

SCREEN THE MAGAZINE FROM HOLLYWOOD MIRROR

18 FULL PAGE
PHOTOS OF
YOUR FAVORITE
STARS

JANUARY
10¢

1931 MARLENE DIETRICH



fanchon & marco IDEAS

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Screen Mirror

The Magazine from Hollywood

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very truly yours

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hobnobbing IN HOLLYWOOD

with
shelly ford

• ONE OUT of a hundred visitors to Hollywood ever hears of the Assistance League. Not more than one out of five hundred ever visits the place. Thus four hundred and ninety-nine sight-seers and stargazers miss a thrilling experience.

The Assistance League is the soft spot in Hollywood's reputedly hard heart. It is the film colony's pet charity and to be active in its affairs is a mark of social distinction.

The Assistance League, housed in three rather disreputable old residences facing the back wall of the Fox Studios, operates a dining room, a thrift shop, a woman's exchange, a day nursery, and a parking lot.

The whole affair is conducted by the wives of famous stars, directors and film executives. They cook, wait table, mend old clothes, and make a lot of money at it. The money all goes to help Hollywood's unfortunate. The receipts, incidentally, are paid in by the stars, directors, and executives who patronize the place. The luncheon hour at the Assistance League resembles a Who's Who convention of Hollywood.

One of its worthiest works is the operation of the day nursery. Film mothers who work in the studios as extras, seamstresses, etc., leave their youngsters there, assured that they will receive the finest care any child ever had.

• JOHN MEDBURY, the well known columnist, officiated as master of ceremonies at the opening of "Morocco," at the famous Chinese Theater in Hollywood—and the result was plenty of nifties.

For instance—John noticed all the stars arriving in their big cars and remarked that there was an abundance of Rolls Royces. He said that he couldn't afford such an expensive automobile—but he had his Chevrolet trained so that it back-fired with an English accent.

• WILLIAM POWELL, now at work in "Ladies Man" after a long rest and a European trip, was visited on the set by an old school mate who is now pastor of a small midwestern church. The reverend friend was mildly complaining about his lack of attendance at the morning services, whereas on Sunday evening, when a motion picture was shown, the church was filled. "Your problem is easy," Powell declared. "Advertise your morning services as 'All talking—All singing,' and you'll get a crowd."

• METRO - GOLDWYN - MAYER studios used the premier of "Min and Bill" at

the Carthay Circle Theater to good purpose. Realizing the interest of such an event to the outside world—they made a sound picture of the gala occasion. Frank Reicher, well known actor and director, supervised the filming, and the finished picture will be released as "Remote Control from Hollywood."

• SPEAKING OF "Min and Bill," the premier was a grand night for Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery. Scores of world famous celebrities attended the showing as a tribute to this popular pair. Each visiting personage autographed a sentiment to Marie and Wally in a beautiful tribute book that was placed in the forecourt of the theater. In all it was a swell affair for a swell pair.

• GET THIS! The Ohio censor board the other day barred a Mickey Mouse cartoon because it showed a cown reading a copy of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks."

Imagine what they would do if the screen displayed a close-up of "The Specialist."

• RADIO'S GREATEST need, according to Jack Oakie, is a trap-door in front of every microphone. Oakie said he heard an

(Concluded on eight)

• El Brendel—who has made an accent pay. With the coming of fallies, many of our accented stars had to back-up and catch the first boat back home. But El, with his Swedish dialect—though he isn't a Swede—is making his funny talk carry him to stardom.



clara's xmas night-ie

• Obviously Miss Bow believes in the presents — what with all these packages — and Clara is some prize package herself, believe you us. The 'It' girl's next picture is titled "No Limit," and, oddly enough, it has a gambling theme. We, along with Clara's many other fans, hope that the ensuing year will be a banner one for the titan-haired beauty. May "No Limit" clean up for Clara and win her scores of new followers — personally we're betting on her. Nobody can hold a candle to Clara — except Miss Bow herself — as this photo illustrates.

Photo by English



love and bess wishes

● Cute Bessie Love's new number is one nine three one—in case you want to know. Bessie is wishing each and every one of you, a happy and prosperous New Year. If everyone had her winning smile, old man D. Precision would just naturally run for cover. We in turn hope the coming months will bring more fame and fortune to Bessie, whose cheery personality and peppy antics have long been a boon to picture.

Photo
by Ball



1931

A Stranger in Hollywood

*who has captured and conquered the heart
of the motion picture industry and is
destined to become a sensation of the cinema . . .*

● A STRANGER is the talk of Hollywood. A stranger who has given the thrill-loving motion picture colony more to admire and more to envy than any personality since Rudolph Valentino crashed through to become a one-day sensation.

She—for this stranger is a woman—is the exotic, glamorous, mysterious, talented, and surpassingly beautiful Marlene Dietrich.

Such adjectives need explanation. Ordinarily they might require an apology. But not when they are used to describe this girl of the Continental background and the Continental up-bringing.

Pick up any motion picture magazine as you have this one. The chance is nine to ten that Marlene Dietrich's lovely features will grace its cover. No actress who has come to Hollywood within the last five years has created such a stir among editors, critics, artists and the general initiate as she.

It has taken Marlene Dietrich but one picture to reach her present commanding place. She was an actress on the Berlin stage when "discovered" there by Josef von Sternberg, an American director who had gone there to direct Emil Jannings' first all-talking picture, "The Blue Angel." Von Sternberg, under contract to Paramount in Hollywood, urged that his company retain her when he returned.

She came to Hollywood. Von Sternberg directed her in "Morocco" with Gary Cooper, and she became an immediate sensation. So great, in fact, that "Morocco," largely because of her beauty and inspired talents as an actress, has been chosen to play an unlimited run in the world's most exacting motion picture theater: the famous Grauman's Chinese in Hollywood. Only those pictures that are really great are shown at this exclusive house.

Marlene Dietrich is the daughter of a German army officer; a girl who has had every advantage of position and training. She learned English and French when she was a child. She is a talented musician, her works as an author have been printed, her ability as an artist is more than ordinarily good.

By nature she is friendly. She also is amazingly frank. Outwardly calm, at the same time she gives the impression of a consuming energy held in check; an inward fire that manifests itself only in the suddenness of a gesture, a direct and rapid stride across a room.

Her eyes reveal nothing. They are the most striking feature of her perfect face—

She is all women in one
... Mysterious ...
Alluring... Inscrutable
... Marlene Dietrich
is a flaming Meteor
on a starlit Hollywood
horizon.

by
don byron

wide set and unwavering. Her voice is magnetic; a warm, mellow note which she uses as a flutist uses his reed. Without seeing her, one could tell that hers is the voice of a beautiful woman.

Sound recorders at the studio have remarked that this voice lends itself almost perfectly to their purpose. First of all Miss Dietrich has long been accustomed to the microphone; not in a motion picture studio, but in the phonograph laboratories. She has sung many songs for phonograph records and these discs have achieved tremendous popularity throughout Europe.

It is understood that an American company already has made a flattering offer for her recording of songs in English.

Marlene Dietrich has

● Gary Cooper as the Legionnaire and Marlene Dietrich as the dancer are the two principal characters in "Morocco," a story of life and love in a country of flaring passions and smouldering hates. The picture was directed by Josef Von Sternberg, who is the discoverer of Miss Dietrich.

been Hollywood's beautiful mysterious stranger not because of any voluntary aloofness, but because Hollywood itself delights in casting an aura of romance about itself and those things which interest and concern it. It likes to pretend it does not understand. It likes to feel that there are hidden meanings in bold glances, that there are secrets to be discovered between spoken or written lines.

Marlene Dietrich is a stranger because she fails to understand Hollywood. That she says, frankly and calmly. Hollywood twists this around to mean that Miss Dietrich knows all, sees all, and Hollywood fairly aches to know her real opinion.

"Many of the women of Hollywood are aware of the fact that they are well-gowned," she explains. "The town is distinctly clothes-conscious. As for jewels, I never saw so many in my life. Half the peo-

Photo by
Paramount





Photo by Paramount

ple I meet, away from the studios, appear to be on display. It is not their fault. Rather it is the fault of the attitude held toward Hollywood. I have the feeling that the people of Hollywood themselves, within themselves, resent the glass-house atmosphere of the place. Goldfish must despise their bowl."

