THE UTTERLY BALMY HOME-LIFE OF CAROLE LOMBARD
THE GINGER ROGERS THAT MEN LIKE
Do as the South Seas enchantress does...

**TATTOO YOUR LIPS**

The New TATTOO gives them exciting South Sea red that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible . . . yet keeps lips moist, shimmering, smooth . . . actually softens them!

* * *

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip color; lasting, loyal stain for lips instead of temporary, "pasty," fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too. * We offer it to you as the New Tattoo . . . an entirely new kind of indelible lipstick . . . the only lipstick that can give your lips the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea color . . . the only lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path o'er an iridescent tropical sea . . . at the same time keeping your lips youthfully smooth, wrinkle-free . . . caressingly soft. Tattoo your lips . . . with the New Tattoo! One dollar everywhere.

**FIVE SHADES**
- CORAL
- EXOTIC
- NATURAL
- PASTEL
- HAWAIIAN
Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial
yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums

- ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies...
help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

She' ll sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a disappointing smile—a smile that is dull, dingy and unsightly—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile still could be attractive—with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the meaning of that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"
When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—go to your dentist. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let him decide. More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft foods that rob our gums of necessary work. And usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life and firmness as circulation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how brilliant, sparkling. Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember:
a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

I P A N A
Tooth Paste
The fragrance of her camellias intoxicated his senses...

"Crush me in your arms until the breath is gone from my body!"

She had known many kinds of love, but his kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before...The glamorous Garbo—handsome Robert Taylor— together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta GARBO LOVES Robert TAYLOR

"Camille"

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
ELIZABETH ALLAN • JESSIE RALPH
HENRY DANIELL • LENORE ULRIC
LAURA HOPE CREWS

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture, based on play and novel "La Dame aux Camellias" (Lady of the Camellias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
JEANETTE'S ADVICE TO GIRLS IN LOVE

Who could be a better choice than Jeanette MacDonald for giving advice to girls in love? In love herself with Gene Raymond, Jeanette's well qualified to talk about heart problems. This advice from the star of 'Maytime' will be one of the many fine features of March MOTION PICTURE. As usual, it will be chock-full of interesting stories of the top-name stars, beautiful art, and the last word in news and gossip of Hollywood. Order the March issue of MOTION PICTURE from your local newsdealer now.

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events.

AND to top it all off, Hayward was considered strictly reserved for Katie Hepburn. In fact, more than one Hollywood now-it-all has believed that Hayward and Hepburn were secretly married. And so—when came the wires from New York announcing that Sullivan and Hayward had dashed up to Newport, R.I., between plays (Margaret is on Broadway in Stage Door, y'know) and gotten themselves mr-and-mrs-ed, Hollywood gave up a gasp. But definitely!

It wasn’t one of those heller-skeller yuma-ish weddings, either. As a matter of fact, Bride Sullivan was accompanied to the church by her brother and her parents, who all looked on while the Reverend Mr. Knickerbocker said the words that for the third time in her young life made Margaret a wife. Margaret told the license man she’s 28; Hayward’s 34.

Hayward, too, has been married before—but NOT to Hepburn, despite rumors! In 1921, he startled society by eloping with Inez Gibbs of the Texas 400. He was one of Princeton’s undergrads at the time, fur coat and all. Mr. and Mrs. Hayward aren’t going to honeymoon, they say. Mrs. Newlywed has to work on the stage, you see. Funniest angle of the wedding was the wire sent the bridegroom by a Hollywood executive, who

(Continued on page 8)
Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)
There was a flair-up on the Coast between Errol Flynn and his wife, Lili Damita. The tipper-offers came right out and said that the Flynns were separated for good. But Errol and Lili kissed and made up, and are now enjoying a belated honeymoon in Europe.

[Continued from page 6]

knew Hayward had been Sullivan’s ten-percent agent recently. Said the wire: “Congratulations on getting the other ninety percent!”

CUPID’S COUPLE:
Gregory La Cava and Doris Nolan—
There’s a warm twosome: I mean, no folan’ . . . !

PROBABLY you’re just bored to death, by now, with Mr. and Mrs. John Calihan (Caryl Barrymore, eh? But do you mind if I add just one last memo to you, about that quaint marriage of theirs?—it’s this: John was supposed to work in a picture at MGM, on the day after the flyaway wedding. But MGM told him to take the day off and rest, instead; they thought he’d need it.

Following day, when John showed up for the day’s takes, the whole crew on the picture burst into a rousing cheer. John grinned and bowed. “I’m glad,” he remarked, “that I’m married again.” His most horrible moment came when a news photographer dropped a flashbulb, which exploded with a bang. “OW!” screamed Barrymore, still nervous; “I thought for a moment, it was Dolores . . .”

CUPID’S COUPLE:
John Downs and Eleanor Whitney—
Still aren’t cooling—not a bitney!!

APPEARENTLY, as half of a married couple, Lola Lane isn’t any more successful than Lew Ayres, who was her first husband. Lola has just filed suit for divorce again—this time from Director Alexander Hall, whom she married early in 1934, after her divorce from Ayres, who subsequently married Ginger Rogers, who later separated from him—my, this goes on and on and on, doesn’t it . . . ?

CUTEST Love-Item of the month, from Hollywood, is the letter little Freddie Bartholomew got. Freddie’s going to be a bobbytob when he grows up, if the attitude of Marian Althouse of Chicago is any index. Wrote Marian to Freddie: “I am 11 years old, with curly brown hair and white teeth. I love you dearly. I would like to marry you some day, as soon as I am old enough. Yours lovingly, Marian Althouse.” Freddie, at latest reports, hasn’t quite made up his mind, yet.

CUPID’S COUPLE:
Louis Hayward and Ida Lupino—
They think it’s a secret, but (WHOOP!) We know.

MY, my, my, but hasn’t Harpo Marx been pulling the wool over our eyes . . . ! Here he’s been, in all his screen appearances, furiously chasing blondes around the screen. Why, you couldn’t let a blonde get within camera-shot of him, but he’d start chasing her. And then what does he do?—why, he ups and marries a brunette!! Susan Fleming, who used to be of the Folies, and whose hair is dark as a Playboy’s intentions, is the bride, and Harpo just told Hollywood that he and she have been mr-and-mrs ever since last September. “We hoped to keep it a secret,” he re-Marxed, “until after the divorce…”

CUPID’S COUPLE:
Binnie Barnes and Don Alvarado—
They’re gonna wed (or I’m a tomato ! ! )

ONCE again the are-they-or-ain’t-they? puzzle about Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard excites Hollywood. Although, for the life of me, I can’t see why Hollywood still gets excited over whether or not she is Mrs. C . . . ! Recent dither was caused by the talking-out-of-turn of Randolph Churchill, son of Great Britain’s noted political leader, now in Hollywood on a visit. After visiting with Charlie and Paulette, Randy said: “While I’m not at liberty to quote Mr. Chaplin directly—ahem!—I can definitely say that they are married.” He added they’ve been married for more than a year, and both “have very definite reasons for maintaining secrecy.” To all of which Chaplin and Paulette said nothing—but they’ve been snubbing the outspoken young Churchill ever since.

AMONG the will-they-or-won’t-they? matters that are beginning to get borsome are: Will Lily Pons marry Andre Kostelanetz?
Will Virginia Cherrill marry the Earl of Jersey?
As for the first: Lily and “Kosty,” as she calls her orchestra-leader-musical-advisor, have been shuttlecocking marriage talk for months. At first Hollywood was intrigued; now it’s disinterested. Even a report that Lily and Kosty actually are already married failed to excite the film capital. And now that they have, flying east, [Continued on page 10]

Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, who have been “denying it” for a year or two or three, have announced their engagement.
There she sat...
TENSE...SILENT...WATCHING!

The most vividly emotional role in the entire career of this great dramatic star you love!
...Not even in "The Dark Angel" nor in "These Three" did she approach the excitement and power of this never-to-be-forgotten role...

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents
MERLE OBERON
BRIAN AHERNE
in
Beloved Enemy

with
HENRY STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN
DAVID NIVEN • KAREN MORLEY

Directed by H. C. POTTER
RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

When answering advertisements, please mention February Motion Picture
DO THIS FOR YOUTHFUL LIPS

Use Tangee every day—see it change to the one shade most becoming to you...from orange in the stick to natural blush-rose. Only Tangee has this Color Change Principle. Tangee isn’t paint—can’t give you a “painted look”. Paris says, “Looks natural”. Use Tangee. On your checks, use Tangee Rouge, with same Color Change Principle for natural youthful color.

Just Before Bed, use Tangee—feel it smooth and soften your lips. No more faded “morning look”...Do not confuse Tangee Natural—whose special cream base soothes lips—with cosmetics you must remove at night. Try Tangee. Two sizes: 39c, $1.10. Or send coupon for 24-Hour Miracle Make-up Set.

• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don’t let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for TANGEE Theatrical.

This Month’s Winners of Search for Talent Contest

The Grand Prize Winner May Be You!

By John Sutter

MOTION PICTURE Magazine is more than happy to present this month’s winners in the Search for Talent Contest sponsored by this magazine and Hold-All Bob Pins which came to a close December 31st, 1936.

The $50.00 cash prize and a screen test was won by Miss Louise K. Karchmer of 70 E. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

The runners-up this month are Miss Marjorie Green of 15 Chestnut Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Jeri Jenkins, 4925 Troost, Kansas City, Mo.

Motion Picture Magazine will announce additional winners in the March and April issues and then begins the task of selecting the grand prize winner—the girl who will sign her name to a bonafide movie contract with the Walter Wanger Productions. Here’s hoping the judges select YOU!

A line or two about the lucky winners this month:

Louise K. Karchmer is 23 years old, 5 ft. 1½ inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. Her eyes are dark brown, she has a medium dark complexion and her hair is dark brown. She states that she is a former teacher of ballroom dancing and has appeared as vocalist with several orchestras and has also appeared in several amateur plays as well as with the Tulsa Little Theatre Group. She has been in Chicago six months, coming from Tulsa, Okla., and says that while in high school she won the amateur singles tennis championship of that city.

Jeri Jenkins is a drapery clerk and model. Her age is 21 and she is 5 feet 5½ inches tall. She weighs 123 pounds. Her hair is auburn, her eyes brown and her complexion olive. She states that she does tap and ballroom styles of dancing. She has taken part in amateur theatricals in school and also with the Resident Theatre Group.

Marjorie Green is 18 years old, 5 feet 3½ inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. Her hair is dark brown, her eyes blue and her complexion fair. She states that she does ballroom dancing and has a soprano voice. She has appeared in high school theatricals.

Following is the “WINNER” list up-to-date:

[Continued on page 16]
Capra Captures Top Screen Honors With "LOST HORIZON"

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

THAT man Capra has done it again! And when I say "again" I don't mean that his new Columbia picture is just as good as "Mr. Deeds", "It Happened One Night", etc. I mean it's better! "Lost Horizon" is so magnificent artistically and so gripping dramatically that it stands practically alone on my private and unofficial recommended list for the month. I know you've heard about this famous James Hilton best-seller and its unique story of a secret romantic paradise on the roof of the world. So I don't have to tell you what a stupendous job it was to reproduce this fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the screen, and to portray the amazing romance that takes place within its walls. But Columbia, Capra and Colman have done it—done it so superbly that for my money "Lost Horizon" is going to be one of those talked-about pictures that everybody just has to see. The star rôle is the best thing I've seen Ronald Colman do, and the supporting efforts of Edward Everett Horton, Margo, H. B. Warner, Jane Wyatt and thousands of others, plus Robert Riskin's exciting adaptation, all go to make "Lost Horizon" a big picture in every sense of the word. I'm telling you—don't miss it!

FASCINATING FACTS ABOUT "LOST HORIZON"
- It was two years in the making
- The cast numbers 1150
- Two complete towns were erected for the production
- One set alone took 150 men two months to build
- Book translated in 14 languages

KIDNAPPING an unknown lover (Ronald Colman) from the other side of the earth, Sondra (Jane Wyatt) imprisons him in her fabulous Oriental "hideout" on the roof of the world.

PRISONER in a barbaric paradise, Conway is torn between the bonds of civilization and love of his fascinating captor.

DEATH waits outside the mystery plane grounded in a secret corner of the earth from which no man has ever escaped.

$2,000,000 is the rumored sum Columbia spent to film the fanciful magnificence of this world-famous book. This gorgeous reproduction of the lamasery of Shangri-La (above) seems to confirm this estimate.
A Look at Three Men on a Horse

At NO TIME in history has an harassed and weary World called so loudly for Leaders. And Hollywood, being, after all, a part of the World, now more than ever, does "Stop, Look and Listen" for inspired Youth to seize the torches from the faltering hands of aging Pioneers. With this scene set, enter ... Mervyn LeRoy!

They say "youth must be served." But first, youth must serve. Both truths apply to the bold, brilliant young man, who, at thirty-six, is writing "Finis" to one career of achievement to attain greater accomplishment in broader, greener fields. The last chapter of Volume I closes with Three Men on a Horse. The initial paragraphs of Volume II will be devoted to The King and the Chorus Girl.

The former film is "directed by Mervyn LeRoy." The latter is a "Mervyn LeRoy Production." Therein lies the difference. LeRoy's great departure is in his transition from director to producer. Ranking with Lubitsch, Capra, and the other two-time winners of "Best Ten Picture" critic polls, LeRoy leaves distinguished ranks to assume leadership.

The variety of past contributions to the screen marks him with unequaled versatility of genius. He has coupled such hard-hitting drama as Little Caesar with the frivolities of a Gold Diggers extravaganza. A prize for public service should have signalized Cocor, for it awoke society and broke gangsterism. And the Gold Diggers series remains among the greatest of money-making productions.

Some men have "head," others "heart." LeRoy possesses both. The simple humanity of a Tugboat Annie is as much within his realm as the headlong complications of an Anthony Adverse. The grimness of an I Am a Fugitive from a Chain-Gang was limned by the same skilled hand that portrayed the gaiety of Happiness Ahead. Such diverse canvases as Five Star Final and Page Miss Glory demonstrate the scope of the LeRoy talents.

With his announcement that he would turn producer, all reference to his record brought offers from every Grade A studio in Hollywood—and London. Because their proposition suited him best, he arranged a Warner Brothers release for Mervyn LeRoy Productions. And not because he happens to be happily wed to the clever and charming Doris Warner. In business Harry Warner was the head of a corporation, not the grandfather of his child. He separates "heart" from "head" in more ways than one.

Since leaving the newsboy haunts of San Francisco for the vaudeville stage, the producer has served the motion picture industry in all its varied phases from lowliest to top. Many remember him in early days, and although he has eclipsed them all, none re- sent his success. In a community jaundiced by jealousies, he is universally respected, admired and beloved. Worthy of the simplicity, the democracy, the geniality that have distinguished his rise. His door, his purge and his heart are always open.

THOUGH a director and a producer, LeRoy credits neither of these functionaries with primary importance in the making of a motion picture. Nor is he inclined to lead a star with laurels. What counts most, he says, is story. A poor tale cannot be made into a good picture by the best of stars, directors or producers. LeRoy agrees with the Warner Brothers' author, Will Shakespeare, that the play is the thing.

Not a star worshipper, he has discovered and developed his share of cinema celebrities. Latest of these is Fernand Gravel, Continental idol, who, sought by many, succumbed to the LeRoy lure simply in admiration of his screen achievements and for the pleasure of sharing his accomplishment in Mervyn LeRoy Productions. He is the producer's first "very own" star, and will make an American debut in The King and the Chorus Girl.

Thor oughly prepared for his new career, LeRoy already has acquired several carefully chosen stories, and in Margaret Irving, the portrait of the blonde honky-tonker in San Francisco, at least one definite picture personality. As necessary and available other troupes will be placed under LeRoy contract as well as writers and directors. LeRoy Marches On!
OLD MONEY

We Pay The World's Highest Prices

DON CORRADO ROMANO

founder of

ROMANO'S

COIN SHOP

Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know
OLD MONEY!

Big Cash Premiums
For Hundreds of Coins
Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for. Don’t sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them.

WE WILL PAY FOR 1909 CENTS UP TO $10.00 EACH

1860 Cents $50.00 — Cents of 1861, 1864, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1881, 1890, $20.00 each — Half Cents $250.00
— Large Copper Cents $2000.00 — Flying Eagle Cents $20.00 — Half Dimes $150.00 — 20c Pieces $100.00 — 25c before 1873, $300.00 — 50c before 1879, $50.00 — Silver Dollars before 1874, $250.00
— Trade Dollars $950.00 — Gold Dollars $1000.00 — $2.50 Gold Pieces before 1876, $600.00 — $3 Gold Pieces $1000.00 — $5 Gold Pieces before 1888, $5000.00 — $10 Gold Pieces before 1908, $150.00 — Commemorative Half Dollars $60.00 — Commemorative Gold Coins $115.00.

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15
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND is a challenge to girls who think that a studied expression of boredom is becoming . . . The animated sparkle in Olivia’s eyes and the flash of her ready smile make features that would otherwise be merely pretty, radiantly beautiful and alive.

Nowadays, high-school girls and debutantes spend a great deal of time grooming their faces, and hair smartly, and then spoil the whole effect by assuming a dead-pan look that is meant, I suppose, to denote world weariness . . . It’s about as much fun to talk to this type of girl as it is to converse with a well-preserved mummy.

Of course, I’m not upholding a false animation . . . I mean the kind that is sincere, that emanates from health and humor and a genuine interest in people and things. I’ve interviewed some screen stars who were vivacious enough so long as they were the topic of conversation, but as soon as the talk veered away to other things, they lapsed into a coma.

Not so with Olivia who hails from a small town near San Francisco. She was just as wholeheartedly interested in talking about other people and situations, in listening with a sympathetic air, as when telling me about her role in the Warner Brothers’ picture, The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Important as external beauty is, it always has been and always will be secondary to beauty of mind and heart. Eyelashes touched with mascara are lovelier when the eyes they fringe are warm and vital; lipstick enhances only lips that know how to smile . . .

That concludes our sermon for today. We won’t sing a hymn now, but swing into a more familiar kind of beauty chat. (Just you remember those exhortations, though.)

Being a mere 5’4” (in two-and-one-half inch heels), I have always bitterly envied tall girls, and have cursed my ancestors every time I’ve had to have a size ten dress shortened . . . But I feel much better about being a “half-pint” now that I’ve seen so many glamorous movie stars who are little taller than myself. So, take heart, reader, if you were born to be dubbed “a cute little thing,” and remember that the movie producers know what they’re doing when they choose actresses who look fragile and feminine leaning against the magnificent chests of movie heroes!

Just keep your measurements down to a scale that would spell emasculation for a taller girl, and you’ll be all right. And don’t forget to hold your head as high as if you were a Follies girl weaving along under a pagoda headdress. Although Olivia is definitely built on small lines, you’d never realize it, seeing her in, say, the ballroom scene in Anthony Adverse. Didn’t she look queenly? And it wasn’t the slim lines of the Empire dress or the high wig that did it . . . It was her perfect posture and poise!

BECAUSE the costume pictures she’s been in lately demand elaborate wigs, Olivia has her hair shampooed only once a week, even as you and I. But each shampoo is a rite, consisting of a thorough brushing and massage, and a combination shampoo-oil treatment. “My hair is so fine and soft,” Olivia said, “that it breaks away at the touch of an iron. I always have a Dunt permanent wave, which keeps my hair fluffy and well-conditioned; recently, though, when I was in a hurry, I let them curl my ends with a hot iron—and I’ve regretted it ever since.” (Olivia’s experience should be a warning to you not to abuse your permanent wave, no matter bow rushed you are!)

Olivia loves to have her hair brushed. “It actually hypnotizes me,” she smiled. “When I’m taking little rest cures in bed, mother always brushes my hair for me. She knows it’s the best way in the world to keep me from being restless and getting ink or cracker crumbs all over the bed!” This star’s simple hairstyle, with a side part, off-the-face sweep and softly curled ends, bears out her conviction that no one should wear a coiffure for the coiffure’s sake.

“A woman’s hairstyle, it seems to me, should be subordinated to the beauty and grooming of the hair and face. I think a soft, fluffy effect is more flattering to women than any of those tightly curled and elaborate coiffures . . . You can’t see the hair for the hairstyle!” she paraphrased. We had a discussion about hair colors that resulted in our agreeing that “mouse colored” is a misnomer when applied to that . . . [Continued on page 88]
NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL ... ONCE WORN AWAY... NEVER GROWS BACK—NEVER!

Protect precious enamel. Once lost, it's gone forever. Be safe and win flashing new luster with absolute security!

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but never tooth enamel. Those precious surfaces, once worn away, are gone forever. Beauty goes with them... decay attacks teeth... the days of enchanting young teeth are over.

Guard those precious surfaces! Now science brings you the utterly safe tooth paste. One that cleans by an entirely new principle. That uses no chalk or gritty or harsh abrasive.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately—freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flowing saliva—yet does so with the safest action ever known in tooth paste.

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental ingredient—removes film without scouring or scraping. It lifts the clinging plaque off teeth and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel surfaces spotlessly clean—then polishes them to a brilliant luster you never even saw before!

It's an amazing advance in tooth beauty and safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with alluring brilliance that everyone notices. Buy a tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin now to use this new method that brings flashing luster to your teeth with absolute safety.
Woman's Here's Special Work Offering You...

Up to $23 in a Week and all of your own Dresses FREE of a penny cost

No Experience or Investment Needed
This offer is open to all women—single or married—who need money rapidly. A modern method to meet this urgent need is to get you started. You may not go on the world's leading dress-making plants—Fashion Frock Co. and you can earn a comfortable half spring dress in French and English through Fashion Frock Co. It is impressive, good-looking, and work because all women love it. If you can't get out, you can earn your own spending money in the comfort of your home. Send us your name and address immediately. Send no money. You must be at least 16 years old.

Fashion Frock Co., Inc.
Dress and Gown Department
Dept. PP-225, Cincinnati, O.

Send for Style Portfolio 126 LOVELIEST SPRING DRESSES many as $2.98 low as

Fashion Frock styles this new Spring Season are more exquisite than ever. They are the last minute styles direct from fashion headquarters in Paris and Hollywood, and are worn and apprehended by the world's leading movie stars. Fashion Frocks are patterned after the latest and are endorsed by leading fashion editors. They are never sold in stores, but by authorized representatives only.

New Home Plan Starts You No House-to-House Work Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, without canvassing house-to-house. We will help you build up a successful, permanent business—making full or part time—what pays you a good regular income.

Send Free Coupon Mail coupon at once for this marvelous business opportunity. Get the whole story how you can make up to $25.00 or more a week and get your own dresses free up to any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Both coupon today.

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This offer is open to all women—single or married—who need money rapidly. A modern method to meet this urgent need is to get you started. You may not go on the world's leading dress-making plants—Fashion Frock Co. and you can earn a comfortable half spring dress in French and English through Fashion Frock Co. It is impressive, good-looking, and work because all women love it. If you can't get out, you can earn your own spending money in the comfort of your home. Send us your name and address immediately. Send no money. You must be at least 16 years old.

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New Home Plan Starts You No House-to-House Work Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, without canvassing house-to-house. We will help you build up a successful, permanent business—making full or part time—what pays you a good regular income.

Send Free Coupon Mail coupon at once for this marvelous business opportunity. Get the whole story how you can make up to $25.00 or more a week and get your own dresses free up to any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Both coupon today.

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Dept. PP-225, Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how I can represent Fashion Frocks—save $2.00 in a week and get your own dresses free up to any cost. No obligation and no money necessary. Both coupon today.
Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

Because we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail...because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce their waist and hips more than 3 inches in ten days...we know we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The letters below are but a few examples chosen at random.

Massage-like action reduces quickly!
You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You appear inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then comfortably, quickly...without effort on your part...the massage-like action actually reduces you at just those spots where excess fat first accumulates.

Read these amazing unsolicited letters!

"Lost 60 Pounds"
"I have reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and lost 60 pounds! I can't think Perfolastic enough."
   Mrs. W. P. Dorr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. And I reduced 26 pounds."
   Miss Edith Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 Inches From Hips"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
   Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, PA.

"Hips 12 Inches Smaller"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
   Miss Zella Richardson, Scottsdale, Pa.

"Lost 49 Pounds"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear a size 36."
   Mrs. Mildred Dunn, Newark, N. J.

"Reduced From Size 49 to Size 18"
"I used to wear a size 42 dress and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
   Mrs. Eunice Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Reduced 6 ½ Inches"
"Lost 26 pounds, reduced hips 6 ½ inches and waist 5 inches. I should be lost without Perfolastic."
   Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"Smaller at Once"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first sized."
   Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" Says Miss Healy
   "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."
   -Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Ave, New York

"Reduced from 43 to 34½ Inches!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
   Mrs. Belle Braun, La Grange, Ill.

"Lost 47 Pounds"
"When I first got your girdle my hips measured 51 inches and I weighed 215 pounds. Now I measure 42 inches and weigh 168 pounds."
   Mrs. B. M. Ruge, Memphis, Tenn.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE...for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body...hear the admiring comments of friends.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET!
Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 72, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perfolasted material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City_________________________State____________________

When answering advertisements, please mention February Motion Picture 19
To regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal.

Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells...just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." 

©S.S.S. Co.

### You Know Your Movies?

#### Puzzle This One Out!

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#### Across
1. Garbo's latest film
2. Her first name is Pauline
3. Whose ex-wife is Barbara Stanwyck?
4. Singing cowboy
5. Whose Swede dialect is always good for a laugh?
6. Mr. Deeds goes to—
7. He has lead in Winter-Set
8. Make my life
9. The Count Chair-Man was based on story by this American humorist
10. She plays opposite Ralph Bellamy in Wild Brian Kent
11. Initials of one cast opposite Preston Foster in The Plough and the Stars.
12. She was Libeled Lady
13. Short for one who was the Magnificent Brute
14. Rosalind's initials
15. American Chump
16. Animal such as Mickey Mouse's friend, Pluto
17. Mr. Horman's initials
18. Is Harpo Marx married?
19. Remember—and Bud?
20. Nelson Eddy's native state (abbr.).
21. One of Moore brothers seen in Reunion
22. Stage star once married to late John Gilbert
23. Adventure—Manhattan
24. Places where movie fans may see stars
25. Scandinavian such as Jean
26. Her
27. —MISERABLES
28. What comes sometimes do in flirtatious scenes
29. Of the Royal Mounted
30. Percy Mayhew in the Funniest Girl in the World
31. Performer such as Katherine Hepburn.

#### Down
1. You saw him in Soak the Rich
2. Women—Trouble
3. Initials of star of the Garden of Allah
4. Miss Fazenda's initials
5. Article in French films
6. Una Merkel is a blue—blonde

#### Last Month's Solution

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JUDGE  BERNY
AHERB  DAYSIC
SBER  OSEVDU
OLGCROWDSUN
NOELANBING
TEARSBORN
RAREM
MARISSEATS
FURTISOPREAL
INKJONESARE
BLONDONENAW
SERGEBUZ
TRACYBULES
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1. He had lead in Murder with Pictures
2. Constance Ogden in Reunion
3. Country and the Woman
4. Was lately divorced by Betty Hiekinan
5. Love Letters of a—
6. Singing star of Under Your Spell
7. Month in which Margaret Sullivan was born
8. Neal Dodd (abbr.)
9. Principal feminine character in a motion picture
10. One of two comedians in The Country Gentlemen
11. Her last name is Lupino
12. You may see Our Gang in these
13. Character actor whose first name is Arthur
14. Title given to Nigel Bruce in Charge of the Light Brigade
15. Processors
16. Place for Sonja Henie to perform
17. Donald was Gunnison in Old Hutch
18. Gene Raymond was born in—York City
19. This continent is represented in the Good Earth
20. Get It
21. Short for Director Ruggles
22. State in which Sidney Blackmer was born (abbr.)
23. Genevieve's initials
24. Lines of films starring late Will Rogers are now being shown

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
Pretty, popular—on top of the world—the girls who guard against Cosmetic Skin

I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT I NEVER LET THEM CHOKE MY PORES. I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH LUX TOILET SOAP

DON'T RISK COSMETIC SKIN—DULLNESS, TINY BLEMISHES, ENLARGED PORES!

LORETTA YOUNG...

YOUNG THINGS have a way of knowing what's what in beauty care. Thousands of them everywhere are keeping skin exquisite—guarding against Cosmetic Skin—with Lux Toilet Soap.

The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep, carries away from the pores every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. No dangerous pore choking—no risk of the tiny blemishes and enlarged pores that mean Cosmetic Skin!

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed, use Lux Toilet Soap. Keep your skin clear—smooth—young. You'll find it pays!
Simple—but effective recipes!

Lily Pons is "cra-zee" about American dishes. She just adds some Continental touches

By Dorothy Dwan

While visiting Lily Pons during the filming of That Girl From Paris I came home with a note book full of recipes that are as proudly American as the Statue of Liberty—except that in almost every instance a dash of "something" had been added to give the dishes a zestful flavor—a Continental custom.

This enthusiasm for our dishes didn't astonish me. I had read an article, written before pictures lured the celebrated coloratura soprano from opera, in which Oscar of The Waldorf-Astoria revealed the food preferences of famous personages. He mentioned that while opera stars ate scarcely anything before a performance, they were ravenously hungry after the curtain. Lily Pons often came to the Waldorf for her favorite Irish stew!

It is quite natural that wholesome, nourishing food should appeal to Miss Pons. While frail (only weighing a hundred pounds) she is a human dynamo. It follows that food, rest and will power must supply her amazing vitality.

The star's happiness lies in her work. She enjoys eating dinner in bed to summon energy for the next day's task at the studio where she "seems and sees and ze same song ovair and ovair again" as she expresses it. Possessing a soul-stirring voice is only half the battle in sound pictures.

Miss Pons may always be found in her dressing-room at lunchtime, and usually it's a salad brought from home that is being enjoyed. They are nourishing, yet light, and accompanied by tomato or fruit juice, send her back to the set refreshed.

One of her favorite salads is a "Southland Salad" because she is "craa-zeed" about avocados. As they are one of our most valuable foods, it would be well for us all to be "craa-zeed" a la Pons.

SOUTHLAND SALAD

Cut a medium-sized avocado lengthwise, remove seed. Do not peel. Scoop out main pulp. Scrape out remainder of avocado pulp and place in bowl. (Put this aside for use later.) Combine pineapple wedges with avocado balls and fill shells. To the following dressing, add the remaining pulp which has been run through a sieve.

3 tbls. tarragon vinegar
3 tbls. lemon juice
6 tbls. catsup
8 tbls. olive oil
1 bay leaf
3 whole cloves
½ clove garlic
½ tbls. sugar
½ tsp. salt
2 tbls. chopped green pepper
2 tbls. chopped pimientos

Put salt and sugar in bowl. Add one tablespoon of oil and after combining vinegar and lemon juice, add one tablespoon of mixture and blend well. Continue adding oil and vinegar, one tablespoon at a time, until about four tablespoons of each have been used, then the balance may be added more generously. When mixture is well blended, add catsup and spices. After the mixture has stood for several hours, remove the cloves, bay leaf, and garlic. Add chopped green pepper and pimiento. Add the sieved pulp and when mixture is thickened, shake well and serve on salads.

In addition to Miss Pons' European triumphs, her vivacious personality and glorious voice also enraptured audiences in South America which, incidentally, is now known in Hollywood as "the land of mate." (Now that tea parties are back in style, this tea, imported from the Southern continent has won over the film center which is always on the alert for something different and tasty. Imagine a star of such magnitude dining many nights in the year on a bowl of our old American standby—vegetable soup!)

[Continued on page 103]
By John Schwarzkopf

ALAN MARSHAL, Selznick International player who made his screen debut in The Garden Of Allah, has established himself on the screen as a definite personality—this is borne out by his likes and dislikes, his habits and idiosyncracies. Alan never wears jewelry and has no superstitions . . . he likes green and grays in stripes, always wears a white shirt with attached collar and wears sports coats that do not match his trousers. . . . He never goes fishing but swims a great deal and is considered one of Hollywood's finest tennis players . . . frequently football games and tennis matches and occasionally visits night clubs. . . . In conversation he has an easy repartee and parries all personal questions. He says, "I don't sing and I never wanted to go into business." . . . He lives in a three room apartment in Hollywood that is furnished with Old World pieces. . . . When Alan was 18, he decided he wanted to be a pianist. Shortly after starting his lessons he went on a tour as an actor and each day he spent six hours in the orchestra pit of some theatre practicing . . . . Finally, after three years, the problem of always having to hunt up a piano in some strange theatre became a difficult one and he gave up his desire to become a pianist. But now, when he goes home from work, he relaxes by playing the piano . . . . He usually has dinner with his parents, stage veterans, who now live in Beverly Hills, . . . His favorite dish is Indian curry and he likes Mango, Chutney and Bombay duck. . . . He likes to have a natural tan, but he prefers a cold winter to a hot summer and prefers seasons to the semi-monotomous weather of Southern California. . . . When Alan smokes he prefers a pipe, . . . Alan doesn't like to shave and enjoys nothing more than to be able to skip this chore. He had a good opportunity when playing in The Garden of Allah in which he portrayed a soldier lost in the desert. . . . Alan is handsome in a virile way. He wears clothes well . . . His part in The Garden of Allah was a small but very important one, for the message he delivered changed the whole story . . . . He bears a strong resemblance to Ronald Colman . . . . Some say, though, that he looks enough like Errol Flynn to be his brother. . . . However, looking like someone else will never bother Mr. Marshal . . . he has enough looks and spirit of his own to go a long way.

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL . . . AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING IS A BATH WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

When answering advertisements, please mention February Motion Picture
WINNER!

Miss Lofgren's Beautiful Permanent Wave by Edmonds, New York

"Friends Comment on the Loveliness of My Appearance," says Miss Olga Lofgren, College Park, Maryland.

Attractive Miss Lofgren, chosen MARCHAND BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH for January, is typical of the many young women who daily become more attractive and popular with soft, lustrous sunny hair. Whether blonde or brunette, you, too, can win the admiring compliments of your friends. How? Develop fully your one natural charm. Have bright lustrous hair!

Blondes—To have your hair truly golden, soft and evenly brighter, rinse with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Restores sunny lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair. Keeps your hair soft and golden.

Brunettes—With Marchand's you can add delicate glowing highlights that bring out the full lustrous beauty of your dark hair. Or—using Marchand's full strength, you, too, can lighten and keep your hair a lovely golden blonde shade that looks naturally yours.

Blondes and Brunettes—Are you risking "superfluous" hair removal? Now use Marchand's to make unnoticeable all "superfluous" hair on arms, legs or face. Keep your body soft and smooth with Marchand's. And have all "superfluous" hair soft, invisible through even sheerest stockings!

Start this single effective home beauty treatment today. Get your bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use Marchand's yourself, tonight, at home.

Win FREE Visit to New York!

See details inside your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at your druggist's. Or use coupon Now!

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

P. P. 57

Hollywood

Fashion Tips

Dear Hollywood Year's Beginning...

I've made all kinds of New Year's resolutions about this monthly fashion letter—things like swearing I'll snop around and get you the latest possible style gadgets from the top gals in Hollywood. And what happens? The first thing I run into is Betty Furness and one of her hats! Can you take it? Betty comes home from New York, a couple of weeks ago, with a new black felt hat—one of those high crowned affairs—and swooping earthward from it was a feather three feet long! Measure it—exactly thirty-six inches. Did you ever?

But the latest of all, in the millinery line, is a hat inspired by Chico Marx. (If you can imagine a Marx Brother inspiring anything.) Anyway, Cecilia Parker took Chico's hat—the one he always wears in his pictures—and had it copied. She wore it in black felt and stuck a feather on it! Makes a mighty cute little top-piece with a semi-peaked crown, narrow turned-up rim and a small bright colored feather stuck in the band.

And have you heard about Merle Oberon's "auto-zyo" hat? Merle designed it herself and had the name copyrighted. It is fashioned of stiffened black velvet, medium size, rim, with an open crown. Over the open crown are three velvet blades, that look as much like auto-zyo blades as velvet ever could. If a strong wind hits Merle, I hope they find her.

Evening hats are becoming popular for the winter social whirl. I visited the Delco Byrons and the entire little gal from 20th Century-Fox, has designed one of silver tinsel. It is a high peaked crown like an Oriental turban, and from the crown, a multi-colored cascade of ostrich plumes falls to the forehead. A silver veil flows over it and she wears it with one of those new, metal cloth evening coats. Senia Henie wears a white ermine hat with her ermine evening coat. The top of the bonnet is deeply draped turban is fastened to the side with a carried crystal clasp. Joan Crawford pass for comfort in her evening headgear and wears a simply draped black lace mantilla, that also covers her shoulders as a scarf.

But that's enough about hats—you have to have a little more show in them to wear these days—and Hollywood. Elissa Landi was walking the Boulevard in her cigarette holder, and leather, fur-lined, sport outfit. Her inspiration was the uniform of the Royal Flying Corps, whose coat she copied in every detail—fabric, color and trim. She wears this with a plain shirt of matching fabric and a military-looking gait.

You may be shivering with the snow and cold when you read this, but Dolores Del Rio is giving the natives of Palm Springs a treat by appearing on the street in an all-white linen costume, leading her white bull-terrier on a white leash.

Speaking of snow and that kind of weather—have you seen the ultra-bright "see-thru" rain coats they have this season. Last week it actually rained in Hollywood and I saw Helen Wood enjoying it in a bright red and blue plaid coat. It was slightly fitted, double-breasted and fastened with large navy button holes. She carried a blue umbrella of the same trimming material, wore blue galoshes and red gloves of a rainproof fabric. I'd pray for rain if I had that.

This making several outfits out of one is still a favorite sport with many gals. Claire Trevor has even taken it into the field of formal wear. Claire is a broad-shouldered type of afternoon and dinner dresses in printed lame—but she changes her hat so cleverly that she has new ensemble. The turban and gloves are of matching velvets in the new "jewel" shaded—bright turquoise, reds and blues.... Una Merkel, on the other hand, has her dinner gloves made to match her suit. Last week being a pair of black velvet gloves with a turned-down cuff and black satin to match black dinner suit. Una is sort of nuts about gloves anyway—she has her everyday gloves tailored to match her suits and her blouses, and they are lined with a soft material so they will be just as warm as the leather ones.

See you next month—Mlle. Chic

24 Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
By Lee Blackstock

You’ve seen Judith Barrett before she made her “debut” in Yellowstone for Universal! ... She is rated as a newcomer in Hollywood, but she has been in pictures since 1930 ... that is, she was in pictures when she was 16, but retired for a while when she reached that awkward age when she could neither play mature roles, nor younger parts, ... Judith is now 22 and is in full swing on her new career, ... And, by the way, Judith is another Texas girl who is doing things in Hollywood. ... Born in Arlington, Texas, on Feb. 2, 1914, she is the daughter of Sam Kelly, a cattle rancher ... and there isn’t an actor or actress on either side of the “house.” ... Judith got her start when she was attending school in Dallas and at the same time, going to dancing school. ... From this beginning, she made several appearances in the Palace Theatre in Dallas, the place where Ginger Rogers appeared so many times when she was just a beginner. ... Her big chance came when she was made a star of a lavish commercial film. ... Hollywood beckoned, and in 1929 she and her mother came out and Judith landed her first picture, a part in a two reel comedy opposite Bobby Vernon ... she made several comedies opposite Harry Langdon before she went into Cimarron as Richard Dix’s daughter. ... It was just after this big production that Judith tired from pictures and went on the stage. ... Last season, she understudied Doris Nolan in the Broadway production of The Night of January 16th, ... Hollywood saw her in her next play in which she took second lead and was signed under a long term contract to Universal. ... Judith has beauty, intelligence and a fine speaking voice, but her limpid brown eyes are her most valuable assets. ... Remarkably expressive, they have that rare quality of reflecting with instant facility all the emotions of womankind. ... Judith has made a wonderful start on her new career, what with her lead in Yellowstone and her featured part in Flying Hostess, ... You don’t have to worry about Judith, because she is going places in a big way! There are several young blades courting her, but she is still open to a proposal from “Mr. Right Man.”

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little “Dirt Pockets” and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By Lady Esther

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny “dirt pocket.” The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

“But,” you say, “it is impossible for ‘dirt pockets’ to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night.” But, are you sure you really cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a “lick-and-a-prom- ise.” They don’t “houseclean” your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is deep cleansing! Many methods only “clean off” the skin. They do not clean it out! Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than “grease” the surface of your skin. You want a cream that penetrates the pores! Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface—into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this griny dirt—dissolves it—and makes it easily removable. All the dirt comes out, not just part of it! As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it also lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary “greasing.”

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I’ll send you a 7-days’ tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I’ll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

Lady Esther, 20th Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days’ supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream, also all five shades of your Face Powder.

Name
Address
City State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)
THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING
THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!
Scene upon scene of beauty
and splendor!
Glittering with luminaries from five
show-worlds!
Romance and fun! Melody and
drama!
AND SOMETHING EXHILARATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING
TO THRILL YOU!...
100 glamorous girls dancing on skates
in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking
beauty!

'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE
with
ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMEQUEH
RITZ BROTHERS

ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to
be a million... you'll never see anything like it again!
Old Mother Nature doubled for Lady Bountiful on Madeleine Carroll's natal day. Lavishing beauty, personality and an aptitude for acting upon her, the pretty protege did not fail the Good Lady when she grew up. Having been adopted by Hollywood the studios won't let her escape. She did so nobly by The General (who) Died At Dawn that she was assured a big role in Lloyds of London. Now Madeleine steps On the Avenue with Dick Powell. Can you wait?
You feel like a bull in a china shop when you encounter Anita Louise. She's an animated Dresden china doll—fragile, exquisite pastel coloring, perfect from head to heel. Considered by artists the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, Anita, still in her teens, is one of the screen's youngest stars. The fairy princess' latest role is that of Phyllis Dexter, the young heroine, in The Green Light. Errol Flynn is the distracted doctor.
We give you Joan as our answer to those Hollywood tearer-downers. Yes, Joan has beauty, but she has brains, too, and she's been at the top for more years than we can remember. And, she still loves her husband. Together they'll reach greater heights.
The Ginger Rogers That MEN Like

Here are all the answers why Ginger is popular with men

By James Reid

DID you ever hear of Lady Ainsley, "the famous English actress"?
Ginger Rogers told Director John Ford about her, when
he was casting Mary of Scotland. Ford told Katharine Hepburn. Together, they ganged up on Producer Pandro Berman. They reminded Berman that they were having a terrible time, finding someone to play the part of Queen Elizabeth.
Ford said, "I've just heard that the famous English actress, Lady Ainsley, is in town on her way to Honolulu. She has played Queen Elizabeth hundreds of times. I'd like to see if I couldn't persuade her to take a quick test."
"Go ahead," said Berman.
In make-up as Queen Elizabeth, Lady Ainsley appeared for a test. A script girl, watching the performance, said, "You can't get around it—these English women have something. Look at that woman. She is Elizabeth!"
When Berman saw the test, he thought the same thing. He was frantically trying to get in touch with Lady Ainsley, who had left no address, when a columnist spilled the inside story: Ginger Rogers was "Lady Ainsley!"
The whole incident was accepted as a gorgeous hoax, another proof of the rampant Rogers sense of humor. And so it was. But it was also something else. It was Ginger's way of intimidating dramatic ambitions. Another of her importance, wanting to do drama, would have put up a battle with her studio to get what she wanted. Ginger had this happier idea. And—p.s.—she is going to do drama. It seems that even producers can't resist Ginger Rogers.
Fans are human, too. Let me tell you about three fan letters I have just seen. "Dear Ginger," one letter said, "I used to wonder what made people write to movie stars. Now I am writing to one, myself—for the first time. I want you to know something that I am keeping secret from the rest of Hollywood, lest it turn green with envy. I have found a girl who is very much like you. So much, in fact, that I am marrying her..."
Another said: "We have never met; we are complete strangers. Yet, watching you on the screen, I feel as if I know you as a person. You make me forget that you are an actress. You are real..."
And a third: "You are the one star my wife and I agree about. She doesn't have to coax me to your pictures, and I don't have to coax her. We both look forward to seeing you. And there must be plenty of other couples who feel the same way. I have just read that, according to theatre reports, you are the most popular girl on the screen..."
These are excerpts from three letters in a staggering stack of Ginger Rogers fan mail. One was from an American college senior, one from an English officer stationed in the Far East, one from a business man in a small Middle Western city. No one showed me these letters. I came across them, playing a game that studio executives play to find clues to a star's popularity. I was in the RKO mail room, picking out letters at random. There, I made an interesting discovery.

IT ISN'T usual for a feminine star to receive a large proportion of fan mail from men. It is usual for Ginger. That is a phenomenon worth noting. If you have ever noticed, it is usually the girl well-liked by women who is most heartily disliked by men. Yet men like Ginger Rogers. They like her more than any other girl on the screen. If they didn't, they wouldn't flock in such numbers to her pictures. They wouldn't write her so many letters.
What is the answer? What is the explanation? You can't explain it by her screen roles. She is just as popular off the screen as on. You can explain it only by Ginger herself. Men

Plenty of men would gladly change places with Rover to bask in the sun with Ginger
see something in her, as a person, that they don't see in any other girl in Hollywood.

And what is that something? It isn't beauty—although women are constantly clamoring for her "beauty secrets." Men are afraid of beautiful women. But Ginger is easy on the eyes without scaring anybody. She isn't face-conscious. And that's unusual in this town. Or any town. That's one reason why men like her. It isn't the way she dresses. She has one of the loveliest figures in Hollywood, and men are conscious of that; they would be blind, if they weren't. But Ginger's popularity doesn't depend on her wearing smart things smartly. If you'll notice, she is in slacks every chance she gets. And slacks, as you know, aren't figure-flattering.

She has a flair for clothes—which women know, and try to imitate. Yet she isn't particularly clothes-conscious—which men sense, and appreciate. That's another reason why they like her. Men aren't attracted to women who constantly call attention to their clothes. And so many women stars do, at the sacrifice of naturalness.

It isn't her dancing, either, sylph-like though she is. She doesn't concentrate on dancing. She takes it in stride, as part of the business of making a picture. She isn't constantly hoofing, eternally practicing. No, her dancing isn't the answer. The answer is her naturalness, whether she is dancing, romancing, clowning. That's a quality men place a high premium on, whether they realize it or not. There aren't many girls who are as natural in front of a camera as if it weren't there.

These aren't a mere reporter's ideas. I've heard them from directors, cameramen, dress designers—men whose business is glamor. And don't forget the British officer who wrote to her: "You make me forget that you are an actress. You are real..."

And an encounter with Ginger, herself, a personal check-up, doesn't dissipate the ideas. It is a good time to see her. She is "between pictures." She is rehearsing for Stepping Stones with Fred Astaire, after which, according to the publicity, she is going to do "a dramatic picture."

Between pictures, she looks like a little girl, not a glamor queen. Her hair—which she has just changed from corn-gold to amber-blonde "as an experiment"—is loose except for a ribbon tied about her head. She is wearing no make-up except a little lip-rouge. Her freckles are numerously evident. She is in slacks.

As we sit down at a luncheon table, she says something that is practically treason for an actress to say. She says, "I'm hungry." And she means it. While waiting for our order to arrive, she consumes a roll. I know that she has no reason for diet worries; she loses six to eight pounds every time she makes a dancing picture. But I tell her that she isn't properly self-conscious, for an actress. People may be watching. They may see her eating a roll. Their illusions about actresses may be shattered.

"I have a theory about self-consciousness," she says, between bites, "Self-consciousness is a dead giveaway of an inflated ego. You think everybody is watching you, and you alone. Which, of course, everybody isn't."

Then she never has stage-fright? "Just before I step out on a theatre stage at some benefit, or just before I start a new picture. Then I know all eyes are going to be on me. Then my knees start knocking together."

She feels natural in front of a camera? "If I didn't, I don't think I'd be there. I couldn't do anything if I didn't feel..." [Continued on page 96]
Charles Boyer, being a Frenchman, has his own philosophy of love. This story reveals why he fascinates all you femmes.

When Charles Boyer met Pat Paterson he knew he had found the right girl.

How BOYER Sways Feminine Hearts

By Leon Surmelian

Among the better love specialists doing their stuff on the screen today, Charles Boyer packs a distinctly individual wallop of his own. He is a different kind of lover. There isn’t anybody else quite like him.

Boyer fascinates the femmes by a sort of mental S. A.,—a warm, compelling magnetism, compounded of brooding tenderness and deep, mature understanding of the human heart. You feel that here is a “true blue” type of lover—one who couldn’t flit from one love to another light-heartedly, like a careless Casanova. He is constituted too deeply for that. On the screen, he does not merely act as a lover, but actually is one, in all the crazy, feverish, passionate meaning of that word.

Not that this affable, brown-eyed Frenchman doesn’t have the looks and physical appeal. He plucks the feminine heart-strings by spiritual fingers—and they respond as they can never respond to mere physicality, no matter how potent it is. Is it any wonder that the average man thinks of woman as a hopeless sentimentalist? He is too coarse-grained to realize that women, born for motherhood, have a deep-seated yen to preserve the spiritual riches of the race. Women couldn’t be mothers in a physical sense only. Spirituality is a biological necessity for them, even though some of them do affect a brittle flippancy.

In this respect, Leslie Howard comes closest to Boyer. But Boyer has other qualities his English confrere lacks—at least, for us Americans. There is an air of exotic mystery about him, a vibrant, poetic, impulsive, peculiarly Latin quality, which was the real cause of Valentino’s femme draw.

“I like to play mental rather than... [Continued on page 82]
Frances FARMER

If you have seen *Come and Get It*, you need no introduction to Hollywood's latest sensation. If you haven't, make this one of your New Year resolutions. A newcomer to Hollywood, Frances Farmer stole the show.

Elizabeth ALLAN

It's very satisfying to us (and to you, too, we're sure) to know that Elizabeth Allan has at last gained the recognition she so well deserves. This talented English actress will be seen in *Camille*.
Still Waiting to be Swept Off Her Feet

We're still great friends, says Merle Oberon speaking of David Niven. And tells why she won't marry him

HOLLYWOOD will have to wait while the world solves the romance of Merle Oberon and David Niven! That's not only because Merle is a swell person, a grand actress, as well as being both charming and beautiful (as everyone who knows Merle will agree), but because the word "heroine" was made for the likes of Estelle Merle O'Brien Thompson—"O. B." to her best friends!

Why "O. B."? Ask David Niven—he named Merle that and it's stuck. But then David has been an important person in Merle's Hollywood existence, so important that both newspapers and magazines, before she left for England on the Queen Mary, had Merle announcing her engagement, and the more importune have intimated that David will shortly follow to meet her at the Niven ancestral castle in Scotland for a wedding!

Is Merle to marry? Or isn't she?

Knowing Hollywood, the rumors had me frankly puzzled. When a star says she's blissfully happy in her marriage one may shortly hear the first faint rumblings of discord; when she announces she will absolutely, positively and definitely not marry, she is probably busily selecting her trousseau. And—by the same token—when the newspapers announce, gleefully, that wedding bells are about to deafen us with their clamor I say, wait!—what's this all about—and then go about trying to find out!

Charming and gracious and even more beautiful Merle seemed as she warmly greeted me in a lovely — [Continued on page 74]
The Most Likeable Mug in the World

There are faces and faces—and there's Wally Beery's face, the most fascinating of them all. Here's the complete lowdown on the real Wally, and the things that make him tick

By Henry Langford

IF IT hadn't been for a $400 underestimate, you'd never have seen the "best known mug in the world"—Wally Beery's—on the screen...! It was like this—Quite a way back, before he became a big shot of the movies, Wally met a girl. She was a swell girl, and Wally liked her a lot. He wanted her to like him, too. She did—all but the face! She couldn't quite take that. She used to take Wally to the movies, and point to Francis X. Bushman's lady-killing profile on the screen, and tell him that there was a face any girl could lo-love...!

"...While yours," she'd say, frankly, "sort of spreads and hangs like an old quilt on an unmade bed...!" You see, even in those younger days, Wally's face was no maiden's dream.

It hurt Wally. Not that he had any illusions about the face, mind you. It was merely that Wally wanted to please the girl. So he inquired around, and from a friend he heard reports of a well-known plastic surgeon in Chicago, or some place, who was already, even in those days, gaining a reputation for making-over faces. "He'll change your face any way you want it, for a hundred dollars," the friend told Wally. There, realized Wally, was the solution.

He saved. He worked and saved. In those days, he wasn't making any four-digit salary as a top movie star. He was just an elephant-trainer and tank-show comicker and a hundred dollars was a heck of a lot of money. But Wally got it together—and also enough to get to Chicago. Jubilantly, already anticipating the delighted surprise he'd conjure up in the girl with his pretty new face after the surgeon got done, Wally stepped into the great man's consulting room.

"Here y'are, doc!" he bellowed, and slapped the hundred hard-saved dollars on the desk. "Make this mug o' mine purty, now, so the girls'd like it..."

The doctor looked at the hundred. He looked at Wally's face. Sadly, he pushed the money back at Wally.

"My dear man," he said; "I have remodeled some faces for a hundred dollars. But for yours... [Continued on page 84]
Take—if you can stand it!—Carole Lombard's household—

There's Carole and Fieldsie, her secretary-pal-confidante-companion-advisor-manager-sparring-partner-critic—et-cetera: then there's two dachshunds, one bantam rooster, six doves, two ducks, one pekinese named “Pushface the Killer,” two hens, one cocker spaniel, three goldfish, one cat named “Josephine” which insists on sleeping with the dogs; also there's a nice “comfy” mammy cook named Ellen, from Memphis, Tennessee, a butler named Edmund who's also colored, and Carole's personal maid, named Eleanor, who never knows what her mistress is gonna do next . . .

"There's all that," says Fieldsie. "and who knows what else there'll be tonight. Because Lombard's out shopping right now!"

Nuts? Sure, kind-of. But that's only the beginning. You see, you've got to mix all that up to really get an idea of Carole's home-life, if any! I mean, you never know where you'll find any part of that set-up—

Carole, herself, may be down in the kitchen swapping jokes with the cook and Edmund, the cat may be in the goldfish bowl, and ten-to-one, the ducks are wandering around the dining-room. The only place the ducks can't go is the living-room. That's got white rugs!

To add to the confusion, the bantam rooster is named Edmund, and the two hens are named Ellen and Eleanor—so when Carole calls, nobody ever knows whether she's calling the poultry or the household staff into conference.

"That house," admits Fieldsie, "is MAD!"

Does all this sound absolutely batty? Screevy? Insane? Balmy?—O-KAY, then, make the most of it. I simply can't help it. I'm going to tell you about Carole Lombard's home life, and that's all there is to it. You can take it or leave it. All I've got
Listen! Wanna step into the merriest, maddest home in Hollywood? Then get a look-see at Lombard’s. It’ll sure slay you!

By Harry Lang

to say is this—when it comes to the business of getting the most downright, sheer fun out of this usually drab business of living, then I hand all prizes unreservedly to Carole Lombard.

There’s the telephone at her house. It’s all right when Carole’s working and at the studio and can’t answer it, herself. But when she’s home, it’s heaven-help-the-caller-uppers! Carole always answers, unless somebody a little more calm can beat her to it. And when Carole answers, you never know what’s going to come of it...

"’Alloa—yah, ’alloa—hoo iss diss?" she’ll scream into the phone. The bewildered somebody-or-other at the other end’ll gasp and ask for Miss Lombard, please.

"Mees Lombaird—ah, zen, she iss not at home, yah!" Lombard will reply, mixing any and all dialects.

"When will she be?" the indefatigable caller-up may persist.

"Ay do not knowing, sank you, pleas. Ay t’ank ay go home now."

Carole is liable as not to reply.

"Say, who is this talking, anyway?" the phoner may inquire, if he’s wise enough to know Carole’s tricks and suspects it’s Carole, herself. Then Carole gives way. She just goes into hysterics. "Oh," she screams: "oh, oh, oh—you go jump in a lake, honey—and come on over, I’m giving a little dinner tonight."

That’s the [Continued on page 86]
A CUTE inflammation of the ego, a disease common to Hollywood's starry flock, is not likely to affect the newly-wedded six-footer, Ross Alexander, the film colony's, Warner Brothers' and Anne Nagel Alexander's newest candidate for top-billing. We have his word for it. "I'll probably never have what they call, out here, a 'star complex.'" he says, and follows it up with an explanation. "The reason is that I'm always 'broke.'" And because he insists he's "always broke," Alexander will be saved from investing in pink swimming pools, yellow roadsters, purple-faced butlers, and other accessories of stardom. The best he can do today as it is, in the way of motor conveyances, is a neat little Ford. Custom tailored suits are his one personal extravagance.

If being "broke" (but not in debt) leads to the development of the workable, comfortable philosophy that governs the life of Alexander, then we're all for legislating in its favor. "What's money for, if you can't have fun spending it?" Alexander asks you, with the wry smile that you first saw in Flirtation Walk (his initial film), last in Ready, Willing and Able.

"You can't take it with you when you go, so why not have fun with it while you have it? There's no more fun in life than buying something for someone. . . . In buying a bottle of champagne, or a gift for someone you like," the fellow continued.

If you get the idea that Warners' runner-up for Robert Taylor honors is a Champagne Charlie, spending money with both hands, forget it. Alexander merely uses the glorified fizz water as an example of the beauties of spending.

All of his life Alexander has had the faculty of making money easily. With it went the talent of spending it freely. When he was sixteen, forcibly ejected from continuing his pursuit of the higher knowledge at Erasmus high school in Brooklyn ("kicked out," says Ross succinctly), he went onto the stage in a Blanche Yurka piece, Enter Madame. Before he reached his majority he was a wage earner. He was also a wage spender.

AN ONLY son (christened Alexander Ross Smith, Jr.), his parents were prosperous New Yorkers. His father was in the leather business. All Ross had to do was to spend the earnings he made. He didn't have to worry about a "rainy day" because dad was always there. The lean days that most actors bump into before establishing themselves in the theatre, were never encountered by Ross. He was that kind of likable, engaging youngster, talented to his fingertips, who walked from one show to another.

In the process of walking, he managed to appear with Francine Larimore, Frank Craven, Philip Merivale, plus numerous others. He landed good parts in popular shows like That's Gratitude, The Stork Is Dead, Honeymoon, No Questions Asked, The Party's Over, Let Us Be Gay, the famous "angeled" play with a message—The Ladder. His favorite stage role is that of Peter Piper in After Tomorrow. When there were no shows to step into in New York, Alexander always found a stock job in Louisville, or in Boston. Movie stargazers brought him to Hollywood several times; let him sit around, under contract, without using him. It was Warner Brothers, on his third trip to the camera coast, who finally presented him to film audiences.

Money flowed readily into Ross's pockets. And out, too, with the same ease. Not a great deal of money, to be sure. But enough to give the kid a chance to demonstrate [Continued on page 78]
Who Said Hollywood's No Place To Start?

Usually you have to make good on Broadway first to get a call to Hollywood. But Doris Nolan got there by going into reverse!

By Katharine Hartley

DORIS NOLAN claims no theatrical inheritance—unless her kinship with a second cousin who used to carry a spear at the Metropolitan might account for something! Yes, hers was just a normal family, no yodeling in the bathroom even. In fact they were so normal that when Doris suggested she might like to go on the stage, all three of them, Daddy, Mary and Gladys, shouted: "Whoops! Why not! Sounds like it might be fun!"

But, as it all turned out, part of it was far from fun. Doris is only twenty-one now, but in the few brief years of her career she has all but died for her art, and we mean that literally. Oh, not from that most popular of all actor ailments, undernourishment.... but from a sum total of other things which had her in the hospital twice. First of all there was six months without doing a thing; her first Hollywood contract. Then secondly, that strain she put on her voice when rehearsing for her first Broadway production... and from both of these "miseries" poor Doris nearly died.

But to begin at the almost beginning. Nine years ago the Nolan family, in the heat of one sweltering summer, decided to move out of New York and into the very attractive suburb of New Rochelle. They had a cute little house, a dog, a car, practically everything they wanted. Life seemed swell and so they had fun. And they were strictly "fun" people. Daddy was a big laugh-loving Irishman, Mary—that was Mother—was very young, very pretty, very gay. And Gladys and Doris played harum-scarum games and flitted hither and yon—so much so that one day Doris fell down a flight of stone steps and broke off her two front teeth. Her father said, "That's what you get for always hopping around like a mosquito!" and after that they always called her "Squito," or sometimes just "Skeet" for short.

"Of course, it was very funny to them, but it was nothing more or less to me than the tragedy of my youth," Doris recalled as we sat together in the Indian Room at the Universal studio not long ago. "You see, the dentist advised against doing anything about it for a few years, until my teeth got set—so for those few years, which seemed like an eternity, I went around holding my hand over my mouth. Literally! I was even afraid to smile. Oh, it was awful!

"It's strange how things can affect you at that age. Of course, the one thing that I was afraid of was that now I might never have an acting career. I was sure the dentist was only letting me down easily, and that the teeth could never really be fixed. Oh, yes, already I had the acting bug. I got it, I think, when I was five years old and I gave my first performance. I was an angel in a Christmas pageant—done up in white crepe paper and gilt that flapped off... you know the kind of costume I mean. And need I tell you that I carried a wand! From that minute on I was certain I was cut out to be a Bernhardt.

"I grew even more certain of it, more morbidly certain, during those broken-teeth years. However, that, in a way, was the compensation... I grew even more determined. I decided that if, and when, I ever did get my teeth fixed I'd certainly become an actress, right that minute." [Continued on page 80]
HEPBURN Goes in for HOBBIES in a Great Big Way

There are as many hobbies in Hollywood as there are army beans. But Katie Hepburn is choosey about hers. One hobby is raising cockers—another is her work.

By Dan Camp

AND was Katie Hepburn mortified ... ?
—I mean, about the dog. Or didn't you know? Well, let me tell you...

First off, to appreciate this fully, you've got to understand how Katie is, and about how she goes at things. When Katie Hepburn takes anything up, she employs all that fierce enthusiasm, that extreme vitality, that all-consum ing extremism that makes her the great screen actress she is. That's what makes Katie Hepburn what she is—her tremendous, sincere intensity at whatever she's doing, be it her screen role, or her latest offscreen hobby.

This time it was breeding dogs. You see, Katie had for some time owned two important dogs. I mean, they were pedigreed, prize-winning cockers, named "Peter" and "Michael." One's liver-colored, the other's white, but I can't remember which, and anyway, it doesn't matter. They were both, as you may gather from their names, gentlemen—by gender, and usually by inclination.

Then, all of a sudden, Katie got an idea. She figured if she got a nice lady cocker—not too much of a lady, you understand—she could raise prize-winning cockers. Breed 'em. Go in for dog shows and blue ribbons and all that sort of thing. It seemed like a good idea to Katie, and so was born, then and there, the latest Hepburn Hobby. And, as I've explained, she went at it big—gave it the tremendous attention to detail that is Katie's characteristic.

She got a lady cocker. I never have heard her name—maybe she just doesn't have a name. Maybe she's just Mrs. Peter. Or Mrs. Michael. Or maybe she's just a cocker bigamist. Anyway, Katie introduced her to Peter and Michael, and Peter and Michael were properly appreciative, and eventually, Nature took its course, as Nature does. That was what Katie wanted.

From then on, Katie's solicitude about the lady cocker was something sweet and tremendous to see. Expectant motherhood has had somewhat of an appeal for Katie ever since her childhood. It's told that her father, a New England doctor, used to take Katie with him now and then when he made professional visits to assist Old Doc Stork in a happy landing. And so Katie, with a warm memory of the blessedness of motherhood, took awfully good care of the lady cocker.

No bed was too fine for her. Her quarters were the last word in canine scrupulousness. Katie personally supervised her diet, her daily care. These cocker puppies, when they came, were to be the world's finest specimen. Katie would see to that.

WELL, the days went by and so did the weeks, and the lady cocker grew positively expansive. She did everything except...
You can count Katie's hobbies on the fingers of one hand. She likes to take candid camera shots of people—and is fair enough to permit them to "shoot" her, too.

You can count Katie's hobbies on the fingers of one hand. She likes to take candid camera shots of people—and is fair enough to permit them to "shoot" her, too.

knight baby clothes. Katie surveyed her with a pleased eye, and contemplated the numerical possibilities. She began to consider plans for kennels to house all the puppies when they began growing up. The lady cocker would tilt her head as if she might be hearing the patter of little feet.

And so time went by and the Great Week arrived. Katie, having studied everything she didn't already know about such things, had a pretty good idea of when the lady cocker should conduct her blessed event. She even had the day fairly well figured out. But that day passed, and the lady cocker was still singular instead of plural.

Well, that didn't worry Katie. After all, either arithmetic or Nature could have made a mistake. Another day passed. This time, Katie began to fret just a bit. Fun was fun and all that, but—and so a third day went by, and yet not the slightest sign of any long-legged bird with a bundle of cocker puppies hanging from his bill. Katie began to worry in earnest.

And when another couple of days passed, Katie knew something had to be done. Obviously. After all, there were such things as Caesarian operations, when necessary. So Katie bundled the lady cocker into her famous Ford station wagon, and went kiooting to the veterinarian.

"Doctor," she demanded, "what's the matter with this dog?"

"I'll see," said the vet, and took the lady cocker into his operating chamber, while Katie worried and fretted and waited. After a while, the doctor came out, handed the lady cocker back to Katie and said:

"Miss Hepburn, there's nothing whatever the matter with your dog. She's in the pink of health. Except maybe that you've fed her too well."

"But the puppies," protested Katie. "What about the puppies?"

"Puppies?" asked the doctor. "There are no puppies. You're—ahem—mistaken. Your dog is not that way, she's just fat!"

And, as I said at the outset, rua Katie mortified...?!

However, say this for Katie. She took it like the rather swell gal she can be, when she wants to. She knew the joke was on her. Instead of throwing the dog over the fence, as one might conceivably understand her doing, Katie took the lady cocker home, reintroduced her to Peter and Michael, and

Katie has her mind set on raising prize-winning cockers and springers. And then enter them in dog shows and grab some blue ribbons.

(Continued on page 90)
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What?
No Faults?
You Tell 'Em,
PAT!

You don't have to believe all you've read about Pat O'Brien. He's human like you

By Dick Pine

The Pat O'Briens lead a very ducky home life—all for one and one for all. Pat can hardly wait to get home to the Missus and kiddies, Navourneen, and Patric Sean, the newly adopted baby

THIS is a story about an Irishman. It seems there is an Irishman called Pat.—Pat O'Brien. I had been reading about him, hearing about him, for some years. Women had gushed orally and in print, over his good looks. Columnists had reported his generosity, his helping hand to old ladies crossing the streets, his charities, his kindness to small boys, his sentimentality, his Irish superstitions. His across-the-street neighbors joined in the panegyrics, and told me of his domesticity, his devotion to his family, his unfailing hospitality, and so on, ad nauseam.

"By the Shades of Saint Patrick!" sez I to meself. "This bloyst sounds too good to be thrue! It's mesilf that doesn't believe it. There can't be that much virtue stuffed away inside any one Orishman!" (You see what Pat's done to me? I'm Scotch, not Irish.)

I first met Pat at a party at Alan Mowbray's some two years ago. That good-natured pan of his didn't look so saintly as we puttered about, knocking balls round the billiard table; but, before the evening ended, I saw him make a gesture so courteous, so tactful, that I began to think, "Now, maybe, it's all true."

But I wasn't entirely convinced. Maybe I brooded over it. Anyhow, one day, I backed him into a corner, and, assuming my most incredulous air, I barked: "Now, look here Pat! I don't believe that you can possibly be as perfect as everyone says you are. Come now, give! Haven't you any faults at all? One secret vice? Don't you push doors marked "PULL"? Don't you touch wet paint just to see if it is really wet? Don't you ever throw a soiled shirt on the floor? Don't you, in the heat of anger, sometimes push somebody?"

"Snakes alive! Whoever told you that I didn't?" he exploded. (When Pat explodes, there is quite a concussion; shamrocks fill the air.)

"Everybody," I breathed softly, brushing mangled shamrocks out of my eyebrows, and hoping that a soft answer might turn aside even an Irishman's wrath. It did.

"WELL," he admitted, "I suppose my worst vice is going to auctions. But now, see here, Jim Cagney is partly responsible for that. He started me on it, and now I can't resist 'em." He added, darkly, "They're probably going to be my downfall.

"Then again," he went on, "I hate to get rid of anything. I hoard things. When we bought this house in Brentwood, I set aside a special room where I kept old theatre programs, newspaper clippings, pipes, old hats, and oh, you know the kind of things to which men cleave. Of course, I know they're dust traps, and all that; but I want 'em. And oh, say, [Continued on page 76]
Myrna introduces Bill (her husband) to her imperious aunt, Jessie Ralph.

After The Thin Man not only presents Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in the roles they originated in The Thin Man, but it also gives Elissa Landi a chance to shine.

AFTER THE POWELL MAN

Remember that amazing picture, The Thin Man? In this sequel Bill Powell’s after him again

By Carol Craig

William Powell is becoming difficult to keep up with. You have the impression, in the morning, that he is making a certain picture. But by mid-afternoon, as likely as not, you’ll hear that he has finished that picture and started an entirely new one.

Really, it’s almost that bad. And it’s deceptively unconventional, we’d have you know. Great big movie stars just don’t step from one picture right into another.

If you’re a great big movie star, you’re entitled to vacations. Movie-making is such grueling work. And, besides, it isn’t supposed to be healthy to expose yourself to a camera more than three times a year; if you go over that quota, you’ll probably overtax your popularity.

Yet Bill not only blithely continues to make picture after picture; he seems to be in the best of health and the best of nerves; and his popularity is assuming Rooseveltian proportions. In fact, there is a report that Bill is winning even Maine and Vermont.

He worked for months in The Great Ziegfeld. And the minute it was finished, what did he do? Betake himself, exhausted, to some mountain retreat? He rushed over to RKO to become Mr. Bradford to Jean Arthur’s Ex-Mrs. Bradford. No sooner did he have that situation well in hand than he raced over to Universal, to be with Carole Lombard, the ex-Mrs. Powell, in My Man Godfrey. With Carole’s voice still ringing in his ears, he dashed back to M-G-M to be the focal figure in the funniest quadrangle ever filmed, Libeled Lady.
And now, before anyone can say "Loi," he is married to Myrna for the sixth time (and the third time in one year) in After the Thin Man—the sequel, and rumored topper, of that surprise hit of two seasons ago, The Thin Man.

How does he do it? Why does he do it? The answers can't be found by guesswork. They have to be found by detective work.

WE COME across our first clue by accident—in an unexpected quarter. Namely, on the set of Lily Pons' new picture, That Girl from Paris. At RKO, miles from M-G-M. Mischa Auer is on the Pons' set. Mischa played with Bill in My Man Godfrey. And because of what he did in that picture, Mischa is tremendously in demand—to his own amazement.

He never expected that, when everybody became conscious of him, it would be because of a burlesque of a gorilla. (Remember how he stuffed olives behind his lower lip and started climbing chandeliers?) Mischa at first was inclined to be disillusioned by "fame."

He reveals that he mentioned this to Bill. And Bill's answer was: "Forget about the Academy awards. Make them laugh. And you'll be around a long time." Mulling over that bit of Powell philosophy—that clue to the inner Powell—we gumshoe onto the set of After the Thin Man, after Bill himself. And more answers.

On first entering, we sight everyone but the hero of the piece. Dorothy McNulty, late of Broadway musical comedies, has a singing and dancing rôle in After the Thin Man.

Momentarily, we wonder if he can be off on another sound-stage, starting another picture. That's always something to wonder, in Bill's case. We see Director W. S. Van Dyke, who was responsible for The Thin Man—and the first casting of Bill and Myrna as a married couple. We see Myrna, plying knitting needles on the sidelines. Elissa Landi, back in Hollywood after a year abroad, and looking very well. James Stewart, playing an unusual rôle.

Dorothy McNulty, playing a Bay City dowager as in San Francisco. Dorothy McNulty, late of Broadway musical comedy. Joseph Calleia, whose "sinisterness" is limited strictly to the screen.

Searching for Bill behind the scenes, we note a tall, odd-looking box, with a door on one side. It is like nothing ever seen on a sound-stage before. It is smaller than the collapsible canvas crates laughingly known as "portable dressing-rooms." Yet it is too large to be a telephone booth, which it resembles in shape. What is it?

We investigate the cubicle. There is nothing inside except a bare wooden chair (tenement style), a small clouded mirror hanging on one wall, and, directly under it, a small shelf holding one powder-puff and one box of powder. And nothing else.

"Looking over my little abode?" asks a voice at our elbow. A suave, familiar voice. The William Powell voice.

"Your abode? We thought this was probably where they kept Asta, the dog."

"No, no. This is my own small sanctuary, my own haven of rest—in short, my dressing-room."

And, believe it or not, it is. It isn't half the size of an ordinary "portable dressing-room" because Bill doesn't spend half as much time in a dressing-room as any other star in the business. He doesn't need to relax between scenes, because he's relaxed in the scenes. So he wanders. He is all over the set, talking with people. He is as gregarious as a collection-taker at a revival meeting—and as democratic.

At the moment, time is being taken out for refreshments. In his left hand, Bill holds one of those individual bottles of milk. You may have noticed, on the screen, that he is left-handed. But it's a rude surprise, seeing him with a bottle. [Continued on page 89]
WINTERSET

AAA

A powerfully gripping drama of life in its most harsh and ironical version, is portrayed in this picture by Margo, the strange girl of the tale, who gives a vivid and moving performance, and Burgess Meredith, superb in his screen debut, in the role he made memorable on the Broadway stage. It is a vivid and stirring play, relating dramatic episodes in the life of a boy who, growing to manhood, lives only to clear the name of his brother, an innocent victim of a miscarriage of justice. The setting is in the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge, the heart of the slums of New York, with rain beating down, producing a weird and futility intense action that is tense and penetrating. The plot is close to life, every character has been selected with some of the stage principals in their previous roles, with several of them, and the stage is so non-existent it is an interesting departure from the customary channels. It will entertain, give it popular appeal. - RKO Radio.

THE PLAINSMAN

AAA

Presenting Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur in an outstanding historical drama and glorious romance, set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West, that is so spectacular it leaves The Covered Wagon in the background like a shadow in the darkness. Gary is at his best as Wild Bill Hickok, one of his most successful roles to date. Jean Arthur is nothing less than a revelation as Calamity Jane. Cecil B. De Mille presents his most powerful productions to the screen story, and it is a thrilling experience. The settings and costumes are colorfully appropriate, and the performances are excellent. The background colors are outstanding, and the costumes depict the host of Indians. The Western setting is one of the best, and learning the story is as easy as it is enjoyable. The cast which includes Helen Bournes, James Ellison, Buffalo Bill, Charles Bickford as the villain, and numerous others, is deserving of honorable mention. The plot is well-developed, and the picture is one that every member of the family will enjoy from beginning to end. Jean and Gary Cooper made Mr. Deeds memorable. You're sure not to miss them in The Plainsman. - Paramount.

CHAMPAGNE WALTZ

AAA

Grand holiday entertainment. Just the thing for a Jubilee present to Adolf Zukor. Goy, charming, sparkling, full of the joy of life and with an effervescent quality which touches the heart as well as the head. Gladys Swarthout as Elsa Sward, the beauty with the spirit of the Strauss Waltz family, enters in a romance with that renowned delectable bandmaster from America, Fred MacMurray, sings the delightful Waltz tunes for which he is famous, and the spirit of jazz which has charmed the world. The spirit of Viennese music is transplanted to America, and the world is charmed.

The picture is magnificently mounted. Veloz and Yolanda contribute ballroom dance numbers; Jack Oakie, a real dancer; and Vivienne Osborne, supplies an extra punch. Another and another Fred MacMurray in Yankee fashion sweeps all before him. In their incidentally, probably his best characterization to date. We must not forget a bow to Ernest Claxton, embodying the wisdom and humor of a knowing better. - Paramount.
PARADE

GARDEN OF ALLAH

This fascinating story, which was a sensation a generation ago, has been superbly produced in Technicolor, proving to be the most artistically and atmospherically compelling picture of the year. Marlene Dietrich is rapturous in color while Charles Boyer is most impressive and convincing as the Trappist monk who succumbs to earthly temptations, breaks his holy vows and flees the monastery. Boyer further establishes himself among the screen's leading actors in this production, which is ideal for him to display his talent. His characterization is thorougly in key. Miss Dietrich, radiant and regal in her role, is a subtle study, a woman of unspeakable charm. The plot itself is one in which romance and reality are set against the stage of the Persian Empire, providing a dramatic and thrilling backdrop for the story. The acting is superb, with each character contributing to the overall success of the film.

LLOYDS OF LONDON

This is the unveiling of a new historical film and a new screen personality (Tyrone Power). It presents a romance that is never dull, with the background of the great insurance institution Lloyds of London (the unique insurance company of the world). Tyrone Power, dominant by the background, makes an excellent lead in the story of a lad who is selected by the king to be his adopted son and who becomes one of the richest men in the world. The acting is top-notch, with each character bringing their unique take to the screen. The direction is smooth and the performances are outstanding. This film is a must-see for anyone interested in historical dramas.

LOVE ON THE RUN

Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are teamed again, in a sure-fire comedy hit that is filled with spontaneous gags and excellent comedy dialogue. The story centers on the friendship of two newspaper reporters in Europe, who are assigned to cover the same story on a train. Joan Crawford stars as the dynamic reporter, while Clark Gable is the humorous, quick-tempered editor. The two reporters become rivals, but their rivalry is quickly put to the side when they learn they are assigned to the same train. They become friends, and their banter continues throughout the film. Their chemistry is undeniable, and the audience is drawn into their world of reports and fun.

THE LATEST MOVIES

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BANJO ON MY KNEE

Sparkling romance with a pitch of comedy and a musical background makes this production different from anything on the board. A story of the Mississippi River folk, their lives and loves, aboard houseboats on the river banks. It has as its main characters Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanwyck and Walter Brennan. McCrea portrays a land girl brought into the river clan as a bride by Barbara. Barbara and Joel provide the suspense in their sincere portrayals as the headstrong, troubled bridal couple. Barbara's performance gives further indication that she merits star billing on any program. Walter Brennan proves he is the best of the three. With style and grace he is rapidly becoming one of the greatest character comedians of the screen. Remember in "Get It?" The entire cast is excellent, their performances have been in keeping with the mood of the story. The famous Hall Johnson Choir supplies a musical background that is quiet, to say the least. — 20th Century-Fox.

BORN TO DANCE

A spectacular and sparkling musical assembled around the nimble feet and radiant smile of Eleanor Powell, the talented young dancer whose dancing seems more magical each time one sees it. She fulfills every expectation in her romantic moments as well as in her dance numbers. The outstanding songs are "Top on Down," "Papa"

REMBRANDT

Starring Charles Laughton, one of the foremost character actors of our era, in the title role, this picture depicts the life of the greatest painter. His struggles for recognition and his success is somehow as inspiring as his great loves. Although the story is downcast as inspired by his great loves, although the story is somewhat melodramatic and episodic and fails to develop any definite dramatic interest and sequence, yet the millions of people who have always admired Laughton's pictures have found him in the top spot. The different character roles serve the highest level. In the role of Rembrandt the artist, Laughton is as Rembrandt, of numerous lengthy scenes, profoundly moving, with a strong cast. The typical Dutch costumes are uniformly correct and the photography, with Holland as a subject, is interesting and impressive. — Alexander Korda—United Artists.
PARADE

THE LATEST MOVIES

REUNION

The Dionne Quints are starred in this comedy-drama, contributing as enjoyable a bit of entertainment as you'd wish to see. You will hear the Quints talk, see them frolic in and out of their cribs, sing a free-for-all with their toys, and present a hilarious tableau. Jean Hersolt is again the famous country doctor loved by all. He stages a reunion of all the babies he has brought into the world and brings together a diversified crowd with human affairs in danger and a couple who want to adopt a child. It is a happy ending. Roddide Hudson merits considerable credit for her portrayal of the doctor's nurse, and also interest for Robert Keith, Dorothy Peterson as the Quints' nurse, John Qualters as their brother, and Slim Summerville as the constable, are outstanding hits. George Earnest and J. Edward Robert, Helen Vinson, Aime Dine- port. There is just enough of everything to make it enjoyable from the opening scene to the finale, and the new and bewitching antics of the Quints will warm the hearts of young and old.—With Century-Fox.

ONCE A DOCTOR

While this production is not the best fare on the screen today, it has a dramatic effect, a good plot, and proves to be entertaining. Based on the dramatic discharge of a surgeon who has been discharged from his profession, the film is amusing. He is also interesting. The surgeon has little to do, but his fine possibilities and exceptions are remembered. Donald Woods handles his part with a great deal of sincerity. Joseph George Oliver, caused to be discharged, is always up to part as the surgeon who has confidence in Woods, despite opinions to the contrary. The exciting climax takes place on a yacht after a wild race through a raging storm.—Warner Brothers.

MAD HOLIDAY

A wild, hilarious murder mystery that depletes all the craziest situations imaginable—that's Mad Holiday for you. Edmund Lowe is a Hollywood film star who is fed up with murder and playing detective. He walks out on his producer (Warner Baxter) and goes on a sea voyage to get away from it all. His story is the story of a film star who is faced with a murder mystery while on a yacht. The first person he meets is the despondent Miss Landi, an old, neglected, and neglected. The second person he meets is the famous foreign detective, Ted Healy, who has never seen a corpse. Miss Landi, appearing gloomily beautiful in a smart wardrobe, plays her part with spirit and charm. Ted Healy is good in his slapstick role and reveals more than his usual assurance. Miss Landi, appearing full of laughs. Be sure to see it.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.
Rembrandt, the great Dutch master, comes to life in the portrayal of Charles Laughton. The Prince of Shadows, whose eloquent canvases hang in the important galleries of the world, is also brought into a living, thrilling canvas, himself, under the gifted art of Laughton, the Prince of Cinema Shadows. He humanizes the immortal painter with the genius that marked his Ruggles, Captain Bligh and Henry the VIII. It takes a master of his art to portray a Master of Art. Hail to Laughton!
SEVERAL weeks ago, while lunching with the glamorous Alice Faye, in the picturesque Cafe de Paris at the 20th Century-Fox studio, she said to me, "No one experience can satisfy a woman. Now that I've won some success on the screen, I want a broader life that includes marriage. I want it along with my career, for I'm confident I can manage both and not neglect either one. In fact, each should prove an inspiration to the other. Why not? Men don't pass up marriage because they have work to do. I want to marry and have children while I am young enough to enjoy them.

"I don't know exactly what I want in a husband," she continued, gaily. "Not wealth, nor must he be dark an' handsome. But he must be understanding and loyally devoted. I'm very old-fashioned when it comes to love and marriage, and unless there is great love between two people who marry, I do not believe there can be the perfect understanding which is necessary to make it a success. In the few years I have been in Hollywood, I've seen what passes for love, blaze like a skyrocket and then flicker out very suddenly. Such a thing is devastating to the soul. I've observed, too, that..." [Continued on page 92]
Gladys Swarthout has found the secret to a happy marriage. She is first of all a wife and her professional career plays second fiddle.

A MARRIAGE That
"We don't want our marriage to change into a dull, routine, stereotyped affair." It was Gladys Swarthout speaking in that musical, cello-like voice of hers. "It started as a romantic adventure, and we intend to keep it a romantic adventure. We don't want to 'settle down.' As the years go by, we try to keep our marriage more colorful and adventurous than anything we have ever experienced before.

"A mistake a great many married people make is trying to submerge the personality of their partner into their own. My husband is still Frank Chapman, and I'm still Gladys Swarthout, and we intend to remain two separate and distinct individuals. After all, why do people fall in love and marry? Because they see in each other certain characteristics which are complementary to their own and draw them with a magnetic power. I firmly believe that we are born with physical and temperamental traits which, in themselves, are half and incomplete, that every normal person has in him or her an urge to find the person who has the qualities that will supply the other, the missing half.

"That's the mystery of love. These qualities usually are different from one's own—the attraction of opposites, you know. This is especially true in the case of artists, whose personalities develop along highly differentiated lines. Instead of hindering or trying to suppress the individual qualities of their partners, married people should cultivate them. That will keep the freshness and zest of their first days together.

"Another secret of a successful marriage is to let the wife have plenty of responsibilities. There are a lot of men who, prompted by a sense of false chivalry or the masculine idea of I-must-have-to-do-it-all, pamper their wives too much, try to relieve them of all responsibility, don't let them do anything. Nothing will make any sensible, self-respecting wife more discontented than that.

"When I go home, I love to putter around, to attend to the kitchen and the dusting and the marketing and planning. Frank thinks I'm a wonderful housekeeper. No critical praise about my singing could make me more proud than that. I never want to forget the fact that first of all I'm a wife. I hope to be Mrs. Frank Chapman long after ..."

By Cyril Vandour

Remains a ROMANCE
PRIME Giggle-of-the-Month from Hollywood, as per a typographical error in a press-agent’s copy about Kent Taylor. It read: "Kent Taylor has individual banks for his pennies, nickels and DAMES..." (—or maybe it wasn’t a typographical error?)

Strong Comeback

TALK of Hollywood is still Mary Astor—and how successfully she’s turned an ill-wind around to blow her good. At the time of the diary, there were dark whisperings and forebodings that “Mary’s career is over; this’ll kill it!” There were even printed reports in the Hollywood trade papers that Mary had been fired by producers who had tentatively taken her for certain roles.

Then came Dodsworth—and the storm of applause that greeted her work in the film. And now—well, now Mary is running Barbara Stanwyck a neck-and-neck race for

He’s off to sea again, girls—meaning the Gable man. No mutiny this time. He’s the co-skipper with Joan Crawford in Love on the Run—and then Parnell

the Comeback honors of Hollywood. More producers want Mary than she can work for at once. And all the would-be little unknowns in Hollywood are said to be furiously scribbling diaries...!!!

Garbodings

ABOUT Garbo there rages, still as always, a fury of gossip and counter-gossip and assertions and denials... First, you’ll have it from an absolutely

unimpeachable inside source that Garbo is seriously, desperately, horribly ill and that it’ll be a wonder if she finishes another film. And the very next day, you’ll hear that she’s been skyshooting around the lot like a chorus girl full of champagne, cracking jokes with Bob Taylor, and running him foot-races.

Then you’ll be advised that she’s through forever after Camille with movies, and will go back home to Sweden forever—and five minutes later you’re told her next picture is already all set, and that all she’ll do between Camille and it is to take a boat trip of a week or two. And you’ll learn, on assiduous inquiry, that she’s still as remote and unapproachable as ever—and then you’ll find out that she attended a party the other night, and goes to movies in the neighborhood theatres. And all you get out of it is that Garbo is still Garbo, and so what...??!

The TALK of Hollywood

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

Actress Anne Nagel’s eyes have it here, curtained as they are with long, curly lashes. Her dark Irish beauty so captivated Ross Alexander that he up and married the girl.

This young fellow—Doug Fairbanks, Jr.—plays a cat-burglar in Jump for Glory. Can it be that he stole Dietrich’s heart?
ing steadfast on the sidelines when he does! And I'll bet that George doesn't call her "Miss Garbo."

**As Maine Goes . . .**

WHAT'S happening to Shirley Temple's popularity?—ominous are the latest figures from the box-office front, that barometer that determines irrevocably a star's standing. Heretofore, Shirley has consistently held the top spot in exhibitors' reports from all over the country—never for more than a year dropping below second place. BUT—last month's figures show La Temple sliding down to fifth place! Reason? Unanimous opinion seems to be that Shirley has been given too many musicals.

Other box-office leaders: first place, Ginger and Astaire. Second place, Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. Third place, Bill Powell, thanks to Godfrey and Libeled Lady, not to forget Ziegfeld. Libeled Lady also sent Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy zooming topward again—which shows that you fans really want stories first, big stars second. Or does it?

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**Wide World**

A famous Dietrich leg, soapy and shapely, goes on display in a tub for *Knight Without Armor*.

When Mae Clarke goes to Palm Springs (it's always summer there) she takes along her blue polka-dotted satin bathing suit.

And Phyllis Dobson keeps abreast of summer in sunny climes by wearing a one-piece suit of red and white cotton print.

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**Ann Sothern** is called *The Smartest Girl in Town* in that picture because of the formal beaded gown she wears.

**Facts** are these: Garbo has been ill. But she is healthy again, and in her illness, she shucked off poundage and, although thin now, is in fine vigor. She does like Bob Taylor, but he never goes further than calling her "Miss Garbo." However, George Brent is still calling on her—despite all the hush-hushing—and Li'l Danny Romance seems to be hover-

**No Irish Confetti, Please!**

HOLLYWOOD Home news of the month is that Jean Harlow is going to have a new house, built entirely (except foundation and roof) of glass! However, before you go reserving front seats for the show, let me explain that it'll be the new type of glass building bricks—
trained as a guardian for the child. You see, although Shirley's new home is equipped with all sorts of anti-kidnap gadgets (including alarms that are sprung by an intruder crossing an invisible beam), and although Shirley has a 24-hour armed guard who even sleeps in the bedroom next hers, and although there is trick machinery to illuminate every square inch of the Temple house and grounds instantly at night, in case of alarm—still the powers-that-be weren't satisfied for Shirley's safety. So Mrs. Temple added the dog. Shirley doesn't realize the dog is a new kidnap-foil. She just thinks he's something to add to her zoo of other dogs, cats, pony, ducks, canaries, and several score rabbits.

### Up Planes and At 'Em

**VICTOR McLAGLEN**—who loves to fight better than anything else—is expanding his militaristic preparations... For a long time, now, he has been organizer and active head of the McLaglen Light Horse Cavalry, a uniformed troop of men (both in and out of films) who are taught all cavalry maneuvers, and whose purpose (although currently they just take part in parades) is to form a reserve troop in case of war. Now Victor goes a step further. He is organizing the McLaglen Aviation Corps—an escadrille to be composed of 125 men. McLaglen plans to have fifty first-class planes at call for the training and use of his flyers. Already, a group of noted aviators have donated use of their ships, and their own services as instructors, to Vic. McLaglen will pick his own corps members, and all they'll have to do is buy a uniform and pay a small membership fee. That'll give McLaglen mobile forces by land and by air. And wouldn't it be just his luck to have 'em attack him by sea?

### Young Back Fencers

**BACK** to Shirley Temple again— for I've just got to re-tell the giggle that's been tickling Hollywood's funny-bone. It seems those two little film kiddies, Sybil Jason and Charlene Wyatt, were talking about Shirley Temple. "Isn't it funny," asked Charlene, "about Shirley Temple saying she's only seven years old?" "Yess-s-s-s-s-s?" sibilated Sybil; "I don't want to be catty—but she'll never see eight again!" Who says film tots don't learn fast?

### Dogged Resistance

**TALKING** of Shirley, her menagerie has progressed from the stage of being purely fun to being also useful. Newest addition is a big German shepherd dog, they admit light, but you can't see through them. Nevertheless, Jean better not go throwing stones.

### Upping Bob's Salary

"**YOUNG Man Makes Good**" climax of the season was what happened to Robert Taylor, the other day—. His bosses at M-G-M called him in, tore up his old contract (which paid him a three-digit salary) and gave him a brand-new one. The new one, it's reported, begins at $2,500 a week, and scales up to $4,000 a week! And that, for a kid who wasn't considered very hot by the co-eds at the Pomona College he was going to a couple of years ago, is pretty good, eh?

### Also Pays the Price

**THE new contract shows how valuable Bob is as a piece of property to M-G-M. Even more indicative is the extent to which they're going to protect him.** They have, for example, ordered him not even to ride on that motor-scooter he bought to travel around the lot with!! Even a kid could run one of those in safety—but Bob's bosses don't want him to fall off and skin a knee or something. Moreover, when Bob innocently said he was going to the old home town for a visit with the folks, did they let him go as he wanted to—without fuss, and quietly, and alone? No-aire!! They sent along a special emissary, to see that Bob was fully guarded against any kind of racket, too-demonstrative gals, or anything else that might rebound evilly. Bob is learning that the price he must pay for film fame and film-pay is loss of Privacy plus Normalcy!

### Trying Them On the Dog

**NEW**est racketeer in Hollywood's studios is a 9-year-old lad who owns a trick puppy. His latest victims, mulcted of hard cash by his scheme, include Doris Nolan, Hugh Herbert and George

These were mulcted of $4,000, and Hollywood caught them soon or later. The superior ones displayed here belong to Helen Seamon, formerly of Pine Bluff. She's in Gold Diggers of 1937.
Murphy, all of whom the young gypsy artist "took" on Universal's Top of the Town set the other day—

The lad appeared (nobody has discovered how he crashed the studio gates) with the dog in his arms. It was a cute pup, and the kid looked ragged. "Wanna buy a dog, lady?" he asked Doris. "I gotta sell him."

The cute dog and the wistful lad touched Doris' heart. She forked over a dollar and took the pup, and the boy strolled off. But a minute later, when she looked for the pup, it had fled... Then she discovered, in a far corner, the boy again—and the dog was back with him!—and the boy was selling the dog to Hugh Herbert, this time!!! Doris, seeing the joke, didn't interfere. She watched Hugh pay for the dog, saw the boy wander off, and then saw the trained dog slip away from Hugh and speed to the lad again. And then both she and Hugh watched the child sell the dog the third time to Murphy! And then the boy walked to the door of the stage, whistled, and the dog came running—and both of them legged it out the studio gate as fast as they could go—plus three dollars.

Sews As She Reaps

JANE WITHERS' ma is certainly foresighted—and taking no chances. Full well does she know that most child stars go suddenly into oblivion when the gawking age comes. And so she is preparing Jane for precisely that eventuality—Regardless of the fact that by then, Jane will have earned and stored up a pretty fortune, her mother is teaching her the good, old, homely virtues which girl children used to have to learn: sewing, cooking, and housekeeping. "Being a picture star is fine," explains Mrs. Withers, "but it's more important that Jane should grow up to be a normal young woman who some day, I hope, will have a husband and children and home of her own. Knowing how to cook and keep house and sew won't have any bad effects on Jane's acting ability, certainly."

Fan Mail Velly Good

BECAUSE so many Chinese are writing to him since The Good Earth casting, Paul Muni has had to be given a Chinese college youth in his fan-mail department, to read and answer the letters!

A Rose By Any Name

EXTRA—EXTRA!—Tala Birell's name is going to be Tala Birell! And that's the latest change-of-title news from Hollywood, where a name or a picture-title is only something to be changed, usually. You see, for weeks and weeks and weeks the new moguls at Universal have been trying to think of a new screen name for Tala, figuring that the one she's been using was either a flop or unpopular. BUT—after all that thinking, they couldn't devise a better one, so they've told her to go ahead and be Tala Birell, if she wants to. **[Continued on page 68]**
No actor in Hollywood has made faster strides to stardom than your old pal, Spencer Tracy. His name doesn’t even have to be in lights. His appearance in the cast is enough light to attract you. Cameo performances have been his dish. Look for another in Captains Courageous.
WHERE TO?

For traveling North, East, or West, take a tip from Maureen O'Sullivan in selecting your serene silken slip from white. She born over a coat of black, sailor velvet and a tip from white. She then donned an additional, white ermine wrap to match the skirt. Trimmed for an extra feminine touch, this ermine wrap will lose plenty of its charm when they turn and when they step up and ask, "Have I met you before?"
There's nothing so appropriate as a smart tailored navy blue suit for your wardrobe, according to Maureen. It always fits neatly in one's travel plans. Maureen also affects a white crepe blouse—it adds additional smartness. The navy-off-the-face hat features a bright jade green band. When she finished Tarzan Escapes, Maureen consulted travel folders to help her with her vacation.

At the right Maureen suggests for the going-away ensemble a slate grey woolen dress. It is trimmed with a tailored collar of grey Persian lamb, topped with a square shoulder cape of the same material. You will note the squared effect of the shoulder in the top inset. A navy blue or jade green or grey off-the-face hat helps to complete the ensemble.

At the top is seen the Japanese influence as it affects milady's wardrobe this season. The formal gown worn by Maureen features a cherry red background and blossoms forth with a white flower design. The dress is of crepe and the white and red flowers attached to the bodice are of the same material.

When it comes to tailored smartness you will find it reflected at the right in this dusty rose woolen negligee worn by Maureen. It is just the thing to make her feel comfy around the house. The robe features yarn frog fastenings on the bodice. A satin bow of contrasting shade is tied at the waist.

By SALLY MARTIN
Fashion Editor, Motion Picture
The mysterious lure of the Far East finds our fair traveler, Maureen O'Sullivan, standing in awe of the legendary dragon of China. She is dressed in a two-piece gold mesh gown that sets off a good contrast through the use of a jade crepe scarf. A unique Chinese pin holds the collar in place. With Maureen thus outfitted you can see that she keeps pace with the topmost modes in style—for the Oriental influence is manifesting itself in milady's wardrobe this season. Gold mesh becomes Maureen
Here is the new Binnie Barnes giving you a profile and a different coiffure. Binnie is one of the most original stars in Hollywood—and one of the most talented. Is she busy? You bet. Having outsmarted Three Smart Girls, she'll waste no time in making a splurge in Delay in the Sun.

And here is Wendy Barrie, who like Binnie, hails from Merrie England. A tall, willowy type, she has succeeded in making a big dent in the w.k. Hollywood atmosphere with her different personality. She supported Lawrence Tibbett in Under Your Spell, and like Binnie is in Delay in the Sun.
Because he wasn't like anyone ever seen on the screen before, Hollywood wanted him. Errol brings a different romantic "feel" to his roles—and takes them in stride. He has never made a picture that didn't click—and has never gone upstage about it. He doesn't have to look around for opportunities; they look around for him. When they knock on his door Errol shouts a friendly "Come in!" You know the rest. Now he steps out of heroic swashbuckling to play The Green Light
MIRIAM HOPKINS' Latest Design for Living

By Elza Schallert

Miriam Hopkins had just returned from an eight months' stay in Europe the day I visited with her. She had been in London to make a picture entitled *Men Are Not Gods*, for her friend, Alexander Korda, guiding genius of London Film Productions. She had enjoyed the gay and high social life which the British capital offers when one knows the interesting people.

There were dinners—small, exciting groups of guests—attended by the Duke and Duchess of Kent, Rebecca West, English novelist, also G. B. Stern. Yes, and there were gown fittings at Schiaparelli's, and cordial chats at that famed establishment with the banner-lined Mrs. Wallie Simpson, of Baltimore.

And then Miriam Hopkins spent a week in Paris, where she was entertained by Gertrude Stein, cosmopolite and writer of weird verse. A trip through the south of Germany... Nuremberg, Munich... guesting at the American Embassy in Berlin, with her friend, the daughter of the Ambassador... formal state dinners and dances.

Next Vienna... after that ten days in Budapest with some writer friends of director Ernst Lubitsch... and finally Venice, at the very hour that Mussolini announced his rulership of Ethiopia, through conquest.

This was the first interview that Miss Hopkins granted on her return to Hollywood. It has been my privilege to have known the scintillating and brilliant star for some time. However, the matter of getting her to consent to something that sounds as prosaic and forbidding as an "interview" becomes a very elusive business. Like chasing a rainbow, or trying to pin down Charlie Chaplin for the same purpose. Both Miss Hopkins and Chaplin have a similar evanescent quality with reference to being questioned for publication. But once a contact is made with either one, an "interview" becomes a social event of cosmic character. Every subject under the sun is discussed. The conversation goes on and on and could last forever.

It was such a social afternoon that I spent with Miss Hopkins. She had just moved into the Beverly Hills house formerly occupied by Marlene Dietrich. The house has an easy, informal quality. Attractive, but not pompously decorative. There is a most inviting sun-room done in white and splashes of yellow, and adjoining it is a diminutive, and very chic, aperitif nook with red and white leather decor. Circular benches hug the walls, and a table seating four or six guests is part of the design. It was in this room that we lunched and chatted. When Miriam Hopkins talks it is like opening a bottle of old and rare champagne. She effervesces and sparkles. Her enthusiasm of the moment was over the house.

"Don't you think it's divine," she stated, rather than asked.

"It's charming informality... the convenient nursery and playroom arrangement for Michael and 'Mademoiselle,' his devoted nurse... and the yard space and tennis court... all these things appealed to me the moment I saw the house. And I simply adore it because it has no dining-room. There is nothing to reminded one of the stiff formality of [Continued on page 98]"
Joan Bennett

Joan, the littlest of the Bennetts, is proving to be the greatest troupers of them all. The youngest and prettiest of the w. k. thespian family, Joan has been kept busiest, going from one role to another with hardly a breathing spell. While sister Connie may be considered the best-dressed gal in Hollywood, we don't believe she has anything on Joan. What do you think?
Reduce Pores...Soften Lines

WITH THIS ROUSING UNDER SKIN TREATMENT

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

You're Twenty...you're twenty-five...you're thirty or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged. Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you put more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease, Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth, out. You look years younger!

The Lady Morris—

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirl ing London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream briskly. The circulation stirs. Glands awake. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat...Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It 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. 6-CB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose $ . to cover postage and packing.

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dentally, Gloria Swanson and Carole Lombard are now Gloria Swanson and Carole Lombard, also. The catch: before she went to court and had the Swanson handle legalized, Gloria’s name was really Mrs. Gloria Farmer. And before the law made her Carole Lombard, she was Jane Peters—and that’s a swell name for glamor, isn’t it . . . ?

Tops In Taps

MAYBE you think Fred Astaire is tops—but the Dance Trouper of America, Inc., have elected Eleanor Powell as “the foremost dancer of the world.” They’ve given her the title of Grand Trouper.

Whittlings From Holly-WOOD

SHE likes America so well that Norwegian Sonja Henie is going to take out citizenship papers as soon as she finishes One in a Million at 20th-Fox . . . Eleanor Powell has bought a German police dog that has been trained to do some of her tap-dance steps and now she dances a duet with him . . . and she’s going to have a pair of special tap shoes made for his front feet! . . . all of which so intrigued Bill Powell that he’s having a special raincoat made in order for “Asta,” the dog you saw in the Thin Man films . . . Adolphe Menjou is off on a new clothes-buying rampage again . . . because he’s gotten thinner, he’s had to replenish his wardrobe, and ordered 47 suits and five topcoats at one time! . . . you’d think Bela Lugosi would pick an old-fashioned, dark, mysterious-looking place for a home . . . but instead he bought the most modernistic glass-and-chromium place he could find in all Hollywood . . . giggle at this; Connie Bennett’s colored chauffeur’s name is—Bennett . . . because of a flood of kidnap threats, they’ve hired a 24-hour bodyguard for Freddie Bartholomew, which puts him in Shirley’s class . . . oddest fan-mail gift of the month was the 25 dollar Hong Kong bank note Carole Lombard received, with a note asking that she turn it over to her favorite charity . . . Joan Crawford still brings her own lunch to the studio in a lunch bucket . . . she’s recently equipped it with an entirely new set of dishes . . .

Boy Grows Older and Richer

LAST month, I wrote you an item telling about the apparent end of Jackie Cooper’s screen career—on any big scale, at least—with the dropping of his contract by MGM. But don’t feel too sad—Jackie’s mother just turned in an accounting of his funds, as required by law, and revealed that in cash, bonds, real estate and other investments, Jackie now owns about $50,000.

Maizie Maizie

MARGO likes to be called Margo. She certainly doesn’t like to be called Simone Simon! And so, when a fan made a mistake in identifying the other day when Margo appeared with Francis Lederer at a restaurant, Margo burned up when the autograph hunter said to her: “Please, Simone Simon, may I have your autograph?” Without a word, Margo took the autograph book and scrawled a signature in bold, big letters. The fan smiled happily—and then howled in amazement when he looked at the book and discovered she’d written—“Maizie Jouet . . . !”

Cooking Up a Club

THE Filipino cook Robert Taylor fired for bum cooking may have been a bum cook, all right—but he was a smart Filipino, nonetheless. His name is Victor Gayla—and during the few weeks Bob tried him out, Victor learned, if nothing else that Bob got a lot of mail. So, when Bob finally let him go, Victor started The International Robert Taylor Fan Club. He paid particular attention to launching branches in the Orient, of course. And now Victor’s club has thousands of members, and he publishes a Bob Taylor newspaper, of which Bob is honorary editor. And oh, yes—by the

The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 57]
Grounded

Next time you see a sleeper plane in a movie—an interior shot of the ship, I mean—don't be too sure that you're looking at the interior of a sleeping plane. It seems that movie calls for the new American Airlines' night ships were so numerous, it interfered with the company's flying schedules. So what?—so they built an exact replica of the plane's interior which can be supplied gratis to studios—and leave the real planes free to fly. The prop plane, which is a breakdown affair that can be rushed to various studios by motor truck, has everything the real plane has—except wings, wheels and motors.

Never the Twain Shall Meet

FROM the news that both Mary Astor and Mrs. George S. Kaufman (remember the diary?) are on Samuel Goldwyn's payroll, you might anticipate an explosion on the Goldwyn lot. But it won't happen. Because while Mary works for Sam, Kaufman's wife remains in the East, writing and working as his eastern story editor. And, 3,000 miles ought to be safe.

Plenty of Savvy

LEW AYRES is a gallant lad.... Here's the excerpt from a letter from Lew (who recently traveled in Europe) received by Bodil Rosing, that swell character actress who plays so many mother roles... "Here I am in your home town, Copenhagen," (wrote Lew) "and I want to say it is the most attractive of all the cities I've visited. All the girls look like you—and Greta Garbo!"

Bob Taylor Chases Girls

A REPORTER on a Hollywood paper got the thrill of his life, just the other day. He's got a gal friend who works in movies and lives at the Girls' Studio Club, where a score or more of the screen's most beautiful young actresses live. The reporter's phone rang, and his gal friend's voice, all excited, screamed. "Come over quick—Robert Taylor is loose on the second floor of the club, and he's chasing all the girls into their rooms...."

The reporter, envisioning the sweetest story he'd ever covered, waited not. He dashed furiously to the club. And there, he discovered, Robert Taylor actually was loose and chasing the girls. BUT—Robert Taylor turned out to be just a little long-haired dog, who wandered into the club several days before, and was adopted by the girls and christened "Robert Taylor." Wouldn't they?

