eloine Borrie concentrating on her motion-picture career. Of course, the romance might be resumed later.

The Origin of Star Names

Continued from page 35

CLAIRE DODD is a surprising name, inasmuch as it simply means clear-cut. Claire is from the Latin "clarus," meaning

bright or clear. Dodd is Middle-English for cut or clipped. Very likely this name was formerly Dodder and, like Taylor or Shearer, referred to a cutter.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT means the bright neckcloth of the lome. Claudette is the feminine of Claude, which comes from the Latin "claudus" meaning lome. Colbert is from French and old high German, the first syllable signifying a collar or neckcloth and the second meaning bright.

ANITA LOUISE means the pure little lamb of a famous warrior. Anita is from Agnes which in Greek meant pure or chaste, but because of the similarity of sound, it became associated with the Latin "agnus" meaning lamb, and

that is the reason why the lamb is now the symbol of St. Agnes. Louise is the feminine of Louis and comes from the German Ludwig which originally meant a famous warrior.

HAROLD LLOYD suggests a Confederate general, inasmuch as the name means a gray army ruler. Harold is Anglo-Saxon and means to rule or monog on army. Lloyd is Welsh for gray.

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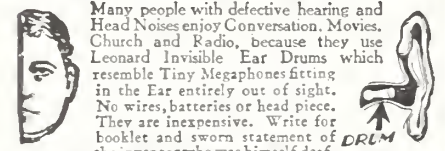
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Mending a Broken Heart

Continued from page 42

ily. "She didn't know though. And because I knew, and I suppose she sensed it, she used to get angry with me.

"I knew in my heart that the best thing for both of us was for Eleanor to break it off right then and there. But she didn't—and I couldn't. We got really engaged—formally engaged.

"You know," Abe went on, "folks used to say to Eleanor, 'Oh, that's a swell publicity stunt.' Publicity stunt! What girl wants to hear her engagement called that?"

The reception of the news of her betrothal roused Eleanor's fury to a high pitch. The gossip hurt. Her mother, too, was nervous and upset. Then she opened in the "Follies."

Eleanor began to pay then for the stardom she had achieved in Hollywood. When she'd been on the Broadway stage before, she was just Eleanor Powell, another of the girls. Now she was a visiting celebrity. Girls with whom she had been pals now intrigued and backbit with petty backstage jealousies. Poor Eleanor went through each night baffled, puzzled, hurt, wondering what she had done to merit such spite.

Eleanor wasn't the only sufferer. Abe, remember, had been a star in his own right while Eleanor was still in short dresses. It hurt him to be accused of courting fame by courting a celebrity.

"I knew I could never be Mister Eleanor Powell and still be happy," he explained sadly. "It was an unpleasant situation. I wanted her to give up her screen career and become just plain Mrs. Abe Lyman."

"But don't you think that was selfish?" I asked timorously.

Abe flared up indignantly. "Selfish!" he exclaimed. "Of course not. If I could have made her happy, that would have compensated, wouldn't it? And do you think I'd have asked her to make such a sacrifice unless I knew I could make her happy?"

"At any rate, we quarreled over it. We said harsh things to one another. Then I'd call her up or she'd call me up—and we'd make up.

"One night she called up. It was morning, rather—about two thirty—and we'd quarreled when I'd been over to the theater at ten. Eleanor was crying. 'Oh, come on, forget all about everything,' I begged her. 'Let's go

right out and get married—and go somewhere, just the two of us.' I could hardly believe my ears when she sobbed a moment, then blurted out 'Yes! All right, Abe.'

Then I heard some one else on the other end take the phone from her. Eleanor's all wrought up just now. Don't pay any attention to her,' the voice said. I knew in my heart that was true. I hung up. I knew from that time on Eleanor would never be happy without Hollywood and her career. I wasn't even surprised when she sent me back the ring. We're swell friends, yet, though. She's a great kid."

Abe's voice trailed off. It was a short time after the engagement was finally broken that Eleanor had a nervous breakdown. Overwork, the papers said. When she recovered she set out for Hollywood again, to make "Born to Dance." Overwork! If any one ever overworked, it's Eleanor since she returned to Hollywood. But she hasn't had another nervous breakdown. Perhaps she's forgetting. Work will do that for you.



Another of Hollywood's teo-drinkers is Astrid Allwyn and quite happy about it, too. She's in Shirley Temple's latest film, "The Bowery Princess."

Thoroughbred

Continued from page 43

his way gets so much more out of it than the fellow who pays his way.

"For instance, how many passengers ever see the sunrise at sea? Or know the thrill of getting into port? Standing watch at daybreak, the shore coming nearer and nearer, the harbor slowly taking shape and springing into life and sound before you, in all the color and radiance of dawn! Why, it's lyrical, glorious beyond words!"

After his father's death, young Lloyd returned to Stanford to study law. His heart wasn't in it, however, and his teachers urged the boy to follow his natural bent and take up the stage in earnest.

With the money he had inherited from his father he went to Los Angeles where, after a few appearances in amateur performances, he joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse. He remained for one year and was in twenty plays, then went to New York, where he was put into the Chicago company of "The Front Page." After that he had no more idle moments. He put in three summers with the Cape Cod Players, played various stock engagements, and made his success on Broadway in "One Sunday Afternoon."

He went to Hollywood about a year ago, made "Stolen Harmony," "G-Men," "Atlantic Adventurer," "One-way Ticket," "Counterfeit," and now "The Texas Rangers."

It is difficult to give a brief, yet adequate, word picture of the man himself. There are so many qualities so many fine characteristics one would like to bring out.

Perhaps most memorable was the tolerant kindness, the wholesome tone of his outlook upon life in general and his work in particular. Moreover, it was no small joy that in our long talk he not once interrupted himself with "Of course you mustn't print this!" or "Don't quote me, please!"

It's those two phrases that bring interviewers to an early grave. Between what the star doesn't want you to tell and what isn't worth telling, the reporter is often pretty hard out to concoct a worth-while story.

But you don't get that sort of thing from Lloyd Nolan. First, because he isn't given to unkind comment, and second, because he'd be quite willing to say the same things to people's faces which would do them a lot of good! He dislikes affectation, is very



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happy in Hollywood and doesn't believe those who say they are not.

We hear too much about pictures being an industry instead of an art. If a man's a fine actor why can't he act as well on the set as on the stage? It's up to the man himself. Seems to me there's plenty of fine acting going on in Hollywood: or are Paul Muni, Lionel Barrymore and their kind getting by on their sex-appeal? In the theater it's smart to turn up one's nose at the screen, yet I notice that when the chance comes every one is quite willing to forsake his art for a career in pictures.

Another reason our interview was such a success was Lloyd Nolan's wife. A tawny-haired wisp of a girl, she is exactly the sort of person you'd expect her to be. Pretty, sweet and very level-headed. Neither an echo nor a self-effacing martyr, she's an asset at

an interview, not a nuisance. I've talked with stars whose wives kept up such a constant barrage of "Oh darling, don't say that!" and "You mustn't dream of printing this!" that it would be difficult to determine who was giving the interview.

Their hip-top home is a perfect background for these two sane and charming people. Beautiful, yet not too large or spectacular, furnished with that simplicity and good taste that is the despair of the would-be smart.

That gives you a fair idea of young Nolan, doesn't it? It's the innately fine quality of the man, the character that comes of generations of good breeding, not the hard glitter of synthetic veneer that we see, and that we recognize so readily; and it's this, added to his fine talent, that should send him to the very top and keep him there.

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If He Could Only Cook!

Continued from page 49

He attended many schools, including Dwight Preparatory School, Mt. Vernon High School, Bloomfield Military Academy, New York University, Duke University, and the University of North Carolina.

A distinct abhorrence for authority accounts for the many halls of learning he attended. Often he left a school because it bored him, and frequently he left at the request of his teachers, who were unable to cope with the influence for freedom that he wielded over his intimates.

His earliest ambition was to become a writer. He became an actor when an expert crap shooter was needed in a show produced by the Provincetown Players. He was recommended for the job by one who knew, and to the surprise of every one, he qualified as an actor, too.

Many shows followed, and it was after he had become a stand-by on Broadway that Fred Allen gave him his first break in radio. His first picture work was in a series of seventeen short subjects, in which he was the receiving end of the custard pie sequences. He proved that he could take it, and important rôles in major pictures followed.

He denies stealing pictures, at least consciously. "I never even read a script before the picture begins," he protested when I suggested that perhaps he studied his rôles and planned just how to go about making the most of every opportunity. "I don't like to work on my own time," he laughed.

"I ask the script girl what I'm to say in the next scene, and then I walk on and say it."

We were repeatedly interrupted by the door and telephone bells, and each call left him more dejected over the failure of the groceries to arrive.

"This is a madhouse," the secretary volunteered when Mr. Stander was called to the telephone. "There's never a dull moment around here. There's some one dropping in or telephoning day and night," she continued. And she told me about his fan mail, how it is increasing to such proportions that almost her entire time is occupied with answering it and mailing his photographs.

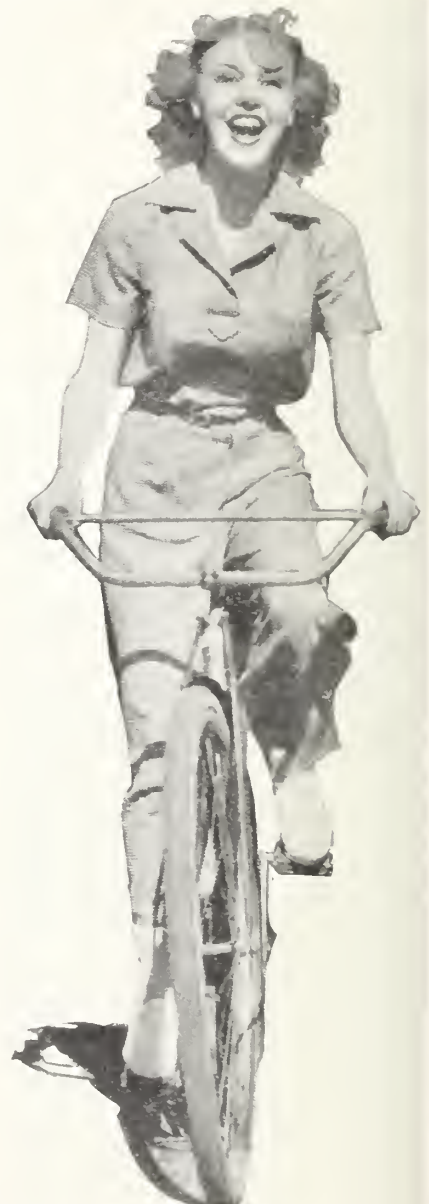
"You don't mean it's two thirty!" I heard him exclaim as snatches of his telephone conversation came to us from the next room. "Well, I'll come as soon as I can. I haven't had lunch."

Just then a huge bowl of hot chocolate fudge bars and two glasses of milk appeared miraculously from the kitchen.

"This is a terrible way to treat you," Mr. Stander complained. "I wish the groceries would come!"

It was, I believe, one of his most embarrassing moments, although the cookies—the most delicious I ever ate, all six of them—disappeared rapidly, and with them all desire for lunch.

Our good-bys were interrupted by the arrival of baskets of groceries. "Shall I cook?" asked the cook. "Do stay!" urged my host. But I don't like anticlimaxes!



This is what Ginger Rogers calls "recreation" after her strenuous dancing in "Swing Time." You see, she just can't keep those feet of hers still.

Paul Muni Worries Along

Continued from page 55

not a possible person. When anything affects me, I react. And in the enthusiasm of a scene I forget that I'm supposed to react only inwardly. This part is a chunk!"

He worried over his make-up in "The Life of Louis Pasteur," and it turned out to be one of his best pictures. For weeks he experimented with a make-up for the rôle, but was never satisfied. Looking at himself in the mirror one day, he exclaimed, "I don't look like Pasteur. I look like General Grant."

A picture of General Grant was dug up and, sure enough, Muni looked exactly like the picture.

"But look here," the make-up man said, placing Grant's picture alongside one of Pasteur. "They look enough alike to be twins, so you are all right."

That difficulty over, he plunged into the picture with less qualms than usual. "I never did an easier part," he admitted, "and I believe it was my best."

And he was thrilled when the picture, made principally as a "prestige" picture, turned out to be a gold mine at the box office.

It isn't a fear that he can't play any rôle that makes him worry and fret over it. He hasn't, I believe, an inferiority complex, although when I asked him he replied, "That's for you to say. I wouldn't know." It is, I think, a desire to do whatever he does as well as he can possibly do it. Whether it be building a fence or getting drunk while in the rôle of "Wang Lung" in "The Good Earth," he puts everything he has into the job at hand.

You may think his eagerness to please his audience, to keep faith with his admirers, is of paramount importance to him, but it isn't. To him the most important thing is to satisfy himself. And when he has done that, even partially, it is quite certain his public will approve.

It was a quest for more breathing space and as much private life as a star is allowed, that prompted Paul Muni and his wife to lead the parade to the country to live. They were the first of the picture crowd to become real ranchers when they bought their charming home consisting of a rambling, comfortable Spanish house set in the center of acres and acres of beautiful walnut trees.

But, much as they love it, they are planning to leave soon for a quick trip to Honolulu. And after two more pictures, which will finish his Warner contract, he is looking forward to a trip around the world.

"We aren't really planning it," he said cautiously. "We are only hoping for it because something might happen to prevent it."

"Na, na," he said quickly, at my suggestion of a new contract or a good stage offer interfering with this vacation. "Nothing but illness will keep us from going."

"I've worked for twenty-eight years without a real vacation. Oh, not every minute, of course. I've had time off between pictures and stage engagements, but this will be the first time in my life that I can say to myself, 'I'm finished.' I can lay my work down and relax without a thing to worry about. I won't have to get back to make a new picture. I'll be on a vacation!"

Probably he will continue to worry as long as he continues to act, which we hope will be as long as he lives, but since he has worked at the MGM Studio the discovery that William Powell, whom he admires tremendously, worries just as much as he does, has given him great satisfaction.

"But I look at myself in the mirror and I don't look Chinese to me," he said as I left.

And, as he peered into the glass over his dressing table, he wore a worried look.

CONCERNING MARGARET SULLAVAN

I understand her acting
And I comprehend her charm;
I'm sure there's no subtracting
From her fame.

But still I am rebelling
And I'm sounding an alarm:
Who figured out that spelling
Of her name?

Brock Milton.



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Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Continued from page 12

gallery, way up in the roof, and heard Ramon perfectly well. It's true his voice is light, but it's ridiculous to say that he could not be heard at all. The play was a failure, yes, but definitely not because of Ramon's unpopularity, or a bad performance. He did his best with a weak part, and the least one can do is



Shirley Temple likes her bicycle for a spin around the studio lot, but she is never allowed to ride it outside, of course, where a tumble might hold up work on a picture.

to admire his pluck in trying to carry along with the play; the costumes and settings were as lovely as I have ever seen.

I don't suppose, Miss Thompson, you bother to go and hear Ramon at one of the music halls during his successful concert tour? Wherever he went he met with bursts of whole-hearted applause, and audiences called for more and more. As one of many tributes from the press says, "Undaunted by his unfortunate experiences at His Majesty's Theater, and more recently in Budapest, Ramon Novarro appeared at the Holborn Empire last night before an enthusiastic audience which cheered loudly before and after his turn."

Given a really good story to suit his personality, Novarro could make a film which would put him back on the top. He's not a failure. Every one gets a slice of bad luck, and the London venture was his. Anyway, here's hoping we shall see Ramon again on both stage and screen before many moons have passed.

JIM EDWARDS.
7 Carlton Vale,
London, N. W. 6, England.

Three Cheers!

EVERY young, old, talented and not so talented star has been given his due praise, but you've all forgotten to write a line or two about the greatest of the most promising of the "coming-up" ones.

What the Fans Think

In his first stellar rôle he made screen history. His naturalness, his magnetic personality, and that six-feet-over look is rapidly gaining him a niche in the hearts of millions.

Critics raved about his astounding and sincere portrayal of *Chris Tyler* in "The Next Time We Love" and well they may, for in a rôle that would have taxed the ability of a veteran actor he came out tops with the greatest of ease. Uh-huh, James Stewart is the likable lad I'm talking about.

His bits in "Wife versus Secretary," "Rose-Marie," and "Small-town Girl" proved he could act—his characterization of each rôle is to be remembered and commented on favorably.

So, a bouquet to him, and to that fellow with the grand and glorious voice whose name is Nelson Eddy.

ROSINE TRACY.

552 3rd Street,
Richmond, California.

Let's Have Gloria.

ALTHOUGH I have been a fan for some fifteen years, this is my first letter to a magazine. And the reason for my letter is the splendid and timely article in the June issue asking "Do You Want Gloria Swanson Back?" The answer is emphatically yes. And if this letter or ten more like it can do anything at all to bring about the return of this truly important actress, then I gladly offer my services.

Here is the unique case of one of the ten greatest stars the screen has ever produced, still young and beautiful, a splendid actress, with many loyal fans who are anxious to see her return to the screen—remaining idle.

It is absolutely beyond my understanding how the producers of Hollywood, and particularly Irving Thalberg, can let as fine and talented an actress remain off the screen. It is peculiar when one recalls that just a few years ago they were all bidding and offering unheard of salaries for her services. Samuel Goldwyn thought himself extremely lucky—and was, too—when he got her for his "To-night Or Never."

But now for over a year that astute showman, Irving Thalberg, has had Gloria under contract and not used her in a single production. It's true, he lent her to Fox for "Music In The Air" but he failed to keep his promise to give us Gloria in dramatic pictures.

Please, Mr. Thalberg, give us Gloria in another picture like her incomparable "Trespasser," in which she so successfully combined her glamour and flair for clothes with her dramatic and vocal ability.

HARRY STARRING.
Houston, Texas.

Nominates Wendy Barrie.

IN my estimation I think the "Golden Gate" of Hollywood has smiled at the Garbos, Gables, and all other of Hollywood's prodigious personages long enough. Having not the famed eloquence of a lawyer, but mainly through inspiration and confidence, I could reveal without any obstacles confronting me, why Wendy Barrie is my nomination for a "break."

She has displayed in all her rôles an

abundance of talent yet to be equaled by any of her screen adversaries. Why not give this fascinating young actress rôles suited to her charm and personality? Her glittering appearance, both mischievous and bright, and her wanton poise give one a clear picture of a frolicsome damsel.

With these authentic facts at hand I cannot see any reason why Miss Barrie doesn't advance with celerity toward stardom.

JEROME D. BURKEN.
220 East 197th Street,
Bronx, N. Y. C.

Nelson Eddy with Miss Moore.

THERE are many admirable actors in Hollywood, but Nelson Eddy decidedly outshines them all. It is a great pleasure to see him act, but when he sings it seems almost miraculous that the most handsome of all actors has also the most marvelous voice. Since I could never tire of hearing his magnificent singing, I have seen "Rose-Marie" four times and am eagerly awaiting his next picture. Grace Moore has an exquisite voice and would be lovely as his leading lady; yet that, I suppose, is too much to hope for.

SUE WEYER.
6080 Fresh Pond Road,
Maspeth, Long Island, N. Y.

Gold and Tinsel.

IN the past week I have seen Gary Cooper's two latest pictures, "Desire" and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and I could not help but observe the contrast in leading ladies.

In "Desire," we had the exotic manikin, Marlene Dietrich, who it would seem has forgotten that acting ability is important. Her one aim is beauty, and she uses every device known to woman



Virginia Bruce gives a party for her daughter, Susan Ann Gilbert, on her third birthday. Richard Arlen, Jr., is her chubby cavalier.



Mildred Gaye sports a transparent top hat in one of the dance numbers for "The Big Broadcast of 1937."

to create the illusion of beauty—unusual and daring creations in clothes, beautiful settings, bizarre make-up and a lavish display of jewels.

In contrast to all this glitter, we had Jean Arthur in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." She is young, natural, and full of life. The typical American girl. Her clothes were plain and serviceable. Her beauty and charm recognizable in any setting, and most important of all in an actress, the ability to give a sincere and human performance. We agreed with Mr. Deeds when he said she was more beautiful each time he saw her.

Why is it that producers pay extreme prices for tinsel while the real gold goes unnoticed?

Before I close, I must say a word about my favorite actor, Gary Cooper. He gave his usual pleasing performance in "Desire," but in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" the rôle of Mr. Deeds seemed to have been created by Mr. Kelland especially for him.

For entertainment and mental relaxation, I nominate "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" as the best picture of the year so far.

SYLVA OLMSTEAD.

Chestnut Grove.

Grampian, Pennsylvania.

Mood Continuity.

TO compare "The Petrified Forest" with "Desire" would be very much like comparing a dipper of well water with a champagne cocktail. But both films carried, in their own individual way, a definite mood which did not escape the audience for one moment. The Leslie Howard film was all tension, delicate ideals and sadness in the wind, while Dietrich's picture was exquisite inconsequence, with the star looking for all the



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hair simply by taking better care of it—shampooing it regularly and using a finer, beauty-restoring liquid shampoo such as Marchands Castile Shampoo.

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What the Fans Think

world like the naughtiest and frothiest of Icart's etchings. And one is not forgetting the stark, tragic simplicity of "These Three."

Mood-continuity means everything to the success of a picture. There are so many that lack this. One sequence, perhaps, has quite a "hold"—and then something happens. I admire Katharine Hepburn tremendously, but time again this occurs. After an inspired, heart-Hepburn tremendously, but time and again this occurs. After an inspired, heartbreaking scene, she suddenly resorts to her stock tricks, for which she is so admired and criticized. The birdlike cock of her head, the tense posings, the high, silvery treble of her voice.

Maybe I deserve a left hook for saying this, but I have an unexplainable horror for newcomers on the screen, yet I always seem to find an exception to my rule. Her name is Marie Wilson. She's a combination of Carol Lombard and Jean Harlow, with a dash of Elsa Lanchester. She deserves encouragement and watching. JACK HENRY.

3463 Descanso Drive,
Hollywood, California.

The Void Has Been Filled.

I AM an ardent fan and rarely miss a change in the local theater program. Forgive me for saying so, but I have not been interested or impressed by any of the male stars since Bobby Harron, star of "Hearts of the World" and several of the old silent pictures, died in 1920.

Up to now, his place on the screen has never been filled, but, alas, I have fallen again and for none other than Ray Milland. Have caught a fleeting glimpse of him in one or two pictures and was disappointed after seeing "Hands Across the Table" for I read in a magazine that he was to have the leading rôle. At last, however, I saw him again in "Next Time We Love," but yet it isn't enough.

Nature has endowed Mr. Milland with a very special charm and I want to shout to the world and to the movie executives "Please, oh please, give us a lot more of Ray Milland." His smile is so boyishly wholesome, his voice and accent are perfect, his acting so natural.

KAY BRUCE.
Norwich, New York.

Not Just Cute.

I'M sick of reading letters about Shirley Temple and Freddie Bartholomew. Please print this one about a real actor, David Holt. Although I have a personal interest in the lad, I'll speak from an



Vivienne Osborne is draped in a negligée of nude-colored chiffon embellished with pale-beige fox. You'll see it all in "Wives Never Know."

ordinary fan's viewpoint. I'll admit that if a person wants to see a picture just for the beauty and euteness of the performers, Shirley and Freddie are good bets. But if a person wants to see a

picture to be able to live the joys, the sorrows and the heartaches of the acting actor, I'd suggest they go and see Master Holt. Those who saw "You Belong to Me," the picture that gave him his start, will know what I'm talking about. Besides his great acting ability, he's a handsome child—not pretty—and a swell kid.

Once again I say, please print this so I can read something about David Holt, even if I did have to write it myself.

ROBERT WALSH.
245 East 94th Street,
New York, N. Y.

Inefficient Secretaries.

THE way in which most of the stars ignore their fan mail is simply inexcusable. I have written to many of my favorites, including Joan Crawford, Jean Harlow, Mae West, and Clark Gable.

The only star who ever replied, sending me a picture personally autographed to myself, was Max Baer, who for all his supposed conceit and egotism was a good actor and who at least had the decency to answer fan letters.

However, this letter is not to applaud Max Baer, rather, it is to disclose the attitude these other stars have adopted toward fan mail. The most glaring example, to my mind, is Clark Gable. In the last two letters I inclosed twelve and twenty-five cents, respectively, for photographs. First, because I was informed that charges were made for charity and, second, I learned that twelve cents was only half the required sum. A year has elapsed since this occurrence.

If Gable should see this letter, I want him to know that I do not blame him. I place the blame entirely on his secretary or whoever handles his fan mail.

Clark is very, very popular, I know. But if his secretary continues to disregard our letters, thereby obtaining money without giving value for it in return, he will unwittingly be the cause of robbing Gable of a great many loyal admirers.

LEONORA M. FIELDER.
27 Canonbury Road,
Essex Road, Islington, N. 1,
London, England.

Thumbnail Reviews

Continued from page 60

and the picture, to my way of thinking, is claptrap in spite of drawing crowds.

Rating: Robert Taylor's charm is dramatized.

"The Road to Glory."—20th Century-Fox. This excellent, thoughtful war drama is the best in a long while. Even though it suggests all the outstanding war films of the past, it is timely and powerful reminder that war is horrible, futile and a shameful weakness of so-called civilization. One of the superiorities of the current indictment is that it is not a plotted story but a series of sharply etched characters and episodes. You feel that every one of them is more the result of circumstances than the scenario writers' invention. Each character lives, each episode is so simple and

moving that it is real. The screen brings the spectator close to the characters and lets him mingle with them, figuratively speaking, instead of keeping him in his seat as an onlooker. Warner Baxter's best performance since "The Prisoner of Shark Island" is here for one to admire, and Fredric March is splendid as a gayly amorous lieutenant, his eye rolling in the direction of June Lang but only, I insist, because she is the only girl in the cast.

Rating: The best of war dramas, thoughtful, human.

"Yours for the Asking."—Paramount. Ida Lupino's clever acting, as well as the skylarking of Reginald Owen, James Gleason, and Edgar Kennedy, make the romanticizing of George Raft and Dolores Costello Barrymore

a little dull, neither of them revealing any sense of humor in the hilarious carryings-on. But as they are the nominal stars their part in the story can't be overlooked. Mr. Raft is the boss of a gambling place in Florida. Miss Costello an impoverished society girl who goes into partnership with him and awakens him to the finer things in life like buying phony miniatures. Miss Lupino, a gay adventuress, is hired by Mr. Raft's comic henchmen to entice him away from Miss Barrymore and the finer things. But Miss Barrymore has the doubtful pleasure of annexing Mr. Raft in the end. Besides Miss Lupino's smart comedy, Mr. Owen is especially grand as her fraudulent uncle.

Rating: Entertaining comedy of cheating cheaters.

Information, Please

Continued from page 8

A. AYERS.—When a player speaks over the telephone in a picture he just pretends he is talking with some one. Robert Cummings doesn't have a stand-in. Born in Joplin, Missouri, Bob took his high-school diploma with him to New York and entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which he graduated two years later in 1932. After receiving recognition on the New York stage, he went to Hollywood and obtained an important rôle in "So Red the Rose." Loew-20th Century-Fox-Gaumont-British have consolidated.

ARLENE.—William Henry was the eldest son in "Wicked Woman." Some of his other films are "The Thin Man," "Only Eight Hours," "China Seas," "Tarzan Escapes." Joseph Calleia has also appeared in "Public Hero No. 1," "Riff-raff," "His Brother's Wife." The cast of "The Big Broadcast of 1937" includes Jack Benny, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Bob Burns, Ray Milland, Frank Forest, Martha Raye, Benny Fields, Sam Hearn, Stan Kavanaugh, Benny Goodman, Leopold Stokowski, Louis DaPron, Eleanore Whitney, Shirley Ross, David Holt.

B. A. S.—There just isn't space here to list a star's films. For those of Robert Taylor and James Stewart I must ask you to send a stamped envelope. All tills cost ten cents each. Address the Publicity Department in each case. "Brides Are Like That," Warners, 321 West 44th Street, New York; "The Moon's Our Home," Paramount, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York; "Small-town Girl," MGM Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York; "Next Time We Love," Universal Pictures, 250 Sixth Avenue, New York; "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," RKO Pictures, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York; "Private Number," 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California.

E. F. D.—See Admiring Fan for information about Robert Taylor. His name is *Timberlake* in "The Gorgeous Lussy."



George Brent and his Doberman Pinscher are great friends, the dog never leaving his master's side when he is at home and refusing to play with any one when Mr. Brent is absent.

MARY E. HODGMAN.—Gladys Swarthout made her Metropolitan debut in November, 1929. Her third picture for Paramount is "Champagne Waltz." She was born in Deepwater, Missouri, December 25, 1904; brown hair, blue eyes.

P. C. K.—Warren Hull was born in Gasport, New York, January 17th. Attended New York University and the University of Rochester, studying music and engaging in all musical activities while there. He is extremely serious about his musical work and hopes some day to sing in grand opera. He has played the lead in many Broadway musicals, and was appearing on the air when signed by Warners. His eyes are blue; six feet, weighs 162. "Heroes of the Air," with Jean Muir, is his next picture. Phil Regan was born in Brooklyn, New York, May 28, 1906.