Marlene Dietrich revealed herself to Hollywood when she went on location for filming of certain scenes in "Morocco," her first American picture. The company went to Guadalupe, California—a bleak, wind-swept stretch of coastal desert where the constant chilly gale from the sea has piled up huge dunes of fine, white sand.

It is a region dodged by settlers. Nothing will grow there. Even small animals and the ordinary desert reptiles avoid it. The days are cold, even in summer time, and the nights are colder. The wind is relentless.

Yet Marlene Dietrich loved the place; loved the feeling of combat with nature that it inspired in her; was reluctant to leave it when the scenes were completed and she and Gary Cooper, with their company of workers and players, were forced to return.

Hollywood cannot understand anyone who likes to go out on location. Generally such trips are looked upon as the last word

• Mysterious Marlene Dietrich who makes her first American appearance in "Morocco," Josef Von Sternberg's gripping picturization of a woman's all-consuming love for the man of her choice. Miss Dietrich is said to be the most interesting personality ever imported by the motion picture industry—and stardom seems inevitable.

in hardship. But Marlene Dietrich, the stranger, was happier there than she is in her Beverly Hills home.

Perhaps it was the novelty of the desert that intrigued her. As a reigning favorite of the European stage, with audiences acclaiming her in Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, everywhere she appeared with the Reinhardt company, she knew the cities only. Such holidays as she had were brief weeks snatched at some fashionable watering place, or days spent in some Alpine resort. She loved it, for she saw not desolation, not wastes of sand, not jagged expanses of volcanic rock, but the beauty of nature unadorned, primitive and cruel.

Marlene Dietrich's attitude toward Hollywood is far from being her attitude toward its work. She has a tremendous interest in all phases of motion picture making. This interest takes her beyond the artistic

side and into the great complication of technical details.

She has far more than a layman's knowledge of the camera, of studio lighting, of set design, and story construction. She is one of those extraordinary women who have almost a masculine bent for acquiring facts about all phases of the mechanics that enter into work in which she is concerned.

Studio workmen recall one instance when von Sternberg was called from the set during filming of "Dishonored," her second picture following "Morocco." Von Sternberg, as he left for the short time his business would take to transact, instructed Miss Dietrich to supervise rehearsal of the scene that was being prepared. When von Sternberg returned the cameras, players, and lights were all ready for the action to be photographed and recorded. Each phase of the rehearsal had been carried out to perfection under Miss Dietrich's expert guidance.

This remarkable woman is really remarkable only before the cameras. Away from them she is so quiet, so unassuming, so exquisitely dressed in modest good taste, that she would go unnoticed except for the very definite magnetism of her personality and her calm, alluring beauty.

Her clothes-choice has made her the envy of every woman in Hollywood. She designs and superintends the making of every piece of her private wardrobe and her suggestions are respected in the design of her clothes for her pictures. Simplicity is their keynote. Dark colors are her passion, particularly black.

Her humanness is strikingly revealed by her collection of good luck dolls — strange little cloth things with shoe-button eyes, dangling arms and legs, and goliwog ancestry.

She has had this collection of dolls ever since she started her professional career, and has added to it gradually. She wastes no affection on them. She just keeps them; some in her home, some in her dressing room at the studios, and occasionally some with her on the set, where they are in full view of the cameras.

The favorite dolls have been photographed with Marlene Dietrich in some one or more scenes of every motion picture she has ever made. She will continue to have them appear with her, she says. To forget them would be to invite all sorts of misfortunes. And she smiles that enigmatic smile; the smile that Hollywood fails to understand.

Here is a woman who has caught Hollywood's fancy, piqued its curiosity, aroused its interest, stirred its imagination, filled to the brim its Pandora's box of the strange and the new. The syllogism follows: that Hollywood, the world's most difficult proving ground for tests of this sort, proves by its unprecedented interest in this stranger in its midst that she will literally take the outer world by storm.

If Hollywood turns its head as Marlene Dietrich passes by, the country at large will fairly stand agape in her fascinating presence.

march-ing on

• Keep your eye on this young fellow. He's going right ahead and one of these days will find him at the top of the heap. Frederic March has given top notch performances in every picture in which he has appeared. His happy-go-lucky composer in "Laughter" was a superb piece of acting and "The Royal Family" will reveal him as the younger member of a famous acting trio. The latter picture is an adaptation of the famous stage play, and Ina Claire and Mary Brian appear in the cast.

Photo by
Kiebbe





beauty of "the big trail"

● Charming Marguerite Churchill is the type of girl whom we all know. She may be your sweetheart or she may be your sister. Her rise in pictures has been steady rather than phenomenal. Her sweet and sincere performance in "The Big Trail" has added new names to her growing list of fans. Raoul Walsh gave her the coveted role of the pioneer girl after he had searched the entire industry and given tests to hundreds of aspirants. But her performance rewarded his faith, and now Fox Pictures have nice plans for Marguerite, who is a nice girl and deserves them.

Photo
by Austry

more

hobnobbing

unusual announcement come over the air a few nights ago. It seems that there was a man wandering around Hollywood with the mind of a child of five. The police were requested to apprehend him as the child's parents wanted the mind back.

● **SHE IS beautiful** . . . she is mysterious . . . her eyes tell you that she has lived . . . she is the talk of Hollywood . . . her first picture will be a sensation . . . she is all women in one . . . at times she resembles at least ten different stars . . . she is not temperamental . . . she is an accomplished musician . . . she has written short stories . . . her name is Marlene Dietrich and her first American appearance will be in "Morracco."

● **GEORGE BANCROFT** has turned reporter. As his next picture is "Scandal Sheet," a tale of newspaperdom, George decided he had better brush up on some newspaper work.

So he hid himself down to the editorial rooms of the Los Angeles Examiner to absorb some printers' ink. He went on several news beats with the boys—and even attempted a news story.

It was pretty bad—but the editor said he had seen worse. He didn't say where.

● **ONE BATTERED** old klieg light; a hissing, sputtering veteran of many motion pictures, has become somewhat of a Hollywood personality. At least it has an identity.

It is light No. 159 at the Paramount studios. All studio lights are numbered for purposes of inventory. Light No. 159 all but blinded Ruth Chatterton when she had her first screen test made; the test that gave her her part with Emil Jannings in "The Sons of the Fathers," and ultimately her studio contract.

Now, No. 159 is used on all Ruth Chatterton sets—at her request. With it goes Frank Johnson, the electrician who has always attended it.

● **HOLLYWOOD IMPRESSION:** Light corduroy trousers . . . a white sweat shirt . . . bedroom slippers and white woolen sox . . . hair plastered down and glistening wetly . . . who is it? Jack Oakie—of course.

● **WILL ROGERS** observes that many men who think they are in the public eye—are really only cinders. Speaking of Will—the Fox Company is predicting that "A Connecticut Yankee," which stars Will, will be one of the greatest comedies ever made.

● **EL BRENDEL** tells the one about the vaudeville actor who became stranded in

Chicago and finally decided to go to work for a gangster.

His first assignment was to go out and bump off three members of the opposition gang. When he came back his chief inquired as to how he had fared.

"Boy! I slayed 'em," the hooper replied.

● **NUPTIAL NOTES** and Court Chatter: John McCormick, Colleen Moore's ex-husband, is going to try double harness again. This time it's with Mae Clark, that clever little actress who is under contract to Fox Films. It is rumored that the Virginia Valli—Charlie Farrell romance has cooled off. Clara Bow told the district attorney some things regarding her ex-secretary, Daisy Devoe. The result was a warrant and a possible felony charge. Thelma Todd and Ivan Lebedeff are rumored slightly ga-ga about each other. Polly Moran denies that she and Bill Haines are secretly engaged. John Whiting is keeping company with June McCloy. Gloria Swanson has been seen publicly several times with the same man—he's a Detroit millionaire. Lloyd Hamilton has been working steady and consequently is up on his alimony.

● **ARTHUR (The Great) SHIRES**, baseball player and embryo pugilist, has decided to drop "The Great" from his name while he is in the cinema capital.

"Here in Hollywood it sounds very ordinary," he said.

● **THIS IS** positively the last time we will mention miniature golf courses. It seems that a picture man spent twenty thousand dollars on an elaborate course and opened with a big splash.

Along came three days of unusually brisk California weather and not a soul came to his links.

The fourth day he closed up and posted a sign in front, "Opened by Mistake."

● **THE CARICATURE** on this page doesn't resemble a dashing sky-rider—yet it is. For Wallace Beery is a licensed transport pilot. The holder of this type of license is required to have over 500 hours in the air—and Wally has many more than that amount.