Goodbye Dolly, I Must Leave You

Anne Shirley needed to have a doll collection. Maybe you've read about it—the 300 dolls she collected from all over the world—big and little, in all imaginable styles and costumes. But now Anne's grown up. She doesn't play with dolls any more. So, the other day, she gave them away to the head of a Los Angeles children's charity organization, and the 300 famous dolls will have been, by the time you read this, Christmas presents to little girls who otherwise wouldn't have had one. Anne held out five of the dolls. "For sentimental reasons," she explains.

To Come—If He Saw Me NOW...

SAV—THAT'S FUNNY—SHE WAS KEEN ABOUT GOING KNOW—WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?

TINA'S ACTING AWFULLY QUEER LATELY—SHE'S JUST DROPPED OUT OF EVERYTHING

STAN, YOU MAKE THE NICEST SPEECHES

OH, MOTHER I CAN'T GO—NOT POSSIBLY—TELL HER I'M S-SORRY—BUT—

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES!"

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25. At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes daily, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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When answering advertisements, please mention February Motion Picture
No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

acters

I'll give you PROOF in 7 days that I can turn you, too, into a man of might and muscle. Right in the first week you will see and feel the improvement. Then I continue to re-build, renew and "overhaul" your body. Soon you are the proud owner of a powerful build like mine. People will notice the ruddy glow of health in your face, the sparkle in your eye, and the breadth of your shoulders. You will be so filled with vitality you will walk off with the prettiest girl and the best job. Mail coupon below for a FREE copy of my new book. It reveals the secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling into a bruiser who won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Are you underweight? I'll add pounds where needed. Are you fat in spots? I'll pare you down to fighting weight.

And I'll also give you rugged health that banishes constipation, pimples, skin blemishes and similar conditions that rob you of the good things of life.

It's all safe and effective for contrabands in the heart and other vital organs. I don't design for doctors use. Dynamic-Tension is all I need. It's the natural, tested method for developing real men inside and out.

48-Page Book FREE

tells all about my method and what it has done to make big-muscled men out of run-down specimens. Shows actual photos, how I develop my pupils to their perfectly balanced proportions. My system can do the same for you too.

Don't keep being only half of the man you can be! Put your name and address on the coupon, and a FREE copy will be sent to you today.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 94P, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Big Silver Cup Being Given Away

This valuable solid silver cup is in the shape of a ship's wheel. It is the first prize in the "Who's the Man of the Year?" contest sponsored by the World Magazine. The wheel was cast of solid silver. The first man to solve the puzzle on the wheel must be in the next 3 months. The cup will be awarded to the man who gives the best answer to the puzzle. It is worth $750. You can solve the puzzle by writing to the World Magazine, 40 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. A copy of the puzzle will be sent to you upon request.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 94P, 115 East 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of Dynamic-Tension will make a new man of me—give me a healthy, balanced body and big muscle development. Send for your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength.

Name

Address

City State

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
discovered that, for the first time, he gets a chance to do the punching. He socks Jimmy Stewart on the nose. "What a sock that's going to be," he promised. "It'll make up for the 150 I took." Jimmy, at last reports, was trying to borrow a football player's noseguard.

To film the exquisite skating grace of world-champion Sonja Henie, 20th-Fox, for the first time in movies, put into use a super-slow-motion camera, herebefore used only in scientific studies. The camera takes 11,000 exposures a minute! When this film is projected, it produces on the screen action nine times slower than normal action.

MGM's Parnell led to open warfare between Clark Gable and Director John Stahl. The battle, as this is written, isn't yet settled. Stahl is a stickler for authenticity in detail. The Gable part in Parnell requires him to wear a beard. So Stahl ordered Clark to grow a beard. "A make-up beard wouldn't look right," he insisted. Clark rebelled. He recalled the days when he worked as a lumberjack in the northwest. He grew a beard then—and it itched. He told Stahl that he wouldn't grow another one. Both sides went to the big bosses at MGM. Finally they have reached a compromise. Clark has been given a short vacation. He has agreed to go on a hunting trip and not shave. If he can stand it, he'll come back and play the Parnell rôle with his real beard. But if it itches, he swears he'll shave. Or anyway, offer a compromise on sideburns.

In 20th-Fox's Crack-up, a story about a transoceanic flight, there are long under-water scenes. To protect Brian Donlevy, Peter Lorre, Ralph Morgan and Thomas Beck (who play the water sequences) from pneumonia, special suits of skin-fitting rubber underwear were devised.

Those wots got 'em shows 'em. Lois (Honey Suger) Lindsay of ol' Miss. shows hers standing on money bags she dug up for Gold Diggers of 1937
Glenda Farrell and Barton MacLane steal a clinic while Winifred Shaw cheers her man up in Smart Blonde

Theodora Goes Wild—AA+—Irene Dunne proves herself a talented comedienne as a prim New Englander who writes a sophisticated novel, then invades New York and goes wild. Melvyn Douglas supports her in a commendable manner.

—Columbia.

Flying Hostess—AA+—Exciting melodrama, romance, and comedy supply thrills galore in this film which glorifies the air hostess, featuring Judith Barrett, William Gargan and William Hall.

—Universal.

Under Your Spell—AA+—Lawrence Tibbett renders three singing numbers in a magnificent voice and does well in a romantic role, playing opposite Wardie Barry, Gregory Ratoff and Arthur Treacher share the laughs—20th Century-Fox.

Go West Young Man—AA+—The huge stage a success. Partridge, however, comes to the screen presenting Mac West in his typical role for those who are interested in something slightly different—Paramount.

Charlie Chan at the Opera—AA—Warner Oland gives an excellent and well-timed performance, while Ben Bardoff shares honors as an opera singer, giving Oland plenty of competition. The best of the Charlie Chan series—20th Century-Fox.

Country Gentleman—AA+—Ole Olsen and Chie Johnson bring their hilarious antics to the screen as wilders, promoters who deal in gold and oil stocks. Lila Lee and Joyce Compton share the fun—Republic.

Laughing at Trouble—AA+—Opening with a trial and conviction, this drama revolves around the efforts of a woman editor (June Darwell) to unravel the crime so young romance can resume its normal course. Allan Lane is the convicted man—20th Century-Fox.

Make Way for a Lady—AA+—With serious and gay moments, this good entertainment has Anne Shirley, an admission with her adeptness, upstaging the romance of her father, Herbert Marshall. Margot Grahame and Gertrude Michael are the ladies involved—R-K-O.

Black Legion—AA+—Taken from current events, this tells of the recent prosecution and conviction of a group of self-appointed guardians of private and public morals, whose activities end in murder—R-K-O.

Career Women—AA+—Claire Trevor does a good job in her role as a young law school graduate who seeks to establish a detective agency. When Willlam Whalen, a criminal attorney, that the law is worthy of dignity. Isabel Jewell is the girl on trial—20th Century-Fox.

The Jungle Princess—AA—Showing great promise, Dorothy Lamour, young newcomer, portrays Theodora then proves with the aid of her gang. Kay Milland supplies the romance with Miss Lamour—Paramount.

Smart Blonde—AA+—A mystery-comedy-drama revolving around a girl scribe (Glenda Farrell) and her boy-friend detective (Barton MacLane), who attempt to solve murders with surprising results. Glenda proving herself a better detective than MacLane—Warner.

Can This Be Dixie?—AA+—A take-off on the Old South and the traditional southern colony, this musical features Jane Withers in some outlandish numbers that prove to be the highlight of the picture—20th Century-Fox.

Crime Over London—AA—American gangsters, hiding out here, are being betrayed in London and plan a spectacular raid on a big department store. Basil Sydney is the gangster-in-chief and Margot Grahame the moll—United Artists.

Song of the Gringo—AA—Tex Ritter, radio favorite who won acclaim by his cowboy ballads, makes his screen debut in this western which offers an outstanding feature in the person of Juan Woodbury—Grand National.

Hideway Girl—AA—Martha Raye's clowning is the high spot of this complicated comedy-romance melodrama. The story revolves around Shirley Ross, who is supported by Robert Cummings, Elizabeth Russell and Monroe Osweky—Paramount.

Night Waitress—AA—Margot Grahame, as a waitress in a waterfront cafe, and Gordon Jones, skipper of a shabby schooner, become innocently involved with gangsters who have hijacked a gold shipment. An interesting melodrama—R-K-O.

The Lonely Trail—AA—Reconstruction following the Civil War Days is the plot for this historical western, featuring John Wayne and Ann Rutherford—Republic.

13 Maiden Lane—AA—A semi-mystery, dramatic story about thieves in the diamond business and a girl who succeeds in hoisting them by their own petard. Claire Trevor and Cesar Romero head the cast—20th Century-Fox.

Missing Girls—AA—This picture is based on Martin Mooney's recent experience in investigating criminal racketeers, and resulting in his being sent to jail in contempt of court for refusing to divulge the source of his information—Chesterfield.
THE RIGHT AND
WRONG ABOUT
Colds!

The Beloved Vagabond—A slumber film isn't up to the unique Chevalier villainy, the fans will be pleased to see Maurice again. He is cast as a French architect in love with an English girl, Margaret Lockwood.—California.

The Case of the Black Cat—A murder mystery with Robert Montgomery as the principal actor and friend. Ricardo Cortez, as a criminal lawyer, carries the leading role.—Chicago.

The White Legion—Relating the efforts of five medical scientists sent by the government to Panama during the construction of the Canal to stamp out the yellow fever epidemic.—Grand National.

The Gallant Defender—Taken from a story by Peter B. Kyne, this is a dramatic western with Charles Starrett and Joan Perry sharing the leading roles.—Columbia.

The Captain's Kid—Guy Kibbee, Roy Rob-son and Sylvia Jason give good individual performances. Otherwise the story is unreal and nothing startling can be expected.—Warner.

Everybody Dance—Clyde Courtland and Ernest Truex furnish the comedy in this story of complications that arise when two notorious nightclub queens attempt go as a woman farmer in order to adopt a couple of orphaned children.—Gaumont-British.

Killer at Large—The exploits of a female Sherlock Holmes, in the person of Mary Brian, who plays a department store detective, is the basis for this one.—Columbia.

Mandarin Mystery—Though the disappearance of a valuable Chinese stamp and its recovery, with murder to complicate matters, is the plot for this story, Eddie Quillan and Charlotte Henry have the leads.—Republic.

The Sea Spoilers—In the Coast Guard service, with its thrilling action and traditional romance, lend a glamorous background for this entertaining feature. John Wayne and Nan Grey have the romantic roles.—Universal.

THE "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization. Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject. The sad part is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds. A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing! The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold. They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for a cold treatment! A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds. A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside. Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment. First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are cold tablets! They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects They open the bowels, an acknowledgedly wise step in treating a cold. They combat the infection in the system. They relieve the headache and fever. They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.

Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.

Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

Don't Miss

any of the following big pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it—The Charge of the Light Brigade, a thrilling production based on Tennyson's poem with Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland and an excellent cast. . . . Come and Get It, Edna Ferber's best-seller, beautifully filmed and talently portrayed by Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer. . . . Three Men on a Horse, even more hilarious than the play which is in its third year on Broadway. . . . Paree Express, an exciting and romantic sequel in the Trianon series with a new star—Merle O'Har, a chimpanzee. . . . We Who Are About to Die, Ann Dvorak, John Beal and Presley Foster in a dramatic treatise on capital punishment. . . . Libel Lady, the laughs come too quick to count them when delivered by such favorite comedians as William Powell, Myrna Loy, John Hodiak and Spencer Tracy. . . . Romeo and Juliet, a beautifull production, superbly cast, with Miss Shearer and John Barrymore taking the honors. . . . And, if it isn't too late, don't miss Dvdowith, a splendid film, based on Sinclair Lewis' novel and play, starring Walter Huston. You're missing some grand entertainment if you fail to see any of them.

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

Radio Note: Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening, 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.
Still Waiting to be Swept Off Her Feet
[Continued from page 34]
daffodil-yellow hostess gown which revealed and yet concealed her dainty form.

"MERLE," I began, "tell me, if you will, about your marriage plans. I came here to get the whole story—the true story from you—and I’ll tell you little or as much about that as you wish!"

"There aren’t any plans," she answered simply, with her crisp English accent. "I’m not going to marry David and that’s the truth. I’ve never intended to and nothing has changed; we’re still the same great friends we were months ago when I flew to New York and David flew after me, I’m still 'fancy free'!"

"But why," I pressed, "haven’t you scouted those, at first, thinly veiled rumors which had recently been accepted?"

"Because I never troubled to, before," she said frankly. "People say you’re going to marry and no amount of denying seems to make the difference."

At this point, she laughed, "once they’ve made up their minds. So I just let it go at that. But really, that’s the way it is." And who am I to doubt her?

BETWEEN Merle and David has existed one of the sweetest friendships that all too unfortunately, have grown out of Hollywood. As to whether Merle will, eventually, capitulate, I’m neither a seventh daughter or a seventh son, or a crystal-gazer. I only know what I read in her eyes—and for David there is sympathy, understanding and an honest respect; but she insists that she wants romance, love, a home, a husband and children—and if David were the man of her choice I can’t see any reason in the world why they wouldn’t be married.

As ambitious, as intelligently interested in her career as Merle is, I believe she would cast her opportunities aside without a second thought, for a deep and abiding love were at stake.

Instead she is on her way to play opposite Charles Laughton in The Divine Lady X, and then she will return to star, in all probability, in Angles Making Music, with Gary Cooper opposite.

In Hollywood Merle is most intimate with Norma Shearer and Constance Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, the former Lady Sylvia Ashley, Gloria Swanson, and, of course, the Astaires. It was Fred who introduced David Niven, who had met Merle once, previously, in London.

It was this way:

"David and I had met in London and when he arrived in Hollywood he was just as homesick that he didn’t know just how homesick that was! Eventually he got up enough courage to ask Fred, also a friend of his, to arrange to meet me again, helpfully, and when he remembered our former introduction and invited me to visit, I think he was almost as happy as I, for, together, we weren’t homesick any more.

That, of course, was a most normal beginning to a deep and close friendship— as well as their mutuality of interests, for Merle, who is the most desirous of cooperation around in David’s small tan car, loves sports and dancing, riding and even fishing.

[Continued on page 104]
PARTY-LEADER of the month in Hollywood's dance was, seemingly, none other than Grace Moore. Your Party Reporter has no fewer than three glamorous affairs to report, this time—First of all, there was Grace's big-time cocktail party, thrown for all her friends soon after she began work in Hollywood again in Intervale at Columbia (even though she vowed, not so long ago, that she was through with films forever, because they made her milk a cow in her last one). Grace was assisted at the cocktail mantle by her husband, Valenti Parrish. The party itself had a Spanish motif—but that doesn't mean that civil war broke out. I mean the decorations were Spanish, and the music was a lot of calypso rhumba, until by Edward Duran's Spanish orchestra, with rhumba numbers by Charles Raffian.

UP AMONG the top flight of guests were Grace's close friends, Director Harry Lachman and his beautiful Chinese wife, Chia, (whom more, later on). Naturally, the music world was out in force, with such guests as the Irving Berlins, Lily Pons and her conductor-fiance Andre Kostelanetz, Dr. and Mrs. Mario Marchetti (the doctor being one of Hollywood's best-known voice coaches); Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman. Non-singing guests also included such film biggies as Myrna Loy, Frank Capra, Gloria Swanson, Ray Francis, Charles Boyer, Ronnie Coleman, Cary Grant, Mary Brian, Ruth Chatterton and on and on and on.

LESS huge and more fun was the dinner party Grace and hubby threw several nights later. The occasion was Grace's purchase of some land out Brentwood way (that's getting to be the No. 1 move residence address now) for her future home there. On the property stands an ancient, deserted farm house, which will be removed to make way for the Moore mansion.

HOWEVER, it was that old deserted farm-house that was the setting for Grace's dinner, at which the guests were Gladys Swarthout and Frank Chapman, and Jane Draper and Buddy Woolf. The dinner was prepared by Grace herself—and Grace knows her cooking, as you'll discover when you see the book on foods she's now writing. This time, she prepared chicken, Spanish style, over a big fire in the farmhouse fireplace. And, because there were no chairs, the host and hostess and guests all sat on the floor. And for dessert, they topped the novel proceedings by stepping out into the garden and picking fresh fruit off the trees there!

I TOLD you I'd tell you more about Chia Lachman later. Here it is, Grace and Chia knew each other when both were in France, studying voice, years ago. But not since then had they met until Grace went out Intervale which Chia's husband is directing. Returning Grace's cocktail party invitation, Chia had the songbird and her hubby as guests of honor at a gorgeous formal dinner, a week or so afterward. And the dinner, in continental fashion, began late and the guests didn't leave until long after 1 a.m. Guests included Loretta Young, Gloria Swanson, the Mary Pickford's and Buddy Rogers, the Frank Morgans and most of the guests who attended Grace's original cocktail shindig.

HOLLYWOOD'S younger gang, in the meantime, leaves the formal affairs to the elders and the big-timers, while they whomp things up for themselves in less dignified but more hilarious party doings. The Monday Nighters, for instance, after a summer let-down, started the ball rolling again with their roller-skating riots, down at Culver City's huge roller-rome. Among those who whomped skates and bumped you-knowns were such newsmen as Cesar Romero, who hosted this particular affair with a buffet supper at his home before the skating began, Inez Courtney, and a gang of other film folk.

DUTCH treats are becoming more popular too among the youth crowd. The Paula Stone-Elemore Whitney-Dennis Moore-Henry Willingestad gang go in for that sort of thing. Their latest Dutch Treat took place at the Trocadero (which is a swell place to have a Dutch treat, from the host's standpoint).

AND once again, too, the Venice Amusement Pier, with its roller coasters, its fun-house, its slides and its other zany, is coming in for evening whomp-to-do, even among those old enough to know better. Consider, for instance, this crowd doing the dips—Mrs. Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, and Miss, Fred Stone and Miss, the Herbert Mundins, Jack Benny and wife, Mary Livingston, and so on. Chinatown slumming is in vogue, too.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from cellulose (not cotton) When answering advertisements, please mention February Motion Picture 75
What? No Faults? You Tell 'Em Pat!

[Continued from page 43]

I've some grand, old fishing tackle in there, too!

After we acquired the first baby, Mavournen, we added another wing to the house, and when Patric Sean O'Brien arrived on the scene, it seemed that we should need still more room. It didn't seem practical to do any more building on the lot that we had, so I thought the only thing to do was to buy a larger place.

Then Eloise, my wife, surveyed the contents of my "squirrel room," and decided that we could never move all that junk. We'd have to stay where we were, and squeeze some more space from the garden for another room or two. He paused,2

"That's what comes of going to auctions. I go to them," he added dreamily, "on Monday evenings,—or, if they come on any other evenings, I go to them just the same.

"And so the auctioned turned into a vice!"

I snapped, (I was still on the trail of Pat's vices.)

"I'll say they did!" he averred, "Now we have to have an extra room for books. I'll tell you about the books in a moment. But, y'know, I bought a desk the other day. It's a hony of a desk. It took ten men to get it into the house. You see, it's not just books that have got me down, it's furniture as well!"

Then he confessed which something

seems a real vice. The neighbors, who are my friends, and of whom Pat is very fond, have wondered at why he hasn't visited them more often. I asked him about them.

"I can't go to see them," he confessed, miserably, "They have such beautiful old furniture. I feel I don't look at it. My fingers begin to twitch. You know that dining table of theirs. I dream, it's come to the point where I have to get to them to come to my house, instead!"

From there, he went into a dissertation about his various hobbies; his treasures. He began to look so uplifted as he discussed them, that I thought, perhaps, I had better get him a drink. We strolled on to the Sun Quenita set. A grip burst upon us with: "Say, Pat, how many rounds did you give Armstrong in the fight last night?"

Pat snapped out of his bookish trance, and became the fight connoisseur, "Six," he said, promptly, "two to Beloise,—or maybe three, and one to them."

We proceeded to talk sports,—all kinds of sports. Pat played basketball at Marquette, boxed in the army, played handball here, basketball there, baseball elsewhere. I found him one of the best informed men on sports I have ever met,—and I've written sports columns.

There is no such person as Mister O'Brien in Hollywood. We had an appointment for lunch the other day at Warner Bros. Studios. I was early. Then the waitress brought the menu. I told her that I was Mister O'Brien's guest, and that I wanted a menu for waiting.

She looked a little puzzled. Then a light seemed to dawn. "Oh," she said, brightly, "you mean Pat? Of course, he'll be along any moment now."

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
The luncheon that followed must have impaired his digestion. We were at a table for two, but we might as well have been at a table for fifty, for Pat was busily employed between bites, firing back answers to wise cracks from the thirty or so other tables, and had no chance whatever to pursue the subject of his imperfections. However, I suppose the meal did him no harm, for words roll like ripples from Tennyson's well-known babbling brook. He is one of the fastest talkers in the world, and has been clocked, on the set, at four hundred words per minute! I soon found out that luncheon on his home lot was no place to find out his faults. I gave it up. Conversation was impossible. After he had disposed of his hot roast beef sandwich without gravy,—he hates wet sandwiches,—he found he had time to do an errand on the Boulevard. The errand was to buy baseball equipment for a sand-lot team of kids.

We got into his car, I wished that I had equipped myself with dark-colored spectacles. It was the grayest car I have ever seen, and I have ridden in green cars, in Belfast and Dublin.

"I tried to buy a green car, but this is the best they could do for me," he remarked apologetically. Wondering what Pat would call a real green car, I enquired weakly.

"Tell me about your shamrock-shaped swimming pool that I've heard so much about.

"What shamrock-shaped swimming pool? How could one swim in a shamrock-shaped swimming pool? It's just an ordinary shaped swimming pool." He added more mildly. "There's a shamrock written in the titles at the bottom of it, if that's what you mean." So bang goes another legend.

I RETURNED to his faults. "Isn't it true," I asked sternly, "that you are likely to bring home a horde of sand-lot baseball-playing youngsters, without any notice?"

He hung his head.

"Isn't it true," I proceeded, "that you deceive people? Is it you, or did you not telephone innocent people, and invite them to a 'small, intimate barbecue,' and when your 'intimates' assembled, they were about four hundred of them? What does Mrs. O'Brien think of your stuffing the house full of furniture, books, sand-lot players, old hats, souvenirs, and 'small, intimate parties of four hundred'?"

He chuckled. "She's just as bad as I am," he announced triumphantly. "She revels in it all!"

"Or has given you up as a bad job!" I snorted. "Does she revel in straightening up after you, when you are afflicted with one of your fits of 'straightening up,' which consists of leaving the books all over the library floor?"

He grimied uncomfortably. I felt I had him on the ropes, and thought it might be a good time to take up the feminine gushings over his good looks, even though I'm not the brave lad who would like to annoy Pat to the point where he might decide that a good poke in the nose was what I needed.

"Well," he said, meditatively, "you can tell by looking at me that I'm not in pictures on account of this pan of mine. You know, one of the finest compliments I have ever been paid, was from a man I know in New York, who told me that he never went to see Pat O'Brien in pictures, but went to see the characters that Pat O'Brien created."

Faults? Vices? Shortcomings? Well, I've done the best I can with them, but I'm much afraid they don't sound so very terrible!
I'll Never Have a Star Complex—Ross Alexander

[Continued from page 38]

his philosophy of keeping the nation's currency in constant circulation. Hobbies engaged his attention. Finding the glamour of our surrounding championship hockey games and heavy-weight boxing bouts (his favorite spectator diversions) growing thin, five years ago Ross discovered a hobby that packed the wallow of both. Also, on one which he could spend a lot of money.

In the days before Christmas, 1931, Ross' convivial friends asked him what he wanted Santa Claus, the old rogue, to bring for his train! Ross answered, and he didn't lip it, either—get that.

The friends thought, of course, that the old concession of three years before had knocked the board of a speeding taxi and into the hospital for six months (three of which found him unconscious) had at last taken its toll. "Poor guy," they said, "baldy! Wants an electric train, well, it's too bad."

Christmas morn dawned, and Ross got his electric train. He bought it himself. It was a pre-streamline masterpiece, and it whizzed around the floor on its splendid tracks, stopping at flaggings and semaphores, its coaches rattling to a halt with the "lilum of a Burlington Zephyr. Fascinated, his friends stopped shaking their heads at Ross and started playing with the darned things themselves.

From that day to this, his electric trains—he has a switch yard full of them now—he has removed the home interest ...as far as hobbies go. When he found that he would do a five-year stint for Warner Brothers, he immediately sent East for his trains; had to rent a studio across the street from his first Hollywood home to accommodate them. Now they are spread over his Boston and Hollywood home, and whenever he changes dwellings, Ross' first thought is for a place big enough to house his miniature rolling stock.

IT doesn't seem likely that Ross will look for another residence very soon. Not until he decides to buy and build on an acreage in the fertile San Fernando Valley where he now rents a ten-acre place. Lavish with what money he makes, the recent Depression has, nevertheless, had its stabilizing effect on the twenty-nine year old actor. He was born July 27, 1907. He now has more than the expenses of himself and his wife to think about. The late lull in industry managed to strike a death blow at his father's leather business, with the result that Alexander has gladly assumed the financial responsibilities of his parents.

Radical as Ross' ideas are concerning the future and financial ease, he is ready as reactionary as the most ardent conservative. Whether his newest enterprise is a hobby or a side profession, can't be said. And if all would be as the one to label it. Despite the fact that the aggressive younger, with the gibb tongue, doesn't believe much in laying the foundation for a future on money, he insists that collecting stamps, avocation, "sideline," call it what you may, that will ultimately bring him a comfortable income, if he can manage it successfully.

On the ten-acre ranch that borders the one of Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler near Encino, California, Alexander is raising horses.
ON days when Ross is not smearing grease-paint over his likable, slightly irregular-featured face, and performing for Messrs. Warners' cameras, he is to be found, with Vivian, his colored man-of-all-jobs, tussing around with the livestock. He has a couple, William and his wife, to "do" for him in the low California bungalow that is a stone's throw (if you're a Big Leaguer) from Warren William's and Edward Everett Horton's nearby estates. Ross thinks, by the way, that Eddie Horton's mother is just about tops in "nice people."

Completely democratic, utterly realistic, Alexander hates the idea of being called a cynic. Cynicism is a pretty low form of human belief, or disbelief, he reasons; and boredom is something else that he can't understand anyone becoming infested with, save at a Hollywood night club. Life, to Alexander, is too full of experiences, which he indulges in with gusto, to allow boredom to get you. Another pain in his classic neck is the publicity racket, indulged in by the film industry.

An interview, to Alexander, means that he is subject to a lot of personal questions at the hands of a prying person, and that he has to put on a collar and meet the interviewer in the exclusive atmosphere of the Green Room Cafe, frequented by the de luxe artists on the lot. Ross would prefer to grab his two-inch steak, sprinkled with Worcestershire sauce, plus French fried potatoes and onions, at the commissary where Jake Prop chews with Pete Grip, and the coffee comes in thicker cups. The ultra in anything does not appeal to Alexander.

With this lack of caste distinction, plus his penchant for being "broke," Alexander is doubly protected from ever suffering a "star complex."

If these traits did not keep him from losing perspective, his humor would, Ross has a wit as healthy as his own strong, muscular body. Also he has a healthy contempt for anything commonplace. Asked, kiddingly, to reveal his private vices, Alexander looked sardonically at his third lunch companion and said: "Shall we tell her about the opium?"

Cast as a "hoofer" in the new Ruby Keeler film, Ready, Willing and Able, Alexander, whose definite talents have always been expressed in drama, had grave doubts about his dancing and singing abilities. His tongue found vent for them, "Dobby Cotman (the dance director) is going to have an awful time with my two left feet," he cracked.

Twice-married before, to actresses, Ross' recent marriage to his co-star of Here Comes Carter (Anne Nagel) seems to be just the right thing for him. "I'm a man who likes a home and a wife," he says. "Playing around doesn't interest me." All things indicate that Irish Anne (she was a Dolan of Boston) and her new husband are headed for a long-term matrimonial alliance. He? For one reason Anne is putting all she earns under her Warner Brothers' contract into a fund to insulate a college education for their children.

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I wouldn’t wait for old age to overcome me first. It was as though the tooth epi-

dides were a warm, slow, you know, act which you can. Never let a delay like this hap-

pen again!”

“Well, I did get them fixed along about

my junior year. And did I blossom out

then! Why, there was no holding me!”

Doris laughed loudly—a laugh on the

Carole Lombard-Tina Modotti scale. Oh yes, oh my, a dramatic club production and the
class play all the same year. In one I played the part of somebody’s very hirs-
tuous maid, and in the other I borrowed. Nor

the part was too small for me, so I had
to bridge the gaps with a safety-pin. At the

end of the second act, the safety-pin
grew tired, and as the curtain slowly
dropped, so did the skirt. It was very

embarrassing. I don’t remember very much

about the second play except that I just

sort of tripped around in a very luscious

costume. This costume was borrowed too,

but you can be sure that this time I

borrowed it far more like a fat girl.

By this time you can bet that I was a full-

fledged amateur!”

IN FACT, Doris was destined to con-

continue as an amateur, practically, until

after her first screen contract. It was

after she had finished High School that

she joined Katherine Cornell at the famous
New York’s Greeneville. The

Provincetown Theatre in New

York’s Greenwich Village.

“That year I spent there in the grandest

thing that ever happened to me. We
did countless one act plays, lots of Shake-

peare, but, most important of all, Mr.

Goode taught us imagination. He

let me see, how can I explain what that

was without having it sound too silly.

Well the idea was this. At some time during the evening’s performance, Mr.

Goode would come out on the stage and

explain that he was trying to develop ease

and poise in his players, and, to help him

in this respect, would sometimes go to

the audience suggest a scene which he

would like to see the actors and actresses

play—any scene, something out of the

imagination. Then the actors

would do the scene, making it up as they

went along. Usually we had to work in

pairs for this trick, or sometimes we

worked individually. Suppose, for ex-

ample, some one would call out: ‘Have

them be a man and wife on their honeymoon,

and have the husband complaining about her

cooking!’—we would have to create

that scene right there and then, on less

than a minute’s notice.

“That, incidentally, was one of the most

sensible and sane ones I ever remember

having to do. Sometimes I got some aw-

ful ones to do—crazy things—but

no matter what they were we had to do

them. That was one of the rules of the

game. Once I remember I was alone on

the stage and Mr. Goode had made half a

speech and some fresh fellow stood up and

said ‘Have her act out “From the Frying

Pan into the Fire”’. Don’t ask me how I

got that one together. I think I was

the worst! . . . heavens, no! Once some-

one yelled for me to imitate an oyster

being swallowed! Oh, I feel like one right

now as I try to imagine how the audience

loved all this goodness!

They loved it and at first we suffered . . .

but after a while it got so you could do

anything, be anything on any stage. When

we had finished the course not one of us

had the least self-consciousness left.

WHY, I can also remember some-
times when we’d be rehearsing a play

and I’d act a little affected in my

part, Mr. Goode would say, ‘Now if

you don’t mind, Miss Nolan, would you

please run through those lines again

. . . can you time the feet from the

beginning to end?’ Just try and be affect-

ed after that. Why, even my first movie

test held no qualms for me, and that really

was a feather in Mr. Goode’s cap.

“He had formed a summer stock com-

pany by that time and we were playing in

a renovated barn in Clinton Hollow, not

far from New York. A lot of the scenes

to used to come up there and one of them,

the one from Fox, offered me a test. It’s

fascinating to be excited about it, even

when they offered me a contract.

But the family held a pow wow and

though the money wasn’t much, Mary said she’d

always wanted to go to California. So I

signed the contract and off we went.

‘And right there is where my troubles

began. As an amateur, acting, I was com-

plete. Happy. Anything, food, work-

ing, I was miserable. I didn’t have a

part, or what could strictly be called a

part, at all those months. The only time

I even set foot in front of the camera was

when they sent for me for George White’s

Scandals and the director said, ‘Yes, I

think that’s something for you in this pic-

ture.’ Just then I’d get you your

lines. Well, there they were on a piece of

paper—all one of them—consisting of

the word ‘the’ and I had to put make-up on for that! But I did it.

And then just to make my ignominy

complete they dropped me right on the cutting-

room floor. Only the words and taut-

lines cut me out of the picture completely!

I wonder if you can really understand

how much I suffered because of all this.

You know how it is with the people who

come to Hollywood to be a star, all

the family and friends waiting on pins

and needles—‘Good luck’—and never

happens. It was awful. And to make

matters worse—you can’t save much on $150

a week, with commission and the clothes they

bought me with nothing. And in case you

might—so when my contract was up I had exactly one hundred

dollars to my name.

IT’S strange, though. The very day

Mary and I were packing up to leave

in Tidewater—that was the second-hand

Ford we bought—my agent called and in-

sisted that I stay over to play the lead in

a play at one of the Hollywood little thea-

tres. No money, but if the play were

a success it might go to New York after-

ward and perhaps I could go along with

it. Well, that’s just about what happened.

The play was called ‘The Night of

January 16th,’ and A. H. Woods, the famous New York producer,

was very much interested in it. The day

after the play opened he offered me a con-

tract to star in it in New York. As it

happened, Mr. Woods didn’t do that par-

ticular play . . . not then at least . . . but

he did give me a part in another one in an-

other . . . ‘The Night of January 16th.’

“But wait! It wasn’t all as easy as that.

Mary and I left Hollywood in July with

the clothes they gave us and tried to

make it back to New York.
All the dust storms, hurricanes and cloud- 
bursts which the year had experienced 
that week, it seems—and Tiddledeed leaked! 
We got stranded in the wet in Utah and 
Kansas and again in Ohio... I developed 
laryngitis and no sooner got home than 
they had to take me to a hospital. I got 
out of the hospital and went right into 
production of The Night of January 7th. 
My first New York production, my first 
big role, and I was too weak, really, to 
even sit up in a chair! What’s more, I 
was scared.

“You see, the part was written around 
a woman of the world. The Shuberts, who 
also had a share in the show, took one 
look at frail, drew little me and said “She’ll 
ever do.” They began bringing stars 
around to the rehearsal, hoping to put one 
of them in my place. Tallulah Bank- 
hed was their first choice and I begged, 
and all but threatened Mr. Woods to 
take me out and give the part to her. 
But—God bless him—for some reason he 
had faith in me.

“As I look back on it I don’t really know 
why. If you could have seen me drugging 
in from New Rochelle every day, every 
earsala in a little orange linen dress, 
looking exactly like a school girl with a cold, 
you would have wondered, too. And I 
was so meek and mild, with such a little 
thin voice—and the Shuberts wanted Bank- 
hed! It was enough to make anyone 
meek and mild. But finally Sarah Padden, 
she was in the show, too, took me out one 
night between rehearsals for dinner, 
fed me three Scotch and sodas and did a 
little coaching from the sidelines. Showed 
me how to bring my voice down, taught 
it husky, throaty, alluring—no doubt the 
whiskey helped too, but no matter, I went 
back to the rehearsal and wowed them.

They praised me so that from then on I 
had more confidence; felt the part was 
really going to stay mine.

“But then we opened in Philadelphia, 
in the rain, and it was damp and cold 
backstage and while my voice stayed down 
my temperature went up, and that whole 
first week, believe it or not, is a blank to me 
still. I don’t know how I ever got through 
it. I was in bed every minute I wasn’t on 
the stage, with mustard plasters 
over my head, and with both feet up, 
but, honestly, I don’t think my weakened 
condition was the thing that helped me get 
good notices in the part. They thought it 
was boredom and world weariness... It 
was really ill health.”

SO THROUGH all this strain and stress 
Doris Nolan crashed through to a sec- 
ond movie contract—this time with Uni- 
versal. And to date she has already made 
two pictures, The Man I Married and 
Top of the Town. It’s strange... most young 
actors and actresses have to get on the 
New York stage to be recognized by 
the movies, but Doris reversed the preced- 
ent... came to Hollywood first and then 
followed up with stage back... despite 
of all those growing-pain jitters she 
suffered during those first few years of 
her career, she never lost her sense of 
humor, and her sense of fun, and the 
constant flash of her dimples proves it. 
Yes, she has amazing dimples for one 
whose face is so thin. She has a loud, 
hearty laugh and a vital voice, too, Hazel 
eyes, blonde hair and she stands just five 
feet and four inches tall. She usually 
dresses very quietly, in tailored suits. 
“My father is a woolen importer and 
I try to carry on the good work,” she 
explains, “She has never been in love and 
doesn’t expect to be some time. 
Just haven’t got time for it now!” She 
rider horseback well, and her greatest am- 
bition is to raise horses of her own.
Brush Away GRAY HAIR

• Safely, quickly—and at home—you can overcome the handicap of gray, faded or streaked hair. With a small brush and Brownatone, you can impart a rich, natural appearing shade of blonde, brown or black. It is approved for over twenty-five years by American women everywhere. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction. Retain your youthful charm.

LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER
Brownatone is dependable—guaranteed absolutely harmless for toning gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Brownatone imparts a rich, beautiful shade with amazing speed. Simply "touch-up" as new gray hair appears. Easy to apply. Just brush or comb it in. Shades "Blonde to Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.
Brownatone is only 50c a day or to correct color everywhere—always on a money-saving guarantee. Send for test bottle.

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How Boyer Sways Feminine Hearts
[Continued from page 32]
physical parts," he told me the other day. "I don't think I can have the physical appeal of American actors." He smiled, like a man who admits a shortcoming. Your first impression of Boyer is that here is a thoroughly civilized fellow who could be arrogant, but is surprisingly modest. There are three things about him you notice: his remarkable eyes (the eyes of a deep thinker); the light sprinkle of gray at his temples, which adds a finishing touch to his distinguished manner; and his old-world grace. He blows smoke rings into the air and is the type of a Parisian cosmopolite, and is a clever raconteur, if you can follow his rapid-fire French. He speaks in a hearty, rich bass. His English, more strange to me is his high per- fect, and he has an amazing command of American slang, habitually using such words as "swell," "jive," and "grand." But he is very self-conscious about his accent, which, if you ask a million or more American women, they wouldn't want him to lose.

NOW, Boyer isn't exactly the kind of screen lover who will readily air his views on romance and marriage—he doesn't have such titillating manner on tap for inter- est. In fact, he wants to talk about nothing but the theatre, motion pictures, the ancient and honorable art of acting. We had to assure him that to give us his slant on what a love go round and round would not be against the highest ethics of his profession.

"Love-making is a more subtle art in France than it is over here," he said. "Flirtation is a more exciting game with us. We have certain restrictive conventions. The sexes do not mingle over there as freely in their most formative years as they do in America. There are separate schools for boys and girls, co-education is unknown below the university grade, to say nothing of the university grade.

"I would not say that French girls know more about love-making, but steeped as they are in the romanticism of their country, they follow certain well-established precedents, and are neither too backward nor too forward in receiving affections. Of course, I'm speaking of the real France, and not of certain sections of Paris.

I had a normal and, on the whole, a very happy childhood, although my father's death, when I was 13, was a great shock. Ours was a typical bourgeois French family, extremely conservative. The Boyers have been business people for generations. I'm the only one who has taken to the theatre. I was a very restless and romantic boy, smitten hard by one young mademoiselle after another, and I even wooed ardently one of my teachers in the primary school." He smiled. "She suggested, when I could no longer hide my feelings toward her, that I wait a few years. She told me I might become an acceptable lover when I grew up, but I was ridiculous in that rôle right then.

"At the lyceé, 'dates,' so freely enjoyed by American high school students, were rare secret rendezvous with us, brought about after much sly passing of notes, with no one the wiser. The French girl was brought up to depend on the man, with one purpose in mind, a conventional marriage. But now all this is changing. We still have the

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separate schools, but French girls and boys are getting to be more like Americans. We asked him if this change is for the better or worse.

"I am an ardent feminist," he said, "I believe in the independence of women—provided, by being independent they do not lose their feminine qualities. I'm afraid I'm a little old-fashioned in that respect. Blame it on my boyhood background."

BOYER takes his acting very seriously—it's a sort of religion with him. An only child, precocious, at times unruly and willful, extremely sensitive to beauty and human suffering, he displayed his talents very early in life. He would entertain the guests at the Boyer household by giving one-boy performances of his own creation, in which he played all the characters. At nine, he could recite long passages from the dramas of Racine and Shakespeare. Graduating from the lycée with a brilliant record in literature and the classical studies of French secondary schools, he went to Paris, a romantic dreamer of 18, and enrolled at the Sorbonne.

In Paris, he lived at a pension, rather exclusive, with strict house rules. He could go out only on certain nights, and was expected to be back at stated hours. He knocked around with his two pals, Pierre Blancher and Phillip Herait, both ardent followers of the late Lucien Guiry, king-pin of French drama, and No. 1 hero in Boyer's life. Pierre is a well known French actor today, while Phillip has distinguished himself as a novelist. To study Life in all its aspects, they roammed the streets of Paris, wandering along the famous bookstalls that bank the Seine, lolled at sidewalk cafes, explored the slums and vice-dens, took part in the rowdy festivals of the Latin Quarter, gave little parties of their own in this or that pension, attended funerals, weddings, clinics, political meetings—always watching the gestures and behavior of people, garnering the knowledge they needed to serve their beloved theatre. The actor's job, Boyer believes, is to interpret life, and he must draw his material from primary sources. Actors who move within the narrow limits of theoretical or motion picture sopham, hamper each other's creative abilities, he believes.

Getting his degree in philosophy, he entered the Conservatoire of Drama, that citadel of the glories and traditions of the French theatre, rich with memories of famous actors, and as you say, he had always dreamed of, whose image he had always carried in his soul. "I felt I had known her for a long time, when we first met." He is seeing in her a part he had longed for deep in his unconscious self.

HIS hobbies? "I swim, play golf, read, do a little writing. But you are so busy in Hollywood, you can't really have a hobby." His pet aversion is insincerity. "It's so much smarter to be sincere." His greatest ambition is to put more qualité in his work. This is one of the few words he pronounces as in French—quite unconsciously. He has enormous respect for our stage and screen. "The American stage in New York now leads the world. What ter-rific progress Americans have made! I was tremendously impressed by the plays I saw in New York."

We asked him, as a parting shot, what life has taught him the most. "The phar-macy he has developed, as man and artist. He meditated, blowing a succession of smoke rings into the air. Then, the lights playing in his eyes, he said:

"What my life has taught me is this: That love is the greatest thing in the world. Success, achievement, service, all those things have their value, but what's the use if you can't share them with somebody you love—with your life's partner. There is a beautiful English expression! Life's partner! Otherwise, man is doomed to an eternal loneliness."

When answering advertisements, please mention February Motion Picture 83
The Most Likeable Mug in the World

— it would be at least five hundred!"

So, anyway, Wally still has his own face.

By this time, he's not only resigned to that face; he's glad of it and proud of it. The phrase I used earlier—"the best-known mug in the world"—is probably truer of Beery's homely countenance than of anybody else's. I know, definitely, that it's been a challenge and an inspiration to a total of 125,000 or more cartoonists and caricaturists, amateur and professional, than any other I can think of offhand. On the walls of Wally's dressing-room, in an old bungalow on the MGM back lot, hang incon- trovertible proof of that claim—for the walls are literally covered with all manner of delineations of the Wally pan. There are tiny pencil caricatures; there are huge framed oil paintings—all of them depicting Beery as the artist "saw" him. Some of them are outrageous, some are amusing, some are scary enough to frighten children.

UNLIKE another famous funny-faced comedian, Beery's rather sensitive about his face. This other comedian—well, we'll call him Joe E. Brown—gets a bit miffed, now and then, at the poke fun at his likeness. Not Wally. Wally, in fact, his face is his fortune, and Wally, himself, is the first to admit it—nay, even brag about it.

They remember the day Wally's explanation of the day he set a world's record in the MGM portrait gallery. He went in for a sitting of face portraits, which usually takes hours, with no great draw to it. The camera sat out, and that sitting exactly 21 minutes after he went in!—and in those 21 minutes, the cameraman had taken 40 successful studies of the inspiring image. The challenge, of course, was that record even being approached. Why, that's less than 30 seconds for each portrait—impossible!

"Well, it was simple, wasn't it?" Wally roars. "Heck—all I've got is a mug, and as long as he gets a shot of that, there's nothing else fancy is this world with..."

However, it wasn't quite that simple, the explanation. You've got to add to it another fact that very few people know. That is to say, Hollywood's most successful amateur camera experts. I'd say without hesitation that he's the best non-professional photographer in movieland. He knows more about cameras—all kinds—than many a man who gets paid for it! Consequently, when he stepped into that camera gallery, Wally knew all the tricks of the profession—he knew how to pose, he knew the angles, the lighting, the shadows, the thousand-and-one things an ace cameraman knows. And, consequently, he wasted no time. That's the one thing in the world Wally hates to do more than anything else—waste time at his job of being a movie star. I'll tell you more about that in its proper place in this story. Right now, I'm telling you about his cameras—

He buys nearly every new camera that's put on the market, he's such a fan. He has a photographic laboratory in his home. That lab is as complete a photographic laboratory as any I've ever seen. It has every type of everything, every type of everything that is built. He develops, prints and fuses with his own snapshots there.

He takes, on the average, more than 2,000 photographs a month in and month out. He takes them all, develops them all, makes all the prints himself. Most of them, are, of course, of Carol Ann, his adopted daughter. Nobody in the world's history has ever been crazier about anything than Wally is over Carol Ann. But that's getting away from Beery, himself—and maybe his face. The world has been publicized so hugely that you certainly know all about that angle of the Beery persona; very roughly, yourself.

But there are certainly innumerable other angles about that amazing personality that I'll bet you don't know about. I'll tell you this fascinating, attention-compelling as he is on the screen, Beery is infinitely more challenging and amazing offscreen! More than any other actor in Hollywood, the offscreen Beery is a far more colorful and exciting and amusing figure than the big wallowing guy you know in the flickers. Onscreen, he's just a bellowing, hulking fool who manages to give you a mixture of laughs and tears like nobody else can—but offscreen, Wally Beery is a funny, funny person in one. He has more interests than any other actor—and his interests are more oddly contrasting with the screen Beery than you'd ever believe. In the following example, that this big bully of a Beery, whose hands he d' you imagine couldn't handle anything more delicate than a steam shovel without breaking it, can plant fragrant flowers in Hollywood...! It's so startling that it even has Wally, himself, worried...!

He imported tulip bulbs from Holland. He has them planted in his place at Beverly Gardens, is one of this man's less-ham-manish hobbies. These, of course, are growing along with all the cabbages, and farming. Hollywood, it keeps him occupied...!

And another thing—Wally Beery, with that mug and those huge paws, can play the piano and play it beautifully. And a charm that makes many a concert pianist envious. More—he composes music, and has written some pieces that for sheer fancy, even caroling. Beery, in fact, has written lyrics to some of his own music, and he even composed music to the sound of his own footstep! When he isn't going to the movies, he's going to the printing plant of his own choosing, and creating his own little comic strip. And he's written humorous songs, and can write poetry, and can write anything that comes to his mind...!

Yes, I said farming. And not in the namby-pamby San Fernando ranchette fashion that so many stars are trying. It's a real ranch, and Wally, and he himself is planting things like alfalfa and cabbages—no prissy walnuts or oranges.

He's just as such a man as he always was, and he's much more likeable now, and he drives a big tractor around. Only now and then he forgets it's a tractor he's driving instead of his auto, and he gets into trouble. Right now, for instance, the tractor is bogged down in a mess of caked,
drying mud that Wally drove it gaily into, the other day. He got stuck in it, and had to wade out through mud up to his knees.

MEANWHILE, he's taken time to fly to New York to buy a new airplane. That's one thing he does, religiously—he buys a new airplane, or at least a new air engine, at least once a year. He will not drive a plane with an engine that's more than a year old. Wally is an expert aviator—holds a commercial transport pilot's license. It has been said of him that in Beery there is no fear for anything. That's wrong. In Wally Beery, there is fear—there is fear of inadequate, poor equipment causing an air crash.

But if you ask world-famous flyers about that, they'll tell you they all have it—Lindbergh and the rest of them. They'll add that the flyer who has no fear is a flyer who won't live long. The flyer who isn't afraid is a damfool, they tell you, and you can never say of Wally Beery that he's a damfool.

It isn't his own life, alone, that he trusts to that plane of his, and its engine. It's the lives of his wife and of Carol Ann—infinite, more dear and more precious to him than his own. He uses his plane to give Carol fun—once flew her to New York one day, back the next, just to show her a play there. So he isn't taking even the slightest chance on the ship and its engine not being topscale.

On the ground, Wally likes his outing equipment just as good as in the air. I'll bet you never knew that Wally is probably the world's trailer-champion, if there's any such title. Beery owns, at present, six trailers... And, since he's shopping now in New York for a plane, I wouldn't bet two cents that he doesn't also buy another trailer or two...

There's no "June in January" this year, but there's Maytime with Julie Haydon.

He keeps these trailers scattered—some at his Sierra place; some in Beverly Hills, some in his ranch in the valley. Wherever he happens to be, if the mood strikes him suddenly, he can get in a trailer on a half hour's notice, and go places. Many times, he's suddenly bundled his wife, kids, caretaker and any friends and servants within catching distance, into a trailer and gone skyhookin' off for fish and game.

But that doesn't mean that he's unaware of his value to the studio. Or that he isn't serious and hard-working about his movie-making. On the contrary, he's so serious about it, and takes it as earnestly as the work he's there to do, that he has made more than one person misunderstand his attitude.

You see, with Wally, he has no illusions about "Art" or things like that. It's a job. It's a job to be done well, to be worked hard at, a job in which to give the best of what he's got to the studio that's paying him. He sees to it that they pay him—plenty. He drives a hard bargain, and sits in on his own contracts. When he works, he works harder than anybody on the lot—and he demands that everybody that's working in the picture with him work just as hard and just as conscientiously. In Hollywood, a lot of people don't like that. In Hollywood, a lot of people like to take a 9 o'clock call for an 11 o'clock call. Beery, on the other hand, is on the set, in full make-up and with his lines learned and all ready to work, before nine hits the bell. He wants everybody else to be there ready to work on the stroke of nine. Too. If he, the star, can be there at nine, why can't they? And that makes some people peeveish.

But as punctilious as he is about that, he's just as hard about quitting-time. When it comes five o'clock, the day is done, for Beery. He quits at 5. He's just as hard-boiled and positive about it as Garbo, and he makes it stick. He has given his hard work all day long; he has given it in full measure. But from then on, his time is his own—and he is jealous of it; fiercely jealous. That's when his time comes to live and be Wally Beery—to go home to his family, to Carol Ann, to his cameras and his woodwork shop where he makes toys for his kids, to his wife, to his den with its bearskins and its antlered heads, to the other ofscreen things and doings and interests that are the real Wally Beery.

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ONE of the first questions the doctor asks when you have a cold is—"Are your bowels regular?" Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know also the importance of choosing the right laxative at this time.

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When Nature forgets—**remember**

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When answering advertisements, please mention February Motion Picture
The Utterly Balmy Home Life of Carole Lombard

[Continued from page 37]

way it goes. "I wonder what kind of a crew people think we've got here," won- 
ders Fieldie. "Carole's the one who answers the phone—she may be a Jap, or a Swede, or a Filipino, or a Russian, or a Chinaman as the mood takes her. I tell you, Lomb- 
ard on the phone just drives you crazy!"

And there's the bee-bee gun. It was a 
gag birthday present to Carole from— 
well, anyone who thought the bee-bee gun. 
Carole takes it out in the backyard and 
shoots it. She's got a target on some 
bushes, but she'd rather shoot anything and anybody else.

"I don't dare go out in that yard," says 
Fieldsie, "when Carole's got the bee-bee 
gun, without wearing a red hat. With that 
gun, Lombard is just too bad—"

It isn't only the gun that takes Lomb- 
bard into the yard. She gardens, too. Oh, 
yes—she's got orange trees and lemon 
trees and she picks the fruit and she works in 
the garden. She always dresses for it, 
though—overalls, white cotton gloves, and 
a sunbonnet-see-top-piece. Lombard "dresses 
the best gardener I ever saw," says Field- 
sie. "That's another thing about Carole that 
just kills Fieldsie—"no matter what she 
does, she always dresses the part!"

BUT about those animals, I mentioned. 
You wanted to know more about 'em, didn't you? Well, I'll just have to start 
when I said you'll-like-as-not find the ducks in the 
dining room. They were baby ducks when 
the gang at the studio gave them to her, 
but they're grown up now. They have 
the run of the house, except nights. 
Then they're locked out. But in the morning, 
Lombard has to go out and say good-morn- 
ing to them—or if she doesn't feel like going 
out, then they're let in to say good-morn- 
ging to her. The roaring and the hens were given her, as a gag, 
too. That's the kind of grand household 
this is—even the servants can play gags 
on Lombard. But Lombard's going to 
have to get out of it. Because the boss, 
not long after she got him, an agent for 
the Bel-Air subdivision, where Carole's 
house is, came and explained that the 
neighbors liked Carole and all that, but 
roosters crow, "and in your contract there's 
a clause about no poultry, so you know, we 
can put you out."

"Well, Carole's going to 
give the rooster away, because she's 
having too much fun living there.

The dogs? Oh, they're assorted gifts. 
"Fritz," one of the dachshunds, was just about 
hijacked, though, by Carole. It belonged 
to Mr. Whoozis—a friend of Carole's— 
who was going away on a hunting trip or 
something. He loves to hunt. 

"Why don't you leave Fritz here?" 
Carole suggested. "No," said Whoozis. 

"Why not?" 
"Because I know you'd never give him 
back to me." 

"Well, what then?"

So Whoozis went away, and left Fritz 
with his own servants. Now it so happens 
that his servants are the mother and father 
of Carole's mother, and she's come to 
visit. And they brought Fritz along.

"Why don't you just leave him here? 
You might as well, suggested Carole to 
them. And so Whoozis came back from the 
hunting trip, and there was 
Fritz in Carole's house. Fritz didn't seem 
particularly excited when his master 
returns."

"See?" crowed Lombard; "you've been 
gone three months and now he doesn't 
even know you!" So Whoozis gave up, and 
agreed. Fritz belonged to Carole."

"Pushface the Killer" came because 
Carole hates Pekes. A friend asked her 
once: "You like dogs, don't you?" (This was before Pushface's advent, and 
led to it.) 

"I just L-O-V-E dogs," Carole cried. 
"Pekes are as much the man."

 ard.

That settled it. Because Lombard plays 
positively outrageous practical jokes on 
everybody she knows, everybody she knows 
plays outrageous practical jokes on her. 
So next Saturday, a big basket of flowers 
arrived for Carole from the man who 
talked about the dogs.

"Ooooh," cried Carole, delighted, and 
tutored her face in the flowers. 

"Yes! You Pekes on the flowers, and 
something nipped Carole's nose.

"Those," she protested, as she dropped 
the bunch of flowers I ever saw. They bark and bite."

Investigation revealed, buried deep in 
the posies, the Peke pup—six inches long, 
but with a lot of vinegar in them. Pekes 
ceased instantly, and now that she's 
found the ideal name for him, "Pushface 
the Killer," he's lord of the household. 

Josephine didn't die just when Carole 
moved into the house, and wouldn't 
move away. So Carole can't do anything 
about it, and neither can the dogs. Jose- 
phine can't be buried with them, the 
shameless creature. The cocker spaniel is another 
birthday gift from Carole's friend. The 
compliments Carole bought it and sold itself, 
her. One day. She doesn't know why, yet. And 
nobody seems to remember when, where, 
or how Carole got the six doves.

Of routine, there's no semblance in the 
Lombard asylum. Except when she's 
working. I mean, don't get from this 
story the idea that this is the "Lombard 
haid"—anyway, not much. Honestly, when 
she's in work, during a picture, she lives 
a hard and strict routine. Hardly any 
home life, no parties, no study, eat and 
sleep. But between pictures, I mean—

Well, she'll get up at any hour at all, 
and begin telephoning people for 
appointments. She'll telephone 
people at 8 a.m., and make them like it! 
That's an index to Carole's real 
personality—when people don't get mad 
when they're called up at 8 a.m., then the caller-
upper must be swell. She is. She'll call 
up her mother. Then she'll call up Mrs. 
So-and-So, and so it goes on. By the time an hour 
of phoning is done, Carole has personal-
and-social-secretarial all her friends, 
and she's up and about with a glow of 
boastful good-deeds-done-on-the-day pride. 

Then heaven help Fieldsie ! ! !

Fieldsie may be hard at work on the 
Lombard books, for example. Lombard.

"Hey, Fieldsie, you old bookworm: I 
feel like talking!

"I don't. Beat it," commands Fieldsie. 
"Carole deems it a poor o' Fieldsie, slaving away at those nasty o' 
books she begins. "Poor o' Fieldsie— 
gotta work, while I can play and have 
fun."

Fieldsie stands it as long as she can. 
Then she gets up and goes to work on 
Carole's Fieldsie on top of Carole. When 
Fieldsie gets up, it's Carole's turn to fly. 
She does, and Fieldsie goes back to work

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
—if she can. "She just drives me mad!" says Fieldsie.

Then Carole makes the rounds, saying good morning to Ellen, the cat and dogs, Eleanor, the ducks, the chickens, Edmund, the doves, the goldfish and whatever else is around. Then she decides to give a party that night.

NOW, parties are something with which the Lombard reputation is inescapably linked. But get this strange truth—Lombard, for all the party-reputation she has, gives and goes to fewer parties than most other stars in Hollywood! In the last few years, she hasn't been to night-clubs more than a half-dozen times; three or four parties a year is all she goes to. But she doesn't like to give them—and yet, not as many or as big ones as you'd imagine. A half dozen guests is her idea of fun, rather than a 200-guest brawl. What gives Lombard a party-name is that her parties are different, always.

"She can't stand the idea of just giving another party," explains Fieldsie. "It's got to be different. She couldn't give an ordinary party if she wanted to!"

And you never can tell what idea is going to hit her. The night after she got the chickens, she gave a party. The chicken gave her an idea. "We'll make it a barnyard party," she decided. So she spread some straw and hay around the place, let the chickens in, put some hard-boiled eggs here and there, spread red-and-white-checkered table-cloths around, hung a few barnyard lanterns over the dining-room lights, and wham—the next day the column reported Carole's Great Barnyard Party.

In the line of food, she's a wow. She knows her foods, orders them herself, and always has something grand, something new, something odd. The other night, when dessert-course rolled around, the guests fell into heaps of shrieking laughter when Edmund, not a smile on his perfect serving face, came in with handfuls of ice-cream cones for dessert!

"Ice-cream cones! Imagine!" says Fieldsie: "that Lombard . . . . .!!"

Funny—but Lombard can cook! Maybe it's the last thing in the world you'd expect a gal like Lombard to do, but she does it magnificently.

But she can't even sew a button out.

THE servants are heroes. They never know when dinner's going to be, for example. It might be 6, or it might be 11:30 p.m.—just as the mood and the opportunity strikes Carole. And there may be two or twelve people in. Always, the staff is ready. And they love it. That, too, is a tribute to the Lombard personality—I don't think that anywhere else in the world will you find a mistress of a household who could keep a staff of servants on an utterly mad schedule like that. Yet Carole does—and Ellen and Eleanor and Edmund love her. Carole loves them, too. They're not just servants to her—they're human beings, not with problems and happinesses that dig into Lombard's heart. You'll find Carole down in the kitchen laughing with the servants and sympathizing with their personal woes, when the need be.

But that's characteristic of her. There's just one thing in the world that can get Lombard "down"—that’s somebody else's grief. She has the biggest heart in Hollywood, even though she does try to hide it under a screen of hard-boiled worldliness. Her own troubles rarely bother her, much. But let some friend—even some chance acquaintance—suffer grief or trouble, and if Carole hears about it, down she plunges into the depths of sympathetic sorrow. She'll torture her mind to help the other person devise a way out of grief. She'll do all she can materially—and everything she can, spiritually. Hospital-visits take up much of her time. She sends flowers, gifts, necessities to where they're needed, always, and it's not acting—it's real. She can crowd more of other people's troubles into her heart than you'd ever believe.

GREATEST delight at home to Lombard is—here's a new slant on the gal—the radio.

"Sundays, from two in the afternoon until bedtime, is just nobody's business," says Fieldsie. "That's when all the big-time radio programs are on—Magic Key, Stoopnagel and Budd, Joe Penner, Bob Ripley, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor—all of them are on, you know . . . ."

When she has time between radio and animals and the telephone and sending flowers and gifts to people and playing dinners and parties, Carole usually thinking up a gag to play on somebody. Like plastering an actor's dressing-room with cards, on the night he was to play George Washington over the radio, reading: "Now the Great Lover becomes the Father of his Country!" Or giving him a decrepit Ford for a Valentine present. Right now, she's seriously considering buying an old fire-engine that's for sale on a Hollywood used-car lot, and sending it to him.

Or maybe she's thinking up some new way to break in on Fieldsie when Fieldsie has work to do.

"She just kills me!" says Fieldsie, who really loves Lombard more than her own life. "But honest, sometimes I could kill her!" Fieldsie concludes. But you know she doesn't mean it.
PAIN
YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP TO YOURSELF!

ARE you a victim of Flies? Then you know what suffering is. Flies will do more to make you miserable than any other insect. But relief for the pain of Flies is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo does more than "kill" Flies. It actually plasters them, giving an astringent treatment from the pain and itching.

Pazo is the only efficient because it is threefold in effect. First, it is antiseptic, which relieves pain and soreness. Second, it is lubricating, which softens hard parts and makes passage easy. Third, it is antiparasitic, which tends to reduce swollen parts and check bleeding.

PROVE IT!
Pazo comes in tubes fitted with special Pilo Pipe, which makes it possible to apply up high in the rectum. It is found in drugstores all over the country. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo Suppositories the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell both Pazo-India-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a free trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10¢ (coin or stamps) to help cover cost of packing and postage.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 71-F, St. Louis, Mo.

MAIL!

Gentlemen: Please send trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10¢ to help cover packing and mailing.

NAME

CITY

STATE

This offer is good only in U.S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. E. Stoddell & Co., 60 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

Be Your Own
MUSIC
Teacher

Learn at Home by wonderful improved method. Simple as A, B, C—or a child can learn it. Your lessons consist of real selections instead of tiresome exercises. When you finish one of these delightfully easy lessons, you've added a new "piece" to your list. You read real notes, too—no "numbers" or trick music. Method is so thorough that many of our 700,000 students are band and orchestra LEADERS.

PLAY BY
NOTE

Please try any of these:

Violin, Guitar

Piano

Clarinet

Drums and Trumpet

Horn, Cornet

Dulcimer, Mandoline

Trombone, Baritone

Banjo (Plectron, 2-string or Tenor)

Be Popular

Everything is in print and pictures. First you are told what to do. Then a picture shows you how to do it. Then you do it yourself and bear it. In a few short months it gives you freedom of your instrument—the right of every party!

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

You may quickly become a fine player through the U. S. School home study method. Write at once for Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson. Please mention your favorite instrument. No obligation. Instruments supplied, only cash or checks.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
302 Brunwick Building
New York, N. Y.

Simplicity vs. Glamour

[Continued from page 16]

indefinite shade of hair that is profession-ally called "drab brown."

"Every mouse I ever saw," declared Olivia, "was a greyish-mauve. . . So I think drab brown hair should be called "chipmunk colored!" She was inferring, naturally, that her hair is drab, but it's really not. Rather a warm, deep brown, with plenty of sheen.

AN AVERSION to make-up that looks as if it had been on for a week, causes Olivia to remove and re-apply her street cosmetics several times a day. In removing dark, heavy screen make-up, she uses three applications of cream, and then finishes off with soap and water. She prefers a white wash cloth, for this, so that she can tell when every vestige of color is removed. A creamy powder, and rouge and lipstick with a rosy rather than a yellowish cast, are her favorites. And she likes a lipstick that is not too greasy.

"I think you should be able to see the texture and outline of the lips underneath the lipstick," she explained. "Then the mouth doesn't look unnatural or painted."

Just to remind you that Duart permanent wave pads, insuring a successful wave, are individually packaged, the sealed carton is presented in the accompanying group picture of beauty aids . . . In front of it is a brand new Duart product—their Creme of Milk Lipstick, a permanent and ennobling stick that is a bargain at $1. The cerise enameled case with accents of white is of the durable and conventional swivel type. "Cinema Red" and "Desert Flame" are two intriguing shades.

Noxzema fans may not know that they can buy a combination cleansing and night cream made by the same firm and containing the same medications as those in the famous Greaseless Skin Cream. A small size jar of this comparatively new preparation is shown in the photo. Noxzema Cleansing and Night Cream cleanses, lubricates and also acts as a powder base. It's effective, too, for use at night as a softening hand cream. A large, economical jar costs $1.

Clean powder puffs play a stellar role in preserving skin beauty. That's why you should never buy them one at a time. Keep a supply on your dressing-table, so that you can have a fresh puff every few days. Those attractive Hygienol Powder Puffs, in a flat, disk shape, come in dressing-table holders containing a dozen. The base of the sanitary celluloid holder is a deep blue mirror, harmonizing with the blue and peach colored puffs. One of these inspirations by Hygienol should repossess in your guest room, and another in your own room.

In a discussion of skin cleanliness, the familiar object next to the powder puffs—Lux Toilet Soap—deserves a place. A favorite of movie stars, its low price keeps it from being monopolized by them. The active lather and delicate floral scent of this creamy white soap make it both profitable and pleasurable to use.

Taboo, the new non-perspirant that insures freedom from one of the worst social errors, is posed in the lower right-hand corner. When it's applied correctly, this cream checks perspiration, and does so easily and safely. You simply apply a bit under the arms (preferably at bedtime, when the perspiration glands are least active) and remove the excess cream with a damp cloth. To hasten absorption, which is necessary to Taboo's effectiveness, massage it gently into the skin. Taboo is nicely packaged, in a white jar with rose trimming of this creamy white soap make it both profitable and pleasurable to use.

Remember that hair cleanliness is as important as body cleanliness in preventing offensive odors. So don't neglect frequent shampoos just because you're busy . . . Mar-O-Oil, an oil shampoo, represents a minimum expenditure of time and a maximum of cleanliness and hair beauty. It rinses away in clear water, and conditions as well as cleanses the hair, due to its olive oil base. Inexpensive (a six ounce size costs 90 cents) Mar-O-Oil is on sale at most toiletry counters.

Above: Duart Permanent Wave Pads, Hygienol Powder Puffs, Lux Toilet Soap, Duart Creme of Milk Lipstick, Noxzema Cleansing and Night Cream, Taboo Non-Perspirant

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
of lactose liquid. In the picture, it’s a cock-
tail shaker to which he is addicted. He dis-
poses of the milk, sits down to talk. And
immediately confesses.

“I HAVE a strange liking for this fellow,
Nick Charles. I liked him in The Thin
Man, and I’m enjoying him even more now.
He’s human. Particularly for a detective.
If you remember—and I hope you don’t—
I was a detective in a succession of mys-
teries a few years ago. I never did take to
that fellow much. He was a hollow shell,
something created as a dramatic device.
He never really came alive. He had no
warmth, no mellowness. He didn’t have
‘the common touch.’ I tried to give him a
little humor, but I always felt as if he was
resisting me.

“Nick is different. He’s a human being
before he’s a detective, while he’s a detec-
tive and after he’s a detective. An amusing
human being. That’s even more worth
noting.

“If you remember The Thin Man, the
finish found Nora and Nick, with the mys-
tery solved, aboard a train heading west-
ward. The new picture takes up where the
old one left off. The train is arriving in
San Francisco, their home town. As Nick
steps off the train, he is stamped by re-
porters. He is a returning hero. They fling
questions at him. One of the questions is:
Will he take any more cases? He replies
that he’s retiring from the detective busi-
ness. He has married a wealthy girl—and
he’s devoting his time to taking care of her
money. Refreshingly blunt, this fellow Nick.
He never does or says the expected thing.

“The greatest charm of The Thin Man
was the married life of Nick and Nora.
That’s what people remember. And the
same theme carries through this picture, an
obligato to the mystery. They still are
making life amusing for each other, still re-
manting in their unorthodox way. Now, a
marriage like theirs offers endless possi-

bilities . . .

The Nick-Nora brand of wellock looks
interesting even from Bill’s side of the
camera. Before the first murder occurs
(there are three in the course of the pic-
ture), you have ample opportunity to be-
come re-acquainted with Nick, Nora and
their quaint marital habits. You also be-
come re-acquainted with Asta, their dog
(the same identical wire-haired terrier you
saw with them before), and that omni-
present cocktail-shaker of Nick’s. You first
see all of them again in a Pullman state-
room, in whose cramped quarters, Nora
complains, no woman can hope to have any
mystery left after three days. To which
Nick replies, “Darling, you don’t need mys-
tery; you have something so much better,
so much more alluring” — and prepares to
duck. “You have me.”

“You follow them out onto the train plat-
form, into a limousine, up Market Street.
San Francisco, into their house (where
some total strangers are throwing a sur-
prise party for them), thence to the home
of Nora’s imperious aunt (Jessie Ralph),
and from there to a Chinese cafe during a
New Year’s Eve celebration. Up to that
point, the story is an amusing insight into
the private life of Nick and Nora, in set-
tings three thousand miles from those of The
Thin Man, which was laid in New York.

IN SPITE of himself, Bill had a vacation
during the course of this picture. The
company went to San Francisco to film the
outdoor scenes. And any trip to San Fran-
cisco—even a location trip—is a vacation.

But while they are in the Chinese cafe,
Nick’s resolves to give up detecting to
manage Nora’s money are suddenly shat-
tered—and he finds himself in the thick of
another murder mystery. It is very late
when they finally arrive home, dead tired.
The subsequent scene is typical of scenes
between them. Nora is already in bed. Nick
gets in his bed, carefully removing the
phone from the hook to prevent any possible
disturbance of his slumber, and settles down
to anticipation of a vast rest. Nora dis-
covers that she is hungry. She begins to
praise the virtues of scrambled eggs—
especially the kind of scrambled eggs that
Nick can make. He reigns sleep. She
changes her tactics. She asks him if he has
any baby pictures. Sleepily, he mutters that
he’ll have one taken in the morning. She
asks him if he can reach the water carafe.
He makes an effort to get to it. Oh, she
doesn’t want it—she just wanted to make

(Continued on page 102)
Hepburn Goes in for Hobbies in a Great Big Way

(Continued from page 41)

...had a heart-to-heart talk with the three of them. They were not to listen to dogs who didn’t believe in large families. And she’s still sticking to her hobby. Why, at this moment, have before me a piece of copy from her personal press agent. It says: “Miss Hepburn plans to breed cockers in the near future.”

But as a hobbyist, it can better be said of Katie Hepburn that she’s an intensivist, instead of an intensivist. Silly words—but what I mean is this: Katie Hepburn just isn’t going in for a lot of hobbies, but she does go in fiercely for the few she does indulge.

I can list Katie Hepburn’s hobbies on the fingers of one hand—and still have one finger left free for the merry Hollywood pastime of putting the finger on somebody.

Besides this cocker-raising hobby, Katharine Hepburn’s hobbies are these: shooting candid camera shots of her best friends when they aren’t looking, collecting funny little glass animals, doing things in the great outdoors, and her work. And the Greatest of All is acting work.

Getting down to being serious—I sincerely admire Katharine Hepburn for the fact that she makes of her screen work her most intense hobby. Personally, I believe that it is this which has lifted her to the cinematic heights on which she shines. She lacks the usual-enthusiastic qualifications for the screen—a casting director seeing her for the first time—and not knowing who she is—would turn thumbs down on her at once, because she isn’t beautiful. Her voice is harsh, and she is ungainly and hoydenish. No gal with those drawbacks, he’d say, could possibly click in movies.

But since childhood, acting has been Katie’s No. 1 Hobby. And because she’s ridden and is riding that hobby for all it’s worth, Katie is among the top ten stars today. But is this her generality? Isn’t it? Let me give you a specific idea of what it means to Katie to have a hobby, and that hobby be acting...

IN THE first place, I’ll make a bet that Katharine Hepburn can enter any meeting of film technicians, and know everything they are talking about and even know more than a lot of them. She could direct a picture better than a lot of directors I won’t mention.

Between takes, Katie Hepburn doesn’t run off the set and hide in her dressing-room. She stands right there, and usually beside the director, or the head cameraman, or the electricians’ boss, or some other technician. She sits there quietly, with her mouth shut and her eyes wide open. And everything that is done, she learns why and how it’s done.

Without the slightest suggestion, Katharine Hepburn does more than any other star today about the technical problems and points of making movies. And she applies this knowledge to her work. When she perceives that some change in her voice inflection, shifts her camera angle, does any of the many things she does before the camera is doing it with a full knowledge of how to better her performance, her appearance in the finished reel.

One other instance of how she rides her hobby—work. Before Mary of Scotland,
Katie was in New York. That's where she got the idea that it would be her next production. Also cast at the time was Walter Plunkett, wardrobe chief of the studio. Plunkett got similar advice. At once, Plunkett went to the New York libraries and began reading up on costumes, customs, details of the days of the tragic queen, so that his work for the production would be accurate.

But here's the point: wherever Plunkett went to get his books and his research materials, he found immediately preceding the blank space where he had to sign his name for receipt of the books, the name of Katharine Hepburn. The moment she had word that the new book was going to be sold, play Mary, Katie Hepburn began riding her hobby. And she even beat Plunkett, whose job it was to make such research, to the books!

HER work-hobby leaves Katharine Hepburn little time out for such other hobbies as she has. Chief is her outdoor hobby. She's simply nuts about it—to descend to the most apt colloquial term for anything we get from the coast today, her mile ten miles than have her hand kissed by King Edward. She'd rather ride than dance. At golf, she's such a wow that a lot of millionaires have to play with her because she beats them. She shoots in the low 80's on a man's course. She swims, plays tennis. She doesn't like cards, parties or anything of the sort.

That outdoor hobby almost got her shot, once. With Laura Harding, her inseparable secretary-companion, and Peter and Michael, Katie was sitting back of her home, in the Hollywood hills, one afternoon. Suddenly, the silence was split by the crash of a camera. Laura had fired a bullet buzz near. The dogs set up a fierce barking. Katie, believing some boy hunters might have mistaken their movements be- cause of the low bushes that cover the hills for the movements of animals, stepped up on a rock and waved her arms and yelled toward the distant figures whence the sound of the shot had come. She figured that the shooters, seeing a girl there, would realize their mistake. But imagine her surprise when the distant figures, apparently youths, raised their rifles again, and two more shots sounded, and again the whine of a bullet hummed close to Katie and Laura.

Katie didn't wave any more. Katie just started running, instead of hiking. Laura and the doggs kept pace with her. That day, they hiked twelve miles around the back way to get home rather than pass the place where the mysterious gunmen had shot at them. Of course, they reported the matter to the police, but to this day, the mystery of who shot at Katie Hepburn and why has never been solved.

WELL, what with her work and her outdooring, you can see that Katie hasn't much time left for other hobbies. Most hobbyish hobby she has is that collection of little glass beauties—tiny blown-glass dogs, cats, giraffes, horses and even animals that defy naming or description. The kind you can buy for fifteen cents in a souvenier shop or the kind that cost real money. Katie has them all—several hundred of them. She started it herself, almost a hundred, because they were pretty and kind of "cute." It's one of her most feminine phases, this collecting of pretty little toys. Her most disturbing hobby, to others, is her candid camera. And that's where the hoydenish Hepburn rides roughshod over the feminine Hepburn who collects pretty little things. Her most disturbing hobby, to others, is her candid camera. And that's where the hoydenish Hepburn rides roughshod over the feminine Hepburn who collects pretty little things.

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS.—in a few weeks!

If you were "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything to gain weight but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy people just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted—and so quickly they were amazed!

A new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attrac- tive flesh, but the normally lovely color, new pep and charm, kinds of friends and popularity.

NEW body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the same reason that they are colorless. That is, they are consuming iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may look appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now, one of the richest known sources of iron in your diet is yeast. By a new process the most important cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 77 times, making it 77 times stronger in iron than bread, milk, rice, corn, potatoes, eating vegetables. It is also concentrated with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized white yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets, known as Florident Yeast tablets.

But you, too, need these vital ele- ments. Our formula of yeast feeding up, get these new Florident Yeast tablets of your druggist today, space hour quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, watch the body build and skin looks round out to natural attractiveness. Do better color and natural beauty come to your rooms, soon you feel and look like a different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter what your weight or condition you may be, you are protected. If you are not delighted, return the unused bottles and we will refund the price of the very first package, money back absolutely.

Special FREE offer

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolute FREE offer. Purchase a package of Florident Yeast tablets at your druggist store on the table and mail it to us with a slip of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," mem- ber, results with the very first package—money refunded. At druggists, Florident Yeast Co., Inc., Depts. 282, Atlanta, Ga.

When answering advertisements, please mention February Motion Picture
Alice Faye—and this thing called Love [Continued from page 51]

the friendship that gradually grows into love is far more lasting than the love-at-first-sight type.

"I would want my husband to remain my sweetheart; I hope I never become so sophisticated that I'll lose my sentimental illusions. I believe that a love like that is the most precious experience in a person's life. I'd like to have anniversaries remembered with flowers, a note, or a small gift that forms a happy secret between two lovers. These romantic incidents grow into tender memories with the years. I couldn't be happy without these demonstrations for it is just such moments that keep the spark glowing."

RECENTLY while visiting her at the hospital where she was recovering from a siege of intestinal flu, I recalled this conversation. Alice looked very lovely, very fragile, perfectly and unusually sweet. Her soft "amber blond" hair held in place by a white satin ribbon with a fringed gardenia nestling in its bow.

Every morning, when I arrived for breakfast, comes a new ribbon with its romantic message—"from Anthony Martin!" Sometimes it is a blue ribbon, sometimes a tiny bunch of forget-me-nots, again it is pink, with a cunning bouquet of Cecil Brunner roses, or a yellow ribbon and cornflowers. Daily, too, he sends huge bunches of all kinds of blossoms until her room resembles a summer's garden. Plainly than any words, do these thoughtful gifts spell the sweet love story of Anthony Martin and the vivacious Tony, which is still so new, so wonderful that she hesitates to talk about it. Perhaps it was her serious illness that made them realize that their congenial camaraderie had grown into something deep and infinitely tender. Tony happily admits he has been an Alice Faye fan for a long time, and tells how he used to read her name on the movie screen, wishing he could know her. Then, suddenly, things began happening to this one-time football player of Stuyvesant College, and he was in Hollywood. His very first scene before the cameras was with Alice in Sing, Baby, Sing—that gay episode where she discovers his new interest in stamp collecting, as he polishes the lights. So, the romance began and today, they are living in a magic world all their own. Plans? They haven't considered any—yet!

TODAY, Alice is one of 20th Century-Fox's most luminous stars, with a weekly salary of four figures and a fame that encircles the world. She has made the stride with surprising ease, without losing her sincerity and honesty. She has developed, too, in her role and decided that writing and avoiding these intervening years but she isn't the least burdened with inflated ideas about her "career," and accepts her honors with less hullabaloo than anyone I know. "I've grown up," explained Alice. "I've had to think and act for myself, and I've learned that I may have to do things I don't understand. They say I'll make a diva! I firmly believe that is what to be, will be. It was following a serious automobile accident, just before I made my first pictures, that I first caught a glimpse of this idea. I could so easily have been killed, or terribly disfigured, but by some miracle—I came out of it whole!"

"This was the most momentous experience of my life, and during my convales-
ence I tried to figure it out; the only solution seemed to be that things happen by inevitable necessity, that our destiny is decreed by an unknown power we call Fate. So, if I'm to remain in Hollywood and become a really great screen star, nothing can keep me from it. If not, there is no use of my worrying and fretting, it just isn't to be."

The real truth, so Alice believes, is that if she hadn't won success rather easily, first as a dancer, then on the radio, and later in pictures, she wouldn't be in Hollywood at all, because she isn't persistent, she has no driving ambition, no sublime courage to sweep obstacles from her path. On the contrary, she is so easy-going to become intense over such matters and had there been too many bumps, she wouldn't have bothered with them, but turned, blithely, to something easier to attain. These three years have held a lot of excitement and have been fun, but she wouldn't want to live them over because the novelty would be gone. To Alice, it is the novelty that spurs her on to effort.

Among the things Hollywood has taught her is that screen fame never lingers long in one spot and while enjoying all that is hers, she is able to stand apart and view her success in a detached way that keeps her from losing her head.

She said, "The screen has never lost its thrill for me and I intend staying as long as I'm wanted; but when my day is over I'll take it on the chin and you won't find me hanging on, trying to beat back to favor. I hope television will be waiting for me just around the corner. I'd love that. The living audiences paralyze me with fright, the camera is so impersonal that it throws me back onto myself, but the unseen listeners of the radio seem so close and so friendly, that I'm always perfectly at ease with them. The radio will ever be first in my heart."

HER personal loveliness will always make Alice the heroine of the drama, whether it be played upon the screen or in real life, for she possesses that intangible quality that focuses attention upon her. Men like to be seen with her; she's a sweet and highly decorative companion, and what is very important, she never loses a certain dignity. She gives her provocative, mischievous humor to her comedy film characters, but is surprisingly quiet and demure off the screen. She never has wise-cracks or "hot" comebacks to offer, and at parties and gay night spots, where the mirth may sometimes grow a little boisterous, Alice is never in the ring, she views it calmly from the side lines.

It was while he was playing opposite to her in Sing, Baby, Sing, that the attractive Michael Whalen confided to me, "Alice is the truly glamorous person I've ever met. It doesn't take a special role, nor an elaborate and romantic background to make it evident, she just is glamorous. Unconsciously so. It comes, I think, from an inner sweetness and charm."

Three years in Hollywood, and this blonde star is still a loyal New Yorker.

"It's the eternal sunshine that gets me down," she complained. "Every morning when I awaken to find the sun flooding the world I want to weep. I love the fog, the rain, and a keen, biting wind blowing in my face."

"Your perfect weather is like being with people who are just too, too sweet. You know how it is, you finally reach the point when you want to push them over a cliff."

Then, she gaily flipped, "that's one thing I couldn't endure, a husband who was too even-tempered. I'd rather have some surprises, a few fireworks and flashes of temperament clear up the matrimonial atmosphere. It would be frantically boring to come home to a constant smile!"

Alice may look like a perennial sunbeam but she is a moody girl, restless and very changeable. Today she wants one thing, tomorrow it may be something very different. Right now, it is love, a true romance, that she wants above everything else and it looks as if this has come to her. Fully, beautifully, through the loyal devotion of Anthony Martin, whose good looks and sympathetic voice promises to carry him to fame as a singing star.

She seemed such a very little girl as she looked up from the pillows as I was leaving, and said, "I'm not planning my future. I'm letting Fate take care of it. It will anyway, you know."

We give you a sister act in the Brewster twins—featured in GN's Hats Off

Haven't you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky? Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"A keratolytic cream has the ability to melt away dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the skin cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base—Right after cleansing, putting on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?

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That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base—Right after cleansing, putting on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight—To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.
A Marriage That Remains a Romance

[Continued from page 53]

my professional career is over.”

SHE likes to talk about her marriage. “I first met Frank at the Opera House in Florence, while I was visiting my sister Roma, which was then under American consulation in Florence. She told me there was a distinguished American baritone in town, and wanted me to meet him. He was the only man not employed at the Opera Compa, and seemed to be very popular with the English colony and the younger Florentine set.

“We went to hear him sing at the Polichiamo, the great opera house in Florence. He stole the show from the Italians. Between the acts, as he was going out to buy some cigarettes, I met him in the lobby and congratulated him for his grand performance. But he acted like an Englishman, terribly aloof and superior-looking. I thought he was very snobbish and conceited. He was so absorbed in his work that I mistook his priggishness for snobishness. Really, he wasn’t as human then as he is now. There isn’t a more democratic man in the world than Frank, but I didn’t realize it then.

“Well, I met again in New York, when I made my debut at the Metropolit. I remember the day, November 15, 1929. I had the role of a blind mother, and wore a funny old torn dress and a horrid make-up. I didn’t dare discourge him from coming back-stage and congratulating me. ‘You remember, we have met before, in Florence,’ I told him laughingly, thinking he might have forgotten it. Oh, I didn’t know he was an elephant! Frank never forgets! And would you believe it, now he accuses me of being snippy with him on that glorious night, when I felt like hugging and kissing the whole world! He says I didn’t give him a chance to start a conversation, and he vowed he’d get even with me.

“Miss Swarthout was now thoroughly warmed to the subject of marriage. “Our third meeting at his debut in Faust with the American Opera Company, right across the street from the Met. Even though his costume didn’t fit—I’ll never get over that costume, he looked so funny in it!—I went back-stage to congratulate him. Then, one day we found ourselves on the same program for a morning musical at the Plaza, and during the rehearsals our attitude toward each other underwent a complete change. Before, I had merely admired him, but now I began to feel more than mere admiration. As we grew to know each other better, he invited my sister and me to spend a week-end at the country house of his parents. And that was the real beginning of our romance.

“One day we were lunching together in a restaurant, when he said it would be a good idea if we got married. He didn’t make a bow dow speech, nor, figuratively speaking, did he drop on his knees. He proposed very casually, as if it were the most natural, unremarkable thing in the world. I told him, very casually, that I’d marry him if he could get my mother’s consent. But, as it turned out, my mother didn’t need much urging. After all, she had approved of his proposal, he proposed, we were married. We had to hurry because I was going on the road with the Met.

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Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those snoring, nagging, painful backaches, pains in the sides or girds are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

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PIMPLES? BAD SKIN?

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You Must Have Soft
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...Free From Pimples

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CONSUMER

ADDRESS ADVERTISER

WEATHER WOULD NOT NEGATIVELY

INFLUENCE MY CREDIT

WHAT IS THE

AD

WEATHER

LIKE

AT

THE

BUSINESS

OFFICE

TODAY

WHEN

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RETURN

FROM

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SPORTS

FIELD?

WILL

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WEATHER

BE

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TOMORROW?

WILL

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TOMORROW?

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SAFEGLOW

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SPORTS

EVENT

TOMORROW?

There is no profession which makes marriage a more difficult problem than that of the operatic singer. In fact, as Nelson Eddy says, "singers should not marry."

His life is a constant round of rehearsals, concert tours, mad dashes across the country, and, at times, from one corner of the world to the other. A male singer might be able to drag a wife around and have her share his crazy, hectic, high tempo life, but a female artist who sought after the road and the world would be in real, serious danger of being left high and dry in the case of a woman singer, unless the husband gives up his own business and career and concentrates on hers.

Frank Chapman chose to be his wife's critic, guide and philosopher. He has not given up his own career as operatic baritone tone entirely, and recently they sang in the Hollywood Bowl together, but he has definitely subordinated it to hers. He is her manager and vocal supervisor, and, in the latter capacity, was on the Paramount payroll during the filming of "Champagne Waltz." They are inseparable, and completely wrapped up in each other. Every day Frank was on the set, and left his wife alone only during intimate love scenes. For, as Nelson Eddy says, "Fred MacMurray is very shy, and couldn't very well make love to Miss Swarthout with her husband looking on."

An Princeton alumnus who fought in France with the Marines in the same company with Gene Tunney, ruddy and athletic, Frank is decidedly a man's man.

I DON'T know what I'd do without him," Miss Swarthout continued. "I may seem to be in a glamorous profession, but there is much pouting and struggling along in this business. There are times when I feel I've lost my way, and can't help wondering if I'm the one who lost faith in myself. Frank gives me faith and inspires me to greater efforts. I can lean on him; he gives me stability and balance. In marriage, the ideal partner is the person without whom the other couldn't cope with life's difficulties. And that's the kind of support Frank gives me.

"A lot of people think I have great poise, that I never get excited, that I take things as they come, and am made for amiable, unemotional roles. She believes me to have perfect teeth—a sad, almost cynical smile. "They don't know I have the jitters all the time! That's my greatest shortcoming. The older I get, the more I do, the more responsible I feel toward my work. At every performance I get more nervous. I have set a certain standard for myself, and I must surpass or at least equal my previous performance. You can imagine the nervous tension this causes. It's a complex. I must be psychoanalyzed."

Gladys Swarthout does not conform to operatic traditions—at least, not to Hollywood's conception of them. She has no eccentricities, doesn't stage temperamental fire-works. She loves fun. She called Fred MacMurray "Teacher's Pet! Teacher's Pet!"

When she's not admiring feminine brushed away a fleck of dust from his coat or combed his hair on the set. And poor Fred tightened his lips and squirmed.

It is no little honor to Gladys Swarthout that "Champagne Waltz," in which she is co-starred with Fred MacMurray, has been selected by Paramount as its jubilee picture. She is studio royalty and is ravishing in her singing and acting in this flicker. For the first time since her film career began she has been well cast. It should make her as sensational a star of the screen as she has been on the air and operatic stage.

And if you search for the secret of her always glowing success, you'll find that it's Love and the Right Man.
The Ginger Rogers That MEN Like
[Continued from page 31]

like myself, doing it." But this is very
disconcerting. People expect actresses to
"put on acts," to keep them guessing. If
she keeps on being herself, people will
soon be getting acquainted with her.

"Putting on acts must be awfully incon-
venient, though. Remembering what you
were last farce last week, and the week before—and
planning what you will be next week, and the week after..."

IT'S just a passing thought—but no one
ever dared her to be herself? Her eyes
laugh at the question. "No," she answers.

This subject of darest has possibilities.

"What is the applied to me. I feel as if
I'm being told, 'You've got to do this, be-
cause we're daring you.' And my sales re-
currence really goes into action. But

"Someone says, 'I don't think you can do
this, Ginger,' nothing can stop me. For
Then I darn right, myself. You can dare to try, anyway.

"Everything I have ever accomplished,
I've accomplished by saying that to myself.
When I was a Charleston dancer, people
said, 'That's as far as she can go.' They
didn't say the same thing when I did a baby-talk
act in vaudeville. When I hoofed in mu-
cical comedy on Broadway. When I started
on the screen.

"If they hadn't said it, and if I hadn't
dared myself to try to show them, I would-

BUT what is this studio announcement
that she will do a drama, after this new
dancing picture? "To hear people talk, and
see them throw up their hands in horror,
you'd think I am laying plans to be some
entirely different person—a total stranger
to the person I am now. Probably that
 misconception comes from the loose defini-
tion of 'drama.' To some people, it means
tragedy; to others, melodrama; to others,
anything that isn't musical comedy. I'm not
going tragic or melodramatic. At least, I
hope I'm not. I want to do amusing things—
romantic, amusing things, I wouldn't

What is the thing that she really regrets
most in her life? Her answer is prompt,
frank. "The fact that I haven't had more
education. When I was fifteen and won
that Charleston contest in Texas, and had
a vaudeville offer, I thought I had had
enough schooling. That was the one time
in my life when I was cocky. And I've
been aware ever since what it cost me.

"Maybe I am as far today as I would be
if I had a diploma to frame. Life has
taught me things I probably wouldn't have learned
in any class-room. But I have a feeling
that I've missed something—that some
things might have been easier if I had

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
SHE is a slight girl, yet she never seems to break under the terrific strain of weeks of difficult dance rehearsals. What are her health secrets? "Sleeping, eating, laughing, forgetting my nerves."

She and Fred relax by framing elaborate gags on each other. At the moment, she thinks Fred is "one up." He invited her to see some rushes one night. What flashed on the projection-room screen was unused film shots of Ginger dancing, with strange sound effects. Every time she made a movement, there was a grinding or ripping noise. Fred had arranged with a sound man for those effects. And Ginger is still laughing about it—and planning a funny surprise for Fred. That's the answer to the rumors that they "aren't getting along."

"The only reason why we're both planning to do pictures later with other partners is that we want the public to think of us, a little, as separate entities."

"Is she worrying about all about the future? "I'm a fatalist. And that's very convenient. It saves me worry. Also, I have faith in my producers, my directors—and Fred. We have a lot of troubles, but most of them never happen."

Isn't she worried about the prophecy that the title of 'best-dressed woman on the screen' is headed in her direction? "No," she says, with a smile, "because I'm not out after it. I'm flattered when other women copy my clothes—but I don't want that 'best-dressed' title. Living up to it would be a career in itself. I'm busy enough now."

She has a habit of helping out newcomers, encouraging them—even though they are potential rivals. (Harriet Hilliard and Lucille Ball, two recent examples.) What is the explanation of that? "On my way up, no star ever gave me a helping hand. I've never forgotten that."

Reporters are wont to think of Ginger as one star who won't fool them, who means what she says. When she and Lew Ayres were going together and an engagement was expected any moment, Ginger said that she was going to have a church wedding. She had a church wedding. When she and Lew parted, a year and a half later, she said that there would be no divorce "for a long time." She said that there was no one else. And there is no one else. No divorce has yet been filed. She may go dancing with Jimmy Stewart; she may have a date with Robert Taylor—but it doesn't mean a thing, romantically speaking. Ginger says so. She will admit that she loves every man of the men with whom she is seen. And every one of them will admit that he loves Ginger.

"Try to find a man who doesn't like Ginger! A good-looking girl who isn't face-conscious. A well-dressed girl who isn't clothes-conscious. A girl with a lovely figure who isn't figure-conscious."

An actress who doesn't put on an act.

A star whose principal success secret is the fact that she believes in taking dates—her own dates. A star who is frankly sorry that she hasn't had as much schooling as most extras. A star who isn't afraid to help newcomers. A girl so busy that she never has a real chance to relax; yet she's one of the world's best dispositions. A star so unself-important that she has a sense of humor, a liking for laughter, an appreciation of jokes on herself. A girl who doesn't worry, but takes life as she finds it. A girl who couldn't be on the screen, if she couldn't be natural there.

This is the Ginger Rogers that men like.

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In February MOVIE CLASSIC—WHY I MARRIED JOHN BARRYMORE

The real story of the "Ariel Caliban" marriage told by Elaine Barrymore.

**MAE WEST GIVES ALL THE ANSWERS**

The glamorous star of the stage and screen answers a score of questions sent in by her fans.

**DOOMED TO OBSESSION**

A noted director tells how he almost deprived the world of Norma Shearer, one of the screen’s outstanding stars.

**MOVIE CLASSIC NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS**

Miriam Hopkins’ Latest Design for Living

(Continued from page 65)

Sit-down dinners. Here I feel my friends can come and have a bite of food, a sip of wine and hearty conversation. Casual entertaining, I think, is so much more fun than elaborately planned and formal functions. I'm going to be happy here, I know, because this is honey, and yet it doesn't suggest slackness. I love simplicity because it represents freedom. That's why I always seek it.

Overhead we heard the racing feet of Michael chasing his Irish terrier, which he brought back from London. Master MIDCLYDE is not a little half-bred, going on four, and as radiant as a sunflower.

What's more, he talks with an English accent which he acquired in London, and which amused Miss Hopkins immensely. Michael told me with great style and dictation in a soft voice, as if he were speaking the London slang, that he had had a hard time dragging him from under the bed each day. And, furthermore, that the dog has a very marked habit of slipping his head out of his collar when the three of them—his mama, himself, and the terrier—went walking in New York Central Park. I also gathered that it became a matter of embarrassment for Miriam to walk along holding a leash and collar, but no dog.

There was a talk of the picture called Escadrille which the star is making for RKO on loan from Samuel Goldwyn, for whom she has two more pictures to make under her contract. Anton Litvak, Russian director, whose biggest successes have been with producing companies in France and England, directs Escadrille, as he did the French version of the story.

HOLLYWOOD has been buzzing with rumors of romance for Litvak and Miss Hopkins ever since the star and director returned to America. They met aboard ship, saw each other in New York, and continued their friendship in Hollywood. When I queried Miriam Hopkins about the romantic whispers, she replied: "Mr. Litvak is a charming and distinguished man, and the type who makes friendship such an experience."

I can't remember the time when Miriam Hopkins wasn't surrounded by attractive, gay, witty, clever and capable men. At the cocktail hour, when she isn't on air, and on Sundays at tennis, with noon breakfasts in her garden, one may always find several writers—a director, perhaps—a painter, maybe, and invariably some distinguish visitor from foreign shores. She attracts interesting people, men and women, and this magnetism something quite apart from her physical charm and grace of manner. I think it's a mental quality that she possesses. A spirit of awareness and aliveness of what's happening in the world, an eagerness to see, hear and read everything of vital interest. Consequently, she is never dull.

She loves people who are doing things, and while she absorbs from them, she gives generously in return, with her gifts of gay repartee, anecdote, and lively information on happenings and happenings. Her background of training and experience as a dancer, and as a stage and screen actress has enriched her understanding of all creative artistic expression, whether it be music, writing, the theatre, or whatever.

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**THE STENO TYPE COMPANY**

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painting. Her reactions, therefore, to conditions in Europe at the present time, and the importunities of the Hollywood, seem especially interesting. She said: "I HAD to be in Europe for nearly seven months and went away from Hollywood, to realize the importance of motion pictures as the great, living art of today, and of tomorrow, too. I believe that just as we, today, contemplate on the artistic glories of the past, so coming generations will talk about our present great age. They will discuss our times as the most wonderful age of mechanical development in the history of the world, and they will talk, I am sure, with much more respect and admiration, of motion pictures that we are often inclined to now. As we review with almost reverence the great periods of musical creation, and literature and painting of hundreds of years ago, in the same way, and with the same spirit, future generations will view motion pictures as probably the greatest of all artistic expression, because of its appeal to all classes—the poor, the rich, the simple, the cultured. Getting away from Hollywood for a long spell, is really the best tonic to make you appreciate the greatness of America and the greatness of motion pictures. "I loved working in London, because the American actress going over for a picture is treated with such unusual consideration. And while, of course, the facilities for producing pictures in Hollywood are so much greater and further advanced, still enormous sums of money are being invested in England for improving their productions. The borrowing of American stars and directors seems to have given English pictures a new impetus, and, personally, I think it's a splendid idea for Hollywood and London to exchange talent. Certainly there's a national sympathy between nations which speak the same language, even if the accents sometimes vary a bit."

ABOUT the highly publicized Mrs. Wallis Simpson, Miriam Hopkins commented: "Mrs. Simpson attended school with me, but told me her acquaintance with her is slight. However, we both fitted clothes at the same place in London—Schiaparelli—and chatted together informally on several occasions. She is attractive. However, I wasn't aware of the tremendous interest that she evoked until I returned home and read the headlines. The British press, of course, is much more restrained than we Americans are." Miss Hopkins' plans for the future are to return to London sometime next spring, at the expiration of her contract with Samuel Goldwyn. She has two more pictures to make for him. The first one is to be a story adapted by Sam and Bela Spewak, and the title of it is The Woman's Touch. At present, there is some talk of Joel McCrea playing opposite the star.

"I don't want to be tied down to a definite contract, much as I like the security of such an arrangement," Miss Hopkins commented. "Because I want to feel free to do a play or a picture, as the occasion arises, and to be able to travel to different parts of the world and see what is happening in these terrifically interesting times of change and new ideas for living. "For instance, no money could ever compensate me for the experience of having been in Europe during the past half year. Some of it was joyous and stimulating. Some of it was saddened and appalling, but it made me think. It made one reflect on the past and hope for the future, and be thankful for the glorious present that our country represents."

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Because many medical authorities say that an acid condition...a lowering of your alkaline balance...is often the cause of colds, Luden's new contain a natural Alkaline Factor which helps balance your alkaline reserve. They also soothe your throat; help clear your head.

Luden's Menthol Cough Drops 5¢ Help Balance Your Alkaline Reserve
The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 10]

Ma, that man's in again! Often a bridegroom, but never so quickly, John Barrymore eloped with protege, Elaine Barrie

Hollywood cocoos some time ago, married Marta Eggerth, the blonde Hungarian songstress whom Hollywood already considered his wife—the marriage of Director Boris Petroff and Jane Mann—elopement of Guy Bates Post, 56-year-old veteran of stage and screen, and Lilian Kemble Cooper, noted actress, to Las Vegas and maternity. Second marriage for both.

CUPID'S COUPLE:
Fritz Lang and Doris Dudley—They're plenty warm and plenty cuddly.

LIFE isn't at all funny for Laurel and Hardy, off-screen. . . Life, instead, seems to be a matrimonial mess for both and each of them. Laurel, for instance, is all tangled up in court financial proceedings between two women, each of whom claims she's Mrs. Laurel. And Hardy is being sued for separate maintenance by his wife Myrtle, who says she and he couldn't get along. In court, Laurel kept his straight face, but never cracked it with his screen smile. Hardy, however, broke down and wept right in open court when he faced his wife—and the judge had to clear the courtroom to give him a chance to pull himself together. And pulling Babe Hardy together is a pretty big job!

NO couple in Hollywood act more devoted than the Jimmy Gleason. Know how far they carry it?—why, when Mrs. Gleason took to bed with the flu recently, Jimmy himself caught the flu, too, and popped into bed, also. That's lo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-
CUPID'S COUPLET: 
Howard Lang and Tala Birell—
There's a romance that's pretty swell.

HOLLYWOOD BABY-NEWS OF THE MONTH: newest arrival in Hollywood via the Old Doc Stork's transcontinental flyer is the son of Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie orchestra-leader Nelson. It happened in New York, but the Western Union and Postal companies had to put on special service to carry all the Hollywood congratulations to Harriet.

—Still continues the Hollywood adoption scramble. Latest couple to take a baby as their own, from the famous Cradle in Illinois, are Mr. and Mrs. Robert Graves. They adopted a boy which, they swear, looks exactly like Bob. Adds Mrs. Graves: "We expect him to become president, some day!"

—And now Grace Moore lets it be known that she's planning to adopt a child. Only this one will not be a Cradle foundling—it will be 4-year-old Luisita Parera, niece of Valentin Parera. Grace's husband. Luisita is one of three children of Valentin's brother, and she's so talented that Grace plans to bring her to Hollywood to develop her abilities.

—Steffi Duna and John Carroll, married stage and screen couple, don't bother with adoption, though. They just let it be known that they've got a date with Doc Stork pretty soon. And, adds Steffi, she's going to give up her screen career and devote herself to the all-important business of being a wife and mother.

CUPID'S COUPLET: 
Ann Doran and Ralph Malone
Just can't bear to be each other alone!

WHAT Cesar Romero wants to know is, just whom IS he engaged to, anyway?—It seems the Hollywood talker-uppers are busy on Cesar, and within the past fortnight, I've read or heard that Cesar is betrothed to (a) Martha Raye, (b) Sheila Manners, and (c) Rosalind Marquis. But, says Cesar himself: "It's all news to me—and I'm sure it must be even more news to the ladies. It must be positively a shock!"

DIVORCE NEWS OF THE MONTH:—Cecilia DeMille's daughter Cecilia files suit for divorce from studio executive F. E. Calvin, charging non-support.

Visit Movieland
1937 Vacation Tours Now Being Planned

Hundreds of letters from enthusiastic readers who saw Movieland in the 1935 and 1936 Movieland Tours have urged that Fawcett Publications repeat the Movieland vacation tours in 1937. Because these tours have been so successful, we are planning two more tours for the summer of 1937.

And what grand tours they are! Visit Hollywood! See the stars and their homes. Meet them and talk with them. Every effort will be made to make the 1937 tours even more successful than the two preceding ones. Watch for full details in next month's issue of this magazine.

Carry TUMS—Get Relief 5 to 30 Minutes Quicker

HERE'S the REAL scientific acid indigestion relief done up in a 10c. "vest-pocket" roll of tasty little mints. No wonder millions have adopted the sensible carry Tums idea, to be sure of getting thorough, quick relief from today's unexpected attacks of heartburn, sour stomach or gas. Tums are pleasant-tasting... just like candy... so handy to carry in pocket or purse. And contain no harsh alkalies. No chance for dangerous over-alkalization of your stomach. Just enough of Tums' antacid compound is released to correct your stomach acidity... the remainder passing unreleased from your system. Only 10c a roll—seven cents in the 25c, three-roll ECONOMY PACK. At all drug stores. Carry Tums.

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Obtainable at the better grocery and Dept. Stores or send $1.25 (check or money order) to Ridgways Inc. 230 West St., New York, and a 1 lb. Centenary Tin will be sent you, all charges paid.

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On the West Coast—beautiful resort hotels at Bradenton, Sarasota, Punta Gorda, Usha Island and Boca Grande—fine hotels in Tampa and far down in Everglades—9 in all along the golden Gulf Coast. A hotel in Lake-land in the lovely lake and citrus re-gion. On the east coast, 2 charming hotels at West Palm Beach. 12 in all covering the best of Florida.

For the sportsmen—golf, tennis, bathing, quiz-shooting, lake and salt water fishing, every out-door sport that has made Florida world-famous. For those who seek the serene society of people of culture and congenial ideas. For motorists, for leisure-seekers, for season residents or weekend vacationists . . .

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MAJOR KORD, Dept. F22, Del Rio, Texas

This Month's Winners of Search for Talent Contest
[Continued from page 12]

Miss Evelyn Gresham, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Miss Betty Middleton, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
Miss Nora Goddard, Dallas, Texas
Miss Madeline Jones, Salley, S. C.
Miss Jane McGee, Evansville, Ky.
Miss Louise K. Karchem, Chicago, Ill.

RUNNER-UP

Miss Jean Fadden, Cleveland, Ohio
Miss Jane Carson, South Bend, Ind.
Miss Betty Bickel, St. Louis, Mo.
Miss Margaret Delboy, Aurora, Ill.
Miss Noel Adrien, New York City, N.Y.
Miss Ellena Motley, Kansas City, Mo.
Miss Carol Williams, Hollywood, Calif.
Miss Dorothy Wells, Atlanta, Ga.
Miss Gladys Semidey, New York, N.Y.
Miss Bonnie Bolling, Cleburne, Texas
Miss Teri Jenkins, Kansas City, Mo.
Miss Marjorie Greer, Buffalo, N. Y.
Miss Georgia, Wichita, Kansas.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
Simple—but effective recipes!
[Continued from page 22]

“Et ess so good and good for you,” she said simply.