S. B.—That was Warren Hull opposite Margaret Lindsay in "The Law in Her Hands." See P. C. K. for further information about him.

C. M.—Our supply of the January issue of Picture Play containing an interview with Nelson Eddy has been completely exhausted. His next picture is "Maytime," with Jeanette MacDonald. He was not on the radio for the summer, but resumed on October 4th over CBS.

MARTHA DAVIS.—A letter intended for our Subscription Department should be addressed care of Picture Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York. Henry Wilcoxon was born in British West Indies, September 8, 1905; six feet two, weighs 190, brown hair, hazel eyes. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in New York City, December 9, 1907; six feet, weighs 150, light-brown hair, blue eyes.

BOBBE.—Humphrey Bogart has not had an interview in the magazine, although I agree with you that he is an excellent actor. Besides "The Petrified Forest," he has lately appeared in "Bullets or Ballots," and "Two Against the World," with "The Making of O'Malley" to follow. He was born in New York City, January 23, 1899; five feet ten and a half, weighs 150, dark hair, brown eyes.

B. J. W.—Stills of "Small-town Girl" may be had by writing to the Publicity Department, MGM Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York; "Bolero" and "Coronado" to Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York, and "Private Number" to 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California. The charge is ten cents each.

P. V. C.—The music for "Murder at the Vanities" was by Arthur Johnston. Perhaps by writing to Paramount's Publicity Department, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York, they will be able to tell you the names of the musical selections from that picture.

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FRANKIE.—Frankie Darro is an expert rider and no double has to be used for him when he rides a horse. The Donald Haines of "Little Miss Nobody" is the same boy of "No Greater Glory" and "A Tale of Two Cities." Jackie Morrow was *Junior Smythe* in "Little Miss Nobody."



Margo is all wrought up over playing the same part in "Winterset" on the screen that she enacted on the stage.

E. M. C.—Refer to my answer to B. J. W. for information about how to obtain stills of "Small-town Girl" and "Private Number." You might also write to MGM for stills of "Broadway Melody of 1936."

NAN.—Richard Cromwell plays no musical instrument that I know of. His hobbies are painting and writing. He plays tennis and swims. Stills of his Paramount pictures may be had by addressing the Publicity Department, Paramount Pictures, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York. They cost ten cents each.

MIMI.—An interview with John Howard appeared in this magazine for February, 1936. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, April 14, 1913; five feet ten, weighs 150, brown hair, blue eyes. Stills of "Annapolis Farewell" may be had by writing to the Paramount Publicity Department, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York. Inclose ten cents for each still you wish. You might mention which player or players you wish in the stills.

R.—Brian Donlevy is divorced from Yvonne Gray and it is reported that he is very much interested in Marjorie Lane. He is a native of Ireland, as you probably know if you read the interview with him in the August issue. "Troublemakers" was changed to "High Tension." He is under contract to 20th Century-Fox, and for stills of his films address that studio at Box 900, Beverly Hills, California, remitting ten cents for each.

C. M.—Their real names are: Robert Taylor, Spangler Arlington Brugh; Buck Jones, Charles Gebhart; Clark Gable, William Gable; Virginia Bruce, Virginia Helen Briggs; Sally Blane, Betty Jane

Young; Loretta Young, Gretchen Young. The others you list all use their right names. Jeanette MacDonald positively has not false teeth. Nelson Eddy was born June 29, 1901; Lily Pons, April 13, 1905; Gladys Swarthout, December 25, 1904.

BETTY HELEN.—Alan Baxter was interviewed in the October issue. He married Barbara Williams April 25, 1936. The Paramount Publicity Department, Paramount Building, Times Square, New York, will supply stills of "Mary Burns, Fugitive" if you will send ten cents for each.

G. DURHAM.—Errol Flynn is six feet two, weighs 180, brown hair and eyes. He is married to Lily Damita. Our interview with him appeared in June, 1936. James Bush was the gum-chewing operator in "Ceiling Zero." Irene Dunne is married to Doctor Francis D. Griffin, a New York dentist.

SHIRLEY.—Address Loretta Young and Robert Taylor at the studios listed on page 98 if you wish their photographs, inclosing twenty-five cents in each case. Stills of the former's films may be had by writing to 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California, and those of Mr. Taylor to the Publicity Department, MGM Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York. Stills sell for ten cents each.

JEAN LOUISE G.—John Arledge will be seen next in "The Big Game," with June Travis, Bruce Cabot, Barbara Pepper. Stills of his films may be had by writing to the Publicity Department, RKO Pictures, RKO Building, Radio City, New York. They sell for ten cents each.

MRS. E. C. CROW.—Jeanette MacDonald is Scotch-American descent. She was born June 18, 1907; Loretta Young, January 6, 1913; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904; Robert Taylor, August 5, 1911; Grace Moore, December 5, 1901. Miss Moore has been married but once. Her husband is Valentin Perera.

J. STEWART.—Ross Alexander's next pictures are "The Tattler" and "Over the Wall." He was born July 27, 1907; six feet one and a half inches. His wife, Aleta Freel, died in December, 1935. There is no fan club listed in his honor. Rosalind Russell celebrates her birthday on June 4th.

DOROTHY BANKS.—Richard Dix was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, July 18, 1894; six feet, weighs 184, dark-brown hair and eyes. He married Winifred Coe, society girl, in 1931. A daughter was born in January, 1933. They were divorced the following June. Then he married Virginia Webster, his secretary, in 1935. Twin sons were born in 1935. Charles Collins is married to Dorothy Stone, eldest daughter of Fred Stone. For his photograph write to the RKO Studio, inclosing twenty-five cents.

LENORE MARTIN.—I know of no other player who has a contract similar to the one under which Chester Morris was

bound to Roland West. Their heights and weights are: Nino Martini, five feet nine, weighs 152; Nelson Eddy, six feet, 173; Clark Gable, six feet one, 190; Robert Taylor, six feet, one-half inch, 165; Robert Young, six feet, 170; Fredric March, six feet, 170; Errol Flynn, six feet two, 180; Pat O'Brien, five feet eleven, 175; Fred MacMurray, six feet three, 185; Randolph Scott, six feet two, 185. I keep no record of the stars' shoe sizes.

A. L. B.—Anita Colby is the daughter of Bud Counihan. Henry Fonda was born in Fonda, New York, May 16, 1905. Margaret Sullivan was his first wife. He has reported his engagement to Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw. Jean Harlow wore a wig in "Riffraff" and "Wife versus Secretary."

H. J. H.—You will find studio addresses on page 98 where you may write for photographs of the stars. It is customary to accompany each order with twenty-five cents.

JACK HOLT FAN.—We published an interview with Mr. Holt in December, 1933. That issue will now cost fifteen cents and may be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department. His next picture is "A Man Without Fear," with Louise Henry.

MARY ANN.—Gallery portraits of Genevieve Tobin were published in this magazine in June, 1933, September, 1934, and July, 1935. She was born in New York, November 29, 1904; five feet three and a half, weighs 101, blond hair, green eyes. For stills of Republic Pictures, address the Publicity Department, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York. There is a charge of ten cents for each still.

X. Y. Z.—Roto stills of "Naughty Marietta" appeared in the issue of May.



Billy Barrud, who leaped to fame in "Three Kids and a Queen," has another picture coming, "The Magnificent Brute," with Victor McLaglen.

1935. There were no such stills of "Rose-Marie." Any issues of Picture Play for 1934 and 1935 may be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Department. From January until December, 1934, the magazine sold for ten cents; from then on fifteen cents. Jean Harlow's birthdate is March 3, 1911. Robert Woolsey seems to be the only player who celebrates his birthday on August 14th.

MARY LOU.—Claire Dodd and Beverly Roberts were the two girls in "The Singing Kid." The former is the blonde who jilted Al Jolson.



Buddy Ebsen, his sense of humor as expert as his dancing, displays his revolutionary "invention" which should be the envy of all small boys.

E. P. H.—By writing to 20th Century-Fox, Box 900, Beverly Hills, California, you may be able to obtain stills of "Private Number." They sell for ten cents each.

MOVIE FAX.—See Admiring Fan for information about Robert Taylor. Loretta Young is divorced from Grant Withers. Her birthdate is January 6, 1913. In "Private Number" her name was *Ellen Neal*.

ANN M.—Phillips Holmes is appearing in "General Spanky."

D. D.—Address James Stewart at the MGM Studio if you wish his photo, including twenty-five cents. Stills of "Speed" and "Small-town Girl" may be had by writing to the Publicity Department, MGM Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York. These cost ten cents each.

JOAN ALLAN.—Allan Jones will be seen in "Broadway Melody of 1937" and "Born to Dance." His birthdate is October 14, 1907. "Show Boat" stills may be had by writing to the Publicity Department, Universal Pictures, 1250 Sixth Avenue, New York, at a cost of ten cents each.

P. FAX.—Lamy Ross has not appeared in any picture since "College Rhythm" and is not scheduled for any right now. David Manners's latest is "Portrait of a Rebel." Henry Fonda recently completed "Wings of the Morning" in England and will do as his next "Three-time Loser," with Spencer Tracy and Sylvia Sydney for United Artists.

ARDENT ADMIRER.—Loretta Young married Grant Withers in January, 1930, and they were divorced in September, 1931. Loretta has not remarried, but Mr. Withers has had two wives since, Shirley Parshal, show girl, and Gladys Joyce Walsh, Cleveland society girl. He was born in Pueblo, Colorado, January 17, 1904; he has dark, curly hair and blue eyes.

CECILIA.—The studios often buy stories which, for some reason or other, are never used for the screen. Sometimes stories are announced for certain stars but these are put on the shelf because more suitable vehicles are found in the meantime. It may be that we will yet see the ones you mention. Clifton Webb was to have been Joan Crawford's leading man in "Elegance," but before the entire cast was assembled Miss Crawford was assigned to "The Gorgeous Hussy" and production on that began immediately. Barbara Stanwyck was born July 16, 1907. Her current film is "His Brother's Wife," with "The Plough and the Stars" the next picture to follow.

F. E. F.—Margaret Sullavan reached screen stardom before Henry Fonda. They were married in 1931, and divorced in 1933, Margaret being the one who asked for the divorce. She then married William Wyler, director, in November, 1934, and they were divorced in March of this year. For complete casts of films I must ask you to send a stamped envelope.

MARIANNE OF FREEDOM.—Ronald Colman is five feet eleven; Irene Dunne, five feet four. Providence, Rhode Island, is Nelson Eddy's birthplace. Allan Jones is now married to Irene Hervey. James Dunn sang with Shirley Temple in "Stand Up and Cheer." Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City, May 9, 1897. He was educated at Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut. His mother's friend, Nazimova, offered him his first screen rôle in "War Brides" and launched him on a screen career. He made his first hit in "Broken Blossoms," and was first starred in "Tol'able David." When his stage play, "The Postman Always Rings Twice," recently closed in New York, he sailed for England to appear in pictures there.

Who Wants A Whiter Wash?

"My children's things can't be too white to suit me. My wash used to come out fairly white—but since I started adding a little Ammo, the wash has been **NOTICEABLY WHITER**. I notice it most in the children's underthings. Now they're so much whiter and softer."

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No matter how good your soap compound is—Ammo will help it do a better job. A little Ammo in with the soap or soap flakes will **POSITIVELY IMPROVE** the whiteness of your wash.

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Widow Thought Old Book Worthless Sells It for \$200

Mrs. Amelia Bell, San Diego, California, a widow, discovered a book printed in 1876 among the effects of her late husband. She had no idea it was worth anything until she sent for the American Book Mart's latest price list and found her book described there. Imagine her joy when she sold it to them for \$200.00. She writes, "I never dreamed I would receive \$200.00 for it. Was I overjoyed? I'll say so!" You too may have valuable old books in your home—stored away in old trunks, attic, or basement. The American Book Mart, the largest company of its kind in the United States, wants to buy thousands of old books of all kinds (bibles, almanacs, old letters, etc.) old newspapers and magazines. Many published only five and six years ago are valuable. A single book that looks worthless may bring you \$50—\$100—\$500—or even \$5,000 in cash! Is there a fortune hidden among your old books? Better investigate now! Send 10c today to American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 156, Chicago, Ill., and they will send you latest list of old books they want to buy and the prices they will pay!

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a mysterious package through the mail filled with thrilling gifts from New York shops, each gift selected for you—and you alone?

Just enclose a dollar bill and tell us about yourself—do you play bridge, smoke, drink, knit, sew?—do you read books, write letters?—What is your favorite color? What do you want more than any thing else in the world? If you are not delighted with your package of lovely gifts, and if you do not consider them worth much more than your dollar, we will gladly refund your money! Foreign 25c add'l.

THE ANDERSON COMPANY, Dept. T 2, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Henry Armetta	Louis Hayward
Edward Arnold	Buck Jones
Binnie Barnes	Boris Karloff
Noah Beery, Jr.	Bela Lugosi
Billy Burrud	Sunnie O'Dea
Ricardo Cortez	Walter Pidgeon
Andy Devine	Cesar Romero
Irene Dunne	Margaret Sullavan

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Astrid Allwyn	Robert Kent
Don Ameche	June Lang
Warner Baxter	Keye Luke
Thomas Beck	Victor McLaglen
J. Edward Bromberg	Warner Oland
John Carradine	Tyrone Power, Jr.
Ruth Chatterton	John Qualen
Irvin S. Cobb	Bill Robinson
Katherine DeMille	Simone Simon
Alan Dinehart	Gloria Stuart
Brian Donley	Slim Summerville
Dixie Dunbar	Shirley Temple
Alice Faye	Lawrence Tibbett
Douglas Fowley	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	Michael Whalen
Edward Everett Horton	Jane Withers
Kenneth Howell	Helen Wood
Rochelle Hudson	Loretta Young
Arline Judge	

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Eric Linden
Elizabeth Allan	Ann Loring
John Barrymore	Ann Loring
Lionel Barrymore	Edmund Lowe
Freddie Bartholomew	Myrna Loy
Wallace Beery	Jeanette MacDonald
Virginia Bruce	Una Merkel
Billie Burke	Robert Montgomery
Charles Butterworth	Frank Morgan
Bruce Cabot	George Murphy
Joseph Calleia	Edna May Oliver
Mary Carlisle	Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Chatburn	Reginald Owen
Jackie Cooper	Cecilia Parker
Joan Crawford	Jean Parker
Melvyn Douglas	Eleanor Powell
Buddy Ebsen	William Powell
Nelson Eddy	Juanita Quigley
Stuart Erwin	Luise Rainer
Madge Evans	Florence Rice
Betty Furness	May Robson
Clark Gable	Mickey Rooney
Greta Garbo	Rosalind Russell
Jean Harlow	Norma Shearer
Louise Henry	Harvey Stephens
William Henry	James Stewart
Jean Hersholt	Lewis Stone
Irene Hervey	Robert Taylor
Weldon Heyburn	Franchot Tone
Allan Jones	Spencer Tracy
Elissa Landi	Johnny Weissmuller
	Robert Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Abel	Louise Latimer
Heather Angel	Fredric March
John Arledge	Herbert Marshall
Fred Astaire	Gertrude Michael
Smith Ballew	George O'Brien
John Beal	Moroni Olsen
John Boles	Joe Penner
Bobby Breen	Barbara Pepper
Helen Broderick	Lily Pons
Joe E. Brown	Gene Raymond
Margaret Callahan	Erik Rhodes
Joan Davis	Ginger Rogers
Owen Davis, Jr.	Anne Shirley
Preston Foster	Ann Sothern
Betty Grable	Barbara Stanwyck
Margot Grahame	Bert Wheeler
Katharine Hepburn	Robert Woolsey
Harriet Hilliard	

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Allen	Jack Holt
Jean Arthur	Victor Jory
Mary Astor	Marian Marsh
George Bancroft	Ken Maynard
Ralph Bellamy	Grace Moore
Leo Carrillo	Chester Morris
Marguerite Churchill	Lloyd Nolan
Ronald Colman	Lionel Stander
Walter Connolly	Charles Starrett
Dolores del Rio	Raymond Walburn
Richard Dix	Fay Wray
Edith Fellows	

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

Elisabeth Bergner	Ethel Merman
Eddie Cantor	Merle Oberon
Charles Chaplin	Mary Pickford
Paulette Goddard	Frank Shields
Miriam Hopkins	C. Aubrey Smith
Gordon Jones	Douglas Walton
Joel McCrea	

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander	Al Jolson
Robert Barrat	Ruby Keeler
Joan Blondell	Guy Kibbee
Humphrey Bogart	Margaret Lindsay
George Brent	Anita Louise
Marion Davies	Frank McHugh
Bette Davis	Jean Muir
Olivia de Havilland	Paul Muni
Claire Dodd	Pat O'Brien
Ann Dvorak	Dick Powell
John Eldredge	Claude Rains
Patricia Ellis	Phillip Reed
Glenda Farrell	Craig Reynolds
Errol Flynn	Beverly Roberts
Nick Foran	Winiifred Shaw
Kay Francis	Paula Stone
William Gargan	Verree Teasdale
Hugh Herbert	June Travis
Leslie Howard	Genevieve Tobin
Warren Hull	Warren William
Ian Hunter	Marie Wilson
Josephine Hutchinson	Donald Woods
Allen Jenkins	

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Roscoe Karns
Bennie Bartlett	Harold Lloyd
Jack Benny	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Ida Lupino
Tom Brown	Fred MacMurray
George Burns	Adolphe Menjou
Mary Carlisle	Ray Milland
Claudette Colbert	Jack Oakie
Gary Cooper	Lynne Overman
Buster Crabbe	Gail Patrick
Bing Crosby	Charles Quigley
Robert Cummings	George Raft
Marlene Dietrich	Shirley Ross
Johnny Downs	Charles Ruggles
Frances Drake	Randolph Scott
Frances Farmer	Sir Guy Standing
W. C. Fields	Gladys Swarthout
Ketti Gallian	Kent Taylor
Cary Grant	Virginia Weidler
Julie Haydon	Mae West
David Jack Holt	Eleanore Whitney
John Howard	Grant Withers
Marsha Hunt	

Walter Wanger Productions 1040 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, California

Alan Baxter	Henry Fonda
Joan Bennett	Frances Langford
Charles Boyer	Pat Paterson
Madeleine Carroll	

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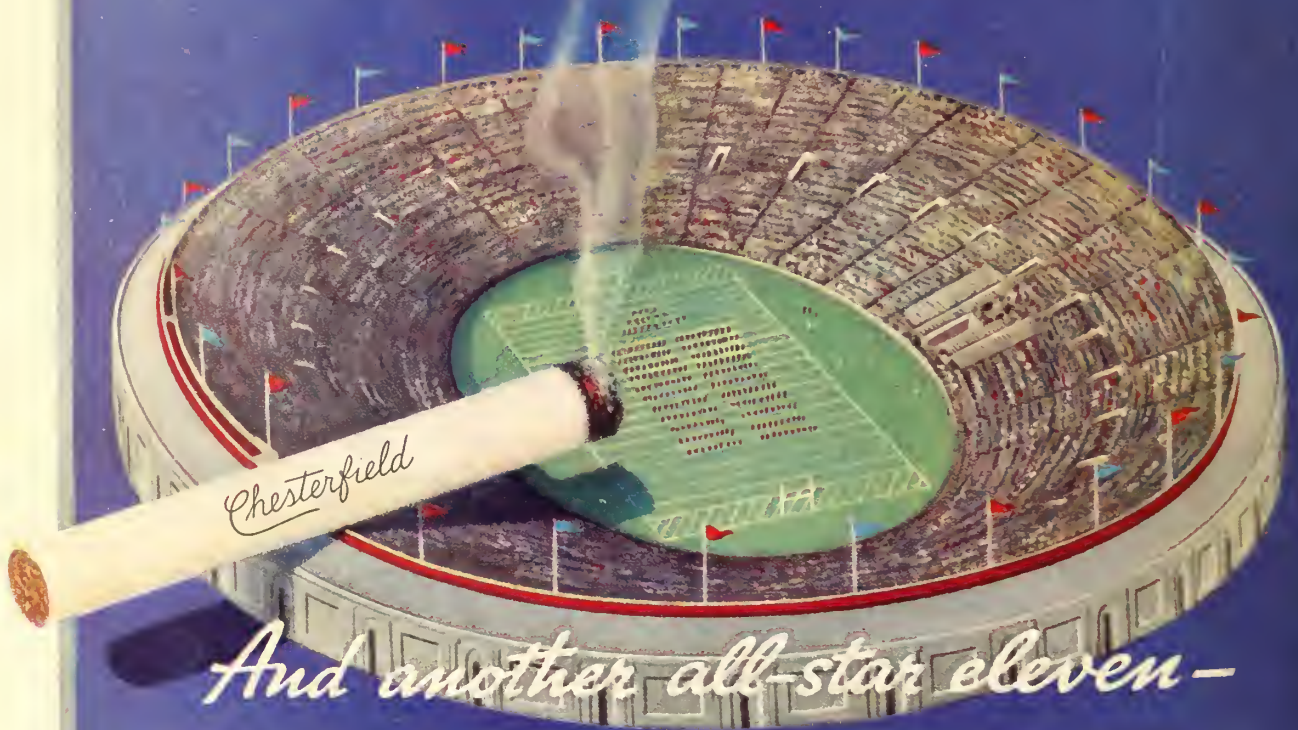
SMART LOVE STORIES

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A Tribute to Football

by Grantland Rice

Blocking backs and interference -
Fifty thousand wild adherents -
Tackle thrusts and headlong clashes,
Two yard bucks and dizzy dashes,
Head and shoulder, heart and soul,
Till you fall across the goal.



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Picture Play

DECEMBER
1936

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JEANETTE
MacDONALD
By TATIANA FALL

ELSON EDDY'S STRANGE PACT
JEANETTE MacDONALD'S CHILDHOOD



She's back (and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936") in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld" ...brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars—stars—STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell ("Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey", and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring

ELEANOR POWELL

with

JAMES STEWART • VIRGINIA BRUCE

**UNA MERKEL • SID SILVERS • FRANCES LANGFORD
RAYMOND WALBURN • ALAN DINEHART • BUDDY EBSEN**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth



SAMUEL GOLDWYN

PRESENTS

Edna Ferber's

"COME AND GET IT"

with

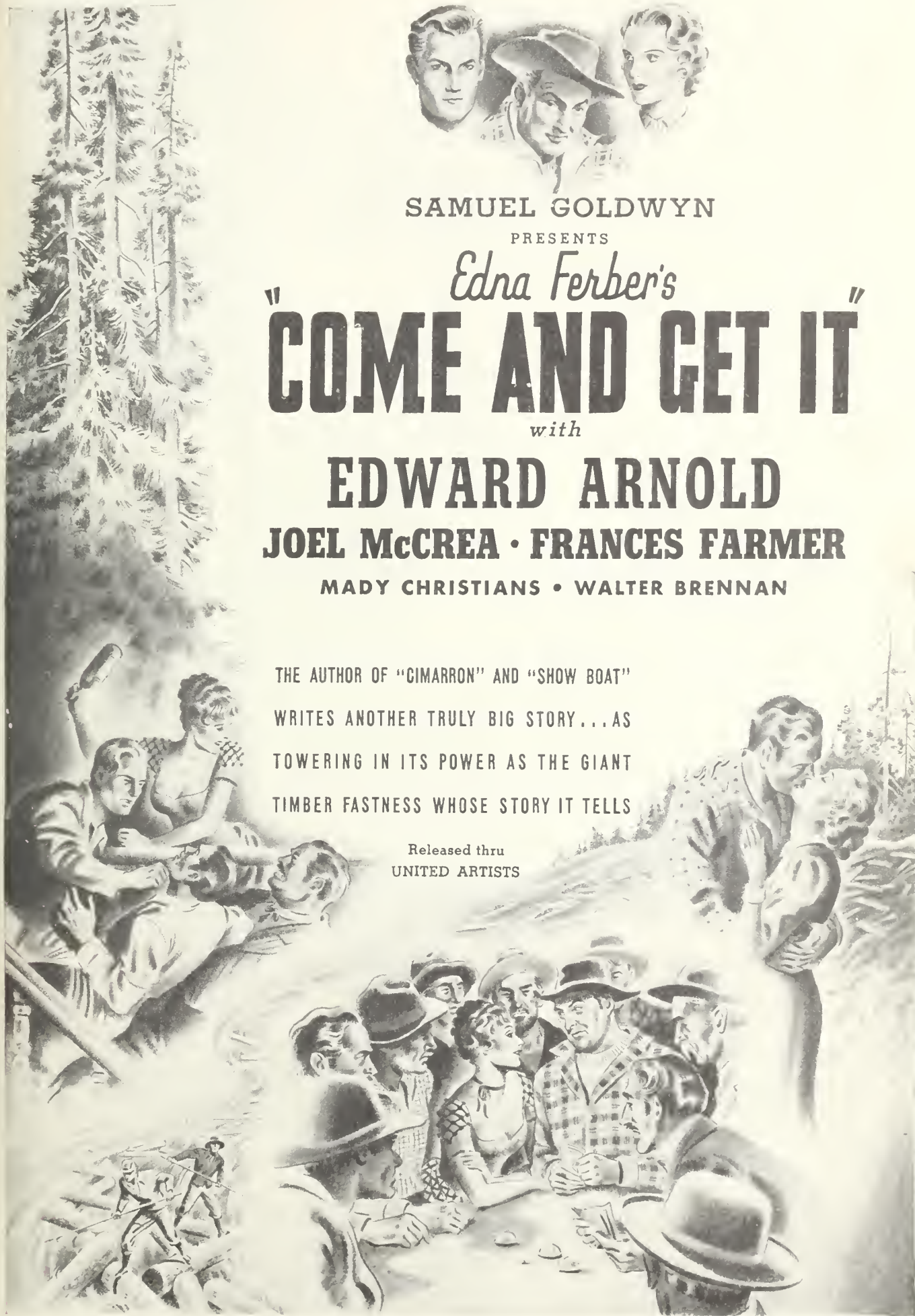
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JOEL McCREA • FRANCES FARMER

MADY CHRISTIANS • WALTER BRENNAN

THE AUTHOR OF "CIMARRON" AND "SHOW BOAT"
WRITES ANOTHER TRULY BIG STORY... AS
TOWERING IN ITS POWER AS THE GIANT
TIMBER FASTNESS WHOSE STORY IT TELLS

Released thru
UNITED ARTISTS



STREET & SMITH'S

Picture Play

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VOLUME XLV MONTHLY NUMBER 4

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 SINGLE COPIES, 15 CENTS

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JEANETTE MacDONALD

NEXT MONTH: THE REAL LOW-DOWN ON LOMBARD

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



Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"



One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks



A group of Salem lads doing a little rippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert
and **Fred MacMurray** in
"MAID OF SALEM"
A Paramount Picture with Harvey
Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced
and Directed by **FRANK LLOYD**

WHAT THE FANS THINK

Operatic Rôles for Eddy.

BELIEVE that the majority of Nelson Eddy's fans have normal intelligence and, therefore, a developed appreciation of good music. Why, then, can't we attempt to bring about some miracle which would enable Nelson to sing great music on the screen as well as on the concert stage? Or will he be allowed to go on singing light, trite music such as in "Rose-Marie" and "Maytime"?

Of all the singers on the screen, Eddy has the greatest voice; potentially, it is one of the world's greatest. Yet this voice is wasted on trifling music, pretty and pleasingly tuneful enough, it is true, but not music at all in the real sense of the word. Why, even a singer of the caliber of James Melton, little more than a crooner and a fair enough tenor at best, is allowed to sing the whole of the aria "Celeste Aida" in a minor production.

Eddy has never sung a snatch of an aria on the screen, and I begin to doubt if he ever will when he is continually cast in productions the music of which, written for musical comedy tenors, cannot possibly demonstrate the range and power of a great baritone.

MGM has a tremendous opportunity. That is, to make a full-length opera with Nelson Eddy in the lead. To date, only American opera-goers have heard him in opera. Such a film would give the whole world a great new opera star, and to the screen would go the credit for discovering this operatic genius. In Eddy we have a perfect "Escamilla," a superb "Mephisto," a great "Baron Scarpio," but will he ever sing villainous rôles on the screen? It is extremely doubtful. His looks conspire against it. Because he has the appearance of an Adonis it naturally follows, according to screen logic, that he must play the romantic.

I firmly believe it lies in the hands of MGM to make an operatic film, the first of its kind, which would open to the whole world the realms of unexplored music, and, in doing so, the screen would contribute something to art as well as to entertainment.

Freda Wakeling.

42 Dolmeny Road, Tufnell Park,
London, N. 7, England.

Continued on page 10

Photo by Bull



Freda Wakeling, of England, deplors the "light, trite" music that Nelson Eddy must sing on the screen while MGM overlooks the opportunity to star him in a full-length opera.

WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!

THE
PICTURE
OF THE
MONTH



'Oiwin' had two great passions —poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!