Wally has a Travelair cabin-job, Wasp powered. He is constantly making long trips, taking friends along with himself as pilot. He has never had a crack-up. His brother Noah made a special landing field for Wally at their famous mountain resort.

● **OPTIMES** motion picture executives are the objects of much ridicule at the hands of newspaper columnists. The writer has the whip-hand as the producer cannot afford

to fight back. Yet one of the larger studios is planning to get even in a novel way.

They are going to make a picture in which a newspaper columnist is one of the chief characters—and in the last reel they have him murdered.

Alas, poor Winchell, we knew him well.

● **THEY'RE TELLING** the one about the actor who went to a preview of his first picture—and came out so puffed up that he couldn't get into his Austin.

● **SUCCESSFUL CAREERS** have always produced books and autobiographies regarding them. Many of our famous stars have had books depicting their early struggles and whatnot, written about them.

With the coming of talkies and their attendant test of abilities, the situation has somewhat changed. Many of the old timers have been supplanted. At any time now we may expect to see the book market flooded with such tomes as "Ex-Director," "Ex-Star," and "Ex-Yes-Man."

● Here's old 'Bill' himself, of "Min and Bill," as portrayed by Wallace Beery. This jovial looking cuss is one of the prime reasons for all the trouble in that highly diverting picture. Maybe 'Bill' has 'it.'



- WHAT IS better and more fascinating than one Kay?

Why, two Kays, of course.

And when the two Kays are surnamed Johnson and Francis, the final note in bestness and fascination has been sounded.

Alone, they have triumphed in picture after picture. Together they are appearing in "The Passion Flower." There is no guesswork about the result.

The girls have known each other for years. They were friends in New York before

Kay in Drab Gingham Versus an Alluring Velvet Gowned Kay

Photo by
M-G-M



Blonde Kay Johnson
and Brunette Kay
Francis fight for Red-
Headed Charles
Bickford

by
eleanor packer

lems, of course, Kay Johnson's husband, otherwise known as Charlie Bickford, having left her and his little ranch home that morning to adventure in Paris with Kay Francis that afternoon.

"But the funny thing is that the gingham-and-wedding ring combination usually wins out in the end," Kay Francis admitted, wise with the wisdom of many screen black velvets. "There is something lasting about gingham. It can be kept so fresh and dainty. While black velvet crumples and musses so terribly easy."

"A steady diet of either one would grow very monotonous," Kay Johnson added. "The wise woman is the one who wears gingham and velvet with equal ease."

"Yes, but they're so rare," Kay Francis sighed, "and, after all, if you were forced to choose between three meals a day of ham and eggs and the same three meals each day of caviar and champagne, you'd pick the former."

"But once in a while, when you were eating your stenth hundred meal of the ham and eggs, with strong, black coffee on the side, you'd find yourself wishing for just a taste of the caviar. That's only human." As Kay Johnson spoke, you knew that, with her, the eggs would become an omelette with mushrooms and the ham would be baked in sherry.

The two Kays finished their salads and looked at the commissary clock. They walked out together, school-girl-wise, black velvet and cool, green gingham.

Of course, Charlie came back to the ranch and the gingham. But not until after he had had his fling with Paris and the velvet.

While he ate the caviar, he probably remembered the dash of sherry in the brown crispness of the ham.

Most men do.

either dreamed of being in Hollywood. They played together in the same plays on Broadway.

But it was "The Passion Flower" which brought them together for the first time in Hollywood, One Kay, as the loyal wife, and the other Kay, as a home-wrecking siren, fought a battle royal over a mere man—if you can safely call Charles Bickford a mere man—and renewed a friendship.

They are very much alike, these two girls, although one is a pale gold blonde and the other is a deep, dark brunette. Both are tall and slim and poised and very, very charming.

"We leave our jealousies and enmities on the set," Kay Johnson smiled as the two girls lunched together. "When we leave the stage, we forget that we're fighting for the love of a red-headed man and just enjoy each other. It's so much fun to be working together again after all these years."

"And we don't try to steal each other's scenes," Kay Francis laughed. "That's the real test of our friendship."

"I know better than to try to steal any

- "Passion Flower" presents Kay Francis and Kay Johnson as the opposite influences in the life of the latter's husband, portrayed by Charles Bickford. How would you like to have two such charming girls battling over you? Oh Kay, we say.

scenes from that young lady," Kay Johnson ate a hearty bite of fruit salad smothered in whipped cream. No matter how many calories the slender Kay eats, she gains not one extra pound. "There is no use in attempting the impossible."

"Thanks for those kind words, lady." Kay Francis waved a piece of buttered Melba toast in the other Kay's direction. "Those are my sentiments, too."

"You'll have to admit it's pretty tough to work in competition with someone like Kay," Kay Johnson said, looking from the plain gingham of her dainty, little house dress to the exotic luxury of Kay Francis' black velvet evening gown. "The only advantage which I have is that I wear the wedding ring."

They were speaking of their screen prob-



a derisive derelict

● That virile man of the powerful laugh seems to be giving someone the well known horse-snick. And well he might—for George Bancroft is powerful enough to back up his guffaws. He practically ruins a gross or more of men in every picture. George's current picture is "Derelict," a gripping tale of the sea, with George even combating the elements, in a one man battle with a typhoon we'd be inclined to place our money on Bancroft, who has had such excellent training in scores of encounters with gangsters and gatling guns. A slap from George's mighty mitt would knock a tidal wave silly.



Photo
by Dyer

a pretty xmas carroll

● Nancy's on top of the house—and the world too, for that matter. Because Miss Carroll is rapidly becoming one of our foremost screen stars—in drama, comedy, or musical comedy. They're all the same to versatile Nancy—she fills a role as well as her shapely limbs fill a pair of silk stockings—and what we mean—that's being well filled. The past year has disclosed Nancy as a foremost dramatic actress. "Devils Holiday" revealed in her a histrionic depth not previously sounded in her screen appearances. "Laughter" again brought forth a dynamic dramatic force that the casual observer would never dream that this beautiful possessed. All of which proves that Miss Carroll is beautiful—most assuredly not dumb. Her next production is "Stolen Heaven" and it's a foregone conclusion that it will be a heavenly picture—with Nancy stealing the honors. Nancy, by the way, is a former chorus girl who has made good in a big way. As for that matter she can still step with them, as musical pictures have proven. But Nancy yearned to do dramatics—so she started pestering producers to give her a chance in legitimate roles. She finally succeeded and it was in the title role of "Chicago" that she attracted the attention of motion picture executives. She started her upward climb in silent pictures. With the advent of sound Nancy went-a-zooming—right up to the top.

"Oh For a Man"
reveals the strange ways
of a woman in Love

by
beverly blackford

Love Comes to an Opera Star and Imagine! It's For a Burglar

● WHAT IS personal magnetism?

...In other words, what is "IT"?

Just suppose you were a beautiful and brilliant opera singer. Suppose you had been courted by some of the world's most eligible bachelors. Suppose you had put love out of your life, sacrificing anything and everything that might interfere with your career.

And—then——

One night after you had triumphed in a Wagner opera, you went home at once to avoid the crowds teeming about the stage entrance and had retired—when——

A burglar comes in through your windows to steal your jewels—and——

You fall in love with him!

Do you think your reaction would be due to his personal magnetism?

The burglar, we will say, was rough and ready—egotistical. He was good looking, of athletic build, and had an idea he, too, could be an opera singer, if given the opportunity.

The opera singer gives the burglar the opportunity he seeks but he does not "click." He becomes disgusted and declares he is going back to the ancient trade of burglary.

Right then and there, Jeanette MacDonald—Eve—the opera singer, does a first-class job of tempting Adam—Reginald Denny, the burglar.

"No, you can't do this thing to me—you can't," she says.

"Why not?" asks the burglar.

"Because I can't live without you," says the prima donna.

"What're you driving at?"

And here is where the eternal Eve says—"I love you and I want you. Don't leave me, darling."

And Adam takes her in his arms, looks at her intently, and queries: "Well, kid, where do we go from here?"

"I want you to marry me—I want to be yours—all yours—and I want you to be mine!"

● The Burglar and the Beauty—in other words Reginald Denny and Jeanette MacDonald as they appear in "Oh For a Man," a highly amusing and romantic tale of an opera star who falls in love with an outlaw—and vice versa.