DIINNErr SOOP
1 lamb shank
1 veal shank
1 lb. shorrib
1 small beef bone
3 tbs. chopped parsley
3 medium sized onions
1 small carrot
1 bunch celery, cut fine
2 cloves of garlic
1 cup canned tomatoes
2 cups canned tomatoes
Fresh vegetables on hand
Salt and pepper to taste

Cover meat with cold water and simmer until about half done. Add vegetables except tomatoes and corn, and simmer until water on meat has been reduced about one third. Season when meat is almost done. Add tomatoes and corn one half hour before removing from range. Remove bones from kettle, skim off excess fat. Sprinkle filled bowls with parsley and serve hot.

“DO YOUR think you should give me at least one foreign recipe to pass on to interested readers?” I asked as she prepared to leave the set, and realized that soup and salad wasn’t what I had expected from such a cosmopolite.

The Amer-e-cans feel like my Crepes Suzette,” she declared eagerly and gave me her own recipe that she learned during her long sojourn in Paris.

CREPES SUZETTE
2 eggs
½ cup milk
1 tbs. sugar
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. baking powder
¼ cup pastry flour
½ tsp. grated orange peel
½ tbs. grated lemon peel

Sift flour once, and then measure. Add sugar, salt and baking powder, then sift twice. Beat eggs well, add milk and peel. Gradually add dry ingredients. The final mixture must be very thin. Drop small tablespoonsful on hot baking surface. Cook slowly till brown on lower side, then turn with care. Remove to table. Place teaspoon of strawberry jam on upper surface and roll. Place close together in shallow vessel (not metal). When ready to serve, cover with the following sauce, and heat in the same vessel into which the crepes have been put.

1½ cups powdered sugar
1 tbs. butter
2 tbs. grated orange peel
½ tbs. grated lemon peel

Cook slowly until thick and clear. Just before adding to crepes, put in liquor as follows, ½ tbs. brandy, 1 tbs. curacao, and 1 tbs. wine. Pour over crepes and heat just to boiling point, no more. When ready to serve, cover with ¾ cup of pure brandy, and set on fire. Serve blazing.

KILL KIDNEY ACIDS

Win Back Pep,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

When acids and poisons accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and cduldy—you actually feel and look ten years older than you are. And what is worse, functional Kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervouously, Leg Pain, Lumbago, Swollen Kists, Rheumatic Pains, Diarrhea, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Head- ache, Frequent Cold, Burning, Smudging, Itching, and Allergy.

The only way your body can cleal out the Acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your Kidneys. When your Kidneys get tired or slow down because of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and thus cause much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the diuretic action of the Kidneys with a Doctor’s prescription. Cystex is recommended (pronounced Sin-Tex), which is available at all drug stores.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Dr. A. B. Knight, of Canada, New Jersey, recently wrote, “When Kidneys don’t function properly and fail to properly throw off the waste matter strained from the blood, when develop in the muscles and joints, the appetite suffers, sleep is disturbed, and the patient is generally run-down and suffers with lowered vitality. Cystex is an excellent prescription to help overcome this condition. It starts its beneficial action almost immediately, yet contains no harmful or poisonous ingredients. I consider Cystex a generation which men and women in all walks of life should and beneficial in the treatment of functional kidney disorders.” And Dr. J. B. Rastelli, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: “Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefits in the treatment of many functional Kidney and Bladder disorders. It is safe and harmless.”

World Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 31 different countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the United States Dispensatory and the United States Pharmacopoeia, and because it is followed especially for functional Kidney and Bladder disorders, it is swift, safe and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is offered to all sufferers from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Put it to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 48 hours—it must make you look and feel years younger and work to your entire satisfaction in 8 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only a dose at all drugstores, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with neglect. Ask your druggist for Guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Sin-Tex) today.

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Mr. Way made himself hear his watchtick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They allowed him to hear distant siren, road, burglar alarms, telephone, and comfortable noise. The American Art Institute.

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—Every deaf person knows that—
Mr. Way made himself hear his watchtick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They allowed him to hear distant siren, road, burglar alarms, telephone, and comfortable noise. The American Art Institute.

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Still Waiting to be Swept Off Her Feet

[Continued from page 74]

as well as David and doing so from the surf, a row boat, a barge, a stream or even a sweep.

At one time I recall she said:

"I like Englishmen better than American men because they are so polite, and I like American women better than English women because they are always smart in thought and appearance."

However, when I asked Merle pointedly if, when she did, it will be to an Englishman, her reply indicated she has since come to like American men, too:

"Not at all," she answered, "I should be as much of an American, and certainly I wouldn't find it all difficult to marry one, once in love." So judge for yourself.

"YOU've really found something worth-while in that Hollywood which once terrified you so?" I asked, because I knew, as few realize, that Merle has an inferiority complex, else why would she say, "I must forever be doing something to keep alive faith in myself."

Remember the girl of two years ago who faced the Great Unknown with in-ward trembldion and an outward veneer of exoticism. I was frankly curious as she asked, "But what, specifically, do you feel it has done for you, Merle?"

"Everything," she explained with quiet intensity. "It has given me depth. It has given me a perspective—a yardstick by which to gauge my own work. When I see others do something that I know is wrong, I, the American, am able to profit by their mistakes. It is a working colony—whereas in England one works at Elstree and leaves to become a part of their social life."

And did you know her "crowd" in that English capital included the dashing and then younger Prince George?)? "And I know, too," she added, "with more seriousness than I have ever seen in her before, "that the making of motion pictures is a great industry and it has made me realize what it is all about!"

DURING the filming of her latest production, Goldwyn's Beloved Enemy, in which she co-starred, David appeared with her—he stood before her on the set playing, of all things, the disappointed lover! This was the third take and Director Dwan was becoming annoyed as he cried, "Cut!" David was supposed to be proposing to Merle and he was putting such extravagant fervor into his acting that Potter felt his sincerity might be questioned on the screen.

"Niven," said Potter, as kindly as he could, "you'll win a girl if you propose so ardently. You've got to feel the part—you've got to mean it!"

And, David snapped back:

"If you don't think I mean it, you're crazy!"

As for Merle, there will always be men adoring her, wanting to marry her. But why won't Merle marry? Because, like you and me, she wants love—the realization of all her dreams—and until that phantom figure appears who can sweep her off her feet and make her shout "Yes!" I guess young Cupid will simply strike another random arrow.

Will it eventually be David Niven? I've told you Merle's side—what do you think?
I Will Pay CASH for OLD COINS, Bills and Stamps

There are single pennies that sell for $100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

I pagar $200 to J. D. Martin of Virginia for Just One Copper Cent

"Please accept my thanks for your check for $200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It is a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins."—Julian D. Martin, Va.

Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pennsylvania, $13,000.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, $200.00 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid $1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee, of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: "Your letter received with the check for $1,000 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last thirty-six years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickel (not buffalo), $100.00 for 1854 dimes ("S") Mint, $8.00 for 1853 quarters (no arrows), $10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

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Paramount celebrates the 25th anniversary of Mr. Zukor as a maker of movies and stars

CONGRATULATIONS, Adolph Zukor.
Congratulations not only for the twenty-five years you have devoted to the great business of making motion pictures, but because of the accomplishments of those 25 years. In the early days when pictures in motion were something to be sneered at you introduced Sarah Bernhardt, James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, Ethel Barrymore and James O'Neill to the screen. Labeled "visionary" and "fanatic" at first; you proved the theory that better pictures were not only artistically but financially successful.

You have fought, but you have fought clean all the way, and as a result of your energy and enterprise you have seen your organization emerge from the nickelodeon on 14th Street to become a powerful and necessary force in the development of modern life. And when you press the button on January 7, (your 64th birthday) your Jubilee picture Champagne Waltz, will be flashed upon the screens of every civilized capitol throughout the world.

Among the top-notch personalities of the silent era (some of whom you discovered) who earned world-wide fame under your forceful leadership were: Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Wallace Reid, Pola Negri, William S. Hart, Sessue Hayakawa, Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Theodore Roberts, George Fawcett, Douglas

Bernhardt—Queen Elizabeth
Dietrich—Morocco
Dix—The Ten Commandments

Swarthout—Champagne Waltz

Sessue Hayakawa Pola Negri Mae West Mary Pickford Geraldine Farrar William S. Hart

Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino. When the movies ushered in sound and voice you brought forth Maurice Chevalier, Ronald Colman, W. C. Fields, Gary Cooper, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West and Carole Lombard. But why go on—their names are legion. Several of these stars were famous in silent pictures but went on to greater heights in talkies. You made possible such grand spectacles as The Ten Commandments, The Covered Wagon and Beau Geste. You fostered the spirit of such classics as Peter Pan, Peter Ibbetson, Farewell to Arms and Ruggles of Red Gap. In days when pictures were little more than peep shows, you brought to the screen such great dramas as Monte Cristo, The Prisoner of Zenda, Tess of the D’Urbervilles and during the quarter of a century which followed you have never wavered in your acknowledgement of the debt you owe to the stage—a debt you contracted years ago when on the walls of your funny little studio in the old Chelsea district of New York you hung out your motto, "Famous Players in Famous Plays." You obtained the American rights to Queen Elizabeth, a four-reeler, starring Sarah Bernhardt, which had been produced in France. Being the first artistic screen play shown in America, it paved the way for the abandonment of two-reelers and the adoption of feature-length films.

For these accomplishments, Mr. Adolph Zukor, Chairman of the Board of Paramount Pictures Incorporated, we, the oldest motion picture publication in the magazine field, salute you and we join the entire motion picture industry in the hope that your special Jubilee production, Champagne Waltz will be the most gratifying and successful in your long and enviable career-Editor.
TRY SPEED COOKING WITH HORMEL SOUP! 1011 VALUABLE PRIZES IN NEW CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE
FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD OR $500.00 IN CASH

Try these new recipes. They're typical of SPEED COOKING—the art of using soup to make good things to eat in a hurry. HORMEL, of course. For only HORMEL SOUPS, with their true beef stock, have the richness, the flavor, the substance you need in speed cooking.

Try HORMEL Vegetable-Beef Soup in this good beef pie; try HORMEL Cream of Mushroom Soup in an Asparagus Mushroom Rabbit. Use soup to stretch the leftovers, to make thrill dishes go further.

And don't miss this big chance to win one of the 1,011 prizes in this brand new contest!

READ HOW EASILY YOU CAN WIN

Enter this big new contest. The winner gets: A free trip and vacation in glorious Hollywood (or $500) Visit a big moving picture studio, dine with Miriam Hopkins herself! 5 Second Prizes—beautiful Barenus Wrist Watches for men or women, worth $45 each. 5 Third Prizes—new de luxe Toastmaster Hospitality Tray Sets with toasters, each worth $23.50. 1,011 other prizes: lovely handmade lunchbox sets in gay peasant colors, one apiece to a thousand women.

Here's what you do: Write one sentence—25 words or less—on "Why I like HORMEL Soup best." Send this sentence and a label from one can of any HORMEL Soup (or a facsimile) to Contest Department C, George A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn. All entries must be postmarked before midnight February 15, 1937.

That's all you have to do. The 1,011 best reasons, in the opinion of the judges appointed by HORMEL, will win the prizes. Judges' decisions will be final. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after contest closes. All entries become the property of HORMEL and will not be returned. Contest not open to Hormel employees or members of their families. Don't delay—mail your entry now!

THE ORIGINAL DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

HORMEL SOUPS
CREAM OF MUSHROOM NOODLE CREAM OF TOMATO VEGETABLE-BEEF ONION VEGETABLE-PEA-BEAN (Tomato Borronee) CHICKEN BROTH CONSOMME MADRILENE

COPYRIGHT 1937, GEO. A. HORMEL CO.

Go to the grocer who displays Hormel Soups. There you'll see...free...
...the menu and recipes for the Miriam Hopkins Speed-Cooked Dinners, and other无助ance which may help you win a prize. Tell him if you win be sure of the same prize you do. He will keep Hormel Soup on display and you no preparing your entry.

SEEMIRIAMHOPKINS IN "A WOMAN'S TOUCH." AN ALEXANDER KORDA PRODUCTION. RELEASED THROUGH UNITED ARTISTS.

Enjoy this original dinner that popular Miriam Hopkins suggests.

'VEGETABLE-BEEF PIE'
Quickly made with HORMEL Vegetable-Beef Soup BLEND 2 Tbsp. butter with 2 Tbsp. flour. Add 1 can HORMEL Vegetable-Beef Soup. If you have a cupful of leftovers (diced meat, carrots, peas or potatoes), pop them in, too. Cook and stir until slightly thick. Pour in a pie plate and cover with a crust of Bisquick dough, cut in rounds or triangles. Bake in hot oven (425° F) 15 minutes until brown.

There you are—a richly flavored meat pie! It's a triumph for that new art—SPEED COOKING!

'ASPARAGUS MUSHROOM RABBIT'
Quickly made with HORMEL Cream of Mushroom Soup

MAKE A sauce with 3 Tbsp. melted butter, 5 Tbsp. flour, 1/4 cups HORMEL Cream of Mushroom Soup. When thick and smooth, add 1 package Creamed Old English Cheese, shredded, and stir until blended. Season and serve on hot, buttered asparagus tips. Garnish each portion with strips of pimiento—a feast for the eye, a festival-food for your tongue! Try this new taste sensation today! (It's extra good for theater-bridges or theater-spreads!)
When dining, think of digestion too!

A welcome mealtime touch is the serving of Camels. Your guests will prefer Camels for their mildness, and because they accent subtle flavors in fine foods. But it is also true that Camels have a pleasant effect upon digestion. Smoking Camels, scientists affirm, encourages a generous flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so imperative for good digestion. Camels are enjoyed the world over. "On shipboard," says O. Naftrechoux, Maître d' Hôtel Principal of the Normandie, "Camels are a distinct favorite. People get more pleasure out of dining when they add Camels to the menu."

COSTLIER TOBACCO - Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO than any other popular brand.

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE - SMOKE CAMELS

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Alexander Black, Los Angeles
- Mrs. Mary Byrd, Richmond
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., New York
- Mrs. E. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. William J. Hollingsworth, Jr., Los Angeles
- Mrs. Charles Dabney Langhorne, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, Baltimore
- Mrs. Anne C. Rockefeller, New York


A CHARMING PHILADELPHIAN SPEAKS HER MIND

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd

PERSONAL

HOBBY? Designing my own clothes

ARTS? Painting

ENTERTAINING? Little dinners

INTERIOR DECORATION? Chippendale and Modern

PEOPLE? Adelphi—Lynsay named Daffy

FAVOITE LINER? The Normandie

FOODS? Mushrooms

CIGARETTES? Camels. I can't help adding for decoration sake!
MY ADVICE TO MYSELF—JEAN HARLOW

ICK YOUR FAVORITE STAR—WIN $1000.00 IN CASH PRIZES
HOLD HIM TONIGHT-
with HOLLYWOOD’S thrilling
NEW BEAUTY SECRETS

True it is that beauty’s business is to charm! Then be what he wants you to be—be what you want to be—lovely—fresh—young—vibrant! Let Hollywood Mask Matched Make-up work its glorious magic, as no other make-up can—because Hollywood Mask is matched make-up keyed to your most important complexion factor—your natural skin type.

Listen, Blonde head, Brownette, Brunette, Redhead—beauty experts and America’s most discriminating women agree on these make-up rules:

1. Powder, rouge and lipstick should be color keyed to the most important complexion feature—the skin.
2. Powder, rouge and lipstick should accent your natural type of beauty.
3. Powder, rouge and lipstick color shades must not clash—must harmonize for natural appearance.
4. A facial such as the exciting new Hollywood Mask is vital to intelligent skin care.

All over America women have turned to Hollywood Mask’s new blending secrets, new balanced color ingredients. Here is matched make-up for gloriously natural-appearing loveliness.

Try Hollywood Mask make-up TODAY! Obtainable at drug and department stores. Introductory sizes at 5 and 10 cent stores.

AVOID WRINKLES, LARGE PORES
Skin must be healthy to be lovely. Don’t resign yourself to wrinkles, blackheads, large pores. Let Hollywood Mask Facial stimulate under skin tissues. Purge pores of dirt, rancid oils. Spread it on. Rinse it off—and behold! Skin looks fresh, clear, glowing. Large tube $1. Trial 10c.

FOR NATURAL COLOR HARMONY—
THIS NEW CLINGING ROUGE
So important—that your rouge accents your individual type. Blends evenly. Glows through powder to give a youthful effect of natural healthy color. Try Hollywood Mask Rouge.

Peachblush, Poppy, Raspberry, Orange. Large size 5c. Purse size 10c.

LIPSTICK MUST MATCH ROUGE—FOR
TRUE NATURAL HARMONY
Transform lips into a luscious tartatizing red with Hollywood Mask Lipstick. Flatters you because matched to your special rouge. Indelible, keeps lips soft—prevents chapping. Lasts out many more kisses.

Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry. Extra size 5c. Trial size 10c.

END “PLASTER-OF-PARIS” MADE-UP LOOK
Now—powder which won’t show—became gloriously flattering shades complement your individual color skin type. Stay and stay and stays 1Y2 on—but lasts longer. “Twice-a-day” powder. Rachelle, Crore, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large size 10c. Purse size 10c.

Check below a list of your favorite matching shades of powder, rouge, lipstick. Try the refreshing new facial. See how much more Hollywood Mask matched make-up can do for you! Mail NOW.


Send purse size cosmetics I have checked. I enclose 10c for each as checked to cover packaging and mailing.

Name
Street
City
State

Powder
Hollywood Mask
Rachelle
Crore
Brunette
Light
Peach
Medium
Natural
Blanche
Suntan
Raspberry
Orange
Peach
Raspberry
Peach

Rouge
Light
Medium
Peach
Orange
Peach

Raspberry
Peach
MOTION PICTURE

Combined With
Movie Classic

W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher

LAURENCE REID
Editor

MARCH, 1937

Volume LIII, No. 2 Twenty-sixth Year

Features

Go Hollywood with Movieland Tours
My Advice to Myself—Jean Harlow
"I Like Modern Women" says Nelson Eddy
The Life and Love of Frances Farmer
Hollywood Chorus Girls—1937 Edition
Eleanor Powell Writes a Letter To Your Bob
Hollywood Goes to Sea Again

Personalities

Discovering the Glamour in Irene Dunne
Why Gary Stays Popular
Hitting the High Spots with Glenda
Grabbing Victor Moore for Good
How to Live and Like It (Richard Dix)
Not What She Seems to Be—That's Kay

Prize Contests

Pick Your Favorite Star—$1000.00 in Cash Prizes

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Between Seasons with Loretta Young (Fashions)
Use Your Refrigerator for Winter Refreshments

AL ALLARD—Art Director


MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION
Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

POOR old 1936 is dead and gone! But in Hollywood, it'll always be remembered with a bit of awe as "the year in which Lil' Danny Cupid walloped the daylight out of Ol' Meaney-Man Divorce!" Because—believe it or not—1936 saw more famous romances hotfoot it to the altar than any in Hollywood's history. Look—Ariel Barrie got her Caliban Barrymore. Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Sylvia said their "I-do's" and before the year was out Mary ex-Fairbanks Pickford told the world that she'd marry Buddy Rogers. There were the Myrna Loy-Arthur Hornblow, Joan Blondell-Dick Powell, Fred MacMurray-Lillian Lamont, Margaret Sullivan-Leland Hayward marryings. Oakie, Fonda, Eddie Lowe, Randy Scott got married. Ditto Maureen O'Sullivan, Jean Parker, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Irene Hervey, Claudette Colbert. And on and on and on—scores of others, many of them big-timers. Why, even Harpo Marx married—and that's SOMETHING. . . .!

According to the latest whisperings the wedding date for Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond is set for next June—17th.

Of course, Ol' Meaney-Man didn't take his licking laying down. He managed to get in a few right-and-left divorces on Cupid's chin. Sylvia Sidney, Helen Twelvetrees, Dorothy Sebastian, Myrna Kennedy, Bert Wheeler, Bessie Love—they shucked spouses. But, in toto, it was a year that shook the foundations of the Associated Cynics' Circle, which clings raggedly to the world-wide belief that Hollywood is still the world's divorce capital. And 1937 will be even more "cupidly." Why, Ol' Man Tattler wouldn't be surprised if even Shirley Temple gets herself, anyway, engaged. . . .!

CUPID'S COUPLING:

Rochelle Hudson and Austin Parker—
There's a bran-new, two-way sparker!

EVEN once in a while, Hollywood is treated to the warming-over of an old romance that was believed dead. Latest warmer-uppers to delight film—

[Continued on page 8]
Naturally, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

» Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn..."Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love...a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face...I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm.

Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem"

Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero.

Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword.

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture
and Gene from RKO—but the inside dope is that they'll consider themselves lucky if they manage to wangle a month apiece for their honeymoon. They're going to spend it in Hawaii. And when they come back, they'll move into the honeymoon ranch they are building in San Fernando Valley.

**CUPID'S COUPLET:**
Johnny Howard and Andrea Leeds—They seem to fill each other's needs!

**BRING on the asbestos suits!**—Marlene Dietrich and Josef von Sternberg have made up again, and the world's afame. It all happened in London, but the repercussions have thrilled Hollywood, which has never, never gotten reconciled to the idea of Joe and 'Lene heading separate ways. It took a serious illness on Joe's part to effect the rejoining. Learning that the director was ill in a London Hospital, Marlene forsook the side of Doug Fairbanks Junior, with whom she's been doing London high wide and handsome. She hastened to Joe's bedside, and then there was the big we're-together-again act was played and now Marlene and Joe are here and there and everywhere together. And once again, the Joe-Lene team will go to screen work again. All Marlene's plans have been switched, and it's announced that she'll make at least three pictures under von Sternberg direction.

[Continued on page 18]
Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for!... A grand all-round show... new dances... new song hits... and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year!... with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING, and ABLE"

Ray Enright directed... Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles... And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening"

Warner Bros.
The new, fashionable hairdresses need
HOLD-BOBS

Charming Louise Kaye Karchmer of Chicago was the October winner in the nation-wide "Search for Talent" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. She receives a free screen test, $50.00 in cash, and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Wanger Production at United Artists Studio.

THERE'S no difficulty in preserving the smart beauty of the new hairdresses—not if HOLD-BOBS are used! For HOLD-BOBS really do more than ordinary bob pins can do. That's why Hollywood has named HOLD-BOBS its favorite bob pin and that's why beautiful women everywhere refuse to dress their hair without HOLD-BOBS. Only HOLD-BOBS have these exclusive features: small, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped; and colors to match all shades of hair.

Ask for a card of HOLD-BOBS today and swing compliments your way by keeping your coiffure always neat and beautiful.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-37, Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1937 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set “My Man Godfrey” apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you’ve ever seen! It tops them all!

Giant cast! Sparkling personalities! Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson! Breath-catching gowns! Fun, frivolity, frenzy! Music, mad-activity, mirth and magnificence!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:

Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan
Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cassart

Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!
Home Made Ice Cream!

Just mention HOME-MADE Ice Cream—and see young eyes sparkle and chubby mouths water! There's nothing youngsters love so much as the wholesome nourishing ice cream that's made right at home... that they themselves can help to make!

Give your children the same delicious treat you enjoyed as a little girl. Today it's so easy! You'll be amazed when you see how fast the new 1937 Freezers freeze. These modern freezers take only ten minutes to freeze enough delicious ice cream for the whole family!

"Have a party" for the children—they enjoy it. Pure wholesome home-made ice cream builds growing bodies. Your hardware dealer will show you the latest freezers. Both hand and electric style are very inexpensive.

BUY A FREEZER
at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
GRACE MOORE
Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,
"When You’re In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That’s the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that’s the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I’ve ever laughed through—Grace Moore’s stunning new hit, "When You’re In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace’s is aces with me. But "When You’re In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out!"

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephens, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I’ve already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You’re In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It’s way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON
**Women**

**HERE'S SPECIAL WORK OFFERING YOU...**

**UP TO $23 IN A WEEK**

and all of your own Dresses FREE OF a penny cost

---

**No Experience or Investment Needed**

This offer is open to all women single or married—who need money and are unable enough to accept this easy way to get it. With just one phone call and a little extra time you can make a small to a large fortune. It is that simple.

**No House-to-House Canvasing Necessary**

Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, with no canvassing or house-to-house. We will help you build up a money-making business—nothing but your own time and energy.

**Send for Style Portfolio**

---

**126 LOVELIEST SPRING FROCKS**

many as $2.98 low as

Fashion Frock styles this new Spring Season are more exquisite than ever. They are last minute styles direct from fashion headquarters in Paris and Hollywood, and are worn and approved by some of the best dressed movie stars. Fashion Frock styles are continually advertised in all the big women's magazines and are endorsed by leading fashion editors. They are never sold in stores, nor are they sold to representatives only.

---

**STOWAWAY**

The grand little trooper, Shirley Temple, again scores a hit in this sure-fire comedy, which has adult as well as juvenile appeal. Shirley is as adorable as ever and wins many new fans when she sings her new favorite, "That's Where I Want for Christmas." She handles a huge role (which is well beyond her years) expertly, and continues to be the personable and clever child actress who originally created the Shirley who originally created the Shirley Temple character. As an orphan, living with a missionary family in China, she becomes a stowaway to escape the war in her home country. The comic line in the story is her ability to dress up for a festivities on the theater stage and her success in the film is due to her natural talent.

---

**GOLD Diggers of 1939**

AAA—Catty tunes, clever dialogue, spectacular dance numbers, a novel story and an exciting plot make "Gold Diggers of 1939" one of the top musical numbers. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are the leading stars. Joan plays the boat girl and Dick plays the ship's doctor. Joan's role is one of the most appealing in the story and Dick's role is one of the most exciting. The story is about the romance between the leading stars and their adventures on the high seas. The plot is packed with laughs and the dialogue is clever and funny.

---

**COLLEGE HOLIDAY**

AAA—Delightfully insane comedy complemented by an experience of radio and a great cast of comedians, vaudeville performers, and some of the craziest scenes ever staged in motion picture. This is a comedy that will make you laugh every minute. The plot is about a college student who is being pursued by a girl who wants to marry him. He refuses and the girl becomes more and more desperate until she finally gets her way. The comedy is very well written and acted.

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**THE PICTURE PARADE**

[Continued from page 12]

AAA—James Cagney has staged a comeback in one of his best roles to date. Adapted from the hit show, "Johnny Gage," it is Cagney's own selection and proves to be the hit of the season. Cagney is on the side of the law and makes every effort to track down the chief of the racketeers. It is a fast-paced, tough-guy role that gives him every opportunity to use his skill. There is much more in several spectacular scenes, particularly in a clever comedy angle and plenty of action. The story is one of the most interesting and exciting episodes, one meeting at a time, with never a dull moment. The chemistry of Cagney and his co-stars is perfect, and the story is well written and acted.

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AAA—Catty tunes, clever dialogue, spectacular dance numbers, a novel story and an exciting plot make "Gold Diggers of 1939" one of the top musical numbers. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are the leading stars. Joan plays the boat girl and Dick plays the ship's doctor. Joan's role is one of the most appealing in the story and Dick's role is one of the most exciting. The story is about the romance between the leading stars and their adventures on the high seas. The plot is packed with laughs and the dialogue is clever and funny.

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**COLLEGE HOLIDAY**

AAA—Delightfully insane comedy complemented by an experience of radio and a great cast of comedians, vaudeville performers, and some of the craziest scenes ever staged in motion picture. This is a comedy that will make you laugh every minute. The plot is about a college student who is being pursued by a girl who wants to marry him. He refuses and the girl becomes more and more desperate until she finally gets her way. The comedy is very well written and acted.

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**THE PICTURE PARADE**

[Continued from page 12]

AAA—James Cagney has staged a comeback in one of his best roles to date. Adapted from the hit show, "Johnny Gage," it is Cagney's own selection and proves to be the hit of the season. Cagney is on the side of the law and makes every effort to track down the chief of the racketeers. It is a fast-paced, tough-guy role that gives him every opportunity to use his skill. There is much more in several spectacular scenes, particularly in a clever comedy angle and plenty of action. The story is one of the most interesting and exciting episodes, one meeting at a time, with never a dull moment. The chemistry of Cagney and his co-stars is perfect, and the story is well written and acted.

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**STOWAWAY**

The grand little trooper, Shirley Temple, again scores a hit in this sure-fire comedy, which has adult as well as juvenile appeal. Shirley is as adorable as ever and wins many new fans when she sings her new favorite, "That's Where I Want for Christmas." She handles a huge role (which is well beyond her years) expertly, and continues to be the personable and clever child actress who originally created the Shirley who originally created the Shirley Temple character. As an orphan, living with a missionary family in China, she becomes a stowaway to escape the war in her home country. The comic line in the story is her ability to dress up for a festivities on the theater stage and her success in the film is due to her natural talent.

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She has it... and good sense, too

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Maid of Salem"

She keeps her complexion exquisite—guards against Cosmetic Skin—with this simple care...

"USE COSMETICS? Of course I do," says lovely Claudette Colbert. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, thoroughly removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.
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Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $_________. Please enter my reservation for_________ persons, to insure a place for us on tour No._________.

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 11, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 8.)

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GO HOLLYWOOD with Movieland Tours

All aboard for the Third Annual Movie Tour. Meet the stars. Make your reservations now.

KNOWING how its thousands of readers all over the country have long been curious to know what Hollywood is really like on the inside, Motion Picture has arranged an opportunity for you and you and you to take a transcontinental vacation, mingle with the stars at home, at work and at play, and see all the sights of Southern California all for the price of a round trip railroad ticket to Hollywood.

Thus the hardest place in the world to crash will be opened to you like a book by your favorite magazine. All you have to do is sign up for either of the Fawcett Publications two summer Movieland Tours, and Motion Picture will do the rest. You should lose no time, however, as the heavy demand already started is certain early to exhaust the available supply of reservations on the third annual Fawcett tour. Use the coupon below.

The thrill of a lifetime awaits those who join one of these tours! The two-weeks vacation begins in Chicago, takes you through Minnesota's diamond-studded 10,-000 lakes, the ethereal magnificence of Rainier Natl. Park, the majesty of the Rockies, the green wonderland of Seattle and the Pacific Northwest, San Francisco and its eerie Chinatown, and then—HOLLYWOOD! You will dine and dance with the stars, watch them at work in the studios, and be their guests at intimate parties in their homes.

Applications are already beginning to pour in for the two expeditions being organized this year. They will be much bigger and better than the amazingly successful Movieland Tours of 1935 and 1936. A special train has been chartered for each journey through the picturesque West.

The first tour leaves Chicago July 11 and the second August 8. Both transcontinental parties will enjoy identical party plans in Hollywood, so you can select whichever date is most convenient for your vacation.

One of California's famous hotels will await you in Hollywood after traversing the wonderland of the American West. The first day is reserved for any private trips or delights you may plan. At your disposal will be Catalina Island, mountain-nestled Lake Arrowhead, San Diego and Coronado, the numerous beaches, or perhaps any friends and relatives you may desire to visit.

Hollywood's glamorous night life will invite your frolicking that evening. Romantic Coconut Grove and other sparkling night clubs beckon you to wine, dine and dance with your favorite stars.

The next morning will open with a tour conducted by Motion Picture through Paramount, one of the major studios. Pictures in the making before your eyes will give you an opportunity to see the technical details of a movie camera, learn how sound is made, watch construction of sets and study backgrounds already used in famous pictures, and go through the entire process of a day in the studio. And you will see and meet the big Paramount stars—such as Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Bing Crosby, Jack Oakie, Ida Lupino and others.

In the afternoon the party will caravan

[Continued on page 101]
THROUGH THE DAY USE TANGEE...WATCH THE BLUSH-ROSE SHADE OF YOUTH APPEAR

- Tangee's magic Color Change Principle gives your lips the soft, natural glow of youth. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to you. Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with fashions of today." Tangee isn't paint and cannot give you a "painted look".
- Use Tangee Rouge, too, for it also contains the magic Color Change Principle...gives you natural beauty. It brings youthful color to your cheeks.

THROUGH THE NIGHT...TANGEE LIPSTICK'S SPECIAL CREAM BASE SOFTENS AND PROTECTS YOUR LIPS

- Tangee your lips before you go to bed. Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects and soothes, keeps lips from chapping, drying. Doesn't come off on bed linens. Awake with smooth, softly tinted lips instead of a faded "morning look". Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you must remove at bedtime.
- Try Tangee. Two sizes, 39¢ and $1.10. Or send the coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.

Painted GLARING Lips Tangee GLOWING Lips

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Luft Company V-37
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- Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Cream Rouge, Face Powder, Lotioncic 25¢ (refund or cost). (15¢ in Canada)
- Check Shade of Powder Desired □ Flesh □ Rachel □ Light Rachel

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When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture
GORDON OLIVER and JEAN MUIR—Altar-headed, that seems sure!

LATEST set of Rules on "How to Stay Married Though in Hollywood" have been issued by dancing-comicener Buddy Ebsen, who lays his own marital success to following these commandments:
1. Don't speak to any of the girls on the set.
2. Don't speak to any of the girls off the set.
3. Don't speak to any girls.
4. Don't talk to your wife about your leading lady.
5. Don't talk to your wife about any ladies.
6. Don't let your wife see your preview.
7. Don't introduce your wife to any leading men.

[Continued from page 8]

MOST-Vehement-Deniers-of-the-Month turned out to be Jack Oakie (he's getting fatter every week!) and Wife Venita Warden. There have been whispers that all was not well in the Oakie love-cote. But Jack and Venita joined in a public chorus, entitled "We've never been so happy in our lives!"

CUPID'S COUPLET:

HOLLYWOOD tried its best to thumbs-down Elaine Barrie, during all the months of her vivid maneuverings with and about John Barrymore. Naturally, Hollywood loved Dolores Barrymore, and it's not at all extraordinary that the majority of Hollywood's folk resented the intrusion (as they saw it) of Elaine. And so, Elaine was pretty well snubbed in Hollywood's social life during the pre-marital events. But hand it to the gal—she didn't let it kill her. And finally, when Love triumphed, and she won her man, Hollywood surrendered. Not that Hollywood loved Dolores the less, but even Hollywood admires the person with guts and pluck, who fights through to victory. And so the bars went down, and today, Mrs. Elaine Barrymore is catching more and more social circles that were just icicles to her up to now. And Hollywood is interested too, in the fact that since his wedding, John has been a very good boy. Why, at the huge tea he and Elaine threw, not long ago, John actually drank tea!

[Continued on page 84]
Ella Logan, Scotch lassie who danced with the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales, followed a royal road to stardom in the world of the theatre . . . Born on March 6, 1913, to Mr. and Mrs. James Armour Allan in Glasgow, Scotland, the tiny mite boomed to theatrical heights when but 11 years old . . . It was her amazing talent for imitating the great stars of the day that brought Ella her first recognition . . . For three years she traveled across Europe with her mother, scoring successes in Germany, France and in Spain until she became the featured singer with Jack Hylton’s band . . . Royalty summoned her with command performances . . . gay young blades “courted” her and the dancing public offered her their hearts, so popular was the little singer . . . At this time she made her first appearance on the radio for English broadcasting stations . . . It was while she was appearing at a Piccadilly hotel in London that a producer saw her and engaged her for the leading role in the musical comedy, Open Your Eyes . . . Her next part was in a hit show that ran for a year and a half in London’s Gaiety Theatre . . . Appearing, in addition, in most of the exclusive clubs of London and the Continent, she attracted the attention of the then Prince of Wales and danced with him many times . . . Among the many clubs in which she sang were the Bat Club and the Ambassador Club . . . Royalty bade her to give command performances in their homes and to be his honored guest as well . . . 1933 found Miss Logan playing return engagements in London and other English cities . . . then followed appearances in Berlin and France where she met producers who gave her a chance to go to Amsterdam. In the Dutch city Miss Logan broke all records by being held over for seven months . . . she also appeared on the radio and made several Dutch pictures while in Holland. Then came the big chance, an opportunity to come to America and to do a show . . . It was Calling All Stars that became Miss Logan’s first play in this country and it carried her to new heights . . . From this start she went into radio broadcasting seriously, appearing with Rudy Vallee, Al Jolson, Abe Lyman and other personalities . . . with such a chance she had on the programs and on the stage, no wonder that Hollywood called and Ella answered . . . She is now under contract to Universal . . . Her first picture is Top of the Town . . . By the way, don’t miss seeing this musical, both because it is good and because Miss Logan makes her debut in it.
RICHARD BOLESŁAWSKI
Director of The Garden of Allah.

LESS than fifteen years ago a man stood alone on a New York City curbstone, with but fifty cents in his pocket and very little knowledge of the English language, but with a determination that refused to let him “give up the ship” and return to Poland, his native land. Instead, Richard Bolesławski took out his first naturalization papers.

The ten following years were not easy for the man who ultimately was to direct such screen successes as Rasputin, Men in White, Operator 13, Cline of India, Les Misérables, O'Shaunessy's Boy, Garden of Allah and his current production, Theodora Goes Wild, which launches Irene Dunne as a motion picture comedienne.

Bolesławski's first objective was to master the English language, which he did by temporarily abandoning his motion picture ideas and pursuing a literary career.

Born in Warsaw, Poland on February 4, 1889, he was educated at the University of Odessa and the Dramatic School of the Moscow Art Theatre. He then spent twelve years with the Moscow Art Theatre, staging productions in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Berlin, Vienna and Paris.

In 1915 he enlisted in the Polish army and became a lieutenant in the famous Polish Lancers. He also served in the Polish-Bolshevist war until, as he says, "things got too hot for me." He then returned to Russia and acted virtually as a spy between the Red and White armies. "I was playing in the theatre while the men who were searching for me were often members of the audience," he relates.

He was forced to flee to Paris. There the Shuberts found him and sent him to New York to direct his first production, which ended so dismally that it left him with the fifty cents in his pocket.

Following his literary career he was given directorial assignments on the stage, among which were Pancho Villa, starring Otis Skinner, and The Vagabond King.

With one hundred dollars in his pocket and bills piled up on his desk, Bolesławski went to a Manhattan antique dealer, in whose window hung a wood-carving he had admired for some time. He was determined to own that wood-carving and pay his creditors later. He asked the price: "Twenty-five hundred dollars," was the reply. Bolesławski's face fell.

"Give me that little cigar box over there," he said, and walked out with a five dollar hundird under his arm.

"But I'm always doing such things," he says today. "When things look dark for me I always do something considered foolish by other individuals."

He went to Hollywood when the screen was frantically searching for dialogue directors; was given three jobs and fired from them in rapid succession. He was down to his last five hundred dollars and no work in sight. So he took the money, bought a small lot and started to build a house. He still lives in that little house.

BOLESŁAWSKI, who is six feet tall, weighs 215 pounds and has dark hair and blue eyes, is most informal on the set. He is called "Boley" by everyone, from the Joe Window boy to the director. Between scenes he either chats quietly with his principals or resumes a conversation with a "grip" about cabinet-making or wood-carving, two hobbies close to his heart. He is loud-spoken only at the beginning of a scene when, after he has given the players instructions, his "Go!" can be heard all over a sound stage. His signal to end the scene is always a snap of the fingers.

"Boley" lives with his wife, the former Norma Drury, stage actress, and their one-year-old son, Jan. In his home is a completely equipped workshop where he designs and makes furniture for their use. When not engaged in this manner, "Boley" turns to writing.

He has two best-sellers to his credit, Way of a Lancer and Lancer's Dream.

Bolesławski is an ardent golfer, chooses the theatre for evening recreation, and has proved himself an outstanding success as a man of letters.
By HAL WHITEHEAD

BORN on a ranch near Wichita Falls, Texas, and reared in the saddle, Leona Maricle, brown-eyed and brown-haired Columbia contract player, has never appeared in a western picture. Instead she portrays svelte Park Ave, bred damsels... Leona thinks it would be a lark to don a pair of faded jeans and ride down the wall of some canyon for the benefit of the movie camera... Few have been Leona's pictures, but promising is her future... She once appeared in a Wally Beery picture, but regards her real debut the part she played as Melvyn Douglas' estranged wife in Theodora Goes Wild. She lost Melvyn to Irene Dunne but won her self a contract with Columbia... Evidently, Melvyn is a good luck charm, for her second picture was Women of Glamour. In this she played Melvyn's fiancee who graciously gives him up when he falls in love with Virginia Bruce... Leona hopes some day that she will be permitted to hold her man on the screen... When Leona was born, her mother promised herself that each of her two daughters would be permitted to choose her own career... but not so many years later, when Leona announced that she was going on the stage, Leona's mother forgot her early resolution. Leona Maricle had a mind of her own, so, after she finished her education at The Texas State College For Women, she ran away to Philadelphia where she worked as a private tutor. The real reason for her taking the job, aside from making a living, was to get rid of her Southern accent... Finally Leona's parents persuaded her to come home, promising that she could go to any school she wished... Imagine her family's surprise when she chose the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York City! Her first Broadway appearance came a year later with Ann Harding in The Trial of Mary Dugan... She also appeared in several other plays, some of which ended abruptly, but the critics were kind to her... Then came the Hollywood presentation of Call it a Day, which resulted in a hurried call from Columbia... A few of her likes and dislikes... she enjoys watching football games and likes to play bridge... her favorite food is a rare steak because she never bothers with a diet... she prefers to travel by boat and is annoyed by strident voices... she hates to shop and buys her clothes on impulse... her height is 5 feet 7½ inches.

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS... it will COST YOU NOTHING!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Mrs. Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. "Thousands of other women today owe their slim youthful figures to this quick, safe way to reduce. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?" Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs, diaphragm... the spots where ugly fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

Perfolastic Reduces Safely... Quickly Without Diet, Drugs or Exercise! You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled fabbiness! The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear. You Risk Nothing; Mail Coupon NOW! See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely and quickly!
It is now common knowledge that the three foremost things in restoring lost weight are food...digestive juices...and red-blood-cells. Digestive juices of the stomach make use of the food you eat...red-blood-cells aid in turning the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic is of great benefit in both.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells...just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large one at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest anything "just as good."
Beginning her eleventh year as a star is something to smile over, surely. Yet Greta Garbo has two other reasons for being happy. She not only plays the title role of Camille, which has always been considered the last word in emotional assignments, but she also has Bob Taylor as her latest (the seventeenth) screen lover.
You can't "ab-dicate" and eat it, too. So Bette will not quit the Warner throne where she has ruled as queen of actresses. Former prime minister, George Arliss, is reported to have said: "Don't let your people down!" So Bette continues to wear the Warner crown. Her loyal subjects will see her in *Marked Woman*. 
in *Knight Without Armor*. But, if we had our way about it we would call it *Night With Negligee*. And it's a shame, too, because Marlene has such bootiful limbs.
WHEN Jean Harlow returned recently from the first real vacation that she had had in months, she looked better than she had in a long time. She looked even better than she did in Libeled Lady. I told her so.

"You astound me," said Jean. "The first thing you know, you'll have me thinking a change is good for me."

"Well—isn't it?" I asked, indicating our surroundings.

The surroundings were Suite A in one of the elegant new apartment-houses inside-the-studio (or dressing-room buildings) that M-G-M has built for its feminine stars. It wasn't chance that put Jean in Suite A. It was change.

She has always been popular—but never so popular as recently. In the past few months, she has become the "top draw" among all of Leo the Lion's (M-G-M to you) glamour queens. No one on the lot, with the single exception of some chap named Taylor, receives more fan mail. And that isn't the only symptom. Suzy, admittedly no sensation, outdrew the sensational San Francisco in half of the places where both pictures played. The only obvious reason was Jean Harlow. Also, if you noticed, her name was billed first on the four-star Libeled Lady. Now she and Taylor are co-starring in The Man in Possession.

When she altered the color of her hair, and thereby altered her roles, Jean didn't do her popularity any harm. Those outward changes in Jean interested people. They sensed inward changes, too. And, under pressure, Jean will admit inward changes—which have been good for her. I say "under pressure," because if there is anything that is difficult for her to do, it is to talk about Jean Harlow. She has no urges for mirrors, either physical or mental. Mirrors, to Jean, are the trademark of the egotist. They are something to be avoided whenever possible, like diphtheria or poison-ivy. And she can't be flattered into using them in public.

BUT be patient enough, and persistent enough, and lucky enough; refuse to let her lead you into other channels of conversation; give one hundred reasons why a Harlow interview should be about Harlow; and you may have results.

"Yes, I've changed," she told me. "Life has done things to me, just as it has to you. Different things, maybe. But most of them have been things over which neither of us has had much control."

"You can't say, 'I'm going to change and be another sort of person next week, or next year'—and get away with it. Neither can I. Life has more to say about any possible changes than we do. You've probably found that out. I know I have."

"I've made this discovery—a rather important discovery, I think: If you can't make life pliable to your wishes, the next-best idea is to make yourself pliable to life. I've had hard knocks, and I've had lucky breaks. Adding them all up, I've arrived at the conclusion that they have had more to do with the moulding of what I am today, than I have. I'm going to do a little more taking of life as I find it. It looks like the way out of little fears and big frustrations—the way to keep my ambitions reasonable.

MY ADVICE

—Jean Harlow

Jean not only dishes out a big earful of advice to herself (and, boy, can she take it!) but what she has to say can include you, too.

By JAMES REID

"Every actress thinks she knows how to play a role—to get the most out of it. But on every movie set, there is a director who can usually improve on her ideas—if she is willing to let him. Just so, all of us think we know what to do, to get the most out of life. But experiences can do some marvelous directing—if we let them!

"Maybe that isn't common sense, but it sounds like it to me."
Jean, sitting across the room on an all-white divan in an all-white sweater and all-white slacks, lighted an all-white cigarette—one of the popular brands. 

"You'd be surprised if you knew how much common sense this business of being a movie star demands," she added.

For instance?

"For instance, I was tired of being a platinum blonde long before I ceased to be one. After you are a towhead for twenty-some years, it can become a bit monotonous, you know. But I didn't change just for the sake of changing. I waited until I had a good common-sense reason.

"I waited until I had a role that demanded something—anything—except platinum-blonde hair. That role appeared, finally, in *Riff Raf." Here was no satiny siren. Here was a girl who worked in a fish cannery; who stayed in waterfront surroundings; and who had her mind on just one man—and that man a foreman. If anything about the girl suggested luxury, she wouldn't look real. So something had to be done about that platinum-blonde hair. I wouldn't wear a wig, as I did in *Red-Headed Woman.* Wearing a wig, under those lights, is like carrying a heat-pad on top of your head. So there wasn't anything else to do except tint my hair.

"Originally, it was to be for the one role. But the experience of being something besides a platinum blonde did things to me. For the first time in my life, I lost that 'conspicuous' feeling. I felt more real than I had ever felt with my hair its real color. I felt happier, more carefree . . . I liked the sensation. I still like it. Common sense tells me to continue to be a brownnette. If I feel more real, I'm likely to act more real. I didn't foresee this. This was one of those things over which I had no control. It just happened; that's all."

And, she hastened to add, she wasn't recommending that other girls change the color of their hair, on the off-chance that the change might do things to their personalities.

"I'M NOT giving advice to anyone else. I've still got plenty to give myself."

"The idea of a movie star giving advice to herself is something new. How long has this been going on—?"

"I started at the beginning, and I'm still doing it. I wasn't born an actress, you know; events made me one. I got my first movie job on a bet; not because I thought I could act. When studios kept on giving me work, I was so surprised that I was going around in circles. All kinds of people were giving me all kinds of advice—conflicting advice. I couldn't begin to sort out the good from the bad. Then and there, I had to call upon common sense—and become my own adviser.

"For example, one of the favorite bits of advice given to youngsters then—more than now—was that they had to be seen every where and whither—no matter what the producers might go. The right restaurants, the right premieres, the right night-clubs. That was supposed to be the way to be 'discovered.' I figured out that the idea was a fallacy. If a producer were going to invest money in an unknown, he certainly wouldn't invest it in a person who was a gadabout, losing sleep and endangering her health."

"Another bit of counsel was: 'Try to look like Garbo—or some other top-flight star. They're looking for another Garbo.' I figured out that that was erroneous advice, on the simple grounds that I, myself, wouldn't pay to see a copy. Every actress who had become a star had done so by being individual in herself.

"Still another was: 'Wear clothes that will knock their eyes out.' That didn't ring true to me, either. If I had anything to offer the screen, I wanted to attract attention to my face—not my clothes. Since becoming a star, I've heard the same advice from different directors. It's the best in public. People expect it of you. And it still doesn't ring true. If people like me or don't like me, as a person, it isn't going to make any great difference if I wear a dress that looks like a thousand dollars—and a coat that looks like a million."

"The clothes advice I have given myself is: 'Try to be well-groomed.' That is the important thing. Nothing a woman can have is more valuable to her than a neat appearance, a daintiness of person. She can have it in slacks, as well as an evening gown. She doesn't have to be slowly in slacks."

"In momentary mock-panic, she looked down at her slack-sheathed legs. The sheaths were spotless and unwrinkled."

"Why do I wear them so much? It's because they're so much easier to get into and out of than dresses. I go to work early, and come home late. At both ends of the studio day, I have to change my clothes. It's so simple to change out of slacks in the morning, and into them at night, that they get to be an insidious habit."

A NOTHER bit of Hollywood advice to which Jean doesn't subscribe is this: "Remember that, once you become a star, you're a target for vicious envy. You can never be sure who is your friend, and who isn't. I hate the smugness of cynics. I'd hate to be one. And so far I haven't had to be. I'm sure of three or four friends, no matter what happens."

"Neither has Jean taken the advice: "As a star, you have a right to be temperamental.""

"She says: "As a star, I've improved my disposition. I've had to. Not because of the people around me, but because of the obstacles to good work that I would put in my own path by lack of self-control. When you're called upon to expend nervous energy, day after day, that's when you need a sunny disposition. Or need to develop one."

"I'm fortunate in that respect. I was born with a fairly happy disposition. I don't let anything bother me. I don't let anything bother me. Of course, I have had to develop a certain amount of philosophy, to keep that disposition. We all do."

"One of the greatest pieces of advice I have tried to give myself was handed down to me by my grandfather. The old Golden Rule: 'Do unto others as you would be done by.' There's a sporting idealism in that particular thought. It's supposed to be naive in this day and age. If it is, then I'm guilty of being naive. So are some of the finest people I know—or ever want to know."

As A STAR, she is supposed to be jealous of her position—jealous of rival actresses who also make hits. What advice has she given herself about jealousy?

"None. I've never been afflicted. And jealousy must be an affliction—a tragic thing. If anyone is jealous of me, I'm not flattered. I feel sorry."
Nelson Eddy—Jeanette MacDonald are singing sweethearts again in *Maytime*. Their theme song is *Sweetheart*.

Nelson doesn't deplore the passing of the moonlight and honeysuckle era—even if he is cast here as a lover of 1865.
"I Like Modern Women"
says NELSON EDDY

Yessir, Nelson is all for the modern days and ways—for the streamline in everything, including the girls

By FAITH SERVICE

"I am one hundred per cent modern," Nelson told me.

He added, "I hope—"

We were sitting, Nelson and I, parked on a camera case in the shadows of the set of Maytime whence Nelson had joined me. It is worth the note that Nelson does not feel called upon to sit in dignity on his chair marked "FOR MR. EDDY ONLY." A camera case, a joist, a beam, or the floor is good enough for him. Under the lights which Nelson had just left and with the echoes of the superb Eddy voice still enriching the air about us, Nelson watched the rotund Herman Bing playing ducks and drakes with his "Rs" under the baton of Director Robert Z. Leonard. He watched Herman, and he laughed long and loud. He said "He's the funniest fellow I've ever worked with. For the first time in my career I've gone up on my lines, chocked in the middle of a song, killed a couple of 'takes' because he makes me laugh so hard I'm stopped. He has us all doubled into knots—and working overtime as a result.

"But you were accusing me of being old-fashioned. And I am about to assure you that I am nothing of the kind. I can speak of the 'good old days' without a tear in my eye. Because I don't believe they were so darned good. The comforts were certainly lacking," Nelson laughed again, "and I like my comforts and admit it. No, I'm all for the good, new days of the Twentieth Century. I'm all for the streamline in everything, including," he grinned, "the girls."

"I am all for modern days and ways. I do not deplore the passing of the old horse and buggy. I much prefer riding, solo or with a young lady, in a streamline job without mushy tendencies. A piece of sleek machinery which will get me—or us—to the top of a mountain in time to watch the sun set in glory, or down to the sea to watch the moon-path shimmer. There's far more romance in that.

"I do not deplore the passing of the honeysuckled (and mosquitoey') front porch whereon one sat with The Girl Of One's Dreams the while she read aloud the poems of Omar. There's just as much thrill in listening to the Girl Of One's Dreams reading aloud the heartbreaking, hard-bitten casuistries of Dorothy Parker or doing a little number by Cole Porter.

"Nor yet do I pine for the ginghamed young lady who took her young man into the family kitchen for an evening of mad and merry fudge-making. I gladly give the dead Past its fudge in exchange for a snack at the Troc' with music in our ears and no sticky sugar on our hands.

"I can do nicely without the papa who thumped on the floor at 10 p.m. every night to signify that the decencies must be observed, or else! I find that the modern, globe-trotting, contract-playing youthful mamas and papas do very nicely as parents. I do not yearn for crinolines and chignon nor yet for the ladies who fainted (or pretended to) at sight of a mouse. Nor do I hanker to be one of that generation of strong men whose blood-pressure sky-rocketed at sight of an ankle. If I cannot sing the old songs now it is not because they are too dear to me (much as I love them and I do) as because they are not often 'by request' and also because I love modern music just as much.

"No, to be honest I must say that I prefer the girl of today in her slacks and shorts and honesty and smart sports clothes, tanned and healthy and free. I wouldn't exchange a Norma Shearer, a Joan Crawford, a Jeanette MacDonald, a Cladette Colbert for all of the Louisa M. Alcott heroines. I wouldn't change the girls of today who do things, all kinds of things, who are vital and energetic and courageous and gallant for all of the dear, delicate creatures who, or so we read, went into declines at the slightest provocation, nursed broken hearts constantly—probably because they had nothing to do but think about themselves—and nothing is harder work. As for the ladies who fainted at sight of a mouse give me an Amelia Earhart who wouldn't faint if she saw the giants of the heavens rolling their thunderbolts.

"I like the modern era. I like the modern women. I like modern music. I love to sing The Lord's Prayer and Handel's Largo, for instances, not because they are old but because the one is verbally magnificent and the other has a beautiful air. But I like the modern composers, in many instances, every bit as well. I am certainly not one to 'look down' on an opera, a symphony, a song, a book, a painting, a house, the movies just because they..." [Continued on page 75]
The Life and Love of FRANCES FARMER

This Farmer in the Hollywood Dell is the greatest "discovery" since Garbo. And she is well worth watching.

By GLADYS HALL

"I KNOW why I'm here," Frances Farmer told me. "If there is any difference between me and other girls who have come to Hollywood it's just this; 'That I know what I want from Hollywood. I want one thing and only one thing—WORK. And I intend to work without hindrance, without benefit of tinsel or trappings.'"

A firm young woman, this Frances Farmer. It took her some 12,000 miles of travel to make the 1,200 mile trip from her home town of Seattle to Hollywood. Less than two years ago she won a subscription contest for a Seattle paper and the prize was a trip to Moscow. Going alone, she learned all it was possible for her to learn about the Soviet city. She also learned all about the Cine Institute there which, under the Soviet regime, is a college for students of the cinema. And the students come from all over Russia, from every walk of life, to take its four-year course. They matriculate and study at the Government's expense. They take courses in acting, directing, camera work. And Frances was impressed with the soundness and wisdom of the Institute. She, too, takes her work seriously, believes that study and intensive training are necessary; does not believe in nor want to be an "overnight" star, a star-by-virtue-of publicity; a synthetic figure of glamour composed of nine parts sex appeal and one part nail polish. No, you cannot write lightly of Frances. For Frances is not a "light" person.

Then, from Moscow, she went on to Leningrad, Kiev, Germany, Poland, France, England and back to America via New York. While abroad she met Dr. George Gladstone who, sensing the actress in the studious, eager college girl, arranged for her to meet Stephen Traube, theatrical producer in New York. All was quiet along the Rialto. And so Mr. Traube, also impressed, took Frances to the Paramount Studio in the East, arranged a screen test for her. For the try-out they selected one of the most difficult episodes in The Lake, the stage play which put Katharine Hepburn to the iron and ironic test.
But young Frances, characteristically, did not just go over and "take a test." No. For days before she had been researching, so to speak. She studied camera angles, watched dramatic portrayals. And so the test was made. There was a short period of waiting—"for something," Frances told me. "I felt it was too fantastic to come true." And then, a little over two years ago, on her twenty-first birthday, she was handed a long-term, Paramount contract.

Frances, all but literally, stepped from college to Moscow to films. She arrived in Hollywood knowing not a soul. She made *Too Many Parents, Border Flight, Rhythm on the Range* and then—*Come and Get It*, with its magnificently realized dual role—and the finger of Fame was upon her.

**The eyes of all Hollywood are focused on her now. She is considered the greatest "find", the biggest potential woman star since Garbo. And you wouldn't believe your own eyes if you should meet Frances face to face after seeing her, effulently, decoratively beautiful in *Come and Get It*. You probably wouldn't recognize her. You would pass her by on the street without a second glance. Which is quite all right with her. She doesn't want to be recognized except on the screen.**

This is not to say mind you, that she is not intrinsically beautiful, for she is. But it is a quiet strength of beauty which grows upon your appreciation as you talk with her and watch her. Hers is not the glamorous, gaudy beauty which produces "eye trouble". The actual contours of the beautiful face of those dual roles in the Goldwyn picture are there, of course. The camera doesn't lie; it may exaggerate. But Frances, off screen, makes not the slightest attempt at "beautifying". There is not one single concession to the artifice of the beauticians. Save for her fine bone structure, clear eyes, well-bred youth, you might, at first glance, call Frances Farmer a plain girl. "A nice looking girl", that's what you'd say. And then you'd find that you didn't forget her—that you couldn't forget her.

She is what she is. She looks like what she is. She comes from Seattle, Washington, from a good, sound American background. Her father, E. M. Farmer, is an attorney in Seattle. She has a brother, Wesley Farmer, who is editor of the *Burbank, California, News*. She has a sister who is on the staff of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. She comes from a family that does things—an energetic, independent family. "None of us," Frances told me, "was ever on stage or screen. But we were dramatic just the same—there was always drama going on, my father's work, of course, all of our various plans and projects and burning ambitions and activities." [Continued on page 89]
Hollywood

CHORUS GIRLS

—1937 Edition

There are 1500 chorus girls in Hollywood—the cream of the country's crop. They have youth and personality and streamlined figures.

By LEON SURMELIAN
As a boulevardier and roving reporter in movie studios, I have watched troupes of the world’s loveliest gals go through their paces amid avalanches of ostrich fans, or execute difficult dance drills with the precision of Prussian regiments. They aren’t mere automatons in gigantic sets, weavers of dazzling pageants of legs and arms and seductive smiles, gone in a second, but definite personalities in the full bloom of youth, working precisely for the same things girls work for in other professions—to get somewhere. They dance like clockwork, but they aren’t machines. They have brains besides streamlined figures.

Chorus girls contribute much to the entertainment value of an important group of pictures, and work harder than any other class of studio employees. Yet they are among the forgotten of Hollywood. They like to be called film dancers, because, as one of them told me, the name “chorus girl” has been dragged in the mud. They aren’t beautiful but dumb Doras of easy virtue. You couldn’t meet a finer bunch of modern American girls anywhere.

Where they come from, how they get their jobs, how much they earn, their hopes and ambitions, what they do when not working, what their bosses (the dance directors) think of them, what happens to them after a few years of dancing in pictures—these are some of the questions I’ll try to answer here.

First, let us hear what the dance directors have to say, for they are the men who hire ‘em and fire ‘em.

Dave Gould of M-G-M is one of our noted professors of dansapation. He won the Academy award for his ensembles in The Broadway Melody of 1929—the first time an Academy award was given to a dance director—and his latest is Born to Dance. He says:

“In pictures a girl doesn’t have to be a very good dancer. We get better effects by doing group things. The main requirements are a good figure and an attractive, intelligent face. I like to work with pretty girls because of their moral effect on the picture—they pep it up and keep up your enthusiasm. In other words, they are inspiring. And then, many important visitors to the studio come to the studio. They naturally expect to see beautiful girls on our lot. If they don’t, they would be disillusioned.

“A well-balanced chorus ensemble includes three types of girls: ponies, regular dancing girls, and show girls. Out of the 100 girls in Born to Dance, twelve are ponies, twenty show girls, and the remainder regular dancing girls. The ponies range in height from four feet eleven inches to five feet two inches, and weigh between 90 and 106 pounds. The regular dancing girls form the backbone of the entire chorus and are skilled in tap, kicking and acrobatic work. They are experienced in fast tempo routines, embracing the shuffle, trucking, snake hips, waltz clog, buck and wing, etc. They vary in height from five feet two inches to five feet five-and-one-half inches, and in weight, from 106 to 115 pounds. Ziegfeld was responsible for the introduction of show girls. They are not called upon to dance; all they have to do is walk. 

[Continued on page 98]
Back in the Salem of 1692 a maid had to step pretty carefully when she wanted to meet the boy friend. Like the legendary goblins, the witches would get her if she didn't watch out. But Fred MacMurray, as a swashbuckling Virginia cavalier, and Claudette Colbert, as the Puritan girl, manage to outwit the romance breaker-uppers (witches and otherwise) and send them skedaddlin'—as you'll be noticin' in *Maid of Salem*
A favorite star reveals she has “IT”—who formerly had to look cool—and cry

Discovering the Glamour in IRENE DUNNE

By SONIA LEE

Literally, Irene Dunne swam to fame—in the rivers of tears she shed for the sake of the cameras! Ever since she was drafted from the stage, for the larger horizons of the movies, her fate has been to cry copiously, consistently, and to suffer heroically, although the arresting talent which won her a contract was her golden voice.

But Hollywood moves in strange ways its wonders to perform—and Irene Dunne became a great star by virtue of her singular artistry in portraying lugubrious emotions. In that she stood alone. Her voice, in an occasional picture, had secondary innings.

But, currently, a new success is hers—a success which laughter earned for her! In her last two pictures—in Show Boat, in which the dignified star broke into a shuffle-along routine, and in Theodora Goes Wild, wherein she is a madcap, a clown, a girl with a delightful future, instead of a woman with a shadowed past, another phase of Irene Dunne has been revealed.

Is there then a “new Irene Dunne” as the billboards would have it? Certainly, out Hollywood-way, she has been answering a deluge of questions, all in the vein, “Why, Irene, what’s happened to you?”

Frankly, Irene, always labeled “the lady,” has given Hollywood the shock of its life! It was tacitly agreed that she would always remain unruffled, dignified and what, in the mauve decade, was known as “genteel.” All of a sudden, here was a comedienne of the first rank as gaily erratic as a snow flurry in May. Tantalizing. Exciting. A “glamour gal.”

We sat in the glow of a lamp in Irene’s still half-furnished house in Holmby Hills (the new star neighborhood between the ocean and Hollywood) and discussed this apparently “new” Irene Dunne. For the first time since I have known her, she explained fully not only the plans for her career but also for her life; took interesting conversational by-paths, which to me revealed, more tellingly, this fine artist than ever before.

The shadows gathered around the chair in which she sat, obscuring that little physical perfection heretofore given too little attention in pen pictures of her. She spoke rapidly, with no reserves, and her eyes kindled to her thoughts.

Something like a year ago, when she told me that, for the first time in her life, she was going to do a comedy bit in Show Boat, I had looked at her askance. “You, a comedienne?”

“What’s more,” she answered my skepticism, “I’m delighted. I want to have a bit of fun in picture-making, too.”

And so tonight she explained what she meant then. “Art thrives on tears. But your personal soul thrives on laughter!” she explained.

“Light roles, musical comedy, will bring to an actress pleasant phrases of praise for the talent that is hers. People will be kind—almost apologetic because the thread of the story escapes them. Only when an actress cries—when her screen griefs are recorded in the hearts of an audience, will she be remembered more than briefly.

“When I was in Europe last, I had an experience which may illustrate what I mean. I visited the French Academy of Medicine to learn something about... [Continued on page 78]
DEAR Bob:
This is my chance!
I've been wanting to write you a letter for a long, long
time. Ever since the first day I met you and you squeezed my
hand and whispered "I'm going to help you all I can." But I'll
write you more about that later. Because I think that's sort
of especially YOU, Bob. That eagerness to help the other
fellow all you can.
It may seem sort of silly to write you a letter when we work
in the same studio and you're quite near to each other here in
Beverly Hills. I wouldn't want you to think
me silly. And still I want to write you be-
cause I can say things in a letter I may never
have the courage (or the chance) to say to
your face.
And then too, I've been wanting to write
my fans about you. too. Because, almost
every single fan letter I get asks me some-
thing about you. They seem to remember
us together in Broadway Melody of 1936.
They seem to think we looked nice together,
or something. They say we sort of "belong.
"And they all ask me to tell them what you are
really like, what I like best about you, if there
is anything I don't like and so on.
Well, I can't write to every fan separately,
but I can write a letter to you and have the
satisfaction of seeing the fans read the letter
over your shoulder!
I'm going to be very honest in this letter,
Bob. I don't know how to be anything else,
anyway. I'm never very subtle. I'm coming
right out with the confession that I like you, Bob.
I like you an awful lot. I'm not only a
Robert Taylor fan (any day, now. I'll stop
you on the lot and ask you for your-auto-
graph!) but I—well, if we had met before
Hollywood days and before you—well, if we
had met sooner I think we might have had a
lot of fun together, you and I!
The very first time I ever saw you on the
screen was in Society Doctor and I exclaimed,
right out loud in the theatre, "Oh, that good-
looking boy!"
But now I've met you. And I want to tell
you, right here and now, Bob, that while I
think you are one of the best-looking men
these Irish eyes have ever clapped onto—your
looks are the least of you. You are the "Ideal
American Man", yes. But you are not that
sleek article called the "Perfect Lover" type.
You appeal to women. I'll say you do! But
you also appeal to men. And I'll tell you why
you appeal to women as you do; why, to be
ruthlessly honest, you appeal so to me; It's
because there is sincerity in your dark blue
eyes. It's because there is tenderness in
the nice, rich timbre of your voice.
And I have found, Bob, that very few ex-
ceptionally handsome men are strong, or sin-
cere, or tender. Strength which is not brutal,
but is kind; sincerity which goes deep and
tenderness which is not at all the same thing as passion—these are the qualities which usually belong to plainer men. You have all three. And that makes you, not only almost too good-looking, but also important.

Your Dad was a doctor. You started to study psychiatry. You could have been a doctor, too. You proved that in Society Doctor and, even more so, in Magnificent Obsession and again, in His Brother's Wife. I could be flippant and speak to your potential "bedside manner." But I don't feel flippant about you, you see. And I think that's one of the most interesting commentaries I can make about you—no one feels flippant about you. The girls I know never speak of you as "hotcha" or a "wow." They never roll their eyes around and spill a lot of drivel about you. I think they sense, and I know they're right, a nice dignity about you.

There's nothing of the jazzy or the date-every-night-with-a-different girl sort of thing about you, Bob. I take my oath on that. I think girls, even girls who don't know you, feel that. I think they know that if they fell in love with you it would be—well, it would be love. You're the one-woman sort of man, Bob, and that gives your personality the cloak of dignity.

But to go back—when I knew that I was coming to Hollywood and then when Mr. Mayer picked me to play in Broadway Melody of 1929 and then when I knew that you and I were to be sort of teamed—I—well, I all but fumbled my tap steps in my excitement! I was scared to meet you. You'd had such a big build-up in my mind. There isn't a fan in the world who would have anything on me. I knew how they'd feel. I hated to think I'd be—well, too swept off my feet by you. And I didn't want to be swept off my feet. In the next breath I was equally afraid that I'd be disappointed in you. You couldn't, I thought, you just couldn't look like that and be regular, too. It would be too much. I thought to myself: Oh, of course he'll be the great I Am. Of course he'll be conceited and the Professional Charmer and, sickeningly, fond of himself—how can he help it?

I planned how we would meet. I would be all dolled up, for once. We would meet on some beautiful set with music playing and lights and glamour. Well, do you remember how we did meet, Bob? In an office. I wore my practice clothes, not my best. You wore a pair of old flannels and sneakers. We were rushed, immediately, into rehearsing lines. I was, actually, making my first talking test. And you were so swell to me, Bob. I've had a lot of men do nice things for me, in my time, on the stage and all. I've had tons of orchids and gardenias and roses and attentions. But I don't think any gift was as nicely nice as your gift of helpfulness that first day. You seemed so perfectly that I was nervous in a new medium. You went over and over my lines with me, making little suggestions, making them tentatively, almost bashfully. You said: "I'm going to help you all I can"—and when I did a scene with Virginia Bruce and came off rather jittery you were there, waiting for me, and you just squeezed my hand. So friendly like. You gave me confidence.

There was nothing the least bit flirty about you. And that's another thing I especially like about you, Bob. I've seen you in many different places, with many different people and I've never seen you anything but natural and friendly and regular.

And the thing that impressed me most that first day was that you weren't thinking of yourself. And you might so well have been doing just that, being fairly new on the screen, yourself, and rising at such a rapid rate. But no, you were thinking of me, a newer newcomer. And not because I meant anything to you as a girl. You had a girl. No, you just helped me because you remembered how you went through it the first time. You still remember. You'll always be sensitive, I think, to the other fellow. And that's pretty fine, Bob, and rather rare.

You never talk about yourself. There's no "Me-Me-Me" about you. You always encourage others to talk about themselves and their work. You really seem to want other people to talk about themselves. You care about other people, Bob. I've heard you talk by the hour about Clark Gable and how much you admire him. I've heard you listen to the boys on the sets (the grips and electricians and bit players) talk about themselves and their problems. Things that couldn't possibly interest anyone who is not really interested in his fellow men.

I like you—as I do—because you're quiet. There is never any silly horseplay or show-offishness about you. I like you because you're so darned human. And you believe that everyone else is human and regular, too. Oh, I hope you always believe that, Bob. I hope that no one ever takes that belief away from you. And because you believe that people are human and regular and on the up-and-up they are on the up-and-up with you. Even when you knew that you were to play with Garbo, Armand to her Camille. When people asked you if you were nervous you said: "Why should I be? Garbo's just human like the rest of us. I'll do my job to the best of my ability and that's all there is to it."

[Continued on page 64]
PICK YOUR FAVORITE STAR

$1000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

Opportunity is knocking at your door. Think of it! You have the chance of Winning $1,000.00 in Cash Prizes—merely by Picking Your Favorite Movie Star. Think of it! Sixty-four cash prizes will go to the Lucky Winners in our SCREEN POPULARITY CONTEST!

Easy? Why it's the Easiest Contest that was ever offered—the Easiest you ever entered. It's the first time that a Genuine Election was ever held to determine America's No. 1 Star. And ALL you have to do is vote for your own Favorite Star—and TELL the Reason why you voted as you did—in 20 words or less. Simple enough, isn't it? You couldn't ask for any easier way to win money prizes—and aid your Favorite to be the TOPMOST POPULAR STAR of the screen at the same time.

Show your loyalty—your patriotism by entering this SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST—now—and vote for your Favorite.

Remember, if you don't enter this contest—and discover, later, some star the winner who IS NOT your favorite, well—you're not going to like it a bit. So stand up for your choice—put his or her name in the coupon on the opposite page—and TELL WHY you picked your favorite. It only takes 20 words or less. Surely you can think up a very good reason in a brief sentence of 20 words or less—why YOUR favorite is the Ace of all stars.

Your Favorite may be comparatively unknown—yet may win the Contest. Don't think you have to vote for some highly publicized star just because her portrait gets considerable space in newspapers and magazines. Be loyal to your own favorite. You like her (or him). So vote for this player—not for the one you may think is Sure to win.

And don't think you have to vote for the stars whose photos appear here. But if one of them is your favorite then go ahead and do your best to make this star the Final Winner.

Much has been written and exploited in the past of "WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR STAR?" But never before has a star been picked as the most popular by means of a general election conducted for YOU and YOU and YOU!

After the ballots are counted and results published in this magazine the world will know the name of the most popular screen star.

Some star is Sure to Win this Contest. This Star might as well be YOUR choice.

Your entry may win first prize, or second or third—or one of the lesser prizes. You all have equal opportunities.

Read the RULES carefully. They're EASY.

It's going to be a Hot Race—and may the best ballot win.

Get Busy! Enter this CONTEST NOW!! Don't delay a minute.

OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door. You're not one to pass it by.

All Aboard. Let's GO!!
PRIZES
(You Can Win a Prize By Writing 20 Words!)
($1,000.00 In Cash—64 Big Prizes—Clip the coupon below and mail today.)
1st Prize $300.00  3rd Prize $100.00
2nd Prize $200.00  4th Prize $50.00
5th to 15th—10 Prizes of $10.00 each
15th to 65th—50 Prizes of $5.00 each

RULES
(EASY TO ENTER)

(1) All you need do to enter this contest is to name your screen favorite (man or woman or child) on the coupon below. Your choice need not be a player whose photo appears on this page. Your chances of winning are as good if you vote for an unknown player as for a famous star.
(2) Tell why you voted for this player in 20 words or less. To help you, here is a sample entry: "Because she draws me right into the scene in which she is playing and makes me forget my surroundings."
(3) Prizes will be awarded to the entrants who supply the best and most original reasons for voting as they did. Awards will be made as indicated. The entry chosen as best by the judges will win the $300 first prize; the second best entry will win $200 second prize, etc.
(4) In case of ties, duplicate prizes for the amount named will be awarded the tying contestants.
(5) In entering this contest you may vote for your favorite as many times as you desire. But each entry must be printed, written or typewritten on a ballot coupon as published in this magazine.
(6) Editors of Fawcett Publications and Motion Picture Publications are the sole judges in this contest, and their decisions shall be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding Entries in this contest. Entries will not be returned.
(7) This contest closes April 1, 1937. Entries postmarked later than that date will not be considered. Elaborate and bulky entries in this contest are discouraged. As prizes are to be awarded for choosing your favorite star or player, your chances of winning will not be enhanced by sending in an elaborate entry.
(8) After you have filled out the coupon, send it by mail to SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. You may paste your entry on the back of a postcard, or send it in an envelope, first class mail. It is not necessary to accompany your ballot or coupon with a letter.

Did you ever find any EASIER rules in a Contest? We bet you didn't. Remember that all YOU HAVE TO DO is—"merely clip the coupon below to your ballot, enter your name and address, and mail today. If you voted for that particular star or player in 20 WORDS OR LESS, every movie fan has his or her Favorite Player. Be Loyal! Be Patriotic to this player. Your Vote May Win You a Cash Prize—and Your Choice may be elected as America's No. 1 Star. Don't Delay a Minute. Enter This Contest Today. Now.

Send this ballot to:
SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST,
7046 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, Calif.

Of all actresses and actors appearing in motion pictures, I prefer:

(Name only one player).

Now tell in twenty (20) words or less why you voted for the above named player.

My name is _____________________________.

Street address ___________________________.

City _____________________________.

State _____________________________.
Why GARY Stays Popular

There are more reasons for Cooper's popularity than you can shake a stick at. For one thing he never goes around belittlin' the other fellow, and he never talks about himself

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

WE WERE fifty miles at sea, aboard the Star of Finland, an historic old sailing vessel, rechristened for the picture, the William Brown. There was brilliant sunshine; countless sails bulged white against the sky. To the left of where we sat on the forward deck Director Henry Hathaway was putting up a scene. And further to emphasize the illusion, were sailors, who, monkey-like, clambered around far up on the masts. And aft, the skipper shouted orders.

"I can't understand a word he says," Gary commented. "Can you? It's like another language. But the sailors know. The captain's a great old guy, isn't he? Did he show you his cabin? No? Well, there's quite a story connected with this boat..." Gary stirred his long frame on the narrow hard bench and tried to get comfortable. "King Kalakaua, of Hawaii, sailed in it once... that was in about 1898, I guess. Then there was a bride and groom who took their honeymoon trip in it later. You should see the paintings she made on the wall. In little panels sorta... and it's like the stuff ladies used to paint on china—birds and flowers. You know... very delicate. There are four paintings of the birds—a birds' love story, I guess."

It was just about the longest speech I had ever heard Gary Cooper make! But perhaps it was because I had never caught him off guard before—off guard, and at sea. As ordinary people taking a sea trip are more relaxed than they are at home, so I was finding Gary Cooper completely at ease, completely let down. Aboard the William Brown. Not that Gary is ever anything but himself, but sometimes, because of his shyness, he gives you the run around.

Mr. Hathaway came over. "Say, Gary, for this next scene I want you to spruce up a bit. A clean shirt, a light one for a change, and maybe a tie instead of a scarf, and let's see... how about a shave?" Gary's big paw slid over his face, trying to cover its light stubble. But Hathaway pulled it away, took a close look, and said, like a papa to a son, asking if he had washed behind his ears, "Gary, did you shave this morning?" There was both doubt and accusation in his tone. "Sure," said Gary, "at four o'clock, when I got up. But Hathaway was not to be so easily taken in. "Come on now, your beard doesn't grow that fast! Was it this morning or was it [Continued on page 92]
Hitting the High Spots with GLENDa

So you thought Life was All Laughs for the FARRELL? Read this and Learn Otherwise

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

To THE Farrell, christened Glenda (with slight vowel variation) after "Glinda, the Good," leading sprite of Queen Osma's Kingdom in The Wizard of Oz, life has dealt varied experiences.

"But if you're any good at lessons, you'll find that the best thing life teaches is tolerance," says Glenda, pungently. The scene is the glistening, glassy, moderne bar in the Farrell's recreation room. "Take disappointments," said La Farrell. "If one of the greatest disappointments in my life . . . No, I'll make it the greatest disappointment . . . hadn't come when it did, I would not have done what I consider my most courageous effort, and it would not have led into the most fortunate thing that ever happened to me."

The Farrell paused for effect, hands on brown slack-clad hips. The girl is nothing if not good, in her scene timing. Performances in over thirty films from Little Caesar to her two latest, Smart Blonde and Gold-Diggers of 1937, attest to that.

Blonde head thrust back, upper lip raised in bow shape, baring her small white teeth, in typical Farrell fashion, she awaited our questions. She knew she had aroused our curiosity. The questions came.

"Now wait a minute," she parried, her left hand raised flat against the wall of questions. "Not so fast. One at a time. Let's take the greatest disappointment in my life . . ."

And that is how this story came about, focusing on the highlights in the sensational career, ladies and gentlemen, of that charming little lady of mirth (and tears, too, if the producers would give her half a chance), Miss Glenda Farrell.

"It was right here in Los Angeles," continued the Farrell, memories coloring her already blue eyes. "Long before I entered motion pictures. You see, I was a theatrical child. An only child, too. At seven I was doing [Continued on page 72]
Not so long ago, O. O. McIntyre went to the show called Anything Goes, on Broadway. He guffawed mightily at the antics of that pathetic, potbellied, perplexed, putter person named Victor Moore, and then he went home and wrote, in his famed column: "Nobody could be as goofy as Victor Moore looks on the stage!"

Which just goes to show how utterly and completely and colossally wrong even McIntyre can be!!! Because if there is one person whose story and personality are as goofy as Victor Moore looks on the stage, that person is Victor Moore.

You movie fans who don't quite know this Victor Moore, yet, will soon be raving about him as your favorite screen comedian, precisely as thousands of stagegoers have regarded him as their favorite stage comic. Go see Swing Time, and if you don't think Victor Moore is funny, with that bewildered, bedevilled, crackvoice and crackpot manner of his, then I'm a dill pickle.

Moore has quit the stage. He has signed with RKO to make movies, from now on. It's a swell break for filmgoers, a bad break for stage fans. For Hollywood and Beverly Hills, only time will tell whether it's a good break or a bad one. You see, Moore has just played a quaint trick on a Beverly Hills real estate salesman—which goes to show that he's not as crazy as he looks. Anybody that can dump several thousand hens on a Beverly Hills realtor, and get a big movie mansion for 'em, is foolish—like a fox. That's exactly what Victor Moore did—he swapped his Long Island chicken farm for a Beverly palace, because he expects to live in movieland from now on. The chickens are reported to have breathed sighs of relief, but the burghers of Beverly are apprehensive. They know how goofy are Victor Moore and his story.

Goofy? But look—Is it goofy, or isn't it, that the reason Victor Moore is land-rich today is because he lost $132,000 in two years at poker and horse races? Is it goofy, or isn't it, that he crashed into movies by exploding his appendix? And what, pray, is goofier than the tale of the movie mogul who turned down a chance to sign him when—well, this mogul's scout came back from Broadway and raved about Moore.

"He is," reported the scout, "the best comedy bet of the decade. He's a wow. He's a riot. He's funny-looking, pot-bellied, has a funny voice. He's a sexagenarian..." "What?!!" screamed the producer. "He's WHAT?" "I said he's a sexagenarian," said the scout.

"So, then, he's OUT," ukased the big shot. "Look, didn't I tell you the Hays office says we gotta lay off this sex stuff?"

And so, instead, RKO's astute bosses signed Sexagenarian Victor Moore to a long-term film contract, and so today, despite his 60 years, Moore is destined to be the comedy sensation of the screen. And, because I honestly think his offscreen life and stage career are every bit as funny as anything he has ever done or ever will do before the camera, let me... [continued on page 69]
For that grand entrance, Loretta envelops her beauty in a black broadcloth suit with a Chinese blue cape. The veil not only adds glamour, but protects her toilette during these brisk days.
For effect in this daytime ensemble, Loretta resorts to an unusual color scheme—grey and raspberry. The dress, made with a surplice bodice, slightly flaring skirt, and belted in a strip of wide grey suade fastened with an over-size silver safety pin, is a luscious shade of pale raspberry ostrich woolen, woven with a waffle design. The coat of smoke grey wool has a lavish tuxedo collar of grey fox. Raspberry grosgrain ribbon trims the grey hat.

As the smart stylists say, "It's a sable season."
So, when Loretta feels that luxurious spell coming on she pulls out her toast-brown duvetyn ensemble trimmed with sable. The short, flared skirt is fashioned with the new back fullness to add even more swing to the already full skirt. And to keep her ears and mitts warm, Gretchen (that's what her friends call her) matches the sable skins used in the short bolero for a muff and hat.
Gretchen (apropos of the Continental influence here) prefers black velvet—as all chic women do—for more formal afternoons. This flattering coat, with a strong Russian influence, uses black Persian lamb for the high-standing, draped collar and side border that finishes part way up the brief vent at the back of the flared skirt. She tops it off with a Persian lamb toque, and foots it in black antelope sandals with silver bars.

We're not extremists, but let's get away from all this formality for just a minute, and peep into the lady's boudoir. We find the charming lady, the essence of femininity, in a magnificent robe that is as practical as it is luxurious. It is made of heavy white toweling and is tied around the middle with heavy white cording, finished with tassels. It is a Royer design and Loretta Young wears it in Love Is News.
And now the beautiful lady steps out for the evening in an exquisite formal ensemble designed by Royer. Subtle draping distinguishes this all-over beaded frock which is given especial brilliance by the use of small rhinestones set among the beads. The background is white chiffon and Loretta wears a hip-length coat of white fox on white velvet to keep her shoulders warm.
How to Live and LIKE IT

Richard Dix has a good slant on what makes wheels go 'round

By IDA ZEITLIN

I F POPULARITY in this business were to be gauged by personal likeability, then high up among the ten best would stand the name of Richard Dix. I'm not going on an adjectival binge about him. But I'd like you to come along and meet him as I met him for the first time—relax in the ease of his manner, comfortingly free of those twin bugaboos of Hollywood, the superiority and the inferiority complex—sense his innate gentleness—savor his talk, which confirms both the frankness and humor in his hazel eyes.

Clad in grey slacks and sweater, he opens the door of his home to you himself. Greetings are interrupted by a minor commotion. Bobbing down the staircase on the arms of butler and nurse, come his two young sons, eighteen months apiece, their cheeks as red as the checks of their rompers.

"This is their afternoon out," their father explains. "They meet up with the gang in Beverly Park and go social."

By their features you couldn't tell them apart. But Bob's the one who eyes you gravely, sizing you up; while Richard's willing to take you on "spec" and, smiling genially, makes a grab for your nose. Father waves his hand in farewell. Richard flaps back. But quiet little Bob suddenly grips your heart by smothering mouth and nose under his palm in what he conceives to be a kiss.

That Dix is nuts about them goes without saying. He'll talk about them, but not for publicity. He doesn't want the movie atmosphere to touch them till they're old enough to decide whether they like it.

"I don't think Bob would ever want to be an actor. Richard might. There seems

[Continued on page 66]
The TALK of

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

Well, well, look who we have here. Her name is Joan Woodbury. She’ll be giving you the old come-hither appeal in Warner’s Midnight Court

WHEN it comes to sheer, downright having-fun-out-of-life, you’ve got to hand it to Carole Lombard and Clark Gable. These two have had more amusement out of their romance than most people get out of a whole lifetime. Both are inveterate practical jokers—and never does either let the opportunity pass to “gag” the other... Carole’s latest and biggest chance came with all the fuss over whether or not Clark was to raise a set of whiskers to play the role of Parnell. Hardly had the discussion begun at M-G-M, than Gable began to get the works—first, mysterious men with long whiskers would pop up in the most unexpected places and peer at Gable. He learned, finally, that “someone” had hired some bearded extras to dog his footsteps. They followed him in the street, sat next to him in restaurants, paraded before his hotel, even stopped him to ask for matches or the time. When that wore out, he was suddenly inundated with a flood of packages, by mail, express and special messenger. All of them contained false beards, moustache wax, and like gags.

But the payoff came when, right on the M-G-M lot, a bearded sandwich-man suddenly appeared and picketed Gable’s dressing-room door. And the legend on his sandwich-board read: WHISKERS ARE UNSANITARY!... At sporting events, Gable and Lombard are a wow. They are more fun than the show itself, usually—because invariably, they each root for opposing contestants. Football games, horse races, wrestling matches, prize fights—it doesn’t matter: Gable roots for one side, Lombard for the other. It got so funny that just during the fuss about who was to play in the annual Rose Bowl classic, some Hollywood wag proposed: “Why not Lombard vs. Gable?”

But in the midst of all the comedy, these two keep level business heads. Her assaults on the Galbian dignity didn’t prevent Carole from engineering for herself one of the finest, fattest new contracts in Hollywood—Paramount to pay her $150,000 per picture, for three pictures a year; Carole to have full and final say on all production details! And besides that, she’s to have the right to make one picture away from Paramount each year—when and what she pleases. Oh, I say, do you hear London calling?

Dorothy McNulty is no new Hollywood discovery. She had to win Broadway honors before M-G-M called her for After the Thin Man
More Blessed To Give, Etc.

HOLLYWOOD is still talking about the shock Roland Young dished out when he refused to accept money for working. That is something amazing to movieland. It seemed Roland was called from England for a week, at $7,000, for one week's work in Call It a Day. But two additional days' shooting were necessary, and when the paychecks were passed out, the extra two days' salary had been added to Roland's $7,000. He turned it back—

When you see A Star is Born, you'll be following the romantic adventures of Janet Gaynor and Fredric March, who are teamed in this color film has been collecting tiny penguins, in ivory, glass, wood, metal and so on. But the other day, he got the first real live one for his collection; Alice Brady sent it to him from a Hollywood pet shop. Roland hasn't any idea of how to keep penguins, and he's being driven coo-coo by foolish advice, to top it off.

Can't Take It

JEAN HARLOW, one of Hollywood's few who cannot tan, but burn seriously under sun, is having an indoor badminton court put in her home, so she can play in safety.

Try Out Your Talkie Voice

IF YOU want to know whether or not you have a "talkie voice," here's the test devised by Douglas Shearer, M-G-M's famous recording engineer. Go to one of those make-your-own-records shops, he advises, and speak this line into the recording mike: "Fifty, fifty, Mississippi."

If it plays back without hissing, sizzling sibilants, then, says Shearer, you have a good movie enunciation.

Why Janet Janet!

TALK of Hollywood is the positively fiendish and murderous screen caricature Janet Gaynor gave
of Simone Simon, the gal who ousted Janet as queen of the Fox lot. It was during a sequence for Selznick's A Star is Born, wherein Janet plays the leading role, now that she's a free-lance. The script required Janet, as a movie-hopeful waitress, to imitate certain screen stars. One of them was Simone. But when they ran off the rushes, Janet had put so much something into her Simone take-off that they're still debating whether or not they can use it in the released picture! Also imitated by Janet was Mae West. It's probable that the Mae West imitation is the one you'll see on the screen. It is not as murderous.

Almost The Real McCoy

Uncanniest resemblance in Hollywood is that of Joan Fontaine, RKO's new starlet, to the late Jeanne Eagels.

Why Secretaries Are Born

What stardom means, in certain angles, is shown by some data compiled by Sally Eilers' secretary, for fun: It shows that in her career, Sally has posed for more than 70,000 photographs, not counting movie-camera shots. She has answered more than 100,000 fan-letters. She has personally autographed and sent out more than 200,000 portraits of herself. Wardrobe fittings at the studio have totalled about 200. She has kept 800 hairdressing appointments at the make-up department. And she has given out 1,100 interviews to writers!

Going To A Fire, Bruce?

Bruce Cabot's most horrible moment of the month: Speeding along the boulevard, he saw a motor cop trailing him. Like all motorists with guilty consciences, he slowed down. But the copwhirled alongside with a siren-howl, and stopped him. Cabot's heart sank—it looked like a $10 ticket. The cop grinned. "You lost this," he said, "and I've been chasing you four miles to give it back." He handed Cabot the cap off his gas tank. Bruce says he'll buy ten tickets to the next Policemen's Ball!

Stork Carries Money, Too

Seems odd, but the birth of a baby in Hollywood cost Margaret (Newlywed) Sullivan a cool thousand dollars in New York! You see, a little over a year ago, in Paris, Paul Kohner, an M-G-M executive, and his wife, met Margaret and William Wyler, who was then her husband. They were honeymooning, and they got to talking, as honeymooners will, about babies. It ended in a bet; whichever had the first baby between Margaret and Mrs. Kohner, the other would pay all expenses. Well, not long ago, the stork brought the Kohners a daughter. They'd forgotten all about the Margaret Sullivan bet, by then—particularly inasmuch as Margaret had long since divorced Wyler, and married Leland Hayward, so they didn't want to bother her with past reminiscences. But Maggie, good sport, heard of the baby's arrival—and sent $1,000 for all expenses, airmail, to Mrs. Kohner.

Cruelty To Animals

Warner Brothers just got the goofiest protest of all. A woman in Nebraska sent an airmail letter, indignantly telling them not to make Three Men on a Horse. It's inhuman, she said, to put that much of a load on one horse!

News Of "Home Brugh"

Best Giggle of the Month on Robert Taylor, as supplied by his grandmother, who lives in Kansas City: "He was quite pleased," she revealed, "when the studio changed his name to Robert Taylor, from his own name of Spangler Arlington Brugh—because the boys used to call him 'Home Brugh,' and he didn't used to like it."

Other Bob Taylor news of the
month: From the loneliest girl in the world, Bob just received a plea. She is Josephine van der Ryst, and she lives in Cape Province, South Africa. It took her letter months to reach Taylor. Josephine wrote that she lives in such a small community, that she has no friends, and feels she is the world's loneliest child, and begged him to write her weekly. Taylor sent her the first letter, right away. She will get it around July. Other fan letters have been deluging Taylor since he started work opposite Garbo, in Camille. Of them, seven were from male admirers of Garbo, each begging Taylor to snip a lock of Greta's hair for them! For locks of his own hair, Taylor has received requests from

And just to prove that Mary Alice Rice hasn't everything her own way on skis here's Olivia de Havilland muscling along

Blossoming out as the radiant bride of Frank Orsatti, Jean Chatburn, a Great Ziegfelder, is a promising blossom on the M-G-M rose-bush fifty-three girls. The suit he wore in His Brother's Wife has been asked for by sixty-three writers; another forty-four asked for his shoes; twelve wanted the shoe-soles autographed first. And three one-legged men wrote, asking for one shoe each! Bob, by the way, now gets an average of 8,000 fan-letters a week.

No Hurting Big Rubber Man

AH, THE psychologists have settled it, again. This time, the “it” is why children, although they basically dislike brutality, nevertheless laugh when Laurel pokes Hardy in the ellybay. Explains

Helen Mack's infant son was taking a nap when this photo was taken, so she gives you the pets instead. Helen's back in films

Dr. Emmanuel Miller, famous British child psychologist: "When Laurel punches Hardy, that is not brutal in a child's eye, because Hardy is like a big rubber ball." My, my, ain't science wonderful? But suppose they let the air out of Hardy—what then?

Paradise Regained

NOAH BEERY, who left Hollywood not many months ago broke, and apparently headed for oblivion, has found Paradise in London. So in demand is he for films there that, since starting work in British pictures, Noah has paid off $200,000 in Hollywood debts.

Why Not Pancakes And Syrup?

MARY BRIAN, heading back to London to make more movies there, first made arrangements to enjoy life a bit more in Britain. Out of her experience in trying to find American foods abroad, she left orders in Hollywood whereby she will be shipped regular consignments of such things as real American-style coffee, specially-baked pies, baked beans, and even ice cream, packed in dry-ice-refrigerated containers so it will “keep” all the way by airmail.

Not All For F. D. R.

BELIEVE it or not, several hundred people throughout America voted for Shirley Temple for President, in last November's election. Final election reports reveal that many wrote in the name of the lil' starlet on their ballots . . . ! “Because she is not of age,” the votes were not officially counted. Others who got write-in votes for President, in Los Angeles' voting precincts alone, included Bing Crosby, Dick Powell, Gary Cooper, and one wag voted for "Amos 'n' Andy." [Continued on page 77]
HOLLYWOOD

Goes to Sea Again

Adapted from Kipling's great story, Captains Courageous, MGM has a fine, salty, sea-going film here

By CAROL CRAIG

A SMALL sailing ship rides at anchor on the open sea. It is night. A thin fog creeps across its decks, dimming the few small deck lanterns. There are no sounds except an occasional faraway laugh from the fo'c'stle, the occasional creak of a beam, the occasional slap of a wave against the boat-side—and the hushed talking of two figures sitting in the bow of the ship, looking out into the night.

One of them is a young boy, hair tousled and clothes ill-fitting. You know him as Freddie Bartholomew. The other is a tall, well-built, dark-complexioned man, his hair a kinky mass of curls and his clothes those of a fisherman. In his lap is a violin, on which he has been playing while singing in Portuguese. You know him as Spencer Tracy.

The man, in broken English, tells the boy: "Sometimes a song is so big and sweet inside, I can't get him out. So then I just look up at the stars and maybe cry. I have so much fun... You never feel like that? No—I guess you don't."

"Nobody else ever did, either." The boy is scornful of the man's idea of "fun."

"No? Huh! My father when he alive make better songs than me—better than anybody in world. Songs about the fish and the fog—songs about the clouds and the sun—big songs about the wind of the storms—small songs about the tip of my mother's nose. Oh, my father feel beautiful inside!"

"I don't see that it did him much good. He didn't leave you much."

"No? Listen—my father he give me this hurdy-gurdy my gran'father give him. He teach me to fish—how to sail a boat. He give me arms and feet and hands feeling good outside. He show me how to feel good inside. He do this and have seventeen other kids beside. What else a father do, eh?"

The boy is silent, thinking of what his own father has done for him without making him "feel good inside." He says, finally, "I don't know...."

Like the boy, you will begin to succumb to the spell of the sea, after this scene from Captains Courageous—M-G-M's production of Rudyard Kipling's story about the men who go down to the sea in ships out of Gloucester, Massachusetts. Few of those ships are sailing ships any more. This is a picture of the last of them, and the last of the valiant who have sailed them. It is a great romance of the sea—without a single woman in the cast.
The principal players are Freddie Bartholomew, Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore and Melvyn Douglas. Other important roles are played by Harry Carey, John Carradine, Charles Grapewin, Christian Rub, Mickey Rooney—and two small sailing ships. The ships also give magnificent performances.

In this story, the movie-makers have hit upon a theme almost as universal in its appeal as love. Namely, the fascination of the sea. If you have ever looked upon the ceaseless, rhythmic surging of the sea and its infinite vistas, seen its changes of moods, listened to its shouts and whispers, breathed sea-washed air—if you have done these things, you know their unfailing fascination. If you have lived inland all your life, the blood of your forefathers in your veins will not let you rest content until you have seen the sea—the vast water that they crossed.

Whoever you are or wherever you are Captains Courageous will give you the vicarious thrill of nearness to the sea. On the most adventurous of all sea-craft—the fast-vanishing ships with sails, the ships most responsive of all to the moods of the sea.

Though the cast is all-male, it is not a picture to appeal (Continued on page 102)
When you place a girl on a pedestal she's headed for stardom sure. Unlike Humpty-Dumpty she won't take a bad fall—not with such solid foundations—and six featured roles to her credit in the past year or two. After White Hunter comes Nancy Steele Is Missing.
Not What She Seems to Be
—That's KAY

Kay Francis has been called the last word in sophistication, yet her private life lacks glamour

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

“ROMANCE!” This will probably be the title for the next drama in which Kay Francis will star. Having completed five pictures in a straight row for Warner Brothers, The White Angel, Give Me Your Heart, Stolen Holiday, and Another Dawn, she has gone to Europe for a three-month’s vacation. Oddly enough, so has Delmar Davis, the popular screenist, who has been her constant companion during the past year.

Of course, they deny any marriage plans, both vehemently insisting they are merely good friends and pals. But this is an old Hollywood custom and doesn’t mean a thing. Their friends are quite convinced that they will say “I do,” in some picturesque spot in Europe and make this a honeymoon trip.

The beautiful Kay has been the real-life heroine in several dramatic love-stories, beginning early, for at seventeen she married Dwight Francis, an ardent young actor. After a couple of deliriously happy years, this ended in divorce, as did two other marriages, both entered into with the highest hopes for lasting happiness. Now it looks as if her dreams were to come true for the brilliant Mr. Davis is devotion itself, and they are unusually congenial in all their tastes.

I talked with Kay the day before she left and while she refused to discuss the romance, she told me she would spend the Christmas holidays in St. Moritz, then take a villa on the Riviera, making short trips to her favorite haunts in France and Italy.

Amid all the rush of departure, she sat quietly knitting, with no suggestion of excitement or nervous tension. Neither was there the agony of confusion in her home that most of us accept as part of last minute preparations. The house was to be closed during her absence so it must have been undergoing many adjustments, if to all outward appearances, everything was moving along casually, as if there were no trunks packed, no stateroom reservations on one of the important steamships sailing within the week—the name of which she was guarding carefully.

Watching her calmly figuring out a difficult stitch for the sleeve of a green sweater, I suddenly became conscious that Kay stands for Quality! The secret of her personality is serenity, poise, sincerity—all of which definitely spell magnetism. There is nothing the least primitive about her. Indeed, she’s ultra-modern to her very finger tips and knows all the answers. She’s sophisticated, has abundant humor, tolerance and self-control.

Living in the screen’s world of vicarious romance and glamour, one would naturally surmise that Kay’s life has been brimming with exciting experiences, thrilling adventures, and any number of high spots, but when I suggested this she replied with an emphatic, “NO!” Then she added, “On the contrary, my life has been singularly uneventful. It has drifted quietly from one step to another, avoiding anything unusual or outstanding. There are no thrilling or colorful episodes in my record and I imagine that I’m entirely different from what the public believes me to be.”

This offered an idea; I decided to reveal her as she really is, showing that she is not what she seems to be—if judged from her film roles. To begin with, she indulges in no extravagant glamour and is one of the very few screen players who actually lives in Hollywood. She’s occupied the same house ever since she came to pictures. Perched on a high hill, it is white with green trimmings and is small and unpretentious. It is picturesque, however, for it drops its three stories down a steep incline, with a charming garden opening off the living room on the lower floor.

It’s a real home for the reason that she spends a great deal of her time in it and as I glanced at the simple, tasteful furnishings, with the late afternoon sun adding its enchantment, I knew it was the exact setting for Kay. “One can’t relax in public with an audience ever at hand,” she explained. “A home should be a haven, a place for real living, a congenial environment that is at once, restful and stimulating to new ideas. Here, I find complete rest after filming scenes all day at the studio that revolve around the splendors of multi-millionaire mansions, or battling with emotional upheavals.

I brought my colored maid, Ida, with me from New York and she’s a lady’s lady, if ever there was one. To Ida, it is always ‘our career,’ and she shares its every phase, and she is an ardent picture fan, too, never missing a preview of my films—or any other if she can help it. [Continued on page 82]
Use Your Refrigerator for Winter Refreshments

Cooking with cold is a fascinating art

By PHYLLIS FOSTER

HAVE you ever cooked with cold, instead of heat? Do you use your refrigerator, just as you use your range, to aid you in preparing appetizing refreshments? The hostess who is expert at manipulating her refrigerator freezing trays as well as her cooking spoon, is doubly talented.

And cooking with cold is a fascinating art! It tempts anyone to concoct glowing jellies to grace the buffet meal, to prepare delicious fruity creams and sherbets, to mold unusual salads and relishes which will give snap, zest, and color to the menu.

At Sunday Night Supper and the increasingly popular Buffet, as well as the Bridge Luncheon, a salad mold, or salad-dessert is a happy choice. The materials may consist of chopped vegetables combined with cold cuts; or, cut fruits blended with mayonnaise and whipped cream; or mixtures in which whipped soft cream cheese plays the major part. Any of these may be mixed, poured into the freezing tray or special molds, and allowed to freeze or chill several hours in advance of actual use.

Here, it is worth recalling that each refrigerator must be well understood, and its special temperature control set at the right point, and kept there, or changed, according to the type of dish and its consistency. Just as with an oven, there is a "low," "medium" and "very hot" degree of cold—in reverse! Women who complain that they "don't understand what makes my ice cream full of ice particles" etc., are not sure to grasp the effects of cold on food structure.

In general, the more rapid the freezing, the more smooth the texture of the finished dish. Again, the less watery the mixture, the less the danger of "ice crystals," as seen often in a frozen cream. Or, the higher the proportion of sugar, the less danger of a lumpy or granular consistency.

While I plan to devote an entire article later to the fascinating subject of Frozen Ice Creams, it is well to note here that practically every sweet mixture must have some amount of "binding" or stabilizer, and that this may be either corn syrup, or gelatin, or marshmallows. The smoothest sherbets and the most velvety creams will be found to have one of these special ingredients in their make-up.

Mechanical beating or whipping also makes a mix of smooth consistency and that is why so many refrigerator recipes read: "When the mixture is partly frozen, remove from tray, scrape from bottom and sides of pan, and beat until smooth but not soft, then replace and finish freezing." If any whipped cream is to be included in your recipe, remember this all-important point: never overbeat. Only beat cream to a fluffy, spongy lightness, then fold in, as directed. Overheating makes the cream "buttery" and full of small unpleasant particles, sure to spoil the texture.

AND now a word about molds. Before pouring in any mixture, either rinse the mold with chill water, or better, wipe it out with neutral oil swabbed on with tissue paper. This is by far the easier way, and saves any trouble in later unmolding. For Buffet Service it is well to offer a single large and ornamental mold which, in itself, will be a decorative feature of the table. Or, the mixture may be made in a large shallow oblong mold, so that when unmolded, the entire jelly may be cut into small squares or portions for each guest (economically!) to help himself. Of this latter type is the unusual recipe which I have found to be so popular especially with men guests. It is:

SUNDAY NIGHT HAM AND RAISIN LOAF

1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
3/4 cup seedless raisins
2 cups sweet cider

[Continued on page 62]
Lines...Dry Skin

To keep skin young looking
—learn how to invigorate
your UNDER SKIN

HARD TO BELIEVE—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin underneath!

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels underneath begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your outside skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands underneath that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

But think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing...softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks years younger!

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt
daughter of Mrs. Henry Introbue Roosevelt of Washington, D.C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin."

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 6-00, 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 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name
Street
City

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture 61
Use Your Refrigerator for Winter Refreshments

[Continued from page 60]

2 whole cloves
2 tablespoons brown sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup boiled jam, cut in small cubes or slices.

Soak raisins in cider until plump. Add cloves, sugar, and salt, and bring to boiling point. Add gelatin, and stir until entirely dissolved. Remove from heat. Chill. When jelly begins to thicken, add jam. Pour into mold, and chill until firm. Unmold, garnish with horse-radish or musturd mayonaise, cherkins, vinegar, and cucumber pickles, with watercress or lettuce. (Serves 8).

Another suggestion for a Buffet where cold cuts, cheese, beer and relishes are appropriate, is that of:

ASPARAGUS PIMIENTO JELLY SALAD
1 package lemon-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
3/4 cup asparagus liquid
2 tablespoons vinegar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 can green asparagus tips
Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add asparagus liquid, vinegar, and salt. Pour into small square molds to depth of 1/2 inch, and chill to harden. Take 4-6 asparagus tips and tie into small bundle with narrow strip of pimiento in middle. Place bunch on hardened jelly layer. Pour over remaining gelatin liquid and return molds to chill in freezing compartment 2 hours. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with baby beets and mayonnaise, or French or any cream dressing. (Serves 6).

NOT all kitchen experts are familiar with the new trick idea that one may utilize the liquid remaining from pickles and relishes and transform it into molds of spongy jelly, much to accompany hot roasted meats and poultry. There is a novel Lime-Cucumber Jelly recipe, to serve with fish, which I will be glad to send those who ask for it. And while mentioning accompaniments of hot meats, did any one of you ever make the following cooling refreshment to be served with roast pork or turkey? Don’t tell your family or guests of what it consists, but ask them to guess. I’ll wager not 4 out of 5 will suspect that it is a—

FROZEN CIDER CRUSH
21 marshmallows
1 1/2 cups sweet cider
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons sugar
1/4 cup egg whites
grains salt.

Melt marshmallows in 3/4 cup cider, over hot water, stirring frequently. Remove, and add remaining cider, lemon juice, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Pour into freezing tray and freeze to a mush. Remove, and scrape mixture jelly garnish, and bottom of tray. Beat until smooth but not melted. Add remaining sugar and salt to egg whites, and whip until stiff. Add to jelly mixture. Pack into molds and finish freezing. (Serves 6).