"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."



When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties—but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!



"3

MEN ON A HORSE"

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

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Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK MCHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART



INFORMATION, PLEASE

ADDRESS YOUR QUESTIONS TO THE ORACLE, PICTURE PLAY, 79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

BY THE ORACLE

LUCY D.—Don Ameche, who played in "Sins of Man," is an experienced actor of the stage and radio. You'll see him in "Ramona" and "Ladies in Love." Golf and swimming are his chief outdoor sports. His right name is Dominich Ameche. Married and has two sons. Five feet eleven and a half, weighs 170, and has hazel eyes and brown hair.



V. J. O.—Roto stills of "Show Boat" were published in May, 1936. Gallery portraits of Nelson Eddy appeared in April and October, 1936, and Irene Dunne, March, 1936. There was an interview with Nino Martini in March, 1936. For photographs of the stars, address them in care of the studios listed on page 98, inclosing twenty-five cents to cover the cost.

P. R. S.—For stills of "Magnificent Obsession," address the Publicity Dept., Universal Pictures, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, and "Smalltown Girl," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, 1540 Broadway, New York. They cost ten cents each.



Brian Aherne was born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England, May 2, 1902; Freddie Bartholomew, London, England, March 28, 1924; Virginia Bruce, Minneapolis, Minnesota, September 29, 1910; Irene Dunne, Louisville, Kentucky, July 14, 1904; Loretta Young, Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913.



R. G.—We have used any number of photographs of Nelson Eddy and George Brent in the past and you will find more in future issues of the magazine. "Maytime" is still in production.

EVELYN NORTH.—Nelson Eddy has never been married. Nor has Jeanette MacDonald. However, the latter recently announced her engagement to Gene Raymond. Sally is Bobby Breen's real sister. Shirley Temple's latest is now called "Dimples." Freddie Bartholomew's birthdate is March 28, 1924.

JACK JONES.—Stanley Morner sang "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" in "The

Great Ziegfeld." He will be Nelson Eddy's son in "Maytime."

All persons writing to The Oracle are requested to include their full name and address. This will permit a reply by mail if there isn't space here. For information about stills, casts, fan clubs, stars' films, please inclose a stamped envelope.

JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON FAX.—Miss Hutchinson was born in Seattle, Washington, October 9, 1904; five feet four and a half, weighs 110, red hair, dark-green eyes. Studied music and dancing, and won scholarship in Cornish School of Music and Drama. Played in "The Little Princess," a Mary Pickford film, as a child. First appearance on the stage was in Washington, D. C., playing three years in stock. Appeared in New York in "A Man's Man," and then joined Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theater. Interviews with her were published in January, 1935, and April, 1936. Gallery portraits, September and February, 1935, and July, 1936.



V. L. G.—Robert Cummings once fooled New York stage producers into believing that he was a successful English actor-producer, with the result that he was put into three important plays. Born in Joplin, Missouri, under the name of Charles Robert Cummings, Bob took his high-school diploma to New York, and entered the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, from which he graduated two years later in 1932. His first film was "So Red the Rose." He celebrates his birthday on June 9th. All the players you mention use their right names, but Ruby Keeler's is Ethel Hilda Keeler.



FREDERICK SMITH.—Wendy Barrie was born in Hongkong, China, April 18, 1913; five feet five, red-gold hair, blue eyes. Her right name is Jenkin. Jean Rogers, in Belmont, Massachusetts,

March 25, 1916. Real name is Eleanor Lovegreen.

R. H. B.—Our last interview with Dick Powell appeared in November, 1935. One about Michael Whalen appeared last month. The latter was born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, June 30th; six feet two, brown hair, blue eyes.



XANDRA ETINOPOULOS.—We published an interview with Henry Wilcoxon in December, 1934. This may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Department.

K. E. D.—Baby Le Roy's right name is Le Roy Weinbrenner. Nelson Eddy's hair wasn't as yellow and as wavy before he entered pictures.

MITZI.—Fredric March was interviewed in Picture Play for May, 1934, and September, 1935. Our Subscription Dept. will be pleased to supply these issues upon receipt of your order and remittance of fifteen cents for each.



ADRIENNE MACK.—Rex Ingram, *De Lawd* of "Then Green Pastures," is not to be confused with Rex Ingram, director-husband of Alice Terry. The former is a colored stage actor and it is just a coincidence that they have the same names.

GINGER.—Their birthdates are: Olivia de Havilland, July 1, 1916; Shirley Temple, April 23, 1929; Franchot Tone, February 27, 1906; Clark Gable, February 1, 1901; Carol Lombard, October 6, 1909; Louise Latimer, March 2, 1916; Isabel Jewell, July 19th; Ann Sothern, January 2, 1909.

E. E. H.—Anita Louise is currently playing in Warners' "Anthony Adverse." She was born in New York City, January 9, 1916. Her next is opposite Errol Flynn in "The Green Light." Loretta Young will be twenty-three on January 6th. Bobby Breen is making "Rainbow on the River." Cary Grant is divorced from Virginia Cherrill.



MARGARET JENKINS.—Smith Ballew, of radio fame, was the singing cowboy in "Palm Springs."

L. S.—Our previews in December, 1935, included "Tarzan Escapes," "In Person," "The Murder of Doctor Harrigan," "She Couldn't Take It," "Hands Across the Table," "The Perfect Gentleman," "I Dream Too Much," "The Melody Lingers On," "I Live For Love," "Doctor Socrates," "The Milky Way," "The Virginia Judge," "Sylvia Scarlett," "Annie Oakley," "Metropolitan." In January, 1936: "Crime and Punishment," "Coronado," "The Littlest Rebel," "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," "Ship Café," "Stars Over Broadway," "Sylvia Scarlett," "Show Them No Mercy," "Frisco Kid," "I Found Stella Parish," "The Bride Comes Home," "Broadway Hostess," "Paddy O'Day." The 1935 issue may be had by sending your order with remittance of fifteen cents to our Subscription Dept. The January, 1936, issue has been completely exhausted.

N. AMEND.—Henry Fonda was born in Grand Island, Nebraska, May 16, 1905; six feet one, weighs 170, dark-brown hair, blue eyes. His father, William Brace Fonda, moved his family to Omaha when Henry was quite young, and here he attended public and high schools with a writing career in view. He worked his way through the University of Minnesota. After graduation, he tried for a newspaper job. Then he became interested in the Omaha Community Playhouse where he appeared in plays. In 1928 he came East to play in summer stock and in the fall joined the Theater Guild. His success in "The Farmer Takes a Wife" led to a screen contract and the lead in the stage version of the same play. "Slim," with Pat O'Brien, is to be his next.

D. G. R.—Charles Laughton was born in Scarborough, England, July 1, 1899; five feet ten, weighs 167, brown hair, gray eyes. Married to Elsa Lanchester. They have no children. Interviews appeared in January, 1933, May, 1935, March, 1936. These cost fifteen cents each and may be had by sending your order with remittance to our Subscription Dept. Miss Lanchester, in London, England; five feet seven, and has red hair.

JEANETTE'S FAN.—Jeanette MacDonald has announced her engagement to Gene Raymond. We published interviews with Miss MacDonald in August, 1931, July, 1932, August, 1933, September, 1934, January, 1936, and in this issue. However, the January issue has been completely sold out. The others may be had by sending your order to our Subscription Dept., inclosing fifteen cents for each copy.

TERRY BAER.—Maurice Murphy played the rôle of Jackie Cooper's brother in "Divorce in the Family." He has been playing in "Gentle Julia," "Down Under the Sea," and "Romeo and Juliet." Johnny Downs will be seen

Continued on page 96

LOVELY



Miss Helen Bernard—New Permanent Wave by Walter & Sisters, fashionable New York Hairdresser.

"MY SECRET OF LOVELINESS — I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Helen Bernard, of Wheeling, W. Va.

CHARMING Miss Bernard, NOVEMBER winner of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest, tells us how she improved her whole appearance. "I keep my hair soft and lustrous with Marchand's," says Miss Bernard. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain new attractiveness your friends will admire. How? Develop fully your one *natural* charm, your hair!

BLONDES — To have your hair a lovely golden shade brightens your whole appearance. Evenly restore youthful lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES — Just a rinse with Marchand's adds a sparkling, glowing sheen to your hair. Or if you wish, using Marchand's full strength you too can lighten your hair to any golden shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES — End worry over unsightly hair on arms — and legs. Women everywhere are now using Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable*. Invisible through even sheerest stockings! Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York — FREE

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

Name
Address
City State..... S. S. 1236

Continued from page 6

His True Self.

I KNOW the girls all over the United States are going to jump on me, but I simply can't stand Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. Especially strong is my dislike for Mr. Taylor. It used to be that I could sit through his pictures dozing off every once in a while, but since I have seen him several times in person, I don't think I shall waste another quarter on any of his films.

On a Friday night recently, several friends and I were outside the Lux Radio Theater, where Mr. Taylor had gone to get Barbara Stanwyck, waiting for him to come out. When they finally came out, Barbara Stanwyck was pleasant and friendly, but he was the grouchiest of any of the stars I have been fortunate enough to see. He is insignificant and homely off the screen, and conceit is written all over his face. Unwillingly, and with a very bored air, he finally consented to scribble his name on a piece of paper.

I know Mr. Taylor appears to be quite the perfect gentleman on the screen, and a very romantic young man who makes all the girls' hearts flutter, but if these girls could see their idol in person, I frankly believe that Mr. Taylor would lose much of his popularity. Of course, if there is a large crowd around him he can be very likable, but with just a few of us, and mostly kids at that, he showed his true self. SUE RIDDLE.

1520 East Colorado Boulevard,
Glendale, California.

Enough of Shirley.

HAVING some grievance on my chest, I know of but one way to give vent to them—by writing to the one and only reliable Picture Play.

I keep asking myself why, oh why, has

What the Fans Think

the nation, nay the universe, gone Shirley Temple-wild? I find no answer to it but one—the almighty dollar. No child is deserving of such adulation. If the producers weren't so fawning toward mammon, Shirley would be just an ordinary child. Certainly there are hundreds of gifted youngsters, but none of them, perhaps, got the breaks, or had the doting, ambitious parents and sponsors to back them, to coach them, to make them instruments along the goal to Easy Street. Take away the publicity, capers, stop the manufacture of so-called Shirley Temple dolls and dresses; deprive *la* Temple of the curling iron and what appears to be hairpins keeping her crowning glory just so, and what have you? A child no better than Mary Smith, Liza Jones, or Katie Brown.

The feverish pace of publicity forcing itself down the throats of average human gullibility is bound to strike a snag. And this sooner or later. Shirley is a sweet child. I saw her in one picture, "Now and Forever," and she was adorable and lovable, but I want to see no more of her while I know the world is full of other children equally as adorable and lovable. Too much is more than enough.

Excess cake and candy is bad for the constitution. This invariable sweetness, this constant Temple childishness in picture after picture, is the same old dessert sugared and frosted.

CARLTON LEINARD,
Box 187, Hazelton, Pennsylvania.

John Boles Enthusiast.

I WONDER if a great many John Boles enthusiasts aren't thankful he has left 20th Century-Fox to free-lance and have an opportunity to choose his rôles?

Recently, I went to see "White Fang," just because I was curious to know why he refused to accept the rôle allotted to him, and I found the part was most unsuitable for an actor of Mr. Boles's splendid talents. In my opinion, the character of the man who has the chief rôle in the story is really and truly ridiculous.



Helen Wood prefers a Breton sailor. You'll be seeing her with Jane Withers in "Can This Be Dixie?"

I am earnestly hoping that fans and friends will find the courage to write some letters to stimulate interest and create enthusiasm among people who appreciate and find a real artist like our own American actor-singer from Texas, John Boles, both inspiring and refreshing. I would love to see him in a musical version of "To Have and to Hold," with Lily Pons or Helen Jepson. Also, "Mon-sieur Beaucaire."

Norbert Lusk's "reviews of current pictures" are always interesting. I like his adroitness. LILLY MUSGRAVE.

2700 North Vincent Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

A Chance To Be Heard.

RICHARD GRIFFITH'S article, "Do the Fans Think?" in September Picture Play, was another proof of my conviction that Picture Play, because of its active interest in what fans have to say, is doing a noble deed. Some of our ideas may be unsound, our criticisms harsh, but the fact that we take time to express ourselves in writing shows we have a deeper than average interest in movies. Picture Play, more than any other magazine, gives us a chance to be heard.

Your campaign in behalf of Gloria Swanson also is commendable. May it aid her return to the screen. Her distinctive charm, sophistication and talent should bring her renewed success.

Despite the fact that I was not yet a constant movie-goer in the years of Miss Swanson's success, I do not consider her passé. She is undeniably a woman of to-day. Her poise and her beauty are greater now than in her days of stardom. She is old enough to have experienced life's happiness and sadness, its successes and its disappointments. Yet she will



Joseph Calleia and Robert Taylor share a spot of coffee between scenes, Mr. Calleia's amiability in marked contrast to his villainy on the screen.

never be "old" as most of us understand the word. If more of our actors were of this type, we should have better performances, for, in order to portray life with understanding, one must have lived fully and completely. No artist, no matter what his field, is ever a success until he has grown inwardly to know life through living.

In this respect, may I ask Alice Clifton, whose letter appeared in the September issue, if she thinks it quite cricket to bring up Kay Francis as a slightly shady example in comparing her with Miss Swanson? It is splendid to try to help build up a reputation for Gloria, but not at the expense of Miss Francis, or any one else. If Gloria Swanson can make a niche for herself in the movies, it should be on her own merits, not on some one else's weaknesses.

ANN GRAY.

Holliston, Massachusetts.

Anti-Dorothy Rogers.

I AM anxious to read the barrage of comment that Dorothy Rogers will undoubtedly create again. She certainly can surprise. At first I thought it couldn't be the same one, but wonders never cease where Miss Rogers and her emotions are concerned.

I wonder how many of Joan Crawford's followers feel as I do. I can't forget Miss Rogers's fickleness so easily. She turned against Joan just because she didn't approve of her lip rouge and her publicity, at a time when Joan really needed support and encouragement. She was trying to lift herself above the dancing-daughter category, and perhaps her efforts did go too far on the dramatic side for a time, but we all knew she'd come through it a more interesting person and a finer actress. We believed in her.

To me, Joan has always had the same qualities. She may look different, but



Myrtle Stedman, popular star of the silent era, reads over her lines for "Green Light."

she's still "Diana." I think she lives life beautifully. When she first appeared in the movie world I thought she was the embodiment of everything to idealize—and I still do. It would take a great deal more than an experiment in make-up, and a picture that wasn't up to par, to disillusion me.

I doubt if anything I could say would express all she has done for me. She has brought me so much happiness. I worshiped her for years, always promising myself that some day I'd meet her and know her. I wanted to tell her how grateful I was, and how much happiness I wished her. It had to happen when I wanted it so much. I've been corresponding with Joan for five years, and my dreams have surpassed themselves. When I met her she lived up to all my expectations. I've seen her several times, and she is always human and kind, above all else. She's the grandest person on earth. She radiates charm and friendliness. I realize how fortunate I am to know such a person.

Dorothy Rogers will never redeem herself in my estimation. She once proved to me how petty she could be, and I don't believe in her now. It was an interesting story—I was almost fooled—but I can't forget. I may stand alone in my views, but there they are. I am definitely anti-Rogers.

BETTY DOLAN.

1142 Albany Avenue,
Hartford, Connecticut.

Old and New Faces.

I HAVE been much interested in the Swanson feud, but somehow I can't get excited about it. It is hard for me to understand why any one should fret about the absence of *la* Swanson, while that romantic of romantics, Ramon Novarro, remains away from the screen.

Those of us who have heard Novarro sing inevitably hear the echo of his voice when some newer screen singer fails to bring us the same heart-stirring thrill. Ramon's was not a voice of volcanic power, but rather of emotional warmth and melodic sweetness.

When to-day's screen lovers emote all over the screen in order to express their love, we turn away with a sigh. Novarro had only to look at his leading lady, something inexpressible leaping into his eyes, and we knew he loved her.

As for the subtler emotions of sacrifice and reverence, can we ever forget Ramon in "Son of India"? I can still hear him saying to Conrad Nagel, simply yet with stirring appeal, "The gods can never forgive a man who is ungrateful."

"Old faces or new?" asks Norbert Lusk in one of his interesting editorials. Both, if you please! Old favorites, like Novarro and Richard Barthelmess, so long as their performances remain good. New favorites as soon as they prove their right to a place in the stellar company.

MARIE H. ASHWORTH.

118 West Ninth Street,
Mount Vernon, Indiana.

Tribute to Thomas Meighan.

SCARCELY a month passes without the announcement of the return of one of yesterday's favorites, a circum-



GEORGE

ARLISS

LORD OF THE ORIENT . . .
Subtle . . . Sinister . . . All-powerful . . . but powerless to impose his will on two young people madly in love . . .



EAST
MEETS
WEST

with LUCIE MANNHEIM
GODFREY TEARLE • ROMNEY BRENT
Directed by HERBERT MASON Story by E. GREENWOOD



COMING TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE

A  Production

What the Fans Think

stance which is likely to find favor in the eyes of the most faithful and discerning film fans.

Therefore, it seems fitting that a small and sincere tribute should be paid to the memory of Thomas Meighan—whose death must have caused many a true veteran to sigh and say softly "I remember."

He was in as much demand with the first ladies of the screen, as leading man, as Gable or Taylor are to-day, and he had the masculine appeal of the former, and the same personal charm. The only personality, however, that brings a tang of remembrance of "Tommy" is that of his fellow countryman, George Brent,

whose Irish good humor and down-to-earth masculinity, reminds one a little of his predecessor.

"Manslaughter" was never the same, despite brilliant acting from Fredric March and Claudette Colbert, as it was in Meighan's capable hands. "The Miracle Man" was unsurpassed—and those of us who can recall the lighter side of Meighan's work will remember, with affection, his work opposite two stars who are happily still with us, Mary Pickford and Billie Burke. Although of an entirely different type, Tommy Meighan shared with Wally Reid an innately lovable quality, and in his passing we feel the same sense of personal loss.

Meighan stood for red-blooded, hard-fisted, square-shooting manhood. There is always room for a Meighan on the screen in all its phases. Gable carries on the tradition and, we hope, will, in his turn, hand on the torch to a worthy successor.

JEAN WEBSTER BROUHL.

38 Woodstock Road,

Bedford Park, London, England.



During his trip to England, Joe E. Brown picked up this cute Yorkshire terrier. "Flirting With Fate" will be Joe's next film.



Here is Brian Donlevy, favorite with readers of Picture Play, and the girl of his dreams, Marjorie Lane, whose marriage you may hear about any day now.

Gloria's Influence.

I'VE been watching with great interest the decision that you are trying to make for or against Gloria Swanson. It is rather brutal and somewhat of an insult for Miss Swanson to have to go through such an experience. Still, in the event that it proves that we still want her, then I'll say O. K.

Years ago, when I was just a little shaver, I happened to see Gloria Swanson in a picture entitled "Zaza." That picture changed the whole course of my life. Up to that time I had been playing with model stages and seeing all the movies that I could. Then suddenly, with the glamour of that picture still upon me, I realized that this was what I wanted to do.

So here I am at a summer stock group trying to bring true the ideal that Miss Swanson gave me so long ago. It is quite possible that some of the things—the adverse criticism—that we hear may be true. It is also just as possible that there are things we never hear, and when we have earthly idols we can, through our love and admiration, grant them, now and then, the possibility of having very tiny clay feet.

I am an actor and am not used to putting my thoughts into eloquent words and phrases. That is what playwrights are for. In this case I leave the field to more accomplished writers, and hope that they will say the things I cannot.

BRUCE KIMES.

Barter Theater,
Abingdon, Virginia.

SOFT AND SHARP FOCUS

B Y N O R B E R T L U S K

THE death of Irving Thalberg means more than the extinction of a studio "name." More than a signal to chronicle the passing of a commanding figure in the world of the pictures. More, even, than to pay tribute to an extraordinary man. It is a loss that affects every patron of pictures just as his living work influenced the entire film industry and every follower of the screen. For it was not made by press-agentry; his great gifts were without taint of self-glorification. To the public he was almost an anonymous figure, even his name omitted, at his request, from the pictures that he produced in their entirety. They were himself; they were what he, with a modesty unparalleled in the film industry, chose to stand for him. "Credit is valuable only when it is given you," he said. "If you are in a position to give yourself credit, then you do not need it."

MR. THALBERG'S ideal was not only to produce films that were successful from a financial standpoint, but to sponsor pictures that should advance the importance of the screen as a whole. One has only to recall some of his works to realize how richly he succeeded: "The Big Parade," "Ben-Hur," "He Who Gets Slapped," and "The Trail of '98." His first sound picture was "The Broadway Melody," one of the most successful ever made, and "Grand Hotel" was another, with a star cast that still is unapproachable. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" revealed another trend and "Mutiny on the Bounty" expressed still another side of his amazing gifts for showmanship and entertainment. "Romeo and Juliet," his last, has done more to enhance the prestige of the screen and to command world-wide respect for the ability of his widow, Norma Shearer, than any other of his work. It is the crowning achievement of a career as brilliant as it was lamentably brief.

THE average fan is perhaps unfamiliar with the part actually played by Mr. Thalberg in the pictures he produced. Though he did not direct players or write dialogue or scenes for them, the entire picture from inception to ultimate exhibition was under his supervision and control. He was supreme editor of each smallest detail of the result; therefore the finished picture was pure reflection of his taste and judgment, and he never failed to appeal to the taste and judgment of the public. Contrary to general opinion, his career was not concerned solely with the development of Miss Shearer as an actress. The success of Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Myrna Loy, and Robert Montgomery is traceable to his early realization of their possibilities and his skill in providing pictures that established them, not forgetting those stars who, like him, have passed: John Gilbert, Marie Dressler, and Lou Chaney.

* * *

DO you like film stars on the radio?" I recently asked in this column, bringing to the fans' attention the hostile attitude of exhibitors toward what they term unfair competition. By far the most interesting of many letters from readers in answer to this comes from Miss Linda Jordan of Detroit, Michigan. Her reaction to the question evokes such pertinent comment that I believe her letter to have important bearing on the subject. Here it is.

THE contention of exhibitors that people stay at home in order to hear stars broadcast over the radio instead of attending the movie theaters is short-sighted to the point of being ridiculous. There are two overwhelming arguments against such a premise.

First, radio programs are too short to compete with full-length pictures. Stars

Soft and Sharp Focus

are presented for a song, a five-minute interview, or in a brief skit covering only a few minutes. Rare programs present plays covering not more than forty minutes of the hour's program.

Second, no matter how delighted we are to hear the voices of our favorite stars, that pleasure certainly cannot compare to the picture which gives us not only their voices but lets us see them as well. For, after all, our stars are carefully chosen to appeal to our eyes. And visual appeal is much greater than that of the voice.

If theater men all over the country are up in arms against the stars appearing on the radio, they are willfully ignoring the facts. They should be thanking a benevolent providence for giving them, gratis, the biggest and most potent advertising they have ever had. We fans have our favorites among the stars. We go to see the pictures in which these particular stars appear. And we are not sufficiently interested to go to see the others. But if on an evening at home we tune in on a radio program presenting one of these hitherto ignored stars and his voice intrigues us, we certainly lose no time in looking up his next picture and seeing it when it is shown. And we have added another star to our "don't miss" list.

The puerile delusion of exhibitors that they made these stars ought to be cleared of its fog of egotism. The truth is that they have nothing whatever to do with making stars. Exhibitors don't make them, producers don't make them, directors help but they don't make them, authors occasionally give them opportunities but they don't make them, publicity people do their misguided best and the star is lucky if they don't break him.

In words of one syllable, the stars make themselves and they are accepted or rejected by the public on their own merits. If you doubt my words, just pick up any movie magazine of the 1930 to 1934 vintage and see how few of the names that were then receiving elaborate build-ups are now getting top or even feature billing. You will find that you have forgotten most of them.

Just a word concerning the big money paid stars for radio appearances: If sponsors find that their sales of soap, soup, cigarettes, et cetera, increase because stars appear on their programs, have not the stars earned their salaries, however large?

The radio is not and cannot be a medium competitive with the movie theater. The only people who stay at home and listen to a star make his brief radio appearance are those whose circumstances make it impossible for them to attend the theater anyway. There is no comparison between the two forms of entertainment. The one is merely a taste to pique the appetite. The other is a satisfying meal.

* * *

MISS JORDAN'S letter undoubtedly reflects the ideas of many who welcome stars of the screen on the air, but she does not comment on my remarks regarding the quality of the material given them. It cannot be that she and others are satisfied with the eternal grind of the old stage plays, tabloid versions of films old and new, and such trite stuff, which is unworthy of the high-priced talent involved and unworthy, too, of average listeners. I know that the latter are tired of rehashed plots, of condensed plays and film stories which, I insist, do not satisfy and are interesting only so far as they permit the familiar stars to be heard without being seen. So right am I in this contention that it is especially gratifying to learn of a great change about to take place on the radio.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to feature stars in material written expressly for their radio appearance. The various networks are aware that listeners are weary of the usual offering which makes possible the appearance of a movie "name" on the air, and are taking measures to improve the standard of entertainment. They are seeking special material from well-known writers. Says the invaluable *Hollywood Reporter*: "The possibility at once looms of guest-writer names on broadcast billings, with the author of the material sharing honors with the guest stars and increasing the listener anticipation. Scenarists, playwrights working on the Coast, and novelists and magazine writers who can handle the dialogue medium will be in demand for other originals."

IF this reform goes into effect it will be a great forward step in giving us our stars as we like them, not as the public of five years ago accepted them because of novelty. Now we may hear them put to the test of sustaining a characterization in a complete, rounded sketch. It is far more difficult than reading snatches of plays and films and I am sure that the majority of our favorites who can really act will respond to the challenge as beautifully as Helen Hayes, Jane Cowl, and Judith Anderson of the stage have done on the air.



Photo by International

OUR Lady of the Camellias, Greta Garbo, submits this first glimpse of herself in "Camille," with Robert Taylor as "Armand Duval." Her rôle is one of the most famous in dramatic literature, and is the ultimate test of every actress. The story of the Parisian demimondaine who lived and died for love, though old and even hackneyed, will become fervid, poetic and exquisite when Garbo casts her spell.

MY REUNION WITH THE *Quints*

BY JEAN HERSHOLT

Mr. Hersholt's own intimate impressions of the Dionne quintuplets is as heart-warming as seeing the famous babies on the screen. It is a story that must be read to know them—and him—better.

DEFY any one in the world not to get excited when he or she gets near the quints. They are the undisputed queens of babydom, the most famous kiddies on earth.

You may lunch with presidents and play tennis with kings, work with the great and relax with the near-great, but when the five Mademoiselles Dionne look up in wonderment at your entrance into the room—when five little voices are suddenly silent and five little pairs of dark-brown eyes peer up at you! Well, I still defy any one in the world not to get a bit excited over the quints. I did!

Furthermore, when I went to the Dionne home in Callander, Canada, to make scenes for "Reunion," I knew in advance that I would get excited.

You see, when Darryl Zanuck of 20th Century-Fox sent me to Canada last year to make "The Country Doctor," the babies were still rather small. But even at that, I got so excited that I forgot my lines in the first scene with them. An actor has to be flustered to forget his lines. And when Mr. Zanuck told me the plans for the second picture, "Reunion," I anticipated at once what would happen in a couple of weeks when nurse Yvonne Leroux should take me by the arm and lead me into the Dionnes' playroom. I would get confused and excited. My heart would begin beating as if I had run one hundred yards. I would look at the babies and try to say "Bon jour," but all that would come out of my mouth would be something like "Boojie-woojie."

This mental picture that I drew while sitting in Mr. Zanuck's office was almost precisely what occurred. Except that I didn't anticipate what the reaction of the babies would be.

The first thing I did after I was informed of the trip to Canada was to go to a toy shop and buy several dolls, dogs and cotton rabbits. Then I bought a dollar watch. I had an idea—and it subsequently proved correct—that the watch would get me further with the Mademoiselles Dionne than all the toys I might bring them.



Photo © by 20th Century-Fox

Immediately Mr. Hersholt arrived in Callander to make "Reunion" he went to renew his acquaintance with the Dionnes. Here he is at the entrance to the hospital.

The train ride to Callander was a very long trip. At least it seemed long to us. Actually it was only four days. But we were all looking forward to the end of it simply because we had five good reasons to reach Callander in a hurry.

The train arrived at North Bay in the morning. This was our headquarters. From North Bay we drove to Callander and to the home of the quints.

After getting settled at the hotel I telephoned Doctor Dafoe and went over to his house and had a chat with him. He wanted to know how I was and I wanted to know how the babies were. He told me they were doing splendidly, and I felt better right away. I don't know why I should worry about those babies—they aren't mine, after all—but I do manage to get in my share of wondering whether they are all right.

Every one in the company was anxious to see the children right away, of course. Norman Taugog, the director, wanted to see the children and see the hospital. Rochelle Hudson didn't care about seeing the hospital—she just wanted to look at the babies.