There is no accounting for tastes, especially from the feminine angle and love is a strange thing. No one knows any more about it now, than they did in the time of Adam and Eve.

"In the play the opera singer and the burglar are married," said Jeanette MacDonald. "She simply cannot resist him. She even gives up her career for him to spend a honeymoon in Italy. He is rude to her, he treats her rough, he humiliates her and yet she is simply wild about him. Isn't that just like a woman?"

"I enjoyed playing Carlotta Manson—that is the singer's name—more than any other role I have done for the screen. She is so human—so very much the willful, temperamental artist and then she becomes so meek when she falls in love. The squabbles, the mental tempests the two of them have in adjusting themselves to married life—all that sort of thing was intensely amusing to all of us on the set.

"Mr. Denny, whose character name is Barney McGarr, speaks with a brogue—he's hard boiled—and when he called me 'kid' and 'baby' in the scenes, we all had a hard time of it to keep from laughing. It is all so foreign to the real Reginald Denny. Incidentally, he gives a splendid performance."

And Reginald Denny, who was standing nearby—it was at Fox Movietone Studio, and they had just looked at the last "rushes"—said, with deep conviction:

"And, just wait until you see and hear Miss MacDonald. The role she plays gives her her greatest opportunity to date to reveal and emphasize her beauty, her allure and her versatile talents. She sings two golden numbers.

"I want to say, too, that we had a jolly time making the picture. Just fancy such a situation as a prima donna, who is an idol and an ideal, too, forcing her manager and the opera impresario to give an audition to a rough-neck burglar! It is satirical in its treatment and sophisticated—very much so. Hamilton MacFadden, our director, has done such a fine job that we are certain he has hung up a new record."

So—it looks as though "Oh for a Man" is destined to revive the perennial questions:

"What type of man does the average woman like best?"

"What is personal magnetism?"

Who knows?



Photo by Fox

● **THREE VOICES** . . . three faces . . . three personalities—Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love."

For a most exacting task has been given this "first lady of the screen" in her latest picture. It is to portray a triple characterization, the first essayed by an actress since the arrival of talking pictures.

Miss Chatterton has long been noted for the variety of her characterizations. Even in her legitimate theater days it was considered an unusual jump from the cute heroine of "Come Out of the Kitchen," to the dramatic "Iris March" of "The Green Hat."

Her picture debut was in the silent picture, "The Sins of the Fathers," which starred Emil Jannings. Her role in this was a most difficult one—a bawdy woman of the streets, without character or soul.

This type of character was a long jump from her interpretation of 'Kathryn Miles' in "Charming Sinners," one of her first talking pictures. In this production Miss Chatterton appeared as a loving wife, impeccable in both appearance and character.

In "Madame X" and "Sarah and Son" Miss Chatterton gave two widely different and superb delineations of mother love. For genuine appeal these two portrayals have not been surpassed.

Again, in "Anybody's Woman," she impersonated a woman of doubtful past—but who, nevertheless, possessed fine underlying qualities and emotions. Her portrayal of this woman's regeneration was both beautiful and convincing.

Now, in "The Right to Love," she will offer not one new characterization—but three. Three separate and distinct personalities—with their individual hates and loves—with their different mannerisms and characteristics.

It is a task that many actresses would not relish—and some would not even attempt. But not so with Ruth Chatterton. She relishes the opportunity of doing something new—and of accomplishing something new in the realm of acting.

Ruth Chatterton believes that "The Right to Love" is the severest test of her dramatic skill of all the pictures and plays in which she has appeared. It also offers her a remarkable opportunity to add to her laurels. It seems to us that three Ruth Chattertons in one picture would be trebly entertaining.

The early sequences bring Miss Chatterton to the screen as a young girl. The scene shifts to a period nineteen years later when the same character has reached middle age, and has an eighteen-year-old daughter.

The dramatic climax of the picture, in which both mother and daughter appear, is managed single-handed by versatile Miss Chatterton.

"The mother and daughter of the story resemble one another in features only," asserts Miss Chatterton. "The mother's voice and gait will convey the tragedy of a drab life. In this character my voice will be dull, pitched at a monotone, because this woman has lost the very incentive that keeps the high notes of enthusiasm in our words. In complete vocal contrast, the lines of the daughter will range high, at times, tremulous, because youth always has or should have a hint of laughter in its voice."

The details of movement and posture are difficult problems, according to Miss Chatterton. She holds the movements of the



Ruth Chatterton Describes The Way to Portray Three Different Ages

by
wesley hale

daughter to a rapid rhythm, played against the background of the mother's dragging steps.

The mother is permitted no mannerisms in Miss Chatterton's interpretation. The daughter is endowed with a few gestures of coyness, for Miss Chatterton contends that coquetry is instinctive to feminine youth.

Youth is also portrayed in the opening sequences, but Miss Chatterton draws a fine shade of tempo between youth in the year 1890, and youth of the modern day.

"The first characterization, although one of youth, only slightly resembles that of the daughter," declares Miss Chatterton. "This girl is slower to smile and laugh than her modern descendent. She is very sincere and serious, and I allow her to be quite senti-

mental, a becoming trait in young people of that generation. Her gait is rather studied and lacking in freedom. She is coy, but not with the sophisticated success of the young person in the latter scenes of the production."

There is a triple background for the three characterizations of this picture. The first role is portrayed against the setting of the middle-western wheat belt, the second is enacted in the ranch-country of Colorado and the dramatic climax of the third character is reached in the sensuous color of a Chinese garden.

Another unusual feature of "The Right to Love," is the fact that Miss Chatterton uses three different leading men.

As the young belle of 1890 she is courted by David Manners, that pleasant young chap who scored so heavily in "Journey's End."

Their is a beautiful love—set amid the romantic surroundings of that period. A baby daughter is born—and then tragedy enters to blight two happy lives. Tragedy—thus denies them "The Right to Love."

● In "The Right to Love" Ruth Chatterton portrays three separate and distinct characters, which should be good news to her many fans—just think! Three Chattertons for the price of one. Paul Lukas is also seen in the picture.



all dolloed up

• And with some place to go—for little Marjorie White is headed for film fame and fortune. Marjorie is that little blonde vixen who romps through "Just Imagine" and other Fox Pictures. She can sing and dance—and what's more—she can act. All of which means that Marjorie is going to get somewhere—and we don't mean perhaps. She is waving the White flag with great gusto and movie fans are snapping to attention. And if you want a lot of fun—don't fail to hear Marjorie warble that priceless ditty, "Never Swat a Fly."



latin linguist

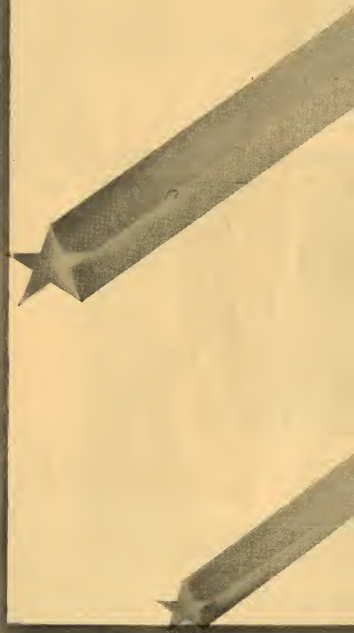
• Ramon Novarro is a star of silent days who has successfully bridged the gap of talking motion pictures. By concentrating on stories with Spanish themes, Ramon has proven his versatility by making both English and Spanish versions of his pictures. Furthermore Ramon has complete charge of his foreign film translations; he adapts, directs, and stars in them—which is some job for a young foreigner who was an extra some years ago. It is rumored that the young Mexican's ambition is to turn himself wholly to directing in the near future, but his tremendous following will hardly let this come to pass—that is for at least some years to come.

Photo
by Hurrell

A New

STAR

Is Born



NOW PLAYING . . . GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE

MARLENE

Is All Women ... the Best of A

MOROCCO

PRODUCTION

PARAMOUNT SOUND NEWS
HEARST METRO

FANCHON & MARCO
"MOORISH MELODY"

STAR
"MARIETTA" . . . ANNE
AND CAST OF 150 ARTISTS

CHINESE THEATRE SYNDICATE
GEORGIE STONE

"MOROCCO"

MARLENE DIETRICH . . . GARY COOPER
DIRECTED BY JOSEF VON STERNBERG



Marlene Dietrich brings an utterly new, different emotional genius to the screen in her characterization of the woman of mystery . . . a strange, intriguing cosmopolite in a city peopled by "citizens of the world" in "Morocco" which introduces her to a waiting world. Hollywood is getting its first charming revelation of her superb artistry at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.