A SMART late supper only a few weeks ago, a highway passed by our guests tall glasses filled not with a liquid beverage, but with a solid frozen cream! She had cleverly adapted an old recipe for eggnog into a frozen form. Send for that recipe also, if you wish. Of course such a dessert perfection as Biscuit Torte, or that old-fashioned favorite, Tutti Frutti, is exceedingly simple to make, even though it always looks like a teething dish. Try using those flat, shallow, plastic food cups, and freezing the mixture right in its cup, placed in your freezer tray. You may also have small glass dishes in which you may pour the mixture, return to freeze, and then serve each dish individually. Tricks ideas are handy—like this—for the hostess who likes to show her guests unusual table service.

Several readers wrote in recently asking for special notice on Ice Box Cake desserts. Space will not permit giving these here, but that is also a subject which I have on my list to feature in future issues. For perhaps no other dessert is so Queenly as this one, with its tall, ruffled trim of lady fingers restraining the inner cake of unusual richness. Have you tried a Cranberry Ice Cream Ice Box Cake, or one made with those fresh flavored "frosted" food berries and peaches? If you are looking for something quite delicate, for formal parties, do try the Peach-Macadam Ice Box Cake, and save yourself a caterer’s bill!

To make layered or molded gelatin dishes is one of the most pleasant of the kitchen’s small tasks. Given an amount of clear gelatin aspic or stock, plus assorted cut vegetables, and sliced carrots, or sausages, or shrimp, all that is necessary to success of what appears most complicated is patience and pains. I mention this type of refrigerator refreshment here, lest—like the one for Molded Chicken and Vegetable Salad makes such a colorful, decorative showpiece either when laid on the table, or passed around to guests to help themselves.

IT WOULD lengthen my article too much if I were to give details of how the little left over and oddments of the refrigerator could also be put to refreshment use. But before I close, may I list a few of the recipes? (See coupon at end of article.) Also, at this busy social season when clubs and other groups make demands on your time, I suggest you remember that cooking with cold always has this big advantage: it’s a made-in-the-morning dish, and you can prepare it, pour into refrigerator tray, and then put it out of sight until evening or the following day.

Why are so many hundreds upon thousands of automatic refrigerators sold each year to appreciative householders? Not merely because they keep foods safe and prevent the ice-man tracking up the kitchen floor; no, not only that. They are sold in mounting daily sales because each box affords complete Hospitality Service, permitting the hostess to make her own delicious novel, and appealing refreshments without benefit of caterer.

FREE
LET ME SEND YOU
a set of 8 STAR REFRIGERATOR RECIPES, including Tart Tomato Jelly Salad, Butterscotch Pecan Ice Cream, and Fruity Cucumber Platter. Don’t mail this coupon to me at this magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Name

Address

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

Sensational Free Special
Opens Up Stopped-Up Nose
ARZEN NASAL OIL
The Great New Head-Cold Fighter
Fights Head Cold
Makes Breathing Easy
All Drugsists
FREE ENTIRELY FREE

SEND NO MONEY—ONLY YOUR NAME
For Free Sample write name and address plainly and send to ARZEN, 344 S. Wells Street, Chicago, Dept. 53.
because of the 3-way protection of Kotex

1 **CAN'T CHAFE** The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2 **CAN'T FAIL** The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special “Equalizer” center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives “body” but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

3 **CAN'T SHOW** The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

**3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE**—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

**WONDERSOFT KOTEX** A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture
I liked you for that, too. I was afraid for you at first, Bob. I’ll tell you that now that I know the time for fear is past. You’ll never get “I-ish” now. But I was afraid for you once. You’d had no Broadway experience. You were so young. You were such splendid material, I thought. You were so recently out of a small town, a loving home, out of college. Fate hit you such a crashing blow in the face. I didn’t see how anyone could stand up to it. But you did.

I remember saying to you one day: “Oh, don’t ever change!”—and the way you looked at me and said: “I won’t.”

And I like you because you are a hard worker, like myself. You don’t believe that all you have to do is stand before a camera and make handsome faces. You don’t think that your profile will substitute for mugging. You’re digging deeper than that. You’re digging so deep that your path and mine will not cross again, I fear, professionally. There was some talk of teaming us together again. Honest as I think I am, I don’t dare to come out and say how much I hoped they would—for my sake. But you’re cut out for stronger, more dramatic things than light musical comedy, Bob. That’s one of the many reasons why you will not be a “flash in the pan.” You’re developing and maturing. Like Clark Gable you’ll be able to stay on the screen for years and years—forever if you want. Because you’re an actor and not just a face.

Anyway, we do have hard work in common, you and I. Mother likes to tell me that I have made a veteran piano accompanist cry “Quit!” because I’ll rehearse definite routines all day and then do a couple of hours of new steps besides. I’ve tried to know all there is to know about tap dancing. I’ve studied and am studying voice and piano. I hope, sometime, when my dancing days are done, to develop in other and more serious fields—a field where you and I might meet again! And you’re like that, too. You haven’t just stopped with your mirror angle. I’ve seen you digging about in the cutting-room, talking to the sound men, to the camera men, watching other actors work, studying the methods of different directors. You’re a worker, Bob. Not a playboy, and my hat’s off to you for that!

I remember so well (do you?) the evening, the one and only evening you ever called on me. You were passing by and dropped in to have a talk. We had such fun that night. We discovered so many tastes in common. Do you remember how we fooled about with records and discovered that we’re both crazy about dance orchestras, and especially about Eddie Duchin and Guy Lombardo? We picked out our favorite records and played them and got excited about the trombone in this one, the saxophone in that, the piano in the other. Fun, wasn’t it?

We talked about Hollywood stars. You told me how much you admired Clark Gable, his work, especially the way he has kept his head on his shoulders and his feet on the ground. You said that if you could take fame and flattery as he has you’d be content.

And I told you how much I admire Joan Crawford and how gardenias are my favorite flowers, too. I never dreamt then that we would become friends, Joan and I. I never thought I’d have the chance to give her lessons in tap. But I am doing just that. And she comes to my set when she’s not working to watch me dance. And a prouder teacher never lived than I!

We got quite clubby that night, Bob. You know we did. And I suppose we were very young. We exchanged all kinds of ideas. I told you that my favorite color is blue and that I love to ride horseback but can’t because mother thinks it’s too strenuous for me on top of all my practicing. And I told you that I could eat roast beef and ice cream every day of the year. And you told me how you love to ride horseback at sunrise and often do, and about how you dislike big parties and double dates and that was when I exclaimed: “Don’t ever
change, Bob!"

I confided that I never smoke and never take a drink. And you told me that you smoke and take a cocktail now and then but always in moderation. You told me how violently opposed to smoking and drinking your parents were. Your folks and mine had quite a few ideals in common about bringing us up, I think. And I liked you because you weren't ashamed to talk about ideals or to admit that you have them. You never pose as the Weary Sophisticate as so many popular young men do.

We found out that we have a mutual love of dogs. Ruggles, my cocker spaniel, took to you, too, Bob, just like his mistress. Only he had fewer inhibitions about showing his—his regard. We both love houses, we agreed—remember? You told me then about the house you would have one day, a rambling, handsome house among the hills, with a ping-pong table out under some shade trees. And now you are building that house. I see you so often in the commissary at the studio poring over blue prints and plans and seed catalogues. And you were going to have a nice house for your mother, too. And you have. And we talked about gardens and discovered that we really know quite a lot about hardy annuals and perennials and what soil is best for what roses and all that. And it all seemed terribly important, didn't it, and worth talking about.

And we both like to rough it, wear slacks and camping clothes. I told you about my favorite vacation trip which is a two months stay in Westchester where I can rough it and wear camping clothes all day and go to bed every night at nine after fishing and hiking all day. And you told me about the long rides you used to take on your horse back home in Nebraska, with a passel of grub hanging over your shoulder and only the prairie dogs to watch you as you passed.

You'd be fun, Bob, to go adventuring with. There's nothing fix-up or cocktail-barrish about you. You are as handsome as a head on a Greek coin but the head on the Greek coin belongs in turrtle-neck sweaters and sweat shirts out on the prairies and in the woods and on the rivers. That's why you matter so much instead of just looking so much.

And do you remember how we planned what would be our idea of a perfect date? We both said no swank, crowded night spots. I remember how you said: "It costs so much money." And then just a few months later, we met in the "Trce" one night. You were with Barbara Stanley. I was with Jimmy Stewart. Our eyes met and I made a funny face at you and you made one back at me and we both laughed, remembering . . .

Anyway, when we planned the perfect date we said that we'd like to take a long drive, out along the sea, with fog and a high wind, if possible. And then we'd like to drive into a hamburger stand and eat hamburgers, at least two each. We got quite worked up over our mutual love of hamburgers. We discussed, at great length, the relative merits of hamburgers with relish and mustard versus hamburgers without. I think we shouted: "Down with caviar!" or something like that. We're no snobs.

And then I said: "And popcorn, of course—and you sat up straight and shouted "Do you like popcorn, too!" as if you had made the most stirring and stupendous discovery. And after that, we drove in on some amusement park and that set us off on a new tack and we raved on about our mad love of roller coasters and merry-go-rounds and clatter-chutes and fortune-tellers and shooting-galleries.

And then we said that if we didn't feel like going out we'd do something to sort of further ourselves. Perhaps we'd say we'd read a script together and discuss situations and things. Or perhaps we'd invest in a bowl of popcorn and read aloud. Those were our ideas of what constitutes the perfect date—and I still think they are very sound ideas.

I told you that I'm superstitious and that I guide my life by my Horoscope and always carry a small, solid gold elephant with me wherever I go, for good luck. And you laughed at me and did some very expert analyzing of superstitions and of people who are superstitious. And I realized what a sound and well-informed notion you have and know more about matters far other than movies.

And now I feel better, Bob. I've wanted for so long to tell you how swell I think you are—and why. Not because you are a handsome and a movie star and famous, but because you are a man before you are a movie-star—and a man who likes horses and dogs and gardens and people and popcorn and books. The kind of a man I—I like. Me and how many others! Your friend and fan and believer-inner.

—ELEANOR POWELL.

---

**Around with ME Anymore!**

**WHAT’LL WE DO—**
**O H YES—LET’S—**
**GO TO THE MOVIES—**
**THERE’S A GRAND PICTURE—**
**OR WHAT—**

---

**WHY CAN’T THEY ASK ME, TOO—**
**THEY NEVER USED TO LIKE THIS—MAYBE IT’S THESE PIMPLES—**

---

**HELLO RITA—BACK HOME SOON? I THOUGHT YOU’D BE OFF TO THE MOVIES—**
**OR—**

---

**M-MOTHER I C-CAN’T BEAR IT ANY LONGER—MY F-FACE LOOKS SO AWFUL THE G-GIRLS DON’T WANT ME P—PLEASE C-CAN’T I S-STOP S-SCHOOL—OH PLEASE—**

---

**THE WAY I LOOKED BEFORE—**

I took Fleischmann’s Yeast. I couldn’t bear to have people look at my pimply face.

---

**RITA NOW—**

Skin clear. "It is wonderful the way Fleischmann’s Yeast cleared up my skin. I wish every girl a boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann’s Yeast like I did. I’m married now. Rita Walsh.

---

**CLEARS UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES—**

After the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. These are both factors in the skin, especially gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast cleans these skin irritants out of the blood. Then— with the cause removed—the pimples go!

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!
How to Live and Like It

[Continued from page 51]

to be an entente already between him and his public'.

About his work Dix talks with a refreshing absence of bunk. "My slogan's always been: 'I hope I can get another year out of this racket.' The fact of the matter is, that when his contract with RKO was up, he had offers from three companies. He chose Columbia, "the most wide-awake little company in the business," according to him. Now he's finished The Devil's Playground, first picture on his new contract, which allows him to direct one a year.

"I've had my nose in the greasepaint too long," he says, "to get it out easily. But I cherish no illusions about my art. I don't consider it an art. To me it's a question of personality and minutenry. I think it flatters your ego to be an actor.

But you don't feel—at least, I don't feel that I'm doing anything very damn worth while. If I had my life to live over again, knowing what I know now, I'd do what my father wanted me to do in the first place—study medicine, to help this thing we're dumped into—this planet, this existence, whatever it is—I'd like to help it along wherever the devil it's going. I'd like to be a cog in the bundle, instead of a clown prancing along beside it."

HE wasn't being bitter or frustrated—just "formative. Nowadays he satisfies his thirst for medicine by reading books "which are sometimes over my head, but worth the struggle, even if I don't get more than half of what's in them." As a highlight of his recent trip to New York was the experience of watching a friend's MARATHON in the eye of a man. Yet it was because he watched two operations as a boy that he didn't become a doctor.

"My father was the old type of hickory stick, God love him. He wanted my brother and me to study medicine or law—or otherwise no college. Because the rest of college was flubdub and nonsense. My brother became a physician. But he made the mistake of allowing me, an adolescent, to witness two surgical operations. One was a tonsillectomy. Fifteen years ago they were ghastly. They clamped wire nets over the tonsils and almost tore them out. The other was an arm amputation. This poor devil had been caught under a locomotive, with the steam and hot water scarring his flesh off. Bone cases are the toughest to watch, anyway. My God, no, I thought, I'd rather run an elevator. I told my father: 'I'm not constituted to minister to moaning, groaning people. It makes me sick.'"

"Then what are you going to do?" asked father.

"I don't know'."

"So he made me go to work in a bank of all places. I loathed routine. Doing the same thing over and over. But I met a little red-headed maiden named Louise. She was studying dramatic art. I didn't give a damn about dramatic art but I liked Louise. I thought it would be fun to stick around at school for two nights a week. And that's the whole truth about why I went in for acting. But when Sothern's advance agent saw me do Dr. Mab- bert in Richelieu's Hotel, he asked me to read for Sothern and Marlowe. I began to think I was in line for Booth's shoes. You'll have to excuse it. I was only nine. I read for them and they offered me eighteen a year to go with them. Then I broke the news to father, and he hit the ceiling. He was going to have his name disgraced by the lord Harry of his was going cavorting around with a lily in his hand. When I finally made a go of it, though, Dix chuckled, "he was the proudest duck in the world. Always knew I'd make a success of anything I undertook. Nowadays I'm going to be interested in the real business. But I'm not going to tell you and told him so, you think he'd clap me on the back and say: 'Go to it, son? He would not. He'd say: 'Hell, boy, you're crazy, stick to your own racket.'"

Richard gave up the Sothern and Marlowe job, and, as boys will, sulked for two months. Then his brother, who was all for him, bought him two suits and sent him to New York. If the going was tough, there was always the comforting knowledge that Dix thought the world was a big racket.

RICHARD was now on his own. Father refused to connive at the "boy's tomfoolery."

His father, Sothern, had young ideals. Five years the going was brutal. Dix covered the old territory with his wife, on their first trip to New York together. At that time I paid two bucks a week for a room, when I had the two bucks. That's where I bought a suit for five-and-a-half. There's Simpson's pawnshop, where I hooked my last pair of pants.

"I used to keep a diary in my earnest way," he recalls, "and the diary was funny. At the bottom of every other page, when I didn't know where my next meal was coming from, I'd write: SAVE MONEY! Always at the back of my mind was the thought of financial independence. It meant more to me than all the art in the world. It still does. I've got three better reasons for wanting it now than then."

Some three and a half years ago Dix was sick with pneumonia. But while he was ill, a friend who had owed him some money died. His secretary took it upon herself to disclose the fact to his friend's family. For days, Dix says, he was considered a breach of faith, he discharged the girl. Before going down to the desert to convalesce, he asked his "old Uncle Jack" to find him a new one.

On his return Uncle Jack handed him a list of four names. "I picked these out of thousands." There was a cross after one name, two crosses after the other. The name of Virginia Webster was marked by five crosses.

"Why five?" grinned Dix.

"Seemed like a regular girl," growled old Uncle Jack.

The tastes of uncle and nephew gibe. Dix ribbed her, teed her against the fact that she'd had the stuff to work her way through college when her father suffered financial reverses in 29. He even liked her "innevitable" and brown hair, though of course they had nothing to do with his feeling that she was just what he needed as a secretary. This, perhaps, to a deeper feeling—that she was just what he needed as a wife. He tells the story facetiously, but with relish. "I proposed and she refused. I took her from Oc-
"THE WHISPERING CAMPAIGN THAT NEVER STOPPED"

It was some sixty years ago that the word began to spread—

"It's not true that we women were meant to suffer—that our lives must be filled with pain!"

They were passing on the news of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Brewed first for the relief of her own family, it had proved of marvelous benefit. Neighbors had begun asking for it. Whispers of its effectiveness had spread through the town, to neighboring cities—

For 61 years this whispering campaign has carried on. Today the Compound is known wherever humans dwell, because one woman tells another how it helps them go "smiling through." Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend in every walk of life that now the ordeals of womanhood need no longer spell suffering and exhaustion.

The Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that you buy today is made in a great laboratory composed of six modern buildings. The use of scientific developments have multiplied its medicinal value seven times. Its value is evidenced by the thousands of letters of heartfelt thanks that continuously pour in.

Might it not help you, also, to go "smiling through"?

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture
How to Live and Like It

[Continued from page 66]

tober to June to wear her down. Then we were married in Jersey City by the man who married her parents."

Then came the boys. "And I want to lay a little nestegg by for them, so that when they get up they won't have two strikes against them, as I did."

CURIOS that a man to whom financial security was all-important should have made a fortune, and lost it. Not so curious if you'll hark back to 1929. "A dear old friend," he said affectionately, "showed me about the stock market. What a cinch!" I yelled. "What a sap I've been, working my fingernails off! So I kept on going, greedy like the rest, until suddenly—" and his hands went boom.

"But I had done one smart thing. In 1926 I was with Greg La Cava in a New York speakeasy. Fell from Washing-
ton who'd had a few drinks said a bill was going to be passed for the opening of the George Wash. I got hold of him a few days later when he was sober. 'Were you telling the truth?' I asked him. 'Yes,' he said. 'That bridge is going through, and you are buying the acreage near it.' I bought seventy-seven acres on the Jersey side. Now they want to put up a settlement there and call it Dixville. I signed the papers this morning. Only I'm not going to let them call it Dixville. Rather have it called Roosevelt-
ville," said one of the many to whom Main and Vermont are a pain in the neck. His hobby is a ranch he owns in the valley, where they spend their weekends. In corduroy and sweatshirt, he mounts a horse, whistles to the dogs, and starts for a jaunt over the hills. Sometimes he takes a gun along—a rifle, never a shotgun because it's not sporting. Only once has he gone deer-
hunting.

"I got up at 4:30 one morning, trumped all day, and at 4:30 that afternoon, with my feet almost up came a five-point buck. He looked at me and I looked at him—for about thirty seconds. I knew enough about hunting to realize that if I moved, he'd go. So I shifted my position ever so slightly, and off he loped."

FOR the rest, he reads, plays tennis, feeds the chickens, milks a cow or two when he feels like it, plays bridge with his wife and her parents. "In spite of vaudeville cracks and comic strips, I happen to be crazy about my father-and-mother-in-law. We're rotten bridge-players but we have a lot of fun." An old horse, "fat as a pig," grazes his last years peacefully away in the meadows. This is the horse Dix rode in Cimarron."

"It's nice up there," he says. "If we ever have any kind of haircut in this coun-
try, the land will always be there, and I'll at least be able to feed my own."

All roads lead to Rome—to his deep devotion and concern for his family. Re-
cently a male movie star bemoaned the fact that for him life would be over at forty—when he felt his screen career would end. "I don't know," the boy said. "I can fill my days with-
out it," he said. Dix could teach him. By all the signs, he still has years to get "out of this racket." But if he hadn't, and thought he was on the way, you can bet his father has reached—"that old hickory stick, 80, but keen as a whistle." He would still run sweet for him, enriched by the close inter-
ests outside the screen, by the color and warmth of the lives of those he loves.

BUSY HOUSEWIFE EARS

Mrs. F. Mele, (Penna.)

THOUGHT it too good to be true when she read that Chicago
School of Nursing students were able to earn $20 a week while learning "prac-
tical" nursing. How-
ever, she sent for the brochure offered in the advertisement and after much careful thought de-
ided to enroll. Before she had completed the seventh
month she had earned $800.

Think of the things you could do with $8000!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

310 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

MRS. F. MELE

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING

Dept. 83

Selling... Sells on Sight

ENDS BRUDGERY


SAMPLE OFFER: A little of this amazing new wall cleaner costs nothing. Just send $2.50 for one 10-ounce bottle, plus $1.00 to cover your name and address

JUNE 1945

KRISTEE NFG, CO., 2713 Bar St., Akron, O.
introduce to you, this Victor Moore. Three score years ago, he was born to a New Jersey grocer's wife, and as soon as he was old enough, Poppa told him he had to help around the store. "So I helped," says Moore, "I helped myself. I helped myself to a dime out of the till every now and then, and because in those days, you could buy a gallery seat with a dime." He can't understand how it happened, but the love of the stage was born in this grocer's son. Even when Poppa, worried when little Victor joined the town dentist's amateur theatre club, moved to Boston and opened a lunch-counter, and told Victor he'd have to help out again, Victor continued his tactics. There were many dimes in the restaurant till," he explains, naively. In that cracked voice of his that makes you want to cry for him at the same instant you're doubled up laughing at him.

Finally, young Victor saw an ad in the Boston papers. "WANTED:" it read; "For supers—stage play, fifty tall young men." Victor wasn't tall, even then. Tobey he's almost as tall from front to back; one is from top to toe. But that didn't daunt him. He got in the crowd of applicants at the stage door, and set down a paying block he had toted with him. He stood on the block, and when the stage manager looked over the crowd, Victor Moore stood several inches over the other heads, so he was one of those hired. That was his stage debut. I told you this is goofy, didn't I?

VICTOR MOORE was seventeen, that day. Ever since, he has been an actor. To retell the amazing tale of his adventures would take seventeen books the size of this magazine, and then you'd have only skimmed the cream off the tale. He starred, he played one-night stands, he played every sort of stage there was, from vaudeville to Broadway. In 1933, he met Emma Littlefield, who was part of a sister act in vaudeville. He married her, and she became his partner, and between the two, they wrote and built up what is probably the most famous vaudeville act in stage history—the skit called Change Must, Change Us or Back to the Woods. The act played about every town in America from East to West, and when it, Moore stepped onto Broadway in a show specially written for him by George M. Cohan, It was 45 Minutes From Broadway. Cohan also wrote The Talk of New York for Moore. From it, he stepped into movies for his first movie experience.

Oh, yes. You thought (didn't you?) that Victor Moore is a newcomer to the screen. Well, that shows how you, like McIntyre, can be wrong. Moore first hit the screen more than twenty years ago!—because he burst his appendix...!!! He was playing his vaudeville act with Emma in Los Angeles when he got a bellyache. He asked a doctor about it. "It's appendicitis," said the doctor. "Ha ha," ha-ha-ed Moore, and went back to the theatre. Three days later, in the middle of the show, the appendix blew up, and Moore passed out. Next thing he knew, he woke up in a hospital, and overheard two doctors by his bedside discussing the fact that they'd bothered to sew him up at all, because he didn't have a chance to live anyway.

But he lived, and it was four weeks before the doctors let him get up. Then they told him he couldn't go back to his strenu

[Continued on page 70]
Distressing cold in chest or throat should never be neglected. It generally eases up quickly when soothing, warming Musterole is applied.

Never use a mustard plaster. Musterole gets action because it’s NOT just a salve. It’s a “counter-irritant”—stimulating, penetrating, and helpful in drawing out local congestion and pain.

Used by millions for 25 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. All druggists. In 3 strengths: Regular Strength, Children’s (mild), and Extra Strong, 40c each.

_Grabbing Victor Moore for Good_ [Continued from page 69]

_Thousands of Remarkable Cases_ _A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffering for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in two weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine, and his horse broken reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-thousand cases in the past 30 years._

_30 DAYS’ TRIAL FREE_

We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic, and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing plaster cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel trusses.

Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

_Send for Information_ Describe your case so we may give you definite information at once.

**PHIL BURT MFG. CO., 125 DIVISION ST., NEW YORK**

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**PHOTO Enlargements**

Clear enlargement; both full length or past group, price $1.50 each. Sizes, 3 inches by 5 inches, snapshot or any size are low in price. The cost of enlarging your snapshot to a size of original photograph is next to nothing.

SEND PHOTOS without cost today. Send your photos with name and address. We will deliver beautiful enlargement that will be a beauty for you and your family. 11 x 14 inches. Photographs of our work will be free. Mail further notice, all postal cards, and in payment enclosed. Photos are mailed in special envelopes free of charge to your home. Price will be refunded if you are not satisfied with the enlargement, and will be returned without charge.

BEAUTIFULLY FREE! (accompanied 11 x 14 inches quality of work or money will be returned, further notice, all postal cards, and in payment enclosed. Photos are mailed in special envelopes free of charge to your home. Price will be refunded if you are not satisfied with the enlargement, and will be returned without charge)

N. R. HORTON, 1854 E. 28th Street, Chicago, Ill.

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**Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?**

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

GRAY hair is risky. It screams, “You are getting old!” To end gray hair handicaps all you now have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bak sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bak is a solution for artificially coloring gray hair that brings out color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Graysiness disappears within a week and a few months report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did a thing to it.

**Make This Trial Test**

Will you test Kolor-Bak without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that you must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay your money.

**FREE:** a bottle of KOLOR-BAK today and send top 34 of cotton to United Remodeler, Dept. 10, 346 So. Wells Street, Chicago—still retails FREE and POSTPAID 50c box of KUBAK Shampoo.

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**Rheumatism**

Relieve Pain in Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Neuropathy or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the Doctor’s formula. No opiates; no narcotics. Does the work quickly—most relief in a few minutes to your satisfaction; in few minutes or money back at Druggist’s. Don’t suffer. Get trustworthy NURITO today on this guarantee.
ranch—it had all the latest gadgets to make poultry-raising a great success—steam-heated henhouses, egg-registering devices, scientific diet charts for the chickens, and a million and other devices. They all worked fine, except that the ranch never made any money. That's the outfit he has just traded for the Beverly Hills house.

TODAY, he suddenly finds himself happier—save for one great, black spot in the happiness—that ever before in his life. For the first time, he has a real home. He has a great, assured income. He has reached the spot where, in a few years, he'll retire and do as he pleases and stop working. He has two fine children of his own, and an adopted son. He has everything that could make a man happy—except for the one factor that was greatest of all—his wife. Two years ago, exactly on the thirty-second anniversary of their marriage, Emma Littlefield died.

Her passing almost spelled the end of Victor Moore. In these days, a marriage that survives through three decades of the theatre and its life, bespeaks a love so splendid, so deep, so rich that words can't even begin to describe it. When Emma Littlefield died, that love story came to its bitterest phase for Victor Moore. It didn't end, mind you. Victor Moore's love for Emma Littlefield can never end. He will always love her, as long as he lives—and probably beyond then, if you like to dream of such things.

But the period that followed when she was taken away from him was black. His intimates will tell you it was nearly the end of Moore's career. They say that only his love for his children—19-year-old Ora and 15-year-old Bob—kept him going. Today, the grief is softened, and Victor Moore is looking forward to spending and enjoying what's left of life, at 60.

Greatest enjoyment comes from the knowledge that his children will follow in his footsteps. There's a quiver in his voice when he talks of them—but somehow, it is indefinably changed. It is not the same silly quaver that made you laugh at Throttlebottom and howl at Public Enemy No. 5. It is a different sort of quaver, the kind that catches at your heart, when he tells you: "Those kids are chips off the old block. Bob's a born comedian. And Ora's a sure ingenue."

NEVER, in all the years, has Victor Moore been separated from the kids at Christmas time. When he was touring, he always saw to it that they joined him and Emma over the yuletide. The rest of the time, they were in fine schools—but no matter where ma and pa were on December 25, the kids were there, too. This last Christmas, they were all in that Beverly House that he got with his chickens. Victor Moore was so happy, his eyes were wet. If Emma could have been there, too, Moore would have been so happy that he'd have been content to call it life's fulfillment.

Instead, he's got his plans laid to go on, for five more years, giving everything he's got to the thing he loves best, next to the memory of his wife and his family. That is, acting. But after five years, he says, he's going to quit for good. He's going to do something he has wanted to do for a long time. He's going to buy the most expensive world tour on the finest plane available—and see the world. He'll take Ora and Bob with him.

And then he's going to settle down and go fishing. Next to his kids, and his profession, he loves fishing third. "I got it from pa, I guess," he wheezes. "Pa had his

[Continued on page 79]
"I Writhed with Pain."

I Couldn't Even Tell My Doctor the Torture I Suffered!

What agony Piles! What they impose in pain, in mental distress, in loss of personal efficiency! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

**REAL TREATMENT**

Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching. It is effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, Pazo is soothing, which tends to relieve sore and inflamed parts. Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with special Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts.

**REAL COMFORT**

Pazo is now also put up in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover cost and postage.

**Grove Laboratories, Inc.**

**MAIL!**

Dept. 28-F, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Please send me trial tube Pazo. I enclose 10c to help cover postage and packing.

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

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This offer is good in U. S. and Canada. Canadian residents may write H. H. Mudd & Co., 61 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Ont.

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**Stop Your Rupture!**

Why suffer with that rupture? Learn about my Appliance for Reliable rupture. It may be yours soon. Send 50c for a trial size.

**MAIL!**

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**

Dept. W282, Rochester, N. Y.

1397 Government Jobs

Start $1260 to $2100 a Year

Men—Women. Common Education usually sufficient. Short tests. Many opportunities. Write immediately to apply and for full details and full particulars telling how to get along.

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**Dont Cut Cuticles**

Smart New Cosmetic Beautifies Nails While It Softens Cuticle

This clever new preparation removes tough, dead cuticle without scissors, and at the same time keeps nails flexible and easy to shape. It brings out their natural beauty. It is a cuticle remover, a cuticle oil and a stain remover, all in one.

You may not have time for long, expensive manicures, but with our new preparation you can polish your fingernails a minute a day, to keep nails nice. No hangnails or brittleness. 35c a bottle.
monotonous, and producers forget, when they are casting, that you have done tragedy, and softer roles, like the one I did in Life Begins.

"Anyway, up to that time my reviews had always read ‘and Glenda Farrell was cute in the ingenue role.’ In Best People the critics really saw me as an actress and not as a ‘sweet young thing.’ So you can see,” said the Farrell, toying with a cheese knife and a cracker, "what a first-rate disappointment can lead up to."

Standing five feet three and one-half inches tall in her present Warner Brothers’ contract, it seems practically unbelievable that witty, wise-cracking Glenda should ever be completely done in by disappointment. But she is, even to this day. She is not so brightly lacquered, so well fortified against below-the-belt blows, in real life, as she is on the screen. Principally, I imagine, it is because she is sensitive, kindly, over-generous and part Irish.

Today, in the twilight of her twenties Glenda is living a very comfortable life in the pale pastels of her small Spanish house on an acre of ground (with fruit and nut trees) in San Fernando Valley, near her studio. She lives alone, save for her young son, Tommy, away a great deal at military school. Her father, in his own house, a stone’s throw from her plaster casa, is her neighbor; also her cousin, Gene, Dick and Jerry, who are engaged in studio work. Her mother, whose presence would have made Glenda’s family group complete, has long been gone.

“That, I think,” said Glenda, seriously, “was the most tragic moment of my life. . . . my mother’s death. Mother was small, on the blonde side, typically French. Think of the most vital person you know, full of energy and enthusiasm and initiative, and you will know my mother. She always wanted a theatrical career and never had one. When I was born, all her hopes, her frustrations, were concentrated on me. Actually, I doubt that I would have chosen the theatre for my work if it hadn’t been for mother.

“Half-way through a season, I’d get disgusted. Want to toss up my contract. It was the Irish in me, I suppose . . . happy-go-lucky. But mother would always caution me. ‘Don’t give up the stage until your name is in lights,’ Now I know why. She knew that if I worked long enough to see my name in lights that I wouldn’t want to quit. She counted on human nature. Well, she was right.

“Six years ago I was in New York. Mother was out here, with Tommy. His health was none too good and the climate was fine for him. I was doing On the Spot for the Shuberts, and doing all right for myself, too. A man associated with producer Arthur Hopkins came to me and offered me more money and my name in lights if I’d step over and do a lead in So This Is New York. You know how I felt.

“The Shuberts wouldn’t let me go, which was all right, too, because I was signed for their show. But they bargained with me. ‘If what you want is your name in lights, we’ll do that for you, and give you a little more money, too.’ Either way it went, my name went up in front. My happiness wasn’t so much for myself but for mother, when they told me. This is what she has worked hard for all her life,” I thought. ‘She will be terribly pleased.’

“She had always said to me, ‘Glenda, when your name gets on a marquee, my work will be done.’ What she said was prophetic, although neither of us guessed her words. Of course, I wired her the grand news immediately. The lights flashed my name, and the first night they did, I
I opened it, thinking it was a congratulation, and it was from father, on the Coast. Mother had died early that evening from the effects of an operation she had undergone. At the very moment, undoubtedly, that the lights were twinkling through the New York dusk, and the name 'Glenda Farrell' appeared for the first time on any marque, mother passed on, her life work done; her prophecy fulfilled. My name in lights meant to me, I could now leave the theatre. But I didn't. Mother's wisdom held. Theatre was a habit with me.

BORN in End, Oklahoma, the Farrell (once married, once divorced, many times courted) is as typical of "show business" as is Jack Benny. Glenda has a warmth and generosity that come most often from having rubbed shoulders with actual need; from having shared her small portion with others who had less. She boasts today, in one of her expansive, Irish moods, that she has lived on fifty dollars a month, and would do it again...if she met the right man.

This boast gives you the idea that Glenda, popular with men, is not immune to the idea of marriage. Her current romance is Drew Eberson, young architect turned Warner studio director. It may turn out to be marriage. No one can tell. Least of all the Farrell and her friend. She's impulsive. It was impulse that guided her biggest romantic moment.

"It was when I first came to the Coast for films, four years ago," says Glenda, with a dream in her eye. "I had been going for several years with a grand person in New York, and to leave him almost broke me up. But a contract is always a contract. So is a career. I came to Hollywood, made the film, though I was terrible—still I do—and the night that I saw the film previewed I came in, horribly blue, and snapped on the radio."

"Across the air waves came a program from New York. It was a benefit performance for something or other, and just then I heard the voice of my 'big moment' as his really beautiful voice announced: 'Come to me, my melancholy baby...'

It was the song that he had sung to me a hundred times. It was our song. That night I told my mother, the next morning I was on the train, rushing back to New York as fast as I could go. So much for my biggest romantic thrill!"

Impulse guides the Farrell's likes and dislikes, too. She cordially detests anything "bossie," meaning ornate, over-decorated; wears pajamas all hours, all fabrics, all of her off-screen time. She claims she is too short to wear clothes well, pads the insides of her shoes, adds lifts to her shoe heels, to build up her height. With her house, built two years ago, and a tasteful foil for her blonde colorings, she is already weary. "It's too sissy-feel," she says, with a gleam in her eye. It's that gleam in the Farrell eye which has led to more highs and lows in Glenda's life than can be revealed in this limited worderage.

DID YOU KNOW THAT Robert Taylor employs four secretaries to answer his fan mail—which volumes the largest received by any star in Hollywood?
are not dated in antiquity. I like cars and planes and iceless refrigerators and night clubs (when I have time to go to them) and crooners and radios and television. I like modern homes. Not the futuristic, glass-walled specimens but clean, shiny new houses with all of the super-modern gadgets and devices.

"I had an amusing experience a few months ago which illustrates very practically what I mean. I was looking for a new house to lease. I'd seen a dozen or more. Finally, I came to one which the owner displayed with somewhat over-weening pride. She pointed out to me that it was old-fashioned, that everything in it was old-fashioned, antique. The old rocking-chair dated back to the Revolution, George Washington had slept in the four-poster beds, all of them. She displayed portraits of somebody's ancestors hanging grimly on the walls. There were knickknacks. What-nots, What-fors. She kept reiterating that this place was old, not nouveaux riches. She emphasized the nouveaux riches angle until I broke down. I said," laughed Nelson, "I said, 'but I am nouveau riche. I've never had any money to spend until recently. I have some now and I want to spend it on new, clean, shiny things. I like modern bathrooms and showers and clean, bright furniture and a scientific kitchen and electric washing machines.'

"I like modern theatres and modern opera houses. I suffer no anguish of soul when I see some old rat-ridden edifice with bad drains being torn down to be replaced by a modern, sanitary structure with brass plumbing. I have no pangs of tradition when I see old theatres razed to be replaced by sunny structures. There used to be sty conditions for actors. Now we have beautiful backstage quarters, well-ventilated, well-lighted, with room to stretch out in and self-respect to put on with our grease-paint. The dressing-rooms on the movie lots do not rack me, either, with a nostalgia for the cobwebby little cubicles of yesteryear. They are, now, well-proportioned, beautifully decorated, fully equipped with every modern convenience.

"I like music machines that play by themselves. I like the idea of being able to tune in on an opera and concerts without having to put on the 'soup and fish' and go out to hear them. I have no yearning for the old melodion nor for the upright piano and the girls who, after 'taking music lessons,' sang a pile of sheet music straight through, accompanying themselves. I like things and men and women as they are," said Nelson, biting on his pipe contentedly.

Which surprised me. I don't know exactly why. I'd just sort of expected Nelson to bewail the "dear dead days beyond recall." Looking at him as he lounged there on the camera case, dressed for Maytime in tan velvet jacket, gray corduroys, his crown of gold hair long and waving, he suggested to me more than ever those days which are called "The Days of Chivalry," when knights were bold and ladies fair—and fainty. I can think of him as one of King Arthur's Round Table, as a crusader, as a young gentleman of the Mouse Decade singing "Every Morn I Bring Thee Violets" in a mid-Victorian parlor.

Perhaps, this is because of his New England heritage and background. Perhaps, whether he likes it or not, his conservatism, his courtly bearing, the proud set of his head, his perfect enunciation give him an

**No Orchids FOR HER!**

**ORCHIDS from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn't thrill at the thought.**

But there's one girl who can never have this thrill—for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

What a pity! It's doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

**Quick to use; lasts all day.** Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

**Harmless to clothing.** Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, even after you're dressed. For it's harmless to clothing.

**Soothing to skin.** It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

**Doesn't interfere with natural perspiration.** Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is!

Don't let this personal fault come between you and the popularity you ought to have. Depend upon the daily Mum habit! Bristol-Myers Co., 650 Fifth Ave., New York.

**MUM takes the odor out of perspiration**

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture
“HER SHINING HAIR.
α radiant halo of glamour, gave her face a loveliness she never saw before…”

Janice Jarrett, in Universal’s TOP OF THE TOWN

Your hair may look dull, but it isn’t… its brilliance is just hidden under a film that most shampoo leave on the hair and ordinary rinsing can never remove. That’s why Hollywood Stars always use Duart Hair Rinse after every shampoo. Would it be thrilling fun to see how Duart Rinse will bring out the true shining beauty of your own hair?

DUART
HAIR RINSE

SEND TO: FOR A FULL 2-RINSE PACKAGE. SELECT SHADES BELOW. NOT A DYE—NOT A BLEACH.

Duart Sales Co., 785 Market St., San Francisco

10 cents enclosed for shade of rinse marked. Please send it at once—

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Name
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City State

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

Old World air. For even when he is wise-cracking (and he often is) driving his up-to-date car, taking off on a planet, there is in him a strain which comes down, perhaps, from the first known Eddy. The name was spelled with an “e” in those early Colonial days. He is not, however, anything I think, from that first John Eddy who came over from England and settled in Massachusetts, and when, later, Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts wrote the colonists, because they had seen the visit of inspection, made listings of the various trades and callings of the colonists, noted down bakers, ship-chandlers, farmers, he was stopped when he came to John Eddy. For John Eddy had neither trade nor calling. And so the Governor labeled him simply as “John Eddy, gentleman.”

Perhaps it is, then, because he is reserved, conservative, meticulous about his manners and his methods of doing things. Perhaps it is because he lives at home with his mother, is a good son. Perhaps it is because one never hears current gossip about Nelson’s “romances” as is the quaint Hollywood custom. He will not talk for publication about any girl or woman with whom he goes out. He will not talk for publication about marriage, embarrasing such things sacred and “off the record.” He will not allow his home, and his mother’s, to be used as “copy.” He said once, “In the old days a gentleman didn’t discuss a lady, even with his pals. I see no reason why, today, a gentleman should discuss a lady for the public prints—nor the lady herself to be discussed.” And he doesn’t. He won’t.

Perhaps, it is because of his distress and dismay when publicly verging on the hurder is written about him though never with him. He is really hurt. He is genuinely indignant then. He has none of that “So what?” attitude which is certainly prevalent today. He has standards. He has really moral and scruples. He still believes that there are things one doesn’t say and things one doesn’t do. And he practices his beliefs. He doesn’t merely theorize about them.

And when I told him this, when I again “accused” him of being old-fashioned at heart, not modern at all, really, he said, “But that is being old-fashioned. You are marking back fifteen years. You are thinking of the word modern in the sense in which it was used in those days. I don’t use it that way. I believe that those days and ways are just as dead, if not more so, than the days and ways of the Gay 90s.”

Men and women are frankly today than they were in the days of Queen Victoria, certainly. But they are frank and honest and not merely wise-cracking and reckless. The new modern trend derives something from the Past. The women are wearing matron-leg sleeves and lipstick. Or they are wearing mannish clothes with ultra-feminine accessories. I find it very fascinating, this modern attire coming from women with chop sleeves, this feminine allure coming from women in man-tailored suits. They are bringing into the New World the Old Freedom the sweetness and soundness which belonged to the Past.

“In the days immediately following the War we were all a little mad, I think. Now we are sane. That’s the difference. Men and women still discuss the imperatives of life, freely and frankly. But they discuss them because they want to discuss them, and not because they think it is ‘smart’ or ‘advanced’ or daring.”

“There is less pose in life now, too,” Nelson went on. “I have, I think, a far less than there ever was. Take women—a few years ago they wore their independence, the fact that they were earning their own living as badges of conspicuous gallantry. They flung their independence in your face. They exploited it. Today, women work for two reasons—either because they have some outstanding ability or because they must.”

“There is less pose, less artifice, less pretense in every walk of life. You never see directors running around in knell suits, and every dressing-gown is left to his own devices, looking as though they were going to costume balls. They wear flannels or plain business suits and unless you know them you have no idea what sort of a man it is. The cameraman or a visitor from the East, Actors, as well as actresses, used to be prima donnas of stage and set even more than now. On no longer, Take Clark Gable. You couldn’t find a more down-to-the-earth, matter-of-fact fellow than Clark. He’s a young Bob Taft in a costume. He’s as regular as any young fellow with any job anywhere. A few years ago a young man who had achieved what he has would be swanking about in a brace of foreign cars, living in a palace gowned with swimming pools, servants crawling from under the carpets. We have all, in these recent years, been up against reality so stern that pose and pretentiousness seem shabby, tinsel things.

“Even on the screen the old-time seduction stuff, the kind of ‘glamour’ that is passé. Audiences are on to it. They want romance—for the heart of the people is changing, but they want romance belled on reality. They want something sound and understandable. Something they can get their teeth into. Something they can believe. Most of the shenanigans girl-talk called modern have gone into the discard. We have lost that old ‘tomorrow we die’ recklessness which was once known as being modern. We know where we are going and why we want to get there. We know how to take care of ourselves, in every way. People,” said Nelson seriously, “are different today than they were in the days of the past. We have the right to be different today and have time for a lot of ‘shenanigans.’ We all have careers and we have to keep on the up and up and take a spiffy look. I have bitten off more than I can chew, with any time left over for tomfoolery. Radio. The screen. Concert. Home. Practice. Programs. Fan mail. Interviews. I don’t have the time to think about myself. I wouldn’t have time to pose and posture even if I were so inclined. I have hundreds of letters,” grumbled Nelson, “and when I do they sound like telegrams.

“No one has time for wise-cracks, for nonsense. Women are better work people now than they were in the day of the now extinct flapper. There is no more of this ‘Oh, look,’ ‘No, you look, I’m tired’ sort of thing. We all figure things out. We figure out marriage before we enter into it. We figure out jobs. As the world, itself, becomes more complicated and devious people become correspondingly more shrewd.”

“There’s a lot of action today and less acting and I’m all for it. We have broken away from the past, from all the pasts, taking them up, making it with the New World, the most worth having. I try to keep up to date with what goes on now, today, this minute. I’m not going back even for a hundred. I’m more interested in Stalin and Mussolini and Hitler than I am in Julius Caesar and Hamilato.

“No,” said Nelson, wig-wagging an okay to another director that something was missing from the set, “no, I am not old-fashioned. Where did you get the quaint notion? I have been through the days of the hansom cab in place of the streamline train, hoop-skirt instead of slacks, the lady who fainted at sight of a mouse for the woman who rolls on the job.”

He said, as he bowed and took himself off. He called back “and proud of it!”
The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 55]

No Complaining Neighbors

So solicitous are Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone about their neighbors that they have just made a grand gesture—they have had built in their Brentwood home, at big cost, a completely soundproofed room. That’s where, hereafter, they will practice the operatic duets they sing together.

Besides “Fire” and “Theft”

Always, Hollywood manages to find new things to insure—or to try to insure. Latest—Francis Lederer, who had several suits of clothes destroyed by over-enthusiastic fans on one of his New York trips, tried to get insurance on his wardrobe before departing on his most recent New York personal appearance tour. But he couldn’t find an insurance company to take the risk. George Brent fared better. Afraid that termites might destroy the beautiful murals in his San Fernando valley home, George insured against their depredations.

Tongue-Twisters

Get ready for tongue-twisting exercises!—New foreign stars with trick names are on the way. One is Sigrid Gurie, 21-year-old Norwegian gal, whom Samuel Goldwyn’s scouts discovered and shipped to Hollywood under contract. Goldwyn is now preparing a publicity campaign to introduce her to you fans. His press agent already says she’s “a Garbo type but with Dietrich beauty.”

Another big foreign-star build-up is due to be spring soon around Ariane Borg, who is one of MGM’s importations. MGM has been keeping her under cover, tutoring her in English and the proper pose when the publicity bangs huts.

Taking Pop’s Name

Dixie Lee, who is Bing Crosby’s wife, is preparing for a screen comeback. But henceforth, she will be billed as “Dixie Lee Crosby.”

Better Than ABC’s

Talking about crooners’ wives, do you know what makes Joan Blondell proudest of all?—It’s this: her 2-year-old son has already learned to sing the words and music of “When A Million, and Happiness Ahead,” and a few other songs that Hubby Dick Powell sings.

Sweet Alice Been Bold

Fresh guys, beware of Alice Faye! She demonstrated that she can dish it out when she doesn’t want to take it. Demonstrate was Al Siegel, assistant director who likes to kid people. He’d been picking on Alice, razzing her about Tony Martin, until Alice got tired of it.

“Lay off, Al,” she warned him.

Al paid no heed. He kept kidding her. Then, without further warning, Alice let him have it. She hauled off and socked him right on the jaw with a fist as hard as nails. It raised a lump on Al’s jaw. And it shut Al up.

(Continued on page 88)
Discovering the Glamour in Irene Dunne

[Continued from page 39]

Madame Curie, I met a great savant, a man renowned for his achievements in medical research. He received me over his glasses and said: ‘You are the actress who cries so beautifully. I remember you in Back Street.’

“The maid at the hotel didn’t recall a single song I had ever sung on the screen, or the title of a single musical in which I appeared. But like the professor, she remembered vividly Back Street.’

‘Long ago I recognized the basis of whatever success has been mine. These incidents, which have happened before, only tend to confirm my belief that heavy dramatic roles are essential for an actress of my type. I know definitely that the status I have acquired has been achieved through tears. And certainly my career, I cry!

‘But it’s so easy to permit the personalities you play on the screen to take possession of your personal life. To affect your moods, your viewpoint, your philosophies, and certainly your reactions.

‘Being a person who wants to enjoy living, I learned that the Irish in me has never been given a chance. I’ve been labeled the “cool” Miss Dunne, the “dignified” Miss Dunne so consistently that no one seems to realize that I can do something else besides look cool—or cry.

“A FEW months ago I decided that for the first time in my life I must occasionally play something light, something frothy, something which permits me to turn a cheerful face to the camera—one in a while in any event.

“I want to keep my perspective on life true and sane and normal—and so comedy has gone on my career budget. Now I expect to rotate—a drama, a musical and then something strictly for laugh purposes.

“Fortunately, I have perhaps the most unusual set-up of any actress in Hollywood. I am under contract to three studios at present—and soon a fourth—to do only one picture a year for each of them. That arrangement holds for the next three years. It permits me a choice of stories—and a variety of them. It gives each studio ample time to look for a satisfactory story, without being pressed for time. I know, when it starts in that it has the proper preparation—and that the vehicle is suitable.

“At the same time, if a great story comes along, aside from my commitments, I could still do that one, too. On the whole, it is a happy arrangement, and in my case, is proving eminently wise. I’ve tried to organize my career on a common-sense basis. I’ve been fairly lucky until now.’

I SUGGESTED to Miss Dunne that her private life—in its sane and usual marriage, in the regard in which she is held in Hollywood—might partake of that same budgeting off.

“On the contrary,” she answered, “I am opposed to organizing or budgeting one’s personal life. It does not require a great deal to be happy. I can do with very little—that’s the Irish in me again. It’s easy to be content. Take things as they come. Don’t figure too closely. I don’t expect too much.

“Go along easily, comfortably. I make no effort to budget my friendships. If I had to be with the right people constantly, go to the right places inevitably, do the right things always, I’d feel that I was

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"Doing these things might be good for me as an actress. But I am certain they'd be bad for me as a person. I've found too many stimulating, interesting, vital people who by no stretch of the imagination could be termed either 'correct' or 'successful.' But to me they happen to be admirable, because in their own way, they make important contributions to the happiness of others.

"It's awfully good for an actress to be measured by strange yardsticks. That implies getting out of her own neat, little sphere. At the moment, I think one of the most fortunate and stimulating things which could have happened to me is to be able to do as my next picture, the Life of Madame Curie. When I was in France I spent considerable time with her daughters. For hours on end I listened to their stories of this remarkable woman. Of her young days, when she could dance through a pair of shoes in one night. Of her dreams of the human episodes which made her life so rich.

"I visited the Institute de France, the Academy of Medicine, the Pasteur Institute—and learned about the other side of this great woman. How she was worshiped—how she was honored. I sat in her seat; I handled her instruments and test tubes. Sat at the very table where she worked. To my mind, she was the greatest woman of this modern age.

"For three whole days I lived a totally different life. Far removed from picture-making—although my research was for a role. It came to me then how unimportant all of us are in comparison to this woman who gave her life to science and for the human good.

"It's a good idea to get a slant on your own stature every now and then!" It is my belief that there will always be a "new" Irene Dunne—to be discussed and surveyed and given adulation. For here is a girl who talks clearly, and who holds her secure place in Hollywood, not only by virtue of her talents, but by virtue of her intelligence. And these two in Hollywood, or anywhere else, are not always synonymous.

"Added laurels rest on her brow today. These she has earned—for she is a person who doesn't go to the wishing-well to make her hopes come true! She earns them—as a person first and then as an actress!"

Grabbing Victor Moore for Good

[Continued from page 71]

faults, but he could fish. He used to save up a buck, give me a quarter to run the house for the day, and then go fishing. He always came back with enough fish to make us sick of fish by the end of next week. I've been wanting to do the same ever since.

"To the world, Victor Moore is what is called A Success in his profession. He is famous, he is rich. But Victor Moore can't quite see it. You tell him about it and felicitate him on it, and he listens to you skeptically. In his little pot-bellied hide seems bound up all the doubt that bafles mankind. He shakes his head, and takes that Caspar Milhenty coasting stance of his. He looks at you out of a vast befuddlement, and in a voice that quavers and cracks, he voices his greatest plaint—and his greatest hope!"

"I'm not funny. When I try to tell a funny story, people don't laugh."

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Hot News! We're making plans for the Third Annual Hollywood Tour, and it looks as though it would be the most thrilling, exciting trip we've ever arranged.

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IMAGINE IT, IF YOU CAN
$5 Prize Letter

THE WORD “Talkies” is seldom used today. They’re taken for granted. Yet, when I viewed the masterpiece Born to Dance, I couldn’t help looking back a few years, seeing what a change has taken place, and trying to picture this production had it been made in the “Silent” days. Absurd! Yes! But comparison prompts appreciation, so try to imagine Eleanor Powell’s tap without music, James Stewart’s lanky boyness without his slow-motion drawl, Linda Merkél minus the “stunt” accent, Frances Langford without a song. Then, if you’re still not convinced, just try to get convulsed (with laughter) over the classic dialogue of Buddy Ebsen, Sid Silvers and the super-silly telephone operator, handed to you in

RUTH CHATTERTON 15 TOPS
$10 Prize Letter

OCCASIONALLY, a new picture or new personality emerges to make audiences tingle. This time it is Dodsworth, cleared with the great drama always found in a Sinclair Lewis novel and possessed with the personality of a real actress — Ruth Chatterton. She is a star of the very first magnitude, and plays worthy of her talent are so rare that her pictures have been quite infrequent. Miss Chatterton has a voice unrivaled in reproductive qualities and her long stage experience has certainly afforded a technical skill which few, if any, of the actresses can equal. Due to the evident stupiditiy of certain producers, her reputation declined because of several miscasts. But I think her personality and dramatic ability would draw the banality out of the most banal picture. It is fortunate for Samuel Goldwyn that she has accepted his contract and I breathe with relief that her long period of inactivity has not harmed her ability

- H. L. Rowe, 115 Clay St., Seattle, Wash.

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print, and see how it goes over. There's nothing there.

Let's pause, reflect and glory in our blessing—Diane Sanders, 2468 W. 14 St., Oklahoma City, Okla.

FEMMES CHEER ERROL FLYNN
$1 Prize Letter

SO, The Charge of the Light Brigade is a man's picture! That may be true, but I can join in the chorus of the opposite sex in saying that it was grand, and thoroughly enjoyed by us. After seeing it I'd like to shake Tennyson's hand for giving us such a story, and a hearty nod of appreciation to Warner Brothers, who certainly produced an exciting and thrilling picture from it.

I'm a Robert Taylor fan, but you've got to hand it to Errol Flynn for being such a grand competitor. He's not too good looking or heroic, and you're with him to the very end. He not only holds the attention of the women, but he wins the approval of every man in the audience. And that's saying a lot for any male actor! Here's a vote for more pictures like The Charge of the Light Brigade.—Bernice Beamer, 116 Main Building, Virginia Intermont College, Bristol, Va.

GET MAD GABLE
$1 Prize Letter

REMEMBER three or four years ago when Clark Gable played parts in which he was intensely, savagely powerful? That's when he scored a sensational success and began his meteoric rise to the tremendous popularity he now enjoys. And now you can see him bask in the warm glow of large scale popularity. Watch his smile, his complacent expression, his dimples.

Four years ago the dimples were knots, his eyes flashed fire, his movements almost savage. That's what put him on the throne on which he now reposes. That's why millions of girls and men streamed into the theatres to watch him get mad, to watch him smash villains in the jaw, and see his eyes flash sparks.

Clark, why don't you get out of the drowsy sunlight and fight again, not with your fists alone—but with your personality? Come on, get mad—K. R. Thomas, 2415 Geneva Terr, Chicago, Ill.

SHE DISAGREES
$1 Prize Letter

I DISAGREE with one of the opinions on the LETTER PAGE. The writer said, "preview displays lessened interest and antici-
pation for the current picture." I think not! Would you go to a theatre not knowing anything about the feature other than the title and players? One cannot judge a picture by its title. For example: Three Men on a Horse. What, I ask you, would you think the story suggested: three men on horseback, perhaps? Or, Come and Get It . . . could be a mystery, or most anything. Too, I usually count on the pre-
views to decide upon pictures my two chil-
dren might enjoy. Would you get on a train not knowing its destination and hope it would turn out to be the one you want? The public wants to know in advance what to expect, and seeing a preview, more often than not, sells a picture!—Mrs. J. E. Meehan, 2325 Coaper Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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LOVELY TO LOOK AT

Not What She Seems to Be
That's KAY
[Continued from page 59]

In screen portrayals, I wear gorgeous costumes and I adore them. Yet, after dressing up all day for the camera the tem- mines desires are am satisfied and I like to slip into slacks and sandals when I leave the studio. It takes something especially enticing to make me 'dress up' and go to the theater. I never attend large parties, seldom visit night clubs or go dancing. My idea of a pleasant evening is to spend it with six or eight congenial friends, where we can sit in the patio or before a fire, and carry on a really interesting conversation.

"When I'm making a picture I go to bed at eight-thirty, and if I am inveigled into going out, everybody knows that I leave promptly at nine-thirty. Ten o'clock is my bed-time dead-line for I require eight full hours of sleep. I adopt this regimen in order to give my best to the screen and remember, it is my profession. I'm tremendously attached to it." I went on the stage for the very simple reason that I was broke and needed money," Kay continued. There was no emotional urge back of it; my mother was an actress and I had no illusions, I knew it meant hard work. By a lucky chance, I secured the part of The Player Queen in the modernized version of Hamlet and this led to other engagements, finally bringing me into Elmer the Great, with Walter Huston. This was a marvelous experience. A little later, I heard they wanted a leading woman for Mr. Huston's film, Gentlemen of the Press, and I applied for it. There was one big obstacle; the director had visualized the heroine as a blonde, but for some reason I was given the role. I'm not sure just how I would have come through all this if I had not been able to draw encouragement and inspiration from Walter Huston. May-be, we sustained each other, for this was the first film venture for us both. Other roles came and I accepted a contract, so here I am. There was nothing of the Cinderella story about it, nothing in the least sensa-tional.

"I never make plans for I learned, long ago, how futile this is. Perhaps, I'm a fatalist. I sincerely believe what is to be will be, that is why we should keep alert for opportunity and take advantage of every change it offers. We can only use what we see, and it is foolish to sit by the roadside and expect the plums to drop into our lap.

"If and when my career comes to a stand-still, there are many ways to keep busy. I may travel. I've been to Europe many times and it is always a glorious adventure but the remainder of the world is still an un-explored field to me. I want to visit the far East, Japan and Africa, hunting up the romanitc stories. But," she added gaily, "there must be no bugs or creeping things for these paralyze me. This sort of travel is more to my liking. I can't rush through century-old temples, nor scamper across the Sahara at sixty miles an hour."

AFTER a little pause, Kay continued.

"There's a fever in it. It burns up many precious things, but acting brings a peculiar satisfaction because it permits one to creep into the very heart of differ-ent characters. I've portrayed many women, from the Colonel's Lady to Judy O'neal, a Năm very very lady, and each one reacts differently to love and romance because custom and en-
vironment, effect the expression of their emotions. This is fascinating to an actress—a woman's imagination is limitless, and, too, it tests her histrionic ability. I always enjoy foreign characterizations because invariably the backgrounds are an integral part of the drama and this adds a 'feel to the emotions.'

Listening to Kay talking, I learned many things about her. She is sweet and warm and very, very human, and there's a certain dignity in whatever she does. There's nothing artificial about her, no striving for effect, and she doesn't believe that a tinsel coat of bright chatter denotes cleverness. She makes fine intimate friends and has no confidants—which again, shows how wise she is. She takes her experiences alone, standing up, and gallantly.

SHE has one absorbing superstition; she believes twelve and thirteen are her lucky numbers. She was born on Friday, the thirteenth, so perhaps that's the reason she favors this number but twelve has smiled on her so often that she includes it. Ten and its divisor, five, are definitely out. Over a period of years, she has discovered that whenever anything unpleasant occurs, these numbers have figured in it somehow. She'll never start a picture or a trip, never take a hotel room or a ship's stateroom that carries ten or five. Most of the actors with whom she's played, have twelve or thirteen letters in their names, as for instance, Walter Huston, William Powell, Leslie Howard, Ronald Colman, Fredric March, Warren William, Ricardo Cortez, while Ian Hunter and George Brent both escape the ten hoodoo.

"It is probably very, very silly and doesn't mean a thing," she admitted, "but why take the chance? There's another superstition, too, that influences me. I care little for jewelry but during my first two pictures I happened to wear a certain pair of earrings, so, ever since then, I put them on for a scene or two. I don't care for diamonds, they're too cold and insincere, being all fire but no real warmth. Egotistical, too, as if flaunting their superiority. Emeralds are different, they are warm and friendly. Anyway, green is my favorite color, I wear a great deal of it and have knitted at least, ten green sweaters.

"It was during the World War that I learned to knit and I've never given it up. It is the great social pastime, just ask any old-fashioned sewing circle. I do it automatically to keep my fingers busy while my thoughts relax. I don't know one vitamin from another, and never follow a calorie schedule, my idea being that with a little common sense in eating and the proper exercises, any woman can keep fit. I swim, play tennis, ride horseback and walk, and never loose or gain an ounce."

Kay has lived a very full life, if not an adventurous one. She's been private secretary to several blue-book aristocrats, sold real estate, and promoted Raquel Meller when she stormed America, and through her various marriages, has lived in many circles. No, a new marriage is overtaking her. Love and romance stimulate the imagination and enlarge the ability to understand another's problems, which is, after all, the forte of an actress. Love is more important today than ever before because the world is swinging into its greatest dramatic sequence and the very air is electric with its changing currents. So, whether she will admit it or not, Kay Francis is sharing in a big, thrilling page in history!
Soap and Water—two of nature’s best aids to clear, smooth skin.

MANY skin authorities urge thorough soap and water cleansing, at least once a day, as an essential to real skin beauty. But the soap must be carefully selected to suit various types of skin, and Resinol Soap is preferred in many homes. Free from harsh, drying qualities, it gives a soft lather, pleasing even to tender skin, and leaves the pores deeply cleansed and refreshed.

Before applying Resinol Ointment to relieve the itching an soreness of pimples spots, a local rash or common skin outbreak, be sure the part with Resinol Soap and warm water. It helps the soothing Resinol medication to act more effectively and promote healing.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Why not begin this skin care today? Sample of each with literature on request. Write to Resinol, Dept. 2-S, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Ointment and Soap

The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 18]

And nothing else. And that, for John Barrymore, is amazing. ! ! ! And even then, with nothing but ten to fire his imagination, then told his assembled guests that “I’ve never been so happy in my life!”

CUPID’S COUPLE:

Tony Martin and Alice Faye—It seems to get hotter every day!

LORETTA YOUNG and Director Eddie Sutherland are still all wrapped up in each other. And if they aren’t Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland before long, Ol’ Man Tattler will eat his hat. Why, when Eddie was ill in bed, after working against doctor’s orders, Loretta virtually moved into the Sutherland home, to spend as much time as possible at Eddie’s bedside, like a hospital nurse. Loretta, by the way, is a grand swing girl. This time, her sister, Polly Ann Hermann, presented a seven-and-a-half-pound boy to the family.

Loretta’s first auburn came when her other sister, Shirley (Norman Foster’s wife) kept a date with Ol’ Doc Stork. Loretta, by the way, chose the young Herrmann, name. He’ll be christened Peter, at her wish.

BRIDEGROOM Roger Fryor and New-Wife Ann Sothern are certainly backing up the old “distance makes the heart grow fonder” adage. While he’s busy with his New York and New York, and she works in Hollywood, they call each other up anywhere from two to six times a day.

CUPID’S COUPLE:

Cary Grant and Jean Rogers—Hollywood’s newest rumor-dodgers!

WHILE Director Eddie Sutherland’s romance with Loretta Young gets nearer and nearer the “I-do” stage, his ex-wife, Audrey, seems to be doing quite the same thing, with Addison Randall. In fact, by the time you read this, it’s not at all unlikely that Audrey will marry the wife of Randall—who crashed the columns not so long ago as Glenda Farrell’s steady boy friend. However, Audrey’s confessed that she and Addison met for the first time a dozen years ago—and that although she’s been married in the meantime, and he’s been sort of that way about other gals, Old Lady Fate nevertheless kept at work and between her and Danny Cupid, they’ve just about settled matters.

MEANWHILE, Glenda—who seems to flirt from boy-friend to boy-friend with the rapidity of a Mary Erin, has been seen out lately with Eddie Bellande, aviator. And Drew Eberon, who seemed tops in her life until recently, is moving out of the picture.

JOE PENNER (who’s so sick of being asked how he can’t even eat duck!) and wife celebrated their ninth wed...

Don’t Sleep on Left Side, Crowds Heart

GAS PRESSURE MAY CAUSE DISCOMFORT RIGHT SIDE BEST

If you toss in bed and can’t sleep on right side, try Adlerika. Just ONE dose relieves stomach GAS pressure on heart or you sleep.

Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowels and brings out poisonous wastes you would never desire in your system. This material may be poisoning you for months and gas, sour stomach, indigestion or nausea.

Dr. H. L. Shoup, New York, reports: "In addition to internal gas Adlerika greatly reduces bacteria and color bacilli."

Mrs. J. B. Filser: "Eating in bed old-fashioned, but I cold I could not eat or sleep. Even my heart seemed to hurt. The first dose of Adlerika brought me relief. Now I eat as I wish, sleep late and feel so much better."

Give your bowels a REAL cleansing with Adlerika and see how good you feel. Just ONE dose relieves gas in 10 minutes. At all Drugstores.

FREE Special Trial Size of Adlerika mailed FREE to any adult.

Write Dept. 163.

ADLERIKA - ST. PAUL, MINN.

Young Men and Women—

STENOTYPY

The Better Way to Better Jobs

STENOTYPY—machine-typed shorthand—offers unusual opportunities for better jobs, higher salary, and larger success all your life. This machine that types at an average rate of 300 words per minute, in full longhand style. No one can type in nine out of ten conversations. Thousands of outstanding offices, and increasingly in court rooms. Its faster speed, accuracy, and skill in shorthand and salary raises in secretarial and reporting jobs, and open up executive opportunities. Now, in your spare time and at low cost, you can raise yourself above the competition of the crowd. Get full details. Ask for interesting, illustrated booklet, "Stenoty,

YOU CAN REGAIN PERFECT SPEECH, IF YOU

STAMMER

Don’t wait until you’re too embarrassed. Book called "DON’T STAMMER,” which describes "our method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method invented and used at the Stuttering Institute of New York. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free."

Send name, address, and age to: B. E. Bocock, Dept. 391, Lexington, Kentucky, USA.

ON APPROVAL

We defy you to tell this ring is not genuine. Buy this ring and try it! If for any reason you are not satisfied, return it to us within 10 days for full refund of money. Wear at your risk. Ring shipped by return mail prepaid. Return to: T. BRADLEY, DEPT. 391B, NEWTON, MASS.

Can Old Faces

Look Young Again?

PAULINE PALMER tells us how you can make old faces look younger. In a new free book is explained this sensational home method. Already 75,-

You can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send name, address, and age to: B. E. Bocock, Dept. 391, Lexington, Kentucky, USA.
THE FELLOWS NEVER LOOKED AT HER until she found a way to ADD 11 POUNDS QUICK!

Never had a date when she was thin. Now everybody remarks about her improvement in looks, and she has all the dates she wants!

"I KNOW what it is to be skinny, pale and dull-eyed. The fellows never look at you and the whole world is cold and blue. I tried everything but nothing did any good until I got Ironized Yeast tablets. Soon I felt a lot peppler and stronger, my skin got smooth and out 4 weeks I gained eleven pounds. Everybody says how pretty I've gotten and I have all the dates I want and have a grand time."

Edward Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

Thousands gain 10 to 25 lbs.

Skinny, friendless girls who never could gain an ounce, have easily gained 10 to 25 pounds, normally rounded curves, this new easy way—in just a few weeks! What is more, this new discovery has given them naturally clear skin and lovely color, new pep, new friends and popularity.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 20 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 5 kinds of blood-building iron, colored whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better, brighter and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets for just a short time. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer! Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Help About Your Body." Remember, results with Ironized Yeast tablets are sure and permanent. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 293, Atlanta, Ga.

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture 85
Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Billie Burke and Edna May Oliver seem to be enjoying this scene from Parnell, now in production at the MGM Studios. It's the new Gable picture that will be remembered in MGM records as the battle of beards.

Now, when you see the picture, you'll know what happened behind the scenes—One In A Million—they discovered that real ice, when photographed, doesn't look enough like real ice! So they remelted all the artificial ice-rink frozen for blonde Sonja Henie, and mixed in a lot of skim-milk, and refroze it, so it'd photograph icy-white!—they had to create a new job, "Ice Inspector." The fellow, before each "take," went over the skating rink inch-by-inch picking up hairpins, nails, matches or anything at all, no matter how tiny. Because any foreign object, getting under Sonja's skates at a critical moment, would have ruined the "take" and maybe Sonja, too! It wouldn't look well to have a crack skater take a header.

Camille—if you don't think the love scenes are hot, then know that Garbo's dress caught fire in the midst of one. Only it wasn't solely Bob Taylor's fervid approach that started it. An extra tossed a cigarette over the wall in the garden scene, and instead of landing on the floor, it landed on Garbo's gown. She interrupted Taylor's love-making with a Scandinavian yell that translated into "I'm on fire!" So were Taylor's pants. (My, my, what will Mister Hays say?) Bob beat out the fire. They had to halt production until the wardrobe department made a new dress for Greta, new pants for Bob! Wonder if Greta and Bob had a fire sale.

Banjo On My Knee—when you see the scene where Joel McCrea swims for his life through waters studded with bullet splashes, don't be a wise-guy and say: "Aw, them ain't real bullets; they're pebbles." Because they tried pebbles, but the splashes didn't register realistically, and they hired an expert marksman to shoot real bullets around McCrea for the take!

Parnell—will always be remembered in MGM records as the picture of the beard. In the scene where Parnell wore a beard, they wanted Clark Gable, who portrayed the great Irish leader, to grow one. Gable protested. Director John M. Stahl, stickler for realism, insisted and produced bearded Parnell photos. Gable hired a research expert, unearthed Parnell pictures showing him smooth shaven. Finally they shot tests of Gable wearing a false beard, and they looked so funny and foolish that they abandoned the idea. During shooting of the production, the MGM commissary had to strike blackberry pie off its menu, because the extras got their beards so discolored eating it at lunch that they photographed differently in the afternoon's takes!

Under Cover Of Night—Sara Haden, playing the role of a woman scientist opposite Eddie Howe, established some sort of record by mastering, in four readings, what is called the trickiest line in talkies. She had to learn to say: "Systematic distribution of nebulae and the effects of galactic obscuration." Try it and see if you can memorize it in four takes. We wonder how Roscoe Ates would handle the line!
Hollywood's Trick Parties

If ever a party signalled the end of one regime and the beginning of another, then it was the party given by Mary Pickford, when Mary Pickford gave a farewell in honor of Buddy Rogers, her fiancé, who was to leave Hollywood. In the old days, when Mary was Mrs. Fairbanks, the guest-list at Pickfair parties used to read like a 'Who's Who' of the movie world. From visits to titles, plus the elite of Hollywood. But at the Pickfair, the stars would appear, Pickford opened its doors to songwritter pals of Buddy, to Art Tatum, colorless guests, to a lot of others who never crashed Pickfair doings before. However, it was proper for its livelier and merrier party than any of the older times. Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres were served in the Days of '49 room; a buffet dinner and many musicians. Followed a program of entertainment with the musical guests all contributing their own best numbers.

THE Hollywood young crowd figured out a new kind of party, the other night. It was really Anne Shirley's idea. Anne gave the party. It was a pre-opening party for all that new music, in all of the music shops, buying up all the old records she could find. Then they played them at the party for her guests who included Paul Stone, Betty Grable, Alan Curtis, Paul Gilfoyle, Barbara Pepper, Ray Marlowe, Eric Rhodes, Dick Gibson. The night's guests were given slips of paper, on which they had to write the titles of the old records, as they were played, twenty in all, coming from such well-known oldsmories as 'Alexander the Great's Ragtime Band to the 'War WANG Blues. That was the one that stumped all but one of the contestants—that contestant was Betty Grable. She hit 100 percent, identified all twenty old-time numbers, and won a stack of Hollywood's newest phonograph records as first prize. Bill Carson, who guessed only eight right, won the booby prize—a package of broken old records. Even the refreshment cake was in the party motif, being designed in the form of a gigantic phonograph record.

JOAN CRAWFORD is giving her-days, these days. She did her public-relations stunt again the other night, at the dinner party she threw. It wasn't at her home, for a change, it was at Tropicana and her guests included Lisette, Roma, Gail and Sandra Cooper, Heather Thatcher. Joan danced with Lisette, and what a rhumba they made! Then orchestra leader Phil Oman directed the band in Joan's favorite, 'Melancholy Baby', and Joan sang the chorus over the microphone. She also sang 'Lost in Love!' Heather Thatcher's lymph was further intricated by Gary Cooper no end. When she left it on the table, while she danced, Gary stuck it in his eye and returned the tip of the Toe attendants with a more-er-or-far Bari-ous impersonation of the Britisher.

BIGGEST brawl of the month was Gene Ray's super-celebrity party, at which time more than 200 Hollywoodians partied. Gene had to have ten, outside the garden, to accommodate all the others. Gene's brother, Bob Marshall, and his orchestra, furnished music for the dancing, which is sort of keeping things in the family. Of course, Gene's fiancée, Jeannette Macdonald. It was awful for a while, because Jeannette, tired from a hard day at the film studio, stayed asleep at her party, before dressing for Gene's party—and it was ten o'clock and numerous phone-calls before she arrived. Romance filled the air at the party, anyway—for besides the Gene and Jeannette, there were present Mary Pickford and Bud Cawf, et Al. Marlene Young aided the Los Angeles music scene. Lavin Davis and Anne Shirley and other film world toadies.

HUNTING dinners provides laugh, sometimes. That is how it was with Ralph Bellamy's quail dinner at the Racquet Club in Palm Springs. The Ritz's guests to eat quail that old that he'd shoot himself. The guests wanted to get the quail—only after a day's shooting, he had done a bit without a gun, and the party couldn't be called off, so Ralph made good. And it wasn't too bad until he remembered this was his first experience on the hunting. Ralph just stood there—when the guests begin to bawl, and they gave him the gun and he ended up with the rabbits for the guests. Guests included Aline MacMahon, Charles Butterworth, Ethel Gallian, Seetha Gallagher, Frank Morgan.

ANOTHER hunting dinner was the one Clark Gable and his affections read—"come up and have a duck dinner. Clark's guests included Carole Lombard (naturally), Cy Clark, Ray Hornbrook, Jean Harlow and Bill Powell.

Thousand of WEAK, RUNDOWN, TIRED-OUT SKINNY Folks Have Made This Amazing Discovery! Get Kelpman's Natural Iodine into Your Blood and Glands—Then...These Results Quick or Your Money Back

Improved Appetite, Better Digestion, Extra New Lbs., Clearer Skin, Sounder Sleep, New Strength, Energy and Endurance

If you are weak, skinny and rundown—if you are always tired out, tired, easily upset, your blood is thin, pale and watery, and lacks the nourishment needed to build up your strength, your body is as good as any fool that you feel like. Begin today to build up your strength and to help your body fight off the frequent causes of these conditions, and explain a new, quick way of keeping yourself in shape.

Food and medicines often can't help you much. The person usually starts enough of the right kind of food to sustain the body. The real trouble is nutrition. Building a healthy body is the same like building a house. First you must have the right materials, such as meat, fish, pop and energy. Rye hidden grains control this body building and powerful which now have a regulation of natural plank iodine all the time. The simplest and quickest way to get this advantage is to Kelpman's, the astonishing new mineral concentrates from the sea, which has been used by many thousands of others under natural iodine than quotas.

So to Kelpman Kelpman for one week. If the thousands. You don't feel better, your body starts to work better, and eat at least 3 to 5 minutes longer per day, the first week. If you don't find you are free. It costs you nothing. Your doctor will approve this way. 10c bundle send size Kelpman Tablets—four to five times the size of ordinary tablets—last a few cents a day to use. Get Kelpman today. Kelpman is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer hasn't yet received his supply, send 3.50 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

Manufacturer's Note—Interior products sold as help and not regulations—In imitation of the genuine Seeland Kelpman—are being offered as substitutes. The Kelpman Company will reward for information covering any case where an imitator product has been represented as the original Seeland Kelpman. Don't be fooled. Demand Seeland Kelpman Tablets. They are easily assimilated, do not upset stomach. In many cases. Results guaranteed or your money back.

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Write today for fascinating literature!, authentic booklet! How to make thousands! Use this Seeland Kelpman... Mineral Contents of Food and How They Affect the Human Body. Also Free Booklet—"A CONSUMER'S GUIDE... FOR YOUR HEALTH AT HOME" FOR WRITING TO THIS ADDRESS. Absolutely free. C. Box, Dept. 1113, 28 West 20th St., New York, N. Y.
They are all flends for soap and water—so we wash over them. If they feel that they can't be too thorough in removing the heavy professional make-up worn on the stage. ... And, because they wash their faces so much, do their own odd jobs and ends of laundry, they also use hand lotions regularly to keep their hands protected and lubricated. We use different it a month, I believe," Betty Sasscer offered.

When they aren't exchanging beauty services backstage, they are studying French, playing the background, making hooked rugs or knitting sweaters for diversion.

"Diversions go in cycles," Mr. Markert said, grinning. "The girls are usually all making hooked rugs or knitting daisy-chain sweaters at the same time, until they tire of it and go on to the next hobby." More spirit of co-operation—

**The Rockettes** believe, to a woman, that cosmetics should be personalized and harmonized with individual coloring. None of this business of using any old shade of powder, rouge or lipstick. Blondes, brunettes and chestnuts inevitably find New Blondex leaves their hair 2 to 4 shades lighter, not hard or brittle. Start New Blondex today. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE, now also in a 10c size at all stores.

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**PREVENT BLACKHEADS**

Sensational Beautifier Refines Skin

Women all over the country who formerly were miserable over a skin blemish with blackheads, whiteheads, large pores and other skin faults, are now enthusiastic about a new beautifier.

This remarkable preparation, which contains oxygen, penetrates into the pores and prevents the formation of fatty blackheads.

When the oxygen frees the pores of disfiguring dirt and grease, the skin resumes its natural clean appearance. It becomes soft and smooth to the touch.

The name of this new beautifier is Dioxogen Cream. It is the only preparation in the world containing Dioxogen, and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Prove to yourself that you too can have a skin free from blackheads, open pores and other skin faults. Dioxogen Cream is not drying and benefits any type of skin to which it is applied, 50c and $1 jars at dept. stores and high class drug stores.

**DIOXGEN CREAM**

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

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**The Talk of Hollywood**

(Continued from page 27)

**Screwy Screeds**

**SCREENY** fan-letter of the month: Marlene Dietrich got a screed from a Hindu in India. He explained that in their last incarnation, Marlene was his mother! Now he's starving, and he wants her to step back into space, or time, or something, and mother him again—to the tune of $25,000, please. And Buster Crabbe got a fan letter from a girl in France who said she liked him so much that she has named her pet after him. Her pet is a hen.

**The Contented Calibans**

At a big tea he and Elaine Barrie threw, the other day, John Barrymore, smilingly told his guests that he's never been happier in the world! Too. He had always remembered with a certain rue that he once replaced them with pencilled versions. "It might have been all right if she had put them on the same way two days in succession," he said, "but every time I saw her she wore a different expression—of surprise, anger or sorrow—and it was most confusing!"

Dollar beautiful eyebrows are those plucked only enough to keep them looking neat and symmetrical, but not changed radically or arched too exotically. You need a workmanlike pair of tweezers and a certain amount of restraint to accomplish this. But it's easy with the handy little scissors-shaped tweezers made by a firm specializing in all that acccents the eyes. ... These tweezers, ridiculously cheap at 25 cents, have besides scissors handles, a There's a grand, inexpensive lotion that outwits winter winds and housework when it's used several times a day. A drop or two spreads quickly and leaves no residue. This lotion can be used as a powder base, after-shave lotion and sunburn relief, as well. It comes in several sizes, one of which is a 10c size for $1.10. There's a handy dispenser, too.
The Life and Love of Frances Farmer

[Continued from page 35]

SHE is a college girl—University of Washington—and looks it. You would be far more likely to come across the likes of her walking across a campus, a book in her hand, than to find her likes in Hollywood, in a studio. She wore a plain blue suit, the day we met, the kind that is "just a suit." Her black shoes were not very smart. Her hair was slipped back from her face. She carried a handbag which didn't match anything. She had put on a large silver bracelet, the kind the Indians make. She probably put it on absent-mindedly as there was no good reason for it. She carried her hat in her hand. And when she put it on to go to her dramatic lesson she did so without benefit of mirror. She was simply guileless of any make-up, whatsoever.

She admitted, rather surprised that it should be a topic important enough to discuss let alone put into print, but too much of a gentlewoman to be scornful, that she not only doesn't give a hang for clothes but never thinks about them.

She said: "I honestly never give them a thought. There are so many important things to think about. You can't think about everything, give time to everything. I prefer to sweep out the non-essentials, the things I want to be covered and I want to be comfortable. That's all I ask of my clothes."

(And she, a star-in-the-making, a bride of a few months and age twenty-three!) "I've never been to a beauty parlor. I wash my own hair under the shower. I just never think about myself which may be wise or may be foolish, but which is for certain, I'd rather think about a world alive with tremendous happenings and ideas, than wonder whether I'm styled in the latest mode. "I don't think I'll change. I know that others have said the same thing—and have changed. But I believe that I know so well what I want and want what I want so much that I won't be deflected from my purpose. And what I want is work. I'm not afraid of work," she adds. "I love it. I'm used to it.""

AND she is. For Frances worked her way through college. She would. Why she wouldn't even let her father shoulder that burden! She kept out of all sorority affiliations, too, while at college. She is not a "joiner." She is too decidedly an individualist to be a part of an organized group. She had, she said, too many studies and too many jobs to have time for anything else. She worked as an usherette in a movie house, evenings. (That same house recently showed Come And Get It and Frances, the living Cinderella who was transformed from usherette to star made a personal appearance there with the picture. That's Romance for you.)

She did some radio work, also some tutoring and dramatic coaching. She did all the correlative reading she could manage on drama and kindred subjects. She more or less majored in dramatics, you might say.

"I entered college," Frances told me, "believing that I wanted to be a writer. I left it knowing that I wanted to be an actress—a stage actress. The finest, I hoped and determined, of my time."

"I reverse the traditional order of things, I know. It is customary to begin on Broadway and then come to Hollywood. Well, I should have liked that, too. Instead, I began in Hollywood and shall go to Broadway. And I came to Hollywood instead of remaining in New York and trying for the stage because I was a little broke. I couldn't ask my father to support me. I mean, I wouldn't."

"I realize how much there is for me to fight in order to succeed here in Hollywood. I know that I have a lot to fight in order to concentrate on my work and nothing else but. Yet I like a fight. It's exciting."

And she will fight, this girl who never saw, thought or dreamed of Hollywood two short years ago. She is too well-balanced to be temperamental. But she is also too intensely analytical, too absorbed with the integrity of what she wants to do to accept compromises, to go against her standards. They tell of a tense moment on the sound stage during the filming of Come And Get It. The veteran Howard Hawks was directing. A large crew of
FRANCES says, and you believe her when she says it, that her one ambition in life is to be the world’s greatest stage actress. “The screen and Hollywood,” she told me, “are just my means of getting there. And I’m glad, now, that I am here. I am thrilled over the success of Come And Get It, of course. It’s hard for me to realize that it has been a year since that day you wrote me and said, ‘I don’t want to disappoint you. I don’t want to disappoint you. I’m going to have a good time.’ And they have had a good time in Hollywood, enough faith in myself to believe that it is better the way it is. I’ll learn to be an actress here. They are tremendous experiences that I get here. And I have a profound respect for the absolutely limitless powers of the screen—for the great good things that can be done. That they are not always done is due to the immensity of the thing, the enormous output, the necessity for factory methods. But that good things are done more than is commonly supposed is certain. I’m not a bit ‘superior’ or ashamed of being ‘a movie actress.’ I don’t look down on my profession; I look up to it.

“But it’s the work that I want and mean to have, not the glamour, not the publicity, not the notoriety. I suppose the publicity departments found me, still find me, very difficult. I won’t pose for ‘leg’ art. I won’t pose in bathing-suits for no good reason. I won’t photograph joining the American Legion if I’m not joining. I feel that it’s degrading, this sort of thing. It’s what I don’t want. And won’t have.”

“There are too many really important things for me to do and to learn. I spend time in the cutting-room. I spend time in the sound recording studios. I study scripts and watch performances and talk to the technicians. I want to know what it is made of and how it is made, the foundation on which it is built. If it were just glory or money I am after I wouldn’t be here at all. I’d choose some easier, less exacting way of getting what I want. I want work; I want to earn money. I have to have the money to buy my acting, to become a really fine actress. I’d go and live on the desert and really live. Or I’d go adventuring—see’d go adventuring. Leif and I once lived in two rooms. And she was, Leif said, no, but she was neither the Young Intellectual nor the college girl, but a bride, a young woman in love.”

“I want publicity and recognition only when I have earned it by honest and praiseworthy effort,” Frances went on, “I’m not used to fulsome flattery. At home when any one of us did anything noteworthy, won prizes or got jobs or something, all mother and father and all the aunts and uncles came and said, ‘Oh, how nice. That’s all they say now, all they said when they saw Come And Get It.”

“I’ve heard of a couple of girls here in Hollywood who were in the studio for two years without making one single picture. Yet when visitors come to the studio the old times they ask to meet. Because they have in their eyes the simplicity with nothing to back it up. Personally, I’d feel as though I were restowing my elephant in a soap bubble if I tried to laugh at Frances. ‘I don’t want that, I’m like one of The Three Little Pigs who built his house of bricks. Or I try to be’...”
How the doctor chooses from hundreds of laxatives

M ost of us recall, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words. But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in minor matters of health.

Consider a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it. Check the specifications listed below.

How many of them will your own laxative meet?

1. The doctor says that a laxative should be: Dependable . . . Mild . . . Thorough . . . Time-tested.
2. The doctor says that a laxative should not: Over-set . . . Form a habit . . . Cause stomach pains . . . Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Ex-Lax checks on every point listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, that it is the most widely used laxative in the world.

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax. You'll find that it is mild . . . that it is thorough. You'll discover that it does not bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being.

Children, particularly, are benefited by Ex-Lax. Like the older folks, they enjoy its delicious chocolate taste. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for a free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. PG 37, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATE LAXATIVE

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture
Why Gary Stays Popular

[Continued from page 44]

last night?' And Gary, with an abashed little-boy grin, gave himself away. "It'll look all right, though, Henry."

As Hathaway was about to reply, 'It's always like that with Gary. He doesn't care how he looks—never thinks about looking special for the camera. That's why we have to keep after him. He wouldn't go near a mirror from one end of the day to another, and he won't let any one fuss over him. He never wears make-up anymore, but at least you have to see he's been shaved. He has less ego than any star I've ever known... Did you see him come into breakfast this morning? Wasn't that a kick? No man, I mean star would let himself be seen like that?"

YES, I had seen him... sleep-eyed, yawning and stretching, probably primping his eyes open to see even across the table. Breakfast at four-thirty on location is an ordeal for anybody, but with a company of several hundred around, including press people and photographers, most stars make an effort to look their best, no matter how late in the day. Practically walking and eating in his sleep, face gaping with yarns... and not caring who knew it! It's one of the miracles of Hollywood — that through ten years of fame, Gary still acts like the overgrown boy that he is. Ten years old, too, in the way he abhors dressing-up.

And he was all over the boat that day, too. Down below, talking with the cook, up front, examining the donkey engine that helps hoist the sails, talking with the mates, finding out every thing there is to know. Naturally, Hathaway always had to round him up for work... no one ever knew where he was... but just let Hathaway yell, 'Come on now, let's get rid of those sea-gulls... we're supposed to be in mid-ocean. We can't have them following us like we were a ferry boat.' Or the location he always has a rifle with him—for sea gulls, porpoises, and, once, when he stayed at Catalina one morning, instead of going to sea, he went to sea-cargo. On this particular afternoon that I saw him shooting at the gulls, something unusual happened which upset Gary quite a bit. He was taking shots after them, when suddenly one of the extras, an elderly woman, started screaming hysterically. 'Stop that! Stop that!' and shrieking, she began to-drama-dramatically about what a sin it was to kill, calling curses down on Gary's head. The assistant director soon calmed her, but Gary wasn't content to let it go at that. His grey eyes very serious as he went over to her. He tried to explain that he wasn't trying to kill the gulls, only to frighten them... that he hadn't hit any of them. Not until she finally forgave him did the strain leave Gary's face. It shows his sensitiveness... which is just as much a part of him as his spirit of play.

Gary really has many sides... something you don't realize until you've been with him, day in and day out. Casual observers are inclined to judge him all too quickly by his non-communicative side. There are those around Hollywood who will tell you that he's just because his spoken reactions to everything are usually so monosyllabic. But these are people who do not really know him. True, he's not the type who is always engaging you in brilliant conversations. He's not one to go around revealing his ideas and observations.

He never takes the lead in any group, or on any subject... but let me tell you, he's there, just the same, listening and observing and making his own mental notes, all the time. You can be sure that he always has a comment out of you than you do out of him. Sometimes he plays possum for so long that it gets to be annoying, particularly if you happen to be in a low mood. He will give you the impression that he hasn't read it... so you go ahead and tell him about it. Then toward the end of your comments he'll put his own spin on it and you'll come away with an answer that you never knew, without a doubt, that he had read it. "Why didn't you tell me?" you say, feeling a bit sheepish... "I'm sure I must have bored you terribly." "Oh, no," he answers blithely, "I was just interested in hearing your version of it..." Keeping one's silence is one of the secrets of the world—and it inevitably leads to knowledge. It's an art which is instinct with Gary.

KEEPING silence is also one of the greatest rules for keeping one's popularity in Hollywood. Putting two and two together you can understand why Gary is one of the few big stars in Hollywood who has absolutely no enemies. You never hear him commenting, pro or con, on the performance of other players. You never see him criticising anyone. You never hear him complaining about anything. And most important of all, you never hear him about things that bore him. If you didn't know who he was, you'd think that he might be a prop man. He never sits in the comfortable chair reserved for stars. He never demands starrish attention. It's that superb modesty of his, and that afternoon, incidentally, I had a better-than-ever feeling for Gary.

We were still sitting there on the rough narrow bench when an old fellow with long grey hair, wearing a shabby suit and cap, shuffled up and suddenly seized Gary by the hand. There was a maniacal look in his eye as he muttered, unintelligibly, in a thick foreign accent, "You... You... you..." I tried to explain to Gary that he was not the director, that he was merely one of the actors. "Oh, no, you director!" the old man kept insisting. Then out of the corner of my eye I saw George Raft and Henry Wilcoxon, grinning, and in fact, on every side were observers, all grinning. It was a gay thing, the old man was really a very clever character actor, giving Gary a ribbing. But Gary was so faced that he couldn't see the others, and the old man was so realistic, that it was little wonder Gary was falling for it. His embarrassment grew by leaps and bounds as the old fellow wanted to know: You are? I don't believe. What name do you have?"

"I—I—I'm Gary Cooper."

Gary looked at me appealingly, a mute request to help him out. But I couldn't... the others had managed to sober their faces by this time, and were gathering in close, just to make it a little more difficult for the old backwoodsman. None of them helped him out. It was part of the joke. "You big actor?"
asked the old man. And now Gary was really squirming. "I—no, well, yes, sorta. Well, I—here, I'll introduce you to the director," he added in desperation. But again the actor closed in on him. "Please, you help me! You get me good part, I give you permission. You could use commission . . . could you? Tell me, how much money you make? You make much money? More than me, maybe? You beeg actor?" he repeated again.

It was really side-splitting . . . to everyone but Gary, and Gary was suffering. How to tell this old man who Gary Cooper really was, and how much money he made, well —for any one with Gary's modesty it was an awful ordeal. It went on like this for five minutes—the old man driving him on insanely, Gary hastily refusing to admit his position in the picture world. It was the oldtimer who gave in first. Suddenly, when Gary looked as though he would die if somebody didn't get him out of this situation quickly, the actor broke down, grinned, slapped Gary on the shoulders, hugged him and shouted, above the laughter, "You're a great guy, kid!" And in the next instant Gary was laughing with the rest of them! Too modest to tell the old fellow what a big shot he was, too gentle to thrust the old man aside, too good a sport to take offense at the joke . . . a triple revelation of the real Cooper character!

YOU see inner glimpses of this character most often on location, because there is always more ribbing going on than in the studio—more informality, and, of course, informality is Gary's long suit; he feels at home in it. Constant eating is a part of it; he goes around eating from morning until night . . . always some fruit or cookies in his hand, and usually an extra supply in his pocket. Once after a scene had been taken, Hathaway discovered that it would have to be taken again because Gary suddenly drew half a chicken, in a napkin, out of his coat pocket. "Was that the whole time?" Hathaway wanted to know. "Because if it was it made a bulge as big as a crow's nest." Gary grinned and hung his head. "O.K., boys, let's take it over!" but it was impossible for Hathaway to get really angry.

Gary's informality is also evident in his S.O.S. calls for Cracker, his valet and stooge. Maybe he wants a heavier coat, or a cigarette. The Cooper voice echoes around the boat. Minutes go by. No Cracker. Gary shrugs. "I can do things in less time myself, than it takes to wait for him," and off he goes to get his own coat. And when Cracker finally does appear, it's always the same. "Cracker, you're fired!" "O.K., Coop," is the unworried answer.

The affection Cracker feels for Gary is another revelation of Gary's inner self. They say that no man is a hero to his own valet, but this is not true here. Cracker is more proud of Gary than Gary is of himself, and always includes himself in a "we" when speaking of his tall slim boss . . . "We're going to make Marco Polo for Goldwyn when we get through here." I think maybe we'll direct pictures when we get through acting in them for good . . . And so it goes—really most amusing and amazing. Furthermore, it rests on Cracker's shoulders to keep track of Gary's fame. Gary never bothers to follow his own publicity, but Cracker does—and once when Gary was awarded one of the highest honors ever awarded a star, he would never have known about it except for his valet-stooge. That was several years ago when Norman Rockwell drew a picture of Gary for the cover of the Saturday Night. It wasn't until just a few months ago that he even knew about it. There was a stack of old magazines, prop magazines, on a table on the set. Thumbing through them Cracker discovered the old Post with the Cooper cover. He tore it off, hid it framed as a surprise and presented it to Gary. It repose now in his dressing room— the only reminder of fame in that dressing room incidentally. The other pictures are all of houses, Indians and guns.

We have to admit here that we haven't pinned Gary uncomfortably in a corner to make him "give" his slant on a lot of forced subjects. But it is an informal view of him that few people are privileged to have—and as such, it's worth a section in anyone's memory book. Even second hand like this. And here's hoping that it will be a reminder for you, always, of the real Cooper guy.

FLASH!

It must be wonderful news to Gary and to his vast following that the picture, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, in which he scored such a big hit, won the award as the best film of the year—as voted upon by the Motion Picture critics of New York. The picture also was among the list of the best ten of the year as voted upon by hundreds of film editors and critics of newspapers and magazines throughout the United States—sponsored by Film Daily.

Gary has flashed fine performances in a score of years. But it was as Mr. Deeds, the small town youth who could play expertly on the tuba—and who set out for the city to rep his inheritance, that he is best remembered.

SWELL TIME in the out of doors is no reason for a skin all covered and flaky looking for your swanky evening date.

There's a simple way popular girls know—to get rid of all those little flaky bits that spoil skin for make-up. A special kind of cream that actually melts off horrid "powder eaters"—in just one application!

**Mrs. William L. Mellon, Jr. says:** "After Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder goes on evenly and stays looking good. It lasts to admit night, too, after cleaning."

Here's how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

"Exposure hastens the drying out of surface skin cells. They shrink, scuff loose. The skin feels harsh. These particles can be melted away instantly with a keratolytic cream (Vanishing Cream). Then the smooth, underlying cells appear."

See this for yourself—with Pond's Vanishing Cream.

**Before make-up—** Right after cleansing put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It smooths away every flaky bit. Now powder and rouge go on evenly. Stay for hours.

**Overnight—** Apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.
The Life and Love of Frances Farmer

[Continued from page 90]

of battered old car. We love having friends drop in for a pot-luck supper. We love to talk tennis and we like to go on spur-of-the-moment dashes to neighborhood movie 20s and strollers and then talk them over, pull to pieces. We both admire Gladys George immensely, and the work of Paul Muni. We love dogs and have a variety, including dachshunds, a Sealyham and a Newfoundland. We have a small, rented house in Laurel Canyon, hanging over the edge of a cliff, overlooking Hollywood. Neither of us wants to own a home. We're afraid of possessions, don't want them. They jolly you.

"In taking dancing lessons and work in dramatic expression, Leif is keeping up with his singing. He has a splendid voice. He was engaged to a model because of his voice and then put into—westeras. He had quite a nice part, though, in Girl Of The Ozarks. I think, by the way, that I am to be loaned to RKO for Robber Baron again with Edward Arnold.

"We both like adventuring things, Leif and I. A few months ago we invested in a small skiff. A bit papery, but a skiff. And we used to take it out on the Pacific at Coronado. One time we were sailing and it was a very black night. We were feeling very free and sort of 'gone with the wind' and all that. When a huge black shape, having a black line on it, came towards us. We pulled the tiller hard over but the boom swung low over our heads, the prow colided with a huge 30-ton oil tanker. It was a narrow escape.

"Then we bought a used motor-cycle with a side-car and planned to take tremendous expeditions into the Mohave Desert and sleep under the stars and all that. But before we got a chance Leif drove the motor-cycle into the studio and being a studio player, right onto the lot. And the motor-cycle went the way of the skiff forthwith.

"And that, as said Frances, 'is the whole story of Leif and me. We fell in love after a two months friendship. And so, we just named each other. We came and got married. If we had the only difference between us, save that of sex, is that my name is really my real one and Leif's name is William Anderson. He looks so much like the bust of the original Leif Erickson, he has always been so keen about the man, that he took the name.

"Frances looked at the clock and rose to go. 'Time for my dramatic lesson,' she said, 'I'm sorry. I rose to go, too. 'We're all watching you,' I said, to which I hope that when we meet, say a year from now, I will not behold you looking languidly in a Rolls-Royce, all draped out with 'glamour.' A standard product."

"Not much danger," smiled Frances quietly, pulling her hat on which way for her fancy, 'I've got work to do. I've got a husband who thinks as I do, and likes me as I am. And—I know why I am here.

Real, this young "Farmer In The Dell" this dell into which so many fall and emerge failing to distinguish between the false and the true. Real and well worth watching, none the less. And Get It but in the future which she will "build of bricks," not tinsel.

SATIONAL
Lola A. Sharp, Indiana Nurse Now Says:

Drinking 1 Glass of Orange Juicemaids BONKORA
2 times a day and eating
lotions 100 LBS.
UGLY FAT
The results are astounding. It is to the bone and
LOSE 100 LBS.

"Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause may be the need for backache.

"The kidneys are the chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people suffer from kidney trouble. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

"An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, hiccoughs, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up right, swelling, fullness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

"Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Don's Pills, used successfully by sufferers for over 45 years. They give quick relief and will help the 35 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Don's Pills.

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PICKWICK YARN, Stanford, Conn., Desk 71

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
My Advice to Myself—Jean Harlow

Continued from page 31

for that person. If a man were jealous of me, I would be humiliated. His jealousy would mean one of two things. One, that he didn’t trust me; that he doubted my word—and, therefore, is unworthy of my love. Or that I have failed to live up to his ideal of me—and, therefore, am unworthy of his love.

"Professional jealousy is inane, stupid—because of the very fact that people succeed because they are individual. How silly it would be for William Powell to be jealous of Robert Montgomery, or vice versa! Or for Clark Gable and Robert Taylor to be jealous of each other! They are entirely different types. Jealousy would be senseless."

According to Jean’s interpretation it all gets back to common sense.

"Don’t waste time in wishing—or wishing," she added, "I try to remember that one, too. I’ve known people who have sat back and said that if they had had So-and-So’s breaks, they would be as rich as Henry Ford—when I know very well that if they had had the same chance at the start, they wouldn’t have gone after the job. I don’t want to join that clan.

"One of the worst things about Holly-wood hallyhoo is its keeping alive of the old Cinderella legend. People forget that you can’t get up a long flight of stairs by taking a long running jump. You may, if you are agile, skip a few steps on the way up. But you’ve got to start at the bottom and work toward the top. There never was a short-cut, and there never will be.

"It’s like saying, when you’re in the fourth or fifth grade, ‘My sister in high school is very smart. She does algebra.’ You wish you were smart enough to do algebra. Give yourself time, learn what your older sister has learned, and you’ll do algebra, too. And geometry and trigonometry.

"Modern life, with its speed and inven-tions and luxuries, has made gamblers of all of us. We want big, quick returns on small investments. We’re always hurrying tomorrow along. We forget that nothing can bring us happiness except our-selves. It’s locked up inside us, and only we can turn the key.

"We crave excitement, novelty, spark-ling glamour. We lose sight of the simple pleasures of living. We have forgotten, most of us, what a quiet evening at home is like. There are so many more exciting places than home—and we’ll have to hurry or we won’t see them all. We overlook simple everyday enjoyments we might have. People eating corned beef and cabbage think they’d rather eat caviar. Maybe they wouldn’t like caviar. Personally, I don’t.

What about the danger of becoming self-centered?"

"With myself," she replied, "I become more and more impersonal. There is one Jean Harlow—rather like a one-woman corporation—engaged in the making of motion pictures. There is another Jean Harlow, overseeing the management of the corporation, keeping a constant check on debits and credits, trying to eliminate one and maintain the other.

"This impersonal attitude is particularly true, speaking physically. Many a girl, studying herself in a mirror, says, ‘You look pretty, my dear.’ When I study my-self in a mirror, I’m trying to decide if I can say, ‘You look very good for the particular scene you are about to do, my dear.’ I can’t be anything but impersonal, if I am honestly trying to see myself as others will see me.

“Self-criticism can be one of my greatest assets—if I don’t overdo it and reach the danger point where I am belittling myself. That doesn’t mean that I have to be self-satisfied. That is just as bad: probably worse. But I am constantly looking for improvements. There’s room for improve-ment in all of us.”

Watch Jean at work sometime, and you will have the illusion that she actually enjoys work. How does she explain this phenomenon?

"If I couldn’t wholeheartedly give myself to my work, I’d be cheating my bosses, my audiences and—myself. If I couldn’t be happy in my job, I’d know I wasn’t in the right job. It must be pretty awful to work grudgingly, just for a pay-check. Half the fun of any work ought to be the zest of improvement. [Continued on page 165]

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**WINX - Way E Blend**

Colors either blend or clash. In make-up, this means "naturalness" or that harsh "made-up" look. To eliminate any appearance of harshness particularly around the eyes, WINX has made its colors to blend 3 ways. 1. With complexion. 2. With eyes. 3. With each other. For example, WINX Blue Mascara blends perfectly with WINX Blue Eye Shadow or Eyebrow Pencil. Likewise, its tonal values are so balanced as to make it complementary to all other WINX colors. Thus, WINX gives you the secret of "natural" eye make-up.

**WINX Eye Beautifiers**

IT'S amazing the way WINX mascara transforms the appearance of eyes. One moment—just attractive eyes. The next—an exotic, glamorous glance that stirs the emotions—the glance that men adore... and women envy. WINX truly glorifies the eyes. Makes lashes seem long, silky and shadowy as dusk. Keeps them soft, too. So try this harmless mascara today. In three balanced shades (Blue, Black, Brown) and in three convenient forms (Cake, Liquid Creamy). On sale at department, drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture 95
Fredric March—Cannot play any musical instruments. His piano playing in Laughter was faked. His favorite recreations are horseback riding, tennis and swimming and he is a violent reader. His next picture will be A Star is Born for United Artists. (S. R., Everett, Mass.)


Craig Reynolds—Was born in 1907 in Anaheim, a small southern California town. Anything and everything in outdoor sports gets his attention, from tennis to deep-sea fishing. He shoots in the low eighties in golf and is one of the best tennis players in Hollywood. Indoors he likes ping-pong, poker and puttering with model airplanes... collects pipes, has one Filipino servant, one dog, one Ford, and lives a comfortable and calm bachelor existence. (H. D., Southbridge, Mass.)

Frankie Thomas—Spends his spare time learning the art of the tennis racket under the direction of Big Bill Tilden the III, noted tennis star, and his partner, Lester Stoffen. His teachers predict a real tennis future for him. Other interests are his dogs and ponies. He was born in New York City on April 9, 1922. His latest picture is Without Orders. (G. T., New York City.)

Cary Grant—Was born on January 18. His next picture will be Interlude with Grace Moore. He is frequently seen with several of the fair damsels in Hollywood and does not devote his time to any particular one. (D. C., Philadelphia, Penna.)

Jean Rogers—Is 20 years old, 5 feet five and one-half inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, has naturally blonde hair and deep blue eyes. Her next picture is Murder on the Mississippi for Universal Studios. (Washington, D. C.)

Don Ameche—Was born in Kenosha, Wisc., on May 31. He lacks one-half inch of being six feet tall, but looks much taller, weighs 170 pounds, has hazel eyes and brown dark hair. He is married and has two sons. Golf and swimming are his favorite outdoor sports. He has no hobbies but likes to play poker with a few friends. His next picture is The Lost Slayer for 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (N. P., Providence, R. I.)

Buster Crabbe—A graduate of the University of Southern California, he was the Olympic Games Swimming Champion. Is six feet one inch and weighs 188 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Was born in Oakland, Calif., on February 7th. His wife is the former Adah Virginia Held. He recently completed Rose Bowl for Paramount Studios. (Washington, D. C.)

Craig Reynolds, now appearing in Periand and Sam, is giving Gable and Taylor keen competition in the eyes of the fair sex.

A completely new kind of Face Creme
made from genuine MILK-OILS

Milk-oils penetrate with amazing speed, cleanse deeply, give skin satin smoothness quickly... dryness goes at once!