Dorothy Peterson, a veteran of "The Country Doctor" as I was, was for rushing right out and talking things over with the babies at once.

But the company found itself with plenty to do the first day. There were all the details of settling after a long journey, and no one really got out to see the babies until the following day.

That is, no one but me.

After I had visited Doctor Dofoe for a couple of hours, I drove out to Callender with the rest of the tourists.

I could have gone inside the hospital, I suppose, but I did not even make an effort to do this. I did not want to rush things. I decided to take the quintets slowly, if you understand.

With all the rest of the tourists, I went through the complicated maze which surrounds the quintets' playground and watched the children at play. I could see them, but they could not see me.

Naturally, I was excited. Thousands of visitors watch the quintets at play every day. There is the atmosphere of excitement that is always present with crowds of people.

I could see the babies through the glass—they were probably twenty yards away—and they were entirely unconscious that they were being watched. Last year I got to know each baby from the rest, but they had grown so much during the time I had been away that I couldn't tell them apart now. Was that Marie with the ball and Emilie with the toy dog? Or was it vice-verso? And was Yvonne the one playing in the sand pile? I couldn't tell. They all looked alike—five identical little girls, playing like little girls have always played, tiny sunbonnets on their heads, little brown curls peeking out under the sunbonnets.

After that first glimpse through the glass, I felt better about meeting the quintets again.

When we went out to the Dofoe Hospital the following day to shoot our first scenes with the babies, I was then



Photo © by 20th Century-Fox
Dorothy Peterson stands apart from the babies' real nurses before beginning her first scene in "Reunion." The quintuplets, left to right, are Emilie, Annette, Marie, Yvonne. Cecile is bending over to pick up something behind Yvonne Leroux. The other nurses are Jacqueline Noel and Mollie O'Shaughnessy.

more or less prepared. I had a toy dog in a coat pocket, and a little rabbit in my breast pocket. And in my vest pocket was the ace in the hole—the watch.

Director Tourog and cameraman Don Clark were directing the camera set-up in the nursery. The first scenes were of the babies going to bed. Of course, the babies were not in the room while the technicians were arranging the camera, setting up lights, and getting things in readiness for the actual filming. The babies were in a side room, in the care of Miss Leroux, the nurse who has been with them from the day they were born.

Doctor Dofoe asked me if I wanted to go inside and see the babies. I certainly did. He knocked on the door and Miss Leroux opened it. He addressed her in French and

Continued on page 66

Photo © by 20th Century-Fox



All the quintuplets are here as they will appear in "Reunion." Left to right, are Marie, Cecile, Annette, Yvonne, and Emilie.

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"



A society woman nearly stole him from her.



An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.



The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.



In this reunion, they almost parted forever.



Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!



THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in REUNION

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON HELEN VINSON SLIM SUMMERVILLE ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON JOHN QUALEN ALAN DINEHART J. EDWARD BROMBERG SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE GEORGE ERNEST MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson





Picture Play's

F A M O U S
P R E V I E W S

GEORGE O'BRIEN AND
HEATHER ANGEL IN
"DANIEL BOONE"



PIONEERS





"THE PLAINSMAN" tells of the winning of the West. The story opens with the close of the Civil War, when President Lincoln attempts to make the West safe for the pioneers. Gary Cooper, left page, plays the rôle of "Wild Bill Hickok," and Jean Arthur that of "Calamity Jane." Mr. Cooper has it out with Charles Bickford. Directly left, James Ellison as "Buffalo Bill Cody," with his wife, Helen Burgess.

"THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS" is the term for the flag under which the Irish Citizen Army fought during the bloody "Easter Week Rising" in Dublin in 1916. Right, Denis O'Dea, Barbara Stanwyck, and Preston Foster. Below, Una O'Connor at the bedside of her dying child, Bonita Granville. The mother, bottom, with Barry Fitzgerald.



IRISH
Freedom



ANITA LOUISE and Errol Flynn are romantically teamed in "Green Light," the story of a young doctor who is forced to resign when an emergency operation proves fatal through another's fault. Later, seeking to develop a vaccine for spotted fever, he is stricken. Recovered, his name is cleared and he is free to marry the girl he loves.



I N U S T I C E



M I D





VICTORIAN



"PORTRAIT OF A REBEL" is the story of a girl who battles against the Victorian era in the cause of feminine freedom. Katharine Hepburn, left, with Herbert Marshall. With them in the small photo is Doris Dudley, her daughter. Below, in the office of General Pape. Her sister, Elizabeth, with David Manners. Inez Palange is nurse to baby Marilyn French, right. Inez Palange consoles the "Rebel."





LONELY Hearts



ELEANOR POWELL, in "Born to Dance," is a small-town girl who goes to New York for a stage career. With Una Merkel and David Horsley, top of page. Right, James Stewart helps Sid Silvers to identify his wife after a four-year absence. Virginia Bruce, outer right, an actress, makes up to Raymond Walburn.

SWING-TIME



IN "Champagne Waltz," Gladys Swarthout and her father, Fritz Leiber, bottom, descendants of the old Strauss family, still have a waltz palace in Vienna. This is deserted when an American swing band comes to town. Indignant, "Elsa Strauss" seeks the leader of the band, Fred MacMurray, left, only to fall in love with him. Above, with Frank Forest.



DOUBLE- CROSS

MYRNA LOY is the "Labeled Lady" in the case. For printing an untrue story about her, Spencer Tracy's paper faces ruin. He gets in touch with William Powell, who tries to compromise the rich girl in order to make her drop the suit. With Jean Harlow and Mr. Powell in the center strip is E. E. Clive. Bottom, Lauri Beatty and Cora Witherspoon.





MAKING GOOD



GLORIA STUART is "The Girl on the Front Page" when she turns reporter for the newspaper owned by her late father. Right, she covers a riot for the "Chronicle." Below, giving first-aid to Edmund Lowe, who has been hit on the head by her chauffeur. Above, with Reginald Owen, her butler, posing as an English nobleman.



IN "Wedding Present," Joan Bennett and Cary Grant, right, are a pair of slightly screwy reporters. Cary becomes city editor, and Joan runs away to New York, where she becomes engaged to an author. Cary sends her the world's largest wedding gift. With Joan, below, is Bradley Page.



IRRESPONSIBLE



J



Person



"GO WEST YOUNG MAN" has Mae West in the rôle of a screen star on a personal-appearance tour with her press-agent-manager, Warren William. Forced to stop at a farmhouse, she goes romantic over Randolph Scott, above. Movie-struck Isabel Jewell drinks milk with the rural inventor. Above, right, Elizabeth Patterson, Alice Brady, and Mr. William.



"FOUR DAYS' WONDER" is the story of a young girl who has no reason to love the aunt who is her guardian. Jeanne Dante, right, is frightened when she sees her aunt fatally injured by a fall. Thinking she will be blamed, she flees to another town, where she is befriended by Kenneth Howell, below, with housekeeper Viola Callahan. The authorities catch up with "Judy," but her name is cleared and she is free to marry "Tom."



Self-accused

WHAT WRITERS SAY

Paragraphs that reveal the stars and their interpreters as gleaned from newspapers and magazines.



BETTE DAVIS—"She always calls him 'Ham.' He calls her 'Spuds.' They're still in love."—"Screen Book."



JOAN CRAWFORD—"Music is Joan's newest discovery. 'Aido' is to-day, her favorite opera. But mark my word, next year it will be 'Gottterdammerung.' That's the way she progresses, advances, grows."—"Screen Guide."



JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON—"She's a botanical expert. She has studied innumerable books about it, and besides its being her hobby, she says it's what she wants to do when she quits the stage and screen. She wants to devote herself to botany."—"Movie Classic."



EDWARD EVERETT HORTON—"He says he likes parties and likes to dance, but being a former he doesn't get to town very often for social diversions. He doesn't even see his country neighbors, Al and Ruby Keeler, Jolson, W. C. Fields, Charlie Ruggles, Warren William, and others, very often."—"Screenland."



LUPE VELEZ—"Miss Velez said that their spending allowances are only \$25 a week for her and \$40 a week for Mr. Weissmuller.

Other current expenses, including \$200 a week in transatlantic telephone calls, are paid on a budget basis."—New York "Herald Tribune."



ANITA LOUISE—"No cocktail affairs of Anito's at Christmas time! For years, she and her mother and a few chosen friends have celebrated that holiday at quiet candlelit dinners on Christmas Eve, with guests singing Christmas carols to the accompaniment of Anito's harp."—"Movie Classic."

FRANCHOT TONE—"Franchot, too, studies consistently. Because of his former training, he is, naturally, further advanced than his wife. But according to their teachers, Franchot should be ready for opera this side of three years. Joan possibly will need an additional six months or a year before she is ready."—"Motion Picture Magazine."



CLARK GABLE—"Clark Gable stood at the rail of a steamship coming from South America. His dark hair caught the mist from the sea and went unnoticed. His eyes watched the emptiness of the horizon and brooded. Water and then more water; sky and then more sky—trying to meet, seeming to meet, yet never touching. Is life like that?"—"Movie Classic."

RONALD COLMAN—"He's a one-hundred-per-cent adherent to the gentleman's code. What with jumping up and down to light her cigarette, help her in and out of her car, and see to her every imaginable whim before she's even aware of it herself, Colman, in a woman's presence, is the acme of perpetual attentiveness. What a mon!"—"Motion Picture Magazine."



GRETA GARBO—"The early glamour mechanics spat on their hands and went at it. They built her some good shoes to adorn her size seven Saint Bernard's—and, incidentally, that is not too large a hoof for a lass who runs to Garbo's altitude. The perennial wheezes about her enormous feet are distinctly out of order."—"Stage."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY—"Bob wanted a telephone number to match the license number on his trick automobile. He asked the telephone company and was informed the number was already assigned to another party. He proceeded to harass and annoy the owners of this particular number with such tricks as calling up in the middle of the night and saying, 'Is this the fire department?' The poor telephone subscriber who was the object of this campaign finally broke down and demanded his phone be changed. Whereupon Bob got the coveted numbers."—"Modern Screen."

GEORGE E. STONE—"George E. Stone became so fond of his prison uniform (in 'Jailbreak') that he bargained with the studio wardrobe department and bought it. Now he terrorizes the neighbors by mowing the lawn of his Beverly Hills home in full convict regalia."—"Modern Screen."

CLARK GABLE—"There is nothing foreign or morbid about Clark Gable. It is native American. It goes with popcorn, horseshoe games, and B. V. D.'s."—"Harper's."





Photo by Don Cervelli

The Church of the Savior, Philadelphia, showing Nelson Eddy, in circle, before he achieved world fame. Below, as he is to-day, and Mrs. Frank S. Evans, who, with her husband, befriended and helped him.

NELSON EDDY'S STRANGE PACT

BY LEWIS Y. HAGY

NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME IS PUBLISHED THE HIDDEN STORY BEHIND A FAMOUS STAR'S BACHELORHOOD, WITH THE GREAT PART PLAYED IN HIS LIFE BY ONE WOMAN AND THE SECRET PROMISE HE MADE TO HER.



WHO is the "mystery woman" in Nelson Eddy's life?

Is she, as some Hollywood correspondents have hinted a shy, retiring beauty, and the secret passion of the handsome young singer's life?

Or is she, as still others have declared, a frail old lady in a lace cap, a "second mother" to the screen star who, from the vantage of her rocker and between skeins of her knitting, guides his footsteps with gentle and unerring firmness?

Why doesn't Nelson marry?

Why does he habitually forswear the gayest and most glamorous parties of Hollywood's mad whirl?

What unseen hand guided him, financially and otherwise, through the labyrinth of pitfalls that beset a young singer on the uphill struggle to elusive fame?

First of all, let us set the record straight. The mystery woman—and in one sense the term might be applicable—is not a beautiful sweetheart who shuns the spotlight. Nor is she a gentle old soul on the doddering side of seventy. Yet it is because of this woman that Nelson has never found his footsteps straying toward the altar.

It has been her influence, her wise counsel, that has kept the naturally effervescent and sought-after singer from going Hollywood in the slightest degree. It was she who found him in comparative obscurity, a local boy with talent, secured him against the demanding need for a nine-to-five job during arduous years of study and helped him with money, advice, and encouragement until he emerged at the top of the hill.

It required considerable sleuthing before the veil of anonymity that has cloaked the identity of the mystery woman could be finally drawn aside.

For one thing, she has remained in the background because, as a member of Philadelphia's ultra-conservative society, movie publicity to her is anathema; for another because her genuine interest in Nelson's career precludes any desire to share the plaudits he has earned.

It was not until I cornered Irving C. Hancock, close friend and confidant of Nelson's early, struggling days, and for fifteen years choir master of Philadelphia's old and picturesque Church of the Savior, where the star once sang, that I was able fully to penetrate the mystery of the mystery woman, and to identify her as Nelson's "Aunt Gertrude."

However, Aunt Gertrude, the mystery woman, is neither a mystery nor Nelson's real aunt. She is no relation whatever to the singer. She is Gertrude Cheshire Evans, internationally known teacher of bridge, widow of Frank S. Evans, Philadelphia clubman, and herself widely known in Philadelphia society.

Mr. Hancock laughed lustily when, after having sought him out in the parish house of the Quaker City Church, I showed him some of the hints that had found their way into print—hints of romance, hints of the lavender-and-old-loce lady.

"Rats!" he exclaimed inelegantly. "That may be good Hollywood publicity—but it's a long way south of the truth. The idea of Gertrude Evans being a 'mystery woman' tickles me, somehow. It's positively comic!"



Photo by Bob

Why has Nelson Eddy never married? Why does he avoid the gayest and most glamorous parties of Hollywood's mad whirl? What unseen hand guided him, financially and otherwise, through the pitfalls that beset a young singer?

Nelson Eddy's Strange Pact

Mr. Hancock, the day-after-tomorrow Philadelphian, is accustomed of course to thinking of Gertrude Evans as something of a celebrity, in her own right a celebrity indeed, before Nelson Eddy even was born. She first came into the public eye at the tender age of fifteen.

Even when Gertrude Cheshire—as she was then—was five she had displayed an aptitude for whist that was positively uncanny. A long illness during girlhood gave her opportunity to develop her flair for the game and when she was fifteen she won a national whist tournament and leaped into immediate prominence. In the meantime, by the age of ten, she formed a devoted attachment to a neighbor boy.

At nineteen she married the boy, Frank Evans, son of a Philadelphia couple prominent in affairs of the Society of Friends. She took her place as one of Philadelphia society's charming young hostesses, while Mr. Evans amassed a considerable fortune as an executive of an old Philadelphia department store. He retained his connection with the Strawbridge & Clothier store for twenty-five years until his death in 1927.

The president of Strawbridge & Clothier was Doctor Herbert J. Tily who several years ago was given Philadelphia's Bok award for his constructive musical activities. One of Philadelphia's leading choral societies is that conducted in conjunction with the store and before Mr. Evans's death the late David Bispham, noted operatic baritone and vocal teacher, was connected with the Strawbridge & Clothier choral society. In that manner Mr. Bispham came into contact with Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

One day Bispham told the Evanses of the young prodigy he had discovered—Nelson Eddy. Second to Mr. Evans's bridge playing at the Racquet and other famous Philadelphia clubs and Mrs. Evans's participation in tournaments in America and abroad, the couple had a common interest—a love of music. They met Bispham's prodigy and became friendly not only with Nelson, but with his mother as well. A warm attachment sprang up between Mrs. Evans and Mrs. Eddy.

Nelson had just been fired from his job in a Philadelphia advertising agency and Mrs. Evans prevailed upon him and his mother to consider singing as a career. She aided the young fellow in establishing himself as a Philadelphia favorite. In 1929 when Mr. Evans had been dead for more than six years Mrs. Evans undertook the teaching of bridge professionally. In a short time she had more than three hundred pupils coming to her home, and had a staff of three assistants. To-day she is recognized as one of the outstanding exponents of the game.

The myth concerning the 'mystery woman's' romantic association with the handsome young singer arose probably from Mrs. Evans's motherly and understanding interest in Eddy's future, and the fact that a year after Mr. Evans's death Nelson and his mother made their home at the Evans apartment. Indeed until he left his home for Hollywood to begin work on 'Naughty Marietta' he and his mother continued to live with Mrs. Evans.

Mr. Hancock, one of Nelson's few confidants, threw a clarifying light on the star's relationship with the rich and blue-blooded widow.

"I've been choir master here for fifteen years and I recall when Nelson, before he went abroad to study, was a parishioner, the arroyed director reminisced. He had achieved a degree of fame by 1930 when the vestry felt something was needed to stir attendance at our Sunday night services.

Nelson had returned from abroad and was something of a musical favorite son in Philadelphia.

"I suggested that I see him and ask him to appear with the choir.

"I did not see why I can't did out an unforeseen obstacle arose. Nelson's contract with his concert manager prevented him from accepting any singing engagement of less than three hundred dollars an appearance. However, he solved the problem himself in real Gordan-knot style.

"I don't see why I can't

sing for my own church if I want to contract or no contract, he said—so he did.

The church was filled to overflowing. He sang with us for four years, and what he did when he left is a typical Eddy gesture.

"We had agreed to pay him fifty dollars a night, and had done so for four years. When he signed his movie contract, and was about to leave Philadelphia, he came to me after the last service at which he sang. He handed me an envelope. Irving, I'm in the money now. I want the church and my friends to share my good luck," he said. In the envelope was a check for the entire sum we had paid him over the entire four-year period!

In those early days, even more than now, with success achieved, Mrs. Evans loomed large in the young singer's career.

"I always supposed Mrs. Evans was Nelson's aunt, because he used to call her Aunt Gertrude. Every Sunday night after service she called at the church and drove him home," Mr. Hancock told me. "Nelson was quite a cut-up and the more or less Spartan regimen required of him used to irk him. Mrs. Evans, of course, being older and wiser, had to sort of curb the boy's high spirits. No parties, no staying up late, no drinking or smoking. And

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When Nelson Eddy signed his contract for pictures and left the choir of the church where he had sung Sunday nights for four years, he refunded the entire amount that had been paid him. "I want the church and my friends to share my good luck," he said. His mother, Mrs. Isabelle Eddy, is pictured with him, above.



TOO long absent from the screen, Elissa Landi returns to appear with Edmund Lowe in an exciting and unusual detective story. It isn't the "Joan of Arc" her fans clamor for; not by a long shot! But it is modern, lively and colorful. First called "The White Dragon" for the diamond that figures in the plot, a later title is "The Cock-eyed Cruise." Whichever the final one, they will draw the crowds.

THEY SAY IN



Her home studio recalled Bette Davis from England, where she had made arrangements to star in a British production.

Mary Boland, top, will continue to play in comedies. Audiences showed lack of enthusiasm for her in a serious rôle.

WEDDING bells rang out a beautiful theater rose in place of an old one stars stole the spotlight of the championship tennis matches, at the fashion showings and first nights, swarms of celebrated visitors sped through town, and a demented frenzy spread wherever "My Man Godfrey" was shown. With the first winter winds, every one seemed wound up taut and rarin' to go.

Fonda in Top Hat.—The public turned out en masse in front of Christ Church at 60th Street and Park Avenue the day that lanky boyish Henry Fonda married the socially-elect Frances Seymour Brokaw. There were no picture celebrities among the guests, although it would have been characteristically insouciant of Margaret Sullivan to show up to wish her successor well, had she been invited.

The bridegroom wore his formal clothes with such careless distinction that he suggested Robert Montgomery or Fred Astaire far more than he did the rangy hero of "The Farmer Takes a Wife." And the bride was a delectable blond darling in clouds of powder-blue tulle banded with taffeta. Orchids, the official insignia of Hollywood, were conspicuous by their absence. The bride carried a bouquet of delphinium and pink roses.

Kind to the Cameras.—The new Mrs. Fonda is kind to cameramen, and she can afford to be. Wily producers would like to snare her for picture-making, but Henry says "No." He wants a wife, not a leading woman. Politely they posed for news cameras, at the church on leaving and at the reception afterward. But even his steady nerves snapped when photographers started following them around the dance floor.

Hollywood's Social Four.—The film colony's candidates for a Social Register, their own ultimate "Four Hundred" now number four. Mrs. Fred Astaire, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mrs. Randolph Scott and Mrs. Henry Fonda all have the right background. So far as news cameramen are concerned, however Mrs. Astaire is rated as rank poison along with Katharine Hepburn, Sylvia Sydney and a few others whom they strive to make look as stodgy and gauche as possible.

Mrs. Astaire went into a raging fury when they attempted to photograph her when she and her husband returned from a vacation in England. News cameramen like e e e e e

NEW YORK—

In a month of popular pictures and many visiting stars, the big show took place in a church.

and income-tax collectors, never forget; so if you see any Draculalike photographs of her, set it down to their venom, and not to her looks, which are entirely presentable.

Receiving at Court.—Out at the Forest Hills tennis matches, Helen Vinson attracted almost as much attention as her dauntless champion-husband, Fred Perry, did. Somewhat plumper, but radiantly beautiful, she shuddered every time a telegraph boy hove into sight. She was due in Hollywood for the first scenes of "Reunion," but kept begging an extra day so that she could be there for the triumphant finish. Although absent, Carol Lombard cast quite a shadow over the courts. Alice Marble had hardly smashed the winning shot for the women's championship when a wire arrived from Carol begging for the racquet with which she had played. Then another wire, and another, came. Carol is to get the racquet.

Sally Eilers went gayly off to London to appear in the picture opposite Ricardo Cortez which was vacated by Bette Davis.



Photo by Bachrach



Photo by Wide World

The public turned out en masse to witness the church wedding of Henry Fonda and the socially-elect Frances Seymour Brokaw. Not a single picture celebrity was among the guests.

BY KAREN
HOLLIS

Theater Is New, Anyway.—On the site of the old Criterion Theater, 44th Street and Broadway, where theatrical and motion-picture history were made, a beautiful new theater has arisen. Ghosts of the past rose up to haunt sentimentalists among the first visitors. It was here that "The Covered Wagon" was first shown, and here that Isadora Duncan danced for an audience that was not ready for her genius. As if proclaiming that a new building was enough, Warner Brothers chose as the opening attraction a well-worn bit of lavender and old lace called "Give Me Your Heart." Kay Francis acted as if she were quite tired of it all. So did the audience.

A Magnet for Women.—As a guide in wardrobe planning, "Give Me Your Heart" makes up for its lack of other entertaining features. Give more than a casual look to the simple, black, high-necked dress with wide plaid sash that Miss Francis wears. Evening clothes are low in front and intricately draped. There is a knee-length velvet tunic worn over a metal-cloth skirt, but don't let me catch you copying that one; only Kay could wear it without looking like a Christmas-tree ornament with the wrapping half off.

Hollywood Styles Adopted.—Fashion Futures, a gigantic fashion show sponsored by New York's fashion arbiters, accepted several Hollywood creations to rank with the best Paris and New York designers had to offer. The scarlet velveteen

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Jeanette MacDonald was quite a veteran of children's theatricals when she appeared as a little Dutch girl in this group at the age of ten. It doesn't require half an eye to pick her out of the center, either.

JEANETTE MacDONALD'S

THE SISTERS OF OUR SINGING PRINCESS OF THE FILMS COLLABORATE ON AN INTERVIEW THAT IS AS DELIGHTFUL AS IT IS UNUSUAL—AS ARE THESE EARLY PHOTOGRAPHS OF "ROSE-MARIE."

WHAT was Jeanette like as a little girl? Blossom MacDonald, her older sister, repeated my question. Blossom is tall, slim, blue-eyed and blond like her famous sister. She has the same pleasant voice, the same friendly manner, as Jeanette. We were chotting in her dressing room at the Belasco Theater, in New York, where she is appearing in "Dead End."

"Let me tell you a few things that happened in our childhood," she said. "They'll show you what she was like.

"It seems to me that the things that made Jeanette stand out most as a child were her independence and her rebellion against injustice."

When she was six, Jeanette and Blossom danced in the same minstrel show in Philadelphia, in a

patriotic sketch representing the different nations. Jeanette was a Scotch lassie.

In the finale, each child took an American flag from her blouse and waved it.

At one performance Blossom couldn't find her flag. Turning to Jeanette, she commanded, "Give me your flog." The child demurred. "I'm bigger and older than you" Blossom whispered. "Nobody's watching you. They're looking at me." The child yielded to the voice of authority.

But so outraged were her feelings that she burst into tears. "We almost swam away in her tears. Blossom laughed. "She cried so much she couldn't sing or dance. The stage monoger had to announce she had a toothache.

"When she was only three she was already singing. At the time



Here Jeanette is only six, but her trained smile and sparkling eyes show that she knows how to face an audience.



The MacDonald sisters, Elsie, Jeanette, and Blossom have a reunion, with Jeanette looking no more like the traditional prima donna than a sister should.

CHILDHOOD

BY MARY JACOBS

she couldn't pronounce words distinctly. R's were l's—but she insisted some day she'd be a singer. She used to sit on our front porch with a toy piano and bong away and sing. Every one on the block would stop to listen to her.

"One Labor Day, mother, Elsie—my oldest sister—Jeanette and I went to the Smith Memorial Playground in Philadelphia for the exercises. It began to rain, and we all rushed to the front porch of the recreation house, which had a swing. Jeanette made a bee line for that swing, and sang while she swung high in the air.

"One of the officials asked if she'd sing for a victrola record. 'Yeth,' Jeanette lisped. And sing she did. Since she only knew hymns mother had taught us, she stood on a table and sang, 'Oh, That Would Be Glory for Me,' swinging her little body in rhythm to the music."

Any time Jeanette made up her mind to do something, nothing could swerve her. When she was four, she determined to take dance

lessons, though her parents couldn't afford to send her to dancing school.

Every year Elsie and Blossom appeared in a benefit performance for the Philadelphia hospitals. Here they learned new dance routines free. Jeanette insisted upon accompanying them.

"We can't take her, mother," the girls said. "She's too young. They don't want babies."

But Jeanette begged so hard they finally agreed to take her along. And the director was so charmed with her poise and winning personality, she was given the rôle of "Old Mother Hubbard" in a nursery pageant. And she did so well that for the entire next year she received dancing instructions free.

"It's because of Jeanette's determination that we moved to New York," Blossom said. "When she was thirteen I came to New York alone and got a job in a Ned Woyburn show as a chorus girl.

Just as soon as Jeanette learned that Blossom was actually working

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Photo by White Studio

Miss MacDonald, as she appeared in "Boom, Boom," her last appearance on the stage before entering pictures.

Their



Jackie Cooper



Jane Withers

BY ETHEL H. BARRON

WHAT IT TELLS TO AN EXPERT GRAPHOLOGIST IS SOMETIMES AMAZING, OCCASIONALLY SHOCKING AND ALWAYS INTERESTING.

THE starlets of the screen—what are they like? Are they talented youngsters, with symptoms of genius, or are they merely precacious children who yield easily to direction?

Have they been spoiled by the acclaim of an adoring public, or are they just kids, like you and I, were once upon a time? Are they really as angelic or as impish as they appear in their screen rôles? What of their futures?

Will Shirley Temple, for example, see her light dim as she grows older, as Baby Peggy and Baby Marie Osborne and countless others did, or will she go on to greater heights and tap childhood stardom with adult stardom?

There's a woman in New York who knows all the answers, and she is none other than Mrs. Lucia F. Eastman, the graphologist whose fascinating analyses of stars' handwriting have appeared on these pages before.

Intensely interested herself in the present and future of Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper, Jane Withers, and Bobby Breen, to name five of the leading child actors, she examined the writing of each and read the characteristics which are not only part of their



Freddie Bartholomew

make-up now, but will in all probability determine what the future holds for them.

Said Mrs. Eastman:

"The first characteristic which we notice in all five specimens is that the writers have the power of expression and the ability to enjoy work which brings them into contact with people and ideas rather than too many details—with perhaps, the exception of Jackie Cooper. Despite these similarities in character, each one of these young people

Handwriting Talks

shows strong individual traits which differ greatly from those of the others.

"Suppose we analyze Shirley Temple's writing first," she continued, glancing at what looked to these amateur eyes to be unusually strong and clear handwriting for so young a child.

"Shirley, judging from her writing, is friendly and adaptable. She's a versatile little girl and takes direction readily. Yet she will have to be careful not to waste her energies in too many directions. Her will power is somewhat weakened by her many emotional reactions at the present time.

"I am inclined to think that she will develop into the constructive type as she grows older, and that she will be able to plan and organize her life in a pretty shrewd manner, in spite of her innocent exterior. No one will ever be able to put anything over on Miss Temple.

"I do not see great talent here, but she will do well because of her ability to adapt herself to any one's direction. She has great sweetness and great amiability in her make-up, and certainly she is a little girl who still loves to play with dolls.

"Of all these children, she is the most childlike. As she grows up, I imagine she will be able to continue her career

in musical productions or comedy, or even in the Jean Harlow type of rôle if she matures as I expect. I do not see any genuine emotional ability here at all. I should say of all these five young stars, she is the least talented. Which is very surprising, I think, when we stop to realize just how many different talents Shirley displays on the screen.