There is an elusive feminine charm about Dietrich which immediately captivates all who have revelled in her exceptional work in this, her first American production.



Gary Cooper, as the soldier of fortune for whom this heroine forsakes all, has one of the most fascinating roles of his entire career. The sophistication of his Legionnaire Tom Brown, makes him an instant favorite.



The suave . . . proves his skill adapting himself to a situation which is a positive of . . .

DIETRICH

All ... and Yet... Just Herself

MOROCO

GRAM

... FOX MOVIE TONE NEWS
... MOVIE TONE NEWS

... STAGE PROLOGUE
... PANORAMA "

... CHIROT
... AND SUNKIST BEAUTIES

... ORCHESTRA
... , Conducting

MOROCO "

... COOPER .. ADOLPHE MENJOU
... BERG .. A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



That Paramount Pictures have a star of the first magnitude in Marlene Dietrich has been conceded by all those who have witnessed her initial American performance in "Morocco." Here is another study which reveals the amazing range of personality with which this actress is gifted. Hollywood has acclaimed her as a new, charming favorite of rare emotional genius!



Dietrich has already become known as the composite of the Great in feminine beauty and artistry. Every mood of her gorgeous personality reflects a different beauty.



Adolphe Menjou as an actor by himself to a character is the very opposite portrayals.



The unfathomable workings of a woman's heart may be set down as the theme of the story which reveals not only the artistry of Dietrich but also that of her director and discoverer, Josef von Sternberg, who discovered her on the German stage.



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OPEN EVENINGS

bard of beverly

● Humorist — Movie Star — Cowboy — and America's Ambassador without portfolio — in other words, none other than our old friend, Will Rogers, intimate of royalty and idol of screen fans, Will's latest is "Lightnin," a talkie version of the famous stage play. It is a role that fits the genial Rogers personality like a glove. His next will be a picturization of Mark Twain's immortal "A Connecticut Yankee," another choice entertainment morsel that will be looked forward to eagerly by a world of Rogers fans. Between writing, acting, flying, playing polo, and making lecture tours, Will finds time to enjoy his beautiful Beverly Hills home and his marvelous family.



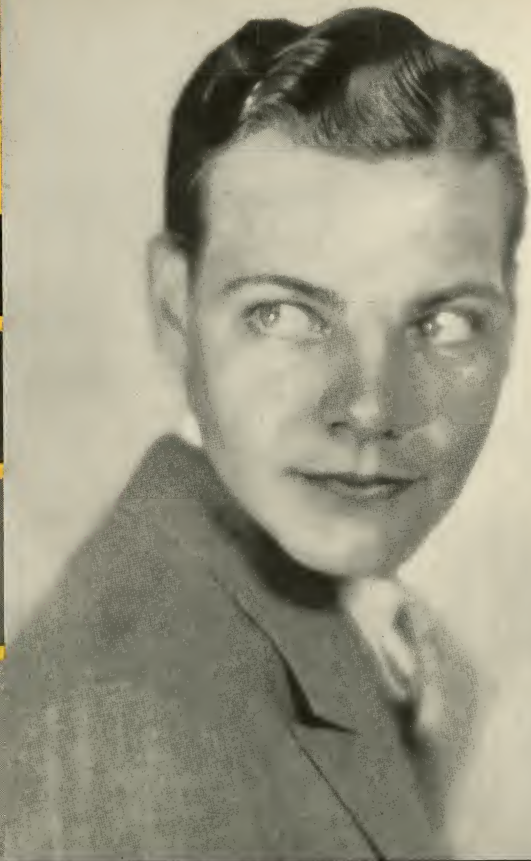


Photo
by Hartsook

clever comedian

• Eddie Quillan—Pathe's pet punster—whose laugh provoking antics have disclosed him as one of the most popular of our younger screen comics. Eddie's latest picture is called "Big Money," and the cast includes two other excellent comedians, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Eddie's long training in vaudeville—with other members of the large and talented Quillan family—has stood him in good stead since the arrival of talkies and Pathe plans great things for the able youngster. Eddie, by the way, hails from Philadelphia, though he calls Hollywood home now.

what hoe!

mary

● What a cute gardener Mary Brian would be — particularly in this charming outfit. Mary is cleaning up the yard—and in pictures as well. Her latest role is in "The Royal Family," in which she troupes with two of the best, Ina Claire and Fredric March. Mary is one of Paramount's Prettiest Peaches and is one of the chief reasons for a lot of bad grades in our colleges. The rah-rah boys have declared that Mary is their favorite and she is the unofficial mascot of thirty-six football teams. Imagine how the boys would fight for dear old Siwash — with Mary on the sidelines

Photo
by Bredehl

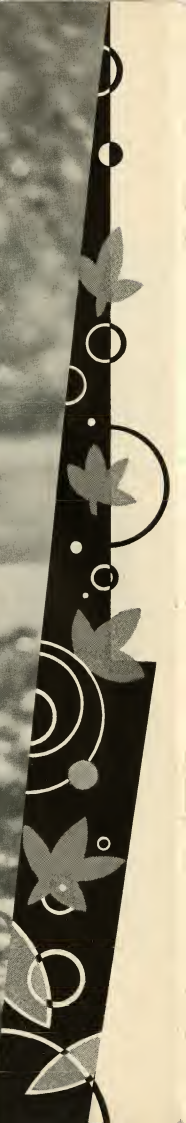




Photo
by Hurrell

the man in "the new moon"

● Lawrence Tibbett, who scored a sensational success in "The Rogue Song," will next be seen in "The New Moon." Grace Moore, another recruit from the operatic world, will be seen opposite him in this swashbuckling romance of princes and peasants. Jack Conway directs the picturization of the famous stage hit. The production is declared to be of the same high caliber as "The Rogue Song," and will further establish Tibbett as a talkie favorite.

● THE YOUNG man with a silk handkerchief draped about the collar of his dinner coat, sat down in a chair and looked gloomy.

It was one of Bill Haines' serious days.

He was wearing the dinner coat for a scene in "Remote Control." The handkerchief was to protect his collar from the greasepaint.

The chair was one of those foldable, canvas affairs which are always to be found on motion picture sets, unless some one happens to be looking for one. It was in a darkish corner away from the center of activity around the cameras.

"Gosh," Bill muttered, "Gosh." And not even the sight of Polly Moran showing the proper manner of taking deep breathing exercises could arouse him from his gloom.

"What's the matter, Bill? Sick?" Polly called.

"Nope."

John Miljan wandered toward the chair in the corner.

"Aren't you feeling well, Bill?" he asked in those deep tones which have boded ill for countless screen heroines.

"Sure. I'm all right."

Bill, the effervescent, the unquenchable, the volatile, was quiet and thoughtful. Everyone was amazed and wondering.

"Something wrong, Billy?" Mary Doran, the little, auburn-haired heroine of "Remote Control," sauntered over away from the group around Polly's deep-breathing exercises.

"Not a thing, Mary, m'love," Bill answered, but his voice was not so blithe as his words.

After awhile they left him alone and went on about the business of whiling away the time between camera set-ups. But the spirit of the day was gone. The ringleader, the almost-never-failing thinker-up of new gags and new stunts, was not with them.

When the director called him to the set, Bill threw himself into the fun of the scenes in the office of the radio broadcasting station, only to return to his chair and his corner after the scene was finished.

In the middle of the afternoon, the gang could stand it no longer. They made a concerted attack on the chair in the corner.

"Break down, Bill, and tell us the truth," they demanded.

"I've been ruined by a fungus," Bill broke his silence.

"A fungus?" they all asked in the same breath.

"That's it."

"But what's a fungus got to do with you?"

"It's eating my house away. You know the panelling in my living room? Well, last night I noticed something funny about the way it looked in the corner by the fireplace. I walked over and poked my finger through the wood. Some kind of fungus had grown, or whatever you call it, in the wood and the whole thing was ready to fall into pieces.

Sad Story of the Fungus and William Haines

by
eleanor packer

Now I've got to tear out my whole living room and build it all over again."

The gang was sympathetic. Everyone knew what that living room and that house meant to Bill.

You see, there are really two Bill Haines, the gay, wise-cracking Bill of the studio and parties, and the quiet, home-loving Bill of the big, white house in Hollywood.