You can instantly see and feel the astonishing difference between Duart’s Creme of Milk and all the other face cremes you have ever tried. No creme, lotion or soap can duplicate the vital effects of milk-oils on the skin. For milk-oils are natural oils, produced by glandular secretion... the oils of your own skin are produced in very similar manner. That’s why Creme of Milk sinks instantly into the pores and is absorbed by the outer skin tissue. Say goodbye to DRY SKIN, BLACK-HEADS, COARSE Pores and premature lines when you start using this new type of beauty creme.

NIGHTS: Apply generously for cleansing and wipe face clean. Milk-oils have already soaked into skin tissue and will remain there. See how smooth and soft your skin feels already. Also note that your skin doesn’t feel or look greasy.

MORNINGS: Not so much creme as the night before. Wipe off any excess. Now it’s smooth and ready for powder. Was your face ever so satin-smooth before?

Skin faults soon disappear and skin looks younger, because it’s smoother, softer, cleaner and finer in texture.

Try this new Face Creme 10c

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture 97
How I wanted to wear sheer hose and short sleeves but couldn’t because of... 

PSORIASIS

("Quotation from our extra record file.")

Have you, too, been unable to dress as you wanted because of psoriasis? Then learn about Strovil—a preparation for removing the scales and crusts caused by this disease. A booklet containing the story of Strovil, together with complete case records, will be mailed free on request. Quadruple stoves are from a genuine sufferer who, after using Strovil for only a short time, was able to wear sheer hose and short sleeves for the first time since childhood. This is only one of many actual cases. Get the facts on Strovil today on a satisfaction or money back guarantee.

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1314 Griswold Street—Detroit, Michigan

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P. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 232, Toledo, O.

Hollywood Chorus Girls—1937 Edition

[Continued from page 37]

gracefully in perfect rhythm with the music. Their height varies from 5 feet 6 inches to 5 feet 10 inches and over, and their weight, from 115 to 125 lbs. They must have perfect figures. The ages of the three groups are about the same—18, 24—and they all receive the same pay, irrespective of their rank. We pay our girls from $50 to $75 a week, with overtime.

"At present there are about 1,100 regular dancing girls in Hollywood, compared to the 1,500 in New York. Hollywood has 200 poodles, while Broadway has a bare handful, having discarded them for stage shows. On the other hand, New York has over 1,000 show girls compared to our 200. Most of these show girls are also models and mannequins.

"In picking the chorus for Born to Dance, I had more than 800 applicants. Three-fourths of them were promptly eliminated because they lacked the necessary physical dimensions. I had to choose 50 out of the 200. About 25 had worked for me before, and I considered their qualifications. I'm always glad to see any girl who comes to the studio for a try-out. She doesn't have to be registered with Central Casting. Dance calls are the only ones open, and for any attractive, intelligent girl the easiest way to break into pictures is via the dancing route. Practically every chorus girl considers her work as an entrée to more important screen work. Sometimes new lines are written in the script, and one of our girls gets a chance to be a bit player. To save time and expense, I advise that a girl make a definite appointment with my secretary, or write me a letter, giving her qualifications and enclosing a photograph of herself. If she looks attractive enough, I'll have her come out for an interview. I'm always on the lookout for fresh, new talent. Between my pictures, I conduct a dancing school.

"Every musical picture is sold with girls. We try to make them feel they are an important part of the picture. Many of our girls get fan mail, some get Broadway offers. Every year about 30% of the girls marry. The average age of our chorus girl is three years. Only 5% stay more than three years. Studios don't like to use the same girls over and over again. Eventually, they lose a certain vitality, studio work ceases to have any glamour and becomes just a job. Before coming to Hollywood, I did several shows in New York. I've met all types of dancing girls. It is my conviction that Hollywood has the cream of the country's choicest, the most beautiful girls in the world. Really, it's a privilege to work with them."

GENE SNYDER, from Radio City Music Hall, is the dance director of Universal's Top of the Town. Being a dance director, he doesn't depend on assistants to show his girls how to do it, as a majority of current dance directors in Hollywood do. In spite of the terrific routines through which he puts his girls, he is very popular with them.

"I enjoy working with these girls out here," he says. "The New York girls are different. They are more worldly-wise, and after their first show like to stay here. But here they go in for all kinds of out-of-town dance director types. I have 36 girls dancing in Top of the Town, I picked out of the 600 I interviewed. I prefer..."

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The old saying goes, "Win a man's heart through his stomach." Let Motion Picture help you win your man. Starting with the April issue we are running a series of articles on How to Cook.

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a good figure and dancing ability to ravishing beauty. What I want is a lovely dancer rather than a beautiful pair. My ideal height is from 5 feet 4 to 5 feet 6 inches, and flexible legs. Long legs make a graceful line. For my chorus ensembles beauty is not imperative, but dancing ability is.

Leroy Prince of Paramount stresses intelligence and personality. "Naturally, it takes a smart girl to be a good dancer," he says, "but if it so happened that the world's greatest dancer was a stupid person, she would be a total flop in pictures. To grasp the intricate routines of modern screen work requires an alert mind. When I choose girls for my chorus ensembles, I look for personality first of all, which is another name for intelligence."

"Five feet 4 inches is my ideal height. Weight, 112 to 116 lbs. By 'ideal' I mean that I can use girls of this height and weight more than others. I like new faces. Out of the registered dancers in Hollywood available for studio work, I do my picking from a select group. I know most of them personally. There are times when almost every registered dancer in Hollywood is employed and I have difficulty in getting enough girls for my ensembles. It all depends on the number of musicals being produced."

Practically every girl I used in Champagne Waltz and College Holiday is a high-school graduate—and I can't think of one who is not—and several have been to college. We treat them like ladies, which is important in developing style and class among them."

THE dance directors have spoken. Now meet some of the girls.

Jean Joyce, Midgie Dare, Jean Vernon, Myra Bratton and Sugar Geise, from the chorus of Born to Dance, form Dave Gould's "All American Quintette." Jean Joyce hails from Tulsa, Okla., a titanic beauty with brown eyes. She won beauty contests in Tulsa and Oklahoma City, with a trip to Hollywood as the prize. Has danced with Harriet Hctor for a year, and has been in 22 pictures in 3 years. She is famous for her shapely legs and hands. A most versatile dancer, expert swimmer.

Midgie Dare isfilmdom's tiniest dancing gal, and one of the most beautifully formed. She is 4 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 89 lbs. Reddish-brown hair and brown eyes. She has won prizes for her smile and beautiful teeth. She has been in 21 pictures in three years.

Jean Vernon, from Marietta, Okla., (when it comes to beautiful girls, you can't beat Oklahoma), is said to have the finest dancer for any girl in Born to Dance. Black hair, violet blue eyes, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 114 lbs. Was an artists' model in New York, has had three years of stage dancing experience, and three years in pictures.

Myra Bratton hails from Montgomery, Ala. (When it comes to beautiful girls, you can't beat Alabama either.) She is considered the perfect streamline girl, possessing the most perfect figure in the chorus of Born to Dance. She is 5 feet 4 inches, weights 110 lbs., has a 33 inch bust, 34½ inch hips and a 23 waistline. Medium brown hair, greenish gray eyes. She has been a film dancer for three years.

Sugar Geise is as well known in Hollywood and as popular as any star. She is the most typical "chorusy" chorus girl I know. I must give her her story in more detail. She hails from Chicago. Her measurements are: height, 5 feet 2 inches, weight, 106 lbs., brown eyes, blonde hair. She is 21, and came to Hollywood seven years ago, working in pictures ever since. She was in And Street, Gay Divorcee, Studio Time, Gold Diggers of 1937, Stage Struck, Sing, Baby, Sing, Great Ziegfeld. "I work all the time," says Sugar. "During the last six months I have had only two weeks off."

Currently, Sugar is engaged to a San Francisco business man. "He was supposed to be a blind date, I just met him a few weeks ago. He is in the oil business." She frankly admits she is a gold-digger. "I struck oil!" Her great ambition is "to have everything!" Believes in necking and getting. Ideal boy friend? "I don't have any particular type. I like them all. One thing I insist upon—he must have plenty of money to spend. Because, you see, I get hungry!" There are two things she dislikes: early morning calls, and body makeup. Her hobbies are horseback riding and swimming. "I never diet. I never have any trouble about my shape. Most chorus girls are just out of school, and come from nice families. They are much more decent than people think of them, very clean, really."

GEORGIA CLARKE trots in Top of the Town. She was in Born to Dance and a long list of other pictures. She was born at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Western Avenue, where now rises the four-story building of Central Casting. A platinum blonde, with green eyes, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighs 108 lbs. If I were asked who is the best copy among the chorus girls in Hollywood, I'd say, Georgia Clarke. This young lady knows all the answers. When I asked her, "What a girl in Iowa who wants to come to Hollywood to dance in pictures should know?" she replied, "To have sense enough to stay at home."

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FRANCES DEE in "SOULS AT SEA" SHIRLEY KOSS and MARTHA RAYE in "WAIKIKI WEDDING" NEW PARAMOUNT PICTURES Max Factor • Hollywood

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is married, and she claims a lot of the girls are married, but won’t admit it. When not working, she keeps house. She can pilot a plane. Her ultimate ambition is to have three kids and a house of her own, “which I practically have now.”

Eleanor Prentiss, “Miss Iowa” in 1929, also trotted out. Formerly a member of the Women’s Athletic Association of Illinois, she held the 50 yard free style swimming record, and recently did some famous diving in the 1937 edition of Warner Brothers’ celebrated Gold Diggers. Last year, in a contest of cinema beauties, she was awarded a loving cup for possessing the most beautiful face in Hollywood. Her classic features have adorned covers of the big magazines.

Eleanor has one burning ambition—to be a great dramatic actress. She has been Ann Harding’s stand-in, and dances in practically every musical picture produced in Hollywood, but doesn’t think such work leads to an acting contract. She plays in various Little Theatres around Hollywood in the hope of attracting some producer’s attention. But so far, she hasn’t had any luck. She is a familiar figure in night clubs, among her escort’s being prominent leading men. Her romantic adventures in the film capital would make quite the reading! She is a dashing blonde, her skin tanned to a golden brown, height 5 feet 5 inches, weight 125 lbs., an ideal blonde of the blue eyes, black hair, and the black sleep of her body,” she says, laughing.

“My brother and sister went to the same college and graduated. I went to five different colleges, and graduated from none.”

THE 12 Gold Diggers from Warner Brothers’ Studio made American chorus-girl conventions by their recent spectacular aerial cruise of the country. Meet three of them, Lois Lindsay, Helen Seaman and Nelda Kincaid. I wish I had the space to introduce every one of them.

Lois Lindsay comes from Guiltfurt, Miss. A titian blonde, with blue eyes, 5 feet 4 inches tall, and weighing 115 lbs. She came to Hollywood in 1932 after graduating from high school. Her intention was to go to U.S.C., but lacking the funds for a college education, she became a film dancer, hoping to be a star someday. She lives with her parents, a brother, and two dogs. Has a date six nights a week. Her ideal man? “Give me anybody but an actor. You never know if you love him.”

Lois is very shy and blushes easily. Like the other Gold Diggers she is, of course, an eyelash. Helen Seaman is the youngest member of this pulchritudinous team. She was born in Dermott, Ark., 17 years ago, and was educated in Fine Bluff. A golden blonde with brown eyes, she is a shy pocket Venus, being only 5 feet tall, and weighing 103 lbs. “I’ve a terribly inferior complex. Her ideal man? “I’m a hopeless case of humor—the one qualification that’s insisted upon by every chorus girl in Hollywood—and rather plain features. “Good-looking men are confused and impossible to get along with.”

Nelda Kincaid hails from Birmingham, Ala. Graduated from high school at 15, and was nominated “Miss Alabama” by local civic organizations because, (1) she filled a bathing suit to an eye-opening perfection, (2) possessed a good character and personality. Her ideal man? “In Alabama” she represented her State at one of those annual fiestas of beauty held at Atlantic City, and then landed in the chorus of Earl Carroll’s “Attila.” She is 5 feet 6 inches, weight 123 lbs., has brown hair and blue eyes. After a career on Broadway as show girl and singer, she came to Hollywood in June, 1936, and since then has trotted in The

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Big Broadcast, Champagne Waltz and Gold Diggers. She is an accomplished pianist, and aspires to a dramatic and singing career in pictures.

Many sob stories have been written about the extra players, but nobody need shed any tears on the chorus girls. It would be difficult to find a more cheerful and normal group of working girls anywhere. Although favored by the gods in a generous mood, the vast majority of them are untouched by the false glitter of their profession. Besides earning a living for themselves, many of them help keep families together, and most of them aspire to bigger things on the screen. They take life in their stride, with culture, diction, read worthwhile books, and numbers of them write stories and articles for newspapers and magazines. On the set of College Holiday, I found beauteous Diane Arden reading Dostoevsky's The Brothers Karamazov. Born in Alabama of 100% American parents, she has taught herself the rudiments of written and spoken Russian. Mariel Schech, a beautiful blonde chorine, wrote a story in her spare time away from the studio, The Smartest Girl in Town, and sold it to RKO. Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern are co-starring in it. Utilizing her knowledge gained by working in musical pictures, she has turned out a musical comedy, which has been tentatively accepted by a major studio.

SO HAIL to the chorus girls. Their standing in the studio hierarchy is on a high plane. Youth, a good figure and ability to dance make all the difference between success and failure in Hollywood. And it's success when the girls go into their one-two-three-four-five-six-seven step—and off to Buffalo.

Go Hollywood with Movie-land Tours!

[Continued from page 16]

to the lavish estate of one of Hollywood's most popular stars for a cocktail party. Some has a pimply and luscious flower beds will provide a fitting setting for this outing of a summer afternoon at the swank home of a star whose privacy has been long made you curious.

A major studio projection room the party will visit that evening will provide you with opportunity to see the preview of a new picture. You will see the flicker before any of the millions in theatre audiences over the whole world. You will see it before it is cut and finally edited to go on the screens of the world. All this is included in the initial cost.

The lives of the Hollywood stars will be opened to you to live with them for a few glorious hours. Everything that Hollywood means will become yours to remember and cherish always. Four days of supreme gaiety and widespread sight-seeing will be followed by the homeward trek via Salt Lake City and Colorado Springs.

April's Motion Picture will include further details. Since we can publish only the highlights in the magazine, if you wish more complete information write to W. F. Hagemann, 360 North Michigan Blvd., Chicago, Ill., for the free illustrated booklet containing all the details, complete itinerary and the surprising low costs.

More to the point, if you wish to make sure of a place in the expedition, already in high demand, send in $5 per person to reserve a ticket. Remember, to be sure of going you should act promptly. Use the coupon indicated on page 16.

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Hollywood Goes to Sea Again
(Continued from page 57)

only to men. Though the story is told through the eyes of a young boy, it is not a picture built only to appeal to young boys. It is a picture to appeal to human beings, male or female, of any age.

If you have a long memory, you will remember that M-G-M first announced plans for filming the Kipling story more than a year ago. You may also remember that the work was also announced that Freddie Bartholomew would top the cast. You may wonder why it has taken all this time to bring it to the screen. Ambitious sea picture, particularly about sailing vessels, always requires a vast length of time to prepare, then to film—and cost vast fortunes. That is why you see so few of them.

Can't he round it first, since Mathy on The Bounty and Captain Blood, neither of which it resembles.

Long before they knew who other members of the cast would be, M-G-M knew that Freddie Bartholomew would play the spoiled boy made over by contact with the sea. Hollywood has no other child actor capable of registering the early emotions the role would demand. (This, by the way, is the biggest role Freddie has had since David Copperfield. In fact, it is bigger than Copperfield. He is in practically every scene. The whole story revolves around him.)

But who were the "logical" choices for the other roles? No one normally would think of Spencer Tracy as a Portuguese sailor, with a taste for singing. But no one thought of him as a 10-year-old boy before San Francisco. The part of Manuel in Captains Courageous called for a tall, solid-muscled man who could be outwardly rough, inwardly sensitive—with a broad, spontaneous smile. Up to that point, Spencer looked the part. But could he also look Portuguese? M-G-M made some tests to find out. And discovered that they did not have to test anyone else. The studio broke the news gently to Spencer. He found the part that he had been waiting in to play in the still. That was all right with him—very much all right. He had never played a dialect part; it would be something new, something to bring to charge of an entire story.

Next, he heard that, in his more excited moments, he would have to break forth in Portuguese. He grumbled a little at that. He meant studying a language he would probably never use except in this picture. But he agreed to submit to having a tutor between scenes, even as Freddie does. Then he found that he had to have his hair curled for the part. He let out a howl at that news. A Tracy in curls? Never! It would mean going into hiding for months. The studio took pictures to show him what kind of curls they had in mind. Spencer finally broke down and said, "All right—bring on the beauty experts."

Next he discovered that he would have to learn to play the violin—and sing to his own accompaniment. This was too much. "You won't get me to sing. Not on your life. That's something else I've never done before. But it's one thing that I won't start now. It's too late. It was too late when I was in my cradle."

He said he'd pretend to sing—and they could dub another voice for his. Directing Victor Fleming happens to be a super-realistic. He didn't want to lose the sing¬er's voice coming out of Manuel's throat. After all, Manuel was a fisherman; he never went to music school. Spencer gave in. It's his voice you hear when Manuel sings those native tunes.
"By the time I get through this picture," said Spencer, after a while, "they'll be no end to my talents." He isn't a fisherman by hobby. Or wasn't, when the picture started. He had to learn how to hook on fish, and toss fish, both in full motion. He had to learn how to fortify sails, and unfurl them; how to climb a mast; how to steer a ship; how to jump ashore from a boat deck to a dory alongside. (P. S. The inland-born Tracy has ended by buying a boat of his own, which he calls the Carrie B. after his mother.)

FOR the role of Capt. Disko of the We're Here, M-G-M needed a tall, well-built, middle-aged man with a strong face and square shoulders who "looked Yankee" and could "talk Yankee." The first actor tested was Lionel Barrymore. No others needed to be tested.

The role of Freddie's father demanded an actor in his middle thirties—dignified, urbane, with a strong chin. He would have to suggest unconscious coldness in the first part of the picture, warm sympathy at the end. Melvyn Douglas, who played the father of another spoiled child (Edith Fellows) in My Wife and My Boy, was the logical choice. He was "borrowed" from Columbia between two other pictures.

Finding the right ships for the picture was a test of studio ingenuity. But Mr. Spencer went to the right place to find them—Gloucester, Massachusetts. There they found one ship capable of sailing around to the Pacific Coast, with a captain willing to sail it. This was the boat that became the We're Here—principal scene of the action of the picture. In the story, the Siren, captained by Lionel Barrymore, has a bitter rivalry with the Jennie Custard. The search for the rival ship evolved into the story, with the coming of The Mariner—once, oddly enough, the property of Lionel's brother, John.

Just as the finest part of a meal is not served first, but is preceded by appetizers that do not even suggest what is to come, so the scenes of life aboard a fishing boat in Northern waters are prefaced by scenes in a millionaire's home in New York, an exclusive boys' school in Connecticut, and a luxurious ocean liner. The contrast is tremendously effective. Freddie, in these early scenes, has more money than he knows what to do with—thanks to a parent who is more indulgent than intelligent. The role of Freddie-in-person. He has an allowance of five cents a day out of his movie salary.

According to California State law, the production of a child actor must be on the set with him at all times. Freddie's Aunt Myllicent is his guardian. That meant that she also had to go on the location trip as well. She proved out to be a better "sailor" than some of the actors portraying sailors. Also on the set, according to State law, is a tutor for Freddie—and his stand-in and pal, Ray Sperry. The boys must study three hours a day, picture or no picture. The tutor is appointed by the City of Los Angeles, not the studio, and he must enforce this law. That makes him practically dictator of the set, whether he wants to be or not.

The film, contrary to real life, Freddie did get a boy on with other boys. He tries to bribe his way into a club at the Connecticut school. When found out, he proves an eloquent lie to convince his father that the school authorities are lying about him. His father, seeing only his side, takes him out of the school, and plans to return him to the old Eton. They sail for England. (This is the closest Freddie has yet come to sailing back to his native land.)

"(Continued on page 104)"

When answering advertisements, please mention March Motion Picture 103
In the Kipling story, the boy, showing off to two other boys, smokes a cigar, gets sick, falls overboard in a heavy fog off the Grand Banks. In the film, showing off, he consumes six chocolate sodas at one sitting, gets sick, falls overboard. This is one of very few changes in the original story. And this particular change makes the scene more amusing. This is the second ducking that Freddie has had in two pictures. But while he swam in Lloyd's of London, he is supposed to be unable to swim this time. He is supposed to be a fisherman in a dory, who has almost been "run down" by the liner, sees his struggle, and pulls him aboard the dory with the remark that he has never seen anything like this before. The fisherman is Manuel.

He takes the boy aboard the We're Here, where he is revived and given a rough change of clothes, and where he demands to be taken either to England or New York. He says his father will pay them well; his father is a millionaire. The fisherman think he has had a blow on the head. After a while, they begin to think his father might have thrown him off the liner. He makes himself a decidedly unpopular passenger. The fact that he is a foreigner passenger at all makes the men uneasy. There is an old sea superstition that a fishing schooner with a passenger aboard is ill-fated. Capt. Disko, trying to ward off any possibility of tragedy on the ship, signs him on as a cabin boy at $3 a month. The boy learns that it will be better for him to see land. Rebellions, he refuses to work. He calls the We're Here "a dirty rotten little boat I wouldn't even spit at."

Manuel brought him aboard, Manuel—me, what likes kids like tub of rat poison—and that kid, two tubs—"is given the assignment of getting some work out of him, to take the curse off his being aboard. The scene at the beginning of this story takes place soon after Manuel has forced the first "work" out of the boy.

YOU probably do not know, any more than Freddie is supposed to know, what a fisherman's life is like. Your first view, like Freddie's, will not be glamorous. Fresh-caught cod, in huge bins amidships, are being gutted, beheaded and cleaned. The life of a fisherman isn't all salting the boiling main. This also is part of it. And, like Freddie, you will come to accept it without upstilted nose. Getting the fish for this scene was one of the biggest problems the movie-makers had. They tried shipping thousands of live fish down from Alaska. Most of them died on the way. They had to send to fresh-caught codfish, bodies intact, which were expressed across the continent packed in ice.

The trimness and orderliness of the ship may surprise you. So does the boat's smallness. You will wonder where the camera was placed for the deck shots. There isn't room on deck for camera equipment. The answer: Ernest metal platforms were built out from the deck rail, and strongly braced, with the director and camera crew suspended over the ocean. The fo'c'sle, a dark, crowded, coal-black hole for eighteen men. This also was not large enough to permit operation of a camera, or the necessary key light. The fo'c'sle shots were made in the studio, in an exact reproduction of the We're Here's fo'c'sle. A reproduction that could be taken apart to allow shots from various angles.

Mickey Rooney plays the Captain's son. You expect him also to play Freddie's pal, as in The Devil Is a Sissy. They have few scenes together. Freddie's pal aboard ship is Tracy. Through their association, the boy comes to appreciate

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and like—the fisherman’s life. Living the story through Freddie, you will do likewise. A group of men, pent up together on a small ship for months, have to play life the unselfish way. This is the selfish boy’s biggest lesson. And you will enjoy getting it with him.

THERE isn’t a phase of the fishing life that is missed by Captains Courageous. The searches for schools of fish, the preparations for trawling, the scattering of fishermen in dorays, the actual catching of the fish, the cleaning, the salting away below decks—and, finally, the race to the Boston wharf. The first ship into port with hatches full receives the highest price for its catch.

Where was the picture filmed? The ships went to the San Francisco region for fog effects, and the weather turned fair. They had to go farther North, to Oregon. They went to Mexico for fair-weather shots, and encountered fog. They needed patience, searching for—and waiting for—the right weather for various shots. The racing scenes were filmed off Mazatlan, Mexico, after weeks of waiting for certain cloud effects. They were made long after the acting scenes were completed. On the sea locations, the players lived aboard ship, sharing quarters with the regular crew—which, by the way, was short-handed because of the maritime strike.

There is comedy in Captains Courageous, and tragedy. There is vivid drama, as well as quiet character-sketching. And the over-tone, and undertone, of every scene is supplied by the sea—the restless, surging, changing sea. Captains Courageous gives you a great story against a great background. All that you will miss are the tang of salt-air and the color of the sea. Captains Courageous cries for color.

My Advice to Myself—Jean Harlow

[Continued from page 95]

“Every day brings new problems, or old problems in a new guise. If I get the most out of everyday living; if I take experiences and add them up, I can’t help but find the right answers to those particular problems. Books alone can’t teach me those answers, any more than a warning not to touch a stove will teach a child what a burn is like.

“Suppose I get into a muddle. My normal first impulse is to feel that I am the only person in the world who has ever known misfortune. I want to pull a long face, and mope, and look around for some sympathy. Then I have a second impulse. I say, ‘Really, this isn’t of earth-shaking importance. After all, you’re just one of several hundred million people in the world. The world isn’t going to end because you have a headache or a heartache. What’s become of your sense of humor—and your sense of balance?’

“Some people like to suffer, Mental sadists, I call them. And I don’t want to be one of them. If I have one problem so baffling that it can’t be solved, I tack it away. Some day I may find the answer. But ‘t’s very easy to be honest with others. The difficult thing is to be honest with yourself. As soon as you try to make excuses, you are bumping your head against a wall. You are trying to climb over it. I hope I don’t do any head-bumping, I hope I can continue to take my own advice...”
NOW is the time for all good men (not forgetting good women) to come to the aid of the party—the party being the Right Person to play Scarlett O'Hara in the screen version of Gone With the Wind. Selznick - International (which owns the film rights) has been playing foxy with the casting for the central characters, particularly the turbulent terror of Tara. You and I and the other avid readers of this grand novel (over a million copies have been printed) have been kept in the dark, all of us being led to guess who'll play Scarlett. Press items have emanated from the producers—and rumors from the rumors—that So-and-So is being tested; that So-and-So is NOT being tested; that So-and-So WON'T play the role at any price. One thing is certain. The story is too big for the rich and colorful central figures to be picked at random, or selected because of front office "pull" or fan popularity. SOME films can't go along with the wind.

DARK HORSES

CASTING Joan Doakes for the role just because she is immensely popular and scored a great hit in her last picture—well that won't be the procedure here at all. Too much is at stake. The fans might complain that she is always Joan Doakes, no matter what she plays. So what? So this. The producers are determined to find that Right Person who could humanize the spirited Scarlett. Probably they are seeking a small actress (Scarlett is on the petite side) and a Southerner to boot. And one with the emotional dynamics of a Helen Hayes.

Two stars, at this writing, have loomed up as strong possibilities. One is Miriam Hopkins, the other is Tallulah Bankhead. Both hail from the South. Both are small. Both have personality, color and plenty of that acting umphhhhh. Miriam, like Scarlett, hails from Georgia (Bainbridge is the town); Tallulah's home town is Jasper, Alabama. While each is on the blonde side, yet Scarlett's dark tresses could be simulated with a black wig. We don't think the sponsors can go far wrong in either choice. It's being said right now that Tallulah has the inside track—that the role is in the bag for her. The whole crux of the sitzяхshun lies in the adaptability of the player selected—whether readers of the book will subscribe to this or that player after having made up their minds just how Scarlett should look, speak and conduct herself. Enone Gone With the Wind readers are almost fanatical in their humanizations of the characters (have you argued with your neighbor about them?) it behooves the producers to choose as carefully as an art connoisseur who selects a masterpiece for an art museum.

HOWSABOUT SULLAVAN?

All readers have their ideal conception of Scarlett. Our ideal is Margaret Sullivan, who is also on the small side, spirited—and how!—temperamental, emotional—and being contrary, wilful Irish, herself, is peculiarly gifted to enact the young mistress of Tara. She also comes from the South (Virginia is the State, Norfolk the town). If the actress must come from the South, well here are three possibilities who are to the manor (and manner) born. La Sullivan is temporarily marooned on Broadway, starring in the stage hit, Stage Door. So is Tallulah parked on Broadway and Eastern cities in another hit, Reflected Glory.

Neither play will run forever—and one of these days Margaret will want to return to the movies. So will Tallulah, if for no other reason than to live down the terrible tripe in which she appeared a few years ago. If she gets this prize of prizes and delivers the goods (she has the ability) then the sow's ear patterned from those phony fillums can truly become a silk purse. And Tallulah will be the toast of the day.

NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH

SINCE Gone With the Wind is only in a formative stage it is our suggestion that they continue to wait until Margaret Sullivan is at liberty—and then give her a chance at Scarlett. Tallulah, too. She's young. The romance with Mrs. Wallis Simpson, which brought about a constitutional crisis and Edward's abdication, is the greatest story of our generation. And the movies have to keep hands off it. The story—call it history in the making—what you will—has everything. There's romance, and drama, Cinderella, even comedy and tragedy. And what a climax in the farewell speech. Not even Laughton (who can deliver a vibrant voice, full and fluid—did you hear him give the Gettysburg Address on Lincoln's Birthday last year?) could have done a better job.

In some future day this story of a king who voluntarily left the greatest of thrones for the woman he loved because he could not make her happy will be portrayed on the screen. This will be done when it is near enough to our present era to make us feel actual participants, and yet far enough removed to lend a rich glamour to an irresistible romance.
WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)

BUT HE USED TO TELEPHONE EVERY DAY.... AND IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS NOW!

IF I WERE YOU, LOIS, I'D GO TO A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST AND FIND OUT WHY YOUR SKIN LOOKS SO OLD LATELY!

WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN.... SKIN THAT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP....

WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing.... gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it.... that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emile

21 EAST 58TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DON'T think you're safe from "Middle-Age" Skin just because you are young! For beauty experts warn that this ugly condition threatens even girls in their twenties. So be on your guard against the first sign of dryness, coarse-texture....the symptoms of "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking.... keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young.

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids.... a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

MADE WITH
OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY
Beautiful Eyes for You

easily with

Maybelline

Rochelle Hudson
featured in
"WOMAN WISE"
A 20th Century
Fox Production.

ALLURING, so expressive is the love-light in your eyes when you darken your lashes into long, luxurious, silky fringe with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline.

Ravishing Rochelle Hudson uses Maybelline to reveal the exquisite natural beauty of her eyes which has endeared her to millions. Give your eyes the chance to express you. Choose the famous Maybelline Solid form Mascara—or the glorious new Cream form Mascara, which is so easy to use without water. Harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. Never beady or theatrical looking. Tends to make lashes curl.

Use the smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil and Creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow in flattering shades that harmonize with your Maybelline Mascara.

At toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous purse sizes at all 10c stores.

Try Maybelline TODAY—discover why 10,000,000 beauty-wise women prefer this simple way to lovelier beauty of eyes.
MOTION PICTURE
COMBINED WITH
Movie CLASSIC
APRIL

10¢

IF I WERE QUEEN—"
MYRNA LOY

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

JEANETTE MACDONALD GIVES ADVICE TO GIRLS IN LOVE
**Sweethearts Again**

**Since Jane learned that “Middle-Age” Skin Threatens Even a Girl of 20**

**Everywhere was swell. Daring, why don’t you between ton and me until that heartful, babys baw bebbrown, dazzle him with her schoolgirl complexion?**

**Jane consults Emil, famous Chicago beauty specialist**

**Even though you’re only 20, your complexion has the symptoms of what I call “middle-age” skin! It’s too dry, and beginning to look dull and coarse-textured. I suggest that you change to Palmolive soap...**

**Why Emil Recommends Palmolive Soap to Overcome “Middle-Age” Skin?**

“Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive’s lather gentler, more soothing... gives it a special protective quality all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it... that’s why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!”

Amil Phiile

**Yes! Isn’t it wonderful how different he’s been since Palmolive helped me get rid of that ugly, dry, “middle-age” skin!**

**Orchids from Tom, again!**

**How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin**

**Does your complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then watch out, famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl’s appearance... ugly, heart-breaking “middle-age” skin!**

Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking... keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!

**Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?**

You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids... a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That’s why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

**Chosen Exclusively for the Dionne Quins!**

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**Made with Olive Oil to Keep Complexions Young and Lovely**
THE MOST-COPIED GIRL IN THE WORLD

Naturally, the most copied girl in the world is a star of the screen. Her name is Joan Crawford. She sets the pace in personality, style, mannerisms and deportment. The minute Joan takes up a new fad it is instantly copied by you and you and even YOU. The way she wears her clothes...and the clothes she wears; the way she wears her hair and sets a style that has American girlhood following her modes...these set Joan Crawford apart and make her unique as a pace-setter. She is a girl who's always on her toes, doing the smart thing that makes for personality. Read about the girl you copied in the May issue of MOTION PICTURE. Get your copy from your newsstand.


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W. H. FAWCETT
Publisher
LAURENCE REID Editor

APRIL, 1937

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AL ALLARD—Art Director
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That’s why—if you use HOLD-BOBS once—you’ll use them always. Ask for HOLD-BOBS by name.

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Wide World
Is Arline Judge a traitor to California weather? Anyway, here she is on the Miami Biltmore Beach—her first trip to Florida

FOR the first time since the Garbo-Brent whisperings began, Ol’ Man Tattler is at last beginning to believe that there really might be something to it, after all. I! Because, all of a sudden, both Tight-Lips George and So-You-Won’t-Talk Greta are busy at the grand old Hollywood custom of camouflage—or red-herring-across-the-trail-dragging—for smoke-screening.

In Garbo’s case, Director George Cukor seems to be the smoke-screen. She even went to the ungarboesque extreme of actually going to the railroad depot to wave goodbye to Cukor when he took a train trip east the other day. She even spent minutes behind the closed door of the Cukor private drawing-room on the train, to emerge pale-faced and scurrying for the wrong side of the Pullman just as the train pulled out. With her customary expertness, she dodged reporters so they couldn’t ask her about it. And Cukor just said nothing.

AS for Brent, he’s been violating all the Brent precedents recently by allowing himself to be seen out with a girl! She’s Anita Louise, and George has been horsback riding with her, and otherwise letting the columnists print paragraphs linking the two. And since that’s decidedly unlike George, Ol’ Man Tattler (suspicious that he is) hunts about for the reason, and realizes that for a long time, the Wise Ones of Hollywood, when they want to kill gossip of a real romance, make a public ballyhoo of other twosoming.

Can it be that Greta and George have gotten to that stage? Consider one or two other straws-in-the-wind: first, George sold his plane, despite his extreme enthusiasm for flying. And everybody in Hollywood knows that Greta doesn’t like airplanes. (Incidentally, if it was Greta who talked George into selling his plane, she did him a great favor—because hardly had he sold it than the new owner back east took up a friend, the plane crashed, and both were killed!) Item No. 2 in the George-Greta—situation is that Garbo, after almost definitely deciding to return forever to Sweden after Camille, has suddenly changed her mind, is buying a home in Hollywood! Has it anything to do, one wonders, with the fact that Brent cannot quit Hollywood until 1942, because his Warner contract says so.... ? Hmmm...

CUPID’S COUPLE:
Alice Faye and Tony Martin—Hotter now than when they were starin’..!

[Continued on page 8]
HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international idol comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

Warner Bros.
REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE AT THE COMING-OUT PARTY OF THE FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR FERNAND GRAVET IN HIS FIRST AMERICAN APPEARANCE IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION THE KING and the CHORUS GIRL

With JOAN BLONDELL EDW. EVERETT HORTON Luis Alberni • Mary Nash Alan Mowbray • Jane Wyman Kenny Baker and Others

Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna
R.S.V.P. Your Favorite Theatre

See a real French revue with the world's loveliest mademoiselles singing those reigning hits of the air by Werner R. Heymann and Ted Koehler "FOR YOU" "ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"

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Tangee's Color Change Principle assures your most becoming shade
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blush-rose...Paris bans a "painted look". Tangee isn't paint! Use
Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has magic Color Change Principle.

Tangee's special cream base keeps lips soft all night...
Always apply Tangee at bedtime...
39c and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's special offer.

Beware of Substitutes! There is only one Tangee—don't be																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																												
WALTER WANGER presents

Charles Boyer and Jean Arthur

in

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

with Leo Carrillo and Colin Clive

Directed by Frank Borzage

Original Story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker

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Darlin',
I've been going around in circles trying to find some Spring clothes news for this fashion letter—but everyone I approached was either hiding in a raincoat or under red woolens. I did manage to corner Gwen Wakeling, that clever "she" designer who does things to clothes at 20th Century-Fox. Gwen is busy working on her Spring designs and here are some of the things you may expect:

The crown of the hat is going down; the day-time skirt will be shorter; prints are going to be wilder than ever and there is going to be a revival of what are known as "romantic" materials—linens, voiles and marquisettes. But the most important thing of all—particularly to we folks who figure clothes budgets—is the fact that the tailored suit will definitely remain, though it will be dotted up with seam decorations and more decorative pockets.

Myrna Loy has a smart way of brightening up her tailored suits. She has designed a suede vest, with a high rolled collar, and has had a half dozen of them made in a variety of bright spring colors—with matching gloves and bags. Suede—both in accessories and complete costumes—is going to be used just as much this Spring as it has been during the past months.

Cecelia Parker has a new riding-habit of the soft material. Her jacket and fitted coat of brown suede are worn with a high-necked blouse of the same material in beige. Burnt orange and Du Barry blue—colors you're going to be seeing a lot of—are used by Julie Hayward in her suede sportswear. A hip-length jacket of Du Barry blue suede is worn over a turtleneck of the burnt orange.

But as I told you—some of the rains were still puddling under raincoats—and I don't blame them. Claire Trevor was ready for any storm when I saw her on the Boulevard the other day. Claire wore a raincoat and hat of yellow oiled silk, with an all-over print design of tiny black "full blown" umbrellas. Her purse was covered by an envelope of the same material, she wore black galoshes and carried a yellow silk umbrella. And I wasn't the only one who stopped to look.

Give three cheers for Jeanette MacDonald. She has finally converted the raincoat to evening-wear—now you can startle the folks back home by not wearing the same thing over your formal as you do your business clothes. Jeanette's cape of red velvet silk and hose from the shoulders to the floor. Attached to the back, in the same blue as the cape, is a Renaissance-type hood that slips over her head and is held to the cape by bands. Hat loosely, covers the coiffure. With this she wears blue galoshes trimmed with white fur.

Speaking of fur and Jeanette—did you know that she is "nuts" about the stuff and makes a hobby of collecting fur pieces? She has either a scarf, cape or coat in every type of fur known to fashion! (What that makes my dollar-down-dollar-a-week maybe-mink look like?)

I couldn't let the month go by without a word about the latest hair colors, "Goldette"—that's what you'll have to call Joan Crawford from now on. She has given up the Brunette color for her hair and has changed it to a reddish gold. And wears it different, too. Instead of the all-over soft waves she has been wearing, Joan now slicks her hair back and turns the ends up in curls. The Juliet bob, started by Norma Shearer, has been worn by everyone in Hollywood—and given up. But now that they've all given it up—Joan Crawford has adopted it and wears it for evening. So you just watch it become popular again!

Gadgets, and all those things that brighten up a dark dress or make an old one look new, are still the most important items in most of the Hollywood wardrobes. At the Santa Anita races—where'll you see every one wearing everything—I saw two of the smartest bags set. Gladys George carried one of those flat-bottomed bags in luggage tax. You know those bags that look like gadget Gladstones? Gladys bag was designed especially for the races and had separate compartments for pencil, paper, hipocra and bills. I'll have more next month—Mlle, Chic.

After the Linit Luxury Bath
—Feel Your Skin!

Lovely women everywhere have enjoyed the soft, satiny smooth skin the Linit Beauty Bath imparts. There is both beauty and soothing body refreshment in a Linit bath. Dissolve half a package or more in a tub of warm water. Bathe with your favorite soap. You will be amazed that so luxurious a bath can be so simply prepared and so economical.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
Hollywood! Here We Come!

Spend Your Vacation on OUR MOVIELAND TOUR—and Meet the STARS!

The MovieLand Tours of 1937 are on their way! And they'll be a glamorous, thrilling two weeks of sight-seeing that will be long remembered by those who participate! And all capped by an inside tour of the most famous spots in the world's most romantic city—HOLLYWOOD!

For a sum as small as $2 you can reserve your place in the lucky group of fans who, for the price of railroad fare and expenses for any transcontinental journey, will be given a round trip through the great American West and be taken through Hollywood's studios.

All you have to do to join this splendid party is to mail in your reservation and MOTION PICTURE will do the rest. The Northern Pacific takes you through the Bad Lands, the Rockies, the majestic Mt. Rainier National Park, Seattle, the great Pacific Northwest, the fascinating city of San Francisco with its golden gate and Chinatown—and then Hollywood where you come face to face with the stars, share in their fun and watch them work before the cameras.

On the way to Hollywood you travel on private trains, serviced de luxe for you especially. You can participate in sight-seeing trips on the way, bridge tournaments, parties at big hotels—then those long-wished for days in the heart of Hollywood while you hobnob with your favorite stars.

The first tour leaves Chicago over the Northern Pacific July 11. The second tour leaves Chicago August 8. With identical entertainment plans arranged for star house parties on both trips only your convenience need dictate your choice of an acceptable date for your vacation.

Members of the first tour arrive in Hollywood Sunday, July 18. You will be quartered during your stay in the Hotel Clark, located in the heart of downtown Los Angeles' theatrical and shopping district close by Pershing Square, the city's best-known metropolitan park. The hotel is famed for its cuisine. Sunday morning is yours to enjoy as you wish whether it be a boat trip to Catalina, a motor ride along the ocean front, a swim at Balboa or Santa Monica, or a desert dash to Palm Springs. In the early afternoon there will be a tour of Hollywood.

In the late afternoon Basil Rathbone, the famous English star who did such a fine piece of acting in Romeo and Juliet, cordially invites you to a cocktail party at his beautiful home. Plenty of celebrities will be there to help entertain you. On Sunday evening, you are to be guests at the Grammarian Chinese Theatre, one of the show places of the nation. You'll see one of the new pictures.

Monday you will be taken to the Paramount studios (in the heart of Hollywood) for lunch and a [Continued on page 96]
The Good Earth

A saga of plain living and the soil, The Good Earth tells the life of dramatic China in a faithful reproduction of Pearl Buck's best-selling novel. It is another triumph for M-G-M's new star, Luise Rainer, who, as O-Lan, demonstrates a marvelous command of subdued emotion. It also adds another eloquent notch to the cinematic career of Paul Muni, till now known as Lovers' Impressions.

The Southern California hillside which the studio remodeled to produce the picturesque countryside of China is realistically presented in the picture. The plight of the peasants, the frequent good times and years of depression are tellingly depicted. Four years went into the making of the picture, and you can feel the uttering precision—the painstaking care—with which each scene was photographed, each character directed and each little detail handled.

Sidney Franklin returns in his master piece, and, indeed, the picture proves to be the crowning glory in the career of everyone associated with it, including Gladys Swarthout, whose outstanding triumph has a service for six, with Mirror Stainless Blade, Hollow Handle knives, in a handsome Tarnish-Proof Chest at only $14.75.

The entire height of which she's artfully arranged by wigs and an appropriate dress by Sondergaard, Edward Ellis and Bessie Bond. —Fromm.

Maid of Salem

An unusual theme in an unusual setting is the background for this gripping drama presenting Miss Claudette Colbert in the title role. Year, one of the strongest human emotions, as experienced by the religious fanatics in Salem, Massachusetts, during the year, 1692, is the passionate subject of this production. But, while the theme may be distasteful, it is fascinating and its strong emotional appeal, in addition to its artistic appeal, makes this definitely to the background, costumes and manner of our forefathers. However, we may be a bit hesitant about admitting our Puritan ancestry after witnessing the fanaticalism and ignorance of that period.

Claudette Colbert is very sincere in her role as the victim of mob hysteria instigated by witchcraft and definite notions of great dramatic strains by witchcraft and definite notions of great dramatic strains by witchcraft and definite notions of great dramatic strains by witchcraft and definite notions of great dramatic

(Continued on page 16)
Men do notice lovely hair. In any gathering, you're sure to find it's the girl with flattering hair that causes fluttering hearts.

The beautiful curls and waves that you've often longingly admired . . . secretly desired can be made quickly—easily in your own home. Do what millions of beautiful women are doing daily. Use SOLO Curlers and Wave Clips.

Just moisten your hair, insert the SOLO Curlers and Wave Clips. That's all! SOLO does the rest. Help yourself to greater loveliness. Say "SOLO" at the notions counter to-day . . . and you'll say "Thanks a million" to-morrow.

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
Heavy date...
..but look at her Nose!

KLEENEX HABIT saves noses during colds!

- Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in every room. Save steps—time—money.

To remove face creams and cosmetics...To apply powder, rouge...To dust and polish...For the baby...And in the car—to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue—the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX
A disposable tissue made of Callucotton (not cotton)

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
A RAVISHING REVOLUTION IN SCREEN REVELRY!
Startlingly New! Daringly Different! Screamingly Funny!
The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL'S

TOP OF THE TOWN

Busy With Entertainment!
George Murphy • Doris Nolan
Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff
Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan
Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer
Mischa Auer • The Three Sailors
Peggy Ryan • Gerald Oliver
Smith • Jack Smart • Claude
Gillingwater • Ernest Cassart

LOU BROCK  RALPH MURPHY
Associate Producer  Director

Songs You'll Rave About!
“I Feel That Foolish Feeling
Coming On”  “There Are
No Two Ways About It”
“Blame It On The Rhumba”
“Fireman Save My Child”
“I’ve Got To Be Kissed”
“Top Of The Town”
“Where Are You?”  “Jamboree”

CHARLES R. ROGERS  Executive Producer
"This Flavor Is Tops"

"You're right, daughter—I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty good!"

Beeman's AIDS Digestion...

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
LISTEN, MR. Scrub-Hard,

Why waste that high-powered brushing? Your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste, too!

Change to
PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE containing IRIUM

Gently removes film . . . wins flashing new luster . . . makes daily brushing extra effective!

Are you one of the Disappointed Scrub-Hards who brush faithfully day after day—yet still have dingy, film-stained teeth? . . . Then here's news for you. Now proper brushing gets results—in teeth that sparkle with natural brilliance!

New Pepsodent ingredient ends disappointment
IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—steps up cleansing efficiency and provides smooth washing action instead of hard abrasion. IRIUM makes Pepsodent a wonderful tooth paste. One that responds instantly to your brush—penetrates between teeth—speedily loosens dingy film and floats it away like magic.

It's an amazing advance in tooth hygiene! You clean your teeth quicker, easier. Your brushing is useful. Your teeth quickly win that glowing luster that everyone notices.

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only half the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it. The days of Scrub-Hard Disappointment will be over!

Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM
Q. How do they take pictures of a storm at sea without having the camera stand on its head or losing it overboard?
A. An "iron egg" is the answer. This is the name for a heavy eggshaped mass of solid iron suspended from a framework and to which the camera is attached, permitting it to swing like a pendulum. The result is stability within five degrees, no matter how a boat may rock. Utilizing gravity, the camera automatically steadies itself. A "self-wiping windshield" is also used when photographing storms at sea.

This is a disk of plate glass, about eight inches in diameter, which is rotated before the camera lens at high speed by a motor. Pressure plates about its circumference keep it wiped at all times, so that the spray can never obstruct the lens.

Q. Did Gladys George ever play in pictures before "Avalon Is the Name for Carrietta"?
A. Fifteen years ago, she was working with Douglas MacLean and Charles Ray. She was seventeen years old at the time, and quit pictures after being accidentally burned on a set equipped as a kitchen.

Q. How many costumes does a studio generally have in its wardrobe department?
A. One studio alone could outfit 500,000 people, nearly four times the population of Hollywood. And each day hundreds of costumes are added to the already huge supply. Paramount, for example, added one thousand costumes to its wardrobe department when that many players and extras worked in just one scene in "Maid of Salem."

Q. About how many feature pictures are made simultaneously in Hollywood?
A. At the height of the season, about forty or fifty.

Q. Is it generally accepted that stage training is necessary for success on the screen?
A. I don't think so. Most of the biggest stars have had little or no stage training. Among them are: Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor, Gary Cooper, Fred MacMurray, Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Merle Oberon, Bing Crosby, Jean Harlow, Carole Lombard, Norma Shearer, Ginger Rogers, and Harold Lloyd, to name only a few. The biggest who have had no stage training. Of course, Charles Laughton and Leslie Howard are two outstanding stars who came from the stage.

Q. How much do studios have to pay for location sites?
A. From $100 to $200, depending on the site. Fashionable residences used for a day cost about $350; yachts cost $500; churches, a day, whether used for interior or exterior shots; every scene enacted on a railroad train costs $125 for eight hours; when military or naval units are used the picture companies pay from $500 to $2000, depending on the number of men, amount of equipment and time required for the shooting, and fuel bills are paid by the studios for airplanes and ships. When fire trucks and firemen are needed, each fireman gets $10 a day, each capita gets $1.5, and the studio pays from $50 to $100 a day to the Firemen's Widows and Orphans Fund of the fire department. The Los Angeles Park Commission charges $10 a day for five people being photographed in a park; $75 for more than five; $2.00 for each vehicle photographed, and $1 a head for horses appearing before the camera. Most of this money goes through the location bureau of the Assistance League, run by wealthy society women, and is paid to various charities to the amount of about $150,000 yearly.

Gladys George is not a newcomer to films. She made her debut fifteen years ago when she was seventeen years old.
Most reticent of the Hollywood bachelors, Owen Davis, Jr., son of the playwright, dislikes to discuss the feminine sex and is shy of a claim by a columnist that he is a matinee idol.... "That denotes the actor in grand tradition, he said, "the gentleman of the afternoon with a voice as rich as gravel.... that is not for me—and so far as I am concerned, the matinee idol is relegated to the day of the hansom cab". Nevertheless, Owen Davis, Jr., is one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, who is rapidly becoming one of the screen's most popular leading men.... To tell the truth, Mr. Davis is likely to become a matinee idol despite his protestations. Sent by his father, the Pulitzer prize-winning playwright, to the Choate School in Wallingford, the young actor matriculated at Yale, where he became the captain of the boxing team and one of the leading students in the drama school.... because of too many broken noses, however, he soon gave up boxing.... Mr. Davis began his screen career with Walter Huston, with whom he toured and later played in one of his father's dramas, 'Tonight at Eight.' He played in stock in Denver, Cleveland and St. Louis, and came to Hollywood for 'All Quiet on the Western Front' and followed that with They Had to See Paris, with the late Will Rogers.... After a try at one more picture, Owen gave up the screen and returned to the stage saying that he was not far enough along to try pictures.... Back on Broadway, Mr. Davis played with Richard Bennett.... He then joined the experimental theatre in Maine, where he played more than one hundred different parts. He was seen by a studio scout and accepted a long term contract because he was now ready for pictures and Hollywood.... Since then, Mr. Davis has been in many pictures and RKO sees him as a potential star.... Young Davis is uncomforable with interviewers, he likes nothing better than to turn a formal interview into a chat.... When questioned of his opinions of women, he has very definite ideas.... he has no "dream girl", but he does admire a quality of mystery in women and admits that men like to be "mystified" by women almost as much as women enjoy "mystifying.".... In fact, he admits that it is a rare quality.... Rumors have romantically linked young Davis with Louise Latimer and many other screen starlets, but his only admission is Anne Shirley.... the couple are often seen together at various dining places.... However, there is still a chance for some eligible "bacheloress" for Owen.... Give a guy a chance!
IF YOU ARE
SKINNY
PALE, WEAK
AILING!

Without
Cost—Test,
For 1 Week,
This New
Sea-Plant
Iodine!

Thousands of Thin,
Sickly, Tired-out
Folks Report Kelpamalt,
New Mineral
Addition,
Adds Extra Lbs., New
Strength and Energy
the First Week!

If you are weak, skinny and
run-down—if you seem al-
ways tired, nervous, irritable
or easily upset, the chances
are good that you are lacking
in the dietary mineral
iodine and probably lack the
nutritional elements neces-
sary to build up your
strength and endurance.
Your hidden glands control
this body building pro-
cess—glands which
require a regular ration of
iodine to maintain chemi-
cal balance, which may
cause trouble if the intake
is deficient. Kelpamalt
contains the iodine that
is found in tiny quantities in
iodized salt, etc., instead of
in the nutritive foods,
providing a concentrated
boost of iodine to
speed assimilation
of iodine from your
food—helping to
build up your
body strength.

Satisfactory Results
Or No Cost!
Try Kelpamalt for one week.
If you, like thousands of others,
don't feel better, sleep better, eat
better, and add at least 5 lbs. to your
weight, the trial is free. If you don't,
the trial is free. It costs you nothing.
Your own doctor will approve this.
Get kelpamalt today. It costs
but 50¢ per box. You can get it at
all of the drug stores.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets
SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Write today for fascinating, instructive 50-page book on
How to Build Weight, Strength and Energy. Quickly.
Contains latest medical facts on the WONDERFUL
new mineral-kelpamalt. You will learn of the
latest research in the field of chemistry, biology
and nutrition. Get your FREE COPY TODAY.
Get this book at your druggist. At $1.00 postpaid.

DOROTHY ARZNER
Director of Craig's Wife

"Our future stars will come from the
ranks of movie fans. Screen-struck
youngsters, today, give themselves
a fine education in acting by their
intelligent appraisal of their screen
favorites. For this reason a director's job is becoming easier.
Newcomers learn faster. And the unrainless
movie fan may well hope to rival, as a
screen possibility, the star of the stage or
the stock company?

These are just a few of the ideas of
Dorothy Arzner, the director who is chosen
to guide Hollywood stars through their
most difficult assignments. No wonder she's
considered a more fascinating personality
than many of the stars she directs!

Small, dark of hair, gray-blue of eyes,
with hands that indicate her character—
completely feminine, yet strong and firm—
she's a WOMAN behind the stars, standing
at the top of a hazardous profession where
even the most brilliant men have failed.
She directed Rosalind Russell in Craig's
wife, a difficult assignment which raised a
fascinated featured player to full stardom.

Movie moguls have already offered her
a producer's berth, but she likes best
to concentrate on a single picture, supervising
it from the first stage of the original
story to the complete, finished
version that comes from the
Cutters. Her experience
as script girl, writer of
originals, cutter,
film editor, and
director enables
her to maintain
complete authority
over all departments
with regard to each of
her pictures. "The
Dorothy Arzner
system," they
call it in the studios,
with not a little awe!

How did she happen
to choose her unusual
profession? Searching
for some outlet
for her tremendous
ingredients, she
discussed possible
jobs with a
friend. The friend suggested: "Why not
movies? That's the most modern industry
in the world, and offers amazing chances
to get ahead." The idea clicked.

The first studio she visited held Cecil
B. DeMille, the great director, and she was
allowed to sit on the sidelines, watching
him work. He dominated—and still does—
his assistants, the onlookers, and even the
actors. No wonder she decided then and
there to be a director—one day!

Many of the greatest stars of Holly-
wood owe much to her for "discovering"
hidden talents. Fredric March, Sylvia
Sidney, Rosalind Russell, Ruth Chatterton:
all are just a few whom she has helped
become world-famed. Today she is as
ejacently eager to help others along the
difficult road to stardom. She receives hundreds of letters
every month asking, "Can I act? How can I
get a break?"

"I don't dare encourage them," she smiles,
or I'd be swamped with applicants for
jobs. But it's just as dangerous to offer dis-
couragement. Any one of them might be a
future star!"

Naturalness, she believes, is one of the
greatest necessities for screen talent. That's
why she dares to question the old bag of
with which Hollywood frightens many a
newcomer. You must have stage experience!

"Stock company training is all very well
if you don't stay in it too long—and if you
can unlearn all the little stage tricks which
prove exaggerated and ineffective on the screen.
However, I've found recently that
newcomers with no acting
experience at all learn
amazingly fast, perhaps
because they have
been alert members
of the audience.
Inexperi-
cently they reject an
artificial and un-
true performance. Just as
intelligence
they acclaim—
and will imitate—
a good performance.

"The greatest danger for these
fans, if they hope to succeed
on their own, is this very
imitation. It's all very
traditional, and it's only the
most able individuals who
imitate others."
Hollywood's

Trick Parties

OYSTER Parties—that's the newest gag in Hollywood's cleverest entertaining circles. Oyster parties aren't the kind at which the guests all shoot up like oysters. The idea is this: obtainable in Hollywood as a novelty are oysters from Japan, each of which contains one of these cultural morsels. Recently, at separate parties, Cecil B. DeMille and MGM's gown-wizard, Adrian, both had the same idea. After their guests had had dinner, they were each served with one huge oyster, with oyster knife, and the host's insistence that each guest open his own. When they did, out jumped a real pearl inside—as the host's dinner gift. At Adrian's, those who get pearls included Mary Garden, Grace Moore, Judy Christina, Fredric March, and Norma Shearer. At the DeMille tea, course dinner, pearls went to Paramount executives. And no dirty cracks, please...!

BABY showers are also still vogue, always will be. The most recent one was for Mr. and Mrs. Buster Collier and Mrs. Artie Stubbings, Constance Talmadge's other children. For Mrs. Collier, and the decorations were quite something. Table centerpiece was a nude baby in ice. Cocktails were served in baby bottles with rubber nipples. The dessert was ice cream molded in the shape of babies in span candy couches. It was a Tropics Cafe affair. Other baby shower for Mrs. Stubbings was at Jack Oakie's house with Mrs. Oakie hostess. Guests who showed Mrs. Artie included Gracie Allen, Norma Talmadge, Carole Lombard, Sally Blanco, Sally Elters, Maureen O'Sullivan, Dixie Dunbar, Ruby Keeler.

ANOTHER Piccadilly party, but in the high-class evening manner of Hollywood's hilarious younger set, was the one thrown by Joan Fontaine, sister of Olivia de Havilland, at her home near Los Angeles' Griffith Park. Wintering in the park is a small-time carnival in the English fashion. It was Joan's inspiration, so the gave a "Come to the Fair" party, served scents and creampots (foam and real imported Devonshire cream with the tea (my word!) and then took the hirers to the weary one long-lashed and the Punch and Judy show at the carnival. Instead of Mary and Olivia, were Peter Hobbs, Billy Bakewell, Charlie Sedgwick, and al.

TALKING of the youngest set—those Hollywood laddies and lasses are still making high Merriment. The old-timers may have swank at their parties, but the youngsters have flair. When Glenda Farrell threw a shindig, there weren't any scenes or classical recordings. For Dad, Gertrude Nielsen and Martha Raye sang Jingle Bells, and in the last act "Silent Night." In long time, Hot Tom and Jerry pep up the party. And the, on the very merry-making The Dwarfs. Seriously burlesqued old-time melodrama now in its fourth year at a Hollywood theatre, is still the one big crowd-strikers, who clear the town after show to their hearts' content. Latest Dwarfd party was for Grace Durkin Henry, in delayed celebration of their marriage. Present were Bill's parents and Duke Kahanamoku, famed Hawaiian swimmer who now Shreft of Honolulu. Patricia Ellis, Jimmy Bost, Gertrude Durkin, Phil von Dyke and Fred Stover completed the roll of youngsters.

DURING Production Parties still continue, now and then, to interfere humorously with shooting schedules. Usually it's a birthday that leads to one. That was what happened on the Left-handed Los set at Universal when Buck Jones' wife had a birthday. Shooting was stopped and a Pie de Claveau was a huge birthday cake. When Buck's wife attacked it with a great knife, it proved to be a phone call apart, and revealed a glittering bracelet with 35 diamonds and 50 rubies, count em. That was Buck's birthday gift to Mr. Buck. Buck at the party included veteran cowboys who have served in Buck's pictures for years. When Wendy Barrie, on location at the town of Ontario, miles from Hollywood, got lonely, she remembered the tale of Mahomet and the mountain, and unable to go to Hollywood, she had Hollywood come to her. She hired a fleet of big ships, with the ballroom of the biggest Ontario hotel, and threw a dance to which her fans came in the buses, from which they returned home in the buses at dawn.

HOUSE warming—that was what Gladys Swarthout and Ruthy Frank Chapman gave, even though their house wasn't ready. They planned on one when the decorators were done, but they had to leave on a concert tour before the decorations were in, and even the furnishings. Undaunted, they house-warmed anyway by set not crude boards, deep tables, stretched boards across wooden horses for the buffet dinner and hoisted the house with candles.

LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!

THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!
Here's How to Deal with Them

Lady Esther

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?
They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin.
They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.
This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

Like Black Little Cannibals In Your Skin
This dirt is stiff and waxy, it's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, snot and dead skin cells.
It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.
It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good.
You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

Dissolves Waxy Dirt
Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.
It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.
There is no taxing of your skin, no, stretching of your pores.
When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear. Also your pores automatically disappear in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

I'll Pay for a Test!
Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.
To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take about 15 minutes.
Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.
As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

Clean Pores Become Small
As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

Act Now!
But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32)

FREE
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois Please send me by return mail a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

NAME
Address
City, State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)
YOU just can't be happy and enjoy life when in a run-down condition. Poor health and poor looks won't let you.

Fortunately, straight thinking tells us that vitality and pep are produced by energy created from within...so is the skin beautified and made clear from within.

How natural it is then to turn to the force which makes all this possible...those precious red-blood-cells.

Quite often these cells are reduced in number or in strength. Even a common cold kills these cells in great numbers. Worry, overwork and undue strain take their toll. Sickness literally burns them up. Improper diet retards the development of new cells.

Science has solved this problem in S.S.S. Tonic because it helps you regain your blood strength within a short space of time. Its action is cumulative and lasting.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better...natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body Value. A very important step back to health.

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic because of deficient stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells to restore lost weight...to regain energy...to strengthen nerves...and add glow to your skin.

Be 'tops' again with more vitality...more pep...a clear skin by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel...your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health...its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven...that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "Just as good."

© S.S.S. Co.
HOMESTOWN girls who make good are rare in Hollywood... Most Hollywood stars are of foreign or Eastern extraction... The few local products who do come across usually have to make a hit on the New York stage first... although Lyle Talbot is a local boy who made good in the old home town... The beautiful and charming exception to this formula is Shirley Ross, who went to Hollywood grammar school, Hollywood High School, and the University of California at Los Angeles... You can't say Shirley isn't well educated... In high school she began her musical training, studying voice and piano consistently... She gave several recitals and starred in high school dramatics, usually winning the feminine lead with her attractive face and figure... You can see her has the necessary background and what goes with it... While in college she was discovered by Gus Arnheim, popular orchestra leader, who engaged her as a featured blues singer while playing in large cities in the West... When Arnheim came to the Beverly Wilshire hotel in the Hollywood district, Shirley was caught up with by movie scouts... Then it became a merry whirl among the studio scouts for her signature and services... Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer gave her the first break, contracting her after noting her versatility and ability to sing, act and photograph well... Shirley made good immediately... She showed in What Price Jazz with Ted Fio Rito, Manhattan Melodrama, 100% Pure with Jean Harlow, and The Merry Widow, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, what she could do with minor roles... Her big break came as the romantic female lead in Paramount's Big Broadcast of 1937... And Paramount immediately gave her a term contract and assigned her the leading role in Hideaway Girl... Great things are predicted of this titian-haired actress who is so soothing on the eye, accomplished as a thespian, silver voiced and lovely mannered... Shirley is medium tall, has fine coloring, possesses a scrumptious figure... and weighs around 110 pounds.

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS
Perfolastic not only CONFINES... it REMOVES ugly bulges!

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! So many Perfolastic wearers reduce MORE than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe you are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing... simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

You Appear Smaller at Once!

Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdele and Brasiere... and afterwards! Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments the gentle pressure and massage-like action are actually reducing hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—just at the spots where the disfiguring fat first accumulates.

No Diet... Drugs...or Exercises!
No strenuous exercises to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

The Safe, Quick Method
Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Dorr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc., Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

Send Today for 10-Day FREE Trial Offer and Sample of Material

See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing... we want you to make this test yourself at our expense... Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 74, 41 E. 42nd St., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdele and Diaphragm Reducing Brasiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name
Address
City State
Un Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
Love is news

when this romantic trio
make their new kind of love!

Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses... their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill... the world thrills with them... and so will you!—especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!
PAT PATERSON

Among the "don'ts" that a good actress always keeps in mind is NOT to turn her back on the audience. Pat Paterson isn't backward about breaking such a rule—her back is that beautiful. Pat also looks over her left shoulder for good luck in being back on the screen and supporting hubby Charles Boyer in *Wuthering Heights*.
All femme hearts beat as one for Robert Taylor although his heart beats for Barbara Stanwyck off screen. Right here his heart beats for Jean Harlow (and vice versa) as they co-star in *Personal Property*. While you go for Bob, don’t let your boy friend kid you that he doesn’t like Jean. He does
And over here is Loretta Young being held in a tight embrace by the second biggest "rave" of the hour, Tyrone Power, who got you saying it with sighs when you saw him in *Lloyds of London*. They're teamed up romantically in *Love Is News*. And honestly, girls, how'd you like to trade places with Loretta?
“If I Were Queen”

—MYRNA LOY


By JAMES REID

Myrna sizes up the crown
she would wear as queen

MYRNA LOY looked like a queen—unintentionally. That was probably what started it all.

She was dressed as if for a glamorous costume ball. (Actually, she was dressed for her first costume role.) She was wearing white satin, glorifying the style of the 1880’s, replée even to a ruffle. And her reddish hair, too, was fetching—piled high, with curls across the top and curls hanging down on her neck.

She was sitting on the sidelines of an 1880 drawing-room set for Parnell, her new picture with Clark Gable. Around her were gathered several male members of the cast, talking.

The picture tells, primarily, the great love story of Charles Parnell and Kitty O’Shea. But in the background always is another great story—the story of Parnell’s fight to give Ireland independence.

The group was talking about the Irish distaste for kings and queens. That led to some conversation about Americans’ liking for them, despite that Revolution back in 1776. We can’t read enough about royalty. And when anyone becomes tops in his line, we promptly give him a royal title. Thus, Babe Ruth becomes the Home-Run King; Helen Wills Moody, the Tennis Queen; Fred Astaire, the King of Swing; Helen Morgan, the Queen of the Night-Clubs—and so on, and on, and on.

That brought forth an assertion (from an Englishman) that probably every little American boy dreams of becoming king of something, and that every little American girl hopes

WHEN you see the new Clark Gable-Myrna Loy picture, Parnell, you will make this discovery: the story has startling parallels to the story of Edward VIII and Mrs. Wallis Simpson.

And, oddly enough, the parallels are accidental.

Parnell is based on a play to which Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer acquired the screen rights more than a year ago. The play, in turn, was based on history—history that happened in the late 1880’s and early 1890’s.

Plans for a costly production were announced months ago. A script was approved, sets were built, costumes designed, players cast. No one then had any intimations that the finished picture might have an ironic timeliness, with history repeating itself sensationally in the meantime.

The studio has not sought to capitalize on the parallels. The studio has not so much as mentioned them. Nor will it mention them. The picture will succeed on its own dramatic merits, with Myrna and Clark heading the cast. But to anyone who has read the play and also the headlines from London, there are similarities, as unmistakable as they are unintentional.

Charles Parnell was a dynamic dreamer, a man born to lead. He was the Irishman who inspired—and kept alive—Ireland’s long fight for independence. In his early 40’s, he met pretty, vivacious Kitty O’Shea, who had a husband, but was secretly estranged from him. Parnell fell desperately in love with her, and she with him. Not free to marry, they long pretended that they were merely friends. But there came a day, near the climax of his career, when members of his own government forced him to choose between leadership of his country and the woman he loved. He chose Kitty O’Shea.—Editor’s Note.
some day to become some kind of queen. A beauty queen (everyone involuntarily looked at Myrna), a movie queen (everyone kept right on looking at Myrna) ... Myrna said, "Don't look at me! I'm not guilty!"

What! She had never had any longings for queen-dom, of any kind? "Never," she said, shaking her head. "But never."

Obviously, something would have to be done about this. Imagine a girl—especially one of Myrna's appearance and poise—having no ambitions to do a little queening! Someone said as much. Someone else said that, if Hollywood ever heard of it, the capital of cinema would probably insist on becoming a monarchy, just so that it could draft her as Queen.

"But I mean it!" wailed Myrna. They knew it—even if they pretended otherwise, assuring her that if she kept on not wanting to become Queen of Hollywood, that was undoubtedly what she would become.

"And what do you think I would do then?" she asked. "What do you think you would do?" they insisted.

This went on for five minutes—until finally Myrna convinced them that if she were Queen, she had a right to know what people expected of her. In other words, Myrna practically asked for a "truth session." And this is what developed:

"All right," she began, "if I were Queen, I'd—"

"Probably have more fun than any queen ever had before," they helpfully decided. "If queening couldn't be fun, I wouldn't want it," admitted Myrna.

So they set out to tell her what she would probably do ...

She certainly wouldn't give up working—that is, if she could help it. That might be a bit unorthodox for a queen: going to a studio at eight in the morning and working straight through until six at night. But it would keep the lady pepped up and looking her best. And it would take the burden of supporting her off the hands of the realm—which would be something new in any queendom.

She would have a husband (Arthur Hornblow, Jr.) who appreciated the fact that a woman can gain as much satisfaction out of supporting herself as a man can, supporting himself. And if her husband were broad-minded (which is reversed), why shouldn't the realm be, too? After all, she'd be queen to her husband before she was queen to the rest of the realm.

As Queen, she wouldn't be able to have just a ten-room Early American farmhouse, tucked away in a canyon, along with three acres of flower gardens and three acres of lime trees. It would have to be the biggest thing this side of the Empire State Building. In fact, it would have to be bigger than the Empire State Building, or Hollywood wouldn't be Hollywood, and Hollywood wouldn't be doing right by its Queen. It might even be as big as the Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody set in The Great Ziegfield.

Myrna wouldn't feel like a queen if it weren't.

And the summer palace couldn't be any mere cabin at Lake Arrowhead, either. It would have to be the size of a hotel; even if she couldn't operate it like a hotel, because the overnight guests might object. As Queen, she would be practically defenseless against people who came to dinner and tried to stay for breakfast.

But she wouldn't have to count

[Continued on page 76]
Not! But if you insist, turn to page twenty-eight and you'll find Bob in a loving embrace with the gorgeous Harlow. First he loves Garbo in *Camille*, now Harlow and, there's always Barbara Stanwyck. So-o-o here are five handsome men who measure up to Bob. Each is a distinctive type with a different appeal, but they all have plenty of that good old sex-appeal. Take your pick, girls! From 1 to 5, you have James Cagney, Louis Hayward, Alan Marshal, Lew Ayres and Craig Reynolds. Stop your crowding, girls! And, only one to a customer, please.

P.S. We thought you might like to know—four of them are bachelors!

WHAT! NO BOB TAYLOR?
Getting Away From

BETTE DAVIS

That's what happened to Bette when she went to London—she got away from herself. Result? She is vitally alive and has found a peace of mind and an eagerness for work.

Well, one of the very first nights in London, we took a taxi back to our hotel from the theatre. Now, Ham doesn't know a darn thing about English money. Those tuppence-ha'pennies, and thruppenny-bits and two-an'-sixpence and things like that just didn't register. So, when we got to the hotel, Ham just drew a ten-shilling note from his pocket and handed it to the cabby. The cabby carefully counted.

By HARRY LANG
The comedy-drama that might be labeled *The Tempest* is over, and *Caliban* and *Ariel* have gone their separate ways. It wasn’t in the cards...

By ELZA SCHALLERT

NUMBER ONE sympathetic hero of the hour in Hollywood is John Barrymore, Crown Prince of the Royal Family of Broadway. Call him Hamlet, Mercutio, Benedick, or even merry Trinculo: certainly he is no longer the lustrous, not to say languishing, Caliban. Nor is Elaine Jacobs Barrie Barrymore, erstwhile student of journalism and ambitious for a stage and screen career, any more the gay, capricious, sprite-like Ariel.

The comedy, or drama, however you may wish to describe it, that might be titled *The Tempest,* is over. The two leading *dramatis personae* have stepped out of their familiar roles and donned other habiliments.

It was in the cards from the beginning that the romance and marriage of John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie would strike the rocks...The only question was: "How soon?" I imagine that there were even bets laid on the subject. ...Would it be one month or two months or five months that the castle of dreams would endure—contrived and created with so much to-do and fanfare by the May and November great lovers?

There wasn't much secrecy about the whole adventure. It was a headline match right from the beginning. In fact, from the initiation of romance in a New York hospital to the finishing touch in the Trocadero in Hollywood, the whole world was "in" on the "strange interlude" between the impersonator of Shakespeare's symbolic caveman, and his irrepressible, and apparently also quite irresistible, elfin attendant.

The Barrymores managed to get from the marrying judge's office in Yuma to the divorce courts in Los Angeles in the brief space of one month and twenty-three days. Somebody also might have figured the hours and the minutes, but no one did. The speed was hectic. Ariel and Caliban—what a strange mating? Wasn’t Ariel in Shakespeare’s *Tempest* the little witch that used to delight in sticking pins or some such like into a howling native islander? It was John Barrymore, himself, in the hospital in the East who named Elaine Ariel, and perhaps thus unconsciously anticipated the unhappy ending of the romantic extravaganza.

Just how, when and where the [Continued on page 90]
BOLES—Not a Ballyhooer

John has been around, man and boy, for quite a few years—but he's still undazzled by it all

By PAULA HARRISON

JOHN BOLES rose to his height of six-foot-one, and with the easy, long-limbed stride that suggests his Texan background, crossed the room to greet me. His blue eyes were pleasant, his manner courteous—deferential even, with the deference of the South to women. There was nothing tangible to account for the impression that he'd as soon be facing a wildcat as an interview. Yet the impression was there. When I taxed him with it, his face broke into the smile that lights its normal reserve to warmth—a smile that starts in the eyes, sweet, rather than brilliant, keeping something of the gravity that marks its owner's face in repose.

"Now that you've found out," he said, "we'll get along. I don't really mind if I can just pretend we're chatting. It's only the idea that scares me. And the feeling that I'll probably get all the answers wrong. I can really tell you all about myself in a couple of words—big feet, big ears, and a trusting heart. And I never wear hats."

He eyed me rather like a child who knows his task isn't finished, but hopes against hope for a miracle. Because the reticence you feel in him on the screen forms an integral part of his nature. Whatever he may be thinking or feeling, his instinct is to preserve an impassive front. This he probably inherits from his Scotch forebears. But there's an emotional Irish strain mixed with the Scotch, and the feelings he keeps pent up within him find their release in acting and song.

Not that he doesn't talk readily when he has to. Some stars dislike interviews and prove it by sulking through them. Others, less experienced, are struck dumb by panic. Boles is too well-bred for the one, too self-possessed for the other. He knows you can't give an interview without talking. If a question is put which he prefers not to answer, he'll say so quietly, but leaving no loophole for argument. Otherwise he speaks freely, if somewhat deliberately, pausing for a moment to consider his words. There's a reason for the pause, a reason for the deliberation, for when the words come, they strike straight at the root of the matter, without waste effort or beating about the bush.

"I've always been analytical," he said. "Even as a child I wanted to know the whys and the wherefores, and wouldn't accept anything I hadn't proven for myself. They caught me under the porch when I was eight, dissecting a frog with the first knife my grandfather gave me. I told them I was going to be a doctor, and had to know how the frog was made. When our colored man went out to the backyard to wring the chickens' necks, I was always on hand. There was nothing gruesome in it to me. I took it for granted that chickens had to die, and I had to find out what made them alive one minute and dead the next.

"In the same way I wanted to know myself. I'd stand apart from myself and analyze my... [Continued on page 82]
JEANETTE MacDONALD'S Advice to Girls in Love

Love comes to all girls when they meet Mr. Right Man. Jeanette gives plenty of advice on how to keep HIM interested. Are you listenin’?

"Don't make HIM jealous," says Jeanette who riled Nelson Eddy (all make-believe) when Bob Montgomery visited Maytime set.

By GLADYS HALL

"W"HEN girls are in love," I asked Jeanette of the tawny hair and Maytime skin and June day eyes and lyrical voice and other lovelinesses, "when girls are in love what are those things which they should do and what those things which they should not do?"

"What they should do," said Jeanette, speaking practically but looking deliciously impractical against the ivory satin of her chair in her dressing-room on the MGM lot, "what they should do, first, last and all the time, is work at it. Work at romance. Work at love. Work at being in love. Why not? We work at everything else in our lives, don't we? We work at our jobs. We try to be as efficient, as progressive, as pleasing as it is possible for us to be. We don't believe that because we are hired Tuesday we may not, if we slacken, be fired Wednesday. But we are always so stunned, so heart-broken if, slackening in love, we lose out."

"We work over our homes. We try to make them architecturally beautiful. We bring flowers and fine prints and chintzes and old glassware to the rooms of our homes. We work at ourselves, our faces, our figures, our hair, our clothes. We exercise. We diet. I am sure that, in more cases than not, we bring more flowers and offerings to the rooms of our houses, more patience and persistence to our diets, more inspiration and hard work to our jobs than we bring to the stimulating and refurbishing of romance. Yet in no other department of life do we set up such an ungodly howl as when romance, with a disappointed shrug, a bored sigh, a regret or whatever, passes us by . . ."

"Then why not work at love? Why suppose, as many of us seem to do, that the instant our personal careers are, so
Make memories for yourself and for the man you love—the sort of memories that will remain through the years—like Jeanette's memories in *Maytime*

misled perhaps with her memory of memories. "I mean, deliberately make memories for yourself and for the man you love. Make memories together, beautiful memories, the sort of memories that will permeate all the years to come with their nostalgia and sentiment. Do charming things together—oh, little things in themselves, perhaps, but the kind of little things that will make you say, in the long years to come, 'do you remember . . .?' and say it with a smile in your heart. Not all of us can take journeys to Samarkand but all of us can fashion the magic of little memories. . . . Walk on a mild Spring night and, as you walk, realize that you are young and in love and that youth and Spring are transient and each hour lives only once, . . . do these things intentionally, if you must. But sometimes, instead of just 'going to a movie' or 'listening to the radio' walk abroad under the moon or into a sunset and make a memory for yourself and your love. . . ."

"BE FEMININE. And when I say this I know that it means work and hard work in these days of the modern, independent woman, carving out her own career, strong-minded, strong-limbed, strong-willed. But give to men the thing they need today more than they have ever needed it in the world before—I mean, the sense of their own dominance, their own superiority, if you will. Let a man believe that he is the Head of his House, if you would hold him.

"Little feminine touches help. The hair in soft curls. A hint of perfume . . . old songs at twilight (I happen to know that Jeanette and Gene, often, sing old songs at twilight together), laces and feathers and frivolous slippers and absurd hats, which give to a man a sense of his own solidarity and, also, a sense of the permissive mystery of woman—for when a woman divests herself of her mysteries a man, restless, seeks elsewhere. Remember that men are forever seeking, from their first breath to their last.

"Never let a man feel that he knows you too well. Trusts you, yes. But never allow him to ask too many questions. Always preserve intact some veiled allurement or the suggestion of a veiled allurement."

[Continued on page 86]
Devastation with a Capital DEE

Hollywood's own daughter (Frances Dee) is back—as devastatingly popular as ever

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

"S HE'S back!" said the hairdresser.
"And am I glad!" said the seamstress. "She's so grand to work with—"
"Just about the sweetest gal in town!" chimed in the keeper-of-the-wardrobe-keys.

They are the real oracles of Hollywood, those three. If you want to know the real low-down on a star just ask them! So now I pricked up both ears. "Don't tell me," I said. "Let me guess. You're talking about ——"
"Frances Dee," they chorused.
"Ah yes," said I, catching sight of a slim figure in crinoline at that moment rounding the corner. "The name is faintly familiar. She's the brown-eyed little devastator who married that good-looking Joel McCrea some four years ago as I remember."

"And she's the mother of two children!" chuckled Frances Dee in person, dropping us a curtsey. "But right now she's freezing..."

No native Californian will believe it but it was freezing. There was ice in the Paramount fish-pond. There was ice around the edges of their enormous tank where some of the close-up scenes for Souls At Sea were being shot. Three masseurs were on hand to give quick rub-downs to those working in the water. As I went on the set with Frances, Gary Cooper was doing something that looked like an Indian pow-wow dance to keep warm. Heaters were ineffective. The weather man was the villain that day of a hundred Hollywood productions.

"Br-r-r," said young Miss Dee, "They don't need me for a while so let's go to my dressing-room and talk."

We walked past the property department where the prop men leaned out of windows to greet her; past the studio lunch-room where Maurice Chevalier "discovered" her—and she was given the lead opposite him. That was several years ago.

"H OW does it feel to be back on the lot that gave you your start?" I asked.

Frances smiled. Her face has a way of lighting up all over when she smiles like that. "It's—wonderful! And strange, too—to be back. To come back married and with children. It's like returning to the town you grew up in—at your whole life has been changed in the time you've been away."

She made an expressive little gesture. "I haven't been back inside the gates of Paramount for four years, you know. Oh I planned to visit the studio a good [Continued on page 102]
From Coal Mines to GOLD MINES

By DAN CAMP

Old Man Opportunity looks after his folks when the folks don’t turn him down. Read this success story of Allan Jones—who’s living close to heaven.

T’S given to few mortals to get a private preview of heaven. . . One of those few is Allan Jones, that good-looking young tenor out at M-G-M. At least, Jones figures he’s as close to heaven as he’ll ever get on this earth—and if real Heaven is anything like it, he’ll be satisfied.

Put yourself in his place, and you’d feel pretty well the same, I fancy. Suppose, for example, that you’d been an only, lonely child, born to a Welsh coal miner in Scranton; suppose all you’d known through childhood was poverty; suppose, in your teens, you had to go to work, running errands, mining coal, driving trucks, working steam shovels sixteen hours a day—work, work, work all the time, and study, study, study through the few hours of wakefulness left between work-times. Suppose, too, that in the midst of all this torment, you were further goaded by a driving, consuming ambition to sing—not just to yelp under the bath-shower, but to be a great singer; an ambition so relentless that it drove you harder than the coal truck or the steam shovel, and made you work 24 hours a day, virtually, to get the musical education you sought. . . .

Suppose, through all that time, that you never had the chance at the pleasures other young men think essential to life—play, dancing, girls. . . . And then suppose that out of all that, you were suddenly transported into a life that was lived in Southern California, with no worry about money, and with everything that money and position can buy, yours for the reaching. . . ! Suppose you had a job that paid you thousands a month, and that didn’t call on you to do a stroke of work of any kind for month on end! Suppose you could go where you pleased—Palm Springs in winter, Yosemite, yachting on your own yacht, autoing when and where you pleased. . . .

And suppose, to top all this off, that you found a girl who loved you so much that even Robert . . . [Continued on page 88]
RIGHT YOU ARE,  
From Movies to  

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

WALLIS SIMPSON, forty-two and smartly groomed, apparently gets her man, Edward, Duke of Windsor, forty-two, ex-King of England, ex-Emperor of India, et cetera. Mary Pickford Moore Fairbanks, forty-three and eternally young, will tread to Mendelssohn's in the spring with Charles "Buddy" Rogers, in the lower age brackets. 

Victor McLaglen, forty-six, grasps the golden statuette, highest 1936 award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, and murmurs something about being "very grateful as well as appreciative." Turning the slim figure in his big fists, Victor adds: "When a fellow gets to my age and a thing like this happens to him, it's something fine to hand down to posterity. . . ."

Rotund Edward Arnold, forty-seven, beams expansively at the thought of his recent successes (Diamond Jim, Crime and Punishment, Come and Get It, plus others) and says: "It took me until forty-one to secure my life's ambitions—a home, security, peace. Youth misses much because to get real joy from a thing, it must be appreciated and valued. Young people take things for granted. When one reaches maturity, he is more careful with happiness, he guards the things that promote it."

This season, we are attempting to prove, it's the oldsters who are having their innings. Too bad, young Bob Taylor, Anita Louise, Tom Brown, Clark Gable . . . even Shirley Temple! If you're under forty, these days, you're too young to know what real life, real love, real accomplishment, can mean. The Romance of the Century (Windsor's and Wally's) has spotlighted the four-decaders. Not only is later-day love popular, but laurels are being handed to the forty-ish for crowning professional achievements.

In fact, if you'll scratch the surface of this here movietown, you'll find it's not youth that makes it go 'round, as supposed, but men and women in their prime. Dr. Walter Pitkin, author of the best-seller Life Begins At Forty, was absolutely right. Look at Bill Powell. You laugh and thrill at the humor, the romancing, of Bill Powell, top-notch performer, and William Horatio was thirty-three several years ago. Figure it out. His popularity has never been greater than it is at the moment. And Bill's nonchalance about the forties rivals his popularity. Says William: "It's swell to be forty. I can be myself, let down my hair, run around in my carpet slippers, complain about my rheumatism, look haggard the 'morning after!'"

THE appeal of his old palsy-walsy, Ronald Colman, forty-five and never a day younger, has not been eclipsed by the gush-girls' yens for Clark Gable; followed by Robert Taylor. The forties have brought Colman greater fame than ever before, as shown by his starring roles in the colossal super-epics, Clive of India, Tale of Two Cities, Under Two Flags, Lost Horizon, and soon Selznick's The Prisoner of Zenda.

Although we haven't figures conclusively to prove it (the curves of her own lush figure

Victor McLaglen won the 1936 acting award when he was 46 and at 43, Arthur Hornblow, Jr., marched to the altar with America's No. 1, Ummmm Girl, Myrna Loy. As for ex-King Edward, now Duke of Windsor, he found love at 42

From top to bottom are four film celebs, forty-ish and popular. Leslie Howard is 43, Ruth Chatterton is around 40, W. S. Van Dyke is in his middle forties, and Helen Broderick is 40—and likes it.
DR. PITKIN!

Monarchies “Life Begins at Forty”

wouldn’t tell!) Mae West, Brooklyn belle, went on to greater fame when she approached the forty mark. She was no endlesome ingene when she made She Done Him Wrong. Mae must have been—at least—in her middle thirties. And she’s been raising Hollywood’s blood pressure some four or five years now . . . so you can figure her birth year yourself.

Don’t forget, too, rushing to the other film extreme, that Lillian Gish, frail picture flower, at forty is doing Ophelia to John Gielgud’s Hamlet on a Broadway stage. Irene Rich, frankly forty, with two grown daughters to prove it, went from films to greater triumphs in radio. And William Brady’s daughter Alice, born in 1892 (see the 1936 World Almanac) has added materially to the luster of her achievements in the first years of her forties. She has her own brand of daffy humor that has its heartiest imitators, but none reaches her zany heights.

The lesson taught by these ladies (and gents) is nothing short of inspirational to you kiddies in the tricky twenties and the thrilling thirties—if you’ll bother to take a lesson from what they say: “Keeping the mind active is the main weapon against age,” says Mrs. Lela Rogers, Ginger’s mother, who simply drips red fox fur—a gift from daughter. “As far as I’m concerned the mind should be at the prime around the forties . . . by that time experience with life and people should have taught poise, a knowledge of human nature. I have a dud who would tell you that life begins at seventy-three, so you see where our family stands on the question,” says this alert woman who is important in the discovery and training of new talent for RKO-Radio studios.

GETTING back before the cameras, again, we have Ruth Chatterton, around forty, with two marriages behind her (Ralph Forbes, George Brent), now engaged in a charming friendship with Spanish pianist-conductor, Jose Iturbi. La Chatterton’s film career has never been any brighter than at the moment, following her superb performance of Fran Dodsworth in the film by the latter name.

Her co-star, Walter Huston, is another personality whom fame practically ignored until he reached the formidable forties. And now look at the man. Many people call him “America’s leading actor.” Look, too, while we are in the H’s, at Edward Everett Horton, the man whose screen, stage and radio drolleries make you hold your sides with laughter. Long an idol of the stock company audiences, the forties have brought Eddie international fame. And well-deserved, too.

Twenty-nine years ago a short, explosive Italian lad, born in Palermo, decided to become an actor. He was then nineteen, had stowed away in a Boston-bound steamer, had worked as a barber’s apprentice, railroad worker, pants presser. Today Henry Armetta, after years of struggle, has realized his ambition—in his forties. Forty-seven to be exact. “You see,” he says, fumbling to put his thought into correct English, “I have found that being past forty brings the best in happiness. And, si,

[Continued on page 104]
Last Call

Pick Your Favorite Star

$1000.00 in Cash Prizes

Opportunity is knocking at your door. Think of it! You have the chance of winning $300.00 in Cash Prizes—merely by picking your Favorite Movie Star. Think of it! Sixty-four cash prizes will go to the Lucky Winners in our SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST!

Easy? Why, it's the Easiest Contest that was ever offered—the Easiest you ever entered. And all you have to do is vote for your own Favorite Star—and TELL the reason why you voted as you did—in 20 words or less. Simple enough, isn't it? You couldn't ask for any easier way to win money prizes—and aid your Favorite to be the TOPMOST POPULAR STAR of the screen at the same time.

Show your loyalty—your patriotism by entering this SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST—now—and vote for your Favorite.

Remember, if you don't enter this contest—and discover later, some star the winner who IS NOT your favorite—well—you're not going to like it a bit. So stand up for your choice—put his or her name in the coupon on this page—and TELL WHY you picked your Favorite. It only takes 20 words or less. Surely you can think up a very good reason in a brief sentence of 20 words or less—why YOUR favorite is the Ace of all stars.

Your Favorite may be comparatively unknown—yet may win the Election. Don't think you have to vote for some highly publicized star just because her portrait gets considerable space in newspapers and magazines. Be loyal to your own Favorite. You like her (or him). So vote for this player—not for the one you may think is sure to win.

Much has been written and exploited in the past of "WHO IS THE MOST POPULAR STAR?" But never before has a star been picked as the most popular by means of a general election conducted for YOU and YOU and YOU!

After the ballots are counted and results published in this magazine the world will know the name of the most popular screen star.

Some star is Sure To Win this Contest. This Star might as well be YOUR choice.

Your entry may win first prize, or second or third—or one of the lesser prizes. You all have equal opportunities. Prizes are awarded for the reasons you give on the coupon, irregardless of whether your nominee wins the election.

Read the RULES carefully. They're EASY.

It's going to be a Hot Race—and may be the best balloting yet. Get busy! Enter this CONTEST NOW! Don't delay a minute.

OPPORTUNITY is knocking at your door. You're not one to pass it by.

All Aboard. Last Month! Last Call! Let's GO!!

Send this ballot to:
SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST,
7046 Hollywood Boulevard,
Hollywood, Calif.

Of all actresses and actors appearing in motion pictures, I prefer: ___________________________ (Name only one player).

Now tell in twenty (20) words or less why you voted for the above named player.

______________________________

My name is.
Street Address...City...State. 

Rules (Easy to Enter)

1. All you need do to enter this contest is to name your screen favorite (man or woman or child) on the coupon below and tell why you pick that player. Your chances of winning are as good if you vote for an unknown player as for a famous star.

2. Tell why you voted for this player in 20 words or less. To help you, here is a sample entry: "Because she draws me right into the scene in which she is playing and makes me forget my surroundings."

3. Prizes will be awarded to the entrants who supply the best and most original reasons for voting as they did. Awards will be made as indicated: The entry chosen as best by the judges will win the $300 first prize; the second best entry will win $200 second prize, etc.

4. In case of ties, duplicate prizes for the amount named will be awarded the tying contestants.

5. In entering this contest you may vote for your favorite as many times as you desire. But each entry must be printed, written or typewritten on a ballot coupon as published in this magazine.

6. Editors of Fawcett Publications and Motion Picture publications are the sole judges in this contest, and their decisions shall be final. No correspondence will be entered into regarding entries in this contest. Entries will not be returned.

7. This contest closes April 1, 1937. Entries postmarked later than that date will not be considered. Elaborate and bulky entries in this contest are discouraged. As prizes are to be awarded for reasons given for preferring your favorite star or player, your chances of winning will not be enhanced by sending in an elaborate entry.

8. After you have filled out the coupon, send it by mail to SCREEN STAR POPULARITY CONTEST, 7046 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, Calif. You may paste your entry on the back of a postcard, or send it in an envelope, first class mail. It is not necessary to accompany your ballot or coupon with a letter.

Did you ever find any EASIER rules in a Contest? But we didn't. Remember that if YOU HAVE TO GO in—merely clip the coupon right off your favorite. Fill it out and mail it in. You voted for that person. No contest is perfect. No one is perfect. We hope every honest fan has his or her favorite player. Be loyal. Be true. Don't vote for any player. Your Vote May Win You a Cash Prize—and Your Choice may be selected as America's No. 1 Star.

EITHER DO A DAY. ENTER THIS CONTEST TODAY. IT'S THE LAST CALL.
Ruby Keeler has into her dance on the keys of a big typewriter for able. Willing and able. It's ruckin' mixed with fast taps

Being married to Al Jolson, you pick up some of Al's tricks. So Ruby, at right, does hubby's Kitten

**KITTENS On the Keys**

Ruby knows all the routines of fast dancing. She can do flip-flops and handsprings—too say nothing of cartwheels

At left is a vest-pocket edition of the typewriter number in Ready, Willing and Able. Kitten on keys
"I like to ride the New York subways," says Edward G. Robinson. "I get a kick out of them. And, believe it or not, you can learn a lot about living from the subway motto. You know the one I mean, the eternal warning of the guards to 'step lively, please'!

"Let me explain. The fellow who steps lively is alert, alive. And I'm a great believer in living every minute I'm alive. Theodore Roosevelt called it 'the full life,' Franklin Roosevelt calls it 'the larger life.' But they mean pretty much the same thing. The idea is to fill the day with as many crowded hours as it will contain.

"You say that you live twenty-four hours a day. I wonder! To begin with, about eight hours are spent in sleep. So there's a third of your life shot in unconsciousness. What use do you make of the remaining two-thirds?

Don't mistake me. Such catch phrases as 'the strenuous life,' 'the larger life' and even 'step lively, please' are open to misunderstanding. In my estimation there is nothing more futile, more life-wasting, than the dithering dashes and meaningless helter-skelter with which many persons clutter up their existence. I don't mean a 'fast' life in the common sense of the word, nor a so-called 'hectic' life. I mean one that is full of accomplishment and appreciation of what life has to offer. I mean a full life as against the sort that is led by those who dawdle through the days and years never approaching any real achievement, never having any real fun. I'm one of the 'step lively' lads as opposed to the 'sleepin' in the sun' contingent.

"I'm a big city fellow, always have been. But I live and work and play most of the time in the rural atmosphere of Hollywood. Yet I lead a full life, and I have no patience with people who pan Hollywood, find its atmosphere 'stifling,' can't 'express themselves.' To me they are the most obvious sort of posers and make-believe sophisticates. A sophisticate, by the way, is not the fellow who drinks the most gin, or runs around with the most women, or leads the most night-club orchestras. A sophisticate is the fellow who is worldly-wise and knows how to get from the world the best it has to offer him.

"Life in Iowa or Michigan can be just as full and interesting as that in London, New York or Paris. Or it can be just as dull and empty. It all depends. In Hollywood, for instance, where some find merely a dearth of cabarets and a scarcity of theatrical first nights I find a concentration of the world's most interesting people. If I want to discuss music, art, literature, I can gather a group of the foremost composers, playwrights, authors around my table at any time. If I wish to compare notes on, say, adventure or travel, there are colorful authorities on these subjects whom I can mention among my friends. And so it is with any subject. You can't mention one upon which I can't get accurate, colorful, first-hand information from the pilgrims gathered in the Mecca of Hollywood.

"Yet this rallying point of creative workers is called 'stifled,' 'stultifying' and all the rest of it. I get many a quiet laugh over some of the boys and girls who simply must get 'away from it all' to 'broaden.' It's funny what hitherto unsuspected 'broadening influences' there are at '21' and 'El Morocco' and 'The Stork Club' in this here New York."

Robinson paused to wink and chuckle and refill his pipe. This exponent of the full life enjoys every moment of his own. Not only does he live fully, but almost fiercely! His ready smile and crinkle-eyed laughter, his easy conviviality are only half the man. There is something tense and tiger-like about the other half. There is a smouldering passion hot within his heart. Other times, different environment might have found him a pirate, restlessly seeking the life he loves so well, keeping the fairest women and the finest jewels of his shirt of the boneyard, so to speak.

But he has the fairest woman in Gladys Lloyd, and he has the finest jewel in their son, in whose coming he found intense gratification. There is nothing of the philanderer, the airy Don Juan about him. He is too intense a lover to trifile, too passionate a pilgrim to tarry in the by-ways. So with his masculinity fully complimented by the femininity of a wife who remains sweetheart, and the tangible proof of their love present in a son, the star sneers a real Little Caesar-ish snarl at the capering Casanovas whom he deems half-men, incapable of one real love, impotent to hold one real woman.

Another slant on the meaning of the dark star's full life is offered in his passion for the paintings of the master craftsmen. He feels for his pictures [Continued on page 73]
A Babe in the Hollywoods

Impish but not uppish—that's Wendy Barrie. With her winning ways she is everybody's pal. She's Babe to most of 'em

By IDA ZEITLIN

"HAVE a cushion," said Wendy Barrie. "Have two. You're in a tough spot, my girl, so you may as well sit soft."

The tough spot was a seat on the couch in her dressing-room, before a luncheon-table. My hostess sat opposite. Copper-colored curls were smoothed back from a high forehead. Green eyes sparkled. Lips parted in a smile that revealed the whitest teeth I've ever seen. She breathed gayety and good will, as her voice ran lightly on.

"My heart bleeds for you. You've got to put all my gabble down on paper and make sense of it. I can just sit here and talk about myself to my heart's content. What will you have first? Vital statistics? Height—five-foot-six—too tall. Weight—a hundred and twelve—I'm trying to put some fat on my bones, but no use. Age—twenty-four—maybe ten years from now I'll be sorry, I told you, but ten years from now, we'll fret, my pet. Eyes—green—not blue-green nor gray-green but just plain green, like Becky Sharp's, the cat. Hair—as you see it. They wanted me to go blonde, but I refused. No, I didn't argue. I just put on a blonde wig and said: 'Look!' They looked and yelled: 'Take it off!' No use arguing. Just show them and they'll see, the lambs. The point is, I don't know much about acting. All I've got, if anything, is to be myself. And I'm not myself in a blonde wig. I'm a jade."

She has the easy manner bred by a cosmopolitan background plus the humor of the young modern. Her words flow in a cascade of engaging nonsense, through which you glimpse now and then the base of sound common sense that is equally characteristic of her generation. She has wit and vivacity. Both her talk and her movements are swift and glancing, flitting from point to point and leaving you hard put to keep up with her.

But her principal charm lies in something deeper than gayety or lightheartedness of touch. It lies in her infectious friendliness. Meet her as an indifferent stranger, and two minutes later you've recognized and responded to the warmth in her. Like the trusting friendliness of a child or a tumbling puppy, it's irresistible.

"Hi, Wendy!" the newsboy salutes her, "Meet the babe," grins an

[Continued on page 94]

Wendy is five-foot-six and 24 years old.
A good height to wear clothes and raise "ohs"

When it comes to charm, Wendy's brand is irresistible. Part of it releases a sense of humor
A HUNTER You Will Go
(And It Will Be For IAN in a Great Big Way)

You kinda go for Ian Hunter the minute you meet him. His charm is genuine. He's smooth, but not an old "smoothy"

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

IN To Mary With Love there was a comparatively unknown star, who, in the minds of many, stole the picture from its two box-office favorites, Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy. Yet it wasn't his performance alone which won him attention...it was the man himself, showing through. As he was patient, protective and tender in that picture so is he in real life...and these are qualities which are admired and liked universally. More than that, you feel that these are qualities which are all too rare in a town like Hollywood...where synthetic personalities are put on like a new hat, and worn just as jauntily, and with just as little permanency.

Yes, you know instinctively that Ian Hunter's charm on the screen is his own—that it is not dependent on dialogue, or business or tricky camera angles; that it springs from inside him; that it is not plastered on. It is this which makes him so well-liked by all those who know him. He is a charming man first, a charming actor second. Sophisticated, but at the same time sympathetic...smooth but not an old "smoothy"...soft-spoken, but not wishy-washy or indefinite...and sincere, without being over-serious...the kind of man who always has a ready smile to give, and a ready broad shoulder for you to lean on.

Not long ago out on the Warner Brothers' lot I watched him rehearsing a scene for Call It a Day. It was supposed to be Spring, and the California weather, that day, carried out the illusion, though in reality it was December. Archie Mayo, the director, suggested that Ian have a pink carnation in his button-hole and ordered the prop man to get one pronto. As the prop man hurried off, Ian called him aside. "Don't get a prop one," he said, "Here's some money...get some real ones from the florist, will you please...a dozen or so...you know, for the others, too!" A half hour later, director, assistant director, cameraman, sound man, et al, were wearing pink carnations in their lapels. Another star might have ordered hamburgers for the crew, but this lighter touch was typical of Hunter, and the men appreciated it, too. It was novel and colorful, and the set took on a festive air after that—as though it really were Spring out there on the Warner back lot.

To talk to him you'd never guess that he is terribly serious about his career. He pretends—for his own modesty's sake, I suppose—that it's of least importance.

"Oh, I DON'T know," he said in that clipped British accent of his, "I don't know exactly why I went in for it, except that it was after the war, and there weren't many jobs, and I had looked all over London without [Continued on page 80]"
1. For spring wear Kathryn Marlowe, RKO actress, chooses a suit of white jungle cloth with a short sleeved peplum jacket.

2. Another view of Kathryn in the suit-dress minus the jacket. The attached blouse is a gay white-dotted red silk.

3. White sharkskin and navy blue taffeta are combined to create this gay frock.

BY SALLY MARTIN
FASHION EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE
A spring shower doesn’t annoy Kathryn Marlowe one bit as she sallies forth in her smart looking rubberized silk rain coat of royal blue figured in gay red and white.

Kathryn’s coral colored rough crepe dress is piquant and gay. It is fitted close to the waist by means of tucking. The belt and neck accents are of white cording.

To keep that streamline figure, Kathryn takes her daily swim. Isn’t that yellow knit suit smart?
And here's Kathryn in a honey. It's heavy powder blue silk and it's gaily belted in navy, yellow and red. The wide collar and cuffs are made even more interesting by means of rows of stitching.

Anchors ahoi and Kathryn makes a quick change. Her friends are Maxine Jennings and Smith Ballew. Lucky chap! They're relaxing at the Lake Norconian Hotel.

This men-tailored suit of white non-crushable linen worn by Maxine Jennings is just the thing for resort wear. A large royal blue silk scarf is worn in place of a blouse.
1. The last dance may be over, but you still look fresh if you choose organdie. Kathryn's is sprigged and piped in blue and is worn over royal blue taffeta.

2. Here is another gay and charming evening frock from Kathryn's wardrobe. It is white taffeta sprinkled with bright red flowers. Don't you like the bustle?

3. Maxine Jennings prefers more sophisticated evening clothes. Hers is an interesting ribbed white chiffon. The wide shoulder straps are studded with gold

Good Time
CHARLIE

By CAROL CRAIG

The opening scene of a certain picture (perhaps you remember it) was an impressive wedding ceremony, with the minister intoning the last words of the service. As the final words fell from the ecclesiastical lips, the wedding guests stampeded forward, swirling about the bride (Una Merkel), all strenuously hoping that she would be "very happy."

One guest suddenly became aware of something lacking in the excitement. "By the way," this character asked, "what happened to the groom?"
The camera swung around, as eyes would have swung around, in search. It focussed finally on a shortish, young-oldish, sober-faced, harmless-looking man, isolated and ignored on the sidelines. The bridegroom.

And the bridegroom was saying, "I hope I'll be very happy."
Audiences laughed.
The line was not a wisecrack. It was uttered with a perfectly blank face, without any comical inflections. Innocently, not ironically. Yet audiences laughed. Because the bridegroom was Charles Butterworth.
He personified a male who would be the least conspicuous man at his own wedding, and the last one to realize it—with a vague bewilderment. From that opening scene, he went on to steal the picture, which was Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, starring Ronald Colman.
That was the first inking of what is now a certainty: Mrs. Butterworth's harmless-looking boy, Charlie, is one of the most dangerous men in the movies. These isn't a star who is safe in the same scene with him. Put the screen's greatest love team in the foreground, shocking the censors, and put Charlie in the background, neither doing anything nor saying anything, and the audiences will watch him.
People like to laugh. And Dead-Pan Charlie is a magnet for laughter . . . without, apparently, ever meaning to be.
He is so distressingly dignified, so hesitatingly anxious to be important, so unaware of his inconspicuousness, so naive for his age. And so bedeviled—and bewildered—by the unexpected. So politely dismayed. So haplessly human. So innocently irresistible that he makes any fair picture good, and a good picture better. So indispensably amusing that he still will be aroused, supporting tomorrow's stars, when today's stars have involuntarily retired. And there still will be at least one thing impressive about him—his salary. Which is enough already to give a studio budget department a nice stiff headache when anything happens to delay a production.

Hollywood can replace stars, because it can develop stars. But it can't replace comedians because it can't develop them. And there aren't any more where Charlie came from. Because the place where he developed is vanished, gone with the wind, destroyed by movies and radio.
Perhaps you haven't thought of that before. Perhaps you haven't thought of Charlie that way before. But you will.

On first becoming Butterworth-conscious, most people assume that he is English. Perish the

If you're Butterworth-conscious (and who isn't?) you've realized that Dead-Pan Charlie is one of the world's great comedians. A sure picture stealer, he can't be replaced. He's all there is; there aren't any more like him
The TALK of Hollywood

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

GONE are "Handleys." Passed on (thank Heaven!) are the "Knock, Knocks." But in their stead comes a new manifestation of Hollywood's unwillingness to let well enough alone. Now it's "Proverbs" that's driving the folks cinemad! The idea is to think of a player, then think of a proverb to fit said player. Like this:

MAE WEST—Virtue is its own reward.
GRACIE ALLEN—A fool may ask a question which 40 wise men cannot answer.
CAROLE LOMBARD—Measure men around the heart.
JEAN HARLOW—A sight for sore eyes.
GARBO—A close mouth catcheth no flies.
CHARLIE RUGGLES—The worm will turn.
BING CROSBY—Music will not cure the toothache.
Go on, think up your own, now.