Another surprising revelation is the character of Freddie Bartholomew. Didn't you think Freddie exemplified little "Lord Fauntleroy" off the screen as well as on? Well, he doesn't, and here's Mrs. Eastman to prove it!

"Freddie is an amazingly talented boy," she said, "but he has decided traits which would be better curbed now before he grows older or they will make him very unpopular with his fellow men.

"He has a very stubborn nature, and a temper which is not explosive or violent, but which he uses as a method of getting his own way. He'll be sarcastic or he will nag quietly but persistently if he thinks the result will be worth the effort. His nature is a deep one and very cold and no matter what he does, good or bad, he will never lose his poise or his outward smoothness.

"He's been a great deal with older people; I rather

Continued on page 86



Bobby Bruns



Shirley Temple



Marie Wilson



John Beal



Beverly Roberts



Joe Penner



Bruce Cabot

On and

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE IN HOLLYWOOD WITH PICTURE PLAY'S ALL-SEEING REPORTERS WHO CATCH THE UNCONVENTIONAL IN WHAT IS SAID AND DONE.

AT a party we saw Mrs. Clark Gable chatting with the ex-wife of a famous star.

"My husband didn't play fair about alimony," said the ex-wife. "I gave him the most dignified divorce Hollywood ever saw. I chaperoned him and his girl friend for months to avoid scandal. Now she has him when he's on top. I worked for him during the building years."

Mrs. Gable nodded quietly. "I know a little about building, myself."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has a habit of dropping off to sleep on picture sets. (Once he snoozed on Karen Morley's shoulder during a 'love scene.) He fell asleep while making "The Gorgeous Hussy," rolled off his couch, and landed firmly on his pet Scotty, also asleep. While every one pretended not to notice, Lionel—human as your Uncle Edgar—bawled out the dog for playing tricks on him.

GREAT excitement was caused in Hollywood the night of the Malibu Beach fire. One star kept calling his house in the threatened area every five minutes. "I hope you're not learning bad news," said a friend after one of these phone calls. Answered the star happily, "The fire's getting closer and the servants have poured gasoline on everything. You see, I'm insured!"

HOLLYWOOD treated the football stars brought out for "Rose Bowl" as if the lads were savages. Great signs outside the commissary warned, "Football team, remove cleats before entering!" And Johnny Downs, in love with Eleanore Whitney, sat on the side lines and watched like a hawk during her scenes with the strapping youths.

THESE domestic stars! Bing Crosby, on vacation in Honolulu, telephoned his home each night to inquire about the children. Buck Jones has a radio telephone aboard his yacht, and phoned home every night from a thousand miles out in the Pacific. Evelyn Venoble, on loco-

Off the Set

tion in San Diego, drives home twice a day to see her baby daughter. It's a three-hour trip.

WE saw Maureen O'Sullivan playing a rather repulsive little game at a party. It's called "Pinchy-pinchy." Guests sit in a circle. One tweaks another on the nose, the cheek, or wherever he chooses. The rest imitate in follow-the-leader fashion. Great hilarity ensues. This is positively our last report on Hollywood indoor amusements.

WARREN WILLIAM, who is forever inventing things, has made a robot which, by means of springs and coils, makes an acceptable fencing partner. He was showing it to Mae West, who had shown interest in his other inventions.

"I'm not interested in dummy men," she told him. "Give me a real man any time."

WHEN Mae West issued an edict that no one on her picture besides herself could wear false eyelashes, Alice Brady got even by applying mascara on her eyelashes until they were much longer than Mae's false ones. Then, to add insult to injury, she walked up to Mae and, blinking her eyes, chirped, "How do you like these, dear?"

AT the air races, a photographer asked Douglas Fairbanks and his wife and Benita Hume, who was with them, to pose for him, and suggested that they look up at a plane for the picture. Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks complied, but Miss Hume looked in another direction.

"Would you mind looking up at the plane, too, Miss Astor?" the photographer asked her.

Those boys just can't seem to get that diary out of their minds.

ACTORS often change their names for picture purposes, but the height of something is the change made by Joyzelle, the dancer, who has rechristened herself Leah Joy. But she spells it Liya Joi.



Kay Francis



Joan Crawford

June Travis



Victor Moore



Gene Lockhart



June Lang



Jean Muir



Virginia Weidler



Marsha Hunt



William Henry

JEAN HARLOW has been studying French and was willing to try out a few sentences on some French people who visited her set. She said "Haw do you do?" and "I'm feeling quite well, thank you," very nicely.

"But how would you say you weren't feeling very well?" one of the visitors asked her.

Jean stammered, blushed, and then, reverting to good old American, exclaimed, "Oh, nuts!"

RANDOLPH SCOTT can retire any time he wishes now, for his bride, the former Marion du Pont Somerville, is heiress to several of the Du Pont millions. In fact, if you care for details, she is worth seventy million in her own name.

IF you didn't think the ending of "Girl's Darnitary" an illogical one, you can blame a preview audience. Originally, it ended with Simone Sman and her young sweetheart together. Ruth Chatterton and Herbert Marshall were left at the school, and the audience was free to draw its own conclusions. But when the picture was previewed, the audience objected and by telephone and letter they demanded that Simone get Marshall at the end of the picture.

Figuring the first audience a representative one, studio executives had the last reels made over with the desired ending.

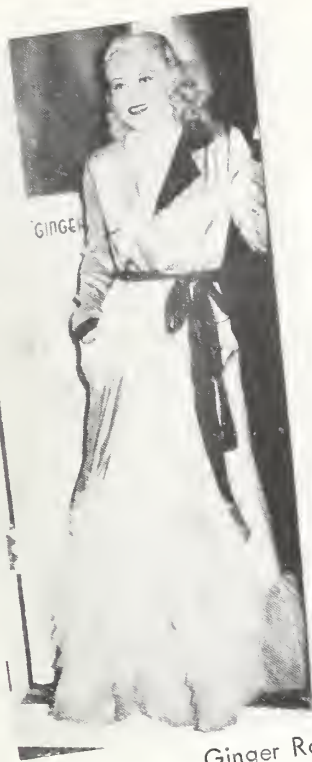
THE story we like best about the late Irving Thalberg concerns the incident that occurred one day when a new prop boy had been hired and one of the regulars volunteered to show him the way to the big commissary for lunch on his first day.

"That's Jean Harlow over there, and there's Clark Gable," he pointed out to the newcomer.

"But where's Thalberg? He's the one I want to see," interrupted the newcomer.

"Oh, Thalberg? I'll send for him right away," the old-timer boasted; and, calling the waitress, said, "Tell Mr. Thalberg I want to see him."

The waitress, a new one, inquired where Mr. Thalberg was sitting and delivered the message. Imagine the old-timer's embarrassment a moment later when a quiet voice behind him asked, "Did you want to see me?" And there stood Mr. Thalberg! But with a twinkle in his eye.



Ginger Rogers



Fred Astaire



Jessie Matthews

GRETA GARBO seems to be bubbling with good humor these days, despite her rôle in the tear-jerking "Camille." In the interests of this lachrymose drama, she was called upon to dance a gavotte, her partner being Rex O'Malley. In the course of gavotting, the pair became entangled in Greta's voluminous costume and fell, "splat!" When Mr. O'Malley was disentangled from the yards of tulle and was removed from his position atop Hollywood's highest paid actress, it was discovered that Garbo was so convulsed with mirth that she couldn't get up for a moment.

"Oh, dear, how funny! How very, very funny!" she was gasping as she went to her dressing room for repairs to costume and make-up.

THERE is a party scene in "Camille" during which Garbo greets a number of guests—"atmosphere people" they are called on the pay roll.

During three rehearsals, Garbo murmured, "How nice of you to come! I'm so glad to see you!" and so on. At the fourth she babbled, "I'm not going to tell you how glad I am to see you—you must know it by now, what with all this chitter-chatter!"

WE were buying a head of lettuce at a market on Sunset Boulevard the other day when suddenly there was a crash at the intersection and every one scurried to view the wreckage. We stood on an orange crate and craned our neck, and whom should we see but Carol Lombard and Clark Gable. Clark's umpty-thousand-dollar car had run afoul of a rickety coupé, and there seemed to be a deal of loud talk going on. We thought we saw Clark shaking his fist at some one.

When the Japanese who was vending the lettuce returned, he said, wonderingly, "That Mr. Gable, he say un-nice words and write down license numbers and get red in the face—just like me!"

TWO writers were bewailing the growing prima-donna tendencies of many stars onent interviews.

"Why don't you go and talk to Edmund Lowe?" one asked the other. He's a charming person to know, and so obliging on an interview. He'll say anything that you think up for him!"

WHEN Eleanor Powell arrives on the "Born to Donce" set, she shouts through the loud-speaker, "Good morning, everybody!"

Director del Ruth admonishes, "You haven't

(Continued on page 64)



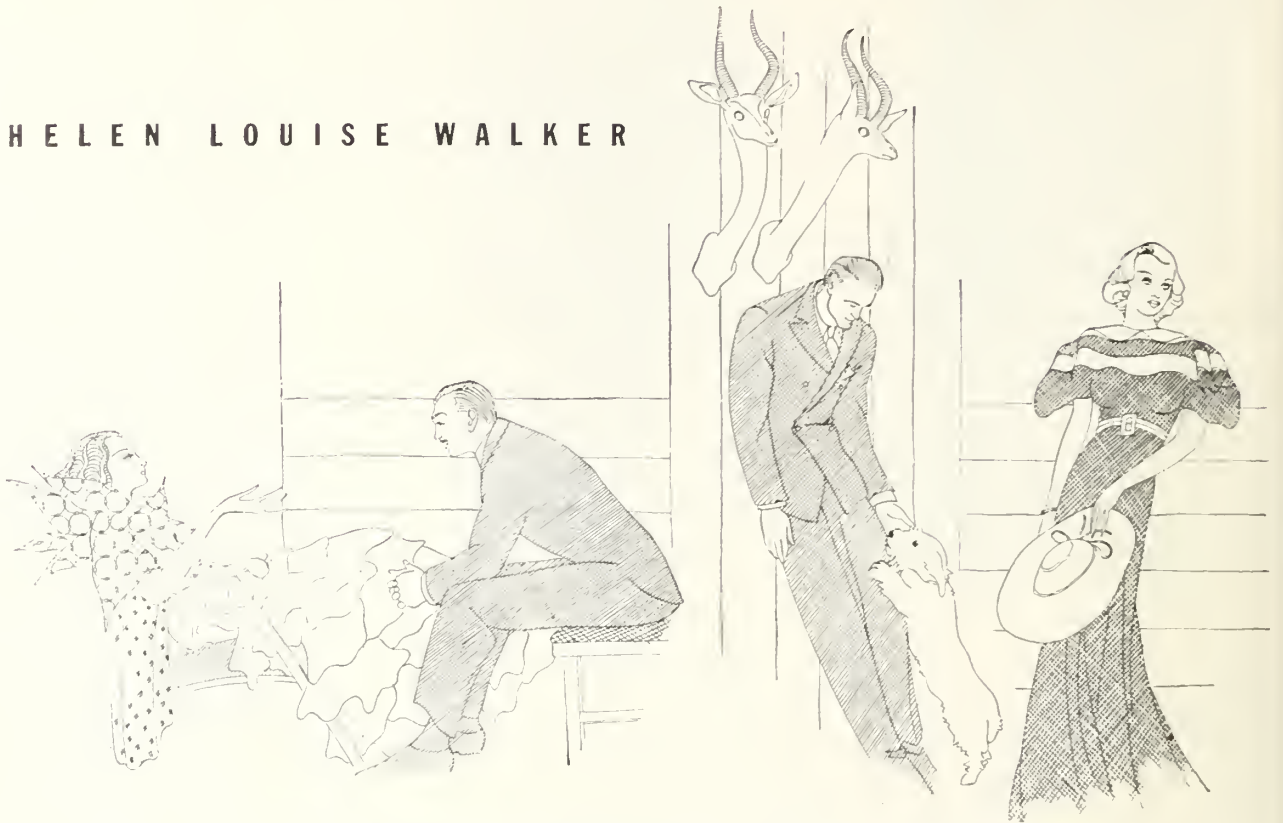
Mary Carlisle



Cesar Romero

How They DRAMATIZE

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER



Why do stars constantly change houses or alter the decorations of houses they already have? It's because they must have new backgrounds to suit their shifting moods and "new" personalities.



SCRATCH an actor and what do you find? I'll tell you what you find. An actor!

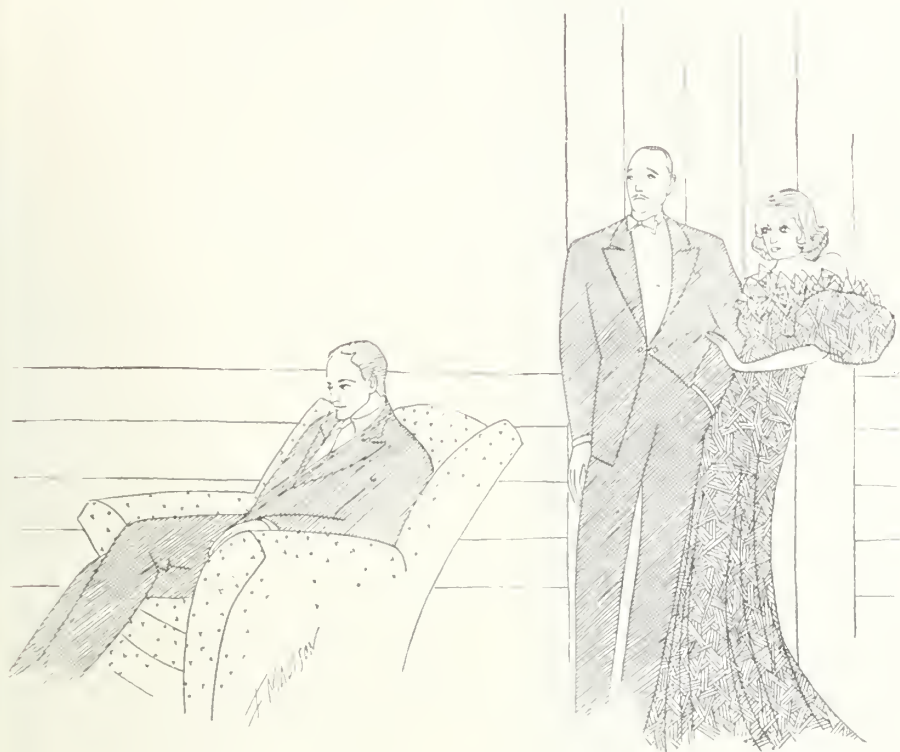
He can no more refrain from acting than he can desist from breathing. An actor can't sit quietly and tell you the amusing thing that the man at the filling station said to him to-day. Not at all. He must needs leap to his feet and become the man at the filling station for your edification. Conversation with an actor is not conversation at all. It is a series of "takes."

They are really very strenuous people to have about. Three of our younger leading men called upon me, separately, during the course of a week. Pleased as I was to see them—and they are all chorming—the exuberance of their gestures began to alarm me.

One had been disappointed in love. His arm waving resulted in a shattered flower pot. The second described a rôle which he was anxious to play. Or, rather, he acted the rôle all over the living room and it was really surprising, in view of his enthusiasm, that only one teacup was broken. The third had received an enticing offer to make a picture abroad, and his jav-

Gorgeously gowned, wearing a gardenia at her wrist and attended by one admiring escort—this was one of Joan Crawford's interesting phases.

Their PHASES



ous cavortings tipped over a table, splattering a dismaying assortment of objects in all directions.

An actor, you see, simply has to act. He dramatizes his private life—his marriage, his friendships, his relationships with his cook—quite as earnestly and with even broader gestures than he does his rôles on the screen. That is why they are constantly changing houses or altering the decorations of the houses they already have. They are, whether consciously or not, providing themselves with new "sets," new backgrounds to fit their shifting moods, their changing personalities, their various phases.

Remember when Joan Crawford was the gayest member of Hollywood's hot-cha younger set? She won so many silver cups in dancing contests at Hollywood night clubs that she almost had to rent a separate apartment to accommodate them. Then she married young Douglas Fairbanks and became, overnight, the most domestic young matron you ever saw.

Off the screen she wore no make-up. She appeared in public but rarely, and when she did, she wore demure and simple black. She actually did hem the gingham curtains for her new kitchen, and worked with earnest concentration on those famous hooked rugs.

She gave little bridge parties for other young matrons when she was between pictures, and they giggled and won prizes and consumed tea and sponge cake exactly as the young married set do in Keokuk.

When her marriage to Doug failed and Joan was

Carol Lombard worked hard at the domesticity angle once upon a time. If she didn't actually darn her husband's socks, she looked as if she did.

single again, she became aloof, withdrawn, pensive—far more alluring than she had ever been before. She didn't go to parties, but she appeared now and then in the gay night spots gorgeously gowned, wearing a single gardenia at her wrist, attended by one admiring escort. She had her house done over to fit the new mood. A crisp, young, ultramodern house—a fitting background for the unmarried successful glamorous actress.

Then Franchot Tone appeared upon the scene. Franchot was steeped in the theater, imbued with traditions and ideals of the Theater Guild and allied or similar groups. He opened, undoubtedly, new vistas to Joan's intense, eager mind—and she entered upon another phase. This one required really elaborate settings. Joan built a small theater in her own back yard to serve as a workshop, a place in which to study and learn and rehearse. When a news photographer besought her to allow him to photograph her working there, Joan reproached him. "Would you," she demanded,

"have a picture taken of your soul?" Which settled that.

She surrounded herself with a group of people who were devoted to the arts, she encouraged young aspirants, and she herself sat at the feet of artists who were more experienced than she.

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LORETTA YOUNG'S

Life Story

BY MYRTLE GEBHART

BEGINNING THE INTIMATE BIOGRAPHY OF ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR STARS WHOSE BEGINNINGS WERE MODEST, UNDRAMATIC AND EVEN COMMONPLACE—EXCEPT THAT SHE LIVED IN HOLLYWOOD!



To-day, at twenty-three, after almost ten years of acting, it still thrills Loretta Young to step onto a movie set. Outwardly serene, she has an inner restless urge for drama and excitement.

Part I

A BEAUTY, never temperamental, always interested in the welfare of others, why must Loretta Young have so many heart-aches? The answer, I think, is that she demands the ideal.

About a year ago the strangest rumors were in circulation: that she was penniless, that she had tuberculosis. Ill and tired, she slipped into inertia. A dispirited melancholy drooped in her blue eyes. She wondered why life had failed to make good its rosy promises.

To-day she is vibrantly well, keenly alert to each moment, interested in all her contacts. She steps across the threshold of each new day with a welcoming anticipation.

Hers is a resilient spirit which temporarily rebels at disappointments, takes its hurts into the contemplative corners for consideration, and inevitably rebounds with a buoyant faith. Loretta never will stop believing in life's wonderful possibilities!

Under contract to 20th Century-Fox, an established actress and popular personally, Loretta finds life satisfactory. Outwardly serene, she has an inner restless urge for drama, which is expressed through her work. At times it has led her into impulsive actions, later regretted.

At twenty-three, after almost ten years of acting, it still thrills her to step onto a movie set.

To understand Loretta, who remains surprisingly naïve in an atmosphere of extreme sophistication, it is necessary to delve into her heritage. The ancestry of the Young girls' mother, the former Gladys Royal, was a mixture of French, English, and Scotch. Her Tennessee home was a genteel one. When she married she moved to Colorado, and later to Utah—and into a new world. Sketchy years followed.

Loretta was born on Hollywood Avenue, in Salt Lake City. The event occurred on January 6, 1913. The name on her birth certificate is Gretchen.

Two other sisters preceded her, two years apart.

Her earliest memories concern Sunday school and her baby brother, John Royal, who came along when she was almost two.

Loretta's one extravagance, her elaborate wardrobe, is the wish fulfillment of "hand-me-down" Gretchen. Before Polly Ann's birth, Mrs. Young made fourteen baby dresses and fourteen petticoats, all ruffled and embroidered. The durable material and fine needlework survived many washings and passed on to Betty Jane. For by then Mrs. Young had financial worries—and very little spare time. When the layette reached Gretchen, it was in rather a sad state.

As she grew, the youngest girl inherited her older sisters' clothes. She wanted a new blue dress, all her own, she would sniff, "without any mendings on it."

Dolls, too, were deplorably cracked and scuffed by the time they descended to her. Oh, for a "brand-new child" of her own! She got it—a baby doll! It represented many small economies, for which Mrs. Young was rewarded by Gretchen's delight.

Though fondled lovingly by her mother and sisters, Gretchen had her troubles, due to her resentment of discipline. One afternoon, when Gretchen was two and a half, Mrs. Young left the girls in a neighbor's care and started downtown. As she was boarding the street car two blocks away, she heard a small voice piping, "I'm goin', too, mamma!" The child had crossed two avenues along which cabs and carriages zipped.

Grasping a moist little palm, Mrs. Young yanked her home, and Gretchen had her mind changed.

Loretta's fragile grace is threaded by the stern steel of independence. She likes to assert herself, if she will not hurt any one, though she has made mistakes and through experience has learned to temper her fractious spirit somewhat.

Gretchen, however, couldn't understand why she wasn't permitted to do whatever her sisters did. "I will!" she would announce, stamping her little feet. Spankings surprised and then infuriated her.

"With Gretchen, I had only to look unhappy," her mother told me, "and she would melt into tears and promise to be good. So I became a psychologist. Arguments and orders never got results, but a wounded, grieved expression never failed. I often thought her little 'spells' due to some inner sense of drama."

When the sisters play-acted, Gretchen was the dancing star. She wouldn't play any part unless it had a dance in it.

Left a widow with four children, Mrs. Young moved to Hollywood, where she had relatives, and opened a boarding house, the only livelihood possible to her station and capabilities. Untrained, and excelling only in the domestic graces, her situation was hard.

"I was so impractical," she says. "I couldn't buy, order, age servants, order things changed, run up bills. My father sent me a check every month. Otherwise we couldn't have survived."

Life in Hollywood offered four-year-old Gretchen plenty of excitement. An uncle, Mr. Traxler, was business manager for George Melford, who directed movies. Her aunt also worked at the Lasky Studio on Vine Street. One day little girls were being considered for a picture starring Fannie Ward. Mr. Melford told Mrs. Traxler to bring him the prettiest one of her nieces.

Dashing to the Young home, she found Gretchen in the yard, making mud pies. The mud that hadn't got into the "pie" was on Gretchen. Grabbing the child—unwashed and very thrilled—she hastened back to the studio. Gretchen, still mud-spattered, was given a quick scene to do, and won the part away from the curly, powdered children.

Dear old Theodore Roberts said to Gretchen's mother: "My dear, you have a genius on your hands." She agreed instantly to the first part of that statement. On several occasions, in the ensuing years, the latter part of it impressed her.

Gretchen was a movie star! Polly Ann and Betty Jane regarded little tag-along Gretchen with new respect. Alas the child's rôle was cut to a mere flash!

Continued on page 62



At the age of four, Loretta, then known as Gretchen, made her first appearance in a film with Fannie Ward.



Loretta was born on Hollywood Avenue in Salt Lake City, Utah, January 6, 1913. Here she is as a baby with her mother.

HOLLYWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

BY EDWIN AND ELZA SCHALLERT

THE PARADE OF NEWS AND EVENTS IN THE PICTURE WORLD.

NORMA SHEARER a widow! Not in all the years of pictures has a star of her age and prominence been bereft in this fashion. One has to dig back into the very earliest days to find even a vague parallel. During the "flu" epidemic of wartime, death struck the director-husband of a silent screen actress who was then popular, but the case hardly bears any comparison. Death strikes in Hollywood with fair frequency nowadays, but seldom among those who are at the peak, and Irving Thalberg was in that enviable position more than at any time during his career, due to "Romeo and Juliet" and the forthcoming "The Good Earth."

The destiny of Norma is the one that will be supremely watched in the future. She is in virtual retirement at present, but is expected to return to the screen because work is the only thing that can truly afford solace under the circumstances. She has long been an essential personality in the MGM organization, and it may well be presumed that she will not ever affiliate herself with any other.

Hers is the saddest experience that any star has ever endured, for, in spite of idle rumors, she and Irving were devoted in their marriage and their mutual interests. Irving



Photo by Allan

Tilly Losch, celebrated European dancer, plays "Lotus," the exotic trouble-maker who brings discord into the peaceful lives of Paul Muni and Luise Rainer, in "The Good Earth."

was tremendously proud of her achievement as "Juliet," and furthermore often expressed his joy over the fact that she had always remained simple and herself despite all her success—a success for which he was pre-eminently responsible.

A Touching Ordeal.—No ordeal was ever greater for any star than the funeral of Irving. Norma's tear-stained face could be observed even through her veil as she left the church as unostentatiously as possible through a side door. She wept a flood of tears when Rabbi Magnin, who conducted the services, spoke of Irving's great sentiment for his family, and again when Grace Moore sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd." She was protected in every way by the studio during the brief service, and kept from public gaze, but in any case it was a test of her fortitude.

Wealth of Thalberg.—Mere material considerations can play no part in the Shearer future, naturally. Thalberg had gained one of the greatest fortunes ever from his studio activities at the time of his death. His genius for sponsoring great films had continued undiminished from the days of "The Big Parade." It was estimated that he averaged close to \$1,000,000 annually from his revenue in pictures, and that his total estate has a value of approximately \$10,000,000, even in spite of the ravages of the depression.

But money means little in Hollywood, where money is plentiful, in the long run, and the thing that will be difficult for Norma is to pick up the

threads of her career, which were held so firmly and securely by a husband in whom she placed, as she had so often indicated, complete reliance, and who invariably saw to it that she had the best opportunities in her work, the most careful direction, and all other important requisites.

Nevertheless, both the memory of Irving and Norma, herself, are so well loved at MGM, that the spirit of those who remain will be to "carry on" with the same fealty, out of respect for the Thalberg accomplishments, and loyalty to his brilliant and beautiful widow.

Loretta's Revolt.—Loretta Young's summary exit from the cast of "Lloyds of London" caused no end of a flurry. It wasn't just that she didn't like the part in the picture either, although that entered into it. The real truth of the matter is that Loretta truly needed a rest. She had only just succeeded in recovering her health when she entered on a very hard schedule of picture-making including "Private Number," "Ramona," "Ladies in Love," and one or two other films. It proved to be too strenuous, and so Loretta determined she'd fight for a quiet space. Her decision was sudden because she took the plane to San Francisco and immediately embarked on a boat for Hawaii.

The studio was contending up to the last minute to keep her in the "Lloyds'" picture, and showed some intention even of holding the part open for her, but finally replaced her with Madeleine Carroll.

Miss Young is peculiar in being about the only truly prominent



William Powell, Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy, and Spencer Tracy are a bantering, witty quartet in "Libeled Lady," enjoying making the picture as much as you will when you see it.

feminine star on the 20th Century-Fox lot, outside of Janet Gaynor, which is one of the reasons she is kept so active.

Whether or not Loretta will marry Eddie Sutherland is also at present an interesting subject of debate. We doubt it.

Ovation for Mary Astor.—Strangest exhibit of mob hysteria was the wild applause which greeted Mary Astor when she appeared on the screen at the preview of "Dodsworth." What it betokened none can say. If there'd been one word said about 'diary' during the film the public would have been plunged into equally hysterical laughter. Fortunately there was no attempt made to capitalize on all the publicity, and a delicate situation was apparently conquered with good taste and effectiveness.

Let it be said, that in "Dodsworth," in spite of all the strain she must have been under at the time she played the part Mary gives

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Many will enviously regard Virginia Thompson, at top of page, as the luckiest girl in all Hollywood. She acts as secretary to Robert Taylor and reads all his letters.

Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, next apply for their license to attempt holy matrimony. They were married September 19th.

Maureen Paula O'Sullivan and John Villiers Farrow were principals in a formal wedding on the twelfth of the same month.

Photo by Apco





Photo by Harrell

Charles Boyer is proud of his proficiency in reading, writing and speaking English, accomplished during his few years in America. Every one is awaiting his appearance in "The Garden of Allah," with Marlene Dietrich.

IF HIS Country CALLS

BY MADELINE GLASS

Charles Boyer, a citizen of France, is subject to military service if his native land should go to war. That is the menace that hangs over one of the most distinguished careers in Hollywood.

IF France goes to war, Charles will be called, and he will have to be on his way within twenty-four hours after the summons arrives."

Those few words, spoken by Pat Paterson Boyer sum up the menace that faces this brilliant French actor.

"It simply grinds me to think that he may 'be taken,'" said Pat.

She had stopped her packing long enough to talk with me on the last day before she and Charles left for Europe.

"Wouldn't his becoming an American citizen protect him?" I asked.

"Yes," said she, "but that would take four years. At any time until he got his final papers France could call him, not to serve as an entertainer, as England and some other countries utilize artists in wartime, but as a soldier on the battlefield."