The latter is the real Bill. The former was a personality, built for showmanship purposes and developed into pseudo-reality.

A few months ago Bill moved out of the home he owned in a quiet Hollywood street and redecorated and rebuilt the house from top to bottom. He made it into a veritable treasure house for his collection of antiques and rare pieces of art.

There, in this house, he entertains his friends with the hospitality of the old South which is born and bred within him. There he lays aside the wise-cracking Bill of the studio and becomes a young man with one

all-consuming hobby, the collection of antiques to be placed in the spacious rooms of his home.

Bill is no embryo collector, either. He is particularly an authority on Early Americana. His period furniture is the envy of many fanciers. Being from an old family of Virginians, Bill is an expert on the history and authenticity of Colonial furniture.

Polly and Mary and John and the others left him there in his chair in his corner. Left him to speculate upon the weakness of all man-made things, such as rosewood panelings, when faced with devastating forces, such as fungi.

So the young man with the handkerchief around his neck sat, quiet and undisturbed, until it was time to remove the linen square and become the glib-tongued young announcer of "Remote Control."

But when you see him in the picture you will never think that Bill was worrying about a fungus. He's still the same self-assured, wise-cracking Bill, presiding over a radio station. He won't seem sad—but still there's the fungus.

He was probably making you laugh—with tears in his eyes.



Photo by
M-G-M

• "Remote Control" presents our favorite cut-up—William Haines—as a laugh-provoking radio announcer. Assisting in the fun of static and sweeties, are Polly Moran, Benny Rubin, Mary Doran, and Roscoe Ates. Boy! Don't fail to tune in on that program—you'll dial laughing.

• "The Princess and the Plumber" features Charles Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan as the two principal characters in an intriguing love story laid in a romantic Balkan Kingdom. As you might guess, Charlie is the plumber, and Maureen is the beautiful princess. Of course we are not allowed to tell you how everything comes out—but such a situation cannot help but be most interesting and amusing, you will agree.



Photo by Fox

Charlie's Impression of the Right Kind and Wrong Kind of Girl

by
frances deaner

• WHAT TYPE of girl do I admire?" echoed the popular Charles Farrell in response to the question.

"Mostly one with a sense of humor. One who has an agreeable disposition. One who talks intelligently and is interesting. One who has that quality of character we call a pal," he said, after giving the query some thought.

"I like a girl who can play golf or tennis with a fellow, or go sailing with him, and be ready to read and talk over a current book or a play—one who understands and enters in to the spirit of recreation and also of social activities, but does not become sentimental.

"If a man can find all these qualities rolled up in just one girl, he's lucky. And

to him she will be beautiful, regardless of the fact that she may not rate such a place with the world, at large."

Charles Farrell's new picture is based on a romance in a mythical Balkan state pivoting about a princess and a young American engineer, son of the president of the United States Heating Corporation. Maureen O'Sullivan plays the princess.

It was following Charlie's outline of "The Princess and the Plumber" that the idea presented itself to ask him the above question.

Charlie enjoys an enormous following in his screen work. Last week, for instance, he

received exactly 6041 letters from admiring fans. And that is just one week in the year. He has many such encores in the run of the calendar.

His "best girl," as nearly all of his friends know, is his mother, Mrs. David Farrell. She was the first to visit the home he built in Hollywood and she stands first with him in all his affairs. She arrived in Hollywood last year just before Christmas, with Mr. Farrell, from their home in Onset, Mass., and she is still enjoying her son's hospitality. He wanted her to remain with him and take charge of the home.

"The girl in 'The Princess and the Plumber,' as played by Maureen O'Sullivan, is a charming type," said Charlie. "She has spirit and a love of romantic adventure. When we first meet in the picture, I think she is a peasant girl and she thinks I am a duke.

"When she finds out I am not a duke, she shows quite a bit of tempering, but that makes her all the more interesting, because she has already shown a marked fondness for the duke. We thoroughly enjoyed our work together in the picture, which has a number of clever situations."

Yachting is Charlie's favorite pastime. He owns a forty-foot yawl which he named "Flying Cloud," after the famous old Flying Cloud of Cape Cod history. He spends practically every week-end on the boat cruising mostly around Catalina Island, and is generally accompanied by Kenneth McKenna, also a New Englander, and quite as fond of ocean-sailing as Farrell.

Conversation returned again to "The Princess and the Plumber."

"Oh, yes, we get married at the finale," said Charlie in reply to the inevitable question—"Did you get the girl?"

"But I'm not going to tell you how it happens that an American boy marries a foreign princess and lives happily ever after—even though her father thinks she is marrying another chap. Right before his very eyes, too. That's romance, isn't it?"

Asked the type of girl he would care to marry in real life, Charlie said:

"To be perfectly frank about it, I don't know. My ideas have not assumed definite form... yet.

"But—the type I would NOT care to marry is the girl who endeavors on and on all occasions to impress one with her superior education and her advanced thought and culture. She is the type of girl with the superiority complex, who makes a fellow feel mighty uncomfortable with her smugness—no matter what his own education, training and culture might be. She is a new type of girl, I believe.

"When love comes to me—and I trust it will some day—I will be better qualified to give my views on the subject. I am not and never have been a boy with a dream-girl complex. I know when I like a girl. It is always the personality that impresses me first. She may not even be good-looking, but if she is sweet—not sickly sweet—and wholesome and clean-thinking and clean living... then I know I like her... but I have not yet fallen in love."



the precious prodigal

● It's good news to the fans of the world that Janet Gaynor and the Fox Company have patched up their differences and the little star will return to the fold of the company that discovered and raised her to stardom. Her first picture since her return will be "The Man Who Came Back," in which she will be teamed with her former partner, Charles Farrell. The pair have the added good fortune to be under the direction of Raoul Walsh, creator of "The Big Trail" and numerous other successes. Little Janet looks pleased about the whole affair—and so are we.

Photo
by Austry



sweet swedish smile

● Yes! We agree—that this is a most unusual picture of glamorous Greta Garbo. The mysterious Garbo seems very happy over something. Maybe it's because she has scored so heavily in her first two talking pictures, "Anna Christie" and "Romance." Or—maybe it's because "Inspiration," her next release, is an excellent production. Anyway—whatever it is it's nice to see Greta smile. Personally, we think that she looks doubly charming. Clarence Brown directed her first two talkies and also wielded the megaphone on "Inspiration," which insures the production the finest directorial efforts.

Photo
by Bull

Wherein one finds
that Dumbness Pays
... as Related by one
who Knows

by
troy orn

● The young chap below, who has lost his glasses, is Stuart Erwin, Paramount's coming comedian. Stuart is constantly glorifying the American Dumbbell—and finds it most profitable. His next laugh provoking antics will be witnessed in "Along Comes Youth," in which he and Charles Rogers portray two young fellows who get stranded in Merrie Old England and are forced to hire themselves out as Butler and Chef, respectively. It is an amusing situation.

Photo
by Klibber



Not the Handsome Hero Type—So Stuart Plays He's Dumb

● GO TO college and learn to be dumb! That—believe it or sue us—is the proverb preached by Stuart Erwin, that puzzled looking young fellow that amuses you so much in Paramount Pictures.

Imagine! Going to school to become backward. The idea was preposterous—and we hinted as much.

Didn't everyone go to college to become brilliant and all that? Or at least they went to join a fraternity and get a raccoon coat. But to go to college to learn to be dumb—it was ridiculous.

Why, such theories would shake the very foundation of this nation's scholastic structure. It might cause the obliteration of universities—and then where would Wall Street get its bond salesmen.

It was downright mutiny and we told young Mr. Erwin so.

Then Stuart began to enlighten us, and we sat there wearing a superior smile as he unfolded the following amazing tale:

It seems that Stuart has not always been dumb!

On the contrary, as a youngster he was considered most brilliant. In fact at the age of five he, single handed, pulled over a whole library case on himself.

His parents immediately took this act as an indication of a latent literary ability, and for several years hence you would usually find a writing manual clutched in his chubby little hand—as he sat through three shows at the movie.

When he was ten Stuart and some of his cohorts practically wrecked a nearby building that was in the course of construction. His folks—trusting souls that they were—saw in this an omen of their offspring becoming a brilliant architect. Thereafter one would notice young Erwin diligently studying architecture—of backstage theater doors.

By the time he had finished high school Stuart was an authority on everything—pertaining to stage and screen. Still his dotting parents were insistent on his becoming a successful professional man, and prepared to ship the pride of the family off to college.