By Way of the High C's

GETTING rapidly to be the most confirmed microphone addict in Hollywood is Joan Crawford. Since taking up singing in a big way, Joan has become one of the Trocadero's outstanding unpaid entertainers. Rare the night she goes there and does not croon a torch song or a love ditty over the orchestra mike, to the applause of the assembled guests. But now she and Hubby Franchot are going to go that sort of thing much better. They are going to make a recording of the aria Dite Alla Giovine from Verdi's opera La Traviata. Then they'll play it to their guests, as part of their customary movie shows in their home. They're still talking about doing a play together.

No "Kennels" For Her "Dogs"

TALKING of Joan and the Trocadero, this happened to her one night—and was she mawtified...!
Like so many of you, and you, and you, and some others of our stars, Joan's tootsies hurt her from too much dancing. So when she got back to her table, she slipped off her pumps under the cover of the table. BUT—when she hunted with her toes to find them again for the next dance, they were gone!!! And she never did find them, but after she had left the place at last in her stocking feet, a woman guest was overheard to boast that she swiped the Crawford slippers for a real Hollywood souvenir.

'igh 'opes?

GOOFIEST Insurance Item of the Month: Erik Rhodes has taken out a Lloyd's policy on his English accent. If, through illness, injury or any other cause he is unable to use it for the screen, he collects big. The policy costs him $2,000 a year, and maybe he hopes he gets laryngitis.

That Guy Napoleon Again

CRACKPOTS of various kinds infest Hollywood. Latest victim was Ida Lupino. First she got a wire from a total stranger, saying that he was on his way to help her, but that he'd have to move into her home to do so. He didn't explain either what he wanted to help her about. Ida laughed it off. BUT next thing she knew, a man stepped out of a taxi in front of her
It was in the bag that *Seventh Heaven* would be made as a talkie after the hit it scored as a silent film. James Stewart and Simone Simon play the Farrell-Gaynor roles.

The Mauch twins (Billy at left, Bobby at right) take up the typically boyish pastime of which goes to bat first. Billy wins. Both play title roles in *The Prince and the Pauper*.

**Love Interest**

ODD Fan-Letter Item No. 1—John Boles received, from a girl in Chicago, a fan-letter consisting of 32 pages of praise. He had his secretary condense it for him.

Oh I Say . . .

It was a party at Ruth Chatterton's. Ruth's new butler was functioning perfectly, dead-panned, efficient, silent. Until David Niven, one of Ruth's guests, walked in. Suddenly, as the butler took his hat, coat, he gasped, then almost screamed: "Why—why, Lieutenant Niven!"

David looked, gasped, too. Then violated all social rules by vigorously shaking the butler's hand. Answer: the butler was one of the company Niven, as lieutenant of the Highland Light Infantry, commanded during the World War. For the rest of the evening, the new Chatterton butler joined the list of Ruth's guests as he and Niven reminisced.
Palm Springs gets the Hollywoodians when they want the "feel" of a tropical sun. Anne Shirley and Phil Huston were among the recent guests of Bert Wheeler at the desert resort.

Martha Raye (comedy rave) strikes a "can you take it?" mood for Waikiki Wedding.

"Hold me tight, honey," say Anita Louise and George Brent to each other in The Go-Getter.

Those mad musketeers, the three Marx Brothers (Chico, Harpo and Groucho) take to their mounts for a fast getaway in A Day at the Races. Hot tip—100 to 1 that Harpo's thrown.

Spirit Of Something Or Other

To Phil Scheuer, who writes a Hollywood column in the Los Angeles Times, our deep bows for a neat bit of reporting, which must, in full justice, be reproduced as is:

"Tableau: they met in the doorway of a Beverly Hills restaurant, and stood silhouetted a brief moment—the youngest actress, and the oldest. Shirley Temple entered with her mother; and May Robson had to bend over a little to squeeze her hand.

"In that instant, time stopped, and two theatrical eras became one; but the pair merely exchanged knowing smiles, as girls will, and let it go at that. Shirley came on in, she was hungry; but May went on out. She had already dined."

Next Week, Sing, Baby Sing

DOUBLE BILL (if you must have 'em)—

PICCADILLY JIM

and

RAMONA

My, my, my! And next week, the quintuplets, eh?

Diets Build Divorces

A HA, it's solved. I mean, what causes all these divorces in Hollywood. It's been a moot question for years, but at last Grace Moore has solved it. It's diet...!

"Diet," says Moore, straight-faced and serious, "is the evil..."
Lynn Bari, 20th Century-Fox player, enters her legs for Hollywood's best. Keep smiling, Lynn, they'll take you places.

And speaking of well-shaped legs, Jane Wyatt puts on her play suit at Palm Springs. "The better to show 'em," says Jane.

Which leads to so-called cruelty and incompatibility. It is overdone by women of the screen. It leads to weakened systems, and that, in turn, to frayed nerves. The husband, being nearest to the woman, bears the brunt—and the first thing they know . . . etc., etc." Whereupon, Grace went and had a steak.

Will Jean Answer Doorbell Now?

Jean Harlow has just made a present of a brand new roadster to her colored maid.

News Of Norma

Hollywood sees irony in the probable future arrangements for Norma Shearer. When she returns to work (although right now, it's still undecided as to whether or not she'll retire from the screen) the person who will have direct supervision over her productions is most likely to be MGM executive, E. J. Mannix. And Mannix, during the Thalberg ascendancy at Metro, was recognized as one of Irving's most active, militant rivals for power.

Ace Ankles

Take it from Jerome Schattner, the loveliest ankles in Hollywood belong to Carole Lombard (as if Clark Gable and about seventeen million others didn't already know!) According to Mr. Schattner, second best ankles in Hollywood are Marlene Dietrich's. Third, Ruby Keeler's. And next, in order, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford and—get this—Zasu Pitts. And who, ask you, is Jerome Schattner? Why, kiddies, Jerome is a registered physiotherapist (isn't that cute?) who has just completed a survey of Hollywood legs for the New York Pediatricians and Physiotherapists Association. It's, what a job. But out of it, comes a tip. Reason, he says, for movie stars' lovely legs is that they rarely wear high heels off the set. They massage their feet and ankles regularly. They swim and walk but moderately. Simple, isn't it?

Around the Good Earth

Latest to sound the retirement note is Paul Muni. Right after he finishes his next three pictures, he announces, he will quit the screen entirely for two whole years, during which two years he plans a world trip with his wife.

Billions In It

Talk of Hollywood is, more than ever, returning prosperity. To such talk came a big boost when official government figures, just released, show that in 1936, there were in the United States four billion, 576 million paid movie theatre admissions! And that means, fans, that every man, woman and tot in America averaged 35 visits to the movies during the year.

Believe It Or Not, Ripple

Richard Arlen hasn't seen himself on the screen in over five years. He never goes to his own movies, never even looks at the rushes.

Still Champion

Still box-office champion, as she was last year, is Shirley Temple! Not even the sexy Harlow and the calorics Gable nor the nimble Astaire and Rogers, nor the guffawish Joe E. Brown approached little Shirley at the box-office handicap, shows the year's figures from exhibitors the world over. Gable was second, the Astaire-Rogers team third in money draw from you fans. Bob Taylor, who wasn't on the 1935 list at all, crashed fourth place in 1936! Joan Crawford slipped two cogs, dropping from fifth to seventh. Surprise of the returns was Jane Withers' running in eleventh place. Shirley offered no comment.

Suckers vs. Rackets

Fredric March wants the movie stars to organize an Anti-Racket Bureau of their own. They'd set up and maintain their own Hollywood G-Man system, to guard against the innumerable tricksters who try to work the stars for easy money. Rackets against which March wants protection are various one-man charity bureaus, with nothing more than a letterhead and gall; fake endorsements; blackmail in various forms; phony appeals for help, and a hundred-and-one other attacks a day.

Irene—The Gadgeteer

Irene Dunne's going Hollywood, if the gadgets in her new home are a tip-off. [Continued on page 99]
Taking the High Hat Out of OPERA

Lily Pons would like to sing Carmen for the films. She believes that great opera will not die, but will live with more joy, more splendor, if the whole world loves it.

TO YOU, who pay your quarters and half-dollars at the movie box-offices of the country, this story is addressed.

On you depends the future of opera in America. It is for you to decide whether it shall live or die. And if that statement seems far-fetched, don't blame it on me. I make it not on my own responsibility, but on the "say-so" of those who ought to know—the songbirds themselves.

I talked to five singers whose lives have been steeped in opera, and who came from opera to sing for you in the movies. They all love the music in which they were trained, but they also love singing to millions instead of to hundreds. Their theories on various aspects of the subject differed, but on one point they were all agreed. "Opera's high hat," they said in effect, "will have to be kicked off, if it's to survive. It will have to appeal to those who go to the movies and listen at the radios. Otherwise, it will become a museum piece."

Because they love singing to millions, they are doing their best to kick the high hat from opera. What did the word convey to you five years ago?—a legendary golden horseshoe, long-nitted ladies, men in white shirt-fronts and tails, all very glamorous, but far removed from your life—"bosomy" foreigners, waving their arms about and emitting jets of sound in an alien tongue which you knew, if you had to listen to them, would bore you stiff.

Then Grace Moore—one of the tribe you'd been taught to regard as a race apart, treading on clouds and dining on humming-birds' tongues—frolicked through a picture called One Night of Love. She was slim, bubbling, human as you or I, and a hundred times more exhilarating. In the midst of the romp, she tossed off a gay song from Carmen; then, having won you completely, polished off her conquest by lifting her lovely voice in the plaintive One Fine Day from Madame Butterfly. With the result that you clamored and stamped for more. With the added result that the manager of the San Carlos Opera Company, touring the states, reported that Carmen and Madame Butterfly—and those two only—were sellouts, wherever and whenever he put them on that season.

Miss Moore, when I caught her, had just been doused in a
Opera's tall topper will have to be kicked off if it's to survive. It must appeal to movie and radio lovers, otherwise it's doomed. So say five MET singers who are now in the movies.

By FLORA STANDISH

Humanize opera for the people, and they'll stop being scared of it, says Grace Moore. And Gladys Swarthout, left, says screen opera will have to show a new form

shower of rain with Cary Grant, who plays opposite her in *When You're in Love*, her new picture. But neither her spirits nor her flow of language were affected. She has ideas on most subjects—when she hasn't she says so—and wet or dry, presents them tersely and with vigor.

*OPERA'S* still on trial in the movies, and the fans are the jury. They haven't presented their final verdict yet, but I should say things look favorable for the prisoner at the bar. We don't have music in our blood, as the Italians do, I can't, for example, imagine such a scene in America as happened once at my home in Cannes, when Lawrence Tibbett was visiting, and wandered out on the balcony around midnight and began singing opera, purely for his [Continued on page 95]
MIRIAM HOPKINS

A dinner with ex-King Edward . . . a fright over losing her passport . . . a possibility of being given Scarlett O'Hara in Gone With the Wind . . . these thoughts are reflected in the pensive gaze of the golden-haired Miriam whose next film is The Woman's Touch.

MERLE OBERON

As for Merle who's back in London making I, Claudius with Charles Laughton she's probably thinking of the hills of Beverly, the rolling surf at Santa Monica and David Niven who wishes she'd come back soon. Hurry and come home Merle—all is forgiven.
A non-smearing lipstick makes this young lady feel so smug and her young man so happy.

A special liquid mak-up straight from Hollywood, will blend tanned and un-tanned skin.

A Frenchman’s “T” for Beauty

Fernand Gravet sizes up American girls

By DENISE CAIN

N O B O D Y can convince me that women want to be beautiful for beauty’s sake or for the fun of making other women envious. I think they want to be beautiful to attract men.

Believing this firmly, I decided it would be a good idea to interview a male movie star to find out what he, as a man, likes or dislikes in a woman’s appearance. I selected Fernand Gravet, the French star, because he’d been in this country only a couple of months. His impression of the American girl would be fresh in his mind, I reasoned, and his memories of Parisian siren’s not so dim that he couldn’t draw some helpful comparisons.

He had just finished The King and the Chorus Girl for Warner Brothers, and was spending a few days in New York before returning to France. . . . Somewhere tells me he’ll come back though—as soon as our feminine movie fans see him on the screen. . . . Now, I’m not going off into gurgles over his profile or eyelashes because I feel that the accompanying pictures tell the story. All I will say is that he’s just as devastating as he looks and I couldn’t blame anyone for tearing buttons off his coat or snipping locks of his hair!

I didn’t bother to ask him what he thought of our tall buildings but came right to the point with: “How do you think American girls compare with French girls, in clothes and make-up?”

American girls take the honors, according to Gravet, although he did suggest a few improvements, which I shall tell you about by and by.

“I was amazed to find,” he said, “that the middle class American girls are so smartly dressed, so well-groomed. In France there are, of course, many beautiful women, but they are the wealthy ones, with nothing to do but preen. . . . Here, however, even housewives and girls in shops and offices seem to have learned how to be lovely on small incomes!”

Which is all to the good, it seems to me, for any man, whether he’s an executive or a shoe clerk, prefers a “smart trick” to a dowdy creature.

With a great deal of Gallic enthusiasm, Gravet told me how impressed he had been the day before by the cigarette girl in a swank hotel where he had cocktails.

“She was,” he declared, “about ten times more beautiful and becomingly dressed than any of the women seated at the tables, in spite of the fact that they wore emeralds and sables!”

But don’t let these compliments go to your heads. It’s true that in America, more than in any other country, attractive dresses are priced at $15 as well as $150; that the finest cosmetics are sold at moderate prices. . . . It is also true that housework has been made so easy, thanks to labor-saving devices, that housewives can remain young and lovely. But not all of us are taking advantage of these things as we should.

There’s still room for improvement!

GRAVET confirmed my suspicion that men don’t mind make-up so long as it looks natural.

“I think women should wear make-up, in different colors for each dress,” he told me, “but I don’t like to see dark, greasy-looking lips that are painted on without any relation to the actual shape of the mouth.”

Gravet shares that last conviction with several million other men, I think, so control your fingers carefully when you apply lip rouge!

“It is not that I object to unusual, even exotic types of make-up or coiffure,” he told me seriously, “but I do object to their being worn at the wrong time. . . .” [Continued on page 78]
THE modern girl no longer affects mannish clothes, sophistication or unfeminine habits. The modern trend is towards feminine women, not only in dress, but in manner, and life in general. Cooking being a purely feminine accomplishment, we urge all you girls, young and old, to brush up on the culinary arts. To aid you, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, beginning with this issue, is starting a series of articles on HOW TO COOK by that well known home economics editor, Christine Frederick, who has a national reputation as a cooking expert. Take your first lesson now, and if you have any questions, Mrs. Frederick will be glad to help you. Just drop her a note in care of this magazine—Editor.

"Oh, so you're learning to cook!" exclaimed pretty Betty Barclay to her friend Jane Lawrence. "Now, what started you on that idea? I thought you positively hated the very thought of a mixing bowl or a frying pan!"

Jane's cheeks reddened up to the fringe of her glinting auburn bob, but her answer was frank enough. "Well, you see, Bet, I've found out that Jack's terribly keen on hearty, be-man-size meals. We've been eating around in restaurants all this past winter, and Jack's tired of it. He says he wants to eat a meal sometime where there isn't a staring crowd, or a waiter to grab the fork out of his mouth while he's still using it. We hope to be married in June, and Bet, honest, I want our marriage to be a success. Besides, think what it costs to 'eat out' all the time. We've figured we can eat better and save half by having home-cooked meals. It's a scandal what these places ask you for a bit of Swiss steak with a bunch of string beans on the side. I'm going to learn to cook—and like it—there!"

And from the determination which showed in Jane's chin, her friend knew that she would cook, and like it, too. And as there are countless other "Janes" who are eager to prepare economical and appetizing meals, here's the first lesson in the Cooking Primer: a satisfying light supper, with menu as follows:

Top of Range Meal No. 1
Tomato or Pineapple Juice Cocktail
Olives, Celery Curls
Loin Lamb or Veal Chops
Baked Potatoes, Green Vegetables
(Stringbeans, Brussels Sprouts or Spinach)
Romaine Lettuce
Roquefort Dressing
Marshmallow Cup

[Continued on page 97]
Don't let Blackheads...Large Pores...Blemishes spoil your looks!

Fight them with rousing UNDER SKIN treatment

MEN get the difference at a glance! Blackheads, blemishes, even coarse pores make the prettiest girl into a "plain Jane."

Well, you don't have to be plain!

Those little faults that dot your skin are easy to reach. They start just underneath!

Begin today to use the rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment. It tones up faulty oil glands—chief cause of blackheads and blemishes. Livens circulation. Invigorates the under tissues, so your outer skin will be clear...fine textured...flawless! The fresh unspoiled skin that makes people say "Pretty girl."

Do this twice daily...Here's the simple Pond's treatment hundreds of women follow. It's easy to do.

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions, wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—briskly. Rouse that faulty underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, unblemished skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and powder goes on beautifully.

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture.
The Talkie Town Tattler  
[Continued from page 10]

gasped when Claire, sick of hiding the truth, up and told the world that she's got a several-months old son, and nobody's happier than she and her five-year hubby, Jack Strauss, realtor.

So now, don't be surprised if other screen-lovers, both he and she, up and admit the truth. Ol' Man Tattler, for one, wouldn't fall in a swoon, for instance, if Lily Pons admitted that she's really been married to Andre Kostelanetz (call me Kosty) for months an' months an' months. Even Charlie and Paulette might openly admit it, too. Only safe bet not to is Shirley Temple.

The younger set is driving Ol' Man Tattler closer to the booby-hatch than he's ever been in his life. They just go 'round and 'round and 'round worse than the music, and they come out where, oh where? ... Consider: There's the Mary Carlisle, Johnny Downs, Eleanor Whitney, Lew Ayres, Jimmy Blakely, mix-up. Yeah, they're all in the same picture, and trying to keep track, from month to month (or even from night to night, by Allah!) of Who's Whose is a job no sane man can discharge. Not so long ago the Johnny and Eleanor two-some looked like wedding bells any minute; she even wore his ring. But now—well, they're so frigid toward each other that they have to wear mufflers at Paramount when they work in the same picture. And Johnny steps out these nights with Mary Carlisle, while the Whitney honey is being seen here and there with Lew Ayres, two-time marital loser who mightn't be averse to taking a third chance. Meantime, Jimmy Blakely, who was once Mary's heart, then quarreled with her, is back in the Hollywood scene, but this time (so they say) merely as a very dear friend of Mary. Hmmmmm—l've seen these Hollywood friendships before, my fra-a-a-a-a-a-ands . . . . Anyway, Ol' Man Tattler is just about at the stage where he's decided you might as well take the entire Hollywood younger set, shake 'em up in a barrel, and let 'em come out teamed up anyway they happen to fall. They will anyway.

Cupid's Coquette:

Lee Tracy and Florence Lake—Still that way, fheaven's sake! 

Add to cardiai mixups in movie-land the situation concerning Mary Brian and Cary Grant. These two—ah me, these two!!

At last reports, Cary and Mary are still beating in time. But by the time you read this (so much happens so queeck in Hollywood!) they may be positively iced. It looked that way for quite a while, when Cary suddenly got alladder about Bobby Mullineaux-Cooper (Hollywood just calls her Bobby Cooper because that Mullineaux is such a boother!) and squirmed her everywhere—even to the point where Mary was being squired by other Hollywood men. But right now, Bobby has seemed to switch over to Director J. Walter Ruben for the Coconut-Growing, while Mary and Cary are dancing together again. But Ol' Man Tattler will lay no bets on Mary. That one has been "engaged" oftener, without ever getting married, than any other Hollywood beauty.

Cupid's Coquette:

Miriam Hopkins and Anton Litvak—(Finish this one yourself; even Longfellow couldn't rhyme that!)

Item 1—Barbara Stanwyck's divorce decree from Frank Fay is now final and absolute. Item 2—Said Barbara: 'T'd like to settle this marriage-talk about me and Bob Taylor for once and all. Bob and I are close friends, but we are NOT going to be married. I'm not going to marry Bob or anyone else. If I ever change my mind, I won't make it secret of it. But I say now that I won't change my mind for years and years, and maybe never.' Item 3—Hollywood, grinning, remarks that night-clubs, with their atmos-phere, et cetera, do queer things to people's hearts, and that Yuma, where you
can get married in fifteen minutes, is only a very short distance away, and people have been known to elope.

**Cupid's Couple:**
Howard Lang and Delma Byron
Don't show the slightest signs of titter'

**Poetry-Lipped** Simone Simon is keeping the heart-guessers high in the air, what with her various swains. Recent Simone escorts have included John Swope, millionaire's son, and Marc Alle-gret, French movie director who came all the way from Paris to Hollywood, just to spend a few days with the lil French gal. But Simone, herself, gives nipping as to whom, if any man, has the inside track. It's all very confusing.

**Cupid's Couple:**
Natalie Draper and Tommy Brown—
She's shopping right now for a wedding gown.

**Cupid's Crashes of the Month**—In London, Charles Guy Folke Greville (better known in Hollywood as the Earl of Warwick) has filed for divorce from the Countess Warwick, not-so-long-ago house guest of the Doug Fairbanks, Seniors... Gracie Allen's brother (yeah, you know!) George, who lives in San Francisco, divorced his wife. Gracie made not a single wise-crack about it... Judith Allen is through with prize-fighters. Announcing that her second matrimonial venture with pugilist (this time, handsome Jack Doyle who mixes fighting with tenoring) has gone on the rocks, Judith said: "I'm through with men who make their living fighting, and carry their work home with them." Remember Baby Rose Marie in Our Gang years ago? Well, she's a beeg girl now — so big that she just got a divorce from her husband who, she testified, made the mistake of coming home with another kind of lipstick on his face than the kind she uses... Lita Grey Chaplin is in the divorce court again. This time, she's seeking freedom from Henry Aguirre, 26-year-old actor, whom she married less than a half year ago. She says he called her names. In the midst of her troubles, Lita found time to say she is very grateful to Paulette Goddard for the interest Paulette is showing in Lita's two sons, now in Charlie's custody... Nine days after married Dancer Frances Paxton, dance director Dave Gould asked the court to call it all off, because she hadn't even kissed him in those nine days. Replied Mrs. G: "We just agreed to disagree."... Nola Laxford, that new Hollywood star from New Zealand, didn't think much of her hubby named William Bauernschmidt. Anyway, that's what Bauernschmidt said when he asked a Los Angeles court to divorce him from Nola.

**Cupid's Couple:**
George Givot and Helen Curtis—
It's so deer-lost, it nearly hurts!

Lise Rainer provided several giggles for the Hollywood people when she married Clifford Odets, playwright. Lise, not understanding much English, and quite at sea about marriage details, thought it was all over when she and Odets filed their notice of intent to wed three days before the actual ceremony, as required by California law. No sooner had she answered all the questions, than she rushed to a telephone, called up a friend, and gabbled: "Ooo, dollink, I am so excited. Clifford and I were just married!" Ruefully, Odets explained that it would be three days and nights yet, before they were married. So three days later, they were. This time, Lise knew it was a take. And provided Giggle No. 2 when, misunderstanding a reporter's question as to where they were going on their honeymoon, Lise blithely replied: "Upstairs... —Caviar and champagne, by the way, was the wedding luncheon.

**Cupid's Couple:**
Eddie Anderson and Shirley Ross—
She'll soon be calling him hubby and boss!

**Wedding bells** for—Rene Torres and press-agent Erman Pessis, who'll probably be Mr-and-Mrs by the time you read this, even though Ol' Man Winter blew them down when they tried to airplane-elope to Yuma the other day. —Jackie Coogan's mother and Arthur L. Berenstein, Coogan financial manager. Jackie, who's 22 now, was a witness at his mother's wedding: remarked that his own planned wedding to Betty Grable wouldn't happen at least until after mother's honeymoon. (Note: first time) Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Lane. Married in Ensenada, Mexico, they worried over whether or not those Mexican marriage licenses were really on the up-and-up, so they remarried in Hollywood several days later. Now Brian'll have two anniversary dates to remember! —Gail Patrick, one-time "panther-girl" at Paramount, to Bob Cobb, owner of the Brown Derby.

[Continued on page 65]

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**To Clear up your Skin! Make yourself a Dancer! WIN POPULARITY!**

**Sally's Pimples Ruined Her Good Times Until...**

**Get this free Fleischmann Dance Card from your grocer!**

Send it in—the book is yours!

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, you can still get the book by sending the 81 labels in an envelope, or pasting them on a piece of paper. Be sure to enclose your name and address. Mail labels to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington St., New York City. Offer good until August 31, 1937.

(Labels of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, so see newspaper or ask your local grocer.)

"Eat it regularly," says Dr. R. E. Lee, famous physician, "and Fleischmann's Yeast will help clear up ADOLESCENT PIMPLES."

- After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25—important glands develop and final growth takes place. The whole system is disturbed. The skin gets extra sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate that sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is helpful in clearing up these pimply skin irritants out of the blood. Eat 3 cakes every day—a cake about 1/4 hour before each meal—plain, or in a little water.

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When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture 63
Princess Chic
LASTEX FOUNDATIONS
Styled by HICKORY

Princess Chic, exquisitely fashioned of two-way stretch Lastex, gives you all the comfort you want and the perfect control you need. Its exclusive feature—the double-knit panel across hips and tummy—trims and slims your silhouette to the moment's mode.

To be fair to both your wardrobe and yourself, you should have all three. The All-in-One for Formal, the Girdle for About-Town, and the Pantie for Sports-wear.

You'll Want All ThreeBecause You Need Them
$7.50 for the Set of Three. May be had separately, of course.

FOUNDATION: Perfect uplift bra. Side bust control. Streamlined back. $3.50
GIRDLE: Skrewd censor of unruly curves. $2.00
PANTIE: Streamlines your hips. $2.00

A. STEIN & COMPANY
CHICAGO • NEW YORK • TORONTO

The Lucky WINNAHs

Three smart girls are this month's winners of Search for Talent Contest

By E. J. SMITHSON

Motion Picture can think of no better way to start the month right than by offering congratulations to the three smart girls who took time by the proverbial forelock, sent in their photographs to the judges of the nationwide Search for Talent Contest, and were rewarded by being posted as winners.

Additional winners will be selected and announced in the May issue of this magazine—and then begins the task of selecting the grand prize winner—the girl who will sign her name to a bona fide movie contract with the Walter Wanger Productions and may be the best girl win!

The Search for Talent Contest, as you know, was sponsored by Motion Picture in conjunction with the Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Company, makers of those popular Hold Boh bobbins.

A word, now, concerning this month's winners. First prize—$50 in cash, and a screen test—goes to Jeannie Whitney, 121 ½ E. 3rd Street, Duluth, Minn. Jeanne is 21 years old, 5 feet, 3 ½ inches tall, and weighs 105 pounds. Her hair is golden blonde, her eyes blue, and complexion fair. She has taken part in amateur dramatics, does some blues singing and has appeared as Cleopatra in the Queen's Night Pageants at the Texas Centennial Exposition.

Virginia Crane, second runner-up is 20, 114 lbs. and five foot four

Virginia Crane, second runner-up in 20, 114 lbs. and five foot four

Virginia Crane, second runner-up in 20, 114 lbs. and five foot four

Virginia Crane, second runner-up in 20, 114 lbs. and five foot four

Virginia Crane, second runner-up in 20, 114 lbs. and five foot four

Virginia Crane, second runner-up in 20, 114 lbs. and five foot four

Virginia Crane, second runner-up in 20, 114 lbs. and five foot four
CREATE A NEW "YOU"

WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!
A New Face Powder Shade May Give You a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

by Lady Esther

You know what color in clothes can do for you. One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood part of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the wrong shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for you, too—there is a right shade of face powder. It won’t subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No!

This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven’t found this right shade long ago is probably because you’ve been choosing according to your "type"—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. This is all wrong! You aren’t a type. You’re yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alight—you’ll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!
To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Your mere request on the coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32)

Lady Esther, 3050 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ____________________________ State ________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture 65
Give teeth the Double Protection they need

If you are now using an ordinary toothpaste, your teeth may be white and sparkling; but unless your gums are sound and healthy, you are running the risk of serious dental trouble.

Forhan's Tooth Paste was developed by an eminent dental surgeon to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums.

End half-way care today by adopting this simple method: Brush your teeth with Forhan's; then massage a little into the gums, just as dentists advise. Note how it stimulates the gums, how fresh and clean the whole mouth feels! Buy Forhan's today. The big, new tube saves you money. Also sold in Canada.

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

Forhan's
DOES BOTH JOBS
CLEANS TEETH [SAVES GUMS

COLOR YOUR HAIR

No matter how gray, faded, streaked your hair is now, it will soon possess again beautiful lustrous color for the use you discovered SHAMPOO-KOLK. Shampoos and colors the hair at the same time. No experience necessary. Takes a few minutes only. Will not rub off. Colors rival hair color to rival. Can be Permanent washed.

Free booklet, Valley Products, Inc., Dept. 19-6, 3d W. 31st St., N.Y.C.

WILL YOUR Eyes thrill Him?

NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES

WINS THOUSANDS! Will be seen red wine...or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; harmless, safe; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10 stores.

**EYE-GENE**

AND now for an advance note on spring house cleaning.... Good old Bon Ami will do a lot for you when you get around to washing your windows and woodwork. ... The fact that it "hasn't scratched yet" ought to be convincing enough that Bon Ami will do the job of cleaning to perfection! Next time you are at the store, buy a box of Bon Ami.... You might also ask about the special box they make for you to keep in your bathroom.

MAKE your drinks twice as cold by giving your ice cubes a "lightning break"... in other words, get yourself a Lightning Ice Breaker.... They're extra good for cooling appetizers, too; when they are broken up in this manner.... Next time you have occasion to use ice in anything, try serving it chilled into little pieces, but chip it in the modern, fast way.... Everyone likes his drinks plenty cold.

NEXT time you are downtown shopping, drop in at your local dealer's and ask him to show you a new Crosley Shelvador refrigerator! The space-saving plan they have incorporated into their doors will convince you that they are the one to purchase.... but go in and see one.... Your dealer will be glad to show you all the features of refrigeration that Shelvador will bring to you.

ASHOE polish that you will be happy to use! That's exactly the way you will feel about Swagger Liquid Shoe Wax.... Swagger contains no alcohol, turpentine, shellac or other harmful chemicals... it contains only those ingredients essential to the life of the leather.... Put your "Shine money" away and try Swagger.... You will be pleased with the polish it gives your shoes!

DID you know that Isabel Jewell is one of Nesco's Hollywood enthusiasts. In the sparkling white kitchen of her new home she loves to prepare a whole meal in one of those new Nesco De Luxe roasters! The new roasters will do all that and more, ... The little dial that acts as indicator (it's on the front of the roaster) controls twenty-one huts. And they're good-looking enough for any star's home. But you don't need to be a star to own one either!
locutory divorce from that London Husband (now, what was his name? Skip it), Hollywood’s been expecting her to wait restlessly for the final before she said her “I-do” with Don Alvarado. But—all of a sudden, John King, the tall and handsome lad who used to squire Gail Patrick about before she married Bob Cobb, stepped into the sequence. And suddenly, it’s King who’s here and there and everywhere with Binnie, while Don seems to have vanished from the script entirely. However, Binnie’s final decree is months away. That gives plenty of time for hearts to patter in Hollywood.

Cupid’s Couplet:
Douglas Fowley and Marsha Hunt
Seem aintin’ to try that altar stunt.

Here’s another of those Younger Set mixups—that long-time romance between Anne Shirley and Owen Davis Jr., has gone sour. At least, both Anne and Owen are stepping out with others, these nights—and pretending not to notice each other when they meet. Anne’s newest cavalier is Lee Bowman, which leaves Rosalind Marquis on the free-lance lists. Now if Rosalind will just team up with young Davis, it’ll be another of those goofy Hollywood kids’ tangles that keeps Danny Cupid scratching his head.

More notes from Cupid’s files: King Vidor and Betty Hill have called off their engagement, and right now, Vidor’s trying to choose between Sheila Graham and Margaret Tallichet, with Sheila seeming to have the inside track... Florence Rice, actress-daughter of sportswriter Granville Rice, says she’s not going to marry Bing Lardner, Jr., despite all the Hollywood rumors which she characterizes as “very embarrassing”... medal for the long-time-constancy of Hollywood should go to Ivan Lebedeff, who is still churlish about Wera Engels, and who is rumored right now to go to Europe to see her, and maybe marry her... don’t be amazed if Beverly Roberts becomes Mrs. William Keighley... and Rochelle Hudson’s newest crush is Austin Parker, one-time hubby of Miriam Hopkins... Marian Marsh has finally admitted it out loud, that she’s going to marry Al Scott, former husband of Colleen Moore... and Loretta Sayers says it won’t be long before she’s Mrs. to Arthur Johnson, who wrote song hits like Pennies From Heaven and Cocktails for Two... there’s a complete ice jam between Herbert Marshall and Gloria Swanson these days: Bart’s keeping warm, though, with the co-operation of MGM’s new contractee Lee Russell... Arthur McGlen, one of the McGlen brothers, is going to marry Socialite Marie Mitchell Shipley of San Francisco, in a month or so.

Well, well, well, the court finally has dismissed that suit of Vaudevilian Frank Wallace, who wanted Mae West to acknowledge him as her husband. Or does anyone still care?

“Oh Mother! I’ve Lost My Job!”

The job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn’t know why she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with MUM!

Quick and easy to use. Half a minute is all it takes to use MUM. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you’re safe for the whole busy day.

Harmless to clothing. You can use MUM any time, you know — after dressing, just as well as before. For it’s perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It’s soothing to the skin, too. You can share your underarms and use MUM at once.

Doesn’t prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing — MUM doesn’t interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly odor of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh dauntless of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with MUM! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

Let MUM Help You in This, Too. Use MUM on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
NEW!

a permanent lipstick that actually softens the lips instead of making them dry and cracked . . .

No longer do you have to take your choice of a lipstick that was permanent or one that would keep your lips soft and youthful. Duart's Creme of Milk Lipstick is both permanent and softening.

NEW CALIFORNIA COLORS

According to your complexion, choose one of the four glamorous new California shades. WINE for brunettes with dark skin, SPANISH for medium brunettes, DESERT FLAME for blondes, and a thrilling new shade to wear at night under bright lights--CINEMA . . . also for those who wish a shade just a little darker than DESERT FLAME.

DUART
creme of milk
LIPSTICK

SEND FOR AND TRY THE GENEROUS 25C SIZE

LARGE REGULAR SIZE $1

At all Drug and Department Stores

Mark your shade--Mail Coupon

Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California

Enclosed is 25c (stamps or coin). Please send me the shade of lipstick marked below:

□ Wine □ Spanish □ Desert Flame □ Cinema

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

City________________________ State__13

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

LOVELY JOAN MARSH

On the set of Columbia's Weather or Not, director Al Green (seated) chats with cast members Ida Lupino, Reginald Denny. Leo Carrillo, a visitor, acted as m.c. for the recent Hollywood Style Show, directed by Sally Martin, fashion editor of Fawcett

Maytime at MGM—durn clever, these prop men! Script called for a tender scene between Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, with apple-blossom petals falling on them. So the prop men somehow, in mid-winter, located fifteen blooming apple trees and transplanted them to the stage. Rustled them with wind machines, so the petals dropped while Eddy made vocal love to Jeanette. In the sequences where she's aged, Jeanette wore heavy weights in her shoes, to make her steps slow and faltering, and you can't notice it. And, Paul Porcasi played the music master even though he had just broken his hip. They covered it completely by dressing him in a long, dark "dracula" cape, which covers the steel brace he wore.

SEVENTH Heaven at 20th-Fox—most temperamental player was NOT, as you might guess, Simone Simon, but Eloise. Eloise is the studio name for another French importe. It's one of those ancient and famous taxicabs in which the French army made its famous dash from Paris to halt the Germans. Eloise, 22 years old, is so persnickety that for long shots, the studio built a "double" with modern chassis and motor and make-up to make it look like the real car at a distance. But for close-ups, they used Eloise herself, and prayed she'd hold together--incidentally, although she tested wigs for five hours straight for her Seventh Heaven role, you'll see Simone's own hair in the film.

Park Avenue Logger at 20th-Fox—the picture was all completed and "in the can" when a passenger plane crashed in California, and killed twelve persons. So the studio got the film out, cut out an entire sequence. Because a part in it had been played by Yvonne Trego, the stewardess who died in the crash!
for weeks, reconstructing the four railway coaches and locomotive in which the German high command traveled to the signing of the armistice... Class Prophecy at Universal—Virginia Bruce was the extras' delight during shooting. Between takes, Virginia gave recitals on the piano on the set, which kept Kent Taylor and the rest of the players entertained.

Nancy Steele Is Missing at 20th-Fox—Indian magicians have nothing on studio experts. They made a rose garden bloom from nothing in two hours. Constructed garden patches, filled them with loam, planted hand-made rosebushes to duplicate the California prison yard where convict-gardeners raise flowers. Victor McLaglen and Peter Lorre played the "cons." McLaglen, in another sequence, drew the line between art and sacrifice. The scene called for him to shake with water from a mountain stream. McLaglen insisted on the water being warmed first.

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney at MGM—when little Lillian Taylor of Joplin, Mo., sees this film she'll be happy. Because as Mrs. Cheyney, Joan Crawford in a certain scene wears a hair wreath of tiny white-and-blue gardenias, hand-made by the Joplin tot, and sent to Joan as a fan-gift. Joan liked it so that she wore it for the scene. ... Over at Stepping Toes at Radio, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are stepping together, And as usual, Fred is putting that endless perfect-making practice and rehearsal time in, before a camera turned. Fred and Ginger had rehearsed dances for six six-day weeks of six-hour days. That's 216 hours of dancing...! and the film still to be shot.

Love Is News at 20th-Fox—this is Hollywood's most superstition-filled production. All the big shots have definite quirks about this or that. Director Tay Garnett won't shoot a scene unless he has a cane in hand. Star Loretta Young won't shoot a take wherein her feet don't show unless she's wearing her ancient and frowzy pair of lucky bedroom slippers. Tyrone Power won't report unless he has been able to park his car in a certain "lucky" spot in the studio lot. Don Ameche knocks on wood before each scene he plays. Slim Summerville won't work unless he can feel, in his pocket, the old badge he wore when he started in films as a Keystone Cop.

Top of the Town at Universal—how the Hays ears must have burned when they clowned a take between Doris Nolan and George Murphy. They'd finished a bedroom take, but Doris and George, full of fun, went on ad-libbing. And the cameraman continued to grind. Doris and George went right on taking off clothes beyond the Hays limit, accompanying the action with dialogue—well, let's skip it. Finally Doris hopped into bed. George followed. "What," said Doris, "do we need now?" George grinned. "A good five-cent cigar," he replied. The goofy sequence was left in the rushes, astounded Universal "execs" who viewed them. Then they decided to leave it in for the Hays censor, too. But YOU won't see it... Souls at Sea at Paramount—between takes, Monte Blue, who has always wanted to be a lawyer, studies law. And Harry Carey, who holds a law degree from New York University, coaches him...

Hollywood stars simply can't afford to take chances with the beauty of their hair. And there is no reason why you should take chances with your hair either. But now, more than ever before, be on guard when you choose your permanent wave. Beware of trick methods of heating the hair. Remember that nearly every lovely star you see on the screen depends on Duart to guard the beauty of her hair. Just ask your operator for a Duart "Two-Twelve" wave, she'll know what you mean. Duart Waves cost no more than others, the price depends on the artistic skill of the hairdresser you select.

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SEND FOR DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY
Pages of smart screen-tested hair-styles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—en-close 10c for postage and wrapping.

DUART, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

Name
Address
City
State

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When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
SKIN LOOK YOUNG?
USE NEW TANGEE POWDER
SEE SOFT UNDERGLOW APPEAR

Tangee Face Powder contains some famous color change principle as Tangee Lipstick...Watch its magic bring youthful beauty to your skin...Powder with new Tangee and see a soft underglow appear...works like Tangee Lipstick to match your own natural skin tones. Watch shine go. Then comes clear, youthful color. Blended scientifically, Tangee clings for hours, yet never cakes or blanches. Because you use less, it's economical. Try Tangee. In two sizes. 55¢ and $1.10. Or, tear out the coupon below for new "Two-Shade Sampler"—dedicated to a lovelier, youthful skin.

New 2-Shade Sampler—2 Weeks’ Supply of Powder

The GEORGE W. LUIT COMPANY
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City
or through your Tangee Face Powder Dealer Sampler, 1 envelope (stamps or coin) = 1 2-Shade Sampler
Sampler #1 Sampler #2
Contains Light Rachel
Contains Flesh and Light Rachel
Address
City State

THRILLS FOR YOU

How much more enjoyable a motion picture is when it has been made from some novel or story you have read? You can get this added enjoyment picture for you see if you read the fiction stories of new movies in MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE before seeing the motion picture.

This magazine (now on sale at your newspaperstand) is the ideal and magazine presenting exclusive fiction stories of coming movies. Included in two issues are Seven Valleys, starring Simone Simon; Parallax, with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy, starring Marlon Brando; Don’t Take Money, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. Ten big fiction stories all. Ask your newsdealer for MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE, 10¢ at newstands.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!

New deodorant cream safely stops perspiration
1. Cannot irritate skin. cannot rot dresses.
2. No waiting to dry.
3. Can be used right after shaving.
4. Stops perspiration 1 to 3 days.

ARRID 39¢ a jar

Robert Young and Ann Sothern are Mr. and Mrs. in Dangerous Number. But, that’s no excuse for peeping, Bob!

Fugitive in the Sky—AAA—A murder mystery in the air is the theme of this and it will find you thrumming your seats. It’s filled with action and thrills aboard an airplane. Joan Muir is the charming hostess and Warren Hull and Howard Phillips a couple of passengers, the former a newspaperman and the latter a killer.—Warner Bros.

A Doctor’s Diary—AAA—John Trent, a former air pilot, “who flew through the air with the greatest of ease” has taken a flyer at pictures and in this, his first, he plays his part with the greatest of ease. It looks as if Mr. Trent will keep his feet on the ground hereafter. This is a swell film with a “resounding” plot. Others in the cast are George Bancroft, Helen Burgess and Ruth Coleman, all of whom gain credit for their fine performances.—Paramount.

Men Are Not Gods—AAA—A unique plot makes this English production film fare. If you are not looking for reality, but originality, you’ll like this. Alexander Korda’s usual excellent style. The cast is headed by Miriam Hopkins and Greta Gynt, R. Lawrence, Sebastian Shaw, Ray, Harrison A. E. Matthews, among others.—United Artists.

Don’t Tell the Wife—AAA—Guy Kibbee, Una Merkel, Lynne Roberts, Cordelia Chase amusingly comedically. The plot is rather fantastic, dealing with the cold-mite who steals, but it never fails to command many laughs.—RKO Radio Pictures.

Midnight Court—AAA—As the title implies this story centers around criminals, attorneys, judges, and everything racket. The legal and situation matters are mainly supplied by John Litel, an attorney, who stages a comeback after licking the liquor habit. Amy Dvorak, as his bride, adds the romantic touch.—Warner Bros.

Let’s Make a Million—AAA—If you like Edward Everett Horton (and who doesn’t?) you will like this. Horton is a sucker for some crooked oil interests and instead of marrying his girl (the good intentions) when he receives his bonus, he marries her. However, everything is just right in the end when Horton recovers the money, the respect of the townpeople and does rights by his gal—Charlotte Wynters. And in the meantime you have managed to laugh at poor Eddie’s predicaments.—Paramount.

Men in Exile—AAA—Not as much punch as one expects from the title, but it is well-handled melodrama with June Travis, Dick Powell, Ollie Hard- land, Victor Varconi, Alan Baxter and a capable supporting cast. As one suspects, the story concerns an ex-convict and his adventures, and is laden with action.—Warner Bros.

Without Warning—AAA—A detective thriller based on Philip Wylie’s story, it contains your interest by its freshness and the capable cast which consists of J. Edward Bromberg, Betty Furness, John Payne, Ivan Leland, et al. Authentic Death Valley locations supply an interesting background.—20th Century-Fox.

Woman in Distress—AAA—May Robson performs in her usual skillful manner in this semi- drama which centers about a lady who is thrown out of an authentic Rembrandts. The plot centers around Miss Robson, the girl who is discovered, with the help of her friends, Irene Hervey and Dean Jagger, newspaper people, to be the owner of an oil well. Of course, there is romance between the oil sister and the gentleman reporter.—Columbia.

Man of the People—AAA—This is built up and around Joseph Callela as an outlet for his dramatic ability, and he doesn’t disappoint. The novelty of it is the Callela plays the role of an attorney instead of his "typical" criminal characterization. It is well handled and Callela is ably assisted by Florence Rice, Thomas Mitchell, Catherine Doucet, et al.—M-G-M.

Woman Wise—AAA—Rochelle Hudson and Michael Whalen add romantic glamour to this opus, which exposes Alan Hale, Jr., as a notable sport of a prize-fight racket. Boy meets girl, when Whalen, a newspaperman, starts a clean-up crusade and Rochelle’s father is one of the victims. It’s well balanced with drama and comedy.—20th Century-Fox.

DANGEROUS NUMBER—AAA—This might have been funnier, but it just misses by a hair. Robert Young and Ann Sothern in the leads do their best to carry the story, but it isn’t enough, not even with the able assistance of Cora Witherspoon and Reginald Owen. Girl from theatre, wed to business man who can’t understand stage people, is the plot—M-G-M.

Don’t Pull Your Punches—AAA—A virile picture whose punch will particularly appeal to male audiences. Professional prize-fighting is the gist of the story, but there is romance supplied by June Travis and Wayne Morris. Barton MacLane is the chief mug who scores in the picture, but not always with his punches.—Warner Bros.

Step Lively, Jeeves—AAA—Arthur Treacher returns as Jeeves again, the famous character originally created by P. G. Wodehouse, now comes as a bogus Earl, which leads to some highly amusing situations. Alan Dinehart, George Groves, The Greek Ambassador. It’s a situation picture, and Robert Kent add considerable interest.—20th Century-Fox.

Park Avenue Logger—AAA—A logging camp is the locale for this, supplying some beautiful shots and an outdoor score. O’Brien is starred cast. It is not a typical “Western” as Mr. O’Brien is a gentleman type in a rough old lumber camp. He has to his dad’s lumber camp to harden up a bit. During the process he falls hard for the daughter of his dad’s victim. You’ll like this—it has plenty of action, attractive backgrounds and comedy.—Hartman—R-K-O.
That horse is in good company—William Gargan, Wendy Barrie and Binnie Barnes—in Breezing Home.

Living Dangerously—AA—A flashback, as the means of unfolding a murder mystery, lends an interesting angle to this English production. Otto Kruger and Francis Lister raise applause for their excellent acting and Miss Leonora Corbett rates mention for her tense courtroom scene. —Gumont-British.

The Mighty Treve—AA—As this is an adaptation of an Albert Payson Terhune original, it is needless to say that the subject is dull—a dog to be precise. Treve is a magnificent collie which together with its orphaned young master are the chief participants in this very moving and, if you read the newspapers, realistic story. —Universal.

The Devil's Playground—AA—A submarine disaster adds excitement to this otherwise not unusual picture which offers Richard Dix, Chester Morris and Dolores Del Rio in the principal parts. A thrilling climax is effected when a trapped crew in a sunken submarine is rescued. Dolores Del Rio adds a bit of naughtiness to this nautical film. —Columbia.

She's Dangerous—AA—The talents of Tala Birell, Walter Pidgeon and Cesar Romero help to make this crime picture fair entertainment. Miss Birel, as Sherlock Holmes in skirts, becomes involved with a gang of bond thieves headed by Romero and is saved in the nick of time by the clever maneuvering of Walter Pidgeon. —Universal.

Counterfeit Lady—AA—This will appeal to Ralph Bellamy fans as it is a product for his thespian abilities. The other interesting feature is the discovery of Joan Perry, a charming girl with a flair for acting. The plot, revolving around jewel swindlers is weak. —Columbia.

Nana Steps Out—AA—"No place like home" is the moral of this story which supplies some amusing incidents. Alice Brady decides to inject some culture in her bourgeois family—Guy Kibbee, papa, and Betty Furness, cardboard—when the family goes on a trip abroad and then the fun begins. Instead of getting cultured they get chiselled—so back to Indiana they go. —MG-M.

Breezing Home—AA—This is done in the interest of clearing up horse races. But, while it peaches it entertaining, evening, Wendy Barrie and Binnie Barnes add considerably to the human touch with which fine horse flesh is usually surrounded. —Universal.

Join the Third Annual Hollywood Tour

Would you like to see Hollywood "inside and out"? See and meet the stars? Visit their homes and the big studios?

You are invited to enjoy these rare pleasures with Fawcett Publications. We are taking two tour parties to Hollywood. The first leaves Chicago July 11; the second on August 8.

Plan your vacation to fit these dates. Two weeks on a traveling "house party" with us will give you a perfectly grand vacation. We circle the West on the Burlington, Northern Pacific, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and the Royal Gorge Route. We see all of the Pacific Coast—not just California alone, but Washington, Oregon and California—all three!

In Hollywood, gates will open to you, if you can join us. Send for our free folder describing the trip. Read it over. Decide for yourself. No obligation on your part whatsoever. Ask questions, please. The very low cost from your home city for the complete two weeks vacation trip will surprise you.

Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it—Roméo and Juliet, a superb production of Shakespeare's immortal love story with Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, John Barrymore and a splendid supporting cast. . . . Lloyd's of London, a distinguished film, lavishly produced, with an interesting cast headed by Freddie Bartholomew, Tyrone Power and Madeleine Carroll.

The Phantom, a colorful picture of the white man's courage to keep the frontier safe from the Injuns during the hectic eighties. Gary Cooper and Joan Arthur are well cast as those historical characters, Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane. . . . Champagne, Peppers, gay, charming, sparkling like a Strauss waltz. But then, the story is about the musical Strauss. Gersh's Sweetheart and Fred MacMurray supply the music and romance, and Vivien and Yolanda the dances. . . . Camille, you can't tire of the beautiful love story of the Lady of the Camellias, nor of the accent Garbo. Robert Taylor as Armand is quite irresistible, but Garbo remains supreme, the Queen of the Cinema. Laura Hope Crews adds zest to this out sad story. You'll be sorry if you miss them!

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
Do you keep tabs on yourself? Most physicians agree that regular habits of elimination and proper diet are best for health and beauty.

If more than one day goes by, give Nature gentle aid by taking Olive Tablets. Originating as the formula of a practicing physician, it has become one of America's best known propietares.

Keep a supply of Olive Tablets always on the bathroom shelf as a reminder to the whole family not to let more than one day go by. Three sizes-15¢-30¢-60¢—At all druggists.

**Olive Tablets**

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Here's a Queer Way to Learn Music!

No teacher—no monotonous exercises or confusing details. Just a simple, easy, home-study method. Takes only a few minutes—averages only a few cents a day. No “grind” or hard work. Every step is clear as crystal—simple as A-B-C throughout. You'll be surprised at your own rapid progress. From the start you are learning real tunes to note. Quickly learn to play “jazz” or classical selections—right at home in your spare time.

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**YOUR QUESTIONS**

**Here are the Answers**

Ask the Cinema Sage

**Gene Autry**—Was born in Tioga, Texas, September 29, 1907. Is five feet ten inches tall, has reddish brown hair and brown eyes. You can reach him at the Republic Studios, 4024 Radiator Ave., No. Hollywood, Calif. (D. D., Council Bluffs, Iowa.)

**Janet Gaynor**—She is interested in music and sings exceptionally well. She loves to swim and swings a mean golf club for a girl of her size. She is five feet tall and weighs 100 pounds, has red gold hair and big brown eyes. Was born in Philadelphia on October 6th. (L. M., Helper, Utah)

**Tom Keene**—He played the part of Abe in Abe’s Irish Rose on the New York stage for seven years. Cecil DeMille saw him and took him to Hollywood for The Godless Girl. He was born in Sleepy Hollow, N. Y., on December 30th. His right name is George Duryea. Is six feet tall and weighs 175 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is Desert Gold. (B. J. D., Oakland, Calif.)

**Alice Faye**—Was born in New York May 5, 1912. That is her real name. She is five-feet-four and one-half inches tall, weighs 111 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Is fond of walking, horseback riding and dancing. Her first picture was George White’s Scandals. You can write her at 20th Century-Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. Don’t forget to enclose a remittance of 25¢ when requesting a photograph. (C. J. K., West View St.)

**Don Ameche**—Is five-feet-eleven and one-half inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Was born in Kenosha, Wis., on May 31st. He married Homore Prendergast on November 26, 1932, and has two sons, Don Jr., two and one-half, and Ronald, just a few months old. You can write to him at 20th Century-Fox, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (M. S., Mount Pleasant, Mich.)

**Loretta Young**—Was born in Salt Lake City on January 6, 1912. Is five-feet-four inches tall, weighs 105 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Her first picture was Naughty but Nice in 1927, and her latest picture is Love Is News. You can write to her at the 20th Century-Fox Studios, at the address given above. (R. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.)

**Fred MacMurray**—Was born August 30, 1908, in Kankakee, Ill. Is six feet three inches tall, weighs 185 pounds, has dark brown hair and brown eyes. He began his career by singing and playing in orchestras. He played in Three’s A Crowd and Roberto on the New York stage. It was in the latter revue that he was noticed by Paramount officials who immediately placed him under contract. (H. M., Montreal, Can.)

**Jane Withers**—She was acclaimed as a radio and stage star at the age of three in her home town, Atlanta, Georgia. She now has a seven-year contract with 20th Century-Fox. Jane was born April 12, 1920. She is four-feet-six-inches tall and weighs 65 pounds. Her hair is straight and dark brown and her eyes are green-grey. (E. S., Trenton, N. J.)

**Jesse Matthews**—Is five-feet-four inches tall and weighs about 114 pounds. She has dark hair and dark brown eyes. She recently scored a hit in GB’s Head Over Heels In Love.

---

Michael Whalen’s increased popularity is keeping him and his sister, Claire, busy answering the stacks of fan mail.

If you want information about a movie star, ask this department. Your answer will appear as soon as space permits its inclusion. Or, if you prefer an immediate personal reply, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your letter to The Cinema Sage, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.
Step Lively and Live!

[Continued from page 44]

by Degas, Renoir, Picasso and the rest, a
real sensuous love. The fire in his soul
leaps from his eyes as he regards the
canvases, and his voice, explaining their
exquisiteness, is the caressing tone of a lover
to his love under a heavy moon. He has al-
ways worshipped beauty. But not always
could he afford its possession. This, though,
didn't prevent him from preparing his ap-
preciation in anticipation of that day when
he would be able to indulge his appetite.

Like a gourmet, shipwrecked, who thinks
up delectable sauces to garnish the viands
he plans to enjoy when rescued, Robinson
haunted the galleries developing an appreci-
ation of art as a wine-taster does of
vintages. When the hour struck he went
out and bought, and bought and bought.
Within a few years he had acquired an art
collection which well might be the pride and
achievement of a lifetime. He did it swift-
ly, surely. He was prepared.

You never have seen Robinson meander
through a movie. Here, too, his life is full,and
his films are full of life. He attacks
each role with all the wiry drive, the virile
alertness which is so much a part of him.

He says:

"They say I'm a slave-driver when I'm
working. I'm afraid they're right. I can't
help it. I'm filled with a passion to create.
I simply can't understand anyone who isn't.
In fact, I don't believe there is a red-blooded
man or woman who isn't imbued with a
creative passion. It shows in the love for
children. It shows in any person who gets
a new job to do. You've heard 'em say
that a new broom sweeps clean. That's the
reason—the passion to create in the new
work. Those who sustain this passion go
on and on to greater creations.

"Too, I feel a responsibility to the world.
I get lots from it. I must give something
back, for without question, the more you
give to life, the more life repays. I have a
responsibility to the people who risk their
wealth in the picture through confidence in
me. I have a responsibility to those who
work with me, and whose success to some
extent, at least, depends upon the success
of the picture. I have a responsibility to
the picture going public which has given
me where I am and counts upon me for enter-
tainment. And, of course, one to myself to
do the best job of which I'm capable.

Don't think, though, that because Robin-
son works like a dynamo when in
the throes of movie-making that he neglects
to play. His handsome home is one of Hol-
lywood's most hospitable, he is a gracious host
and Gladys a skillful chauffeuse. During
production the schedule is pretty much con-
 fined to a home-to-studio, studio-to-home
routine.

But between pictures, or over week-ends,
you may find a group of the Robinson
friends breakfasting in the fountained shade
of the lovely patio on all sorts of delicacies.
Or, in the evening, gather at a table glitter-
ing with brilliant napery, crystal and silver
for a course dinner bespeaking Robinson
the epicure. Recreation-bound Robinson is
likely to be found at the boxing bouts or at
a symphony concert, at a burlesque show or
paying rapt attention to a Reinhardt pro-
duction of, say, a Shakespearian fantasy at
the Hollywood Bowl. His life is all in-
clusive. So is his work. No star has por-
trayed more widely different characters, nor
in so convincing fashion.

One of his greatest characterizations of

QUEST...is completely effective
ON SANITARY NAPKINS

• Why take chances now that complete
  protection is so easily obtainable? The
  makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant
  powder name Quest that positively de-
  stroys all types of napkin and body odors!
• Quest is utterly effective. Even on san-
  itary napkins it makes personal daintiness
  a reality. It prevents perspiration offense;
  assures all-day-long body freshness, yet it
  does not irritate the skin or
clog the pores.
• Try Quest today, for the per-
  sonal daintiness every woman
  treasures. Use this cool, soothing
  powder on sanitary napkins. Also
  after the bath, under arms and for foot
  comfort. Quest is unscented, which means
  it can't interfere with the fragrance of
  lovely perfumes.

And, surprising as it may seem, Quest
costs no more than other kinds . . . only
35c for the large two-ounce can at your
favorite drug counter. Buy it today.

QUEST
FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS
Use it with Kotex

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture 73
INTENSE emotion on the screen, when they carried beyond a certain point will al-
to burlesque, shattering the whole mood of the scene which
the actors were trying to build up. Audiences can not endure
the same degree of emotion in a picture that they can read
in a book, and all scenes of deep love or grief must be
played down below the pitch such emotion would reach in
real life.

Men cry in life more often
than many convention admits, but no man may cry on the screen. James Cagney
did it in Taxi and came to grief with the audience.
Charles Laughton cried in
Henry VIII and his public laughed. Re-
cently, at a showing of Camille there was
loud laughter at the too artless lovelocking
of Garbo and Taylor.
If tragedy must be seen as comedy, let’s have
nothing but comedies. Ridgebush kills
the noblest emotions—Edward T. Mc-
Namaro, 51 Spring Street, Danbury, Conn.

WHO is the greatest male star on the
screen today? The comedian who
brings more sheer joy and happiness into
the lives of men, women and children? It
is none other than Donald Duck! And
yet, I never read a single word of praise
in any movie magazine for this famous
star.

I used to think Mickey Mouse and Pope-
eye were funny—and they are—but neither
one of them can compare with Donald’s
silly “quack, quack” and the ridiculous
escapades in which he indulges himself. In fact,
I get a big kick out of all the cartoon
comedies, but Donald Duck is my favorite
star, with Pop-eye and Mickey Mouse as
my second choice.

Why shouldn’t these animated “stars”
receive as much praise as the live ones,
considering the genius with which his
peculiar artistic skill has created and made
them live on the screen to entertain and amuse
not only the children, but the adults as
well?

I’ve seen some of these cartoons over and
over again and I never have tired of them,
especially Donald Duck!—Roy
Robert
Smith, 115 Sherman, Denver, Colorado.

I’M eighty and I have one hobby—
the movies. And why do I like them?
They open the doors to everything I’ve craved
for and never had . . . . Romance, Travel, Adventure.
In my clothes, I relax in the downy
depths of my choice seat and
enjoy the stories which
are brought to
me—all command
while Lowell Thomas trans-
ports me to those realms that I
shall never see. And Garbo, the
little star, brings the Romance
which eluded me in
real life.

Perchance, I shall carry away the
costumed faces of the public face
of my drab and lonely hours. Again, the golden
notes of a Moore or a MacDonald will fall
like a benediction on my soul. So, a toast to
Filmland and my favorite twosome—Garbo and
Taylor—and I may live to see them to-
gether in many more pictures!—Ellen
Flaherty, 1038 Murdock Ave., Parkers-
burg, W. Va.

CHALLENGING MAE WEST

I USED to admire your cleverness, Miss
West. In those “lean days” when all
girls were boyish, skeletonized and
shy, Mae was smart of you to play
Dumpty, hungering eye of man a treat.
Your generous curves burst
upon masculine sight as a glorious
vision from a man’s
dream of Heaven.
Today, however, I am wondering
about you. You seem out of
step with the procession, and dis-
tinctly not ahead of it. All the
girls are going soft and
silly again, so the men have an
inexplicable.
Why are you retaining your hard-nibbed manner
and the corner-of-the-mouth talking?

Turn dovetail, Miss West, in both
disposition and physique. Let Doris
Nyman and are slimmer in softness.
Coo with your curves and
men will love you forever.—Florence Lyon,
Old Lebanon Road, Lewiston, Maine.

HOWSABOUT IT, EXHIBITORS?

WHEN Hollywood realizes it’s losing
millions because seven year old
Johnny can’t sleep after seeing
The Crusades, and thirty year old papa
and mama are bored to tears earning
money, maybe somebody will take a cue
from churches and provide separate
simultaneous entertainment for parents and children.

When we attended the Junior
exhibitor is no longer
required to sit on a hard pew
and tear up the song books while
Dr. Blank discusses subjects beyond
his comprehension.
No indeed! He goes to a room
revelant with sandboxes, picture books
and music, where he worships
according to the dictates of his own intelligence.
If churches can provide this arrangement, why
can’t theatres? While parents resemble
majestic drama in one auditorium,
let Junior sit in an adjoining room,
where he thrills to pictures
produced exclusively for children.
A reward to the exhibitor who opens
the first Picture Show Nursery.—Mrs.
Chetser Adams, 7721 19th N. E., Seattle,
Wash.

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players
may win money for you! Three prizes—
$10, $5 and $2.50 each for addi-
tional letters printed—are awarded
every month for the best letters received.
Nineteen letters printed, one for

each of the, duplicates will be
awarded. And remember: no letter over
one hundred and six words in length will
be considered! Address your entries to
Flaherty Page, THE PICTURE, 1591
Broadway, New York City.
Step Lively and Live

(Continued from page 73)

course, was that of Little Caesar. Of it he says, "Little Caesar in real life could quite probably appear as a bore, a dull, stupid guy. As such he possesses no dramatic interest. But within him there was more. And in my interpretation of him, I tried to show the Little Caesar that exists a little bit in all of us. That, I think, is what made him interesting and understandable. I enjoyed taking a character like that by the hand, to say, and telling to those who come to see the picture, 'Here is the kind of fellow he really is!'"

In this picture just completed, Thunder in the City, Robinson is an American ballyhoo artist who tries high-pressure promotion on a conservative English group with hilarious consequences. Originally budgeted around $350,000, the allotment was increased to twice that sum in an enthusiasm on the part of the producers to make the picture bigger and better. With his accustomed liveliness, the star went to work with a vengeance. Not only does he portray the leading character, but has a hand in the story, the supervision of production and the direction.

Now, for Warner Brothers, he plays the part of a fighter's manager in Kid Galahad, in which he tops an all-star cast including Bette Davis, Pat O'Brien and Humphrey Bogart. This complete, at least three more await him on the Warner lot for the present year, each reported more exciting than its predecessor. There is still the chance that Robinson will return to the Theatre Guild, to which he gave so many triumphs, for a Fall play. But this would be only an adventure, another experience in a full life, for the star has the highest confidence in the screen as a universal medium of expression. He says:

"I have just returned from abroad where I visited such cities as London, Paris and Copenhagen, each different from the other, and each, indeed, representative of a different type of culture and inhabited by a different variety of humanity. The same pictures were playing in all of them, and French, English and Danish audiences were laughing and crying at the same things which bring a smile and sob to the moviegoers in New York, Hollywood, or any place. Human emotions are the same the world over, and while difference in language may be a barrier to understanding and interchange of ideas between people, pictures are understood by all. This is proof enough of the essential brotherhood of all mankind, and it may turn out that the movies will prove to be the force that saves the world from itself by bringing understanding to all.

"History shows that the theatre has been a greater agency for reformation, for the battling of evil, than even literature. And this for the simple reason that men who might not be able to read could still understand the play. This being true, imagine the power of the motion picture, which reaches millions where the stage takes its message to hundreds."

"The screen is one of the most important of the modern miracles which we take so lightly because of familiarity. Almost within memory men have been burned as witches for less pernicious magic than the movies, the telephone, radio, aeroplanes, and all the other discoveries of this marvelous age we live in and take so much for granted. With these things coming into our lives every day, this is certainly a time to 'step lively' and to keep abreast of the times."

WINNER!

"All My Friends Tell Me How Nice I Look (since I've been using Marchand's)", says Grace Holiday, Covington, Ky.

PICTURED above is charming Miss Holiday, MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest winner for March. A most popular girl in Covington, Miss Holiday would be popular anywhere.

She is lovely, is she not? And a great part of her loveliness she will tell you, is due to Marchand's. Only with Marchand's Gold Wash, can you obtain the naturally soft, golden hair which so freshens and brightens your whole appearance.

BLONDES-It's easy to have your hair the popular golden shade. Rinse dark, faded or streaked hair with Marchand's Gold Wash. Keeps your hair sunny, bright and lustrous.

BRUNETTES - Sparkling hair brightens your whole appearance. Add glowing highlights to your hair with Marchand's. Or, using Marchand's full strength, you can obtain naturally golden blonde hair.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES-To have soft, smooth arms and legs you do not have to risk 'superfluous' hair removal. Women everywhere now use Marchand's Gold Hair Wash to make "superfluous" hair unnoticeable. Invisible even through sheerest stockings!

Start using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash for beautiful hair—for smooth arms and legs—Today. Buy a bottle now at your druggist's.

WANT TO WIN A FREE VISIT TO NEW YORK?

For details see folder inside your package of Marchand's Gold Wash. Ask your druggist. Or use 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 __________________________

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
WHERE THERE'S WINX
THERE'S ROMANCE

Eyes that men adore! Eyes that say "come hither, I'm a girl you'd love to know better" . . . these are eyes that have been made lovely by WINX eye beautifiers. It is so easy to use WINX Mascara, and it makes your lashes long, dark and lustrous in a charming natural way. WINX comes in solid, creamy or liquid form—it is harmless, non-smar ting and tearproof.

Try the other WINX wonder-workers too! WINX Eyebrow Pencil instantly beautifies thin or uneven eyebrows; makes them graceful and expressive. A touch of WINX Eye Shadow, gently applied to the eyelids, intensifies the color of your eyes, giving them a new and glamorous sparkle.

Start today to make your eyes more fascinating! You will find WINX eye beautifiers in drug, department and 5 and 10 cent stores.

WINX Eye Beautifiers

Girls! Get This Free Art Test

If you like to draw, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion, free, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

Publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Design and color influence the sale of most things we buy. Industry needs artists. Girls earn as much as men. Many Federal trained artists earn from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly. Many famous artists contributed exclusive illustrated lessons to our courses. If you have talent train at home. This may be your surest way to success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments. Get free Art Test and Book describing opportunities in art, State age and occupation. Write today.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
4467 Federal Schools Building
Minneapolis, Minnesota

"If I Were Queen"—Myrna Loy

(Continued from page 31)

She would want the realm to be as lovely and as snug as Bill Powell's playroom. That might be a bit difficult to accomplish, but . . . she could call on practically anybody to help her. And would she ever be amusing (and a change!) to be lazy.

In an ideal realm, Bill would be the ideal man for Prime Minister. He may not look much like a minister, but he certainly is in his prime, sharp-witted, and smooth-tongued. Dignified, but not dull. Persuasive, but not pompous. And no headwaiter can look more elegant in white tie and tails. Where is the statesman, here or abroad, who could make him out—or get one jump ahead of him?

She might rather like to have Earl E. Freeman as Lord High Chancellor. As Yuma's "marrying justice," he'd get in the habit of judging movie stars at a glance. This office would give him a chance to check up on his middle-of-the-night first impressions. If he'd talk afterward, he ought to be an interesting member of the Cabinet.

Her candidate for Chancellor of the Exchequer might be Adrian. Dealing with figures would be right in his line. He understands them; he knows what to do with them. No matter what else be, he could always make it look better. He would be one man whose designs would be the right kind.

CLARK GABLE should make a good Home Secretary. Heaven only knows what a Home Secretary is supposed to do, but she could have Clark visit all the homes in the realm (between pictures), to find out if everybody was happy. No woman would leave him out on the doorstep, like a brush salesman. No woman would resent his asking if he could help her. And no man would resent him, either—although a man might come home from work one day and find Clark was there.

There wouldn't be any Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Or Home Affairs, either. Those titles would be too ambiguous. But the realm might be able to use a Secretary for Love Affairs. And Mrs. Winchell's little boy, Walter, could be it.

There being so few queens left abroad to pick possible fights with, she wouldn't need a War Secretary. But, Hollywood, being Hollywood, a Secretary of Peace might come in handy. Francis Lederer believes that peace among all nationalities is possible. She might give him a chance to prove it. Hollywood has them all.

A First Lord of the Admiralty would be necessary if she ever did invade the South Seas. (Offhand, could she think of a place she would rather invade, when she had the time?) And Spencer Tracy probably would have the first bid for the post. He used to be in the Navy, and he has a boat.

The Minister of Labor would probably be someone assistant director. No one else could possibly have the same experience in persuading all kinds of people, from stars to prop boys, to get to work.

Will Hays always has been a minister-General once, might be one again. But Robert Taylor has possibilities, too. The prospect of Taylor playing Post Office would have box-office appeal in any realm. Even the realm of fancy.

Then there would be the peerage to think
about. Myrna would probably change the requirements for winning titles. You couldn’t have one just because your father had one. You’d have to earn it, yourself. And she would have titles for women, too. No woman could get a title simply by getting a man—even if he was hard to get.

THE noblest of the nobility are the Dukes and Duchesses. It oughtn’t to be too easy to become one. You ought to have to be among the ten best actors or actresses in the realm—performance after performance. Paul Muni could have a dukedom, if he wanted one. And Luise Rainer could be a Duchess, if Clifford Odets were willing.

Marquis and Marquise are fancy titles. The requirements ought to be something fancy. Clothes, maybe. The ten smoothest Beau Brummels could be Marquis; the ten best-dressed women, Marquises. Even if Hollywood became a monarchy, Constance Bennett could still keep her present title. And Joan might win one.

The couples who are happily married never get any publicity. They never get any credit. They deserve recognition. Maybe there ought to be one title that couldn’t be obtained in any way except by marriage. Make the honeymoon last ten years, in Hollywood, and you ought to be entitled to the titles of Viscount and Viscountess, at the very least. The Cagney, the Gleasons, the Lloyds would be among the eligibles. (“And, by the way, when a couple married, they’d have a chance to go off on a honeymoon.”)

THE ten highest-paid male stars ought to have a title all their own. Baron, maybe—because their bank accounts are so “open” after they pay their income taxes. And the ten highest-paid female stars could be Baronesses—because they have to spend even more than the men, with wardrobes added to taxes.

The realm would have free speech. But rumors would be illegal. (“I might issue a ukase or two, on occasion, to the effect that rumour and malice can be synony-
mous. And expect to hear no more from the columnists.”)

There wouldn’t be any politics-playing. It would be against the law to invite someone to a party because he might do a favor for you some day. Cocktail parties would be for fun. So would Sunday evening buffet suppers.

And there could be a nice, juicy, special punishment for people who took themselves too, too seriously. Cells lined with mirrors, and surrounded with phonographs just out of reach, all playing records of other people laughing. That ought to cure them.

Then, there should be a law that nobody could pose except when having photographs taken. Everybody would have to be himself—without temperamental brouhahas. It wouldn’t be fair, especially if you were a vegetarian, to bite the hand that fed you.

Myrna might have a special use for page boys. She could have them stand outside theatres with their trumpets, toot-
ing at regular intervals, letting people know just how good the pictures were. Five toots for a 5-star picture, and one toot for a one-star picture. After a while, all pictures might become so good that there wouldn’t be need for bank nights.

Just then an assistant director—a potential Minister of Labor—summoned Myrna back.

“How did we do?” asked her all-too-willing courtiers.

“I couldn’t do without you,” she said, smiling. “—if I were Queen.”

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**WELCOME AS SPRING—**

---are these luxurious new coaches—and lowest of all low fares!

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**PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES**

Cleveland, O.—E. 9th & Superior
Philadelphia, Pa.—Broad St. Station
New York City—245 W. 50th St.
Chicago, III.—12th & Wabash
San Francisco, Cal.—Fine & Battery Sts.
P. Worth, Tex.—805 Commerce St.
Charleston, W. Va.—1100 Kan-
awha Valley Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.—509 Sixth Ave., N.
Boston, Mass.—222 Boylston St.
Washington D. C.—1403 New York Ave., N. W.
Detroit, Mich.—Washington Blvd.
at Grand River St.
St. Louis, Mo.—Broadway & Del-
gran Blvd.
Memphis, Tenn.—146 Union Ave.
New Orleans, La.—400 N. Rampart St.
Cincinnati, O.—630 Walnut St.
Lexington, Ky.—801 N. Limestone
Richmond, Va.—412 E. Broad St.
Windsor, Ont.—1004 Security Bldg.
London, England—A. B. Reyn-
oldson—49 Leadenhall St.

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**IT IS natural** for a Greyhound advertisement to talk about Spring—because only Greyhound travel, following the great main highways, is chummy with the first green flush of the new season—familiar with bursting buds, fresh furrows, early song birds.

But that’s not all! Welcome as bright skies are the amazing new Super-Coaches now operated by Greyhound throughout America. Passengers say that they are utterly above comparison, for smooth riding, deep-cushioned comfort, freedom from vibration and noise.

You’d think that such modern and costly equipment would mean higher fares. To the contrary, no Spring in travel history has seen such low ticket cost per mile!

---

A Smooth, Relaxed Ride—in the New Super-Coach

Cany armchairs adjacent to 4 positions—soft light glows from frosted tubing—ample, controlled heat for cold days. Baggage car-
rried underneath, in locked compartments.

---

**BRIGHT NEW PICTORIAL BOOKLET, “THIS AMAZING AMERICA”—FREE**

Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound Information office (listed above) for entertaining pictorial booklet showing 140 strange and unbelievable places throughout America. Title: “This Amazing America”—and it lives up to its name! If you want low rates, suggested routes, and any other travel information, jot down name of place you wish to visit on margin below.

Name
Address

---

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture

77
A Frenchman's "I" for Beauty

(Continued from page 59)

remember having seen a very beautiful French woman at an elaborate formal dance, wearing a silk skirt, with her hair tinted to match. It was charming, then, but how awful it would be during the day!

Men are conservative at heart, you see! They may tell you that you look cute in slacks, but they'd be embarrassed to death, having to escort you into a nice restaurant if you were wearing them.

"Which color do you consider more important-the grooming of a woman's hair or the style in which it is worn?" I asked.

"Well, you see-I'm a dog lover...." Fernand replied.

"A dog lover?" I gasped, feeling that I was rapidly losing control of the situation.

"Yes," he answered. "Anyone who raises dogs knows that the cleanliness and sleekness of a dog's coat is an indication of his breeding and vitality and the care bestowed on him. Naturally, I think well-cared-for hair is of major importance, in a man or a woman, too."

It had never occurred to me, but there seemed something familiar to it. Frequent shampoos and daily brushing are in order for you and Fido both!

It is probably well for the future of the race that American girls are so athletic; but Fernand sees no other advantage in it. . . Athletics can be carried so far that womanly charm vanishes for real. There's this business of playing so hard at games that a girl gets red and sticky. . . There's the danger of over-developing leg and arm muscles. And if a woman is worn so as often unbecoming to the feminine figure, thinks Gravet. . . He dislikes ski pants on a woman, and riding habits aren't much better. These outfits are all right for men who are slim-hipped and flat of thigh, but they don't do much for a woman's figure.

He's right, too. I wouldn't want to revert to Victoria's blue clothes. And women, it seems, have had to go around swathed in ruffles; but I do think the things of today should be careful to use rear-view mirrors when they select slacks, shorts, riding clothes or ski suits. The person who started the custom of trousers for men and skirts for women, in the dim past, knew human anatomy pretty well. . . There's nothing funnier looking than a college boy dressed in women's clothes for his part in the student musical show, is there? It's just possible that we shall look quite as ridiculous in tight riding-breeches! Well—it's something to think about, anyway.

Another bit of grooming neglect that doesn't improve a girl's standing with men is the habit of suntanning and then not using a darker make-up to match. Gravet believes. The lady in the sketch offers an allied example of something that annoys men—she's made no attempt to cover the un-tanned areas that was protected by her bathing-robe and make all skin exposed to the public view smooth, uniform color, there is a special liquid powder, straight from Hollywood, that comes in loose shades. It will blend the tone of your arms, neck and back with that of your face, and also impart a delicate finish. . . I've used it as an invisible shield against sunburn and freckles, and found it most effective. If you want to start the summer right, do send for the name of this dollar product.

Kidneys Must 
Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out Acids and poisons wastes in your blood thru 9 million tiny, delicate Kidney tubes or filters, but here and there in the long, narrow tubes, the poisons can accumulate. If functional Kidney or Bladder disorders make you suffer from Getting Up Nightly, Dutchman's0 Backache, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Rheumatic Pains, Acidity, Blisters or Itching, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription called Cystex, $19,000.80 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, California, guarantee that cysts must bring new vitality in 24 hours and make you feel you're younger by the week or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your largest for guaranteed Cystex (Bliss-text) today.
M Graves has noticed that lipstick with a greasy, coated look begins to smear, after the soup course, spoiling the prettiest gal's charm. That's sometimes the fault of the lipstick, of course, sometimes the careless way it's applied. Do write to me for the name of a lipstick that would stay on all the way through a Roman banquet. . . . It's a lovely color, suitable for blondes or brunettes, and "strong" enough to "stand up" under electric lights. Apply it generously, then outline the edges with a lip brush, let the color set, and bite on a bit of tissue. Result? Your lips look smooth and fine-textured, not greasy, and you can forget about them for the rest of the evening. This lipstick costs only $1 and is sold widely.

No matter how pretty a girl's ankles, they don't attract him if there's a shadow of a wrinkle in her hose, Fernand says.

Now there's only one way to be sure your hose look like a second skin at all times, and that is to wear a girdle with supporters. I thought elastic garters went out with that horrible below-the-knee roll: but judging from the number of sloppy socks I see trudging along the street, there must be some of them left.

If you refuse to wear a girdle because you're just a witch, don't be fooled! A girdle will streamline your bony angles, making your clothes look heaps better. If you refuse because you think they're uncomfortable, then you're never worn the new type girdle made of elastic net! This whiff of nothing is made by a well-known and reputable manufacturer, and although it doesn't look as durable as a chiffon handkerchief, it will last and last, launder and launder. It gives your curves just the right amount of restraint and streamlining, feels like a glove and keeps your hose looking like a lady's. Price is moderate, size and color range wide. Want the name?

Fernand, sophisticated Continental that he is, likes to see colored nail polish on a woman's hands. It makes them more dramatic, seems to glorify the shape and size of the hands, he believes. All he asks is that it harmonize instead of clash with the frock worn, and show no signs of chipping. There is an inexpensive but lasting polish on the market that comes in three new "nifty" shades. . . . The palest is a rose-beige that goes well with browns, green and that high favorite for Spring—Beige; there's a medium rose shade that looks grand with blue and grey, always popular Spring shades, and a lively cherry-tined lacquer that is perfect with black, white and evening pastels. You can buy all three for 60 cents, for they're only 20 cents a bottle. I'll be happy to furnish the name.

Fernand likes the way American girls keep their hair done in crisp, bouncy curls at the neckline. It's a flattering, feminine style and much nicer than a cropped effect, he thinks. I agree with him, provided the curls are crisp and neat, and not bedraggled. It's not difficult to keep them neat, if you put them up every other night on comfortable curlers, . . . I've just discovered some that come in such a variety of lengths and thicknesses that they can cope with any texture or length of hair—from tiny wisps to thick strands. . . . They're of light, perforated metal (for quicker drying) and fastened together by means of a little red ball that slips into one end of the hollow tube. Ridiculously cheap at a few pennies. A stamped envelope will bring you the name and, incidentally, any other information you want on how to improve your looks!

My day couldn't have been More Perfect!

. . . yet it might easily have been spoiled but for the 3-WAY PROTECTION of Kotex

1. Can't Chafe

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2. Can't Fail

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

3. Can't Show

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 Types of Kotex

All at the Same Low Price

Regular, Junior and Super—lot different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX
A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

Shopping with Sue
Dinner Downtown

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
A HUNTER You Will Go

[Continued from page 46]

getting anything. There was only one real opportunity that I knew of, and that was to accept a partnership in a sheep-ranching venture in Australia. This had come about through a buddy of mine in the trenches. Then, luckily, I met my brother, and with-out knowing it he helped me make up my mind about my future.

"Yes, that does sound rather odd, doesn't it? "I met my brother"—just as though I had never been introduced to him before. But that's precisely the way it was, I assure you. You'll remember there were seven in the family (I was the seventh)—were raised in Capetown, South Africa, but when I was still just a baby my older brother, Kenneth, had struck out on his own. He became an actor; he acted in England for a while, and then went to America. And he was still in America when I went to England during the early part of the war years. After the war he came back, and I returned from the front, and so you see, that really was the first time we had ever been together."

"I remember I walked into the house and Mother said, 'Ian, I want you to meet your brother,' and we shook hands—all just as formally as if it were a while we got to talking and I could see that he had fared well on the stage and I realized then that a stage career might be my salvation."

I didn't tell any of them any plans that night, but the next day I applied at a theatrical office.

"I suppose it's undramatic to say that I walked out with a job... I suppose it would be a better story if I told you that it took months and months of starvation before I got anything... but that's the way it happened. I did get a job right then and there. Of course it wasn't much of a job, as parts or salary go, but it was a start. I received five pounds a week, and I played fifteen characters, all in the same play... just bits. Walk on, and horses' hooves off, mostly, and a few sailors and passers thrown in. The five pounds wasn't much to live on, but I managed to get along."

"Oh, yes, I had to be on my own all right. The family never really had much money... it was different in Cape-town, but that was before my father died. My mother was a very successful woman and we had the usual advantages offered children in English colonies... good schooling, and a pleasant social life. Only I never cared very much for either. I spent all my time hanging around the water, watching the Malay fishermen, learning about their lives and delving into their lives. They were much more interesting to me than anything the colony had to offer and I had a passion for boats."

"Of course, anyone who has a boat mania also has a lot of wanderlust and devil-may-care in him, and I guess I am no exception. During those early years of my career on the stage I naturally progressed to better parts and bigger salaries, but I'm sure that I would have progressed much faster if I hadn't always banked to spend every pound of pounds, the instant I had saved it. I was always running off to Scotland, or Ireland, and sometimes I'd be away months at a time—when I should have been on a play."

"Another thing, unless I was personally interested in a play, personally thought it good, I always found excuses for not doing it. Of course I didn't have any business..."
being as choosy as all that—in a long career I have to do the good plays as well as the bad—but, unfortunately, I was never very good at donkey work; a lazy happy-go-lucky life was always more appealing.

"After I married, though, it was a little different... I buckled down. My wife was an actress, too—which helped, because that gave me a double interest in the theatre. Her professional name was Casha Pringle, and we did a number of plays together. In fact we met in one, Spring 1906... No, this was a telephone number," and Ian smiled his nice crinkly-eyed smile. "At least in this case it was meant as the Spring of the year, 1906... but I understand though, that in New York or Paris the telephone number of the city jail or some such place! Oh yes, it was a romance from the word go. That was over twelve years ago... and we're still married and still happy.

"She gave up her career about four years ago... she just decided she'd rather spend all her time with the boys. We have two of them you know, and I think it was a good decision. After all, children grow up so fast and what's the use of having them if you can't care for them yourself? I never realized how much they meant to me, every hour, every day, until they signed me to come to Hollywood for pictures. They brought Casha and I came alone and left them in England. I only had a one-picture contract then, so it seemed the best thing, but the minute I signed up for a long term, we sent for them. Still, contract or no, I'd never do that again. It was too long and there were too many miles between us."

IT'S strange... usually when an actor owns up to a wife and two children he loses some of his charm, some of his allure, for the feminine fans. But in Ian's case it's quite the opposite. His feeling for his family is quite in keeping with the rest of his character—tender, protective, sympathetic. You'd expect a man with as much stability and sincerity to have a family... and his home-happiness is doubled one of the things which has enriched his personality.

Still, though, he owns up to them in print, the members of Ian's family never obviously turn up to him around the studio... that is, his wife seldom visits him on the set, as many movie wives do; his boys never make a nuisance of themselves barging in to have luncheon with him in the studio dining room. Ian's work is all very professional and remote from his private life, as it should be. In the same way his private life is not spent in mixing with Hollywood's "professional" society. The Hunters live at the beach, at Santa Monica, all the year round. They swim, play tennis, go horseback riding, and boating... all very athletic and very English... and they entertain very little. Long evenings at home, around a strong fire, with good books to read—this is the most they do.

While Ian pretends that his career isn't of vital importance, that being an actor holds no great or overwhelming glamour, however, director Archie Mayo put another light on it, and in so doing paid him a most unusual compliment: "Ian is one of the few really workmanlike actors I've ever known... and the most modest," he said. "He's the only actor I know who ever bothers to look at other actors' rushes—most of them only want to know how their rushes are done—Ian wants to know how the picture is doing, too, and that is unheard of in this town! Interest and sincerity in the ninth degree—it's the thing that will get him right to the top in Hollywood!"

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**NO SKINNY WOMAN HAS AN OUNCE OF SEX APPEAL**

**NEW "7-POWER" YEAST TABLETS GIVE THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS. IN A FEW WEEKS!**

THOUSANDS of skinny people who never could gain before have quickly put on pounds of solid, permanently attractive mass with these new "7-POWER" Ironized Yeast Tablets. Not only that, but they've gained actually lovely color, new pep, new friends and popularity—in almost no time! Scientists recently discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building food good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of this marvelous Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-POWER" Ironized Yeast Tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are essential. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny lurches round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon your feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we are now making this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at one, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new food on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with every first package—money refunded. At all drugstores.

Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 284, Atlanta, Ga.

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When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture 81
weaknesses. Not to be morbidly introspective, but in an effort to overcome them. When I was in high-school, for example, I realized for the first time that I was over-"nervous. So I looked for something that was foreign to my nature—entered a public speaking contest, simply because the thought of facing an audience frightened me to death. I was so scared that I wouldn't let my father and mother come. The five minutes before I went on was an eternity of terror. If I could have done it without disguising myself, I'd have run away. But once I was on, I found that it wasn't so bad—that your imagination can do worse things to you than any fact. And it felt pretty good when the principal told me next day I'd won honorable mention.

"Not that it's easy for me even today to face an audience. But if I hadn't found the courage to do it, I might never have found the courage to do it at all. Now, at personal appearances, I play a little game with myself. I tell myself: 'They wouldn't be out there if they didn't have some friendly interest in you.' And as I walk out, I pretend I'm not in a theatre but in my home, entertaining a group of friends. It seems to work all right. It is cited by the fact that a recent two weeks' engagement was extended to three months.

NOT until lack of funds interfered with his boyhood dream of being a doctor, did he give any thought to earning a living with his voice. It was an asset that neither he nor anyone who had taken seen-ingly—nor even the old ladies of Gainesville, Texas, who would stop him on the street to say: 'We all enjoyed your singing at the school last night. You have a mighty pretty voice, John.'

His father knew little about voices, but he knew and respected his son. And when John told him that he wanted to go to New York to study singing, his father said: "If that's what you want to do, go ahead and do it," and advanced him $600 to start with.

Even then he had no fixed plan beyond a summer's study. "But I was Scotch enough to be practical and Irish enough to be optimistic. The Irishman in me felt: 'There's always something around the corner.' The Scotsman said: "It's up to you to get round that corner, and grab what's waiting.' In other words, I believed that the Lord helps those who help themselves. I still believe it. For some reason, even as a boy, I felt an active fear of destitution. I wanted to make money, not for power or possessions, but because of the independence money brings. So I went to New York with no more definite idea than to keep my eyes and ears peeled for opportunity."

At the end of the money gone, his singing teacher asked him: "What are you going to do this winter?"
"I don't know."
"How would you like to teach French and music in a Glen's Falls high-school?"
"It would be a godsend."

During his two years in Glen's Falls, he acted as business manager for his teacher. His business instinct developed. Or, differently put, he began more and more consciously to live by the rule that the Lord helps them who help themselves. He conceived and put through the idea of organizing a group of fifty students for a year's study of music abroad, in return for which he got the trip and his own tuition free.
LANDING back in New York broke, he walked the streets of Broadway and sang for every producer in the business. "What's your experience?" they asked. "None," he answered. "No experience, no job," they said in effect. How to help himself now? There seemed only one way, and he took it. "I manufactured myself some experience, and when the next producer barked, 'What have you done?' I told him, moving it far enough west so he couldn't check on it."

That did the trick. He was signed for the romantic lead in what proved to be the season's musical hit, Little Jessie James, with Miriam Hopkins playing the ingenue. He was so green that he didn't know up-stage from down. "Here's where you walk upstage," said the director, and Boles promptly marched himself down to the footlights.

He screwed his courage to the sticking point, stopped thinking, and walked out on his opening night in a daze, much as he'd walked out to the high-school platform for his public speaking contest. This time he won more than honorable mention, but he still couldn't take it in. Some two weeks later he woke up to the fact that he, John Boles, the boy with the "pretty voice" from Galveston, Texas, was singing hit songs in a hit show on Broadway. That night they almost had to carry him out.

Gloria Swanson spotted him in a trifle called Kitty's Kisses, and engaged him for pictures. Boles' faith in his strength was the strength of his personality, for this was still in the silent days and his voice cut no ice. But sound was already in the air. A technician took Boles into a projection room to hear "one of those new talking pictures," and when he came out, he knew what was waiting around the next corner, and prepared to meet it.

In those days they had atmosphere orchestras on the sets, playing Hearts and Flowers to help the heroine squeeze out a tear or two. "I made it a point," says Boles, "to be where the orchestra was, and between scenes I'd entertain whoever happened to be standing around with a song or two. I like to sing and I like to entertain my fellowmen, but I'm frank to admit that it wasn't pure love of either that prompted my warblings."

It wasn't long after that Roy Del Ruth was hunting a singing lead for The Desert Song. He finally signed Boles. "What I like about the guy," said the ordinarily taciturn Mr. Del Ruth in the longest speech he has ever been known to make, "is that he hasn't got forty thousand agents prancing around, telling people how good he is. I heard about him from the fellows who'd worked on his sets—prop-men, electricians, who hadn't any axe to grind." Mr. Boles grinned, and let it go at that.

HE DOESN'T know yet whether he's to sing in his next picture. "It's up to Universal," he said. "If they want me to sing, I'd love it. If not, I can always sing for myself!" I thought I detected a shade of wistfulness in his voice, but he refused to go beyond the smiling admission that he "might be disappointed if they didn't let me sing once in a while." His fans would certainly be disappointed, if his recent tour is any criterion.

From Texas to Canada their first question was the same. "When are you going to sing again on the screen?" Apart from his voice, his appeal lies in an impression of combined gentleness and strength. I once heard a girl sum it up this way: "I'd like to put my head on his shoulder and tell him all my troubles. Just a look at his face makes me feel he could magic them away."

LOVELY
JOAN BENNETT
STAR IN PARAMOUNT PICTURES

CHOSEN BY
THE STARS

The Heart of Your Hose

These magnified sections show what gives ADMIRATION COSTUME HOISERY its superiority. On the right is the beauty of twisted silk used in ordinary hoisery, on the left is the added beauty of our secret process. This gives longer wear and added beauty. ADMIRATION COSTUME HOISERY fits every leg and ankle perfectly and never twists or gets out of shape.

ARE YOU KEEPING UP WITH THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER?

In the pages of MOTION PICTURE are the liveliest, brightest, newest items of the movie stars and the town they live in—Hollywood. The TATTLER'S column of the goings-on among the celebrities appears every month. If the magazine carried nothing else the TATTLER would be worth the price (10c) at any newsstand. The TATTLER is a man-about-town who sees all, hears all—but only tells the things that will interest you. Read MOTION PICTURE—and keep up with the TALKIE TOWN TATTLER.
Getting Away From BETTE DAVIS
[continued from page 33]

out a lot of coins, mumbling queer terms like 'two bob, two an' thruppence' and so on, and finally handed it to Ham. 'Er's yer change, guv'nor, and Ham, and Ham, don't look at it and put it in his pocket, after giving the cabbey a tip. And so we went upstairs.

'I noticed Ham was quiet as we went to bed. I turned out the lights, and there wasn't a sound from his side of the room. I reasoned he'd gotten pretty tired, and was last asleep already, and told him to start to sleep. And then, all of a sudden, out of the silence and the darkness from Ham's side of the room came a blinding fulmination: 'Why, the blankey-blank-blank!—I'm short-changed me two shillings!'

'It had taken poor Ham a full hour-and-a-half to figure it all out, but his New England financial conscience wouldn't let him go to sleep until he had. And all the rest of our stay in London, Ham kept looking for that same cabbey—but he never found him again.'

IF ALL you know is what you read in the papers, as grand old Will Rogers used to say, then you might have an idea that Bette did nothing at all in England but go to court, and give out introductions. But the truth is that she and Ham managed to bow away one grand lot of fun.

Like a couple of school-kids on a holiday, they tramped to the darkest places—to London's "Coney Island"; to Convent Garden market; to the Lancashire back-country; to a hundred-and-one places that the usual tourists don't go to. For the first time in years, got away from Bette Davis.

"I was able to feel, in England, more often than I am able, that I had left my movie identity behind. The English, once you are out of London, have that ineradicable English reserve. Even if they do recognize you, they don't crowd you. And I was able to have fun and go where I wished and do as I pleased without being surrounded by autograph-hunters and curiosity-seekers."

She went to Lancashire because she had always wanted to hear the famous Lancashire dialect spoken as is. With a couple of friends, she went to an old English pub there, hoping that some men of the countryside would come in and start talking. Finally, after a few hours of waiting, pretty good old English ale, in tallied one of those pictures-from-Punch characters. Bette leaped at him with a whoop of joy, and nearly scared the old man's head off.

"I'm an American," she cried, "and I want to hear a Lancashireman talk. Come and talk with me."

And that, she admits, was a darn fool trick. "It just shut him up like a clam," she whopped, "and it took so much ale to loosen his tongue again, that by the time he really got to talking to me, his Lancashire tongue was so thick that I couldn't understand a word he said!"

There's a hotel clerk at an English seaside resort who still doesn't believe that the twice lady whom he stopped at his place were Americans. Bette and Ham had gone there for a week-end, and when they registered, the clerk inquired:

"My wife, sir?"

"We are Americans," replied Bette, in that carefully modulated, cultivated voice of hers.

"But really, I say, you can't be Umm-diddie's, y'know!"

"Why not?" demanded Bette. "Because, after all, you don't talk like Umm-diddie's. ALL Umm-diddie's talk like this—(and then he screwed his mouth over to one side, and twanged through his nose: 'Well, I guess it's a Swell day, ain't it, pard?')"

Bette and Ham went into gales of laughter.

"But we are Americans," she finally declared, "and all Americans don't talk like that."

But the clerk merely smiled superciliously, and when they left, he was still convinced that Bette and Ham were a couple of Britshers, spoofing him a bit.

"You know, I think the most unpopular activity I carried on over there was my one-girl campaign to make them change their monetary system. I couldn't learn their system, so I insisted on converting to American. But they're still unconvinced. Ah, me!"

DESPITE her kidding, Bette really admires the British system. She came away with a vast respect for them. For their reserve; for their dignity; for their friendliness.

Friendliness, yes. It doesn't seem so at first, but it's there. You've got to get past the reserve, first. During the trial of my suit, I had away in a little out-of-London hotel for a while, for rest, and course everybody there knew who I was. In America, I would have been surrounded by questioners, self-appointed tour guides, all kinder.

But do you know that I sat there in that hotel lobby, and dining-room, and porches for three solid weeks, all alone, without a stroll to me or even a glance at me? I felt like a pariah, and thought I was being snubbed because of the publicity, or something. But all of a sudden, as though a probationary period had ended, the reserve vanished— and I found myself in as warm and as friendly a circle of real friends as anyone could ask. Let them thaw out their own reserve, and they are lovely. But if I had made the first move to approach any of them—the ice would have been all over England."

In the shops, too, she found a friendliness and a camaraderie that is lacking in America. Shopkeepers and clerks— "clarks"—show an amazing solicitude for patrons' likes and feelings. "Why—horrible as it is to admit it, Ham had a bit of a hangover one day," Bette gurgled. "So, we went into a chemists' shop (they don't call them drugstores, you know) and Ham asked the clerk for something to fix him up.

"To fix you up, sir?" asked the "clark," bewildered at the term. So Ham explained, in basic English, that he'd had a bit too much of something or other the night before. The "clark's" eyes opened in understanding and compassion. He called another "clark," the self-appointed proprietor. The proprietor called anotherRocky-Crackin' man, and they went into a huddle, as though they were conferring over a serious operation. Finally, when they emerged, they compounded the go-forbarest mixture Bette and Ham had ever seen.

"Now take this, and you'll feel fine," said the "clark" with tender compassion and great admiration at the queer stuff, Ham gulped it. In two minutes, the "clark's" promise came true—every trace of grief had gone

84 Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
from Ham's nerves. And they wouldn't take a penny for it!

**But beauty shops?—**well, Bette prefers the good old USA kind. She tried a London one, for a manicure. "And will you want varnish, lady?" asked the girl who worked on her.

"Varnish?" gasped Bette. In Hollywood, "varnish" means either varnish or liquor. She wanted neither, and told the girl so. The girl showed Bette a bottle of nail-enamel. "This is varnish, lady," she explained. So Bette amended, and said yes she'd take some varnish. The girl went to work, and applied the varnish. Not only to Bette's nails, but liberally to finger tips and as far down, here and there, as the outer knuckle. Bette was too astonished to pull her hands away.

Finally, the girl said: "There; miss; that's done. Of course, I'm a bit new at this, y'know—and that isn't so very nice and clean, is it, lady? But if you don't let people get too close, you know, they really won't notice it, eh?"

Bette kept her hands clenched in two tight fists until she could get back to the hotel and do her own "varnishing."

And in London, too, the newspapermen gave her a lesson in How Hollywood Should Dress.

"I was much too concerned with my court affairs to worry about dress," says Bette. "So, after having been photographed and interviewed in court the first day, I showed up the next day, wearing the same simple sports suit. I noticed a decided coolness and eyebrow-raising. The third day, I wore the same thing. That evening, our hotel room phone rang.

"Miss Davis," said a voice, "this is so-and-so of the Evening Something-or-other. Would you mind wearing something different into court tomorrow? Really, we expect Hollywood stars to dress better than you have, y'know."

The British courts leave Bette deep in respect. "I have nothing but the most profound admiration for them," she insisted. "They decided against me, but they decided honestly. And, anyway, in a British court-room, you get a sense of dignity and of force and power that doesn't exist in American courts. All those wigs and robes and pomp and ceremony might sound funny—and maybe look funny, over here—but in Britain, they are awesome. I'll never forget my experience in English courts of law—and I don't mean that I'll look on that experience with resentment, either."

And now, all the English experience is behind—the sorrow and the struggle of the courts; the thrill of new experiences and sights; the fun of lighthearted adventures and events; all the varicolored pattern of as hectic and as experience-creamed a few months as Bette Davis has ever had or hopes to have. It's all in memory. Out of that memory, Bette has washed all bitterness, and all unpleasantness.

"I've found peace of mind. I'm anxious to work. From now on, I never want to talk about it again. It's past; the future alone is what counts. My one remaining, dominant emotion is joy—joy at finding my friends are all still my friends, at finding I've got work to do, and a chance to do it with full friendliness and co-operation from all sides, top to bottom.

"You know, in London, in the midst of all it, George Arliss and his wife came to visit me."

(It was George Arliss, you fans remember, who really gave Bette the biggest start her career had, when he took her for his leading woman.)

"Mr. Arliss, with that rich wisdom of age and experience that is his, talked to me, like a father. He helped me to a more sensible viewpoint on some of the questions that were tormenting me. He urged me to go back to Hollywood, and work out my salvation. He told me that he, himself, wishes he can come back to Hollywood to make pictures, rather than stay in England. His kindness, his advice, his baring of his own wish to return to America, made me realize that I could find a rich contentment in returning to work at Burbank."

And so, here she is, back and working. She's thinner—I've never seen Bette so thin. But she's alive—tremendously and vitally alive. There's a fire about her that glows through all she says and does. Ham is not with her now. He's in New York, learning the business end of the music business. He's going to stop leading an orchestra and crooning, and he's going to get on the other side of the desk. It's a grand restart for him. In a few months, he will open a Hollywood office for the big music firm he's working with. And then Bette will have found happiness, in a richer sense than she's known it before, she now admits. London's battle taught her half of it; the lack of Ham during these days of enforced absence taught her another. Soon she'll have bigger and better pictures, and she'll have a real home and more time to be with her husband.

"I don't know that I'll ever, ever ask for anything more," she said. And she wasn't laughing, that time.
Jeanette MacDonald’s Advice to Girls in Love

(Continued from page 37)

"I'd certainly advise girls to demonstrate at least a touch of novelty now and again. Even if it kills them," laughed Jeanette, "even if they have to take a course in 'Ten Easy Lessons.' I can only speak for myself and I don't think I've been seen at the symphony concerts together, usually with another couple. They've been seen dining and dancing with three or four other girls at a time. I've met Jimmy Mack Brown and other friends. Thursdays are their "family" evenings. And when either or both are working and the program is demanding, 'calling' by telephone and retire early.

"Which makes it all the more exciting to be alone together," Jeanette said.

Just then a message arrived from Gene. And the message was that though this was Thursday night couldn't they, just once, run away and have dinner all by themselves? And Jeanette's eyes said that, of course they could and that it would be in the nature of an adventure and wasn't it fun for Gene to send the message in this round-about way.

"And it's so important, too, not to be too obvious," Jeanette said. "I mean—I'll have to quote from Gene again—the morning the day we gave our huge sack of sweethearts roses was delivered to me on the set. No card was enclosed. That evening I said to Gene 'Do you know someone sent me sweethearts roses this morning? I can't think who ...' Gene said 'I don't know that I care for that, now that we are getting married.' That was in plain play, of course, since Jeanette knew perfectly well who had sent them to her and Gene knew that she knew. But it was fun and—well, that's the laughter of romance that nonsensical sort of thing. "If you can't be 'kinder' silly now and then—watch out!" said Jeanette. Then, every morning of the production, faithfully and fragrantly, the sweethearts roses arrived. And this is what Jeanette meant: It was so much more significant, so much less obvious for Gene to send those clusters of sweethearts roses daily than it would have been if he had just sent the customary marmalade basket of flowers when the picture ended ...

"TIS so important, I think, to be surprising now and then. Not always to run too deeply true to form. I most certainly do not believe in a girl changing her personality for the man she loves. Love is a clever alchemist and works the necessary modifications in both personalities. But for a man to fall in love with a girl as she is and then try to change her into something she isn't and someone he didn't love with at all is manifestly absurd. Don't ever submerge the personality with which, originally, he fell in love.

"I wouldn't dare to give advice to other girls on the question of giving up careers or giving up careers for marriage. That is too much a matter of the individual. It depends on too many things, conditions and circumstances. But I should say that there should be no fear of a woman's career causing trouble, misunderstanding or jealousy if the man you love is equally ambitoius himself and is intensely interested in his own career as the girl is in hers.

Again I knew that Jeanette was speaking of her own personal experience. For I do know that Gene is put up to the career. I know it by the way his face lights up when someone praises something she
has done. I've been at previews of Jeanette's pictures and have caught a flash of Gene's hand squeezing Jeanette's when, at a song's end, the audience breaks into involuntary applause.

"Gene proves my point," continued Jeanette (proving mine, also). "He has his own work. He hasn't scratched the surface yet of what he can do and will do. He has never, I think and he knows, done the type of thing he should do, is trained to do, equipped and qualified to do. He should be playing the adventure type of picture—Sabatinis roles—he is an expert fencer and boxer. He rides like an unleashed wind. He has a magnificent physique and in costume parts, gallant, reckless swashbuckling roles he would be superb.

"Which leads me to something I've always felt, or not felt. I've never believed that old cliché about 'opposites attracting.' Opposite physical types may attract but it is, or should be, only skin deep. Don't, if you can help it, fall in love with a man who doesn't share your interests, laugh at the things you laugh at, ache for the same wrongs. Why, the thing that drew Gene and me together in the first place was music. I couldn't conceive of marrying a man who didn't share my love of music. We'd be strangers, such a man and I. Gene does share it. He is himself an accomplished musician. He plays. He sings. He composes music and writes lyrics. We play together and sing songs together whole evenings through and have wonderful times . . . Then, of course, we both love the screen. Our careers are individual but speak the same language. We both love to ride. We both read the same books. We are not opposites at all, thank Heaven. We are 'sames' if there be such a thing.

"LOVE is an emotion, yes. But an emotion alone is not enough. That is why I have often said that I do not believe in too young, too adolescent, marriages. Thousands of men and women can and do have emotions about mere shadows on the screen. But emotion divorced from the realities is too nebulous, too rootless, too floating a thing.

"I should advise girls, contrary to many opinions and the theories of many novels, never to try to make the man they love jealous. If you have to stoop to this inferior emotion, if he needs more excitement than his trust and confidence in you can give him—for goodness' sake, don't marry him. If a man needs to be jealous in order to keep interested, if you like to make him jealous—which means, really, that you like to cause him suffering—well, your love is built on sand and it will shift. You won't have to make any effort in that direction.