Situated as we were at that moment, the thought of war seemed utterly fantastic. From the big veranda of the Boyers' spacious and beautiful hillside home we looked out over Hollywood and far miles beyond. Fine shrubbery and trees secluded the yard, in the midst of which was a broad, tiled pool, its surface mirroring the blue of the sky. Sunlight glinted on Pat's fair hair and on the glass of amber-colored wine which she held in a very small hand. Her trim little figure was incased in white silk slacks and blouse.

The Boyers have been married nearly three years. At the time of their romantic Yuma wedding, neither had achieved much success in this country. Pat had

Continued on page 92



Photo by Allen

No one evokes such genuinely friendly greetings from so many people as Una Merkel does. Because she has only words of praise for everybody may explain her popularity with fellow-workers.

BY DUDLEY
EARLY

RIENDS IN EVERY CORNER

No one gets quite so much kick out of working in a studio as Una Merkel. She is interested in every one and everything, and every one shows a decided liking for her.

WHEN I was a child I used to add to my prayers each night that I'd have an exciting life, even if it hurt me."

It was Una Merkel speaking, and the words struck me with all the force of a well-aimed brickbat, coming as they did from one with whom it is difficult—judging from screen characterizations only—to associate any such gusto for living; which, of course, is a commentary on the fallacy of judging one by what he is on the screen.

"And that is why," she went on, "I give thanks every day for working in pictures. It's a crazy business, but it's exciting."

Subsequent happenings in the several hours that I spent with her convinced me of her sincerity, for I've never seen any one get quite so much kick out of working in a studio. She's interested in every one and everything, seems to like every one and every one likes her.

She even confided that she enjoys reading in magazines what the stars are like and what they're doing! Sounded to me like the old story of the postman's holiday—he went for a long walk.

We got together for lunch, and I might have known that I was up against an unusual person when she selected from the menu an item called "fresh peaches omelette." Always willing to try anything once, I ordered the same, none too happily anticipating the combination of peaches and eggs. However, it was startlingly interesting to the palate.

And I might characterize Una Merkel that way—startlingly interesting. I don't know what I was prepared for in meeting her, but what I found wasn't it, because she handed me one surprise after another.

Continued on page 94

THUMBNAIL



"The Gay Desperado."

"The Gay Desperado."—United Artists. Nino Martini, in my estimation the prime exponent of sex-appeal minus, returns to the screen and I just don't care! But his picture will rejoice those who care for his voice. Never mind what I think of *that!* Acting is my concern and the star cannot act. Anyway, he sings very, very often, which should delight his large following. The picture is mildly diverting as a broad satire on Mexican banditry, with Leo Carillo the chief desperado and actor, too. A good-natured Robin Hood, he falls in love with Mr. Martini's voice, as the entire cast is required to do, and forces him to join his band as troubadour extraordinary. An American girl and her weak fiancé are captured and I leave you to guess who is paired in the finale.

"Valiant Is the Word for Carrie."—Paramount. There are two ways to take this picture, either seriously or not, and they are in conflict. The first part is so very good, the second such sharp cleavage. To me it is the long-drawn-out story of a prostitute reformed into godly ways by the love of two children, her progress to elegant respectability in pince-nez and pearls as they grow up and her willingness to bare her "past" on the witness stand in a spirit that it called "valiant" when there is no need for any heroics at all. All this is dwelt on with such intentness and in such detail, with slow music in the sentimental passages, that you may sob your heart out for all I can tell. But there's such a lot of it and the charming children, played by Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt, grow up to be such bores when they become John Howard and Arline Judge. Gladys George, of the stage, is "Carrie" with excellent effect, more striking when she breaks out in wisecracks and looks like Mae West than when she is brown-haired and motherly. Her acting is always direct and pungent.

"Valiant Is the Word for Carrie."



"In His Steps."—Grand National. Homespun drama chock-full of neighborhood appeal is what I think of this. So free an adaptation of the late Reverend Charles M. Sheldon's religious novel that nothing remains but the title, it is nevertheless unpretentious, human, and well acted, especially by Eric Linden, Cecilia Parker, Harry Beresford, and Roger Imhof. Instead of a character who puts to the test the doctrines of Christ in everyday life, the present story deals with the trials and tribulations of young lovers whose parents are enemies, and a gardener who believes in the Golden Rule, young love and early marriage. The story contains at least one novel situation, whether one believes it or not. The father of the young wife causes the arrest of her husband on the charge of kidnaping the bride. While the purpose back of the story never comes through, the result is simply entertaining.

"In His Steps."



"Craig's Wife."

"Craig's Wife."—Columbia. A quiet, conversational picture, this is dramatic in its ruthless exposure of character rather than in action. But it is fine, exceptional and courageous, absorbing to the thoughtful picture-goer, and it should especially appeal to admirers of Rosalind Russell and John Boles for it shows their talent in an entirely different light. Miss Russell plays one of the most obnoxious women ever pictured on the screen, Mr. Boles her husband, the object of her tyranny. The story is simply an intimate contemplation of a household with the servants and the husband dominated and stifled by the egomania of the wife. She doesn't get her way with tears and tempers, but with subtle, incessant interference, "for the good" of her victims. Beautiful, cold, selfish, the character is terrifying because reminders of her may be found in many women. Miss Russell is admirable in the rôle once played

REVIEWS

NORBERT
LUSK

silently by Irene Rich, and Mr. Boles wins pity as the handsome, unfortunate husband. Especially fine is Alma Kruger, too. You remember her as the aunt in "These Three," don't you?

"Dodsworth."—United Artists. This is a shining picture, pungent with truth, reflecting human character and life as few others do. I cannot, at the moment, think of a better film. It is perfect entertainment for the adult fan, another achievement for the producer, Samuel Goldwyn, and glowing testimony of the talent of Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor, not forgetting the adaptor, the director, and all others concerned. A poignant story, it deals with a middle-aged couple from the Middle-West who go to Europe on their first voyage of discovery,

"The General Died at Dawn."



"Stage Struck."

relaxation, and fun. It is a tragic voyage, a smash-up of traditions, restraint, and married love. No one can be blamed for it. "Sam Dodsworth," the rich man, has never relaxed his grasp on business; his wife has never experienced the thrill of being desired by other men, especially European men. There is inevitable conflict, not because either is crassly at fault but because they are tired of each other. Paragraphs, columns, could be written about the acting of the principals. But you need not bother to read a critical analysis. See the picture, especially you admirers of Miss Chatterton. It is glorious validation of our enthusiasm for this splendid artist.

"The General Died at Dawn."—Paramount. Three successes in a row for Gary Cooper make him the most envied of stars. "Desire," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," and now



"Dodsworth."

this. But fine as he is, he is not the whole show here. He wouldn't wish to be, anyway. As an American soldier of fortune he is mixed up in the affairs of modern China, or more particularly the schemes of a predatory war lord and the attempts of the citizenry to arm themselves against him. On the face of it, the story is not the most interesting in the world but it is told in terms of pungent dialogue, splendid acting, and interplay of character and highly imaginative direction. Thus it becomes one of the striking and important pictures of the new season. Mr. Cooper is no irresponsible "Mr. Deeds" here, but a forthright, practical adventurer who flings himself into the turmoil of plot and counterplot to save an oppressed people—for a price. Madeleine Carroll is the daughter of his enemy who falls in love with the man she sets out to betray. All this is distinguished melodrama.

"Stage Struck."—Warners. This typical Warner musical is better than many of its predecessors. It is lively, good-natured, and funny. Especially is Joan Blondell funny in her burlesque of a would-be actress. Her caricature is broad, of course, but it is skillful, too, and so very likable. Jeanne Madden, a newcomer, shows great promise in a disclosure of Irish charm that recalls Ruby Keeler's, but it is warmer and more sincere and therefore will be more lasting. Dick Powell sings better than ever, thanks to his enforced rest. Altogether, this picture will please admirers of the stars and amuse the casual drop-in as well. Never mind about the story. It is typical. The songs are tuneful, but not too numerous, and there is a certain nice tact behind the whole thing.

"The Texas Rangers."—Paramount. If you like Westerns here is a de luxe one, longer, more handsomely photo-

Continued on page 96

"The Texas Rangers."



Springing higher and higher as an artist and a popular personality in each new picture, Carol Lombard is poised to ascend another rung. It will be in "Safari," the adventures of a hunting party in Africa, with Randolph Scott, Adolphe Menjou, Charles Ruggles, and Mary Boland.



CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"DODSWORTH"—United Artists. From the book by Sinclair Lewis. Dramatized by Sidney Howard. Directed by William Wyler.

CAST:

Sam Dodsworth.....Walter Huston
Fran Dodsworth.....Ruth Chatterton
Arnold Iselin.....Paul Lukas
Edith Cortright.....Mary Astor
Major Clyde Lockert.....David Niven
Kurt Von Obersdorf.....Gregory Gaye
Baroness Von Obersdorf.....
Madame Maria Ouspenskaya
Madame de Penable.....Odette Myrtil
Emily.....Kathryn Marlowe
Harry.....John Payne
Matey Pearson.....Spring Byington
"Tubby" Pearson.....Harlan Briggs
Hazzard.....Charles Hanton
Mary (maid).....Beatrice Mandel

"VALIANT IS THE WORD FOR CARRIE"

—Paramount. From the novel by Barry Benefield. Screen play by Claude Binyon. Directed by Wesley Ruggles.

CAST:

Carrie Snyder.....Gladys George
"Lady".....Arlene Judge
Paul Darnley.....John Howard
Dennis Ringrose.....Dudley Digges
Lili Eipper.....Isabel Jewell
Phil Yonne.....Harry Carey
Ed Moresby.....Hattie McDaniels
George Darnley.....William Collier, Sr.
Paul Darnley as a child.....John Wray
"Lady" as a child.....Jackie Moran
"Nick" Dorapopolos.....Charlene Wyatt
"Maggie" Devlin.....Don Alfonso Zelaya
Lon Olds.....Maude Eburne
Mrs. Darnley.....Lew Payton
Madame Dessolles.....Janet Young
"Mat" Burdon.....Adrienne D'Ambricourt
Grady Sutton

"IN HIS STEPS"—Grand National. From the story by Charles M. Sheldon. Screen play by Karl Brown and Hinton Smith. Directed by Karl Brown.

CAST:

Tom Carver.....Eric Linden
Ruth Brewster.....Cecilia Parker
Davidson.....Harry Boresford
Martha Adams.....Clara Blandick
"Maek" Adams.....Roger Imhoff
Elaine Brewster.....Olive Tell
Calvin Carver.....Henry Kolker
Robert Brewster.....Charles Richman
Judge Grey.....Robert Warwick

"THE TEXAS RANGERS"—Paramount. Screen play by Louis Stevens. Story by King Vidor and Elizabeth Hill. Data from Walter Prescott Webb's book, "The Texas Rangers." Directed by King Vidor.

CAST:

Jim Hawkins.....Fred MacMurray
"Wahoo" Jones.....Jack Oakie
Amanda Bailey.....Jean Parker
Sam "Polka Dot" McGee.....Lloyd Nolan
Major Bailey.....Edward Ellis
David.....Bennie Bartlett
Captain Stafford.....Frank Shannon
Ranger Ditson.....Frank Cordell
Casper Johnson.....Richard Carle
Prosecuting Attorney.....Jed Pronty
Higgins.....Fred Kohler, Sr.
Judge.....George Hayes

"THE GENERAL DIED AT DAWN"—Paramount. Screen play by Clifford Odets. From the novel by Charles G. Booth. Directed by Lewis Milestone.

CAST:

O'Hara.....Gary Cooper
Judy Perrie.....Madeleine Carroll
General Yang.....Akim Tamiroff
Mr. Wu.....Dudley Digges
Peter Perrie.....Porter Hall
Brighton.....William Frawley
Leach.....J. M. Kerrigan
Oxford.....Philip Ahn
Mr. Chan.....Lee Tung-Foo
Stewart.....Leonid Kinksey
Wong.....Val Duran
Bartender.....Willie Fung
Yang's military adviser.....Hans Furburg
Reporter.....John O'Hara

"THE GAY DESPERADO"—United Artists. From an original story by Leo Birinski. Screen play by Wallace Smith. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian.

CAST:

Chivo.....Nino Martini
Jane.....Ida Lupino
Braganza.....Leo Carrillo
Campo.....Harold Huber
Bill.....James Blakeley
"Butch".....Stanley Fields
Diego.....Mischea Auer
Radio station manager.....Adrian Rosley
American detective.....Paul Hurst
Police captain.....Alan Garcia
Lopez.....Frank Puglia
Theater manager.....Michael Visaroff
Pancheo.....Chris King Martin
Manuel.....Harry Semels
Salvador.....George Du Count
Coloso.....Alphonso Pedroza
Guitar trio.....Trovadores Chinasos
"Nick".....Lew Brixton

"STAGE STRUCK"—Warners. Screen play by Tom Buckingham and Pat C. Flick. From the story by Robert Lord. Directed by Busby Berkeley.

CAST:

George Randall.....Dick Powell
Peggy Revere.....Joan Blondell
Fred Harris.....Warren William
Sid.....Frank McHugh
Ruth Williams.....Jeanne Madden
Grace.....Carol Hughes
Gilmore Frost.....Craig Reynolds
Wayne.....Hobart Cavanaugh
Oscar Freud.....Johnny Arthur
Mrs. Randall.....Spring Byington
Doctor Stanley.....Thomas Pogue
Burns Heywood.....Andrew Tombes
"Toots" O'Connor.....Lulu McConnell
Cooper.....Val Stanton
Marley.....Ernie Stanton
Riordan.....Edward Gargan
Heney.....Edward Chandler
Yvonne.....Libby Taylor
Mrs. Cassidy.....Mary Gordon
Yacht Club Boys

"HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD"—Paramount. Based on a story by Faith Thomas. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts. Directed by Robert Florey.

CAST:

John Blakeford.....John Halliday
Patricia Blakeford.....Marsha Hunt
Jay Winthrop.....Robert Cummings
Jordan Winslow.....C. Henry Gordon
Alice Winslow.....Frieda Inescort
Flora.....Esther Ralston
Martha.....Esther Dale
Betty.....Betty Compton
Sanford.....Albert Conti
Moran.....Richard Powell
Nella.....Rita LaRoy
Director.....Maurice Costello
Partner in publishing company
Bryant Washburn
Sheik.....Roy D'Arcy
Director.....Francis X. Bushman
Master of ceremonies.....Herbert Rawlinson
Producer.....Parnell Pratt
Also: Mae Marsh, Charles Ray, Jane Novak, Harry Myers, Jack Mower, Kitty McHugh, William Desmond, Jack Mulhall, Frank Mayo, Creighton Hale, Pat O'Malley, Mabel Forrest, and Bert Roach.

"MY MAN GODFREY"—Universal. Screen play by Morrie Ryskind and Eric Hatch. Based on the novel by Mr. Hatch. Directed by Gregory LaCava.

CAST:

Godfrey Parke.....William Powell
Irene Bullock.....Carol Lombard
Angelica Bullock.....Alice Brady
Alexander Bullock.....Eugene Pallette
Cornelia Bullock.....Gail Patrick
Carlo.....Mischea Auer
Tommy Gray.....Alan Mowbray
Molly.....Jean Dixon
"Faithful" George.....Robert Light
Master of ceremonies.....Franklin Pangborn
Van Rumpel.....Grady Sutton
Detective.....Edward Gargan
Second detective.....James Flavin
Mike.....Pat Flaherty
Doorman.....Robert Perry

"CRAIG'S WIFE"—Columbia. From the play by George Kelly. Screen play by Mary C. McCall, Jr. Directed by Dorothy Arzner.

CAST:

Harriet Craig.....Rosalind Russell
Walter Craig.....John Boles
Mrs. Frazier.....Billie Burke
Mrs. Harold.....Jane Darwell
Ethel Landreth.....Dorothy Wilson
Miss Austen.....Alma Kruger
Fergus Passmore.....Thomas Mitchell
Billy Birkmire.....Raymond Walburn
Mrs. Landreth.....Elisabeth Risdon
Gene Fredericks.....Robert Allen
Mazie.....Nydia Westman

"THE DEVIL IS A SISSY"—MGM. Screen play by John Lee Mabin and Richard Schayer. Story by Rowland Brown. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

CAST:

Claude.....Freddie Bartholomew
"Buck" Murphy.....Jackie Cooper
"Gig" Stevens.....Mickey Rooney
Jay Pierce.....Ian Hunter
Rose.....Peggy Conklin
Hilda Pierce.....Katherine Alexander
Mr. Murphy.....Gene Lockhart
Mrs. Murphy.....Kathleen Lockhart
Judge Holmes.....Jonathan Hale
Principal.....Etienne Girardot
"Bugs".....Sherwood Baily
"Six-toes".....Buster Slavin
Paul Krump.....Grant Mitchell
Willie.....Harold Huber
Joe.....Stanley Fields
"Grandma".....Frank Puglia
Molly.....Etta Daniels

"A SON COMES HOME"—Paramount. Screen play by Sylvia Thalberg. From the original story by Harry Hervey. Directed by E. A. Dupont.

CAST:

Mary Grady.....Mary Boland
Jo.....Julie Haydon
Denny.....Donald Woods
Steve.....Wallace Ford
Detective Kennedy.....Roger Imhoff
Brennan.....Anthony Nace
Eddie Wimple.....Gertrude W. Hoffman
Essie Wimple.....Eleanor Wesselhoett
Prosecutor.....Charles Middleton
District attorney.....Thomas Jackson
Gasoline station owner.....John Wray
Sheriff.....Robert Middlemass
Proprietor.....Lee Kohlmar
Bladen.....Herbert Rawlinson
Nurse.....Ann Evers

"SING, BABY, SING"—20th Century-Fox. By Milton Sperling, Jack Yellen, and Harry Tugend. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

CAST:

Joan Warren.....Alice Faye
Bruce Farraday.....Adolphe Menjou
Nicky.....Gregory Ratoff
Al Craven.....Ted Healy
"Pitz".....Patsy Kelly
Ted Blake.....Michael Whalen
Ritz Brothers.....Themselves
Robert Wilson.....Montagu Love
Telephone operator.....Dixie Dunbar
"Mac".....Douglas Fowley
Tony Renaldo.....Tony Martin
Farraday's nurse.....Virginia Field
Brewster.....Paul Stanton
Doctor.....Paul McVey
Tessie.....Carol Tevis
Joe.....Cully Richards

"THANK YOU, JEEVES"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Joseph Hoffman and Stephen Gross. From the novel by P. G. Wodehouse.

CAST:

Jeeves.....Arthur Treacher
Marjorie Lowman.....Virginia Field
Bertie Wooster.....David Niven
Elliott Manville.....Lester Matthews
Tom Brock.....Colin Tapley
"Drowsy".....Willie Best
Mr. Snelling.....Ernie Stanton
Bobby Smith.....Gene Reynolds
Edward McDermott.....Douglas Walton

Loretta Young's Life Story

Fannie Ward was a wonderful being, in spite of a most disillusioning introduction. The star was dressed and made up as a hag, for the picture, when the youngster met her.

"That's a nice old lady," Gretchen said to her mother. "But she's not Fannie Ward, because Fannie Ward is pretty."

Later she met the frilly Fannie and was captivated.

Her next thrill was meeting Mae Murray through a director, and dancing with her on the stage at a charity benefit. Gretchen was a natural dancer, quickly learning steps and rhythm.

So charmed was she with the lovely child, Mae Murray wanted to adopt her. Mrs. Young couldn't bear to give up one of her children, but she realized that she could not give them advantages. Fretted by dozens of boarding-house details and continually concerned over making ends meet, she consented to let Gretchen visit the star for six months, provided her little cousin, Colleen Traxler, went along. Mae took both of them to live with her.

She sent the kiddies to Ernest Belcher's dancing school, bought their clothes, and twice a week her big car brought them home for a call. Though lonesome for her mother and sisters, Gretchen had delightful times with "Matsie," as she called the star. They practiced dancing together every day, and sometimes they went "doll shopping." At last Gretchen had a number of "brand-new children," with fascinating wardrobes.

The sisters must acquire an education, their mother decided, and enrolled the three girls at Ramona Convent, in Alhambra, near Los Angeles. There life became a set of rules, seldom tempered by the "psychology" of a doting mother or the embraces of a golden-haired, perfumed star.

Loretta pays deep respect to the rigorous convent training.

"There is a tendency in modern life," she mused one day, "to slide along, to postpone objectionable tasks.

"Life is not as stern as it was in our mothers' girlhood. We make too much of sophistication, of being chic, overlooking many of the old and proved virtues. If it weren't for the practical strictures of my faith, I might have felt a temptation to go haywire. I can't estimate too highly the importance of following definite rules. Now I recognize the safe, sure way."

Absolutely no subjects were Gretchen's good ones. She simply thought them all unnecessary and a waste of time. Spending hours over books when one could be outside, dancing in the sunshine and playing games with the flowers! God, surely, must be nice, wanting children to enjoy themselves. Not a God who said you must sit this way, fold your hands just so, work nasty old problems, learn tiresome dates. She hated school.

Why should she march out, in a line of girls, and stand up and sit down exactly when they did? Wasn't she a personal friend of Fannie Ward and Mae Murray? Hadn't she been a movie actress herself? Treated like a mere child! In-deed!

Longing always for pretty clothes, the starched uniform scratched her disposition daily. Having to wear glasses for a while to correct an eye ailment was the crowning insult.

"Now, just look at me!" She would grimace at her reflection in the mirror, her eyes sultry. "Mamma, will I ever be pretty enough to stay in the movies?"

Punishment inflicted upon her at the age of eight made a deep impression, principally because of the humiliation. On returning home from their weekly visits, the children had to turn in goodies such as candy and cake which their parents had given them. The Sisters put the "treats" away and doled them out every day in order to teach them patience and to keep them healthy.

Gretchen, the rebel, headed out a chocolate bar. It wasn't so much the chocolate; it was the idea that she had no rights in this world. Heaven, undoubtedly, would be a lovely place, where angels fluttered around you and fed you chocolate, and you looked pretty like a holy-card saint.

But in the meantime you couldn't keep what belonged to you. Next morning she would share her candy with some of the other children—for everything that she had she generously shared. But all night long she would love it. So she grasped it firmly in her hand, snuggled up, and went to sleep.

The chocolate melted all over her face and the pillow-case.

Discovered next morning amid the gooey remains, she was ordered to stand in the gloomy hall all alone for three hours, praying for forgiveness.

Polly Ann and Betty Jane were in the movies. Even little brother Jack had played in a picture with Wallace Reid. She was proud of them.

Georgianna who had come along when she was eleven, her mother having married again, was a sweet little companion, but really just a baby. You could play with a baby, but it couldn't understand things.

At home, one late afternoon when she was thirteen, she sat on the porch admiring a magazine photo of Gloria Swanson. The phone rang. Director Mervyn LeRoy wanted Polly Ann to play in Colleen Moore's "Naughty But Nice."

Polly Ann was out, a confident young voice answered. But Gretchen was at home—yes, talking! And Gretchen was quite sure that she could play the rôle at least as well as Polly Ann could!

(To Be Continued.)



Making "Libeled Lady" wasn't all pleasantness, especially for William Powell, far left, who stumbled into the icy waters after this scene was shot.

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After she and Frachat were morried, the house had to be dane over—of course!—to suit the new type of domesticity. This includes small, select porties for the intelligentsia, busy groups of wark an "study ploys" to be produced at the little theater. It also necessitated Joan's buying some fetching aprons to wear on cook's night aff when she prepares o fluffy omelet for her odoring husband.

I think that you would have enjoyed seeing Jaan upon the occasion of her party for Leopald Stokowski. She was—and there was no mistaking it—a distinguished artist entertaining distinguished guests in hanar of a distinguished artist. Only two years or so oga, Jaan affronted a hastess by failing to appear at o party given in Joan's hanar. The reason was that Joan was suffering from plain, ordinary, high-school girl stoge fright, and simply couldn't bring herself to make an appearance. At the Stakawski porty she was as dignified, as poised a woman of the world as you could wish to meet.

She played her rôle perfectly.

Well, laak at Clark Goble. He has a new phase of his awn. Clark was so-a-o-o domestic for sa lang. He mended his own garage daars with his own hammer and nails—and was photographed doing it. He went on lone hunting trips, didn't attend parties—and suddenly, since his swoop to new successes ond his separation from his second wife, Clark has gone playboy in a big, important way. He and the irrepresible Carol Lambard have been cutting didaes which even surprised Hallywood. Such pranks and goings-on!

Of course, Carol hos had some phases of her awn to dramatize. She was a madcap before she married William Pawell. But afterward she, too, worked hord at the domesticity angle. If she didn't actually darn Bill's sacks, she looked and acted as if she did. They telephoned one another four times a day. Carol was not ot all well, and when we saw her, which was but rarely, she was interestingly pale and languid. But she emerged from marriage and invalidism olmost simultaneously ond with a distinct and resounding bounce.

As this is written, Corol and Clork appear to be in that well-known sizzling stage. Carol, I understand, is wishing that she hodn't sent Clark that funny-looking wreck of an automobile for a comic Valentine. He has installed a high-powered motar in it ond threatens to test its speed at Muroc Dry Lake, risking life and limb.

Prabably the thing which makes Clark and Carol enjoy one another is the fact that they are both a little drunk on a freedom and are dramatizing their freedom phases together.

When Gary Cooper first returned from Africa and had, for the first time in his life, a house to himself, I went to lunch with him in it. It was designed, he told me, for entertaining. There were a great many heeds of stuffed animals hanging on the walls. But the divans were wide and comfortable, and Gary explained that it wouldn't matter if any one spilled something on one of them. There was a swimming pool—just large enough, I figured, to accommodate the rather lengthy Gary. If he had swimming guests, he would palitely refrain from hopping in when they did.

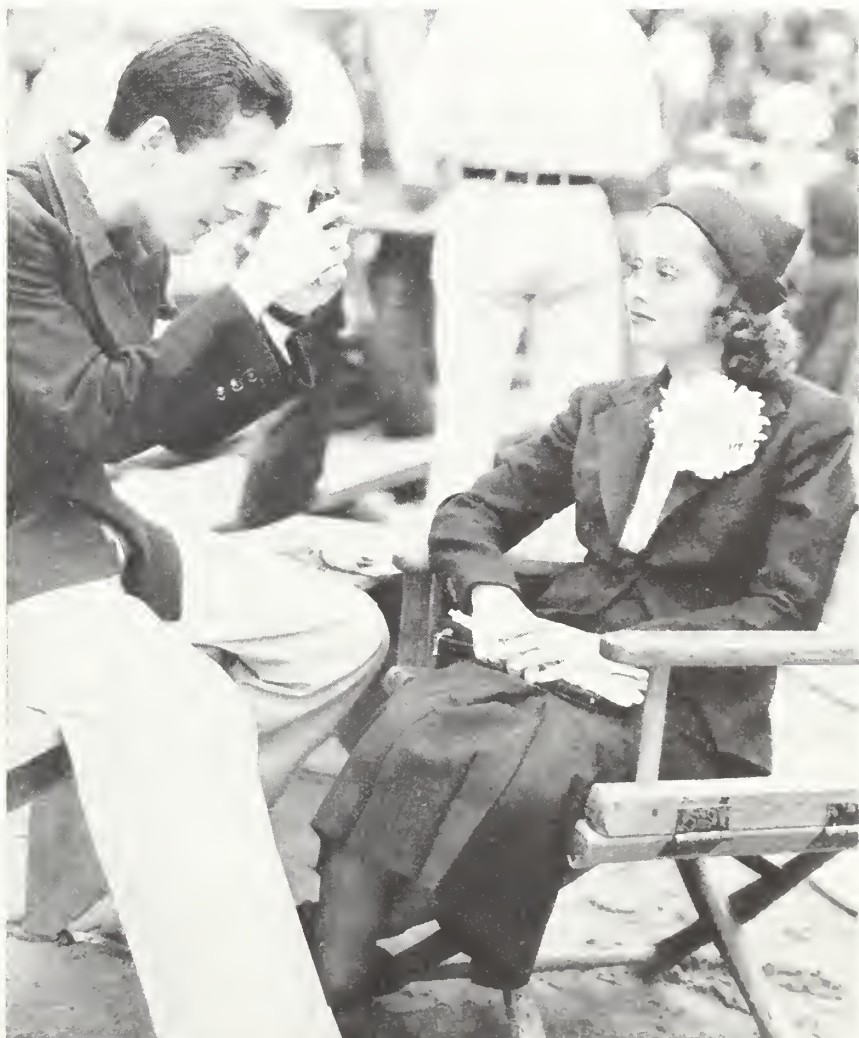
Gary was quite the man of the world at that period. A few months later he told me that he had bought a ranch somewhere—where he could hide from the parties and the razzle-dazzle. After he had lived at the new ranch for a week, the razzle-dozzle came to him

with such o party—including camels! Saan offer that he married Sandra Show.

When the pair returned from their haneymoon, it was observed that Gary's ornate yellow-and-chromium car had been painted a rather sad battleship gray. I haven't heard a real whoop from Gory since.