Stuart pleaded with them—but they were adamant. They knew their son was brilliant, hadn't he displayed it at various times throughout his life.

True, they didn't know exactly what he was best fitted for—but he had showed a tendency towards so many different things that college was bound to bring his chief underlying ability to the surface.

Stuart was desperate. He had his back to the wall. He decided to risk all. He confided to them

that his one consuming ambition was to become an actor—and then things started-a-poppin'.

His mother swooned and his father swore. And the result was that Stuart was soon on his way to college.

It was then and there, Stuart said, that he decided to go to college and learn to be dumb. He knew that he wanted to be an actor—and he also knew that his chances of becoming one were slight if he showed progress in the higher halls of learning. Consequently—Stuart started playing dumb.

And from then on, according to Stuart, the University of California never had a dumber student. He became a campus tradition—and there was some talk of matching him with the inept collegiates of other colleges.

His grades resembled a poet's bank balance and with fiendish glee Stuart forwarded them home to the folks. This lasted for a year, and when Stuart went home at vacation time he meekly asked the folks if they would consent to his becoming an actor. With a resigned air they assented.

Then Stuart went on the stage and essayed to portray dashing juveniles. But his collegiate training played him dirty tricks—and he was soon constantly cast in the dumb roles.

But he was a wow in them and along came the talkies and grabbed him. Now Stuart practically steals every picture he is in, and his salary is twice that of a bank president.

He may not be the dashing hero and invariably win the girl—but he wins the laughs and the movies always hold a cherished place for anyone who can make the audiences chuckle. Just Stuart's appearance on the screen is the cue for smiles of anticipation of the situations they know his dumbness will lead into.

His next picture is "Along Came Youth," in which he shares honors with Charles Rogers—and everything points to eventual stardom for Stuart.

In "Along Came Youth" Stuart is not only dumb—he's also nearsighted. It's easy to imagine the hilarious happenings that take place when Stuart loses his glasses.

He and Charles Rogers portray two young Americans who are stranded in England. They hire themselves out as chef and butler on a large estate. Of course, there would be two beautiful girls there—Frances Dee and Betty Boyd—and the resultant amusing mix-ups are fast and funny.

Go to college and learn to be dumb!

It sounds silly.

But maybe we're wrong.

Anyway Stuart's not so dumb!



Photo

by Harrell

• A ROMANCE which was born and bloomed and never died in the dirt and filth and welter of waterfronts and fishing boats.

That's the romance of Min and Bill.

Min was fifty and more. Her uncombed hair straggled across her weather-beaten face. A dingy black skirt and a checked flannel waist covered the broad girth of her figure. But she was Bill's woman.

And Bill. He, too, was fifty and more. He reeked of fish and wharves. His sparse hair knew scratching fingers rather than combs. His trousers were forever threatening to escape their restraining rope and to depart from the dingy grayness of his uncollared shirt. But he was Min's man.

Their romance was real romance, lasting through thirty years until Min was led away beyond prison gates.

Marie Dressler is Min. Wallace Beery is Bill. For many weeks they lived their romance in the dinginess of the wharves and of Min's sailors' hotel.

And like all true love, their romance did not run smoothly. Another woman came into Bill's life. This woman was slimmer than Min. Her hair was curled and brightly golden. She wore cheap, bright silks and cheap, soft furs and long strands of cheap, glittering beads. She caught Bill's eye and Min's wrath descended upon them.

Marjorie Rambeau is this woman, Bella.

The eternal triangle came to life on the waterfront. It was just as stark and real a triangle as if it had been lived in a perfumed boudoir instead of in a rat-infested, ship-ping-village hotel. And it ended with a smoking pistol in the shaking hand of a middle-aged woman, Min's hand.

"Well, you can say what you please," Bill said one day in Wallace Beery's best manner of emphasis, "I wouldn't be a star for any amount of money. All the boys who were real stars in the old days have drifted into oblivion. While the lesser lights are

Love Comes to *Min and Bill*— Two Battling Love Birds

by
Hall Wood

still carrying on and earning a darned sight more money than the stars, themselves, used to earn."

Both Min and Bella agreed with him, Min nodding her head wisely over a white sweater she was knitting, Bella agreeing over a book.

"Being a star is too much responsibility," Bill went on, whittling a stick of wood he picked up from the floor.

"You're just plain lazy, Wally," Marie remarked, remembering to count her stitches as she talked. "That's all that's the matter with you, laziness."

"Maybe you're right, Marie." Bill was in a very amiable mood, whittling and whistling under his breath. "I'll play any kind of a part they give me, so long as it's a decent part, but I'll be darned if I ever want to carry the weight of a whole picture on my shoulders."

"Neither do I," Marie was emphatic, too. "You two can talk all you please," the other woman spoke, in Marjorie Rambeau's deep, throaty voice, "but you're stars in spite of yourselves. You're stars in this picture, aren't you?"

"Not on your life, we aren't." Bill threw away his stick, having whittled it to almost nothing, and looked for another piece of

wood in the clutter of cables and things on the sound stage floor. "We're just Min and Bill acting in a picture. Besides, Marjorie, nobody else could be a star when you're in the picture."

"Oh, this Bill is a gallant fellow. That's why Min was so crazy about him," Marjorie smiled.

"Cut out the joshing." She retired into the pages of her novel.

"Well, what chance has any mere man got in a picture with two gals like you?" Bill continued, finding another scrap of wood. "They don't make 'em any finer than you and Marie."

"What you doin', Wally, fishing?" Marie finished one rapid row and started on another. "If we don't watch out we'll settle down into a regular admiration society and get soft. Remember, we've got a grand fight coming this afternoon, Bill. I don't let any blondined hussy get her hands on my man."

Then the cameras were ready and the three laid down their knitting and their stick and their book and walked back onto the set to become the eternal triangle.

Who says that romance can't come after fifty?

• Marie Dressler and Wallace Beery as "Min and Bill," in the delightful picturization of a romance that was ageless. The production was suggested by "Dark Star," the novel of the late Lorna Moon, and was directed by George Hill.



aw—whats'a trouble bill?

● The trials and tribulations of stardom seem to be weighing heavy on our good friend William Powell—or perhaps he is just philosophizing a bit. Anyway Bill is everybody's favorite—and whether he is portraying outlaw or attorney they still cheer for him to win. So buck up Bill old boy—we're still with you and when your new picture, "New Morals," comes to town we'll prove it by dashing madly to the theater to sit breathlessly through your suave performance. So take heart Bill, and when things look darkest remember the sunshine—or a cop—is just around the corner. Ah! Me! What Price fame?

Photo
by Richee

Hilda Fleming of Philadelphia is winner this month. You may be the next to receive \$100.00 in Screen Mirror's Talkie Plot Contest.



Talkie Plot Winner

Is Married Woman and Helps Her Husband as His Secretary

Read Her Plot

● THIS MONTH'S winner of Screen Mirror's Talkie Plot Contest is Hilda Fleming of 3419 Disston St., Philadelphia, Pa. The judges, Clarence Brown, Edmund Goulding, and Frank Borzage, chose her story, "Week End," as the best of hundreds received from all parts of the country.

Mrs. Fleming writes us that she is twenty-nine years of age, married, and helps her husband as his secretary. She adds that she finished high school and worked as a bookkeeper prior to her marriage.

Screen Mirror's Talkie Plot Contest is open to everyone. Merely write what you would consider a good plot for a talking picture—and keep your manuscript within 800 words, typed if possible. Each month there is a \$100.00 winner.

Here is Mrs. Fleming's story:

WEEK END

by Hilda Fleming

● HELEN ARNOLD, a cold, calculating woman, marries John Bennett, fifteen years her senior, for his money. Thrown on her own when quite young, Helen has risen to great heights, and at twenty-four she is secretary of the Union Power and Light company. Sick of working, tired of men, she marries for ease and luxury and to be loved decently by one man.

Her former sweetheart, Lawrence Jowett, has thrown her over to marry John Scott, who is the daughter of Winslow Scott, president of the bank for which Howett is merely a clerk. Through the influence of Joan's

father, he obtains the vice-presidency. Soon tiring of Joan and the marriage of convenience, he sets about to see Helen once more.