"I don't mean by this that once you are in love, or even engaged, you should suddenly and miraculously become dead, dumb and blind to all other living men. Of course not. To admire and to be admired is part of every woman's birthright and every man's, too, for the matter of that. It's right for a man to admire the woman he loves, but admiration and amorousness are leagues away and a world apart. I know," said Jeanette, "that I act no differently now when we go out, go to parties, than I did before we were engaged.

"I am afraid," laughed Jeanette amusedly, "that the girl who is always 'watching a man's pennies' for him is making a great mistake. I don't mean by this that a girl should allow her fiancé or her husband to spend more than he can afford, to run into debt. But I do believe that to expect attentions, entertainment from a man is good for both of you, most of all for the man. Men were born expecting to entertain a girl, to do things for her, to make her happy. It makes a man feel necessary and important and right. I've yet to see the man who really appreciates the woman who saves and scrimps and economizes for him. They don't know it, men, but such an attitude, such a practice, is really a subtle blow at their self-esteem. It's an innocent reminder that they are falling down on their job. Let a man do things for you . . . he loves it . . ."

Jeanette (who may sing at the Met one of these days soon) was called to the phone. Time for her daily singing lesson. Then time to rehearse for her radio broadcast. Then time for a photographic sitting. Then . . . but "I don't know that I have been much help," Jeanette was saying, pulling a small cinnamon, brown hat over her cinnamon gold hair, "but I do know, I am sure, that it is necessary to work at love, at romance, at being in love and being loved, as it is necessary to work at anything we hold precious in our lives. And be feminine . . . the wife, the potential mother, is still what man seeks in woman no matter what her 'other career' may be.

"I think," said Jeanette, a picture framed by the sun-gilded doorway, "I think if we work at love for the joy of working, if we are feminine, if we have confidence, the right for a man to know that we make love. Then orries, there will be poetry and perfume and permanence through all the years to come. . . ."

What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative...

Sometimes a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—even in minor matters.

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will give any laxative their approval, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does my laxative qualify on every point?"

The doctor says that a laxative should be:

- Dependable
- Mild
- Thorough
- Time-tested

The doctor says that a laxative should not:

- Over-act
- Form a habit
- Cause stomach pains
- Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

Now—remember this! Ex-Lax meets every one of these demands—meets them so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families!

Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find it so mild and gentle. Ex-Lax does not over-act. It does not "force" or cause stomach pains. Its easy, comfortable action leaves you feeling better—looking better—with a greater zest for enjoying life.

Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

And Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. It tastes just like druggist chocolate. One of you try it and you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good . . . At all drug stores—10c and 25c. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. FG47, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

The Original Chocolate Laxative

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture. 87
From Coal Mines to Gold Mines

[Continued from page 39]

Taylor, believe it or not, had to play second fiddle in her love-life. And suppose she married you and turned out to be even more wonderful and adorable and swell as she was as your sweetheart?

Wouldn't you, like Allan Jones, figure that you'd had your share of heaven, already? And if the studio came to you and asked you next role would it be the lead in Firefly's opposite Jeanette MacDonald —sure road to stardom!—would you ask much more of life? Of course not. Neither is Jones.

And so permit me to present, screen fans, the Happiest Man in Hollywood —this Allan Jones of Scranton, coal-mine canary who made good. Carried now. Does was ever. Treating because, needed.

Acidity

Antacid

Your face

WHILE properly treating the underlying cause of these disturbing little spots, resulting from various conditions, you can relieve the itch, burning soreness and help your skin by using an ointment with an oily base that will keep the medication in contact with the pimply spots.

For more than 40 years, people have used Resinol Ointment to fill this need. Applied every night —left on all night —it does a world of good. It soothes the irritation and aids healing. Also, it treats the oil ducts where many surface pimples start.

Washing first with Resinol Soap quickens thesepleasantresults. It is thoroughly cleansing and leaves the skin soft and refreshed. Use it daily.

Get Resinol Ointment and Soap today from your druggist. For free sample, write Resinol, Dept. 2-C, Baltimore, Md.

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums ... like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting ... only 10c ... yet give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies ... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough acid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released ... remainder passing unused from your system. For quick relief— Carry Tums, 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.

But imagine Allan's surprise when he appeared and found the house crowded with guests wearing evening clothes, gold bracelets, ornaments, red-ribbons across shirtfronts, flowers and silver trays of mints. At the setting of a king's reception or an ambassador's ball. Jones' knees played a castanet solo.

They did double time when an imperious dame was presented to him —"the Marquise de Polignac!" Titles slithered through his ears, Jones, who'd expected a quiet little evening with the Duvals, was stunned. When a bejeweled woman was introduced to him as just "Mrs. Armstrong," he was reeled. But only for a moment. She fastened him with a glittering eye. "Well," she quizzed, "how does Mrs. Armstrong get on with me, Mister Jones?" It wasn't just a question, it was a challenge. Jones' temper rose at the tone.

"Nothing particular," he snapped.

"What? Haven't you arranged a program?" she snapped. The woman glared at him.

"Why, the idea!" she exclaimed, and swished off.

Jones turned to the man who was to play the piano for him. "Say," he demanded, "who is this old dame, anyway—and who does she think is talking to me like that?" The above-mentioned, merely pushed the grand piano into place. Just as he shook the first notes, and Jones' knees quivered, stepped to the platform before her. He was good enough a pianist to make her a great dancing away; the grey-haired Mrs. Armstrong barged imperiously to the front of the picture, waving her finger at him. "No, no, no," she said loudly. "Not there, Mister Jones, not there. Stand over there, instead!" Exasperated, Jones almost shouted at America's crony. He checked his tongue just in time to avoid shocking the gathering, but as he obeyed the imperious dame, he demanded of his accompanist: "Listen—if that whaddayacaller buttus in once more, I walk off, see? She can't get in my hair that way!" The pianist laughed, and Jones only had time for a moment to wonder why before he had to sing. He poured his voice into that, sang, and fired it, too, with the heat of his eyes and the glitter of a virtuoso who was getting "in his hair." The audience went wild, And Jones was amazed to see the bossy dame leading the rest in enthusiastic applause. And then, back of the platform came M. Duval, his host, with Mrs. Armstrong in tow...

She was all smiles now. Duval was red-faced. "I must apologize, M'sieu Jones," he begged. "May I now present Mrs. Armstrong in her true identity—Madame Nellie Melba."

Jones went dizzy. "If I ever came near passing out in my life," he told me the other day, "that was the moment." Here was Dame Melba, the then greatest living figure in the world of song, enthusiastically praising him and his singing. And before Jones left that night, Dame Melba had offered herself to the singer in his career —and it was Dame Melba, one of the greatest of them all, who, figuratively, took Allan Jones under her wings.
with her guidance and help plus his own ability and courage, Jones had made the toughest part of the grade. And, from a coal-miner’s son who sang in a sect-dark Scranton church on Sundays, he had risen through successive stages of struggle and effort until now he appeared in opera in America—and there followed the inevitable screen test.

I say “inevitable” advisedly, for Jones has, plus his voice, a sort of manly presence that is a cinch for the screen. He is good-looking. Not tall, but tall enough. A face patterned on Greek lines, good physique and charm—a personality that captivates—one that projects itself through the lenses of cameras and machines onto the screen.

Strange it is that his first crashing into screen fans’ consciousness came in a picture that was supposed merely to be funny—the Marx Brothers’ A Night at the Opera. In that, Jones got one real chance to sing—and the number was Alone. If you saw the picture, you’ll never forget the thrill of his voice, crashing through that chorus, will you? Is it any wonder that Alone zoomed immediately into the top position as the tune of the day? Up against tough competition, with the Tibbett and the Nelson, Eddy Eddy, his own lot, Allan Jones might have become just another fill-in nonentity if he hadn’t had those attributes that can’t be denied. And that’s why he’s just been cast to sing opposite MacDonald in Firefly. And when he’s finished that, I’ll lay you a bet that Tibbett and Eddy and the rest of em’ll have to move over and make room on the stars’ bench for one more singing-sensation, Allan Jones.

About his private life, he’s frank. He knew that, naturally, when he and Irene Hervey were married, atop all that publicity about Irene and Bob Taylor, that there’d be a lot of talk, and a lot of questioning, and a lot of printed words about it. He looked in to humor, and didn’t hit the ceiling when some things were published.

“Oh, we hesitated, now and then, to open a magazine for apprehension of what we’d read about,” he admits, but he admits it with a laugh and a shoulder-shrug, and lets it go at that. And he goes home, from the studio, to Mrs. Jones—whoo—Irène-Hervey, and they forget it, and are as happy as a couple of kids on Christmas morning.

THEY’VE just taken a scrumptious apartment on a Hollywood hillside, and down from it, stretched acres of poinsettias—flaming in bloom at this season of the year. Irene got a cold, though. Right away, they rushed off to Palm Springs, and there Allan Jones, with the black, smoke-filled and smoke-hidden memory of Pennsylvania’s coal mines still fresh in his mind, found the glory of relaxation. To him, in the months when the studio didn’t call him, though his paycheck went through just the same, came the realization of a reward well earned. Nobody can begrudge him the leisure and the money and the happiness he’s found; he’s worked for it.

But he plays just as hard as he worked. It must have gotten to be a habit—to do things the hard way. Down at Palm Springs, the other day, he bought Irene one of those motor scooters. Then, like a dad with his son’s Christmas electric train, he began playing with it himself. He hit it up to 35 miles an hour—and then all of a sudden, he came to a corner! When he came to, the doctors were taking a row of stitches in his throat. It ached. In that moment, terror gripped Allan Jones’ heart as it had never been gripped before. His throat!—the instrument which had brought him this close to heaven—was it destroyed?

He couldn’t speak, easily, for days. A deep gash had cut into it, where a sharp stone had stopped Jones’ headlong flight from the scooter-wall collision. When the doctors finally told him it was safe to try his voice again, Jones suffered. Such tiny things may ruin a voice—and this gash was not tiny. He tried his voice. And the sunshine flooded back into life again, for it was unharmed.

In Irene Hervey Jones, Allan finds everything he ever hoped for in the woman who was to share his life. Jones is absolutely crazy about the sea. Somehow it seems that these stars who come from inland places turn to the sea when they get the money and the freedom. Jones is no exception. He’s bought himself a long, comfortable boat, and most of his spare time, when he’s not in Palm Springs, he’s out on the Pacific. And Irene is with him. She loves it as much as he does.

It’s really lovely, the way these two find a parallel of interests. He loves the sea; so does she. He likes the desert; she’s mad about it. He likes at sit home, and read, and take life easy. So she’s crazy about night clubs, and the merry-go-round of after-dark life in Hollywood. Irene finds she can do without it, beautifully. And so they’re happy, doing the things they each like to do, while Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck find happiness in other channels—you’ve seen their photographs in the magazines and their seats at Hollywood, of course. Old Man Opportunity and Old Dame Fate sort of look after their folks when the folks don’t let ’em down.

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SKIN DRY
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There's a quick answer to that. A special, cream melts all that harsh surface roughness...into supple smoothness. Does it in just one application.

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When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
What Happened to Caliban and Ariel

(Continued from page 34)

tenuous threat broke which held John and Elaine together, and also whether they were ever happy following their marriage, can mayhap best be answered by chronicling certain events in a great real reporter happened to be witness. Elaine lays the root of all the evil that caused the over throw of their nuptial alliance at the door of Jealousy. John, with true Barrymore reserve, and perhaps disdain, says nothing.

The happening which I observed that seemed to pave the way for the climax, as the lightning before the thunder, was a social gathering a few days after Christmas. It was the home of a brilliant author and dramatist, who has long been a friend of all the Barrymores, in particular John, and his distinguished sister, Ethel. It was in another corner of the room, won a worthwhile audience when he embarked with riotous gaiety on typically Barrymoral wit.

Miss Barrie seemed very concentrated on her conversation. But then she is after all a devoted music lover, and for a girl of twenty-one years shows exceptional discernment and understanding. Just by the way, one of the things she accomplished while wedded to John was to have him take her to symphony concerts and to recitals like Erika Kechela’s. The rarity of the actor’s attendance during recent years at events of this nature was dramatically emphasized during the “moments musical” to which she clung to him.

During the evening I heard that Elaine had thoughts of taking a part in a stage play, called The Return of Hannibal. It was a forlorn idea to enter on this, you may remember, when revealed to John that had much to do with arousing later the Barrymore ire.

John, himself, was in fine fettle. In fact, he was in his glory and grandeur, forth saith sheets of wit like the flashing of swords, and was spellbound with his roystering anecdotes of people and the theatre. He styled his remarks in the mood of Hogarth, Swift and other satirical and outspoken geniuses. It was a rare feat. It was something to listen to, because roystering, ribald or otherwise, a Barrymore is always brilliant.

Now and then during his conversation he would raise an eyebrow, and cast a roving eye in the direction of his wife and his mother-in-law. But they remained aloof from the group. Something in the air was even tense, and just a trifle ominous, and, when the party broke up finally, John evidenced no great desire to have his gentle relative, the reporter, leave the room without saying anything. He was Barrymore, the supreme, that evening, the all-sufficient, and no threats, strings or cords could bind him. Indeed, he seemed almost in a revolt phase.

The clouds that gathered, as I saw it, at the party that evening broke into the most unexpected, which ended in a big clap of thunder four nights later at the “Troc,” when John magnificently strode out of that night club, leaving his wife amid the ruins of her former home of that temple of her romance. The song was ended; the melody lingered on, and only for a little while. What happened during the four intervening days and nights nobody really knows, but one suspects much—at least psychologically. And of course, Elaine had perfected her stage plan, which was the precipitating issue. She made known she was going into the play called The Return of Hannibal during the party at the “Troc.” One thing led to another until things became very low, and ultimately John struck Elaine, says her divorce complaint, quit the restaurant, and went away in a taxi. As far as is known, they never saw each other for some time after that.

Things took their course. John was with his trainer Ken Kelley, as the newspapers reported, and Elaine was at the house John and she had rented as a “love nest”—a gaunt, forbidding sort of mansion; large and racy. On one occasion before the Barrymore occupancy I remember visiting it, and they had an exhibition of wild animals.

One must think there was ever much hope of a reunion, despite the so-called Barrymore prophecy which was reported in the newspapers. Almost immediately after the conversation Barrymore took to separate any power of attorney he might have given his wife—a power of attorney which she herself never admitted. Elaine suggested that she might have a lawyer, but there were absolutely no signs of this. Her mother secretly advised friends that there was scant expectation of any new beginning—that it could only prove a repetition of difficulties that had been encountered previously. Within about ten days a divorce complaint was formally filed. What really happened can only be guessed. John did not like the idea of Elaine acting in a play separately from him. He wanted to essay a short stage piece with her called Minuet during a series of personal appearances in picture theatres. That would have been a neat little stunt. But the idea did not go together was during a radio broadcast of an interview, during which Barrymore grandly stylized his comments, while Elaine won a host of admirers by her simplicity and sincerity.

Did John really revolt? I have a great suspicion of that. There is always possible he was temperament, and he’d never give any clue as to what was actually going on. His chivalry would prevent that. But a secret meeting to express the night of the party at the writer’s home; it probably only needed due provocation to bring it out into the open, as at

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DID YOU KNOW THAT Ginger Rogers finds the first 100 hours of practicing her dancing steps the hardest—and that she wears out between 10 and 20 pairs of dancing shoes a picture?

Corns Come Back Bigger, Uglier—unless removed Root* and All

* Don’t take chances by paring corns at home. Corns come back bigger, uglier, more painful than ever, unless removed Root and All. End that corn for good with this new, double-action Blue-Jay method. Pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure. Then the corn lifts out, Root and All in 3 short days. (Exceptionally stubborn cases may require a second application.) Blue-Jay is a tiny, modern, scientific corn plasters, held snugly in place by Wat-Pest adhe- sive. Try this Blue-Jay method now.

A place of dead Gothic spot-tissue in form and position. It may serve as focal point for renewed development.

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90
the "Troc" a few days later.

Elaine reached the stage where she said that life with John was impossible, and, that, after she had taken no quick plunge into matrimony. There must have been fitful indications all along, even after the break-up, that he was still "mad about her."

However, that doesn't explain everything. Elaine asserted that she couldn't be happy idle. "Three times Minuet was planned, and three times it was postponed," she said. "For one like myself, who has always been ambitious for a theatrical career, and who really gave up large opportunities to marry John and come to the Coast, that was most discouraging. I wanted a career, and I didn't want to interfere with John's work in pictures. The only way in which I could manage to be active was independently. John didn't approve of that at all. He didn't want me to be separated from him, and to have other associates during those periods of separation. I desired his happiness above all things, but I couldn't give up everything. It just wouldn't work." And then, she indicated, there were other issues.

RECEIVING the whole legal litany already so much publicized would be a dull matter. After all, what looks like charges of mental and physical cruelty in a certain light, may perhaps in another become only a terrifically strenuous expression of devotion. Or revolts.

John and Elaine had fun together. I'm sure of that. He's a great chap, any way you regard him. Mrs. Jacobs always said he delighted her, that he brought her great enjoyment. She was never, I believe, at case about the marriage, which was one reason she stayed with her daughter. She discloses a very vital loyalty to "baby" as she calls her, yet while it is a consuming motherly devotion, it is tempered with intelligence, and a definite sense of her child's individualism.

As I have heard it from her lips, Elaine had a school-girl "crush" on John from the time she was a mere youngster. She engineered the interview in the New York hospital when she was studying journalism so that she might meet him. She followed him across country in mad plane flights—and she'd never been in a plane before—and the weather was rough. Perhaps, also, she may have believed that she was the one woman in the world who could help John to new happiness, after three unfortunate marriages, and protect him from certain undesirable—as she thought—friends. Youth has a stout heart and brave dreams! ... Perhaps, too, she felt she could aid his career. She did go in for sociability, which he seemed to like. She had definite ideas about her future with John, or certainly she would not have remained devoted for the better part of a year or so before their actual marriage.

John, we know, was very fond of her. It was a visible manifestation. Besides he was ever full of monkey-shines in her presence, springing on her (she has a very exact mind) odd and unusual words that are not to be found in any dictionary, and using obscure words in cold and impossible meanings. There was "uxorious," for example. John applied that to Elaine because he asserted she was "nuts about precision and statistics." He kept it up, until one day Elaine went and looked it up in the dictionary, and found that it meant simply "excessively fond of one's wife!" Well, anyway, John probably chose it because of its intriguing sound. Furthermore, because Elaine at one time went to the exclusive Hunter school for girls, John would delight in finding obscure questions to raise, and at most unreasonable times as Elaine expressed it, say about four o'clock in the morning. If she couldn't answer, he'd exclaim: "What, you Hunterian? Do you not know the answer?"

"No," she would say, "what is it?" Whereupon Barrymore would come through with "Well, I'll darned if I know." There just wasn't any answer.

Being a precise person in her thoughts, she probably often kept John on tenterhooks—but in the beginning this was only amusing... Later? Who knows? John, I know, had admiration for her talents. He felt that she had gifts for poetry writing, and he was anxious to take her under his wing as an actress. But then, too, he loves his own separate swashbuckling ways which are like none other. He couldn't, possibly, settle down to anything less extravagant. I think it was a brave attempt on both their parts to make the best of that brief marriage, but it simply wasn't to be. Perhaps the most poignant phrase and the most significant, and one which paints the whole panorama, were a few words once uttered by Elaine's mother. She said in substance:

"It's a pity that we didn't meet John earlier. We were just twenty years too late!"

MRS. SMITH OFFERS SYMPATHY AND A WEALTH OF WISDOM

OH, MRS. SMITH, I FEEL SO ACHY AND TIRED ALL OVER!

POOR DEAR! SHE'S AILING SO MUCH OF THE TIME, IF ONLY SHE WERE AS HEALTHY AS YOUR BILL AND ANNA!

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LIFEBOUY! WHY, THAT'S THE SOAP THAT STOPS "B.O."

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THANKS TO YOUR ADVICE ABOUT LIFEBOUY WE WERE ALL HEALTHIER!

Free—to mothers!

A WASH-UP CHART and a school-size cake of Lifebuoy for each of your children, under 12 years of age, is awaiting your request! Send it in today. You'll find—as millions of other mothers have found—that the Chart makes hand-washing a grand game, plenty of fun for the children. Each child keeps his own hand-washing score—for four whole weeks! At the end of that time, clean hands have become a habit... And what a healthy habit!—Did you know germs of 27 different diseases may be spread by hands?... And did you know that Lifebuoy's purifying lather removes germs as well as dirt? Make Lifebuoy a family habit, too. It's grand for bath and complexion... It stops "B.O."... It does wonders for the skin.

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Buy Dr. Hand’s from your druggist today!

Learn to play Piano by Ear

No note reading—No scale playing

One can sit down, try his hand at the piano, and play a familiar tune with his own in half an hour.

Complete course, $1.00

Tint away the Streaks of Gray

(Test Bottle Free)


Free Test—We send complete test package Free. Snap off a lock of hair...Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

—Mary T. Goldman—

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Color of your hair: 
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Good Time Charlie

[Continued on page 51]

When he new-born infant wouldn’t smile for afternoon rests. This baffled exasperated Mrs. Butterworth would say, “I suspect he’s going to be a judge.” She repeated her suspicion so many times through the years that she finally believed it.

As a child, I was warned that if I didn’t stop making up faces, Jack Frost might come along and nip one of the expressions, making it permanent. That, however, was not what happened to Charlie. As it was in the beginning, so his face remained. Immovable. That was the cross that Dr. and Mrs. Butterworth had to bear. Never, not even by merely looking at him, could they discover whether he was innocent or guilty. They had to stand him up and question him. That was how he learned to think fast on his feet—and answer slowly, bewilderedly.

His teachers were also a great help to him in this respect. One ear wasn’t the agleam guide of the agile Butterworth mind, mistaking inexpressiveness for innocence, questioned every member of the class about a disturbance before she came to Charlie, who was the culprit. She forewarned her successor. Gradually, imperceptibly, over a period of years, Charlie acquired polite dismaying.

Adults invariably noticed him. He was the kind of little boy who looked at them with a complacent blankness, and kept on looking, until with self-consciousness. They would have cringed more if they had known how his mind was photographing, their eccentricities.

Here was the first symptom that Charlie was a comedian in embryo. No one knew it—not even Charlie. He was acquainted with no comedy, but he had a sense of knowing that this funny fellow is the one who can see eccentricities in other people, then exaggerate them in his own person. No one ever told him. But, in time, he sensed it.

In his teens, when Charlie sat down to talk about going on the stage, people laughed. That was comical. He had the darndest way of saying the funniest things with the straightest face! Imagine Charlie as an actor!

That was just the point. Charlie was convinced. He didn’t look like someone you would find on a stage. That might make his being there all the funnier. He didn’t argue the point. But he didn’t help noticing that people also laughed when he wanted them to laugh—and that the less warning his face gave of anything amusing in the offing, the louder was the eventual laughter.

That was a valuable observation. It led directly to another. The funniest people were those who were actually funny. The people who took themselves too, too seriously. He salted both observations away, and bided his time to cash in on them. He waited. The college was only a few blocks away from home. Its name was Notre Dame.

His mother knew about his stage fancies. She could picture him on the stage—but she thought that maybe that was because she was his mother. If so, she wanted him to have another profession to fall back on. Both, but not professional. Charlie didn’t know what he wanted to take. His mother advised—law.

So Charlie, who never looked forward to becoming a lawyer, did his best to keep his nose buried in great tomes. He worked nights on the South Bend News. The job took him to all sorts of places, where he met all kinds of people. Some of them were amusing, unconsciously. He put them down on paper, in the form of monologues. And, in time, started delivering the monologues at banquets.

One—a mock Rotary Club speech—rolled the banqueters right off their chairs. “That was my undoing,” he says, with a wry smile. “When Notre Dame finally decided to give me a law diploma in 1924, the first thing I did was to pull out the thing. The second thing was to rush off to Chicago and try to get into vaudeville.

I got a chance to do a ‘single’ act in a small theatre on the outskirts. Then I was booked into the less exclusive theatres of Detroit. I played around in small houses for only a while. Then I was a success. The Rotary Club speech wasn’t too subtle—I used it later on Broadway in America. It was just too subtle for my audiences.

However, vaudeville was the best thing that could happen to me. I had to face an audience for fifteen minutes at a sitting, on my own, and try to keep them amused. I had to find out, on my own, what would make them laugh. I had to learn, on my own, that the way a line was timed was as important as the way it was uttered. There wasn’t a gag writer handy to improve my lines, no stage director to handle my delivery. All the improvement had to be self-improvement.

No man ever became a comedian by having someone else tell him how to be funny. Comedy, you learn in a school. You have to learn it by yourself, on a stage, in front of an audience that you can see and feel and hear. And there isn’t any place left when a beginner can get that sort of training. The stage, the screen and radio all demand polished comedians. They won’t stand for beginners, as vaudeville did.”

He was in training for about two years before he landed in New York, still not a screaming success. There he chanced to meet J. P. McEvoy, comedy-playwright. McEvoy, learning that Butterworth wrote all of his own material, offered him a job as a sort of gag man-assistant. The letter meant a chance to stay in New York. He accepted.

McEvoy was writing a revue called American. Butterworth hesitantly suggested the inclusion of a skit about a Rotarian making a speech. Without any hesitation, McEvoy arranged an audition for him. And he succeeded and when the show opened, even the critics rolled in the aisles. Broadway had a new comic—an overnight star. Charlie, a master of understatement says: “It was fairly easy to get jobs after that.

He starred in Allez-Oop, Good Boy and Sweet Adeline in lengthy succession. Then, in the summer of 1929, the movies got him. He went to Hollywood to appear in The
LIKE you and me, he is shrewder than he looks when photographed. But, unlike you and me, he is constantly confused with his photographs—upon which hazy gullibility is written large. Whenever anybody waters some new oil stock, Charlie hears from him. Mortuary salesmen beat a path to his door. So do realtors, insurance agents, yacht salesmen, inventors with Rube Goldberg imaginations. But as they rap on the front door, Charlie always cases out the back. He’s not a member in good standing on the “sucker lists.”

For all his numerous pictures, he has been married only twice on the screen. Once in Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, again in Magnificent Obsession, and now in Swing High, Swing Low. In which Lombard-MacMurray starring vehicle, he plays a piano-playing band leader, honeymooning with Jean Dixon.

You rather expect him to be single in private life. He’s married. His wife is an actress who is no longer acting. You used to see her in pictures as Ethel Kenyon. Which is more than Charlie ever did. He never set eyes on her until he went back to New York to do Flying Colors. On the opening night, he went into the 21 Club for dinner alone. Some friends stopped beside his table. With them was Ethel Kenyon. They all made arrangements to meet after the show.

Approximately five years later, Charlie and Ethel decided that they had fallen in love that first night. The Marriage License Bureau collected two more dollars. That was several months ago. And the honey-moon still is not over.

Charlie didn’t demand that she give up her career. That was her own idea. “She wanted to be on top or nothing.” In other words, she would rather be completely a wife than half a star. She sounds like a bright girl, this Mrs. Butterworth. Off-screen, her husband is less deliberate than on, more decisive, less serious. He has an unmistakable grin. An unmistakable non-chalance. And an unquestionably sharp eyes.

If he isn’t Charles Butterworth on the screen, who is he? “A conglomeration of different personalities, seen over a period of years, merged into a more or less deadpan countenance. The conglomeration wasn’t calculated, and the merger wasn’t studied. They just happened. He’s a chap almost anybody would feel superior to. Maybe that’s one of his secrets; I don’t know. A forgetful, blundering soul who tries to be important and can’t be—there’s usually a character like that in every town. Seeing him, people can sort of picture Ned Hooper or whatever-his-name-is in similar situations. They laugh, pityingly.”

HE STILL observes people—but he doesn’t have the opportunities that he used to have. “Unfortunately,” he adds, “when you’re in pictures, your face becomes pretty well-known. I used to go to pool-rooms and dance-halls, looking for ordinary people with eccentric mannerisms. Now I can’t. I’m spotted, recognized. I rather miss that prowling around.”

A year and a half ago, Charlie and Groucho Marx planned an auto trip across country, avoiding big towns, staying on back roads, “sort of” studying people. They still are waiting to get time off simultaneously. And now that Charlie is master of ceremonies on a radio hour, the date of departure is made further indefinite. He hardly has time these days for tennis, swimming and piano-playing.

Contrary to the legend about comedians, he has no desire to play either Hamlet or Napoleon. He says he’ll be content if he can play “comic characters with a spark of intelligence—characters who aren’t sappy, only forgetful and bewildered.” A sentiment shared by all of the Butterworth-conscious.
A Babe in the Hollywoods

[Continued from page 45]

electrician, introducing his pal. Her hairdresser bakes pies for her, and the hairdresser's husband does her Christmas shopping. She's Wendy or Babe to all of them—or, more romantically, "Babe Black." He's adopted her, and people want her in his picture, Breezing Home, she "rides again."

Nor is this relationship the result of any false heart, either. They are adopted, for policy's sake. The hairdresser is a lady of twelve years' experience with movie actresses. "Some I've liked," she says, "and some I haven't liked. I've never met anyone to compare with the sweetness of this one."

SHE was born Marguerite Jenny Jenkins in Hongkong, where her father was a K.C. and that doesn't mean Knights of Columbus either. It means, as a matter of fact, King's Counsel. "When mother and daddy were married," she says, "I didn't have a cent, poor darlings, and daddy decided he could make his way faster in the Orient than England, which seethes with bathers who have rich relatives and things to push them along."

In Hongkong Daddy managed nicely without any pushing. Wendy was to school in Hongkong and later to Switzerland. Before she was seventeen, she had circled the globe six times. It developed her sense of independence. After making her debut in Hongkong, she decided it was time to seek her own fortune. "There was nothing to do in Hongkong but get married. Not that I've anything against getting married, but I wasn't going to be pushed into it. And once I get an idea, there's no controlling me. I used to get them at school sometimes," she recalled meditatively, "which accounts for my having been expelled from several. I don't get that from my family. Must be a throwback to a Spaniard or something. Of course daddy could have stopped my going to England by stopping my allowance. But he wouldn't." Her voice grew gentile. "He was too sweet."

He compromised by sending her mother to London with her to see her settled. They were having lunch at the Savoy Grill one day when one of those things that never happened happened. A man came up and addressed Wendy. "Are you in the theatre?"

"No," she replied evasively. "Would you like to make a screen test?" "Yes," she gasped. It was Alexander Korda, on the hunt for three girls without stage or screen experience, to play opposite the more unfortunate wives of Henry VIII.

FOR DAYS, she said, "I walked around in a stupor, thrilled inside but to the eye of the beholder fairly sane. First, I don't believe in talking about things. When I talk about them, I never get them. Besides, when you've lived the kind of life I have—when you're all of four and your mother's got to leave you at school and go six thousand miles away, you learn to hide your emotions. Even when they told me daddy had died—" a curious quiet veiled her eyes, "I didn't show my feelings. When I go to pieces, I just go to pieces and that's the first thing I hear as I open the door! Mother's gentle voice issuing from a booth: 'Have you seen my daughter in So-and-so?' Oh, we'd attach such other names like that. One has to indulge them," said Wendy, pretending to apologize for a parent who, in her secret opinion, was all she should be. "I'd never dreamed of myself as an actress, and there'd never been one in the family, so far as I know. Of course we'd reflected, "And daddy was a brilliant lawyer, so lawyers and lawyers have something in common with actors. And my uncle was Sir Richard Barnard, a famous teacher. There's something dramatic about a man who can go out and cut people to pieces and not bat an eyelash, don't you think? Maybe it came out of other other dramatic bloke. Anyway, here I am, and I adore it."

"After Henry VIII, Merle and Little Bonnie were snapped up and rushed to America. I wasn't," says the four-time Wendy. Which was all right with me at the time, because I wanted to be gay in England for a year and a half, and I was. Then I felt like a hen without an egg to storm Hollywood. All my good friends pulled long faces. 'It's bad to go unless they send for you.' And suppose they never send for me—what then?"

"So I arrived in Hollywood on my flat feet with a French maid and no money between. Well, you know the routine. You're supposed to be terrible and be coy and say you're just visiting and wouldn't have a job if they handed it to you in baby blue. Cellophane, and all the time you're dying to get one. It's like a waste of good time to me, and who do you think you're fooling anyway? So I got my agent, and he got me a screen test, and that got me a year's contract at Paramount, where I was always the rich man's daughter, very sweet and with nothing to do. After which I free-lanced."

IT WAS her father's death in Hongkong last year which prompted her to quit free-lancing for a Universal contract. "While daddy was alive, I worked more or less because I liked it. I had an allowance which was a fortune—but enough to get by on. His death made me the man of the family, so to speak. I had to have the kind of security a contract gives. I had to know I was going to make five cents or a dollar a week. Whatever it was, at least next and ten weeks from now, instead of a thousand today and heaven knows what tomorrow."

She talked with the studio I thought would do me the most good. They were aiming to promote me soon," she said, slipping back with instinctive relief to a lighter mood. "Newspaper-room. Sunsets and flowers and everything gay and snappy and little Wendy happy as a flea on her wedding morn."

The family she has made herself responsible for consists of her mother and "a beautiful baby sister with violet eyes, who looks like Loretta Young." She tries to be casual about both, but can't quite keep the careess out of her voice when she speaks of them. "They're a scream," she says.

"As for mother, I can't make her out. She's never so much as stepped inside a studio—terrified of being thought 'one of those mothers, you know.' But let me make a date to meet her at the hairdresser's, and I've be five minutes here's the first thing I hear as I open the door! Mother's gentle voice issuing from a booth: 'Have you seen my daughter in So-and-so?' Oh, we'd attach such other names like that. One has to indulge them," said Wendy, pretending to apologize for a parent who, in her secret opinion, was all she should be.
own amusement. You know how powerful his voice is. Well, he woke up the peasants for a mile around, and they came flocking to listen. He entertained them for an hour in the moonlight, and I've never heard such raves in an opera house.

"The farmer in the Middle West and the cottonpicker in Georgia may not sing Trevieta at their work. But nine out of ten of them, hearing certainarias today, would say: 'Oh, yes, that's the thing Grace Moore or Lily Pons sang in her picture.' Which seems to me a step in the right direction. I don't think the screen will use opera in its present form. But if you told the story of Carmen and her treachery, or of Butterfly and her broken heart, simply, as you'd tell any love story, and combined it with the music as you'd combine it in any musical—then, of course, why shouldn't it go?" she cried, her voice aglow with conviction. "Opera's like a lovely girl, whose face has been hidden under a forbidding mask. Take the mask away, show what's really there, humanize it for them, and they'll soon stop being scared of it."

Nino Martini's lean face broke into laughter when I put my question. "Do I know?" he demanded, his arms flung wide. "In the movies I sing what I am ordered to sing. In Here's to Romance, I must sing a popular song—you remember?—in the five-and-ten cent store. The director said: 'Jazz it up!' The singer in the picture doesn't like—Nino Martini doesn't like—but they both must do it. So they close their eyes, like as if to take castor oil, and they jazz it up. And the audience likes. But in Gay Desperado I sing Celeste Aida for that beautiful bandit, Braganza. Braganza loves Celeste Aida—and the audience loves Celeste Aida. 'Sing Celeste Aida,' they beg me on the radio. So what can I think? I can only think that they love jazz and they love Celeste Aida. Maybe if we sing a whole opera in the movies, they will also love it. But who knows? The producers are afraid—of course. Were I producer, I, too, would be afraid—much work, much expense, much trouble with temperament, maybe, because, he suggested with a sly twinkle, 'in opera there would not be one Nino Martini to struggle with, but Ninos and Ninas as well. And in the end, perhaps, no money. The audience must beg for this opera, weep for this opera, cry that they cannot live out of this opera—then the movies will make it. Not before."

When Lily Pons did what she called her "Not dance" in I Dream Too Much, she went far toward knocking the high hat, if not from opera, at least from our notion of the stuffiness of opera singers. This she continued to do on the RKO lot, where she recently finished That Girl from Paris.

If you think she sits in glorified isolation, while her co-workers pussycot around her, you were never more mistaken. Where the ribbing is hottest, there you will find Miss Pons, chortling with glee. "Snooky!" someone will call, and the dulcet voice which answers is that of Miss Pons, Why Snooky? "Someone name me so," she explained demurely, and I find it charming—what you call cute. Now zey all name me Snooky."

She is vibrant, electric. They all seem twice more alive, these opera singers, than the ordinary mortal. I 'ave sree reasons," she said, "why I like to sing for ze feelm. First, it is gay. Zey laugh at me, I laugh at em. But," she announced in triumph, "zis year my English is not so funny like before. One day I listen to playback of my song, 'How you like it?' ze director ask. 'Fine!' I tell 'im, I understand eve-rr-y single word I say."

"Second reason: in ze feelm, if it is not so good ze first time, you do it again. If nessesaray zat you do it twenty times, all r-r-right, you do it twenty times, fifty times, until it is good."

"Third reason: ze whole world hears you. Sce—I 'ave sung in many countries—opera, concert, radio. I give myself ze pleasure to sink I am known. But after my picturesque I receive souvenirs of letters from kind people who never hear me before—who say: please make anozzer picturesque. Zat is nice, hein?—to find so many new friends. I like to keep zose friends. So each year, if zey wish, I will make one picturesque. I 'ave no time for more. Because I love also opera, I will tell you what I like—one day to sing Carmen for ze feelm. Great opera will not die—so I believe. But it will live—ow shall I say—wis more joy.
Tibbett has natural simplicity—no! the labeled kind that works being one of the boys, but the kind that is born of good sense and loathes what's phony, wherever it rears its head. I said that the people who go to opera," he says, "don't give a damn about it. They go because it's the thing to do. They heave their cots and murmur: 'Divine!' because they think that's culture. Once I was asked to sing at a Hollywood party. I knew they didn't care anything about music, but I sang put some kind of gibberish up to time, and said it was a Russian folksong. A Russian princess came over to me and moaned: 'You have brought me back my youth.' There was an idea that all opera is art. It isn't. Some operas are bad. Mood Indigo, played by Duke Ellington, is better music than a lot of operas. I've got far more respect for the fellow who honestly likes Yes Sir, That's My Baby than for the faker who pretends to like Wagner. There's nothing you can do about a faker. But if you honestly believe in the chances you are taught to like other kinds. The screen, with its scope for the pictorial, could break down the resentment that comes from lack of understanding. It wouldn't be an overnight thing, but it could be done. Look how they stuck Stokowski into the middle of the last Jack Benny picture. And the audience applauded.

All of which seems to put it squarely up to opera and you. Do you listen to the Met on Saturday afternoons? Did you yell for Stokowski and Bev young in The Big Broadcast? Are you learning to love the operatic arias you hear sung on the screen? Or, if so, there are willing hands in Hollywood, ready to give you whatever pleasure you desire, at a low price, to kick the high hat from opera, bringing it down to earth and you.

Hollywood! Here We Come!

(Continued from page 13)
Learn to Cook—and Like It!

[Continued from page 60]

Even a simple little dinner like this is a challenge to the new cook. That is why, while she is familiarizing herself with her kitchen equipment, the top-of-the-range technique will seem easier than any oven cookery, which we will also discuss later.

**SINCE** meats are a main item at most dinners, let's talk about what meats to buy and how and why to cook them by certain rules. Meats are classed as tender or tough, and we will begin with the tender cuts which are much the easier to cook. In the first place they are tender because they have little or no connective muscular tissue which must be broken down by the addition of water, high heat, or long cooking. Tender meats include chops, steaks, ground meats such as Swiss steak or Hamburgers, ham, liver and bacon. They are all cooked in a short time, over a relatively high heat, and with no added water.

Select loin chops (as of lamb, pork or veal) and have them cut about 1 inch thick. Or choose a T-bone or Porterhouse steak, or a small Club or Delmonico steak, and have it cut about 3/4 to 1 inch thick. Carefully trim off excess fat or membrane. In buying chopped meat, do not accept the pre-ground meats in the butcher’s case, but ask him to cut off a one-pound or more slice of the lower or top round of beef, trimming away the fat meat, and grind it twice through the meat chopper. In this way you will secure fresh, juicy meat of known quality, without any suspicions of “trimmings” or useless fat which is often added in ready chopped beef.

Tender meats may either be broiled or pan fried. In both cases, generously grease broiler or pan with a vegetable cooking oil, never with butter which burns too quickly under heat. The heavier the skillet, the easier it is to control the cooking. Now for this 7-Point Treaty:

1. **Heat pan** (or broiler) very hot. (A furious sizzling means too high a temperature, which toughens and shrinks the meat; while too low a temperature makes a stewing sound which tells you juices are escaping.)

2. **Brown or “sear”** meats on both sides, to keep juices in.

3. **Lower temperature** after meats are seared, and continue cooking until meats are done to desired point of rare or well-done.

4. **Drain off all excess fats during the cooking,** especially ham or bacon grease.

5. **Never cover pan-fried meats,** as this “stews” and extracts juices, leaving meat tough.

6. **Remove cooked meat to piping hot platter,** dot with butter, season with salt and pepper, and

7. **Serve immediately!**

The perfect accompaniment of any tender, quick-cooking meat is a baked potato and a green vegetable. Easy, yes, but how many cooks can turn out “mealy” potatoes and vegetables green as grass in May?

Wash potatoes, scrubbing hard. Cut off thin slices from each end, making it easy for escape of steam while cooking, and for starch cells to burst and thus become dry and mealy. Lightly rub outside with cooking oil, and bake, hot oven, from 30-40 minutes. The convenient portable covered “oven” with rack, which fits over any single top-gas-burner, is most economical for such baking. When potatoes are done (which you can tell by a light squeeze between the fingers), slit them open on top, scoop out some of the pulp, mash, blend with butter, salt and pepper, and repack into their shells, keeping them hot until serving. But remember, any baked potato will quickly go soggy if covered with lid or napkin, which induces steaming and hence too much water. Plan the timing of their baking so that they will be ready just at the moment you turn your steak or chops onto their platter.

And now for the green vegetables. Whole shelf-fuls of books have been written about how to keep green vegetables green, but here is all that knowledge boiled down as follows:

1. **Cook green vegetables a short time only,** indeed the shortest time possible.

2. **Neutralize the acid of cooking water by adding 1/16 teaspoon baking soda to the**

---

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan Picture “Green Light”

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boiling water, before dropping in vegetables.
3—Never cover the pot while cooking, as this cuts off oxygen, and makes for darker texture and coarse flavor.
4—Before vegetable is completely done, drain off water, add lump of butter, and return to lowest heat until butter blends with vegetable.

All green vegetables fade with cooking because their green pigment or dye is very sensitive to acids. And since all vegetables contain quite a proportion of acid, the green will fade to an unappetizing brown unless the vegetables are cooked very quickly, and their natural acid changed and neutralized. One of the condition of boiling soda. That is the why and how of adding the proverbial "pinch of soda"! Spinach can and must be cooked in from 3-5 minutes; green peas require about 12-15 minutes; brussels sprouts take 18-20 minutes; fresh asparagus 15 minutes. If you follow the above suggestions, your vegetables will persist a bright Kelly-green.

CRISP, fresh green salad belongs with this dinner. Avoid all heavy or nut-sprinkled or mayonnaise-laden fruit or fancy salads, keeping in forms for a main luncheon dish. Copy the Italian or French epicure who serves only a "green leaf" salad at luncheons, a salad in a fragrant bouquet of tangy French dressing. Long in advance of mealtime, wash, pick over and drain your green salad plants, and wrap in a clean towel or special let out and place in the refrigerator to chill. Make up your dressing into the bowl or bottle from which it is to be served, and chill. This simple Roquefort Dressing is a favorite of any man:

Roquefort Dressing

½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
¾ teaspoon paprika
½ cup malt vinegar
½ cup olive oil
½ teaspoon onion juice
4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
4 tablespoons crumbled Roquefort cheese

Combine all ingredients except cheese, and shake vigorously. Chill. Add cheese just before serving.

AND now for the dessert. Even if you are the kind of person who is blessed with "diminutive" helpings, leave pies, cakes and puddings to a future lesson in our Cooking Primer. The most suitable top-off or happy ending for this first dinner might be a box of 13 assorted table cheese and hard crackers (in which case, omit cheese in the salad dressing); a fruit whip with wafers or lady fingers; or a gelatin dessert, refreshingly chill and made, oh, hours before, and set to "cook by cool" in the refrigerator. Take your choice, but let me give you this tasty "10-minute" marshmallow recipe:

Strawberry Marshallaho Whip

1 package strawberry gelatin
1 cup boiling water
1 cup "frosted" strawber"ries and juice
16 marshmallows, quartered
1 cup heavy cream, whipped
24 Ladyfingers or vanilla wafers

Dissolve gelatin in boiling water, and chill. When mixture begins to thicken, whip until foamy. Add berries and juice and whip again. Add 8 marshmallows, quartered, and fold in whipped cream. Divide into 6 sherbet glasses, insert 4 wafers to each glass, and garnish with 8 marshmallows, tinted with berry juice. (Serves 6)

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Hollywood Selects
Cast for "Gone with the Wind"

Who will play the role of Rhett Butler in the screen version of "Gone With The Wind?" Who will play Scarlett O'Hara? Who will play Melanie? You will want to read the complete story of Hollywood's casting of this talked of picture in April SCREEN BOOK.

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The Talk of Hollywood
[Continued from page 55]

There is, for instance, that beacon, like a miniature revolving lighthouse, atop her home, to guide wandering guests to her root. And there are her telephones—she's got nine of them in the house, and they're all hidden—one in a piece of pseudo-Rodin sculpture; another, in a phony shelf of books, some others in cavities in the sides of her chairs. Most of them are revealed automatically when the ringing of the bells trips a trigger which opens a concealed doorlet. My, my, ain't it swell being a moon pitcher star?

What of Gypsy Rose Lee?

Jack Oakie's description of Mae West: "Public Anatomy No. 1."

China Calls

Anna May Wong, who wasn't born in China at all, is nevertheless going back to China forever...! Anna was born in Los Angeles' Chinatown. Not until last year did she visit China, homeland of her parents. It was a new experience for her—a soul-shaking experience. She believed, until then, that she was thoroughly occidentalized. Yet, ever since

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Night Owl

BECAUSE, for years, he worked night after night, on the radio and stage, until after midnight, Don Ameche now cannot get to sleep before 2 a.m., even when he works days. So he has a bookcase beside his bed, and reads until 2 each morning.

Knows Her Onions

TO poor showman is Sonja Henie, newest Fox star. She knows the value of stunts, with the same uncanny accuracy as P. T. Barnum used to show. For instance, her color schemes. In 1936, she got plenty of publicity, by printed and spoken word, because of her color scheme—she dressed invariably in white, had her home decorated throughout in white, even had her car painted and upholstered all-white. But that wore out. Did it cease Sonja? No, indeed. For 1937, she's switched colors. Now it's blue—and she's having her home redecorated completely in blue, has turned in her car for a new one, light blue with blue leather upholstery to match, and is buying an entire new wardrobe, all in blue. Maybe, for 1938, she'll go Technicolor, and be a rainbow.

Why They Call 'Em Ice

GLORIA STUART doesn't like diamonds. "They're cold," she complains.

Jeeroo

LONDON, not as excitable as Hollywood over publicity gags, seems to have gotten a bit fed up with Marlene Dietrich's activities over there. Anyway, this is what one columnist wrote: "I understand that the Ministry of Transport is considering a scheme for roping off a large section of West End and closing it to traffic. This compound will be reserved for Miss Marlene Dietrich, the film actress, and those who want to look at her. She will be flood-lit every evening from seven to eight, by kind permission of the Gas Light & Coke Company. It is hoped that the scheme will enable the excitable minority which is NOT interested in Miss Dietrich to go about its business of pleasures without interference." Fawcett that, now!

Tutti-Fruiti

XMAS in Hollywood: Jack Oakie, on Christmas night, barged into the Tropadero in white flannels and a bright red flannel zipper sweater coat!

Render Unto Cesar

FAN-MAIL Oddly No. 2—From Chicago, a girl sent Cesar Romero a leather-bound autograph book, containing...
When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
many times, but somehow I never got the chance. I've been so busy. Now I have to have a contract here..."

"It's a brand new five-year contract. They wanted her, and she had this appearance with Gary in this picture Souls At Sea. Why? Because Frances is an anomaly. She has the gentleness, the charm, the joy that goes with beautiful period costumes (remember her Meg in Little Women?) and a typical modern verve. (As witness the heroine in The Gay Deception!) Of course she hasn't worked much since the advent of David. He arrived about a year ago to keep two-and-a-half-year old Joel Dee company. "And it's so nice to have big Joel working here on the same lot with me while I'm making this first 'return' picture! He's playing in Internet Can't Take Money with Barbara Stanwyck," she explained.

HARD to imagine this slim, gray girl as a dignified young matron and the mother of two, and the mother-of-five-than she looks today. Her voice can overshadow all else in an instant.

It happened this way:

"We were having tea in her dressing-room when Stu, the one who arrived from the reception office. Master Joel Dee, in the company of his grandmother, was paying his initial visit to a motion picture studio. MOM-my and DAD-dy were there, weren't they? Well, then it was high time he was inspecting the place. A chubby little fellow with Frances' eyes, and the McCrea expression in miniature came bounding into the room. Then he stopped abruptly. He looked puzzled — then shocked. That was MOM-my... and it wasn't. He'd never seen her in make-up before. Besides his MOM-my didn't wear huge hoop skirts that so you couldn't even find her lap to crawl into. He looked wildly for DAD-dy. No sign of him. Just a queer person sitting with notebook and pencil where DAD-dy should have been. Young Mr. McCrea voiced his protest. He voiced it loud and long..."

"With a quick movement Frances cradled him in her arms. For the moment Hollywood, the whole vast mechanism of making movies, ceased to exist. She was just Mrs. McCrea trying to console a bewildered small son.

They telephoned to DAD-dy on the set. DAD-dy said the paternal equivalent to "Keep a stiff upper lip, m'boy; I'll be right over," and the sobs ceased as if by magic.

THERE'S a sturdy fine quality about this little family. They have something that rumor and fame and glitter can touch. Some folks call it "luck." And some call it "love." I used to think marriage put a pretty definite period to romance. I don't anymore—not since watching Joel and Frances. They lunch together and drive to the studio commissary; he swings around to her dressing-room every night and they go home in their new family car. Frances has never been more beautiful in her life. She has the look that only a woman deeply loved can have.

"For three years," she chuckled, panning an apple for Joel. "I've been asked how I managed a household and a career. I don't 'manage.' I simply have them and I'm perfectly happy with both. Of course I'm only living my own life. It might not work out at all in other cases—but," reflectively, "I think it's beneficial to have a career

Devastation with a Capital DEE

[Continued from page 38]
Many Happy Women Now Say
PAR-IO-GEN
(Pronounced PAR-IO-JEN)
• TABLETS •
MAKE
FEMININE HYGIENE
Simple Quick Easy

Desirable Parigen requires no appilcants or other accessories. The easy-to-use tablets alone is sufficient. Hamlets, non-tissue, grainsirles, woveless. Twelve tablets in glass container cost only one dollar. Don't hesitate to ask your druggist for parigen. This simplicity should be temporarily exalted, write us your sample.

N O S E S
ALL KINDS REPHASES
by DR. RADIN'S Plumbe Methoids. Your features can be changed! OUTSTANDING EARS CORRECTED; face liften; lip contour; lines, wrinkles, blebemese and scars removed, Reduced fare. Illustrated booklet free.
DR. RADIN, 1402 Broadway, Dept. F.A., New York City

Personal to Fat Girls! — Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Parigen tablets a day until you have lost enough fat — then stop.
Marmola Prescription Tablets contain the same element prescribed by most doctors in treating their fat patients. Billions of people are using them with success. Don't let others think you have no spunk and that your will-power is as slack as your flesh. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure rightfully yours.

WANTED
MEN AND WOMEN TO MAKE $2.00 A WEEK
Showing Hose Guaranteed 4 to 8 Months.

British Made Parigen: Brand new, Yedden given prescriptive necessary. Everybody have been. Guaranteed to wear. Guaranteed to be

WILKIN NOSIEY CO. Midway, Greenfield, Ohio

When answering advertisements, please mention April Motion Picture
Right You Are, Dr. Pitkin!

[Continued from page 41]

sensible young men spend their youths struggling and fitting themselves for
the goal of success in later life. But you have

to plant healthy seed to get a happy crop!

Major menace Boris Karloff admits to being past forty, "This is the stage in the shape of his role of Frankenstein came upon him.

And he's glad it didn't come earlier. He would have missed grabbing for a living,

working as a coach driving. He wouldn't have valued his good fortune if it had come when he was in his sophomoric twenties. He says: "I can appreciate recog-
nition more because, after years of struggling... 'batting' around the country,
taking what parts that came my way... they laid, I think, a foundation that will make my success more lasting."

TEARING ourselves from comics and menaces, the lists of the romantic actors are full of four-deciders. There's Leslie (Hansel) Howard, playing Romeo (against his better instincts, as it seems) at forty-three; the so-oo-oo-sympathetic Herbert Marshall, a World War veteran—and the War has been over for nineteen years, it lasted four for the English, and seventeen for the Americans, a big birthday. Bart—pardon the informality, Mr. Marshall—is definitely forty-ish. So is that able actor Paul Muni at forty-one. Joseph Schildkraut is forty-one, Ralph Forbes forty, Richard Dix forty-one, Ed-

murd Lowe—the suave—is forty-four, Ed

ward Gould Robinson forty-three, barton Lawrence of Florence is forty, and Warner Baxter, still flourishing—still enjoying a comfortable fan following—hardsome roles, a ground zero.

Moreover, Baxter admits that he has realized the ambition of a lifetime. He is the owner of a full-stop home that is the consummation of a career dream. Who said a man (or a woman) was through at forty?

"I'd rather be forty than any age I know," Helen Hayes recently said.
Incidentally, her comedy "side-kick," Victor Moore, passed forty over twenty years ago. It took years for your favorite screen and air comics, Jack Benny of Paramount and NBC, and Eddie Cantor (forty-three) of 20th Century-Fox and CBS, to reach the high places they now occupy. And if Jack's near-million dollars a year doesn't spell success to you, dear, then something is awfully, awfully wrong somewhere. Benny philosophizes this way on the subject of age: "If I live forty at forty, that explains why I feel like a two-year-old. Mary says she's having my hat widened for that middle-aged spread. She contends the old felt must be spreading—it lives on the fat of the land."

"But seriously," continues Kidder Benny, "though I can't exactly say life began two years ago. I do admit that fate has been more than usually kind to me since the day I completed my two-score years. The films have given me the nod and my radio efforts have continued to pay the sponsor. In fact, things look so rosy for me I've got thorns in my eyebrows." And speaking of eye-brows, black-browed Basil Rathbone is forty-four and has been enjoying very good fortune, thank you, these last few years. So has fidgety Frank Morgan, forty-three.

On the threshold of the forties, and therefore—if the theory holds—at the beginning of even greater success, is Fredric March, in his late thirty, and Connie, Nagel, too, sees a rainbow ahead in the forties in the shape of his new directing contract for George Hirliman and Grand National. X. X. X. Nagel has been an actor for years and years. Romantically, the fellow is keeping up averages, too, with repeated rumors of his engagements to Kay Laker; and a certain rumor having to do with the South. Among directors, producers, writers, the age of forty has brought considerable triumphs. It is not unusual for Tyke, known in his thirties for the excellence of his travel films (White Shadows of the South Seas, Trader Horn, The Pagan, Eskimo), whittled out an enviable movie colony reputation for himself when, a few years deep in his forties, he began to turn out smart comedy-mystery dramas (The Thin Man) and glowing musicals (Naughty Marietta, Rose Marie), "Life for me," says he, "has always been pretty much of a day-to-day proposition, but now that I have arrived in the 'forty fancies!' I find that adventure has not stopped. On the contrary, it has begun all over for me!" Which may or may not be a cryptic statement.

John Ford, forty-six, walked off with last year's Academy Award for directing The Informer; Producer Harry Cohn, just inside the magic age, pulled Columbia studios, a small independent company, out of the doldrums and into the sacred atmosphere of the major producing companies. No small achievement. Complete this trio, with Hal Mohr, bushy-haired, bushy-eyed, chief of Evelyn Venable, crank-turner on Midsomer Night's Dream which won him a 1935 Academy statuette, turned forty and turned director all in one breath. Now he is set to direct Class Prophecy, one of New Universal's most important 1937 films.

At forty-three Paramount's capable Arthur Hornblow, Jr., won outstanding production honors; capped them by marching to the altar with the Nation's No. One Unmarried Girl, Myrna Loy, considerably after his junior, starting in 1920 when he was but, and a pleasant note to close on. If you are forty, if you plan to be forty sometime—remember this: The flaccid, fathom forties are a thing of the past. From pictures to palaces, these days, men and women are just beginning to get the best out of life when the decade-decade stages four.
GARBO Loves Robert Taylor. MGM says so in its advertising campaign on Camille. The nation's billboards, newspapers and magazines are telling us this momentous message. Of course, the picture, Camille, is concerned in the Swedish siren's romantic splurge. Telling the world that a great star of Garbo's rank loves the idol of the hour is something to be chalked up for MGM's showmanship. Taylor is tops—the favorite of the females. So the appeal of the man to the fluttering feminine heart is capitalized—even to the extent of having him share the love of a woman who has frowned on romance, at least in her private life. But she DOES LOVE BOB in Camille. So it's all play-acting, and smart advertising.

GARBO IS STILL GARBO

THE tie-up of Garbo and Taylor is bound to act to the benefit of both, but particularly to Garbo. She had slipped in the public's palaver and at the box-office. The tragic role of Marguerite in The Lady of the Camellias is accepted as the greatest test of an actress' emotional powers. A gifted actress never fails to go to town in portraying the frustrated character. So with Garbo, despite the fact that she loves Robert Taylor—on the billboards or in the story. It is a magnificent performance, utterly dwarfing anything she has projected before.

Yes, Garbo is back; she never really went away. All she needed was something worthy of her gifts. She can continue to love Robert Taylor or play Joe Doakes—given the proper emotional medium—and she would always stand out, sure of her art and supreme in it. And this is no disparagement on Bob's acting. Indeed, he portrays Armand so sincerely that you forget the character is a sap or even a sop, dreamt for the purpose by Dumas fils to create the larger figure of the love-born Marguerite.

SEE RAINER AND LOVE HER

MGM should promote a new slogan as a companion piece to "Garbo Loves Robert Taylor." The new one might be adopted for The Good Earth as follows: "Everyone Loves Luise Rainer." After you and you and you have seen her here, all of you will take her to your hearts. Her performance in this intensely human picturization of Pearl Buck's memorable story of Oriental soil—and how it governs Wang's whole existence surely stymies this typewriter.

As the tragic O-Lan she brings deep humility and pathos to the character—and makes it convincingly real. She creates a mood that draws you right into the screen. As you watch her you take up her burden—and become the loyal and self-effacing wife, Paul Muni as her husband, who forgets the soil in his mercenary and pecuniary progress; who casts aside his wife in his upward advance—but who returns to her when the soil claims him, is physically, the Wang of the book. But in the picture he seems but a complement to Rainer and her portrayal. Her O-Lan is tempered to bring out the spiritual, human flame. And Rainer ignites it.

Here is the actress of the year—this Luise Rainer. Having won an award for the best performance among feminine stars last year in The Great Ziegfeld, she seems destined to win it again with her performance in The Good Earth. In the compass of a year the Viennese charmer has climbed to the head of the picture parade—and this without benefit of hallyuho. Talent, like truth and murder, will out.

The Good Earth is Irving Thalberg's posthumous triumph since it took on form and substance under his supervision. It has been four years—on and off—in the making, but the expenditure of money, time and labor have not been wasted. There's nothing in sight to cope with it unless it's The Lost Horizon. But we must await the dawn of this Columbia canvas before we can pass judgment, though all signs point to a magnificent triumph.

THE COMEDIAN BUSINESS

TAKING up the cudgels for the comedians the producers had better begin thinking about replacing a fast-vanishing market. They've established training-schools and what not, to find replacements for the players who carry the love interest. But nothing has been done to find replacements for comedians for the few fun-makers who supply the comedy relief. There is no training-school at all. The producers have been asleep at the switch while routing their top-notchers and "finding" on the main track of romance. Time was when vaudeville became the training-school, but vaudeville is gone. The radio is not a training-school because it doesn't call for pantomime to express a comic character—the comic is just a gag-slinger, dishing up wisecracks with his assembled stooges. On the screen no beginners are wanted; you have to be a "finished" comedian before you start, and the same is true of the stage.

In vaudeville every comedian was his own boss. If he was an ambitious kid living in a small town he had the idea he could be funny if he tried. He built up an act in his father's barn. When it was polished a bit he persuaded a third-rate vaudeville agent passing through the town to have a looksee at it. The agent thought it might go. So the youth got booked on the gas-light circuit. With audience reaction he found out what was funny and what wasn't. He discovered that a certain line said in a certain way would get more laughs than otherwise. He learned about timing. He finally reached a better town and went on to still better ones. All the time he was his own boss. He taught himself the business of how to be funny. It was the only way he—or anyone—could learn. He constantly experimented with new ideas, new expressions, new gags. And, in time, he became a full-fledged comedian with a reputation.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE

So-o-o-o-o-o. Name your list of comedians. There are not many of them. Practically all of them with the exception of Edward Everett Horton, Harold Lloyd and one or two others, came out of vaudeville. But with vaudeville gone what does this do with the comedian business? It means good money for the men who have learned how to be comics. But where are the replacements coming from? Who are to take the places of the Hakeys, Frawleys, Ruggleses, Moorees, Chaplines, Butterworths, Lloyds, Hortons, Healds, Laurels, Hardys, Wheelers, Wooleys, Browns, Fieldses, Summervilles, Herberts, Blores, and Mundins? Some of these men may not always be the picture-savers, but they are often the picture-stealers. They can't go on forever. As ex-King Edward said in speaking about something or other: "Something must be done." The answer here looks like a training-school for comedians, with the above-named composing the faculty.
The New TATTOO gives lips exciting South Sea redness that's transparent, pasteless, highly indelible...yet makes them moist, lustrous, smooth, soft...endlessly yielding!

Luscious South Sea-ish stain that replaces pasty lipstick, arch-enemy of blissful adventure...that's the New Tattoo. Moist and shimmering, it appears on lips...ever so tempting...but so clearly transparent its charm has a reality that doesn't suffer when adoring eyes come closer. And how his heart will pound at the touch of lips so smooth...so caressingly soft! A magic ingredient contained in the New Tattoo actually makes lips just that soft. Yes, it really does. Tattoo your lips!

**FIVE EXCITING SOUTH SEA REDS**

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL." No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC." No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood red that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL." No. 4 changes hue when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth. Called "FASTEL." No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower...the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness. Called "HAWAIIAN."

TATTOO IS ONE DOLLAR EVERYWHERE
You need this throat protection too!

...That only a light smoke offers

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you... be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.

a light smoke

OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"
WHO IS THE MOST COPIED GIRL IN THE WORLD?

NO MARRIAGE FOR ME—STANWYCK
Hollywood! The ever-critical — the master authority on beauty — has its very own secret for flawless charm! — A secret you now may share. All types go to make up Hollywood’s group of glamorous screen sirens. Yet each is a picture of cameo loveliness. To see them is to adore them! Each vital type — whether Titian, Brunette, or Blonde — owes her radiant beauty to the intimate secret of make-up keyed to her individual coloring!

NOW — with Hollywood Mask Matched Make-up — you may achieve the same astounding results. For the velvet-textured Powder of Hollywood Mask accents the skin-tones; the soft, glowing Rouge merges with shade of skin; and the Lipstick, matching the Rouge, leaves lips ripe, tantalizing — lips that promise to give — and to take! And all three, keyed to your individual coloring.

Underneath it all, the knowledge that the skin is baby-fresh and revitalized with the Hollywood Mask Facial.

Follow the Hollywood method, just as a screen star. Let your mirror reflect a new, ravishing you. You’ll be vibrant! Re-made! Luscious! Ready to undermine hearts of men the world over.

You’ll find poise and assurance, too, in knowing you’ve properly stressed inner beauty, by make-up that accents your own color tones.

Don’t delay glorification! Awaken your sleeping beauty with Hollywood Mask Matched Make-up. Ask today for your own shades at your favorite cosmetic counter.

Avoid Blackheads — Clogged Pores
Purges tiny dirt-ridden pores. Cleanses the base of the face. Strengthens and feeds under-skin tissues with Hollywood Mask Facial, Large Tube $1.00. Purse size 50c.

Acquire Bloom of Youth
Business glowing blush on cheeks. Merges with skin tones and blends with powder. Plays up to eyes and hair. Peachbloom, Poppy, Orange, Lime, Size 50c, Purse size 10c.

Alluring Companion to Rouge
Have rich, red, taunting lips! — Come-katheristic, soft—that stay soft through an evening. Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry, Extra Size 50c, Purse Size 10c.

Escape “Flour-Barrel” Look
Heavenly new powder reveals true skin-tones; clings longer. Harmonizes with checks and lips. Soft, subtle, natural! Rachelle, Creole, Brunette, Peach, Natural, Blanche, Suntan. Large Size 75c, Purse Size 10c.

Hollywood Mask
FOR INTIMATE BEAUTY
HOLLYWOOD

Start your beauty adventure now! If your store hasn’t Hollywood Mask as yet, check your phone book for nearest the introductory treatment. Be sure to include Hollywood Mask Facial — the base of new levities...

I enclose $ for each purse-size cosmetic checked.

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Street:

City:

State:

LIPSTICK
Light Medium Dark Orange Raspberry
ROUGE Orange Poppy Raspberry Peach
POWDER Rachelle-Blonde Peach Dark Rachelle Natural Creole Blanche Suntan
A NEW SLANT ON RONALD COLMAN

The actor with the most expressive eyes on the screen comes to you next month in a fascinating interview. You have long worshiped at his shrine, and today he has just as strong a grip on your hearts as when his personality and talent first flashed across the screen. With new picturegoers he is held in just as wide esteem. Not given much to airing his opinions, yet when he does break his usual silence he commands your attention. In the June issue of MOTION PICTURE you'll be listening to what he has to say. It's an issue crammed with interesting articles about your favorite stars...and newcomers, too.


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MOTION PICTURE
Combined With
MOVIE CLASSIC

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AL ALLARD—Art Director

5
Dull-Listless

- SKIN BROKE OUT!

• Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn’t help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn’t yet learned how to avoid out-of-date “doing.” Then I found out something I’ve always remember.

Here's the lesson she learned

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

• In desperation I consulted my pharmacist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. “It’s different!” he said. I tried it — found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, “blues.” I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered — “You’re yourself again!”

And she’s so happy now

• Now life is so different for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. M-9, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

The Talkie Town Tattler

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

By Harry Lang

Cupid’s Couplet:

They're callin' him "Mary's Little Lamb,"
But Buddy Rogers doesn’t give a — toot!

And they’ll probably be Mr. and Mrs. Rogers by the time you read this in print. As this is written, the plans are for a London wedding. Mary Pickford wanted the wedding to take place in her beloved Hollywood, but the death of her sister, Lottie, and previous professional engagements of Buddy so switched the date-plans that the London wedding was set instead.

Cupid’s Couplet:

Alice Faye's big brother, Bill, And June Gale are in Cupid's mill!

Tyrone Power is keeping the Hollywood who’s-whose-guessers guessing, what with Sonja Henie and Rochelle Hudson! It looked for a while as though Tyrone and Sonja were altar-bound (but if you'll check back over Of Man Tattler's tips, you will see where he told you that Tyrone, career-boy, isn’t thinking at all seriously about marriage, right now). However, when Twentieth Century-Fox's publicity department arranged its parade of stars to a certain preview the other night, they told Tyrone that he was expected, for publicity reasons, to escort Rochelle to the show, Sonja being east on a personal-appearance tour at the time. Dutifully, Tyrone called for Rochelle and squirreled her to the theatre. Next day, the columnists and the gossip hounds bowled the news that Tyrone was two-timing Sonja, had switched his heart and affections to the Hudson gal.

Cupid's Couplet:

Jean Muir and New Yawk's Richard Watts— Still among the “Hottest-Hots!”

Closest-to-the-altar-but “no-take” romance in Hollywood was that between June Lang and agent Victor Orsatti. She

[Continued on page 8]
All through the night

Looking into each other's heart—to find each other... All through the night—arm in arm—escaping together... Tonight held their love

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
Home Made Ice Cream!

Do you remember? . . . It was one of the highlights of childhood:

What a thrill when Mother dips out the first spoonful! Just like the art of cake-baking—those simple recipes Grandmother used to make Ice Cream are today the most wholesome for growing children. And for mothers, too, who find ordinary “frozen desserts” too rich and fattening.

Make some Ice Cream for dinner tonight! Give the family a treat! Your dealer is showing the latest models of freezers!

"HAVE A PARTY"

And Make ICE CREAM

BUY A FREEZER at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
All Aboard for Hollywood!

You'll meet the stars on our Movieland Tour!

TWO WEEKS of glamorous travel and an eye-opening coverage of the "inside" Hollywood so many influential tourists have tried in vain to crash, is the thrill anticipated by those who have made reservations for Fawcett Publications' Movieland Tours of 1937, for which final arrangements have been completed.

If you have not yet made your reservations, you have little time to wait. Only $5 will reserve your place on this tour of the American West and the marvels and miracles of Hollywood, the wonder city. You need only mail to your reservation and Fawcett will do the rest. Through the Bad Lands, the Rockies, the breath-taking Mt. Rainier National Park, Seattle and the great Pacific Northwest, the historic spots of interest in San Francisco (the city has hundreds of them)—then Hollywood and your share of the private lives and work of the stars! Such delights your vacation will afford! Luxurious travel on private trains, special service de luxe, en route, sight-seeing trips along the way, bridge tournaments and gay parties at big hotels, and then a few days of what you have always pictured for—mingling with your favorite screen idols.

The first tour leaves Chicago July 11, the second August 8. Identi cal party plans have been arranged for both trans-continental house parties, so only your convenience need dictate your choice of the most satisfactory date for your vacation.

FROM the depot you will go straight to the Clark Hotel, in the center of the shopping and theatre district of down-town Los Angeles and directly across the street from the Pacific Electric Depot from which the Big Red Cars will inter-urban you rapidly to all the best-known play-spots of Southern California. One of Los Angeles' most modern hotels, famed for its excellent cuisine, the Clark Hotel is near famous Pershing Square, Los Angeles' best known metropolitan park.

A tour of Hollywood on the first day will take you past the noted night clubs and pleasure spots of the entertainment capital, and through the swank residential districts inhabited by the stars. Late the same afternoon you will be fed at a cocktail party by Basil Rathbone at his beautiful home. Sunday night you will be guests at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, most famous show-house of the world and home of Sid Grauman's far-famed mighty prologues.

Paramount studio, home lot of Claudette Colbert, Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Bing Crosby, Martha Raye, Jack Benny and Burns and Allen, will be thrown open to you the next morning. You will see the grinding of cameras, learn how sound is (Continued on page 67)
Follow the Stars
TO A PERFECT HAIRDRESS
HOLD-BOBS
... the secret

Winsome Ruth Lucille Brink of St. Louis, Mo., was winner in the December "Search for Talent!" sponsored by HOLD-BOBS. She receives a FREE screen test, $50.00 in cash, and an opportunity to make her screen debut in a Walter Wagner Production at United Artists Studios.

The sleek, sculptured lines of today's smart coiffures... delightful to look at and easy to do! The secret? HOLD-BOBS! These bob pins... the favorites of Hollywood where a perfect hairdress is so necessary for a beautiful appearance... are unlike any other bob pin. Their exclusive, patented features insuring a smart, distinctive hairdress, are: small, round, invisible heads; smooth, round, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side cramped; and colors to match all shades of hair.

With HOLD-BOBS you'll never see why your hair stays beautifully in place. But you'll know the reason your friends compliment your new hairdress! Ask for HOLD-BOBS at your favorite store. You'll find these bob pins everywhere.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, President
1919-26 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-57, Chicago, Ill.
Straight Style HOLD-BOB

THE KING AND THE CHORUS GIRL

AAA—The outstanding feature of Mervyn LeRoy's first independent production for Warner Brothers is the introduction to American audiences of Fernand Gravet, long the darling of French and Continental cinema audiences. Gravet has good looks, a grand sense of humor and a tremendous amount of screen personality. He is certain to click big and assure a huge success for The King and the Chorus Girl.

It will be difficult for you to keep the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Simpson out of your mind. If you see this film, particularly if you catch Fernand Gravet bears a striking resemblance to the Duke, you'll be delighted. In this, because there is a hinted parallel between a rich, but kind, amiable, packing in love with an American girl, even if there is no connection, the film is timely.

Jean Blondell, an American blonde, catches the king's eye when he visits the Folies Bergere and the romance terminates. However, before the happy ending there are a few hitches to pass over. It's good fun, so don't miss it.—Harper's Bazaar.

LOVE IS NEWS

AAA—Here is a romantic farce which, while it trends familiar ground, is sparkling and spon-
taneous due to the clever direction of T. C. Griffin and the positive energy of the whole cast.

Champagne Cocktail is a newspaper story which brings to mind those two recent box-office hits, It's Always Fair Weather and Love Finds Andy Hardy. The setting is a large city and the romance occupies a young heroine and the man she loves. It is a sprightly story, filled with fun. Best of all is its cast—sympathetic for Hollywood stars.

Mae Young and Tyrone Power, who met while playing in a recent play, are married and are the stars of this film.

Power plays an avaricious reporter; Young plays his wife, a former model. Their relationship is a source of conflict until Power makes an interview and Young brings in another excellent performance. In Power's latest film, he proves his talent as a young star in the making.

Annie Young, 20—26th Century Fox.

MICHAEL STROGOFF

AAA—Russia is the background for this grim melodrama adapted from Jules Verne's story, Michael Strogoff. The story of love and hatred, cruelty and terror. Most of the action is taking place in Siberia and the story is a fine mystery. The setting is interesting and the acting is good. It is a fast-moving story that keeps you guessing until the end.

The setting is the Czar's palace and the action is fast-paced. The story is an exciting one and the acting is excellent. The film is well-directed and the photography is good. The cast is well-chosen and the story is a good one. It is a film that will keep you on the edge of your seat until the end.

MARKED WOMAN

AAA—Described by the beginning title which calls attention to the fact that it is a story of real life and based on a true story, it is a film that cannot be missed. It is a film that will be important for many years to come. The story is based on the life of a woman who was a victim of starvation and poverty. She is a woman of great courage and determination and she is determined to better her life.

The film is directed by a master of the craft and the acting is excellent. The story is well-paced and the photography is good. The film is well-made and it is a film that will be remembered for many years to come.

The story is based on a true story of a woman who was a victim of starvation and poverty. She is a woman of great courage and determination and she is determined to better her life.

When the plot thickens, it becomes a story of love and friendship. The woman who was a victim of starvation and poverty is determined to better her life. She is a woman of great courage and determination and she is determined to better her life.

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When the plot thickens, it becomes a story of love and friendship. The woman who was a victim of starvation and poverty is determined to better her life. She is a woman of great courage and determination and she is determined to better her life.
YOU ALWAYS LOOK TO MUNI FOR THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROLE!

The hell of hate around them. The heaven of stolen love in their hearts. Thundering drama that flings these two thrilling lovers into each other's arms!

PAUL MUNI
MIRIAM HOPKINS

in

THE WOMAN I LOVE

with LOUIS HAYWARD
Colin Clive • Elizabeth Risdon
Owen Davis, Jr. • Sterling Holloway

Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

RKO RADIO PICTURE
Produced by ALBERT LEWIS

Gloriously lifting two great stars to new greatness!

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture 15
SILENT BARRIERS

This is a historical chronicle about our closest neighbors, the Canadians. Never neglected as subjects matter for the films, although they are a position to offer fresh material in their pioneering and progressive stages. They also offer a wealth of beautiful backgrounds, in their Canadian Rockies and mountain lakes. Apparently, England finally realized that their "Dominion Across the Sea" would lead itself, both spiritually and historically, to their new destiny and were lavish in making this an outstanding production.

The story is the story of the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway and of the heroism of its early campaigners who faced peril, but persevered in opening the continent, thus paving the way for the railroad. The human angle is traced through the affairs of two friends and there are some brief sketches of incidental love affairs. But the real drama is the building of the railway which affords many thrills. The cast headed by Richard Attenborough well.

WOMEN OF GLAMOUR

The striking thing about this is the interesting and capable cast and the gorgeous settings. The story, which is hardly love affairs, is all about an artist's soul and his love affairs. Melynn Douglas is the painter, and the women in his life are Virginia Bruce and Leonie Rysanek. The other members of the distinguished cast are Reginald Denny, Pert Kelton, and Thurston Hall. Douglas is engaged to Leonie Rysanek, lady of means and intellect, who loves him sincerely, but he meets Virginia Bruce, a cabaret dancer, with a questionable background and persuades her to be an attractive, ruthless and unhappy model for him. Douglas, tormented in working on his famous painting, finds her sympathetic and real masterpiece, and finds her sympathetic and real "she-devil." He decides to devote underneath her hardness to Virginia's last two weeks of bachelorhood they fall in love, education, but in the meaningful situation. Miss Rysanek accepts the situation with grace, and Miss Leonie Rysanek says that Virginia also gives Douglas the kind of the career. Pert Kelton adds the comedy touches. It's amusing.

ESPIONAGE

The title Espionage is misleading for while this does have a spy angle it is of minor importance. The important thing is that the producers didn't take advantage of the comedy center, which may have been an afterthought and rectified the film so that picture audiences would at least get a hint that they are in for an hour of grand entertainment.

This starts out to be a melodrama but it quickly turns to joy-making by some novel twists. Edmund Lowe and Madge Evans, civil reporters, find themselves on the same assignment and by a strange coincidence both have the same passport and are forced to occupy the same stateroom as man and wife on a trans-European train. Their assignment is covering Paul Lukas, a munitions tycoon, who is traveling in his private car with a companion—Miss Ketti Gallian. Lukas is suspected of traveling on a secret mission which may precipitate a war and it is up to Lowe and Evans to get the "dope." You're sure to enjoy it.

GIRL OVERBOARD

Is a sympathetic story about the romantic life of a beautiful and quiet model—Gloria Stuart. Although it is modestly produced you will find it interesting, and suspense is maintained by adding a murder mystery. It is knit together and packs considerable human interest. Gloria Stuart plays her part sympathetically, and she's with understanding. Besides, it's a awfully good to look at, but that's good to look at, and that's good to look at, and that's good to look at, and that's good to look at.

The swing skirt as featured by Allen-A is 1937's important fashion news for surf, pool, and beach. Flare skirts were popular at all winter resorts, both in fancy knitted fabrics and woven prints.

The swing skirt as featured by Allen-A is 1937's important fashion news for surf, pool, and beach. Flare skirts were popular at all winter resorts, both in fancy knitted fabrics and woven prints.

SILK NEEDLE KNITTING affords extra elasticity which assures perfect fit and longer wear. In all the new roughweaves and plain ribs — $2.50 to $8.50

Write for descriptive circular and dealer's name.

The swing skirt as featured by Allen-A is 1937's important fashion news for surf, pool, and beach. Flare skirts were popular at all winter resorts, both in fancy knitted fabrics and woven prints.

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
NO USE, MISS Scrub-Hard,
No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste.

Change to
PEPSODENT
TOOTH PASTE
containing
IRIUM
The modern way to remove film and win flashing new luster on teeth

- Attention Scrub-Hards! A thrilling new dental discovery now makes your brushing thoroughly effective! It steps up the cleaning power of tooth paste—removes dingy film and helps polish your teeth to a sparkling luster you never thought possible!

IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—ends Scrub-Hard disappointment. It obsoletes the harsh abrasion of older methods—provides a smooth, gentle washing action that speedily loosens clinging film and floats it away like magic. Now proper brushing gets results—in teeth that shine with natural brilliance.

Completes the formula for beautiful teeth
If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only half the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds instantly to your brush—penetrates between teeth—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that shows up old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth will stay bright and feel clean much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it today!

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Save Steps—Time—Money
For handkerchief use during colds... To dust and polish... In the kitchen... For the baby... And keep in the car — to wipe hands, windshield and greasy spots.

Q. Does it cost the studios much to give screen tests?
A. It costs plenty. It costs the salaries of "grips" who put props and cameras in place; the salaries of the electrical crew which lights the set; of the make-up experts and hairdressers; of two cameramen, and of twenty or thirty high-priced technicians and workmen, and a director, and an experienced producer who acts opposite the hopeful one. Not to mention the cost of the film, the treatment of the film in the laboratory and the screening of it.

Q. Is the automobile Mae West used in Go West Young Man her own?
A. No. That Rolls Royce is Constance Bennett's car. The studio rented it from her for $1900 a week and it was used for two weeks.

Q. Regardless of publicity, what male star is most popular with the feminine fans?
A. You'd think it would be Robert Taylor, wouldn't you? But I asked Mrs. Dorothy Smith of the Travelers Aid Society and she insisted on those girls who run away from home to come to Hollywood. She says that most of these girls come to see William Powell, Gary Cooper is their second choice.

Q. The other evening, in a picture theatre, I saw the hero of the scene smash his fist through a window. Now don't tell me... 
A. Yes, I know what you mean. Here's the answer: that window was made of candy! There's a man in Hollywood named J. C. Chalmers, a white-haired Scotch candy maker, who makes all those champagne glasses and window panes and mirrors which are broken for drama's sake. He uses sugar to fashion golf balls, deer antlers, lamp chimneys, tobacco, candles, straw hats, buttons, soap, bottles, ice-choked rivers, and once he patterned half of a candy whale. It weighed 750 pounds.

Q. What is Kay Francis' real name?
A. Katherine Gibbs.
Bette Davis tells you how to protect Daintiness

Have you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that's most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin sweet—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be near you—even if they don't know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You're sure to find it works for you.

"You girls who want to be popular—remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it spoils romance.

"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love.

"A Lux Toilet Soap bath is a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you're tired and have a date to keep. You'll find it peps you up in no time!"

Star of Warner Brothers' "MARKED WOMAN"

9 out of 10 screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep your skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
SIDNEY FRANKLIN
Director of The Good Earth

SIDNEY FRANKLIN is a man who would find no place in Hollywood—if Hollywood were the sort of place its critics paint it! He is scholarly, unassuming, soft-spoken, intellectual, and precise—adjectives more fitting for a small-town schoolmaster than a director in the world's most colorful industry. One associate, meaning no disrespect, called him "mouse-like!"

Yet, Hollywood hands him such assignments as The Good Earth, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, Smilin' Through, Reunion in Vienna, Private Lives, and The Guardsman. He will direct Norma Shearer in the vitally important Marie Antoinette when Norma decides to continue her career.

Two sequences in The Good Earth, his latest triumph, show why producers find him valuable, even if he isn't a director in the good old De Mille tradition! Remember the famine, when Paul Muni and Luise Rainer begin their long trek Southward? These scenes seemed extra-real because Franklin shot them under the same type of lights used in newsreel work. "I wished audiences to associate this part of the picture with news pictures of actual famines and disasters they had seen," he explained modestly.

Again, the Franklin touch showed when Luise Rainer, on her bridal night, plants the cherry tree, and Paul Muni raises a lantern to her face. It was the only time in the entire picture when he allotted "the little monkey," as he nicknamed Luise, to look as lovely as she really does.

"I wanted the audience to see her not as a Chinese peasant woman, but as the radiant girl Paul Muni, the bridegroom, saw by the light of his lantern," Franklin told me. For the rest, he did something no director in Hollywood has dared to do before. He made his heroine almost grotesquely ugly, permitted her only one long speech, and relied on her eyes alone to convey the drama of her life!

A native of San Francisco, Franklin grew up just as the infant film industry was struggling to be born in Hollywood. A career as an actor was his earliest ambition, and soon after graduating from public school he won a part in the D. W. Griffith film The Sheriff. Other small roles followed, and his career seemed promising indeed, until one day he was assigned to a scene in Intolerance for which his director insisted of a pair of shorts. Outdoor locations were then the order, and the California sun blistered down for two days. Franklin was carried to a hospital so drenched, he decided that he needed to transfer his activities behind the cameras—where a man might wear a shirt if he choose!

A camera assistant to the late George Hill, he gained a world of valuable experience and an ambition to direct. Like almost all of Hollywood's tried and true old-timers, he had courage and originality. Saving his pennies, he directed and photographed his own productions, called it (fittingly enough) The Baby, and persuaded D. W. Griffith to view it. The famed director bought the film on sight!

Now established in his chosen field, Franklin collaborated with his brother Chester to direct many popular features and serials, including Going Straight, Aladin and His Lamp, and Let Katie Do It! (Chester, incidentally, is still in Hollywood and recently directed Sequoia.)

Alone, Sidney continued his career with such silent hits as Smilin' Through, East Is West, Her Night of Romance, Beverly of Granstark, and many others.

Eighteen years behind the cameras have given him a keen insight into audience psychology, as well as a knowledge of actors. Woe betide the star who tries to escape tedious rehearsals with a flimsy excuse! Without fuss or fireworks, Franklin knows how to exert his authority. He can be stern, but also tactful.

But, it's his thoroughness and conscientiousness that make him noteworthy in Hollywood. To give orders to the Chinese extras in The Good Earth he refused to rely on interpreters. So he learned Chinese!

FREE BOOK IN COLOR Mail Coupon or 1c Postal

OLSON RUG CO.
CHICAGO NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO
Mail to 2800 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill., Dept. A: B.
YES, send me FREE and postpaid, your money-saving book, "Beautiful New Rugs from Old."
Margaret Tallichet's story of how she got into the movies is one that seldom happens. In fact, her story so closely matches up to the story of the picture she is now in, some Hollywoodians suspected that her contract with David O. Selznick's organization was a publicity gag. But let's start from the beginning: Miss Tallichet was born in Dallas, Texas, a scant twenty-one years ago and was educated in the usual manner, which means grammar school, high school and college. It was while she was in college that she first got her hunch to become a movie personality. Because of family financial reverses, Margaret Tallichet was forced to go to work and earn her way through the last two years of college, and it was while she was employed on the society staff of a local newspaper that she had her chance to interview a talent scout visiting Dallas in search of new faces. The scout told Miss Tallichet that she ought to be in pictures, so after finishing college, she hurried to Hollywood to look up the talent scout and "call his bluff." On arrival in Hollywood, she discovered that the scout was no longer connected with his studio, but the ex-scout's secretary gave her some advice that she should take a job as a stenographer that was offered to her and stay in Hollywood to await her chances. Margaret stayed and in a short time she became a secretary in the publicity dept. This new position brought Margaret into contact with the stars, including Carole Lombard. Carole listened to Margaret's ambitions with a sympathetic ear and it was not long before Carole Lombard took her under her wing. Miss Tallichet's qualifications impressed David Selznick. With the aid of Miss Lombard's ex-scout, Miss Tallichet appeared in a small part in Dave Selznick's production, A Star Is Born. With the aid of Miss Lombard's agent, Miss Tallichet secured an interview with Mr. Selznick and, more important, a part in the picture. Numerous tests followed, and Miss Tallichet was placed under long-term contract to that studio. Thus ending the chit-chat that Miss Tallichet was a publicity stunt. Hollywood now admits that there are great possibilities of her becoming a star. For Miss Tallichet's first picture is A Star Is Born, starring Janet Gaynor. As to looks, Miss Tallichet is a tall, willowy blonde. There is an appeal in her youth and freshness about her that seldom registers on the screen. Maybe Margaret's interest in sports is responsible for her beauty, for she goes in for all of them. Horseback-riding is her favorite. Get a good look at Margaret in A Star Is Born, for David Selznick has never yet made a mistake as a "star picker." You're going to see lots more of this young lady!
Your System Can Actually Starve at a Banquet if it Isn’t Getting the Minerals that Enable You to USE FOOD!

A Big Appetite Doesn’t Prevent “MAL-NOURISHMENT”

Thousands Report Corrections of Such Deficiencies By Using Kelpamalt, Rich Mineral Concentrate From the Sea...

Gains of 5 to 15 Lbs. in Few Weeks...

Regarded as Needed for Health—Good Resistance!

Don’t be fooled by a good appetite. If you are slimmer, weightier, restless, unable to gain an ounce of flesh or strength, no matter what you eat, you may actually be suffering from a condition called “Mal-Nourishment!” Doctors now know that bodies must get certain minerals essential for their functioning...and when they are scarce, even a lot of food can fail to yield adequate nourishment. Interestingly, in such cases—insomnia, weakness, and digestive trouble—there are minerals left in Kelpamalt, a new food substitute containing elements from the sea, precisely essential to life. These minerals are available in their naturally occurring form, such as ascorbic acid, copper, calcium, phosphorus, and others—all contributing to the supply of vital minerals needed for digestion and assimilation. Most important in Kelpamalt’s natural isolating that the chemical liquid kind.

Kelpamalt is chock-full of minerals that are vitally important in the health and proper functioning of blood, nerve and glands. Kelpamalt is cheaper in iodine than syrup, because it contains the key source—Try Kelpamalt for a week. Thousands report they are amazed at the improvement Kelpamalt has brought them. Gains of 5 to 15 lbs., in a few weeks are not uncommon; new strength, new energy, better digestion and elimination. They eat better, sleep better and almost invariably lose that 5 or 10 lbs. feel raw. Your own doctor will approve this new food substitute that has been used for fifty years. Kelpamalt is available in six sizes of effervescent tablets—and at a few cents a day in the 5¢ size Kelpamalt bottle. Kelpamalt is sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply send 15c for special introduction size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

SEEDOL
Kelpamalt Tablets

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 80-page booklet on New Thousands Raw-Salt Strength, Energy and health that has been on the human diet. New Facts—Standard mineral and mineralized diets, Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely FREE.


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GRAND PRIZE!

Edward Crane Denton, the grand prize winner, and the trademark that won him a purse of $300. His kiddies are proud of their daddy

Here They Are!

From 31 countries came the 15,000 entries in the Mervyn LeRoy Trademark Contest. Here are the winners!

CONGRATULATIONS to the winners!

After more than two weeks spent in selecting the best contributions from among 15,000 sent in from 31 countries to the Mervyn LeRoy Trademark Contest, the judges were unanimous in their vote that to Edward Crane Denton of 12 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass., should go the grand prize award of $250 for his trademark entry submitted to Motion Picture Magazine. This entry also won a $50 cash prize for being the best submitted to Motion Picture. Again congratulations.

The judges selected Mr. Denton’s entry because, to them, its distinction, its dignity, its symbolism and its adaptability to all uses made it particularly appropriate.

Mr. Denton is an artist employed by Peal, Denton, Palmer, Inc., of Boston, Mass. He is a New Englander by birth and parentage and was born in Boston, October 31, 1893. He studied art more or less irregularly, at the Boston School of Fine Arts and the Fenway School of Illustration. But his studies were interrupted in 1917 when he heard the “Call to Arms” and enlisted in the U.S. Navy.

Mr. Denton is married and the father of two children, a girl and a boy, ages nine and six respectively. They’ve been bragging to their schoolmates in Newton Centre about their daddy having won the contest. More power to you, Daddy Denton!

Other $50 cash prize winners are as follows:

Miss Dorothy Rothermeh, 116 Winchester Road, Langhorne, Pa.

Hollis E. Level, 602 So. 6th Street, Chickasha, Okla.

Alex Scenna, 440 Ivondale St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

W. Ditzel, 1624 First Ave., New York City.

To those thousands who failed to win a prize, the judges, Director Mervyn LeRoy, S. Charles Einfeld, vice president in charge of all Warner Brothers advertising and publicity, and Edward Selzer, director of Warner Brothers studio publicity, wish to extend their deepest and sincere thanks for helping to make the Trademark Contest such an important success.

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Darling—

Remember what I told you in last month's fashion letter about the Santa Anita race track? That it was the place to go to see the movie girls in their new clothes? Well, I got myself all dolled up the other day and went to the horse races. Early. Because everyone goes to the club house first for lunch. . . . And the clothes I saw there made my $19.95 spring suit look like something out of a missionary barrel, . . . Alice Faye was lunching with Tony Martin, and she was the smartest-dressed gal I've seen for a long time. She was wearing one of those new tri-colored sport suits. You know, the more colors you can put together the smarter you are, . . . Alice's suit was of light-weight wool in three pieces—a biege skirt, the same color, of the new California "redwood" shade, and over all she wore a three-quarter length top-coat of a vivid Irish green. Her bag and gloves were of the redwood shade . . . While I was talking to Alice I spied a hat that I couldn't help following up to see who was under it—and right you are—it was Betty Furness. Otherwise Betty looked perfectly sane but on her head she had the tiniest brown straw pill box ever—in fact no self-respecting pill could fit in it. And to be sure it wouldn't blow away, Betty anchored it to her head with a silk scarf of brown and orange which tied around the hat and under her chin.

The races are heaven for amateur camera fiends, but it took Cecilia Parker to make her camera part of her costume. Around the middle of a brown cashmere sports dress, Cecilia wore a belt of natural pig skin. The belt looks like a cartridge belt in the front is a place for the tiniest candid camera ever, and the "cartridge" holders are used for the extra camera gadgets. . . . I saw Myrna Loy with what looked to be a camera slung over her shoulder, so I went over to find out if she had been bitten by the picture taking bug. Myrna laughed when I asked about her camera and showed it to me—and it was a paris! And really one of the most practical, and at the same time one of the smallest, novelties I have seen. It fairly shrieked races—or any sports event where you want your hands free. The bag is flat, pouch-shaped, of luggage cal.

CasMERE seems to be the most popular light weight woven this spring. Maureen O'Sullivan was wearing a sports blouse of this soft material, and as usual with Maureen's sports blouses it had her initials on the initial. The initials were cut out of suede and appliquéd in front, right over the rolled collar. . . . Jeanette MacDonald and Delmas Byron were comparing belt buckles while waiting for the first event. Jeanette's buckle is fashioned of old keys. The keys made of antique gold, through loops so that a brown suede belt which she was wearing with a brown cashmere dress, Delmas has, is made of matte gold whilst, he has, taken the Zodiac sign of her birth—Leo—and had it toiled on a wide brown leather belt which she wore with a natural kashmir sport suit.

While I was wondering what these gals would think if one of the gals would think if one of her evenings announced a dance, and that put an end to my fashion sleuthing. Because when the boxes run—even clothes are forgotten. . . . But just to do things up right, I went completely social and took in the Screen Actor's Guild Ball. What a time! . . . While I was in the posh room trying to get the wind out of my hair, Eleanor Powell arrived with what I thought was a new type of evening hat. But when she stepped to the mirror and started unwinding it, I found it was just a chiffon evening hankie, wound around her head to keep the wind out. Eleanor told me it had taken her hours trying to get the right twist to it so that it wouldn't unravel.

A bunch of the gals were huddled in a corner, looking, I thought, at each other's arms. But when I joined them they were admiring some of those new charm bracelets. It seems that a charm bracelet now must have a purpose. Like Anita Louise's which is an "achievement" bracelet. The tiny gold charms each represent a picture which she has made. There is a small book inscribed Anthony Adverse, a tiny Tintan for Midsummer Night's Dream, and a half dozen others. . . . Irene Hervey's is the sweetest of all—because it is a romance bracelet. (And you know how romance gets me!) The charms on Irene's bracelet represent things that were significant in her romance with Allen Jones. There is a wedding ring, a church bell, a sail boat, a gold letters that spell "I Love You." Ahhhhh—

I'll keep musing so I can have more to tell you next month. Mlle. Chic.
"You are good company now"

"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it.""/

Faded... with a sad looking skin... no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation... you may have to face it, too.

Overwork... worry... undue strain... colds and other human ills often take their toll of the precious red cells of the blood. Hence a run-down condition... a weakened body... a poor complexion.

If you are so unfortunate, no longer do you need to worry, as to how you may regain strength... firm flesh... restore a natural glow to your skin. Simply take a tablespoonful of S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal... and forthwith, within a shorter space of time than you probably realize, those weakened red-blood-cells will become healthier and richer.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better... natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Be good to your skin from within and your skin will be good to you. Enjoy more pep... more vigor... by taking the S.S.S. Tonic treatment. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel... your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build starly health... its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven... that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good."

You Know Your Movies?

Puzzle This One Out!

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ACROSS

1 Blonde Paramount star
6 First was Nick, now he's Dick
9 Her first name is Engels
11 Mr. Deeds Goes To
12 Initials of Mr. Devine
14 SERGEANT LUCKS IN UNDER COVER OF NIGHT
15 LOVE ON THE
16 Initials of one who co-starred with late Marie Dressler
17 ASTA of THIN MAN fame is one
19 He played opposite Marlene Dietrich in THE GARDEN OF ALLAH
20 Many extras are used in scenes
21 First name of former Mrs. Nick Sturart (poss.)
23 MARTHA HARDING IN MAID OF SALEM
24 Players weep or wring their hands to portray this emotion
25 THE HOLLERS
27 She was THE JUNGLE PRINCESS
31 Juvenile singing star seen in RAINBOW ON THE RIVER
34 A principal feminine character in THE GOOD EARTH portrayed by Luise Rainer
35 WIVES NEVER
37 Male lead in THE JUNGLE PRINCESS
38 OF THE MORNING
40 First name of hero of MORE THAN A SECRETARY (abbr.)
41 WOMAN—DISTRESS
42 ARE NOT GODS
43 Exclamation
44 Mr. Olivier's initials
46 Remember Mary Pickford in—OF THE STORM COUNTRY?
47 Lariat used by cowboys in westerns
49 BUD in WEST YOUNG MAN
50 He stars in westerns (poss.)

DOWN

1 Principal roles
2 Initials of star of WEST YOUNG MAN
3 Band leader seen with Walter Winchell in WAKE UP AND LIVE
4 Valentine portrayed one in role of THE SHEIK
5 His first name is Gregory
6 Jeanne Dante stars in—DAYS WONDER
7 MIND YOUR BUSINESS
8 Mr. Novarro's initials
9 BANDACRID DIARY
10 Hero of A DOCTOR'S FAITH
11 Short for Joan Crawford's PAN
12 Sport mentioned in recent Joe E. Brown film title
13 Marlene's nationality (abbr.)
14 Month in which Edward Everett Horton was born (abbr.)
15 You'll see her in SEVENTH HEAVEN
16 Kind of dialect affected by Nick Engels
17 Wallace Beery's ex-wife (poss.)
18 First name of Mr. Marshall
19 Month in which Robert Montgomery was born
20 Ray Francis married him in STOLEN HOLIDAY
21 He had lead in BLACK LEGION
22 Birthplace of 30 Down (abbr.)
23 First name of Madison, movie star
24 He had lead in ONCE A DOCTOR
25 Host Gibson starred in CAVALCADE OF THE—
27 Bing Crosby sang "One, Two, Button Your—" in PINK TIES FROM HEAVEN
29 They're in A TAXI
33 An animal friend of TARZAN
34 Back—nature
35 Initials of Mr. Lowe

Last Month's Solution

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CLAUDETTE CLAIR SULLIVAN MELLENDINO
HELEN CALHOUN ELDON FENTON
CHEA VALLERIE LEDO JAYE BALLER
CRAIG LORRAIN ISADORA LEON
ERNEST BELLADONNA BILL BAKER
LEO BERNARD LA LLANO LEE
SAMANTHA RONSON LADY ANNE
LUCY REED LEE ROY COATES
BEAU ROY LEE LUCY MARIE
ANNIE O'FLYNN LEONARD FOX
DAISY WESSELS NADELLA
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Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
BIG SIG RUMANN, born Siegfried Carl Alborn Rumann of Hamburg, will undoubtedly be one of your Future Favorites. His 6 feet 4 inches, 250 pounds gives him the ability to make you scream with laughter, cringe with fear, weep with sympathy. . . . Not everyone, the fortunate . . . Rumann has proved, can carry a story and carry it all the way to the end. 

Imported from Broadway after an outstanding press in the stage's Grand Hotel, Rumann appeared in numerous Fox films . . . then the mad Marxes subpoenaed him for A Night at the Opera. . . . In woolen unmentionables he romped off with comedy honors. . . . Spent his off-screen moments during the film's filming singing Low German songs with the whimsical brothers who loved it. . . . They showed their favoritism by repaying him again for their A Day at the Races. . . . Sig proved his versatility when he played father to Anna Sten (remember her?) in Wedding Night—a crazed hon-tamer in the hairraising East of Java. . . . He almost scared himself when he saw the preview of that one. . . . Now he's doing a doctor-murder suspect in Time Off for Romance (ne Dead Yesterday) . . . At home he putters with microscopes, woodcarving, metal work; calls things whose names he forgets "Kalama-zoo-ries" . . . His constant activities help him forget war horrors (he was a lieutenant in the Saxon heavy artillery) and post-war Germany which found him entertaining in cabarets. . . . His month's wages, during German inflation, were in the millions of marks. . . . Just enough to buy a box of matches! . . . Six foot Rumann is a graduate of Ilmenau College where he studied electrical engineering; abandoned it for the theatre, appearing for one five-year span at the Kaiser's Theatre in Kiel. . . . A yachting enthusiast, he belonged to the Kaiser's Yacht Club, too. . . . Now he is a one hundred and twenty-five citizen has the ability to make you scream with laughter, cringe with fear, weep with sympathy. . . . Not everyone, the fortunate . . . Rumann has proved, can carry a story and carry it all the way to the end.

A fishing enthusiast, he belonged to the Kaiser's Yacht Club, too. . . . Now he is a one hundred and twenty-five citizen has the ability to make you scream with laughter, cringe with fear, weep with sympathy. . . . Not everyone, the fortunate . . . Rumann has proved, can carry a story and carry it all the way to the end. 

If you do not . . .

REDUCE your HIPS and WAIST 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches in ten days . . . we believe we are justified in making you this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You are absolutely SAFE when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere.

Appear Smaller At Once

You appear inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . the massage-like action and gentle pressure take off the unwanted inches at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm . . . the spots where fat first accumulates.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO 36"

"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything." Myrt. E. Parvin, Almatia, Okla.

"REDUCED 4½ INCHES"

"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches." Mrs. J. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"

"I immediately became 2½ inches smaller in the hips when first fitted." Mrs. Gladys Brown, Breckenridge, Okla., N. Y.

"HIPS 10 INCHES SMALLER"

"I can't just praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller." Miss Rilla Richardson, Lasdile, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"

"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36." Miss D. S. Shubert, New York, N. Y.

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES"

"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!" Miss Billie Bryan, La Grange, Ky.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic. Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . bear the admiring comments of friends. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

PERFOLASTIC, INC. Dept. 75, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name________________________ Address________________________

City________________________ State________________________

The excerpts from unselected letters herein are genuine and are permission of the writers.
This was heaven — to make one man her life...her love...her world!

LOVERS WHO LIFT YOUR HEART TO THE STARS...in the tenderest romance of our time!

SIMONE SIMON ... emerging as the screen's greatest star...in the role she was born to play!
and JAMES STEWART in 'SEVENTH HEAVEN'

with JEAN HERSHOLT • GREGORY RATOFF • Gale Sondergaard J. Edward Bromberg • John Qualen Victor Kilian • Thomas Beck Sig Ruman • Mady Christians

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Adapted from the stage play "Seventh Heaven" • produced and directed by John Golden • written by Austin Strong

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
lent herself so beautifully to color in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine* that Il Duce has summoned her to Italy to appear in their first all-technicolor production. We hope, Sylvia, that you have been practicin' that Fascisti salute.
CLARK GABLE

Our own dear Gable as he is, and as Parnell, wreathed in smiles in anticipation of his reunion with his own dear Kitty O'Shea (Myrna Loy). And, as we go to press, Clark is still in the lead for the role of Rhett Butler in Gone With The Wind.
Rochelle Hudson bobs up as scrumptious as ever—winning her way into your heart (the boy friend's, too) because of the umph of her appeal. Her next picture is That I May Live. And aren't we glad we're alive to look her over and appreciate her charms!
The MOST-COPIED
The honors go to Joan Crawford who leads them all in

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

IN HOLLYWOOD, city of superlatives, each film star has one thing that is greater than the next. Dietrich's legs are tops, Garbo has more glamour (let's not argue this), Bob Taylor is most popular. The honors for being the most copied go to Miss Joan Crawford.

You will know what we mean if you have battled your way through huge puffed sleeves, starched jabots that threatened your jugular vein, "wind blown" bobs, "vagabond" hats that zipped over the right eye, brightly daubed lips, Zulu sun-tan, slacks, gardenias, wide-lapeled polo coats, no stockings, sandals, shining noses, enameled nails, nails with no enamel, unplucked eyebrows. Joan inaugurated most of these.

From the time that La Crawford first flashed into Hollywood's firmament with her thumb-wetting, finger-snapping "hey-hey" girl in Dancing Daughters, to the present Last of Mrs. Cheyney (you should see the beetle-backed tweedy suit coat she wears in this!... oh, well, you will—by the hundreds) she has been a style-setter. She has changed the fashion notions of a nation of women. Even a world of women. From Boston to Budapest to Bali they copy the way she walks, the way she dresses, the way she does her hair, the way she trains her brows, paints her lips.

Joan, herself, is aware of this, but she doesn't seek to stimulate it. "If I am copied, it's because of my clothes," she says, "and Adrian designs those, so Adrian is responsible for all of that."

However, Adrian, Metro's designing wizard, does not design the curve of her brow, the cut of her hair, nor does he suddenly decide that she is to abandon Joan's white organdy dress, worn in Today We Live, was widely copied; likewise, the Letty Lynton puffed sleeves

Joan set a style for wearing hats over her eye and also for abandoning stockings and adopting sandals
We're all in a sea over Gary Cooper in his role of mariner in *Souls at Sea*. But, we wish Gary would settle down. First he Goes to Town and now to sea. Still, we can't resist that Cooper personality so we've booked passage on the maiden voyage.
The POWER and the Glory

Tyrone is reaping the glory of the spotlight and modestly admits he'll just have to make the best of it

By HARRY LANG

"FROM the mouths of babes, wisdom!" From the mouth of 22-year-old Tyrone Power, newest overnight star of miracle-working Hollywood, there has just come the most searchingly caustic-yet-smart comment on film fame and fortune that has ever stunned blase cinemaland.