Constance Bennett was very—ah, very—grand when she first married her marquis. A white-and-gold drowing-room and such o period dining room! Then she went through the phases during which she could nat be reached by any member of the press—for any reason. Now, I understand, she la-a-aves the boys ond girls from the newspapers and magazines. She is just bursting with intimate news for them. Sometimes they listen.

Every one must do a bit of acting same time in his life. But it seems to me that the barn octors must become confused sometimes about which is life ond which is just ploin "let's pretend."



Johnny Downs, nice boy of the movies since childhood, finds Eleanore Whitney, tiny tap dancer, just the girl he has been looking for. He visits her during the making of "Rose Bowl."

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said "Good morning! to Miss Powell." Whereupon several hundred dutiful voices chorus, "Good morning, Miss Powell!"

Every one sighs with relief. The day's shooting may now begin.

Joan Crawford visited the set the other day, and the company went through the entire dance routine especially for her. Joan burst into tears. "It's all too, too perfectly beautiful!" she sobbed.

Afterward, Eleanor paused to say "Thank you" to one of the dancers. "What for?" he inquired.

For dancing so nicely for Miss Crawford," Eleanor explained.

The boy grinned. "We're being paid to do this," he pointed out. "If they asked us to do it for the janitor, we'd do our best. We have to!"

On and Off the Set

AND that old cynic, Fred Keating, remarks, "Hollywood is a place where people spend money they haven't earned yet, to buy things they don't need, to impress people they don't like, or perhaps don't even know!"

THOSE screen pals, Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell, may or may not be so friendly in real life these days. What happened one morning on the set of "Gold Diggers of 1937" may be interpreted in two ways.

A photographer wanted a picture showing Joan vamping an elderly man in silk topper and expansive shirt front, to carry out the gold-digger idea. Joan refused to pose.

"Let Glenda do it," said she. "It's more in her line."

AN eye-witness gives us this incident from that sanctum sanctorum of movie sets, Garbo's "Camille."

Robert Taylor, in a scene with Greta, was muffing his lines. "I'm sorry," he'd stammer, then muff ago'in. At first Greta kept a poker face. Then she began shaking her head. Her brows drew together, her lips tightened. Finally she burst out, "Come, come! Let us get this scene!"

They got it.

WE have found out why Claudette Colbert has been seen occasionally riding in old cars on Hollywood Boulevard and eating in cheap restaurants.

Certain once-famous stars, now financially embarrassed, quite often lunch with Claudette. When they do, she shows a real understanding of their sensibilities by letting them "treat" occasionally, as their pride urges them to do. And when she returns the favor she doesn't pile up the social debt by taking them to swanky places.

I GUESS it's my funny face," said Gene Raymond, grinning at Jeanette MacDonald and a group of friends. "Unlike many actors, I'm always recognized by fans and asked for autographs."

Just then—this happened at a broadcasting station—two girls rushed up to Jeanette, albums extended. Jeanette signed both books. They thanked her and dashed away without recognizing Gene.

"If anybody had known what I was going to say a moment ago, I'd think this had been staged just to make me out a liar!" the actor exclaimed.

NO actress in pictures to-day is as temperamental, according to all reports, as the mother of a certain child star. Her flare-ups supposedly have resulted in the discharge of several unfortunates who incurred her displeasure. The latest victim, we are told, was the man who replied to her heckling with:

"Mrs. X, an actress has some excuse for unreasonable fits of what she calls temperament. But you can't do your child any good by having temperament for her by proxy!"

IT'S somehow surprising to find Carol Lombard sipping milk almost every time you see her. She isn't introducing a new fad. Carol merely worked herself into a let-down and her stern doctor has prescribed "gallons" of milk to build up her vitality again.



Virginia Weidler and Bennie Bartlett, talented youngsters, offer this cute reminder of Thanksgiving. They wear these Puritan costumes in "Maid of Salem," too.

LINES

SAY
"over 30!"



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly bal-

anced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M-146, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

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told her I was to be permitted in with the children.

"Oui," said Miss Leraux, and she swung the door open farther to permit my passage.

What happened after that is something of which I am not quite certain even now.

The babies were at the far end of the room, playing with a big stuffed dog. Emilie was sitting on the floor with her back to me. But her head was turned all the way around, and her eyes were looking up at me. The children were all looking up at me, as if to say, "What is this that comes in here?"

I sat in a chair, and became aware



Margot Grahame, one of the few exotics in Hollywood nowadays, strolls into the cast of "Make Way for a Lady," with Herbert Marshall, Anne Shirley, and Gertrude Michael.

My Reunion with the Quints

of the fact that I was smiling from ear to ear.

"Hello," I said, or tried to say. I don't know whether it sounded like "hello," however.

After this first word, every one started to talk at once—all the quints, I mean. They weren't saying anything in particular—just talking away in baby gibberish. Annette and Cecile returned to their examination of the daggie's ear. Marie and Yvonne kept an eye on me while they tried to superintend the ear examination of the same time.

Emilie rolled clear over on her hands and knees, started a coquettish line of nonsense, and decided to come over and say hello. She saw the rabbit's ears sticking out of my breast pocket, and at once we were great friends. She lifted out the rabbit, examined it carefully, and then tassed it to Yvonne, who had decided to follow her to my chair. Then Emilie turned her attention to my other packets. She was immediately rewarded with the little dog.

News of this magical man who carried interesting toys in his pockets quickly spread. In a minute I was surrounded by all the girls. But Emilie was definitely Number One. She was the explorer, the leader. It was she who first reached for the watch when I held it on the palm of my hand. She put it to her ear for a few seconds, and then decided it was not worth her attention any longer. Crash! it went to the floor.

Out of their baby talk came Emilie's voice. She said, very distinctly, "Docteur." And I knew that Emilie had stamped me as being O. K.—that the quints weren't afraid of me and that making "Reunion" was to be one big frolic for the youngsters.

I saw the quints daily after that. Emilie and I became the best of friends. She would let me pick her up and play with her any time. Yvonne was just as friendly, but she had more of the flirt in her. She would come running up to me, and when I put out my hands she would squeal with laughter and run back a few feet, then stand and flirt outrageously with me.

Yvonne is the little scamp who picked up my camera from the floor beside me one day and took it to pieces, winding the roll of film around her shoulders.

When the director said "Cut!" on the last scene a month after our arrival, I was actually sorry. Of course I was anxious to get back to my friends in Hollywood and to the comforts of California again, but I hated to leave

the quints. Particularly Emilie. She is a grand little girl. Of course, they are all grand, but Emilie has an appeal all her own.

Being out in the sunshine—they play outdoors, now, of course—has lightened the babies' hair a little. I was there last year in the middle of winter, and the girls' hair was as dark as coal. Now there is a slight brown tinge in the sunshine. Their eyes also seem to have lightened a little. They still sparkle like black diamonds, but they are slightly lighter, I think.



Lawrence Tibbett as he appears in the rôle of "Mephistopheles" in "Under Your Spell," his next screen production.

There was one scene of the babies at play that I never shall forget. They have a tiny set of parallel bars on which they climb and play. Miss Leraux put their big toy dog on top of these bars one day. Marie, Annette, and Cecile immediately started up the bars to get it. They could climb like little monkeys. Cecile was the first one up—to the encouraging cheers of Yvonne and Emilie on the ground—and she tossed the dog down to her two sisters waiting below. Marie and Annette finally achieved the top of the bars, and burst into tears when they found the little dog gone.

And that is the scene I can't forget—Cecile standing triumphantly on top of the bars, Marie and Annette sitting beside her crying, and Yvonne and Emilie on the ground, talking to the little toy dog.

ANNA STEN



Photo by George Hurrell

FAVORITES OF THE FANS



IDA
LUPINO

Photo by Tom Evans

LUISE RAINER

by George Hurrell



CONSTANCE
BENNETT





by George Hurrell

SIMONE SIMON

FRED MacMURRAY

Photo by William Wall





by Scotty Welbourne

WARREN HULL



ANITA LOUISE



MARGARET
LINDSA



LUCILLE BALL

*Luxurious
Ladies*



- Anita Louise graces the left page with a half-length cape of Russian ermine, distinguished for its dipped hemline and the small roll collar.
- Margaret Lindsay, next, shows another way of wearing ermine. The dull-black dress and tunic coat are of silk-and-wool fabric, which is in smart contrast to the white plastronne and collar.
- Lucille Ball's black velvet coat makes a delightful formal evening ensemble. The collar is faced with white satin. The hat is trimmed with iridescent coq feathers.
- Miss Ball sports a three-piece suit of gray wool with a chalk stripe of white and another pin stripe of rust. The hip-length cape and sable scarf add a feminine touch.
- Bette Davis, directly left, displays a frock of pebbly silk-and-wool fabric in a striking shade of chili brown.
- Mary Carlisle, below, prefers the three-quarter length for her evening wraps. The ermine coat with its slashed sides has full kimono sleeves. Beneath the one of sable is a satin dinner gown dyed to match the coat.

MARY CARLISLE



LILLE
LL

DON AMECHE





ROCHELLE HUDSON

Photo by Gene Kornman



JESSIE MATTHEWS

ANN DVORAK

to by Ernest A. Bachrach





Photo by Ray Jones

DORIS NOLAN

JANET GAYNOR





Photo by William Walling

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Continued from page 43

in New York she begged her mother to let her join her older sister. Jeanette was then a freshman in high school, and was very tall, thin and gawky.

Blossom asked Mr. Wayburn if he could use her sister. Good-naturedly, he agreed to try her.

"I wrote dad a special delivery letter, and he and Jeanette arrived on the Sunday excursion. Dad was much worried about her age, for in New York the labor laws were strict, and children under sixteen weren't permitted to appear on the stage. But Jeanette was self-confidence personified. 'I'll say I'm sixteen,' she said. And she did.

"Jeanette was very immature-looking," Blossom continued, "and undeveloped. I put paint on her face, fluffed her hair and bloused her costume to make her appear fuller."

She did a buck and wing dance for Mr. Wayburn and sang for him. He agreed to take her. The very next day she went on the stage. She sat on a box, and Will Crutchfield, who did a sort of Will Rogers act, was to lasso the box and pull it from under her.

"What burned me up," Blossom said, "was that I had to blister my feet and spend five weeks rehearsing, while little Jeanette walked on without any preparation. At the same salary I got, too—forty-five dollars a week."

Jeanette had only been with the show five minutes when she went to Mr. Wayburn. "May I understudy the prima donna?" she asked.

"We've already got an understudy," Wayburn explained.

"Then may I understudy the understudy?" she persisted. Mr. Wayburn laughed and agreed.

"Although she was one of the most determined kids who ever lived, she was always very thoughtful of others. Since she was old enough to talk, she insisted that when she grew up she'd buy mother a 'pink automobile and a silk suit,' and she always went out of her way to help mother," Blossom told me.

"Friday, after school, and Saturdays, Elsie and I would deliver cakes by bicycle for a Mrs. Sardi. As soon as Jeanette was old enough to ride a bike, she insisted upon working, too. I still remember that first week when she collected her two-dollar salary. Instead of spending it, as we did, she proudly gave it to mother.

Just then Jeanette's other sister, Elsie, a blond, plump, pleasant woman came in. It was a hot day, and she was very tired. But when she heard what

I wanted she sat down to try to think of something to contribute to the interview.

"Have you told Miss Jacobs about grandpa?" she asked Blossom. "Grandpa lived with us for ten years. He died at eighty, a dour old Scotchman, who rebelled bitterly against being invalidated the last two years of his life.

"Perhaps it's not a nice thing to say," Elsie laughed, "but grandpa was quite a case. Mother said that as a child he had always been stern and aloof with his children. He never played with them; that was not within a man's province, he felt.

"Yet he loved Jeanette. Oh, much more than he did Blossom and me. He just tolerated us. Jeanette you see, was sorry for him, and would sit with him by the hour, listening to his tales of Highland life. He even held her on his lap and petted her.

"Grandpa had one fault. He had a bad temper, and when he lost it he

swore. Time and again mother would beg him to control himself, fearing we children would be affected by such coarse language. All he ever answered was 'Bosh!'

"Till one day, when Jeanette was six, she repeated 'damn,' after him. I wish you could have seen his face. He grabbed her by the shoulders, snook her, and said, 'What did you say?'

"Innocently, she repeated 'damn,' with great gusto, just as he had said it. That settled it; grandpa never swore again."

"Can you remember any time Jeanette lost her temper?" I asked Elsie.

"On the whole, Jeanette was even-tempered," she said. "I recall just one time when she lost her temper, when she was about ten. As most kids do she delighted in dressing up in my clothes and playing lady. Always she tried on my party dresses, my hats and shoes. Again and again I forbade her touching my belongings. She'd pin things up, trip over hems.



Just a picture of those romantics, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, who are delighted to be seen in public because theirs is not a love that craves concealment or denial.

One day when I got home she was hobbling around in my opera pumps. They didn't fit her little feet, and they were all out of shape. I laid down the law with vehemence. She was so hurt and angry that she slapped my face."

"What else do you remember about her?" I prodded. "Did she get terribly discouraged when things went wrong?"

No. I've only seen her terribly discouraged twice. The first time was when she couldn't get a job in a show after the Wayburn show had closed. It was summer. And she felt her responsibility in urging the family to move to New York so keenly that she took a job modeling fur coats for a wholesale house. Then she was mighty blue."

But just as soon as fall arrived, she left that job and went the rounds again looking for a theatrical opening. And she got it in the Dillingham show, "Albany Night Boat," at fifty dollars a week.

In case you think that she lost her nerve by bucking up against the big city, listen to this. The other chorus girls told Jeanette they were getting one hundred dollars a week, and she ac-

cepted their bragging as gospel truth. So, when she was asked if she would like to go on the road, she airily stated her conditions.

First, since Blossom was still unemployed, Blossom must be taken along at seventy-five dollars a week. And she, sixteen-year-old Jeanette, wanted one hundred dollars a week.

"I wish you could have seen the astonished face of Mr. Dillingham's road manager," Elsie laughed. "'You're crazy!' he yelled. 'You little robber, get out of my office!'"

Even that didn't daunt Jeanette. She had made up her mind she was worth one hundred dollars a week, and wouldn't work for less.

"She got it, too, a few months later—in 'Irene,'" her sister Elsie said.

"The second time she was really disheartened was when she was appearing in Shubert's 'Boom, Boom.' Jeanette hated the part. She'd come home and cry and cry. She felt the flip-pant, loud rôle wasn't in keeping with her personality. The songs weren't suited to her voice. Though she pleaded and pleaded, the Shuberts refused to release her from her contract.

"Even when the show went on tour,

she went along. She had worried so much that she was ill. Now she had a legitimate reason for quitting—illness."

But that wasn't Jeanette MacDonald's way. Though in no condition to act, she forced herself to go on for months till the show closed. Then she spent weeks recuperating.

Jeanette's the same independent upstart, the same courageous never-say-die kid she was years ago. And it's funny, she's so famous you'd think she'd change in her dealings with those she knew as a kid. But when she's back home, she acts just as she did when she was still dreaming of what the years would bring. Elsie went on.

"She's interested in what has happened to our friends since she left Philadelphia, in all the changes that time has made in the neighborhoods we used to know. She's still attached to the city, too, and would be lost to think that she had outgrown her old associations. Jeanette's a very nice girl and a regular person even if she is my sister," Elsie concluded. And Blossom's friendly eyes said that she thought so, too.

IT'S ALL SPOILED

READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST TURNED POLLY'S DREAM INTO A NIGHTMARE

WHY POLLY—WHAT IS THE MATTER DEAR?

HARRIET'S LETTER—Y-YOU SEE IT—SHE W-WANTS TO D-D- OVER D-DURING VACATION AND BRING HER B-BROTHER J-JACK

HERE POLLY— I WANT YOU TO TRY EATING THIS YEAST FOR AWHILE. MRS. AMES SAID IT CLEARED JEAN'S PIMPLES RIGHT UP!

WELL, JEAN CERTAINLY HAS LOVELY SKIN. DO YOU THINK THERE'S REALLY A CHANCE FOR ME?

LATER

IT SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK I LEARNED ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES IN TIME. THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PIMPLE LEFT! OH, I DO HOPE JACK WILL LIKE ME

Nelson Eddy's Strange Pact

Continued from page 38

you know what he used to do as an outlet? He'd beg me to let him steal into the church when it was empty, and he'd let out all the stops on the organ. The poor kid was starved for fun.

"One night I invited him to come to the house after rehearsal. His face lit up like a kid's. 'Gee, I'd love to,' he said. 'But I'll have to ask Aunt Gertrude.' Apparently she vetoed the idea, for although I urged him again to come, he just looked uncomfortable and went on home.

"Then another time he did manage an evening off. He called Mrs. Evans and said we wanted to rehearse a couple of numbers. I got on the phone and corroborated what he said. She gave her permission reluctantly. So Nelson and I went along to my house—and we did rehearse a couple of numbers. But it so happened that night that my daughter was moving about a dozen young people in—and Nelson stayed until midnight.

"One day Nelson confided in me. At a rehearsal, one of the girls in the choir surreptitiously made a pencil sketch of him. She gave it to him after rehearsal, and he lifted her up and kissed her right in front of the whole

choir. We were sitting around later and I was kidding him about the incident. I asked him why he never went out with girls, and why he didn't marry.

"It was then that he told me all about Mrs. Evans; then that I learned for the first time that she really wasn't his aunt. But he told me how she and her husband had befriended and helped him. He had promised, he

said, not to marry before he was forty, the idea of course being not to permit marriage to interfere with his career in the making. They figured that at forty Nelson either would have married—or it wouldn't matter.

"Of course, he didn't have to wait until he was forty to become successful, but knowing Nelson as I've known him, my guess is that when he makes a promise, he keeps it regardless!"

When I left Mr. Hancock he was still laughing. The erroneous concept that had burned the wires from Hollywood amused him. A sweet little old lady in a rocker! A secret sweetheart sacrificing and self-effacing! Either so laughable to one who knows Gertrude Cheshire Evans, successful woman of the world.

'Soy, it's sort of like a mystery story, at that, when you think of it,' Mr. Hancock chortled. 'You know how the one who did it always turns out to be the one you'd least expect? Well, that fills the bill for 'Aunt Gertrude,' all right!"

Incidentally, the present rector of the Church of the Savior is the Reverend Wilmot D. Goteson, brother of the Hollywood actress, Morjorie Goteson.



Having lots of fun in "The Big Broadcast of 1937," are Benny Goodman, King of Swing, and Martha Raye, new comedy "find."

NOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT



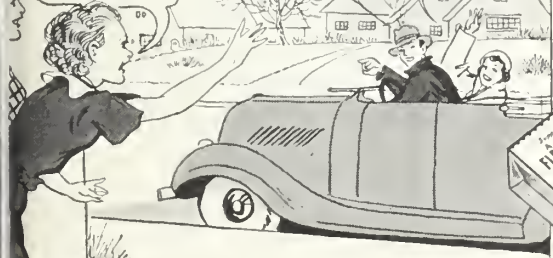
DARLING - I MIGHT YOU WANTED TO TALK TO JACK - YOU'VE TALKING IT FOR ONLY A YEAR

I-K-KNOW - BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THESE DREADFUL PIMPLES THEN - OH, MUMS, IT'S JUST TOO MEAN TO HAVE IT HAPPEN LIKE THIS

THAT AFTERNOON - AND THE POOR CHILD IS JUST HEART BROKEN. SHE'S LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING HER FRIEND'S BROTHER FOR SO LONG

YOU OUGHT TO GET HER SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED FOR JEAN. IT CLEARED HER SKIN UP WONDERFULLY

GOOD BYE - GOOD BYE - AND DON'T FORGET - YOU HAVE A DATE WITH ME FOR THE NEXT PROM - I KNEW YOU'D FALL FOR HER, JACK



DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES MAKE YOU HATE TO BE SEEN

PIMPLES spoil many a "date"—for boys as well as girls—after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final

growth takes place. The entire system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Then, unsightly pimples pop out.

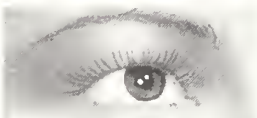
Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then, pimples go! Eat 3 cakes each day, one before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin clears.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Which Word Describes Your Eyes?



COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.



CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.



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★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c-stores. Try them today—you'll be delighted!

Maybelline

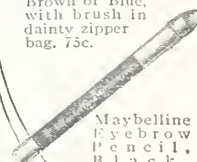
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Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow, Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.



Their Handwriting Talks

Continued from page 45

Imagine he'd prefer to be with them than with children his own age. His handwriting is very mature for so young a boy. He has an excellent mind, which is very exact and very analytical. His poise is astonishing, and his gesture and speech so perfect that they can be fitted to any rôle he plays."

And Freddie, Freddie true to the tradition that has been given to England, you have no sense of humor!

"And his future?" I asked.

"He may continue to act from time to time," Mrs. Eastmon said "but I imagine he will become more interested in the production end of the stage or the screen, or in writing or directing. And whatever he does, he will do well."

She laid a specimen of Freddie's precise chirography on the table and gave her attention next to the childish scrawl that is Bobby Breen's, newest of the child stars and, some say, the most talented.

"Bobby's handwriting is so rhythmic that it indicates at once his ability to sing and speak with ease. Yet Bobby is nobody's fool. He has strong will power, and he knows what he wants and how he wants it, and will be very impatient if he doesn't get it. He has a red-hot temper, but it dies as quickly as it is born.

"I should say he's a very likable child, despite his faults, which add to rather than detract from his personality. For Bobby will always be liked, especially by women. I am a little afraid he's going to be mobbed by them some day to his own detriment, for he's inclined to be weak when it comes to receiving adoration, and he's likely to become a very conceited young man. If he isn't careful, his charm will be his undoing.

"Like Shirley Temple, he's very easy to direct once he starts to work, but often he's got to be driven by a nature stronger than his own. He's a hoppy-go-lucky sort of boy, but he must watch that certain fundamental weakness or he'll fade from the picture quickly.

"If he overcomes it, he should continue in pictures or light opera, or with proper patience and training he might eventually land in grand opera if he cares to make the effort. There's a conflict in his nature. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. The will power is there, but ambition is often lacking unless he's driven."

Continued Mrs. Eastmon: "Here is handwriting that displays one of the

most splendid characters that I have yet read. Jackie Cooper is a perfectly grand person, judging from his handwriting. It's a little difficult to analyze because it is in the transition period, and will probably change a good deal in the next few years, as he is somewhat complex emotionally.

"He is a very sincere boy very reserved and introspective despite his apparent frankness and confidence in action. This makes him a little self-centered and critical, both of himself and of other people, or of ideas which do not measure up to his expectations. He's an idealist, and I hope for his sake that he will marry the right girl, far woe betide the fair sex if his wife should ever fail him! He would become embittered and doubtful of the sincerity of all women.

"In some ways I think that he would be happier in a business or profession which had nothing to do with the screen, for he hates the hypocrisy and sham which must necessarily flourish in Hollywood.

"I rather suspect that he will enter the business world rather than continue acting, which I don't think he really likes. He's a lone wolf, the introvert who would be hard to manage in a

family group because no one would ever know what he was thinking. He's the sort of person who likes very few people, but those he does love he loves with his heart and soul, even though he would be ashamed to show his feelings openly. He's too young to have been hurt deeply yet, but I am afraid he will find the world a little difficult later on."

And lastly we come to the astonishingly grown-up-looking handwriting of the screen's Public Imp Number One, Jane Withers! This is what her handwriting discloses.

"Jane is certainly a fun-loving young lady with plenty of spunk. She's the typical tomboy she portrays so well on the screen. She's an odd combination of caution and shrewdness, with a queer sense of humor which might make her mischievous or even reckless if she felt like it. Jane is the sort of child who might marry a cripple when she grows up, out of pity, perhaps, and then suddenly decide to leave him in a moment of recklessness. I don't say she will, mind you, but she's the sort who could.

"Despite her recklessness, there is a definiteness and confidence—which might even grow into callousness—which is surprisingly mature. She will usually know what she is doing before she does it—whether it's work or mischief. She can be very serious-minded, and has a warm, emotional nature. I expect her to develop into a dramatic actress rather than a comedienne. She will probably save her money when she gets it, even though she can be generous when she chooses, and has a charm which draws on you the more you see of her, and a genuine sincerity. She's going to be a very nice person when she grows up."

I asked Mrs. Eastman which of these children would be most likely to succeed in future life.

"Freddie Bartholamew and Jane Withers," she answered promptly. "They show the greatest talents, and the greatest possibilities for developing them."

"Are these children spoiled?"

"They are all remarkably unspoiled so far. Considering the amount of attention they receive, they are extremely well balanced and well brought up—all of them. If they should become spoiled, then all my prophecies count for nothing, because once any of these children succumb to acclaim, they will fall by the wayside."

Is Mrs. Eastman right or wrong? It will be interesting to wait and see.

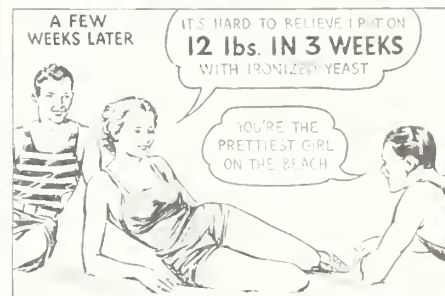


When Carl "Alfalfa" Sweitzer concluded his rôle in "Right In Your Lap," he was presented with a scooter. John Howard was the first to take a ride.

THERE'S A GIRL I'D LIKE TO MEET!



Yet 3 weeks ago they laughed at her skinny shape



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Any girl who wants to keep her hair nice would do well to use Marchands Castile Shampoo".

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DOUBLE.

They Say in New York—

Continued from page 41

robe that Joan Crawford wore in 'The Gorgeous Hussy' will be sold in stores everywhere. The braided cuffs and shoulders, as well as the huge sleeves, will be copied, but rabbit will probably be the lot of us ordinary mortals, where Joan had real mink revers. For the girl who loves quaint clothes, a dress Loretta Young wears in 'Ramona' was shown. It was made of slate-blue challis, and had shirred sleeves, and an enormously full skirt.

Not the Tweedy Type.—Now that Marlene Dietrich is in London, she is so lonesome for Hollywood she could scream—and she frequently does, over the transatlantic telephone. It never occurred to her until she saw herself in some of the creations run up by British designers that Paramount's Travis Banton contributed no small part to her allure with the swishy, droopy chiffons that he hangs on her. She is keeping cables and phones busy seeking his advice.

One in a Million.—When Hollywood's fur-coat parade gets under way, Dolores del Rio is going to walk off with all honors, she having commissioned a New York furrier to find enough albino mink to make her a coat. These skins are so rare that only two or three of them can be picked up each season in the world's fur marts.

Good Luck, Bad Luck.—Over in London, Bette Davis had made all arrangements to star in "I'll Take the Low Road," when Warner Brothers retorted that she would do nothing of the sort. She'll have to come home and make pictures for her home studio, with whom she is quarreling, or not at all, they say. So, in a mad rush, British Dominion cabled Solly Eilers to come at once.

Quickly figuring that she would make enough to build a new wing on her house, Sally tearfully gulped farewell to husband and child and was off. By the time she had reached New York, Sally was feeling quite gay about it. It's a grand port for her, and she will feel at home with Ricardo Cortez playing opposite, and lots of Hollywoodians around. Bebe Daniels is there—and it was in London with Bebe that Solly first met her husband. Boarding the "Normandie," Solly looked very chic, wearing a trim black suit with stripes of astrokhan edging pockets and collar.

Don't Let Him In.—Almost immediately on the heels of Vincent Lopez's short of "Knock, Knack," the game had become such an epidemic that every one was fed up. But let me add one more verse to the record before the lists are closed.

A scenario writer had gone to Santa Barbara for a hard-earned rest when he was ordered to go to Ashford, catch a preview of a picture, and report back to the studio. "Knock, knock," he hollered on his return. "You Ashford it, and you'll get it. The picture smells!"

Those Tears Are Wiped Away.—Mory Bolond sped East for a brief vocation with hope in her heart. Her first serious rôle, in "A Son Comes Home," was about to burst forth on New York screens, and her ears were all cocked to hear huzzas to the new tragedy queen. The stillness was obnoxious. Nat that Miss Bolond had foiled to give a sincere performance, but just because she has made audiences laugh steadily in the past. They would rather laugh with her, so back to comedy she must go.

Watching her recently in the midst of some middle-aged socialites, I was struck by her marked similarity to other women present. And now I cannot figure out whether Miss B. has created a masterpiece of characterization in her babbling, flighty motron, drawing



Little Sandra Silvers drove all the way to the set of "Born to Dance" to visit her comedian father, Sid Silvers.

it from life, or whether the Balond-Ruggles comedies have started an epidemic of copyists.

The New Big Three.—Another picture that every one wants to take a hand in costing is "Solly, Irene, and Mory," which 20th Century-Fox is to remake. Jean Crawford, Constance Bennett, and Solly O'Neill were in the original. Nominations for the weak one, the willful one, and the gollont one are pouring in. And remember, Simone Simon can't play all the parts, even though the public in its first mad flush of enthusiasm seems to expect miracles from her in the near future.