Helen and John Bennett have taken a house in the fashionable Chatham Park section, and, with great strategy, Lawrence persuades Joan to take one near them. By careful maneuvering, Jowett finally meets Helen one morning and gives her a lift into town. One meeting leads to another, and soon Helen realizes that her love for Lawrence is greater than before. She is torn between adoration for him, and respect for her kindly husband. Knowing that Lawrence is a philanderer, and that his desire for her is only because she belongs to another, she determines not to see him again. For a time she manages to evade him, but, finally the longing to see him becomes too great, and she telephones him at his office. The next day John is called away on business and Helen goes into town to lunch with Lawrence. He tells her that he loves her, and always has, and begs her to give him just one week-end. He points out that she does not love her husband any more than he loves his wife, and with rare eloquence pleads for just a few hours from a lifetime. Helen finally agrees, and they arrange to meet on the following Saturday.

On Saturday Helen leaves word with her maid for Bennett that she has gone to visit a friend over the week-end, with instructions to tell this to her husband if he calls. Instead of calling, John returns home unexpectedly. The maid informs him of his wife's message and at the same time hands him a telegram. It is to inform him that some investments he has made have gone disastrously and his fortune is wiped out. He is pacing the floor with the telegram in his hand when the butler announces Mrs. Jowett. Mrs. Jowett immediately makes a scene and demands to see Mrs. Bennett. John, seeing that the woman is beside herself, asks her business. She tells him that Helen and her husband have gone away together. Bennett quickly grasps the situation and tells her that it is not so, that his wife is in her room dressing. The maid hearing the commotion from the bedroom, and desiring to shield her mistress, pretending to be Helen calls through the door that she'll be through in a few moments, can Mrs. Jowett wait. Joan never having seen or spoken with Helen, is instantly deceived, and, apologizing profusely, runs from the room. John calls the maid and thanks her for her quick action, and adds that if Mrs. Bennett has left with Jowett it is his own fault, as one so dull and commonplace as she should never hope to hold a woman so young and beautiful as his wife.

The next night Helen returns, but is stricken with remorse when she sees the change in her husband. She, thinking that he knows all, is on the verge of confessing when he hands her the telegram. When she reads it she is overwhelmed with pity. Feeling that it is a judgment against her she makes a silent vow never to see Lawrence again. John turns to leave the house, but Helen, caught in a great tide of emotion makes a clean breast of her affair with Lawrence, and her husband, out of his great love for her, grants his forgiveness.

The next day Helen obtains her old position, and together she and John start out shoulder to shoulder to begin life anew.



roses of no man's land

• "War Nurse" is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's picturization of the women's side of the war. The production was directed by Edwin Selwyn, noted New York stage director, and features Anita Page, Robert Montgomery, June Walker, Marie Prevost, Robert Ames, Zasu Pitts, and Helen Jerome Eddy. It is declared that the picture is the most authentic revelation of the heroic actions of the war nurses ever recorded. A beautiful love story is entwined throughout the stirring battlefield episodes. The superb cast that the picture offers insures it of possessing the highest entertainment value.

Photo by
Hurrell



frank is earnest

• Young Mr. Albertson is forging right ahead in the profession of motion picture acting. His sterling work in "Just Imagine" has brought forth several future roles of great merit from the Fox Company, to whom Frank is under contract. Frankie fairly grew up in the shadows of the studios. He attended Hollywood High School and in vacation times worked in the property department of the various film companies. After leaving school, Frankie decided to be an actor. His first contract was with the Fox Company, where he has been ever since. Keep your eye on Frankie—he's going to be one of our most popular players.

Photo
by Auntry

SCREEN MIRROR

The Magazine from Hollywood

• Screen Mirror has been hearing a great deal of talk about bad times—about poverty—about unemployment—nice, pure, unadulterated pessimism. Screen Mirror has taken a look around and has seen all degrees of long faces and drooping chins. With a huge lump in its literary throat, Screen Mirror even deigned to ask what all the shooting was for. There must be some reason for all the moans and tears.

It is now several weeks since we first began taking an interest in this business of depression. And we are frank to admit that we have learned a lot.

For a whole day we stood in front of the First National Bank. We looked carefully into the face of everyone that passed through its doors. When the saddest of all faces came up, we stepped out and asked it what the trouble was.

"Bad times," it said as it wiped a tear away.

"Tsk — tsk — tsk," we tsk-ed, "sad, sad—very sad indeed."

"You don't know the half of it," continued the face that in the very first moment had developed two new wrinkles.

"Is there anything we can do?" we asked.

"I don't like to ask you," replied the smitten face.

Presenting... a Short Short Story of Short-sightedness... with a Moral

"Please don't hesitate," we insisted, "we'll do anything to alleviate hard times."

"Well then"—the face hesitated, but a look from us encouraged it. "Well then—would you—would you mind seeing that no one scratches my new car, while I go in to make a deposit. These are very bad times, you know, and I need it for my business." The face wrinkled up a little and, shedding a few quick tears, hurried into the bank.

We knew immediately that we had a clue. So we hit the trail for more information about these so-called hard times. If Screen Mirror was to know the situation, it had necessarily to get the dope from more than one angle.

We went into the bank and the President, who is always glad to see a friend, asked us into his sanctum. We talked of ships and sealing-wax, cabbages and kings—of Thanksgiving turkeys and Christmas cheer—and then we came around to the subject of hard times.

The President of the First National Bank is not the type of man to exaggerate. You know as well as we do that he is among the most conservative men in town. But what he told us made us open our eyes. It seems that there is more depositors' money in savings banks than ever before in financial history. People just bring their shekels in piles and store them away.

"And what's wrong with that?" we asked. "Is that what you call hard times?"

The President paused a minute, and then said "yes, siree," or something like that.

"But why?"

"Because money in the bank is idle money. And idle money doesn't do anybody any good. Take a dollar, put it into circulation, and see the results for yourself. You buy some underwear; the storekeeper in turn buys some groceries; the grocer then buys some nice, new electric lamps for his window; the electrical supply man takes the same dollar bill and gets himself a new necktie which makes him more presentable to his customers; the haberdasher then gives—but why go on? You can see for yourself that one single dollar bill often gives employment to hundreds of people."

"What kind of a future can it be when the present is being neglected. A farmer who kept his seed in a safety deposit box instead of planting it in the ground would be called crazy. Yet the man who banks his money instead of sending it out to do some work is called provident."

We walked out of the First National Bank with a few new ideas about this hard-times business, and the first one we saw was the long-faced gentleman—the very one you met at the beginning of this story. Since he had just made a deposit, he was undoubtedly in the proper frame of mind to listen to some good, stiff reasoning. We collared him, escorted him to the President's office, and with a "go on, President, do your stuff," left them together. As we walked up the street, we went over the conversation that was probably then going on at the bank. We had visions of that long, long face breaking into a smile—perish the thought! We saw that man going out and buying his wife a fur coat, and himself some of those shirts he had been afraid to invest in.

As we got to our office and sat down to write this story, we had a grand vision of wheels turning, machinery going, and people working, just because one drooping jaw of pessimism had been given a merry sock!



The Big

● REPRESENTING the finest craftsmanship and artistry of Hollywood, "Min and Bill," "Morocco," and "Jenny Lind," will be acclaimed by theatre-goers everywhere as three of the greatest pictures ever produced. They are—indeed—the ultimate in entertainment value.

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MARIE DRESSLER and WALLACE BEERY in **Min and Bill**

An M-G-M Production

● AMERICA'S New Sweethearts in a Comedy Drama of Hearts that will have you Laughing with Tears in your eyes. Two magnificent performers in a story that is both deeply emotional and highly amusing, created by George Hill, director of "The Big House."

MARLENE DIETRICH IN **MOROCCO**

A Paramount Picture

● PRESENTING a new and brilliant star to brighten the horizon of entertainment lovers who demand that which is new and exotic . . . a woman who is the sensation of Hollywood and is destined to become an international film favorite . . . in a story that dares to be different . . . the tale of a love that meant follow—to the ends of the earth . . . with a cast that includes handsome Gary Cooper and suave Adolphe Menjou . . . superbly directed by that genius of the screen . . . Josef Von Sternberg.

GRACE MOORE IN **JENNY LIND**

An M-G-M Cosmopolitan Production

● THE Love Life of the Renowned Swedish Nightingale . . . the true story of a famous prima donna's sacrifice on the altar of love . . . enacted by lovely Grace Moore . . . declared to be the world's most beautiful opera star . . . supported by Reginald Denny . . . and splendidly directed by Sidney Franklin.

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