Without Fanfare.—Starting her Hollywood career without any of the usual introductory trumpetings, Freda Inescourt captivated audiences in her very first pictures. Her parts weren't the biggest and the pictures none too good, but Fredo was grand in "Hollywood Boulevard" and "Give Me Your Heart."

Broadway has long loved her, partly because she is a gifted actress, but more because she is one of those divinely improbable people who rarely exist outside of books. Getting a chance to go on the stage when she was seventeen, she grabbed it. It happened that she was in the midst of a research job for a publishing house, and as no one could be found to carry on for her, she worked by day, acted by night. When she hasn't a job, she is merry and dashing. In the midst of success, and she has had much of it, she is pensive. But always she is vital, magnetic, looking as if she were just about to plunge into a great adventure.

Not in My Hearing.—Constantly I am shocked by the remarks of stars that I read in the public prints. They don't fit the stars as I know them. For instance, Ginger Rogers was quoted at some length on the way she went around New York recently disguised in a dark wig and false teeth. But when I saw her at the "Club 21," at the White Plains opening of "Spring Dances," at a Westchester club and near her hotel, she was wearing her usual unnoted coloring and looked, as she does in pictures, as if her worst enemy had dressed her hair.

And Robert Montgomery! Always sensible when I've heard him. But I read the most amazing outburst wherein he said that he could actually find quiet and solitude in the midst of his thirty thousand acres near Brewster, New York!

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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 55



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one of her most telling and sympathetic performances as the "other woman" who comes into the life of the title character.

Merry Maritime Marriage.—Much talk has gone forth in Hollywood from time to time—notably in the case of Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddard—about film luminaries being married on shipboard, but Dick Powell and Joan Blondell really did the deed, and it's quite an idea at that for exclusiveness and avoidance of all the more familiar hooray and ballyhoo.

Joan and Dick had the ceremony performed just before they left for New York on their honeymoon trip on the "Santo Paula," and afterward gathered a few of their more intimate friends together for festivities.

The marriage of Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow was another really delightful event, carried off with the utmost taste and intelligence. Maureen didn't even flee the rice-throwers when the couple was leaving after the wedding breakfast—they were married at a solemn high mass previously—but bid them all a quiet and charming good-by, kissing many of her friends and shaking hands with others.

Most of the rice as a consequence was thrown at the chauffeur of the car in which they drove away.

Anita Louise's mother, who was anticipating matrimony, caught the bride's bouquet.

"No Reconciliation"—Margot.—Final word from Margot Grahame direct is that there will be no reconciliation between Francis Lister and herself. Such a confusion of rumors existed regarding this that something must needs be said. Margot herself declares she doesn't know where all the false reports originate from. "We met and talked while I was abroad, but truthfully that didn't mean a new understanding between us," she told us. "Our lives and careers are wholly separated. His lies in England, mine in Hollywood."

A final divorce is anticipated.

Pony Practical-minded.—There was almost more excitement in the Shirley Temple household over the acquisition of a pony by the little star recently, than over the threats of kidnaping, which seemed to assume a kind of fantastic and melodramatic nature,

anyway, because they were simply wild ideas of a young man.

The pony was a gift to Shirley from Joseph M. Schenck, the producer, who overlords her career at 20th Century-Fox. Shirley wanted to give the pony a nice greeting when he arrived by train, and so she had a wreath woven for him. As soon as he received the wreath, he promptly ate it.

The pony glories in a biblical name, Samuel of Speen, but the storlet promptly nicknamed him "Spunky." He comes right from the Shetland Islands.

The New Starry Wonder.—Simone Simon is still regarded as the wonder of Hollywood. Her first picture did little more than introduce her to the public, and her further appearances are awaited. But that she is a great find is held unquestioned, notably by those who have witnessed the reactions of the public to the little French girl whose career, ever since she arrived in America, has been such a puzzle.

Simone has turned into a personage of a great deal of charm, incidentally, after rather hectic and temperamental



Jane Withers, all curled and ruffled for her next picture, "Can This Be Dixie?" Some belle!

experiences. She received much unfavorable publicity, but the tide has turned.

Since she added charm to the gamut she is just as fascinating in person as in the films.

Will she be a meteor, one wonders, like that famous line of stars who come to the screen with flashlike brilliance, or will she be able to go on indefinitely? Something about her suggests to old-timers a resemblance to D. W. Griffith's famous discovery, Clarine Seymour, who gained such attention under the now saccharine name of Cutie Beautiful, and whose span was so brief.

the trailer so far appears to come under the heading of being too bourgeois with most of the colony.

Queen Over Dogdom.—Alice Brady has become the crusader extraordinary for dogdom. She's prominently identified with that organization for canines, the National Tail-waggers Association. And isn't that a name? Alice never engages a house for herself that isn't perfectly fashioned for her amazing aggregation of pooches. Pugs are always a nonentity on the floors, and the dogs have the run of the place. Recently she was named chairman of the National Dog Week committee in Los Angeles, hoving as her principal cohorts Warren William, Dolores del Rio, James Gleason, and William S. Hart.

"Name" Legion Augmented.—Carol Lombard is the latest star to join those who want to make their professional names their real names. Kay Francis has succeeded in her desire already, and Jean Harlow has the same idea. There are a few men who have had their screen names made legal in the past including George Raft, Richard Dix, and Richard Arlen. But the women have only begun the movement lately. And it's going to be complicated for them, especially if they marry.

By the way, Carol is soon to be seen in her first technicolor picture called "Safari."

Garbo First Lady.—Greta Garbo can enjoy some solace from the fact that Ethel Barrymore named her as almost the exclusively best actress of Hollywood. In fact, Ethel made mention of no other in her rating of famous women of the theater, including Helene Modjeska, Eleanora Duse, and Réjane. She named Lionel Barrymore as the top screen actor.

Greta doubtless needs such solace, for "Camille" has not been an easy picture. A serious blow during the filming was the death of Irving Thalberg. Besides, once or twice she was taken ill while the production was under way.

The star, nevertheless, probably will appear more beautiful than ever before in this new version of a famous play.

The production was one of the last supervised by Thalberg prior to his death. Wisdom of showmanship was exhibited in his selection of Robert Taylor to play opposite the luminous Swedish actress.



Fans will be interested to see their old favorite, Lois Wilson, in "Wedding Present," with Joan Bennett and Cary Grant in the leads.

Cutting In on Johnny.—Funniest of occurrences was the recent arrival of a chap who professed to be an Indian chief and who said he had come to Hollywood to marry Lupe Velez. Arrested for disturbing the peace, he contended that Johnny Weissmuller was simply her guardian. He carried a diary, which was labeled "The Girls' Club Handybook of 1928."

Their Home on Wheels.—Errol Flynn and Lily Damita appear on the screen horizon as the first devotees of the trailer idea, which is taking America by storm. Flynn and Lily acquired the rambling home as a prelude to a vacation of hunting and fishing in Washington and Oregon. While Hollywood goes for most new fads in a big way,

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If His Country Calls

Continued from page 56

shown promise on the stage and screen of her native England, but as yet a really important part had not come her way in Hollywood. Boyer, although an actor of established reputation in his own country, had been shoved about by the studios, playing, among other things, a bit rôle of a chauffeur in Jean Harlow's "Red-headed Woman." A pretentious piece of artificiality, "Caravan," gave him a large but unconvincing rôle which was not encouraging to an artist of his burning sensitivity. Disillusioned by his venture in a new country, Boyer bought his contract and took himself and his bride to France, where he essayed a Japanese rôle in an unforgettably fine picture, "The Battle."

"Private Worlds," which he finally made for Walter Wanger, turned out to be a picture and a characterization to restore the faith of the most skeptical actor. This was followed by a fairish sort of picture for the same company, "Shanghai." The handsome tragedian appeared to advantage here, however, even the unreasonable renunciation episode at the close of the picture being acceptable because of Boyer's flame-under-snow technique in depicting emotional responses.

At his studio the publicity people do nip-ups in unison every morning because of the fact that in a town full of stars none shines with more authentic brilliance than their Charles, and no starlet is more engaging than his wife.

In view of her qualifications I wondered why Pat had not done more in pictures since her marriage.

"For two years after Charles and I were married," she explained, "I was content to bask in his reflected glory. A career no longer interested me. Finally, after the first romantic enchantment had subsided and I was able to get a better perspective of our lives together, I realized that I must have something to occupy my time. Naturally, I returned to acting, which I have always loved. Now that I have recovered some of my former enthusiasm I am anxious to find a part with sound dramatic possibilities. I believe I am being considered for a part in 'Wuthering Heights,' in which Charles is to star, and how I should enjoy that!

"I am not in the least domestic. Talking over culinary matters with the cook, or crocheting afghans, or tidying

up closets and drawers, or shopping for furnishings—I just am not interested in such things."

It is rather refreshing to find an actress who confesses that she is not a crack housekeeper. The only other actress who ever admitted this lack to me was Marion Davies, who laughingly professed inability to so much as fry an egg.



Two new child discoveries are Charlene Wyatt and Jackie Moran, who are cast with Gladys George in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie."

"Then you don't cook?" I inquired. "No," smiled Pat.

"Supposing," I said, "you and Mr. Boyer came home some evening and found that the cook had fallen ill, or eloped with the gardener, or something. Would you go out to dinner?"

"No, Charles would get it," said she.

It seems that Charles is a first-rate cook. This information brought up visions of the cultivated Boyer standing in a gleaming modern kitchen, an apron tied about his waist, pensively regarding a filet mignon, or sympathetically eying a couple of potatoes, trying to decide whether they should be baked or boiled.

Another side of their domestic life seems more in character.

"Sometimes," Pat continued, "we stay at home every evening for ten days at a stretch. Then we go out a great deal for a time, catching up on shows, theaters, parties and the like.

On the evenings when we do not go out we often take the dogs for a walk for up in the hills, then come home and read, or study our scripts for the next day's shooting. We help each other with our work, of course, enacting various scenes in various ways, trying to develop the most effective technique.

Charles and I have much the same tastes in regard to people and social activities. It has been said that marriages between people of different nationalities have difficulty in surviving because husband and wife think in different languages, thus creating a spiritual barrier.

"We solve that problem by keeping it in mind and making due allowance for it. Whenever a misunderstanding or disagreement occurs, I always remind myself that his viewpoint is different from mine, that his nationality and thought processes doubtless make his stand in the matter seem entirely reasonable. He makes the same allowance for me, so that we have been able to get along with scarcely a ripple of discord.

"Some day we are going to have a child, or children. We are already engaged in a friendly disagreement as to whether we will employ a French or English governess. I want the child to

learn English first, but Charles thinks he should begin with French.'

In the end this difficulty doubtless will be settled by having the little Boyers taught one language in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Their evenings can be devoted to mastering the great American language.

Pot had been ill with a cold, and I inquired as to Boyer's capabilities as a sick-room attendant.

"He's almost too attentive," grinned Pot. "Not only did he wait on me hand and foot, but he was fearful that I would catch more cold. To-day I felt quite well again, and when I came out here this morning and saw how inviting the pool looked I decided to take a dip. I got into my bathing suit and was slipping out quietly when suddenly Charles looked out of that window up there and saw me. He told me not to dare put even one toe in the water, so I had to give up the scheme."

Undoubtedly there is a fine, sympathetic understanding between this sprightly girl and her more intense husband. Suspicions and fears are not allowed to intrude in their lives, and each permits the other the widest personal liberty. As a cultural measure and to bridge the gulf of language, Pat has learned to speak French, while Charles is proud of his proficiency in reading, writing and speaking English, accomplished during his few years in America.

"We had intended having two homes, one in Paris and one in Hollywood," said Pat, coming back to the grim problem uppermost in her mind. "We will be gone only six weeks this time, and when we return I am going to bring back all our personal treasures, as I feel they will be safer here. If only it were as easy to protect Charles!"

Certainly an interruption in Charles Boyer's career at this time would be particularly unfortunate. With several outstanding stories being prepared for him—most interesting of which is the Emily Brontë classic, "Wuthering Heights"—it would be an artistic calamity if he were prevented from achieving the magnificent heights for which nature intended him.

Perhaps by the time this is published the sword of war will be sheathed in Europe. In that case, a loving husband will have been spared to Pat Paterson, a glowing star preserved for the fans, and a kind, lonely individual left to pursue his colorful life in civilian peace.

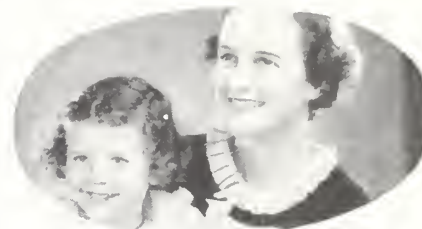


Donald Woods likes canoeing for recreation. Note the new mustache!

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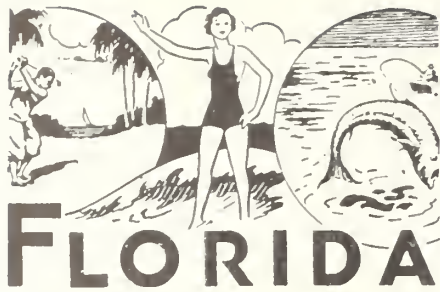
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Friends in Every Corner

Continued from page 57

My original intention had been to find out what event or events turned her into the field of comedy, for almost every actor or actress can name one or two such happenings which might be termed—at the risk of being shot—crucial. Oh, yes, I asked the question, and here's the answer I got without much hesitation from her:

"My voice is the cause, I suppose. It's sort of squeaky."

You know, that sort of stopped me. There I was, expecting some dramatic incident, and to receive an answer like that! For a moment it didn't seem quite fair on her part until the humor of the situation dawned on me; for she answered quite seriously, with no attempt at being funny. And then I realized that Una Merkel was basically a serious person, with an intense earnestness about her that is at times—well, disconcerting, as evidenced by the above.

If you'll remember, she wasn't always a comedienne. Her first talking picture rôle was that of "Ann Rutledge" in "Abraham Lincoln," with Walter Huston. It was, as Una put it, a "Gish-y" part. And there's an interesting example of coincidence, fate, or what have you, book of that experience.

Once, several years before, she had gone with her father, a patent promoter, to the De Forest studios, in Long Island New York. D. W. Griffith was making a picture and, seeing Una on the sideline, asked if she'd like a screen test. She said yes, and the test was made. Griffith went to California soon after, looked at the test, and wrote her that he liked it very much, and that some day she would appear in one of his pictures.

Griffith was right, but he was not the one instrumental in bringing her to California for the part in "Abraham Lincoln." The responsible man was John W. Considine, Jr., then in charge of production for United Artists. However, Griffith's prophecy had come true.

Right now, she says, she is trying to get the studio to give her other than comedy parts, simply for a change. She is afraid of becoming too well identified with comedy rôles, thereby shortening her life in pictures, she thinks.

"I have no desire to be a tragédienne, as most people who play com-

edy are supposed to have, she told me. 'I like comedy. But I need other parts now and then.'

We might have gone deeper into that subject if, at that moment, a man had not come up to the table and said something in confidential tones to her. She went with him, and I watched. They approached a military-looking man who seemed to be waiting diffidently. It was Erich von Stroheim. He had asked to meet her.

When she returned I noticed something that had hitherto escaped my attention—a wedding ring. And I recalled the little publicized fact that she was married. She explained the lack of publicity by saying that her husband was not connected with pictures in any way. He's an engineer.

'Aviation, civil, mechanical, or what?' I asked.

"Mechanical, I guess," she answered vaguely. "Anyway, he gets so mechanical in his language sometimes that I can't understand what he's talking about."

Lunch over, she suggested that I come out on the set where she was working in "Born to Dance." It was her



Myrna Loy made a nice trout catch while on location in the High Sierras for scenes in "Libeled Lady."

day off, and she was wondering if maybe she could sneak away for a week-end somewhere. She'd have to ask the director.

It was a long walk to Stage 11, and along the way she must have spoken to half the studio personnel, and they to her. Anyway, it seemed that way. She knew everybody's name, and asked each of them something about some phase of his activities. I recalled the hardly pertinent legend that Cæsar knew the name of every man in his army. But, then, everybody is privileged to be impertinent once in a while.

We arrived on the stage just as the doors were being closed for the taking of a scene. But from the minute we stepped inside until we had tiptoed to some chairs near the set, there was one whispered greeting after another. I've never met any one who evoked such genuinely friendly greetings from so many people as she does.

The scene was the interior of a submarine. James Stewart and Raymond Walburn were at the periscopes. The cameras started grinding—there was silence—then Stewart cried out, in exultant tones: "We're home, boys! We're home!"

The cameras stopped, and a voice to my right said reverently:

"What a line! What a line! It's colossal! It'll go down in history!"

Hod I found the proverbial yes-man at last? No, it was only Sid Silvers, who, besides appearing in the picture, wrote the story—and that line.

His burlesque was enough to start Una laughing, and Stewart and Walburn came up hurriedly to find out the cause of the mirth.

Then, with a group around, Silvers brought out several photographs of Una. He had sent to her home for them, as one was needed for an insert in the picture. The result was that all that a comedy writer's heart could have desired. Una's mother had rounded up some very fetching poses taken at various times in her career, and sent them along.

She took one look at one of them, in which she was made up like a college boy's nightmare, and said: "My Lord! Somebody must have told me to look glamorous!"

In the short time that we sat on the set, I'll venture that there was not one person on it who did not come up and say hello to Una. Had she been Greta Garbo there might have been something fishy about it, done for reasons politic; but under the circumstances it could have been only because of her popularity as a person.

And as we walked back, she had only words of praise for everybody, which could explain her popularity with her fellow workers.

If I were reading this story instead of writing it, I might be inclined to be skeptical about it, for I have read such stories and have been skeptical; it doesn't seem natural that any one person should have such general good will directed at them. But "I seen it with my own eyes," and heard it with my own ears. They are generally trustworthy.

Then, in parting, I heard myself saying, to my own amazement—for one gets case-hardened to synthetic charms:

"I hope I can do a story that'll please you."

That's no attitude for an interviewer to take, thought I as soon as I'd said it. One is supposed to write for the public.

But, in defiance of all rules, I do hope that she is pleased, and that I have been able to transmit to you, the reader, something of that which I felt.

I tell you, that Merkel woman gets under your skin!



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Thumbnail Reviews

Continued from page 59

graphed and better acted than the average, but it is just a Western for all that. Of course, the direction of King Vidor lifts it no end, his superior talent being seen on all sides, even, apparently, in the beautifully massed clouds. Still, it is a wee bit tiring unless one is perfectly in the mood of it. The story takes us back to the early days of the Lone Star State when bandits and Indians preyed on the handful of pioneers. Its chief characters are three bad men, Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, and Lloyd Nolan, the conversion of two of them after they become members of the organized rangers and the dramatic figure of the one who continues his desperate career as a lone wolf. The picture reaches a brilliant climax when Mr. Oakie sacrifices his life and Mr. Nolan is killed by Mr. MacMurray to avenge the murder. It is a gory saga altogether, as befits the period. Mr. Oakie's performance is superb, perhaps the dominant one of them all, though I can find no flaw anywhere.

"My Man Godfrey."—Universal. Where other lunatic farces have fallen short of their mark, or become tiresome because of antics overdone, this example of that most difficult mood is a triumph of wit, humor, and goofy fun. It is the best of its kind since "Twentieth Century." With neither let-up nor let-down, it goes madly, mirthfully on, leaving one gasping and wondering what the eccentric characters will be up to next. And it's all original and fresh, too. There never has been a scavenger hunt on the screen, with a dim-witted society girl salvaging a "forgotten man" from the ash heaps, winning a prize for her discovery and employing him as butler to her crazy family. Carol Lombard does this with William Powell in a performance that is truly amazing. Nor is Mr. Powell any less extraordinary. His acting is modest, reticent, and convincing both as a tramp and an earnest servant. And in spite of Miss Lombard's tempests and tantrums she remains beautiful, charming, and likable. If that isn't a feat I don't know what is. Every one in the cast is completely in accord with the spirit of the piece, and each is too, too perfect!

"Hollywood Boulevard."—Paramount. Here is a chance for fans to do something for old favorites, especially if you clamor for their return to the screen. Scan the cast of this picture on page 61 and you will recognize more than a score of once well-known names, some of them full-fledged stars. Then why not make this picture a success by going to see it and convincing producers that it is financially worth while to bring back favorites of yesteryear. Ten to one, you will do nothing of the kind for the picture is not much and is hardly worthy of the names in it, both old and new. But don't blame me for not telling you and don't blame producers too much for not starring Francis X. Bushman and Jack Mulhall instead of Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. The story is a melodrama that concerns a former great lover of the screen who sells his memoirs to a magazine to save himself from becoming an extra.



Maureen O'Sullivan holds Jackie the second, son of Jackie, famous picture lion, who plays his first rôle with her in "Tarzan Escapes."

Information, Please

Continued from page 9

next in "The Plainsman" and "Pigskin Parade." Ben Alexander's latest is "Hearts in Bondage," with James Dunn and Mae Clarke.

J. F. EBERT.—You might write to a large music publisher like G. Schirmer, 3 East 43rd Street, New York City, and ask if they can supply the song, "Chansonette," from "Naughty Marietta."

MARGARET BUCKLEY.—Jeanette MacDonald was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, June 18, 1907; five feet five, weighs 122, greenish-blue eyes, red-gold hair. Her next is "Maytime," with Nelson Eddy. We have no pictures for sale. For her photo write to the MGM

Studio, inclosing twenty-five cents, and for stills of "San Francisco," address the Publicity Dept., Metro-Goldwyn Pictures, 1540 Broadway, New York City. They cost ten cents each. A list of fan clubs will be mailed to you if you will send me a stamped envelope.

PEGGY FORST.—James Stewart was born in Indiana, Pennsylvania, May 20, about 1912, the son of Alexander and Elizabeth Stewart. He is six feet two and a half. First film was "The Murder Man," released in 1935. We published an interview with him last August.

BLUE GRASS COWGIRL.—Ricardo Cortez was born July 7, 1900; Jack Hoxie,

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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 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 August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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January 24, 1890; Gene Antry, September 29, 1907; Betsy King Ross, March 14, 1923.

J. LASHETSKI.—Victor Jory's stage experience included "Berkeley Square," "To-night or Never," "What Every Woman Knows," and "The Truth Game." His first screen rôle was in "Pride of the Legion," released as "The Big Pay-off." He was born in Dawson City, Alaska, November 23, 1902. Kenneth Howell was *Jack Jones* in "Educating Father," and Leif Erikson was *Tom Bolton* in "Girl of the Ozarks."

JUST EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS.—Frankie Darro played in "Born to Fight." The picture with John Howard was called "Border Flight." Frankie has since played in "Valley of Wanted Men," "The Ex-Mrs. Bradford," "Charlie Chan at the Race Track," and "Racing Blood."

ALAN FARSEL.—All the studios have their own photographers. The scenario department heads select the stories for the screen and submit them to the producers at the studio for their O. K. It is not necessary for the producer to be on the set during the making of a picture. You will see Mady Christians in "Come And Get It," with Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer. Robert Cummings has been mentioned for "The Accusing Finger," "College Holiday," and "O'Reilly of Notre Dame."

LOUISE H. AND BETTY B.—You may be able to obtain a photo of Richard Cromwell by writing to the Columbia Studio, and one of Wendy Barrie by writing to the Paramount Studio. Phil Regan's next is "Join the Marines," for Republic Pictures.

Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; the Estate of George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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GEORGE C. SMITH, Jr., President, Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1936. Ho Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 16, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1938.)



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ADDRESSES OF PLAYERS

Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

Henry Armetta	Louis Hayward
Edward Arnold	Buck Jones
Binnie Barnes	Boris Karloff
Noah Beery, Jr.	Bela Lugosi
Billy Burrud	Sunnie O'Dea
Ricardo Cortez	Walter Pidgeon
Andy Devine	Cesar Romero
Irene Dunne	Margaret Sullivan

20th Century-Fox Studio, Beverly Hills, California

Astrid Allwyn	Arlene Judge
Don Ameche	Robert Kent
Warner Baxter	June Lang
Thomas Beck	Keye Luke
J. Edward Bromberg	Victor McLaglen
Eddie Cantor	Warner Oland
John Carradine	Tyrone Power, Jr.
Ruth Chatterton	John Qualen
Irvin S. Cobb	Bill Robinson
Katherine DeMille	Simone Simon
Alan Dinehart	Gloria Stuart
Brian Donlevy	Slim Summerville
Dixie Dunbar	Shirley Temple
Alice Faye	Lawrence Tibbett
Douglas Fowley	Claire Trevor
Janet Gaynor	Michael Whalen
Edward Everett Horton	Jane Withers
Kenneth Howell	Helen Wood
Rochelle Hudson	Loretta Young

Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Brian Aherne	Eric Linden
Elizabeth Allan	Ann Loring
John Barrymore	Edmund Lowe
Lionel Barrymore	Myrna Loy
Freddie Bartholomew	Jeanette MacDonald
Wallace Beery	Una Merkel
Virginia Bruce	Robert Montgomery
Billie Burke	Frank Morgan
Charles Butterworth	George Murphy
Bruce Cabot	Edna May Oliver
Joseph Calleia	Maureen O'Sullivan
Mary Carlisle	Reginald Owen
Jean Chatburn	Cecilia Parker
Jackie Cooper	Jean Parker
Joan Crawford	Eleanor Powell
Melvyn Douglas	William Powell
Buddy Ebsen	Juanita Quigley
Nelson Eddy	Luise Rainer
Stuart Erwin	Florence Rice
Madge Evans	May Robson
Betty Furness	Mickey Rooney
Clark Gable	Rosalind Russell
Greta Garbo	Norma Shearer
Jean Harlow	Harvey Stephens
Louise Henry	James Stewart
William Henry	Lewis Stone
Jean Hersholt	Robert Taylor
Irene Hervey	Franchot Tone
Weldon Heyburn	Spencer Tracy
Allan Jones	Johnny Weissmuller
Elissa Landi	Robert Young

RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Walter Abel	Louise Latimer
Heather Angel	Fredric March
John Arledge	Herbert Marshall
Fred Astaire	Gertrude Michael
Smith Ballew	Victor Moore
John Beal	George O'Brien
John Boles	Moroni Olsen
Bobby Breen	Joe Penner
Helen Broderick	Barbara Pepper
Joe E. Brown	Lily Pons
Margaret Callahan	Gene Raymond
Joan Davis	Erik Rhodes
Owen Davis, Jr.	Ginger Rogers
Preston Foster	Anne Shirley
Betty Grable	Ann Sothern
Margot Grahame	Barbara Stanwyck
Katharine Hepburn	Bert Wheeler
Harriet Hilliard	Robert Woolsey

Columbia Studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Allen	Jack Holt
Jean Arthur	Victor Jory
Mary Astor	Marian Marsh
George Bancroft	Ken Maynard
Ralph Bellamy	Grace Moore
Leo Carrillo	Chester Morris
Marguerite Churchill	Charles Quigley
Ronald Colman	Lionel Stander
Walter Connolly	Charles Starrett
Dolores del Rio	Raymond Walburn
Richard Dix	Fay Wray
Edith Fellows	

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

Elisabeth Bergner	Ethel Merman
Charles Chaplin	Merle Oberon
Paulette Goddard	Mary Pickford
Miriam Hopkins	Frank Shields
Gordon Jones	C. Aubrey Smith
Joel McCrea	Douglas Walton

Warners-First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Ross Alexander	Al Jolson
Robert Barrat	Ruby Keeler
Joan Blondell	Guy Kibbee
Humphrey Bogart	Margaret Lindsay
George Brent	Anita Louise
Marion Davies	Frank McHugh
Bette Davis	Jean Muir
Olivia de Havilland	Paul Muni
Claire Dodd	Pat O'Brien
Ann Dvorak	Dick Powell
John Eldredge	Claude Rains
Patricia Ellis	Phillip Reed
Glenda Farrell	Craig Reynolds
Errol Flynn	Beverly Roberts
Nick Foran	Winifred Shaw
Kay Francis	Paula Stone
Hugh Herbert	Verree Teasdale
Leslie Howard	June Travis
Warren Hull	Genevieve Tobin
Ian Hunter	Warren William
Josephine Hutchinson	Marie Wilson
Allen Jenkins	Donald Woods

Paramount Studio, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California.

Gracie Allen	Roscoe Karns
Bennie Bartlett	Harold Lloyd
Jack Benny	Carol Lombard
Mary Boland	Ida Lupino
Tom Brown	Fred MacMurray
George Burns	Adolphe Menjou
Mary Carlisle	Ray Milland
Claudette Colbert	Lloyd Nolan
Gary Cooper	Jack Oakie
Buster Crabbe	Lynne Overman
Bing Crosby	Gail Patrick
Robert Cummings	George Raft
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Johnny Downs	Charles Ruggles
Frances Drake	Randolph Scott
Frances Farmer	Sir Guy Standing
W. C. Fields	Gladys Swarthout
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David Jack Holt	Eleanore Whitney
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