It was the morning after Tyrone had suddenly and brilliantly exploded into stardom with the world premiere of Lloyds of London in the arc-lighted setting of Hollywood's famous Carthay Circle Theatre. He read the lavish words of the critics and the Great Ones of Movieland who make and break destinies. He found himself lifted into the gable-taylor-macmurray-brent et al constellation, and he knew that he had attained the heights to which thousands aspire in heart-breaking tutility.

It might have driven many fellows quite mad with joy and self-admiration. But not 22-year-old Tyrone. Know what Tyrone said? Why, he just sighed, deeply and a bit unhappily believe it or not. Then he frowned. And then he spoke thirteen words that give you a greater key to his character than you'll ever find in all the thousands of words you'll be reading about him from now on. He said:

"Well—I guess I'll just have to make the best of it, somehow."

To understand most thoroughly that extraordinary reaction, you've got to understand a little more about young Power, first. Not alone who he is, but also what he is. This story will try to give you that understanding of a new personality in Hollywood—a figure you'll soon learn to admire and to know. It's not going to be just another of those cut-and-dried biographies and resume stories that flood the prints as soon as a new sensation appears on the screen.

It's going to be a word picture from the inside out, painted by a man who has worked and talked and played with Tyrone Power, both before and since he crashed Fame in his first starring role. Here is this man's story, just as he gave it to us. When you've read it, you'll understand what lay behind those Hollywood-starling thirteen words of Tyrone Power.

I WENT to see Tyrone (begins the man who knows him so well) the day after the Lloyds of London premiere. I found him sitting on the lawn in front of his house, roaring with laughter. Cause of his amusement was a vociferous clown of a wire-haired terrier by the name of Bonzo. Bonzo is Tyrone's dog. They're as inseparable as ham-and-eggs, or Hollywood-and—"yes." They have an hour's romp [Continued on page 84]
That MARTHA RAYE, she kills me!"  

The above is what you hear over and over in Hollywood—and everywhere else.

Once. Well, it turned out to be the biggest break that hospital ever had. You'd have thought it was a Hollywood premiere, when Martha was carried in on a stretcher.

All the interns, all the nurses, all the doctors, and half the patients who could get out of their beds, turned out to welcome her. Martha did everything but sign autographs—and she did plenty of that later. Down the corridor, from a position which is known as flat on the back, she grinned and laughed and waved to everybody, and a little more feebly than usual, yelled "Yeah ma'am! Oh boy! Ain't this dreamin' it up pretty!"

[Continued on page 96]
Spread before you here is what you will see in *Top of the Town*, which presents dances, songs, witty sayings, girls and more girls — to say nothing of such entertainers as George Murphy and Doris Nolan, below, and Gertrude Niesen, lower right.

The five girls on the left are members of the ensemble of fifty or more. They're all neat and not over 21. Way down below Ella Logan struts her stuff to the accompaniment of weird music played by Gregory Ratoff, Mischa Auer, Hugh Herbert and Henry Armetta.
Kitty Carlisle knew she had what it takes, but she had to make good on Broadway before Hollywood became sold on her

The Guess Men Guessed Wrong about Kitty

By AL KNIGHT

GUESS-MEN, more than yes-men, are the menace of the movies. Re-take Town, called Hollywood for short, is full of 'em. Their motto is: "If at First You Don't Guess Right, Guess Again!" Sometimes these second guesses click. But the misses prove costly. Consider the guys who guessed wrong about Gable, about Taylor, and let them slip from the contractual clutches of the studio. Consider, if you will, the celebrated case of Catherine Carlisle, called Kitty!

Kitty was one of the babes in the Hollywoods signed up for comparative coffee 'n' cake money, who stop, look and listen for the knock of Opportunity. A cinema Cinderella, unknown to the film faithful, she gave the fans a thrill when that rich, dramatic soprano of hers made Cocktails for Two the worth-while thing in Murder at the Vanities. Encouraged, she topped the successful debut with She Loves Me Not and Here is My Heart, scoring direct hits with Love in Bloom and June in January. Kitty considered herself launched.

Then came A Night at the Opera, and Kitty sang another song so appealingly as to endear both song and singer to the multitude of moviegoers. It was Alone. Remember? Kitty does. It proved her swan song. When option time came in Hollywood, Kitty went to New York. Not that she worried enough to get wrinkles. But it was provoking to encounter such unappreciative stupidity on the part of the guessmen, particularly with such a talented guest to grace their galleries.

The kid kept confidence in herself. With all modesty she knew she had what it takes—face, figure, voice, verve. But the guess-men of Re-take Town were blind as the fish in underground waters. And just as cold. So, with that melodic laugh of hers, more musical than elfin flutes. [Continued on page 76]
Singing Cinderella

The Cinderella story is re-told with the amazing Deanna Durbin as this season's heroine. She was a failure at twelve, but a success at thirteen

By BETTY REESE

In this topsy-turvy business of moving pictures, an actress is as likely to be through—finished—out like a dead Mazda bulb—before her career really gets under way. That is why a little over a year ago, Deanna Durbin, now fourteen and Universal's brightest singing-acting starlet, was considered by Hollywood to be a complete flop. Her career was, to put it like a roguish Russian, kapput.

A shy schoolgirl with a glorious, mature soprano voice, she had been hustled to a Culver City studio (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) because a starring film for that grand old lady of the singing world, the late Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink, was being jockeyed into shooting position. Casting officials needed a girl, with a voice, to play the young Ernestine. Durbin was signed to a contract.

Time passed, as time does, and the film was not made. Schumann-Heink's health would not permit it. The little Durbin went to school, waited for the studio's phone call, learned a few more arias, played with her only sister, the elder Edith, romped with Tippy, the cocker spaniel. When the studio call came it was to appear in a short subject, with teenster Judy Garland, a singing miss, too.

Released, the film—called Every Sunday Night—was just so-so. It didn't do much for either girl's popularity. The even pattern of Schoolgirl Durbin's life continued undisturbed by motion picture maneuverings—just, we might emphasize, as it does now that she is a ranking star. Her manager, her family, conspire to keep the rugged side of Hollywood from rubbing off the bright luster of this newest starlet. She remains innocently unaware of the personal and professional battles that are being waged about her. Thus they hope to keep her, and there's every chance that the miracle may happen.

Deanna (accent on the "Dee" and just plain old "Anna" after that) might have been satisfied with her film progress, because her greatest desire is not films, but an operatic career, with a "Met" debut at seventeen. Her manager, the energetic Jack Sherrill, was not. He asked for release from her contract: took the news of his precious cargo to Rufus LeMaire in charge of Universal's casting department.

About that name. If you, too, have wondered about Starlet Durbin's unusual first

[Continued on page 92]
By DICK PINE

DICK appeared to be mixing cement, as I entered the gate. "Be with you in a moment," he shouted. "Go on in, You'll find Joby there, if she isn't putting the baby to bed, or taking him up, or whatever she does to him at this time of day."

I waved and nodded, and walked along the path under the walnut trees to the door which led into the white stucco, red-tiled house. I have never seen that house without reflecting that Dick planned it when he was a youngster in Hollywood, mowing lawns for his cakes and coffee.

I entered Dick's dream house. It is not the "spacious mansion" usually associated with motion picture stars; it is designed for solid comfort. I mean, it's a home; a place where one may smoke a fruity pipe, or, if one feels inclined, put one's feet on a table, without damaging a delicate inlay, or scratching a sandalwood number. It's so lived-in.

Presently, Dick came in, wearing a blue sweater and white duck pants, mahogany colored. (Dick, not the pants.) He settled himself on the settee and lit a cigarette.

"I'm feeling good this afternoon," he announced. "I went out early this morning and shot a beautiful birdie on the fifth hole at Lakeside. My tee shot carried about two hundred and fifty yards; then I took my...

"Spare me," I pleaded, "I know the rest. You holed a chip shot—or something." He looked damped. I went on. "Last week, I had three teeth out, and when the dentist put in the needle, he...

"All right, you win! What shall we talk about?"

"Well, I want to know about the time when nothing would go right for you, and you quit Hollywood and went to San Francisco, and you thought that everything had come to an end, and you were just about as desperate as a man can be."

Dick looked thoughtful, "I've never told that story to anybody; but, as a matter of fact, I don't mind talking about it at all—now. The only difficulty is to know where to begin."

"Suppose you begin with what caused you to quit Hollywood, and go to San Francisco."

I WAS in stock at Paramount, which meant doing odd bits in this and that picture. I had just completed what I thought was my first real screen role, and was so proud that I dashed around displaying the film, or sequences of it, to everyone who would look at it. Then a casting director took me to one side. 'Dick,' he said, 'I wouldn't show this thing to a soul. It's a bad picture, and you're just terrible.'

"That's when I thought I realized that I could never make good in Hollywood, and I quit cold, packed a suitcase, and went to San Francisco."

"What did you think you could do in San Francisco?"

"Oh, I didn't know, and I didn't care much. Hollywood had slapped me in the face, and I wanted to leave it behind and forget it. All my hopes had been dashed; my work wasted; my self-confidence destroyed. As it turned out, there was nothing for me in San Francisco. Things were pretty grim. In fact, they were so grim that... well, we needn't go into that. Let's talk about your teeth. What did the dentist...?"

"Things were so grim," I interrupted, "that the idea of suicide occurred to you, didn't it?"

Dick smiled slowly, "Well, I suppose that the idea of suicide has occurred to a great many sad and normal people. I did think of suicide. I think that I thought I was actually planning the means." He paused, and his eyes [Continued on page 73]
She Doesn't Know the Answers

Luise Rainer has an intense eagerness to know the answers to everything. And it accounts for her sense of adventure

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

"WHY is it that marriages do not often work out well in Hollywood?" asked Luise Rainer just one month before she married the playwright, Clifford Odets. "I cannot understand. Sometimes I think it would be so wonderful to get married... to know that there is one person to whom you belong and who belongs to you, but out here they say that you belong first to your career, that people drift apart because of their careers. Tell me," she said, in that intriguing foreign way of hers, "Tell me, do you think that is so? Or do you think the reason for unhappy marriages is something else, maybe?"

It was a turn-about... it is interviewers who are accustomed to ask those questions, stars who are expected to answer them. "But how can I answer those questions when I do not know?" she objected. "I, myself, am looking for answers. I am always looking for answers—to everything. Once I went to a famous astrologist for answers, but suddenly when he had told me about my past and then started to tell me about my future, I said, 'No, I have changed my mind! I do not want to know!' It was not that I was afraid. But suddenly I realized it might cheat me of making my own discoveries. If you are expect-

Luise has a great curiosity about life and people and experience. That's why she has such a fine grasp on such roles as O'Lan in The Good Earth. In this she has found the answer to emotional acting.
thing... nor is she now. Of course she hopes—she is no different than any other young bride, but as she has done everything all her life, so has she gone into this marriage, with a high spirit of adventure!

It is Clifford Odets' belief, too, that life 'isn't all harmony and roses... that you can never be sure of happy endings... that life is too full of sudden adventure, unseen corners. All his plays have been bitter, realistic ones. He wrote *Awake and Sing, Till the Day I Die, Waiting for Lefty, Paradise Lost,* and became famous as "The George Bernard Shaw of the Bronx". Some critics also compare him to Eugene O'Neill, Sean O'Casey and Chekhov. Then Hollywood heard of him and intrigued him west to write the screen adaptation of *The General Died at Dawn,* to the tune of $2,500 a week. Originally he had scoffed in rather Leftist fashion at writing for the movies, but he came, he saw, and eventually he was conquered. Aren't they all? He suddenly saw the many different opportunities the screen offered to writers.

As he told the press: "I believe that my ideas can be put over in pictures. I hope so, because it will give me a much wider audience. But I won't be a party to the fraud the screen has been perpetrating on the public for years: boy meets girl... life is swell. I won't do that. Life, romance, happiness... it's tough!"

Then he met Luise, fell in love... and he still felt the same. As she had admitted quite frankly, "I don't know the answer... if marriage can be happy with a career...." Neither could he be certain. "Boy meets girl... life is swell... it's a fraud!"

But just the same they were married. It's part of their congeniality... neither of them has ever been married before, but both of them step eagerly along a new, untried road, fully expecting sharp corners, unseen byways. Two such brilliant careers may be stumbling-blocks along the way, or they may prove stepping-stones. Neither of them knows, but both go gladly looking, hand-in-hand.

Luise has always been like this—an adventuress, a spy on Life. Yet this is a quality which few people have seen in her. Hollywood, too long, had the impression that she is a sad, morbid, hermit-type of girl... never going anywhere, staying gloomily at home. But once you know her, you know that this rumor does her a great injustice. Only dull people are prey to frequent gloominess, and Luise is never dull. She is powered by too much spirit for that. She devours everything with interest... books, people, music, magazines, art, work, play, bridges, colors, maps, globes, roads, anything and everything that will lead her to knowledge.

"It's my curiosity about life and people and experience," she once told me. "Do you know I cannot bear to travel on express trains because they go so fast through little places I would like to see. It's funny, isn't it... but I keep wishing they would slow down, or stop so I could get off and stay a while. And when I am driving, I do not always like to follow the main, marked road... but the little side roads, which will lead me to surprises and adventure. I like to learn how people in the little places on the side live, and love and think. But sometimes I go to the big places, too, to see what big things are being built, and what big progress the world is making... and I will go anywhere to see beauty..."

It was then she told me of a trip she had just made to San Francisco to see the opening of the new bridge. And because it shows her eagerness about doing and seeing, because it reveals her inner self so completely, it's a story which should be told. It explains so much about Luise. [Continued on page 82]
JUDITH BARRETT

Don't be puzzled by this bit of nature study—just because the limbs curve up from the ground. The trunk belongs to Mother Earth, the limbs to Mother Eve's girl. Judith, who adds to the Hollywood scenery.
Ed Arnold, like all big men, is an "outdoorsy" type. He likes to tinker with his car.

Everybody Loves a Fat Man

You've said at the box-office why you love Edward Arnold on the screen. It's because he's an old spirit raiser-upper

By IDA ZEITLIN

What's wrong with this title? I didn't know till I'd tried it out here and there, and was met by unanimous protests. "Ed Arnold's not fat!" "Don't you know the difference between a fat man and a big man?" "He's got huge shoulders, but did you ever take a look at his stomach? There isn't any."

For the purposes of this story, Edward Arnold remains a fat man. You've got to stick to your catchline. Call him big, if you'd rather. The important word is second from the front, not the rear.

You don't need me to point out to you that you love Arnold on the screen. You've said so at the box office more substantially than words can say it. Undoubtedly, fat men exist whom everybody loathes. But whoever first spoke the line had in mind the kind of man Arnold projects on the screen—open-faced and open-hearted—yes, despite the rascality of some of the characters he plays—filled with a boundless zest for life, with an innate good will which embraces the world.

Listen to his laughter, that starts somewhere down in his boots and mounts and swells, shaking his shoulders, creasing his face, rolling up and out in a series of abandoned chuckles. Listen, and try to keep your own spirits from rising. I dare you to go "droopy." He's an old blues-chaser, that's what he is.

No man could laugh like that who didn't love laughter, to whom it wasn't a natural expression of his being, who wasn't at peace with himself and the world. Perhaps, without analyzing it, that's the quality you feel in him; the quality in which your affection is rooted. It's a sound feeling, for by the people who know him Arnold is even better beloved than by you who know only his shadow.

The day after Sadie McKee was released, he bumped into Joan Crawford on the Metro lot. Almost without exception the morning reviews had loudly proclaimed that Arnold had stolen the show. He was a little

[Continued on page 80]
The Lord of BELLEIGH ACRES

His lordship, Edward Everett Horton of Belleigh Acres, founded his estate on belly-laughs

By JAMES REID

A HALF-HOUR passed, and nothing happened. Perhaps three-quarters of an hour. Then the lady on Edward Everett Horton's right looked at him, frankly baffled. He didn't know it. Nor did he know that, from him, she looked toward the other couple at the table, with a large question mark in her eyes—eyes which plainly asked, "What's wrong with him? He's not the man I thought he was."

The other couple—the hosts of this small dinner party—looked at Eddie. They couldn't see anything wrong with him. He seemed to be enjoying himself, the meal, the company, the surroundings. At that precise moment, he was savoring a morsel of mutton as if it were the first tender hit of tenderloin he had ever encountered in Hollywood. (Perhaps it was.) They shot inquiring glances back at their lady-guest-from-out-of-town—their lady guest who had asked them if they knew Edward Everett Horton, and had asked to meet him. Finally, she could endure her bafflement no longer. She could endure silence no longer. She turned to Eddie.

She asked, "When do you open up?"

"Open up?" he echoed, innocently.

"Yes. When are you going to make me laugh? I haven't laughed yet."

Helplessly, he laid down his fork, stunned into mute amazement. So was another of those horrible people—those incomprehensible people who think he must be funny twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week!

She spoiled his dinner for him...

Which is a gentle way of breaking to you the news that Edward Everett Horton is a man with a vast secret sorrow. He can't understand how he manages to give out such impressions. No one understands him.

Consider, for example, what happened when he was playing serious drama at the Majestic Theatre in Los Angeles. Cheerily, even blithely, one morning he hoarded the usual bus for the usual ride downtown. Contrary to his usual custom, he found a seat. The seat was behind two elderly women. At first, he paid no attention to them. Then his sub-conscious prodded him into eavesdropping. One of them had just mentioned the play in which he was appearing.

Both had apparently seen the play. One had urged the other to go, and she had gone—the night before. Now they were exchanging comments, particularly about one Edward Everett Horton. One said, with mournful certainty, "He's definitely the son!" The second nodded, in sad confirmation.

("The son?" puzzled Eddie. "What son? Whose son? And why the grief?") He strained to miss no detail.)

It appeared that both women were from the same Mid-West town, in which both had lived on Charles Street North. In the next block had lived a little boy who was a half-wit and whose father and mother had died of shame. The women had often wondered what had become of that little boy. Now they knew. He had changed his name to Horton, had somehow managed to get on the stage...

IF THE completely sane Mr. Horton looks vaguely bewildered at times on the screen—well, you can hardly blame him. After that. And after some of the other things that have happened to him off-screen. He can't remember when the bewilderment became chronic. But he's fairly positive that it must have begun in the cradle, to reach its present proportions. He has a hazy memory of people laughing when he brooded, even in his romper days.

The scene of his cradling was Brooklyn, New York, only a half-hour from Broadway, which—bewilderingly enough—he never did reach as a stage actor. He was the first of four children. And that explains why he was named Edward Everett Horton. That was his father's cognomen.

And where did Edward, Sr., get it? His father had five sons and, being a man of aggressive public spirit, named each of them after Men Who Mattered. Thus, there was a George Washington Horton, a Millard Fillmore Horton, a Herbert Barclay Horton, a Winter Davis Horton, and an Edward Everett Horton. The latter was christened after the orator who delivered the main address at Gettysburg on the day that President Lincoln said a few words there.

When Edward, Jr., was barely able to talk, his father saw to it that he used his full name. The habit grew on him, so that long after he went on the stage, [Continued on page 90]
The Lush TILLY LOSCH

You’re going to hear a great deal about the luscious Losch, the Viennese dancer, who sets a new style in movie glamour

By LEON SURMELIAN

EVERY now and then a new star shoots up in the cinematic sky. One who is different, exciting, and who compels rapt attention. What makes the star-parade of Hollywood such an intriguing show is the arrival of such newcomers who might be great luminaries of the screen tomorrow. The Viennese dancer and actress, Tilly Losch, gives such a promise, and you’ll hear a great deal about her as time goes on. She sets a new style in movie glamour.

You saw Tilly in The Garden of Allah, in that noisy rendezvous of swart, turbaned men-about-town, as she danced like a fair Circassian slave before her lord, her flaming heart set on a somber visitor (a fugitive Christian monk) while several of those desert rakes showed their savage teeth and longed to eat her up alive. That was a bit of sensational dancing, the like of which the screen had not seen before. The dance scene was the high spot of the picture. Now, weeks after the showing, you forget Dietrich and Boyer—but you remember La Losch. In a few brief moments she stamped her personality in the minds of millions. Currently, Tilly plays another Oriental role, as Lots in The Good Earth. But she has made up her mind that she will be her Occidental self in her next picture, and MGM is giving her an elaborate series of tests with that end in view. She may reach star rating in her next picture. She is definitely a big-time personality.

This exotic Viennese, with reddish-brown hair and pale blue eyes, is the most famous dancer of Europe. She has been the toast of royalty. But she is more than a dancer. She is an experienced actress, forceful, vivid, and of unusual charm. After garnering professional triumphs in the largest cities of Europe and America she has finally settled down in Hollywood to be a movie star.

"Don't make me cute!" she pleaded with her hands. Dancing with hands is a specialty with Tilly. They haunt you—those extraordinary hands of hers.

Cute? No, we don't exactly think of her as cute, except that there is a certain girlish quality about her, especially when she laughs. This epithet must have been applied to her by some other writer, leaving her indignant. Remember that there is only one Tilly Losch, while millions of girls might be cute. And it's a word that affronts her dignity as a serious artist for, make no mistake about it, this young lady has plenty of artistic pride.

"I am not like anybody else," she said. "Whatever I am, whatever I do, I want to be myself. [Continued on page 78]
for Skippy and Henry. He usually retires at
11 p.m. and wakes at 7 a.m. His main hobby
is, still, to collect original sketches and books
which his friends autograph for him, either their
own or a dictionary, it doesn't matter so long as
it is autographed. Which, in passing, led him to
show me a handsome dictionary given him by his
old and best friend, Eric Blore, on the occasion
of his last birthday. On the fly-leaf it contains this
inscription, original with Eric Blore and in his
own handwriting:

“If words were birds and flew away
And left me dumb this very day;
I'd whistle till I nearly burst
To re-entice the very first
Most brightly-decorated flight
That I might say to you tonight
'May this, your birthday, be the start
Of even greater blessings, Bart.'”

He is very proud of that.
No, it isn't in any of the pleasant surface ways
that Bart has changed. It is that the aim and
purpose of the man seem to have struck deeper
roots. Some of the haunts he knew last year know
him no longer. He is seen about less frequently.
Nor are Gloria Swanson and Bart the constant
companions they have been for some time. Gloria,
under contract to MGM, staging a come-back, is
deep in scripts and rehearsals, Adrian fittings and
conferences, photographic sittings, interviews.
Bart is submerged in plans and preparation for
his work, his joint contract with RKO and Columbia Pic-
tures, his plan, in the near future, to co-star with Marlene
Dietrich under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. It was
Lubitsch, you may remember, who directed Bart and Miriam
Hopkins in Trouble in Paradise—the film which first
made the fans passionately
Marshall-conscious.

ONE feels that other things
are meaning more to
Bart now. He seems to be
more purposeful, more con-
centrated on what he hopes to
do, and at the same time,
happier and gayer than I have
ever known him to be. As

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Suits and Spring are synonymous and so is Pat Paterson in her marine blue wool peplum tailleur from Viola Dimmitt. The short notched jacket and full hemmed skirt are decidedly 1937. Her straw hat is from Leslie-James.
Our charming mannequin is Pat Petersen, star of Walter Wanger's Wuthering Heights. Photos are by Bob Coburn

HUNCHES FOR SUMMER

When hostessing in the sun, Pat wears a fitted full length coat of rough cotton. It is turquoise blue, lined in yellow. A huge brimmed hat matches. Both from Mildred Sergeant

For play and sunbathing, Pat removes the coat and is left in a brief suit of the same material. The halter top is criss-crossed

One way of keeping your figure trim, says Pat, is jumping rope. While hard at it, Pat is snapped wearing a navy cotton coat dress scattered with white gulls. From Marjorie Montgomery
The last word in pajamas is this four piece outfit worn by Pat. Underneath are pleated shorts of the same non-crushable natural crash and a magenta colored tuck-in-shirt. From Marjorie Montgomery

Pat looks cool and smart in this Marjorie Montgomery natural linen dress. The yoke of red, white and blue is set-in. Her navy fabric oxfords are from the Fern Shoe Co.
Pat Paterson again shows her preference for navy and white in this ensemble by Viola Dimmitt. White pique fashions the collar and trims the cape. Her coolie hat is a panama.

A monthly fashion letter is yours for the asking. Let Sally Martin, fashion editor of MOTION PICTURE help with your clothes problems. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Sally Martin, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Viola Dimmitt dresses Pat for town in a sheer navy wool bolero suit. The printed blouse has an interesting scarf treatment — it's tucked into the belt at the waist.
Brussels Sprouts a New Idol

When Hollywood called, the Belgian city delivered Fernand Gravet. He’s destined for stardom

By HERB CRUIKSHANK


"Are you there?" asked London.

"'Allo, 'allo!" spluttered Paris.

"This is Mervyn LeRoy speaking," said an American voice over the Cannes wire. "Listen, Madame Gravet, I’m shoving off for Hollywood. What about Fernand? Is he coming over to star in my picture? Or isn’t he? I’ve got his agent in London on the other wire right now. Let’s try to get going!"

Fernand Gravet, new star of LeRoy’s production, The King and the Chorus Girl, laughs as he tells the tale.

"Mervyn speaks no French. My wife speaks no English. The telephone bills—they were magnifique! What we call in Hollywood—colossal!" But, anyway, we fixed everything. Mervyn went home. We followed. The picture is made. I am delighted. Mervyn is delighted. I hope you will be delighted!"

The Continental star, whose American debut seems certain to win him a place in American hearts, is a “delightful” fellow. His personality is infectious. His sense of humor is what we call in Hollywood—“terrific.” Sleek as a seal, he has the figure of a soldier and an athlete. He is still the latter. He has been the former. Facially, well, you’d be

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Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

No More Alky

Talk of Hollywood is the "clean-'em-up" order just issued by the Hays office against too much drinking in movies. Not off-screen drinking — but on-screen drinking scenes.

It seems that all over the country, women's clubs and other organizations have noted, recently, a growth in the number and extent of cocktail scenes and drinking orgies in movies, and floods of protests have been pouring in. Faced with the probability that unless they put their pictures on the water wagon themselves, states would pass anti-alcoholic-scene censorship laws, the producers got together, agreed to de-alcoholize their movies, and sent out an official order to that effect. And so from now on, when you see your favorite star guzzling, it'll be tea or milk or even — laugh! — butter milk . . . ! ! !

Ay Tank He Luf Me

Those "Garbo Loves Taylor" billboards don't exactly delight Garbo. Commented she to a friend: "Why didn't they say 'Taylor Loves Garbo'?"

Home Work

Queer devices in the homes of the movie-great: Claire Dodd's drawing room features two Gothic columns. They're not only decorative, but utilitarian. One houses a stock-ticker for her broker-husband; the other is a penny-bank into which Claire drops her small change each day! Myrna Loy's new home will have two kitchens. One will be the regular kitchen. The other a "guest kitchen," for the use of house-guests who like to stir up their own between-meals snacks! Ann Dvorak, in
How'd you like to have a scarecrow for a dance partner? Virginia Bruce has one in Nick Long, Jr., in the film, *When Love is Young*.

her living room, has several sections of earth built into the floors and wall niches, wherein she grows flowers and plants. To counteract the dampness caused thereby, the room has two fireplaces—and Evelyn Venable, in anticipation of a blessed event, talked hubby Hal Mohr into having the nursery room repainted with a specially-mixed non-poisonous paint, so the baby won't kill itself when it gets to the wall-gnawing age.

**Nice and Narsty**

**Kent Taylor** has two auto horns on his roadster. One toots mildly, for nice people. The other blares raucously, for the people who won't get out of the way when he toots the mild one.

**Convalescent Capers**

**Notes** on how to pass the time while in bed with influenza, as demonstrated by Clark Gable: Bored by reading, he had a mop handle, minus the mop, brought to him. He tied a paint-brush, artists' size, on the end, drew funny cartoons on the ceiling! Tired of that, he got a rubber band and a sheet of newspaper, and began shooting spithalls at the flies in the room. After eight misses, he bagged a horseyly "right between the mirror and the window." And finally, allowed to leave his bed by the doctor, Clark had the driver's compartment of his station-wagon glassed in, installed a heater and a radio, and took a drive!

**Send 'Em to Betty**

**Betty Furness**' latest hobby is collecting match-covers. Fans all over the world are sending them to her.

**Duels Next?**

**NEWEST** rage in Hollywood is fencing. Armand Kaliz, one-time romantic leading man, is now Hollywood's chief instructor at the foils, and his star pupils include Madge Evans, Paul Lukas, Shirley Temple.

**S. H. . . . U. S. A.**

**Delighted with America**, Norwegian Sonja Henie is taking out citizenship papers. But this
Japan's epidemic, Warner. Paramount, total, the Goody-Goody stressing.

Honorable Cows

THIS year, Paramount is sitting pretty on the same Japanese custom that had Walt Disney in the pretty-seat in Japan last year. The Japanese, it seems, dedicate each year to some particular animal. In 1936, it was the Year of the Mouse—and during the year, Disney’s Mickey Mouse cartoon films did unprecedented business in Nippon.

This year is Japan’s “Year of the Cows,” during which the Japanese honor cattle. And so Paramount, releasing Bing Crosby’s Rhythm on the Range in Japan, is stressing NOT Bing in the ads and publicity, but laying heavy stress on the cows—and the worshipful Japanese are paying plenty of yen to see the film and honor the honorable cows.

Never High-Hatted

DIRECTOR FRANK CAPRA claims to be Hollywood’s champion beret-wearer. He doesn’t even own a hat, he says.

Flu Floored ’Em

THE recent flu epidemic knocked Hollywood haywire for a while. Productions were held up for weeks, due to star’s illnesses. Some of the industry’s biggest box-office names were down in bed with influenza—

Insurance companies, hit for a total of $250,000 by production delays on insured films, announced that no more policies against production delays would be issued until the epidemic ended. Most of the studios had their production casts and crews inoculated against flu. Universal, shooting The Road Back, issued double sets of flannel underwear to the extras playing soldiers in the muddy trenches. Several companies, to avoid spoiling “takes” with unexpected cough spells from cast or sidelines, had bowls of coughdrops at various strategic points on the set, with cards urging all on the set to keep sucking away at ‘em.

Radio Teachings

TO HELP her in learning English, Simone Simon has a tiny radio always at her side on the set, and between takes, listens to radio speakers. And at Selznick, students in the acting school are told to tune in on President Roosevelt’s radio talks, and learn enunciation and clarity from him.

Goody-Goody

TALKING of Simone Simon, it appears as though she’s to have a rival in that trick-name field. From Europe to sign a Warner contract has come Swana Wanda . . . !

Sort of Swiss-Cheesey

A YEAR and a half ago, while in Europe, Robert Montgomery had an overcoat stolen. The other day, a package arrived at M-G-M for Bob, from Paris. Opened, it revealed Tennis champ Fred Perry, who is making a Pete Smith short, “Tennis,” takes time out to be photographed with his charming “atmosphere”—Blonde Clarice Sherry and Brunette June Wilking. A love set as t’were
Bob's missing overcoat... BUT—the coat was so moth-eaten that Bob can't wear it any more!

**Taps For Japs**

ELEANOR POWELL is now tap-dancing instructor to a physical culture class of young Japanese, in Tokyo. Only she doesn't do her instructing in person, but via the airmail. She got a letter recently from one Prof. Yamanada, of the Meiji University, asking if she could furnish him with instructions as to how to do some of her steps, as the steps would be excellent exercise for his calisthenics class. Eleanor, forthwith, arranged to send regular lessons via the China Clipper planes to Manila. whence they will be re-mailed to Tokyo for the honorable Professor Yamanada!

**8 Grand On Ties**

RICARDO CORTEZ has just figured out that in fourteen years of being one of the screen's best-dressed men, he has spent $8,000 on neckties alone!

**Make Mine Vanilla**

JACKIE COOGAN has given Hollywood something to talk about with his on-the-wagon-until-1940 vow. He has taken a pledge to drink not a drop of alcoholic liquor of any kind for the next three years. Currently in New York, hitting the nite-spots, Jackie, now over 21, is astounding observers and waiters by ordering lemonade.

**For Arkansaw Travelers**

BOB BAZOOKA BURNS, despite finding fame in Hollywood, is not forgetting his native Arkansas. He has bought a 200-acre stretch of terrain in the Ozarks, near the town of Mountainburg. Of the property, he is giving a huge slice to the Arkansas Boy Scouts for a summer camp, and another bit of acreage to the state of Arkansas for a road right of way. The state will build a road, and in return, Bob will build an Arkansas State Museum on his property, and a big public auto camp, and dedicate the entire shebang to good ol' Arkansaw!

**Carry A Passport, Jean**

JEAN MUIR got into a merry mess in San Francisco. Because she wanted to remain incognito, she made her hotel reservations under her real name of Jean Fullerton. When she left to pay the hotel bill, she had to sign the check Jean Muir, because she has her checking account under her professional name. The hotel suspected she was an imposter, and it took minutes of argument before Jean produced proof of who she really was.

**Water Gag**

JEAN HARLOW has put Joan Crawford and Myrna Loy and Claudette Colbert and all the other gals in a spot. You see, Jean (as a publicity gag, purely) took a gallon

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The newest foreign importation is Luli Deste of Vienna—who brought her prize Afghan wolfhounds to Hollywood with her. The newcomer, who resembles Shearer, will make her first Hollywood film for Columbia.

The candid camera catches up with John Barrymore, and his legs—in a sequence with Jeanette MacDonald in *Maytime*. He's still No. 1 leg man.
Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow meet for the first time in a broadcasting studio, not a movie studio. The radio rajahs do not have the inspiration of co-starring Bachelor No. 1 and Blonde No. 1 before the movie moguls have it; but the broadcasters certainly get around to carrying out the idea first. Thanks to a movie mogul, I mean Cecil B. De Mille—who produces a drama or two yearly for the screen, and a drama weekly for the radio. He brings them together for a radio version of the play, "Madame Sans-Gène." He introduces them to each other at the rehearsal by saying, "Miss Harlow, I'd like you to meet your co-star, Mr. Taylor." Jean and Bob laugh as they shake hands. "This is so sudden, Bob," Jean says. "It's a small world, Jean," Bob answers. And after the rehearsal, De Mille says: "You two should be co-stars more often." Jean looks inquiringly at Bob; he looks inquiringly at Jean. Simultaneously, they grin. "It's too bad it can't be arranged," says Jean. "Count me in on that sentiment," says Bob.

No one has ever arranged a meeting between them before, in the three years Bob has been at M-G-M. They have no reason, at the moment, to anticipate that anyone will arrange another meeting within the next three years. They have no reason to anticipate that within the next three weeks they will again face each other as co-stars—this time in front of a camera, as well as a microphone. Or that Bob will say, "Your face seems strangely familiar!" Or that Jean will retort, "So do your manners!"

These being their first lines to each other in the picture, "Personal Property." Nor do they suspect that, less than three weeks after this, they will be speeding toward Washington, D. C., aboard the same train, to be guest-partners at the President's Birthday Ball...

The first inkling that anyone, including Bob and Jean, has that they may make a picture together is the studio announcement, a day or two after their broadcast, that "The Man in Possession" is being considered as Bob's next, while Jean's next will be either that or "The Foundry," with Wallace Beery.

And what do Bob and Jean do to bring about their co-stardom? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. They let events take their course. (Both have the same attitude toward their careers. Neither tries to tell the studio what it ought to do. Each puts the guidance of his career in the hands of the studio, which has invested a fortune in each of them.) Jean has just returned from a vacation at Arrowhead Hot Springs in the desert. She is ready for another picture. Until the studio decides what it will be, she concerns herself with her usual pre-picture routine: finding a new, attractive coiffure. She isn't entirely happy about the brownette shade of her hair. She meditates a color-change also.

Bob has only lately finished "Camille." He has not had a vacation in months. The studio tells him that he can take one now—for ten days. Bob promptly vanishes. Jean knows, before he does, that they have been cast together. For during those ten days he is out of touch with Hollywood completely. He is on a hunting trip on San Miguel Island, one of the most deserted of the channel islands off the California coast near Santa Barbara. He is, in short, making his first extensive use of the hideaway hunting lodge owned jointly by Clark Gable, Directors Sam Wood and Jack Wood, Producer...
E. J. Mannix and himself. It should not be
ews to you by this time that Taylor and Gable,
whom everyone insists on thinking of as rivals,
are actually cronies. They have a great deal
in common, including an understandable craving
for solitude. But it may be news to you that they
are partners in a hideaway hermitage.

BOB comes back from his trip refreshed. Jean is
refreshed, after her own vacation. Each is in
the mood to continue having a good time. Neither
can resent being cast with someone else who feels the
same way. In fact, they both mentally cheer.

Also, they have an amusing story to work with,
packed with amusing lines. They have one of the best
directors in the business—W. S. Van Dyke, who has the
philosophy: “Why make a comedy if you can’t have fun
doing it?” Their cameraman is William Daniels, who
has been good enough for Garbo ever since her first
American picture. And they are surrounded with amusing
people, people like Reginald Owen, E. E. Clive, Henrietta
Crosman, Marla Shelton, Cora Witherspoon, Forrester
Harvey, Una O’Connor, Lionel Braham and Barnett
Parker.

Until the third or fourth day of production, Personal
Property is called The Man in Possession—which you may
remember, was the title of a picture of a few years ago, starring
Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. The new picture
uses the same characters. The situations are so revised, how-
ever, that a new title is given the story—to avoid any impres-
sion that this is merely a remake of The Man in Possession.

From start to finish, it is a mad comedy. The setting, London.
Time, the present.

When Bob was discovered by
an M-G-M talent scout on a
Pomona College stage, he was
playing an Englishman (Capt.
Stanhope in Journey’s End).

In Personal Property, for the
first time on the screen, he plays
an Englishman. An English-
man who is a bit of a playboy
and who, as the picture opens,
has just served a bit of a jail
sentence for having sold a car
before it was completely his. His
stuffy older brother (Reginald
Owen) and his father (E. E.
Clive) are considerably upset
by his reappearance on the
home grounds, because Reggie
has managed to get himself en-
gaged to a supposedly wealthy
American widow—and if she
finds out that he has a “jailbird”
brother, the result may be dis-

[Continued on page 98]
Behind her mask-like beauty Claire Dodd concealed the fact that she had been married for five years. Claire is too proud though of her recent motherhood and young Jon Michael to keep it secret now.

—Harrell

Motherhood seems to have added more beauty and charm to vivacious Sally Eilers. Recently returned from England, Sally is hard at work in Universal’s We Have Our Moments.
The Light that Lies in Irish Eyes

Erin O'Brien-Moore's beauty routine brings out her appealing charm

By DENISE CAINE

LIKE so many women of Irish extraction, Erin O'Brien-Moore has the appealing kind of beauty that comes from gaiety of heart and enthusiasm for life, rather than from perfection of features.

Hers is the kind of face that, unenlivened by flashing humor and an expression of unbounded interest in people and things, would not be notable. But as you watch Erin talking in her whole-hearted fashion or listening sympathetically, you keep thinking: "What a beautiful person!"

Erin never tries to be glamorous, except when an acting role calls for this particular brand of allure, and she much prefers the type of role in which she can be natural rather than exotic. Cast as a factory worker's wife in the Warner Brothers picture, Black Legion, she insisted on wearing cotton house dresses in preference to silk ones, even though it was pointed out that clinging silk is more flattering to the figure....

That's the kind of person she is. To her, beauty rites and clothes are not primary factors in making an attractive woman. Important as she knows them to be, she feels they are secondary to development of charm and personality. Her beauty routine is thorough and sound, but not complicated; her clothes are tasteful and becoming, but you never notice her clothes before you notice her!

Erin's green eyes are perhaps her finest feature, and her most distinctive, for they have a fascinating upward slant. This she emphasizes by applying mascara most heavily at the outer corners and shaping her brows so that they follow the line of her upper lids—higher at the ends. When there is a good bit of space between the eyes and the brows, the face has more dramatic expression. Erin has discovered. Eye shadow she blends far out on her upper lids, to widen the space between her eyes and also to accent their unusual slant.

Because the space between her nose and her upper lip is definitely longer than average, she "builds up" her upper lip with lipstick, but does not attempt to accentuate the bow. Very little cheek rouge but a deep shade of lipstick is her preference.

Erin has always yearned to wear bangs, but wisely refrains because they would hide her nice. [Continued on page 104]

BEAUTY ADVICE

Are you sitting home nights with a book instead of gathering rosebuds? If so, it may be your looks rather than your personality... scrutinize yourself in the mirror, jot down your bad points and send them to Miss Caine for analysis. She can give you advice on make-up and coiffures to make you more attractive. This advice is free. Write to Denise Caine, Motion Picture, 1301 Broadway, New York, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
Learn to Cook—and Like It!

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

JANE LAWRENCE (typical American girl) caught on so quickly with her top-of-the-range lessons last month, that Jack, her beau, "caught on" that Jane would make a swell wife and popped the question. But, as young husbands need variety—you can't feed them chops, nightly—and as you not only win a man's heart through his stomach, but it also helps to keep it, Mrs. Christine Frederick, renowned home economics expert, advises you on casserole dishes and simple baked desserts to enable you to serve a one-piece oven dinner, in her second lesson in the cooking primer. If you failed in your first lesson, or missed it entirely, write to Mrs. Frederick, at this magazine, and she will be most glad to help you with your problems. And at the end of this copy you will find a coupon which will enable you to secure some grand recipes free of charge!—Editor.

"WELL, Jane, how is your cooking coming along?" inquired Betty of her friend. "I saw Jack on the street the other day and he looked simply swell. Is that due to your grand homemade food, I wonder?" she demanded with a sly mischievous twinkle.

Jane smiled happily. "It's really been heaps of fun. You may laugh all you like, but really, Betty, I adore fusing with foods and fixing up cozy little dinners for Jack and me. Just think, I won't have to practise on him after we're married, or have him say my biscuits are good for bathroom tiles. And guess what Jack says! He insists that I'm a 'born cook!' Of course I know he's spoiling me, but I've been practising hard now for the past month, and I've really made progress. Those first Cooking Lessons showed me how to do top-of-range meals, you know, the simplest kind, and this month I'm tackling how to cook in the oven."

Many other young women, like Jane, who begin their cooking experience by using the top or open burners of the gas range, at first may find a little difficulty in understanding and operating the enclosed box-like oven. Maybe that is because, unlike the exposed burners and open flame on top of the range, they can't see what's going on inside the oven, or lift up the pot lid to peek in as they so easily can with a saucepan or skillet. What is happening in the oven? How do you tell how hot it is or should be? How do you know how long to let foods stay in, and when do you take them out?

An oven is a cooking unit based on radiated heat. That is, the flame underneath does not touch the utensils directly, but heats the steel or tin oven walls so that they in turn throw off heat. Thus all oven cooking is done in intensely hot air. How hot, according to degrees Fahrenheit, is easily visible on the heat regulator dial which is now standard equipment with all high-grade gas ranges; or a separate oven thermometer may be used. Learn to recognize the varying degrees of heat by this simple table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Oven Temperatures for Baking</th>
<th>Slow Oven</th>
<th>Moderate Oven</th>
<th>Quick or Hot Oven</th>
<th>Very Hot Oven</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>250°-350° F</td>
<td>350°-400° F</td>
<td>400°-450° F</td>
<td>450°-550° F</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The placement of the dish in the oven

[Continued on page 101]
When Britain's great pageant takes place; the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, and Ladies will take no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 10]

happen! The mere fact that they step out together now and then may lead to almost anything—it's like putting two live wires together.

FRANKEST divorce-announcement of the year, so far, was Arline Judge's. "Soon as I divorce Wesley Ruggles," she says, "I'm going to marry Dan Topping." And that's Hollywood, and 1937, and that! Of course, the beat between Arline and Director Ruggles is no news. They tried valiantly to keep from it, but months ago, the inevitable was realized, and they separated. Even since then, they have tried reconciliations, but warmed-over romance is just as palatable as a warmed-over fried egg!

Most recently, Arline and Wes have been just the proverbial "good friends," dancing together, living apart, and doing nothing whatsoever about a divorce. And then Dan Topping, who's a New York socialist-millionaire, stepped into the picture. And caught Arline on the rebound. He had a bit of an argument the other night with agent Pat di Cicco in the Clover Club. Pat, who was quite a bit in the Arline picture, has switched his attention toward Gloria Baker of the Vanderbilt clan.

Frankly, in the best modern tradition, Arline called Wesley up to tell him she'd decided, finally, to get her divorce.

"You must be in love," cracked Wes.

"I am," snapped Arline.

"Who's the lucky man?" asked hubby. "Dan Topping," she told him. "You couldn't pick a better husband," said Wesley. And that's how the amicable divorce was arranged.

CUPID'S COUPLETS: (Make this one a quadruplet!)
Tony Martin and Alice Faye—
(Who says they've decided to call it a day?)
Alice Faye and Tony Martin—
Why, that romance is only starting!...

TWO months was all Dance-Director Dave Gould could take of a "kissless honeymoon," so now he's no longer the husband of Frances Paxton... You remember the Gould-Paxton elopement, don't you? Last December. Well, here's the inside story of it, and how it worked out, as told by Gould himself:

"She called me up at 6 o'clock in the morning and said: 'Okeh, let's get married.' Well, of course, I'd asked her several times to marry me, but she wouldn't make up her mind. Well, anyway, when she called me at 6 a.m., I hired a plane and we flew to Yuma and got married. BUT —coming back, she said she would not be a wife to me, and asked me to give her more time to make up her mind. So I did. And nine days later, she went east. And that was the end of it." So a Los Angeles judge, agreeing that that was a heck of a note, annulled Dave's wedding for him.

OTHER "It's-All-Over" notes: Another "trial divorce" in Hollywood is that of screen actress Betty Douglas and Cameraman Vincent Farrar... says Betty: "We're going to get an interlocutory decree and try living as single folk again. Then in a half year, we'll meet and see how it worked. If we like it, we'll get our final after another six months. If we don't, we'll tear up the interlocutory, and move in together again."... and (ho, ho, hummmmmmm!) Adrienne Ames is divorcing Bruce Cabot again... this time, she says, it's a final "take"!... she adds that she "tried hard to make a go of" their reconciliation, but it just didn't work out... charging that her hubby hit her on her anniversary (beg pardon, I mean he hit her on the chin on their wedding anniversary). Evelyn Prentiss asked the court to give her a divorce from Earl Cooke... Humphrey Bogart, newest screen menace, is going to be wifeless... his wife, known professionally as stage actress Mary Phillips, is going to divorce him in New York, where it doesn't take a full year to become final. . . .

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
CUPID'S COUPLET:
Noah Beery Junior and Barbara
Read--
That's a new twosome, yes indeed!

AND O' Man Tattler wonders what
that makes of the engagement of
young Beery and Buck Jones' daugh-
ter...? Maybe the Jones family plan
worked out for the best. You know,
when they learned that their daughter
and Noah Junior were determined to
marry, they agreed--but on condition
that the youngsters wait a year or so,
first. And they sent daughter off on a
world cruise, if O' Man Tattler re-
members right. And so now, young
Beery is squiring Barbara, who's one
of Universal's Three Smart Girls.

REUNITED are Luis Alberni, that
grand character actor, who's been un-
happy ever since his wife took their do-
mestic troubles into court, months ago.
Now the troubles are all over, it seems,
and Luis is happy at home again.

HOLLYWOOD is watching
amusingly the Dietrich-Sieber-
Fairbanks-Fritz Lang merry-go-round
—you recall, don't you, how Dietrich
while in London did the niteries con-
sistently with young Doug Fairbanks.
Well, all the time, director Fritz
Lang, Hollywood's best monocle-
weaver, chewed his finger nails here,
the while he read of Marlene's Lon-
don doings. And so when Marlene
finally returned to America, foremost
to meet her was Lang, at the very front
of the gangplank in New York.

That everything doesn't seem to be over between Connie Bennett and the Mar-
quis de la Falaise (Hank) is proved in this get-together in New York's Waldorf

BUT—all is not easy for Fritz. For
Doug Junior, finding a Dietrich-less
London not so hot, suddenly up and
left for Hollywood, too. "To make a
picture," he explained, but insiders
hint that Marlene's presence in Holly-
wood was as good a reason. Mean-
time, Marlene lifts eyebrows at all the
talk of her romancing with Lang and
Fairbanks, and expostulates angrily
that after all she's still the wife of

(Continued on page 87)

to Clear Up Your Skin! Make
Yourself a Swell Dancer! GO PLACES!

AL-DID YOU HEAR?
I CAN'T BEAR IT-
M G-GOING HOME

AW--DON'T BE A NI-TWIT, PEG,
LISTEN, MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT
WHY DON'T YOU TRY YEAST?
THEY SAY IT'S REALLY SWELL
HOW IT CHANES PIMPLES

NEXT DAY
HERE Y'ARE, SIS--NOW
GET BUSY--YOU'RE
POSED TO EAT 3 OF
THOSE YEAST CAKES
EVERY DAY--ONE
OR TWO TIMES
ENOUGH

OK--I'LL DO
IT--AL- WHAT'S
THAT CARD IN
YOUR HAND?

GEE, PEG--IT'S PRETTY NIFTY!
IT'S A FLEISCHMANN DANCE
CARD, SEE--AN IF YOU SAVE
YEAST LABELS, PASTE 'EM
ON IT, AND SEND IT IN--YOU
GET A SWELL NEW DANCE
BOOK BY ARTHUR
MURRAY

HOW PERFECTLY
GRAND--I'LL START
WITH THOSE LABELS
RIGHT NOW!

"Keep it up faithfully," says Dr. R. E.
Lee, well-known physician, "and
Fleischmann's Yeast will help clear
up ADOLESCENT PIMPLES..."

Swing into it, boys and girls!
Don't miss this chance to get
ARTHUR MURRAY'S exciting
book of DANCE LESSONS.
Learn the latest steps! Pictures,
diagrams make every step easy!
You can't buy this book! The
ONLY WAY to secure one is by
saving labels from Fleischmann
Yeast Cakes! Ask your grocer
for a FREE Fleischmann Dance
Card—paste the yeast labels
on! Send it in.

If your grocer hasn't Dance Card,
you can get the book if you
paste 81 labels on a piece of
paper, or mail them, in an
envelope, with your name and
address to Fleischmann's Yeast,
701 Washington Street, New
York City. (This offer holds
good until August 31st, 1937.)

Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly
in states west of Denver and in Canada;
see newspapers or ask your local grocer.

Copyright, 1937, Standard Brands Incorporated

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford and Bill Powell form a happy triangle in The Last of Mrs. Cheyney

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney—AAA—The play was the thing ten years ago, but now it's the players—Joan Crawford, William Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Renata Hone, Ralph Forbes, and others. The dialogue isn't so sparkling after you've seen this for the third or fourth time, but first-timers will find it entertaining. It's all about Jewish theories—against an English society background. —H.-G.-M.

When You're in Love—AAA—The outstanding features of this latest Grace Moore opus are the prima donna's rendition of Minnie the Meeker and Robert Ruskin's clever dialogue. Attractive Cary Grant appears to advantage as the opera singer's husband of convenience and adds considerable moments of enjoyment to the film. Anyway, the evening is always well spent when listening to Miss Moore's vocalizing. —Columbia.

Head Over Heels in Love—AAA—Jessie Matthews, England's most delightful singing and dancing star, at her best in an entertaining musical, offering some Gordon and Revil catchy tunes. The interwoven romance is better than average and the lack of extravagant sets is a relief. It's fresh and sparkling, so don't miss this if you can help it. —Gauvain-British.

Sea Devils—AAA—Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster in a rough and exciting film glorifying the unsung heroes of the sea—the Coast Guard. Credit is due the director for a swell job, and ditto, the cameraman for his artistic depiction of thrilling storm scenes. Both McLaglen and Foster perform superbly, as does comely Ilia Lupino in the role of McLaglen's daughter and Foster's sweetheart. —R.-K.-O.

On the Avenue—AAA—The most notable thing about this musical production is Irving Berlin's contribution of six songs, two of which are certain to make the hit parade. Producer Darryl Zanuck's lavishness with names and sets makes this a swell musical romance and was strictly in keeping with the plot—a Broadway-Park Avenue romance. Alice Faye and the Ritz Bros. are just a few of the "names." —R.-K.-O.

The Woman Alone—AAA—An English production based on Joseph Conrad's 'The Secret Agent' with Sylvia Sidney in the leading role. This is a stirring melodrama and you'll find yourself gripping your seat for a good ten minutes while a young child walks through the streets of London carrying a time bomb. The climax is chilling, John Lodge and Oscar Homolka contribute splendid performances. —Gauvain-British.

The Man Who Could Work Miracles—AAA—Alexander Korda, the producer, H. G. Wells, the author, and Roland Young, the star, earn praise for giving us a charming and novel picture. The story is fantastic, but it is handled with intelligent restraint and affords a very pleasant evening's entertainment. The title supplies the plot. —United Artists.

I Promise to Pay—AAA—Recent headlines form the subject for this expose of the loan shark racket and reveals the plight of a couple of innocent victims. Chester Morris, after his tragic experience with the racketeer, divulges all information to the authorities at the risk of his life. He pulls through and with the aid of the d. a.'s office smashes the gang of which Leo Carrillo is the leader. Helen Mack appears as Morris' young wife. —Columbia.

The Man Who Found Himself—AA—The medical profession is the background of this amusing comedy, but not to the point of being overdone by any means. The most amusing thing about it is its similarity to Come and Get It and its failure to measure up to it. The most striking thing about it is the screen debut of Frank Capra, for previously, though often in the background. James Cagney again plays a ruthless lumber baron and with which the performances of George Bancroft and Gail Patrick handle their parts well. —Paramount.

When's Your Birthday?—AA—If you're a Joe E. Brown fan by all means see this. If you're not, see it anyway, for you are sure to get many laughs. The film gets its title from Brown's dizzy antics with amateur astrology. Besides being an acrobat, the big-mouthed comedian is also a body-builder. And,boxing enthusiast, but this down on your "must see" list—there are some good boxing interludes. —R.-K.-O.

Tip-Offs on the Talkies

Brief Reviews of the Recent Releases

AAAA—EXCELLENT; AAA—GOOD; AA—FAIR; A—MEDIUM; X—POOR; XX—POOR.

A HOLLYWOOD PREVIEW...

Of the newest pictures is yours in MOVIE STORY Magazine, which monthly presents exhilarating story versions of your favorite movies. Many fans enthusiastically say that it adds to one's enjoyment of a picture if one has a chance to know what's all about beforehand.

In the May issue of MOVIE STORY you can read the romanticized tale of the new JEAN HARLOW-ROBERT TAYLOR picture, PERSONAL PROPOSAL, and discover for yourself that it suits the magnetic personalities of these stars to the proverbial "T." Then, too, there's an imaginative story about the new FRED ASTAIRE-GINGER ROGERS musical, Shall We Dance? as well as the thrilling story version of MARKED WOMAN, the new BETTE DAVIS star vehicle.

You'll like MOVIE STORY Magazine—get acquainted with it now!
Grace Moore must be singing L’Amour, L’Amour, L’Amour to Cary Grant in this scene from When You’re In Love, and romance during a trip from Shanghai. Leslie Fenton, Victor Haworth and Constance Worth play the important roles capably.—R.K.O.

Time Out for Romance—AA—If you are looking for some wholesome entertainment you can’t go wrong in picking this one. Claire Trevor, escaping from marriage, hitchhikes in a Michael Whalen’s cross-country caravan which supplies some hair-raising situations and recalls that hilarious hit, It Happened One Night—20th Century-Fox.

Her Husband’s Secretary—AA—A fresh angle to the overworked plot of wife vs. secretary makes this an interesting film, particularly for women. It is human and warm and intelligently directed. Joan Fontaine, Bette Davis and Warren Hull give quality performances and the assisting cast lend able support.—Warner Bros.

Don’t Tell the Wife—AA—Guy Kibbee, Una Merkel and Lynne Overman are the main characters in this well directed production based on the popular stage play. Once Over Lightly, Kibbee lends himself gracefully to the role of sucker for a gang of crooked stock manipulators, but it all ends happily when he takes things into his own hands and discovers the potential value of the mine.—R.K.O.

Borderland—AA—Another in the Hopalong Cassidy series with William Boyd and James Ellison, however, this is better than average Western and it packs a real wallop. And both heroes are good to look at.—Paramount

They Wanted to Marry—AA—Betty Furness and Gordon Jones in a comedy with a slender serious vein. Newspaper, advertising, and society circles supply the lines of this far-fetched story. Boy-and-girl trouble lends some amusing scenes between Betty and Jones. The cast includes E. F. Cline, Henry Kolker and Charles Wilson, who do the comedy.—Warner Bros.

That I May Live—AA—Glories an ex-convict who wants to keep to the straight path but isbecked by his former pub. John Trent, that handsome young man who is the victim of the end glorifies himself by aiding the law in getting the bad ones. This touch is attributed to comedy Rochelle Hudson, a young wailing to. And J. Edward Bromberg is up to par in a sympathetic role.—20th Century-Fox.

Not Miss

any of the following important pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it:—The Good Earth with Paul Muni and Luise Rainer. And one can’t be too extravagant with their adjectives in describing this superb production based on Pearl Buck’s famous novel.

Mind of Saigon, a gripping drama with Claudette Colbert in the title role and with Fred MacMurray giving able support. The plot is based on witchcraft and its accompanying horrors. . . . The Green Light, another popular novel, is the subject matter for this beautiful screen version featuring Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Walter Abel, Margaret Lindsay and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . . The Last of Mrs. Macquarrie, Sean O’Casey’s famous play, with Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster and several Dublin Abbey Theatre players. . . . You Only Live Once, a stirring tragedy with a passionate appeal for two young despairing lovers—Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda. . . . Romeo and Juliet, Shakespeare’s great love story, artistically produced, with Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in the title roles . . . Calumet, the incomparable Garbo in the beautiful love story of Dumas’ Lady of the Camellias. Robert Taylor makes an irresistible Armand. You’ll be truly sorry if you miss these!

Here’s

The Thrilling New

Shampoo

Everyone Is Raving About

Not Soap—Not Oil . . . Makes Hair Shine Like Silk!

It’s no wonder women everywhere are raving about this amazing, new liquid shampoo—no wonder one trial converts them for life! For it gives your hair a thrilling new gleam. Yes, actually transforms dull, average-looking hair into a brilliant, glistening halo—with a single application.

Look at the girl above. See what a difference it makes when you use it. So try it soon—see how beautiful your hair really can be.

Just how this unusual shampoo works these miracles is a new scientific secret. It isn’t oil, it isn’t soap—it isn’t anything you’ve heard of before. Scientists have brought us something brand-new—a shampoo so different that they’ve patented the process by which it is made. You simply wet your hair, shake on a few drops and instantly you get a glorious, billyow lather, 5 times more lather than soap in hardest water. Lather so neutral—being neither acid nor alkaline—that it is ideal for either oily or dry hair. You rub it briskly into the hair, rinse thoroughly—and you’re through.

“What?” you say, “no special rinses; no vinegar, lemon or after-rinses to ‘cut’ the lather?” No—they are not necessary—just a thorough dousing in clear water! That’s the marvelous part. Drene cannot leave unrinsable film on hair to cover up natural lustre as ordinary shampoos do. Your hair is left radiant, silky, smooth. Even dull, bleached or dyed hair becomes more brilliant, more natural looking after a Drene shampoo.

More amazing, embarrassing flakes of dandruff disappear with a single washing, leaving the scalp scrupulously clean. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Women who have used it for months rave about the beauty and health their hair possesses—and have found its thorough cleansing is the quickest, best way to a healthy head of hair. Your scalp can really nourish the hair properly when cleansed the Drene way, which simply calls for one or two shampoos a week with Drene, and a few minutes of scalp massage and brushing of the hair. Then it glows with new life and lustre.

Procter & Gamble make this marvelous. Only half a tablespoonful for a perfect shampoo. The most economical, beautifying shampoo you have ever used. Try Drene. The large size costs less per shampoo. Get Drene at all drug, department and 10c stores. Or send your name and address to Drene, Dept. FW, Box 828, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the makers will send you a bottle of Drene (enough for two shampoos) absolutely free to try!

Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Offering GANTNER Floating Bra SWIM SUITS

You can't Sag...can't Slump with Gantner Floating Bra! This amazing patented inner bra controls, divides and raises your bust by inches...capturing a beautiful, modern Empire line! Gantner Floating Bra makes other suits look and feel obsolete!

If you wear a bra in a formal, you need Floating Bra on the beach! (At smarter shops everywhere! Write for style book.)

GANTNER & MATTEN CO., Dept. F
San Francisco - Los Angeles, Chicago - New York, N.Y.
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

Are YOU Miss Typical America?

If you are a typical American girl here is your chance to win $500 and fame. It's personality that counts.

DO YOU believe there may be a chance of stardom for yourself in motion pictures?
You really don't have to be conceited to believe you have talent for the screen, any more than you would be conceited should you decide your talents entitled you to training for a school teacher's position, or a stenographer's job.
The big problem, provided you have talent for the movies, is to see the motion picture producers, get a chance to show these producers what you can do.

This problem of meeting the producers and getting a talent test is going to be solved for at least one fortunate girl. Fred MacMurray, handsome, dashing star of Maid of Salem, with Claudette Colbert and Swing High, Swing Low, with Carole Lombard, is going to help some girl—or girls—to fame.

Of course, Fred isn't going to walk through the streets looking for some girl, tap her on the shoulder and say: "Come on, I think you should be in the movies!"
Indeed, not that! Instead, he is cooperating with Mr. Oscar Serlin, former head of the talent department of Paramount Pictures in finding girls who best deserve the title "Miss Typical America," and a chance at a motion picture career.

By a quirk of fate it was Mr. Serlin who "discovered" Fred MacMurray for the movies. Mr. Serlin, it was, who started the "school for talent" idea now so widely adopted by all the studios. In case you are not familiar with the "school for talent," it is a dramatic school, conducted by the studios, in which individuals considered as "screen prospects" are given dramatic coaching free before being given a screen test.

Of all the many men who have made an occupation of finding talent for the silver screen, Mr. Serlin is the best known. Besides Fred MacMurray, his finds include Frances Farmer, Gladys Swarthout, Olympe Bradna, John Howard, Eleanor Whitney, Gail Patrick, Dorothy Lamour, Marsha Hunt, and many others.

This whole search is based on one thought, that the girl who is perfect material for stardom is the girl most deserving of the title "Miss Typical America."
She won't be a perfect actress, when she...
is selected, but she may have had some
dramatic training. On the other hand, she
may not have had any dramatic training.

She won't necessarily be beautiful. Here's
what Mr. Serlin has to say about that:
"Beauty isn't what the screen is after. It
wants typical American girls."

But what is to be done with this girl who
is to be honored with the title, "Miss Typical
America"?

The answer is, she is going to be given
five hundred dollars cash, a trip—all ex-
enses paid—to New York or Hollywood
for personal talent interview with Mr.
Serlin. If she shows aptitude for screen
work she will get a chance for film fame.
The interview will be conducted in
the form of a contest. Mr. Serlin and
Fred MacMurray are judges, and will
determine just which girls will get a chance
at fame.

You may be the very girl to win the
fame that goes with the title Miss Typical
America. Maybe you will be the one
to get that $500, get the all-expense trip to
New York or Hollywood for a talent inter-
view, or some of the many other cash
prizes. Certainly it is worth investigating,
or telling your friends about.

Complete details of this fascinating con-
test and chance for fame are in the May
issue of True Confessions magazine, now
on sale for only ten cents at all news-
stands. Get a copy today, see how easy it
is to win one of the many prizes . . . fill
out the coupon in True Confessions and
enter today. There is no red tape, no entry
fee. It has been made as easy as possible
for you to enter—and to win.

All Aboard for Hollywood!

[Continued from page 13]

made, observe methods of constructing sets
and backgrounds, and perceive, first hand,
the intimate little tricks whereby directors
make pictures. The tour will be followed
by luncheon with the stars in the Paramount
commissionary.

After a late Monday afternoon cocktail
party at the home of James Gleason, Movie-
land Tourists will return to Paramount that
evening to view a special studio preview.

Hollywood stars are made-up to resemble the
characters they portray on the screen will be
seen Tuesday morning during a tour
through the Max Factor Make-Up studio.
Every visitor will be given a souvenir.

A get-together party in Wilshire Bowl,
night club adjoining the Beverly Hills-Hol-
lywood-Wilshire-Lafayette residential area,
will that night (Tuesday) climax the brilli-
ant pleasures of the tour. Film celebrities
will be on hand at this favorite night play-
ground of the stars to serve on the recep-
tion committee of the Movieland Tours
night club supper dance.

I DENTICAL plans prevail for the second
tour, except that the cocktail parties for
that trip will be at the Fay Wray home on
Sunday afternoon and Edward Everett
Horton's home on Monday afternoon.

More complete details are available by
writing for the free illustrated booklet
containing full information about the 1937
Movieland Tours, being gowned to be
bigger and better than the sensational
tours of 1935 and 1936.

More to the point, promptly send in $5
per person to reserve a ticket on the ex-
cursion. To be sure of obtaining one of the
fast-disappearing supply of available
reservations, act without delay! Use the
coupon on page 13.

Rachel Made Her Look
Like This!  

By Lady Esther

It's amazing the number of women who use
the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!
As any artist or make-up expert will tell
you, the wrong shade of face powder will
change your appearance altogether. It will
make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their
face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try
to match "type." This is a mistake because you
are not a "type," but an individual. You may be
a brunette and still have a very light skin or
any one of a number of different tones between
light and dark. The same holds true if you are
a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade
of face powder and that is by trying on all ten
basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least
suited to you is your most becoming and flatter-
ing. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right
shade of face powder or whether you should be
using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten
shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on,
free of charge.

Try on each of the ten shades as if you had
never used face powder before. Maybe you'll
make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe
you'll find a shade that will completely
"youthify" your appearance.

• Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of
Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle
once and for all whether you are using the right
shade or not.

(You can paste this on a postage stamp) (50)

Lady Esther, Ltd., 200 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me a liberal supply of all ten
shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, also a purse-
size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________

[If you have in Canada, write: Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.]

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
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Women !_Be Smart
Don't be victims of oid-fashioned

prudery and stupidity
CONSULT DOCTOR

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DOUBT

ORCHIDS FOR CAMELLIAS
$15 Prize Letter

FEMININE

THIS

is the first fan letter I've ever
written in praise of the Great Garbo.
For eleven years she has held the position
of the cinema's leading motion picture
actress and this is the first
time in all those years I have
finally been compelled to admit Greta Garbo is a great

HYGIENE
EXPLAINED
1. Happy and fortunate is the married woman who
finds the right answer to this grave problem. .Happy

actress

Why

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when she hves without fear

.Prevents that agonizing

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ciation?

worry which upsets so many marriages... Fo)'/«?za/e
in being free from dangerous germs!

now bring you dainty, show w/nYe suppositorFeminine Hygiene. Smart women appreciate
the convenience and safety of Zonitors. For Zonitors
embody the famous ZONITE ANTISEPTIC PRINCIPLE. They kill dangerous germs, yet are free from
"burn danger" to delicate tissues.

ies for

3. Zonitors are safe and easy to vise...grease!ess,
snow white suppositories, each in a sanitary glass vial
. completely deodorizing.
... no clumsy apparatus
Easy to remove with plain water. Instructions in
package. All U. S. and Canadian druggists.
.

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medical
FREE — Booklet containing
Products Corp.,
latest

formation. Write to Zonite

Brunswick, N.

554

in-

New

J.

appre-

Caniille!
I don't
that indefinable

know what

something is Greta Garbo
has which makes her so al-

2. Fear and ignorance are unnecessary. Medical research

belated

this

luring to the public, but she
gives that quality to Marguerite Gautier.
There is no one who can portray love-smitten and world-weary vi'orfien as exquisitely
as does Garbo. She makes The Lady of the
Camellias a study in the moods of a volaThe death-bed scene is
tile temperament.
a heart-tearing thing.
I also want to extend my congratulations
to Robert Taylor for his Armand which is
the finest piece of work he has turned in
S. K.
since The Magnificent Obsession.
Parkhursf. 6220-37fh N.W., Seattle, Wash.

—

AMERICANS, FIRST

IN 12

INDIVIDUAL
CLASS VIALS

$10 Prize Letter

"TF
A

I

to

WERE

a producer!" I would like
have a dollar for every time that

(By golly, I'd
phrase has been uttered.
have enough to be a producer then.) Nevertheless, if I were a producer, I would
start paying a little attention to the good
old U. S. A. Why rattle the skeletons of
ancient

queens,

Napoleons and braid-be-

Russians when our own history
more drama than all these combined?

decked
holds

REAL LIFE STORY

TIRED ALL
THE TIME

SHE TOLD HIM
WHAT TO DO

I would like to see an authentic picture
dealing with the American Revolution. The
lives of Washington, Franklin and other
Colonial heroes should make excellent maFinally,
terial for America's film fare.
and this may come as a bit of a shock, I
would like to see Gary Cooper portray the
Great Emancipator in a revival of Abraham Lincoln.
The Gorgeous Hussy gave us a hint of
what can be done with our own background. Let's have more. H. Bengta Nielsen, 4143 Oakdale Ave., Chicago, III.

YOU

VILLAIN,

YOU

$5 Prize Letter

EEELS LIKE new!
THANKS TO CLEVER WIFE..
Ill E wasn't himself. Had too many restless
• -* nights, too many tired days. Seemed to
lose his ambition. But his clever wife was too
smart to let this go on. She insisted that he
try Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) and he
found out what a surprising difference it made
to use a laxative of entirely vegetable origin.
He didn't mind taking NRs at all, they were
so gentle, and non-habit forming. They simply

made him feel like
a new man. Get a
25c box at any

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perfection,

how unworthy

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I

Mr. Rathbone play Robert Brozvning to
Katharine Cornell's Elizabeth in The Barretts of Wimpole
If they had, they

Street, or his Romeo.
wouldn't stand for the
way he is now being treated. I know of
no screen actor who has more perfect diction than Basil.
Margaret A. Connell, 811

Hickman Road, Dcs Moines,

STOP CROWDING, PLEASE
$1 Prize Letter

SEEMS to me the search for new,
ITexciting
faces and talent could be relaxed considerably since Hollywood is
over-run now with excellent players, without sufficient fine stories for them. All this
effort should be concentrated on finding
better

stories.

So many

fine actors and actresses are
pushed into the background, while we have

half-baked,
untrained,
in equally poor stories.
At least this is true of the smaller
theatres which are swamped with mediocre
suffer

to

seeing,

youngsters

"acting"

pictures.

There is too much repetition and sameness of stories. If one producer successfully puts forth a dancing film, immediately
there are five or six more to make us tire
of ever seeing another. I take my movie
entertainment seriously, and so I feel justified in making these complaints. We, the
movie going public, should be catered to,
since we pay for the best and should get it.
Grayce A. Brush, Basking Ridge, N.J.
•

"SHE'S

ONE

PRETTY,

graceful, exotic— that's
captivating star of One
In a Million. National and international
champions frequently turn to the movies
for further conquests, but
few of them possess the
qualities essential to success
chic,

Sonja Henie,

does.

Her

premacy

ice-skating suwas established at

the Olympic games, in comwith
highly
petition
the
skilled skaters of the world.
In a way, this sparkling,
blonde daughter of the rugged land of the midnight sun was vying
with a group of seasoned Hollywood stars
in her first picture, yet she came out on
top. She proved a glamorous ingenue.
word of praise is due 20th CenturyFox and Darryl Zanuck for giving the
motion picture fans a treat that is really
different.
L. Lezvisnn Anrud, 891 South
Vine St., Denver, Colo.

A

Prizes for Letters!
Your opinions on movie
may win money for you

plays and players
Three prizes
with $1 each for addi$15, $10 and $5
tional letters printed
are awarded every
month for the best letters received. In
duplicate prizes will be
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Letter

Page,

Broadway,

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Always

A MILLION"

IN

$1 Prize Letter

MOTION

New York

wish that more of the fans had seen

Accept no substitutes!

lozva.

awarded.
And remember no letter over
one hundred and fifty words in length will
Address your entries to
be considered

of

undoubtedly the reason that producers see fit to

Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also
samples of NR and Turns. Send stamp for packing and
postage to A. H. Lewis Co.. DeskgoE-lS" St. Loaia. Mo.

68

gradually making
one of the world's most gifted romantic actors into the screen's most
hated bogey-man. It is all right for Basil
Rathbone to play villains
now and then, if the villains
are at all believable, but it
is not right for him to be
cast in one stereotyped role
Of course,
after another.
the fact that he plays each
role
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drugstore today.

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HOLLYWOOD

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on the advertised brand!

PICTURE,

City.

1501


The Most Copied Girl in the World

[Continued from page 31]

"Joan is a very definite and bold person," says Adrian in explaining why you and you (and I) find ourselves copying her. "There is not a negative thing about her. That's why thousands of women are impelled to copy her, not only because they think they look like her, but because they hope they can achieve the positive quality that is her great attraction."

The result is thousands of carbon-copy Crawfords. It started with that "wind-blown" bob of Dancing Daughters. There's something about that careless hair-cut that does things to the glamour-girls. I know. I—er, had a "wind-blown" about the time that Crawford did. Chances are, Jim, movie-town's popular barber, cut both of them, plus hundreds of others. After that, there was a tornado of "wind-blows." Every hamlet had its pseudo-Crawfords tossing proud, shorn heads. Shortly after that, Joan left off her triple-sheer chiffon stockings, and so did dozens of other Hollywood girls when they discovered it. Thus the bare-legged fad had its inception. It swept the country like a chain-letter epidemic, much to the hosiery makers' consternation. Like most fads, it died a natural death.

Joan alone is responsible for the puffed sleeve rage of several years ago. She wore them in that memorable Letty Linton frock of white organdy, with sleeves so big they almost impeded dramatic action. The sleeves fitted into a tight bodice and there was a full skirt that cascaded from it. Adrian, when he designed it, had doubts about the reception it would receive. There have been times when screen fashion have been laughed at, in the theater. Garbo's pill box hat in The Painted Veil was one instance. And it survived to become a raging fad.

Adrian awaited, with curiosity, the release date of Letty Linton. The next thing that he knew, puffed sleeves were in again, far in advance of the style cycle that would normally return them to favor. What did it? Crawford, of course. What impulse drove women to exclusive couturiers and bargain basement in their quest for puffed sleeves? Was it the desire to look like Crawford, or the subconscious urge for high romance as usually purveyed by this Grade A Glamour Girl? Did the imitators think that, dressed like Joan Crawford, they, too, might enjoy life as she does—on the screen? Your guess is as good as ours.

Another Crawford costume that had the girls in a dither was that little white organza number of Today We Live. It was charming, with its vertical ruffles, its wide black velvet belt, and... But why repeat? You undoubtedly had a copy of your own. The heroine of that film, as portrayed by Joan, was feminine, alluring, but withal forthright, direct. An unbeatable combination. "Yes, the little Mr. Finkelbaum has a model like it!" was the SOS of thousands of girlish voices. It was wish-fulfillment, all right... for hundreds of Mr. Finkelbaums.

Neither Adrian nor Miss Crawford has anything to do with this wholesale copying of dress designs. To Joan it means nothing, of course. To Adrian it means that his exclusive designs are no longer that. What annoys him, as it would

[Continued from page 93]

* "Look! See what she's got in her pocket...her baby! Isn't he lucky—always going riding! Of course, he must rub up and down a bit when she jumps. I'll bet his seat gets chafed!"

* "Know what to do for that, Mrs. Kangaroo? I'll tell you—just sprinkle him good with soft, slick Johnson's Baby Powder. It makes any baby feel great! Let me put some on him—I'll be very careful."

* "There!...Doesn't he feel nice—doesn't he smell nice?...And no more rashes or chafes or prickly heat for him. He'll be so good you can put him in your pocket and forget him!"

* "Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—isn't it lovely and downy and soft? Never gritty like some powders. It keeps a baby's skin just perfect!" And that, Mothers, is the surest protection against skin infections! Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Babies need Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil, too!

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
Goldwyn's *The Woman's Touch* is giving the studio prop men plenty of grief. Character in the story is a goofy inventor who devises supergoldbergian devices. Prop man's job is to produce (a) exploding writing paper which disintegrates when it falls on the floor, (b) a machine which will sign checks at a distance of 100 miles, (c) a burglar-proof desk that shoots its drawers at lock-tamperers, (d) a gadget to locate under-ocean oil deposits.

In 20th-Fox's *Fifty Roads to Town*, Ann Sothern set a world-record for hours in a nightie. Throughout the four weeks shooting, Ann wore a coral lace nightgown. She wore it to and from her home, too!—because Ann habitually makes up at home. But she wore a coat over it, or the traffic cops would have cluttered the scenery! For a gag, on her birthday (during production) the cast chipped in, bought her a flannel nightie.

MGM's *Parnell* is still passing out gags and gasps. The studio commissary put on a wierd look during production, because the character actors had to wear rubber "aprons" to protect their beards while guzzling zoot. Trishers in the cast razzed Gable because of a bright orange sweater he wore; finally stole it, dyed it green, returned it to Clark. Myrna Loy, hobbled by hoopskirts (paradox, but fact) was almost run down by a big truck on an MGM street. Myrna, by the way, was so entranced with the cameos she wore as Katie O'Shea that she up and bought them from the MGM prop department for her own use.

Preparing for Sam Goldwyn's *The Adventures of Marco Polo*, which will star Gary Cooper, studio designer Omar Kiam has imported nearly 1,000 drawings of old Chinese costumes and props, from the Imperial Museum at Peking. Talking of Chinese things, the cast of *Singing Marine* got no end of fun out of the fact that there's a Chinese extra in the picture named Wong Long Sleep. They wanted to know why they didn't hire Stepin Fetchit instead.

If was wash day with a vengeance for 20th-Century during *Seventh Heaven*. Simone Simon as Diane, with 11 extras, spent hours scrubbing clothes in old-style French fashion on huge slabs of wood, beating them with paddles. Then, after all that laundry, the clothes had to be sent to a real laundry to be washed and properly dried, before going back to the studio wardrobe.

Universal's *The Road Back* is keeping things humming. Studio make-up man, Jack Pierce, had the craziest make-up job of the month—making 70 well-fed mules (the only kind that could be found in Hollywood) look hungry, starved, woe-be-gone as army mules. They had to stop shooting night scenes, because the lights and noise bothered coyotes on Universal's "back lot" so their howling spoiled the sound tracks. And when you see the sky in the picture, you'll actually see a synthetic sky, built of canvas rigged on poles on a concrete foundation, to blot out the California hills. It's the biggest false sky ever built for movies—140 feet high, 450 feet long.

At MGM the Marx brothers' *Day at the Races* is producing laughs. Maureen O'Sullivan, one of the Marx Brothers' sweeties, wore a pedometer one day, learned that Harpo chased her five miles through the streets. The Brothers have devised a set of fines—$25 for sleeping on the set, $25 for taking more than two hours for lunch, $15 for playing the piano. But they don't know yet what to do with the kitty when the film's finished.
Hollywood’s Trick Parties

Screwiest party-of-the-month in Hollywood was Dave Gould’s “Annulment Party,” which he gave a flock of friends, when the duet annulled his “kissless marriage” to Frances Paxton. Most confusing party-of-the-month: Elisa Landi, born in Italy of Austrian parents, traveled under an English passport, now getting her American citizenship papers, hostess at a Tyrolean costume party!

Most amazing party-cake-of-the-month: the one Partheyarlatias had served as highlight of the party to Director Sld Rogell, who has been on a weight-reducing diet. Waiters brought in a huge cake, covered with what looked like whipped cream. Rogell gasped—but groaned when the cake, cut open, proved to be merely a mound of raw vegetables topped with sour cream. Rogell’s actual reducing diet!

Most novel party-of-the-month: the Hal Roach birthday party, for which a huge circus tent was set up on the Roach lawn. Guests were told to wear their oldest formal clothes. They were served dinner of fried chicken and mashed potatoes on checked-tablecloth covered tables, while overhead, under the circus top, a man on a flying trampoline did hair-raising stunts. Music came from a colored band and a hillbilly orchestra, by turns. And the birthday cake revealed a hidden photograph which suddenly burst out with Happy Birthday to You when Roach tried to cut it!

Oddest party-reason-of-the-month: the one for Henry Wilcoxen’s champagne party at which he entertained his wife and brother in a quiet little home celebration of his first real haircut since 1934. Henry’s been playing long-haired roles all that time—never got a real close trim until he finished South of Sea.

Cleverest party-trick-of-the-month: coming home from the Santa Anita races, Charles Ruggles got proved because Al Hall insisted on stopping for a bite to eat at three different restaurants and lunch stands on the way. When they reached Ruggles’ San Fernando Valley ranch home, however, Charlie learned why Al had been so stubborn—for it had given time for scores of guests to gather for a surprise party for Charlie’s birthday. Mrs. R had consulted with Al to delay bally that way. It was a Mexican party, with a Mexican marimba band and a supper of tamales, enchiladas, chili, tostada, tacos, tortillas.

Best pleasure-plus-practicality-party-of-the-month: the one Jimmy Stewart gave as a house-warming for his new bungalow back of Beverly Hills. He found that if a hillside of the house were shared, it’d give him a panoramic view of the city. So he invited guests, told each to bring pick or shovel, set them to work cutting off the hilltop!

Funniest party-decoration-of-the-month: the two huge pop-eyes, like his own, which glowed with electric light from the top of Eddie Cantor’s birthday cake, when Ida gave him a surprise party. For entertainment, all the comedians (including Eddie and George Burns and Al Jolson and Jack Benny and Benny Rubin) were silent while an opera singer entertained with arias in French, German, Italian and English.

Most elaborate party-decorations-of-the-month: those at the party given by Leila Hyams and hubby Phil Berg. There was a big eucalyptus tree, moved bodily into the high front hall of their big house; then stripped of its leaves, and hung all over, instead, with gardenias. Before it stood a ten-foot-tall statue of a Chinese mandarin’s lady, with folded arms holding a profusion of orchids. The rest of the house was festooned with garlands of ferns and gardenias, with scores of stuffed doves nesting therein. My, my, my . . . !

Most long-distance-party-of-the-month was the one given to celebrate the opening of the London salon of Hollywood’s make-up veteran, Max Factor. A transcontinental telephonic hook-up was maintained for a full hour, with guests at the London end of the party and at the Hollywood end of the party conversing via the book and headsets—Thea, in London, Merv Oheim, Neil Hamilton and others; in Hollywood, Fredric March, Barbara Stanwyck, Gladys Swarth, Edward Arnold, Ginger Rogers, Rochelle Hudson and others. But David Niven wasn’t there to talk with Merle . . . !

Foreign-food parties of the month included the one Anna May Wong gave a party for her friends. Cocktails in her apartment started the fun, while guests admired the art treasures Anna brought back from China. Then to Los Angeles’ Chinatown, to a cafe where one Gin Chung is head cook.

On every motion picture screen you see beautiful Duart permanent waves ... worn by Hollywood’s loveliest stars. Proving, once and for all, that when beautiful hair is a necessity, Duart waves are the only ones and only choice. Remember, to ask for a Duart “TWO-TWELVE” wave ... same as the stars get... your hairdresser will understand. Price depends on the artistic skill of the hairdresser you select.

Duart, 785 Market St., San Francisco, California
Enclosed please find 10 cents for my copy of DUART’S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY

SEND FOR DUART'S HOLLYWOOD BOOK OF BEAUTY
Pages of smart screen-tested hairstyles and other new Hollywood Beauty secrets. Use Coupon—enclose 10c for postage and wrapping.

TUNE IN • JOHN NESBITT’S “PASSING PARADE” NBC RED NETWORK
Hollywood PLAYS IN DUNDEERS

Irene Colman
Appearing in "Gold Diggers of 1937"- Warner Bros. production.

Sports
SMARTEST SHOE

Featherlight, hand-laced DUNDEERS are playtime favorites everywhere! See the exciting new models for active and spectator sports at leading shoe stores or write for name of nearest dealer. Dundee Department, International Shoe Company, 1509 Washington Ave., Saint Louis.

Snap Sandal with changeable tongues in colors.

THE FINAL WINNERS of Search for Talent Contest

Plans now being made for screen tests of all winners—prize to be a Walter Wanger Productions movie contract!

By E. J. SMITHSON

THE final winner of the Search for Talent Contest, sponsored by Motion Picture Magazine and the Hump Hairpin Manufacturing Company is Ruth Lucille Brink of 772 N. Euclid, St. Louis, Mo. In addition to the screen test that may lead to a movie contract with the Walter Wanger Productions, Miss Brink is also the recipient of a $50 cash prize. Both Motion Picture and the Hump Hairpin Company extend to her their sincerest congratulations.

Runners-up this month are Ruth Lee of 9727 Dickens Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Mary Grace Walsh of 1634 California Avenue, Bond Hill, Cincinnati.

With the selection of the winners in this nation-wide contest out of the way, the big task—that of selecting from the screen tests soon to be made in Chicago, the lucky girl who will sign her name to a bona fide movie contract—will confront the judges. Eight screen tests will be made and from these tests will emerge a grand prize winner—a potential movie star. Motion Picture Magazine isn't picking any favorites in this important selection—but it does wish the eight monthly winners the very best of good luck!

This Search for Talent Contest, as you know, was sponsored by Motion Picture Magazine and the Hump Hairpin Company, manufacturers of the Hold Bob bob-pins used by all the feminine stars of Hollywood. Testifying to the popularity of this contest are the thousands and thousands of entries that came in from every State in the Union. Plans are in the formative stage, now, for a third Search for Talent Contest, announcement of which may be made within a month or so.

A WORD now about this month's winners. Ruth Lucille Brink, the screen test winner, is 19 years old, weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet, 2½ inches tall, has blue eyes and is light complexioned.

Miss Ruth Lee, runner-up this month, is 21 years old, weighs 115 pounds, and is 5 feet, 3 inches tall. She has dark brown hair, fair complexion, and gray eyes.

Miss Mary Grace Walsh, another runner-up this month, is 19 years old, weighs 125 pounds, and is 5 feet, 7 inches tall.

Next month MOTION PICTURE Magazine hopes to present the grand prize winner so watch out for the final—and best—announcement of all!

Accept no substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
christened, went to the Chateau Mont Choisi school in Lausanne, Switzerland, an Alpine village composed almost entirely of schools for girls. There were a score of Catherine’s in the school, so the Carlisle Catherine became Kitty. There she learned languages—French, German, Italian—studied literature, music, and the usual cultural subjects taught in Continental schools. But it wasn’t until later that she definitely determined upon a career other than purely social. Following Lausanne, she was taught by a tutor in Paris, attended the ultra-swank academy conducted by the Princess Mestchersky, and topped off this “finishing” with a year in Rome.

But the sub-deb wearied rather early of the Riviera and all the rest, and suddenly forsook the Parisian salons for an ardent study of voice culture under the French maestro, Cannelli, and doubled in drama under a famous coach named Dullin. Her flair for languages was useful now, and the voice that had charmed the good people of Lausanne took on color and vibrance. Leaving the Continent the girl and her mother settled in London, and in the English capital she continued her vocal work under Mme. Kaszowska, who taught Lotte Lehman, and followed her theatrical training in the Royal Academy and with the distinguished English actress, Kate Kork.

Remaining thoroughly American even after these years of ex-patriation, Kitty revolted at the idea of further absence from the Home of the Free. So the luggage with all its foreign labels was put aboard a liner after Kitty had crowned this part of her career by singing before British royalty at Kensington Palace. Back in these United States the young American girl continued learning. This time from Estelle Leibling, recognized as one of the foremost teachers.

With ten years of preparation behind her, Kitty felt it was time to try her wings of song. After all, there must be a beginning. So, saying nothing, she entered herself in a contest being held in New York’s Capitol Theatre for the purpose of finding, if possible, a new and youthful prima donna to star in an abbreviated version of Río Rita. It was her first contact with professional competition, vastly different from anything she had encountered in training. And Kitty was surprised when—P.S.—she was the job! That was less than five years ago. To be precise, Kitty’s debut was at the Capitol in the tabloid operaetta on June 16, 1932. She was still a year and more under twenty. Her career had begun in earnest—and how.

Out with the troupe went this gentle, cultured girl accustomed to courtiers’ courtesies, touring hinterland towns, sleeping in jolting trains, living in dull and drabby dressing-rooms or tank-town hotels.

“It was pretty awful,” says Kitty, “I wouldn’t want to go through it again. But I could if I had to—and I would. I consider it part of my training—all just a day in a life work.

She stuck it out for eight months, played four shows a day, sang her role over a thousand times. The tour ended, Kitty was back on Broadway feeling that, at last, she was a “seasoned” troupier! Her arrival in town was heralded by an item in Winchell’s column: “Prettiest legs in town. Kitty Carlisle’s near the Grand Central Station!”

This appeared in a paragraph headed: “Faces About Town”!

Not a word about her voice, her acting, even her face. Just “prettiest legs in town.” Shades of Lausanne, Cannelli, Kaszowska, the Royal Academy, Kensington Palace and Estelle Leibling! But those prettiest legs accomplished their purpose—they got her a job. They walked her right into Champagne...
"A girl's best friend is her eyes... and her eyes' best friend is WINX." For WINX Mascara darkens your lashes—makes them look twice as long and twice as beautiful. It gives your eyes allure in a lovely natural way. Always ask for WINX—solid, creamy, or liquid—because WINX Mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smearing and tearproof.

Use the other WINX Eye Beautifiers too! WINX Eyebrow Pencil makes scraggly eyebrows graceful and fascinating. And a touch of WINX Eye Shadow on your eyelids intensifies the color of your eyes. This very day—make your eyes look lovelier with WINX! In economical large sizes at drug and department stores, liberal purse sizes at all 10c stores.

always! Even if I have the greatest admiration for someone, such as for Pavlova and Garbo, I wouldn't try to imitate them. The world must accept me as I am. I dislike people who are not themselves, who act all the time. I believe in developing one's own personality, whatever it might be, and in being perfectly normal the moment one leaves the studio!

TILLY speaks excellent English, and the slight trace of foreign accent makes it the more charming. She is studying hard, however, to improve her diction, to shed her accent altogether. In fact, her life is a series of conferences and lessons, interrupted by long walks, her main diversion. Sometimes, when she gets moody, she delves into philosophy, often being her chief comforter at the moment.

"But I am not very moody in company," she explained. "In company, it is simply good manners to be cheerful. When I am among others, I like to laugh, tell jokes, be frightfully gay. And then, I get awful moods of depression, but it's my own business, and I don't want it to interrupt.

She cherishes those inner moods into which she can retire now and then to muse in languid solitude, and is determined to guard her privacy. She doesn't feel that because she works in pictures, she should live in a glass bowl. "My private life is my own." She will admit that she has been married twice, but that's all. When you press for details, she shuts her mouth tight, and looks at you with big, smiling eyes, meanwhile shaking her pretty head. She refuses to cope with intriguing topics for publication as her ideal man, and what are her views on love and romance. You believe her when she declares, "I breathe talking about myself!" But you catch her in a reminiscent mood, as we did the other day, she can tell some fascinating stories, such as how she first met King George and Queen Mary.

"WE WERE playing Max Reinhardt's The Miracle in London. Diana Cooper, was the Miss, the King and Queen came to see it, and during the first intermission, sent for Diana Cooper, but not for me. I became an anarchist right then and there. I didn't care what happened to me any more! Suddenly, at the end of the performance, the manager came and told me, 'Please run upstairs to the royal box, Their Majesties wish to speak to you.' My heart missed a beat. I put on my coat and rushed upstairs in my nun's habit.

"The orchestra was playing the national anthem as I reached the royal box, and I waited outside. As the music died down, the Queen came out of the box, wearing a silver crown and looking exactly like a picture-book queen with her white hair and stately carriage. She never speak to their Majesties, or to anyone unless you have been properly presented. But there was nobody to present me. I was fidgety, I didn't know what to do. So I was confused, and I turned around and talked to me in a most beautiful German.

"What a beautiful performance!" she said. "But aren't you tired? Don't you feel exhausted?" I was so excited I replied in English, and she complimented me for my English, bad as it was. Then the King came out, smiling. He said the same thing, how wonderful was the performance, and how strenuous my part must be. They shook hands with me, and making another curtsey, I took leave of them, overwhelmed by their friendly and democratic spirit.

"But I was told you must never turn your back to Their Majesties, and should step back quickly. We were sitting at the head of the stairway, and since I couldn't go forward, nor turn my back to them, I started going down the stairs backward, until I met with Her Highness and me. I couldn't help laughing, and they both laughed with me. Presently I reached a coat-hanger, and stepped aside to let them pass.

"'Excuse me, my coat,' the King said. He took his coat off the hanger. It struck me very strange at the time that the King should reach for his coat and carry it like any man in the street. Again he shook hands with me, and I made another curtsey, which required no little acrobatic ability, as the three of us were crowded in that small place. The next day the papers announced, Tilly Losch Says the Queen Speaks Very Good German. I didn't understand. I met them again, later, two or three times. They always sent for me."

Tilly has danced many times for the present King and Queen of England, when they were the Duke and Duchess of York, for the former King Edward, when he was the debonair Prince of Wales, for the Spanish King and Queen of Belgium, and other high and mighty personages. She was a close friend of Arnold Bennett's, and her present circle of literati includes H. G. Wells and Nobel Coward.

HER full name is Ottilia Ethel Leopoldine Losch, and she was born in Vienna. "Neither of my parents had anything to do with the theatre. My father was an army officer and a banker. He died in 1914, in a motor accident. I was just a little tot then. My mother was a lover of music, and used to take me to the opera all the time. I owe my entire career to her. As a child, I was dancing at home, she took me to a ballet master, and he taught me to be a ballerina. All the ballerinas looked like fairy princesses to me in their white dresses, and I was terribly excited. They gave me a medical examination to make sure that my bones, heart and lungs were all right, and at the age of six I was admitted to the Ballet School of the Vienna Opera.

"I shall never forget my debut as a ballet dancer! There were hundreds of people on the stage—the largest stage in the world—and I was dancing, and I was doing a little bit in a gay park scene. As I looked over the footlights to see my mother, I fell through the prompter's trap door! The house roared. I was a sad, thoughtful child, tremendously ambitious, and I was mortified by this experience. They took me to an official box next to the Emperor's and a lady there gave me some candy, but I wouldn't take it."

After spending twelve years in that ballet school, Tilly was offered a contract as a principle ballerina, but she was hurrying to the post-war revolutions in Austria prevented her from signing the contract, which she considers a lucky break. "Otherwise I might not have become a Hollywood star."

She has danced so much that she has decided to retire to Salzburg, where Max Reinhardt featured her as a prima danseuse in Midsummer Night's Dream. "One day I heard Charles
Cochran, the London impresario, was in town with his wife. I contrived to lunch with them. He told me to my great surprise that he had seen me in Midsummer Night's Dream the night before and liked my dancing.

"I am giving a recital in two days," I said, "please come to see what I can really do." But he couldn't wait. He was leaving the next morning, and wondered if I could give a special recital for him that afternoon.

Of course I could! I ran to the theatre, commandeered the manager and the technical crew, telephoned to my pianist to come over immediately, had my costume pressed. On the way I met Ferenc Molnar, the Hungarian playwright, who was a dear friend of mine. I am giving a special recital for Cochran," I told him, out of breath, "please come to the theatre and bring whom ever you can with you. I don't want Cochran to be alone there." So Molnar rounded up all of his friends to attend my recital. I rushed back to the restaurant, told Cochran I was ready. He came over and was impressed because he gave me a part in his review in London."

TILLY first came to America in 1928, under contract to Reinhardt, who featured her in his productions. She has crossed the Atlantic thirteen times since then. In London she has appeared in Noel Coward's This Year of Grace, Cole Porter's Wake Up and Dream, in New York she has danced with Fred Astaire in The Bandwagon. She has enormous respect for Fred and his sister, Adele, who are close friends of hers.

"But the European style of dancing differs from America's. Americans have more rhythm in their dance, Europeans more poetry and music." And she adds, by way of advice to American girls: "Put more poetry in everything you do. There is a poetic way of acting and dancing, as well as of walking and using the hands. It's hard to explain what I mean, but what makes Garbo so great is that she has this kind of poetry in her."

A tip to Metro: Why not a musical picture especially for Tilly Losch, a sort of animal Viennese Melody?

A few words more to complete her portrait. Tilly is very superstitious. There is a big horseshoe, which she picked up in Ireland, decorating her living-room. "I always carry it at the bottom of my trunk wherever I go." She hates black cats, wouldn't walk under ladders. Her list of mumbo-jumbo taboos is a long one. She dresses very simply, but expensively! She wears a topaz ring, and sapphire bracelets. Apple strudel is her favorite food.

"Isn't it wonderful to be able to earn money and at the same time live in such a beautiful place as Hollywood?" We agreed that it is, if you can get your share of the big movie coin. "But I was terribly lonesome when I first came out here. Only a few people at the studio knew me. A day, the elevator man where I used to visit my dentist told me, 'I know you, you are Tilly Losch.' I could have put my arms around his neck and kissed him."

However, today Tilly is one of the best-known and most popular girls in movietown. During a recent visit to Palm Springs, she was seen with no less than eight escorts.

There is a certain elusive Garboesque quality about this girl that is difficult to describe—a sad, mysterious something that takes hold upon your sympathies and imagination. She isn't beautiful in a conventional way, but has that potent charm which the world's greatest beauties might well envy.

YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Even after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—and that was that.

WAKE UP, MARY!...

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their absence.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with MUM! No bother to use MUM. Just smooth a bit of MUM under each arm, and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use MUM before you dress, just use it afterwards. MUM is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about MUM—you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. MUM never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. MUM just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration—the unpleasant odor—and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily MUM habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture 79
embarrassed. But Joan flung her arms around him. "Have you seen the papers?"
"Well—Joan—I hardly know what to say—"
"Don't say anything. I wouldn't have had it different. You deserve it all. Not only because you're a swell actor, but because you're a swell egg and all-blessings together!"
Joan's voice, in this case, is the voice of Hollywood speaking. I could list you a dry catalogue of the reasons, and leave you little wiser when I started a few hours spent with him at his daily routine will be more illuminating.

H E'S generally the first one up in the morning. "I think he's hungry more than anything else," says Mrs. Arnold, blonde and blue-eyed, with a twinkle that matches her husband's, his laze serenity, "He's raring to go for that bacon and eggs, especially if he smells it. He kids me because I have to nose out these cold California mornings. Before he leaves, he comes up to kiss me goodbye—if I'm awake. Otherwise he's too nice to bother me. Sometimes I let him get as far as the door, just for the fun of watching him tipoe on his way."
His walk from the studio gate to his dressing-room is a progress interrupted by shouts of "Hi, Eddie!" "They turn to him," said one man, "like sunflowers to the sun. Anyone who has a story to tell buttonholes him first, "just to hear him jaw." If, on the other hand, should see a script girl or a bit player or a "grip" whose face is strange to him, you may be sure that by the end of the day they will be strangers no longer. He will find an opportunity to stroll over, unobtrusively, and make the new one's acquaintance. He has much of the sense of responsibility for them as a host for his guests. It hurts his feelings to see people lingering at the edge of the fold. His instinct—and he acts on it—leads him to say, "I like people," he explains it. "I like to be around 'em, talk to 'em, josh with 'em. You can't do that if they're just faces to you. You've got to get behind the faces."

He saunters over to Bill Hoover, his stand-in, and eyes him critically. "Listen, Bill. You'll have to go on a diet. You're getting so fat that when I step into the picture, I'm all out of focus."
"Match you on the scales," he retorts. Each of them pretends to be the original thin man where the other is concerned.

Arnold acquired Hoover when he was playing the father in Wednesday's Child. Up to then, he had had no stand-in. "And it was kind of tough keeping under the lights with a part like that. But I didn't want them to think I was getting high. So I asked for someone who could help me out temporarily. They sent Bill over and we've been together ever since."
I'd been told that Bill was his special care, that he fights to get him more money, sees that he gets a lot of the rare occasions when he himself isn't working. When I asked him about it, he seemed a little annoyed. "It just so happens that he gets a lot at the different studios, so they don't chisel him down."

As Jim Fish, in top-hat, morning-coat and cane, Arnold is now doing a scene with a group of elderly players, his colleagues in the market. The picture is The Toast of New York. It's their first day on the set and they're nervous. One man blows his lines. They start again. Another stumbles. They're getting more and more jittery. The tension spreads. Arnold, who is letter-perfect and has no need, like the bit-players, to be nervous, starts a line, balls it up, whacks his cane over his leg and breaks into his infectious chuckle. "All day long-now he roars, and the crowd roars with him. No one can prove that he blew deliberately. It doesn't matter. What matters is that a nearest relative has been turned to comedy, and the next take is perfect.

Someone shows him a clipping, commenting on the quiet sincerity of a love scene in a picture he made recently. He is pleased. "I had a tough time with it, though," he recalls, "Every time I said 'I love you, I'd stumble. They wanted me to play it like an Italian lover and I weigh 212 pounds. I couldn't give them any heartbeats and uh-uh-uh—" he opens his mouth like a fish and heaves his chest. "And another thing, I used Resinol Ointment. I think it intense by playing the part, but in every take he used it."

Cary Grant is called for a close-up. Arnold reads him his lines. Arnold's face won't be seen in this shot nor his voice heard. But he acts the part as if the cameras were on him, with as much gusto and feeling as he gave to his own close-up a few minutes earlier. He knows that if he lets down, Grant will find it more difficult to keep himself at the proper pitch. So as a matter of course, he gives of his best.

Time out for lunch. "Come on over to the Casa Schmalza, Bill," he calls. "I've got a Virginia ham there. I cooked myself."

T HE Casa Schmalza is the commodious bungalow built for him on his home lot by his friend and boss, B. P. Schulberg—complete with living-room, kitchen, and a city street to drive in. It's named in it." say the Hollywood directors, when they want a scene peped up—schmalz is the German for fat or grease. So Arnold dubbed his bungalow the Casa Schmalza.

The director detains him for a moment, and Bill goes on ahead. When Arnold reaches the gate, a group of small auto- graph-hounds eye him wonderingly. "Gosh, mister," one of them gasps, "you look a lot like Edward Arnold."

"That's why I work here," he confides to them, solemn-faced.

He knows what's happened, because it's happened before. They've taken him over for a routine article, and exacted autographs from him. It distresses Bill, "because I feel I'm cheating the kids." So he saves his conscience by penciling the name with a small "for. "What else can I do?" he argues. "When I tell 'em I'm not you, they think I'm holding out on 'em."

"Never mind, Bill," Arnold comforts him. "The more autographs, the better."

Betty brings him some photographs to sign. He wants his children to have all the fun that he missed, and he won't work at the age of ten. But he also wants them to be self-dependent. So when Betty decided that she didn't care about college, he sent her to business school, then gave her a job.

A R N O LD is released early that afternoon, and gets home before the rest of the family. Home is an early Ameri-
can house of white-painted brick, newly-purchased and the joy of his heart. “I always wanted a home of my own,” he said, “but knew very well I couldn’t have one.” During the twenty-six years I was traveling about as an actor. My earnings of the past three years paid for this.” There’s a rose-garden for Mrs. Arnold and a badminton court for the children. No tennis court or pool. “They belong to beach clubs,” says their father sensibly. “Besides, little Jane is the only real fish in the family, and she’s got the tank at school to splash around in.”

Over the garage a room is being built for 16-year-old Bill, and Roger, Mrs. Arnold’s orphaned nephew who lives with them. It’s near enough to the house for security and far enough for a certain independence, and the boys are champing at the bit to see it done.

Arnold walks out to the kennel and contemplates Teddy, his wife’s bull terrier. Teddy returns the look sadly. Somehow he knows. He picks the dog up and takes him into the house. The shepishness is due to the fact that when they moved in, he ran his feet down. “The doghouse for Teddy,” he said.

“If you say so,” blithely agreed Mrs. Arnold, who knows her man.

Coming home a little later, she enters their bedroom to find Teddy smiling up at her from a nest of new pink blankets, just arrived that day.

The master of the house is busy at the mirror with his necktie. “The doghouse for Teddy,” she remarks to his reflection. “Well, it’s chilly out. Looks like rain. I couldn’t leave the poor animal there to freeze.”

“He might have managed to keep from freezing on an old blanket.”

“Sure,” grins her husband. “But he likes pink.”

The family meets en masse for the first time at the dinner table. The children are eager to tell about their day. Jane, the 12-year-old athlete of the family, is in raptures over the “ducky horse” she rode that morning. Bill, who wants to be an actor like his father, is full of the part he’s been given in the school play—lead in Captain Applejack. Betty consults Auntie Olive, and Arnold is the children’s stepmother—about what dress to wear at tomorrow’s party. Absent-mindedly, Bill tries to make a spoon jump into a glass.

“Training for vaudeville?” inquires his father.

Jane giggles. “We were doing that the other day when you weren’t home, daddy. Auntie Olive kind of loosens up on us when you’re not around.”

“Oh—so I’m just the big bad wolf.”

Bill considers him judicially. “Not so badly,” she smiles.

“Are we going to have a brass guard round our fireplace?” Bill wants to know.

“What fireplace? Oh—you mean the room over the garage. Well—I don’t know—I’ve kind of been thinking I’d use that room for my studio.”

Bill stares at him, not altogether sure he’s kidding. He turns to Auntie Olive for help. Auntie Olive eyes father severely, and father breaks down.

They’re promised to go to a concert that night. “But if you’re too tired, I can call it off.”

“No, let’s go,” he says. He likes music, he likes to keep his promises and he knows that Mrs. Arnold—a singer and musician—has been looking forward to the evening.

And if you don’t know now why everybody loves this—all right, big man, then I’m a rotten story-teller.

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*Here’s startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called “Lintone” now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen!* 

In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a $1.50 shade only four feet away thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

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She Doesn't Know the Answers

[Continued from page 41]

It was after she had finished The Good Earth and she was “between pictures.” Many another star would have contented herself to rest on her laurels for a while, to play at Palm Springs, or to enter the whirl of Hollywood night-life—to get back into circulation after a grind of so many months. But this sort of thing bored me, but at least for Louise. “All the world, it thinks that Hollywood life, it is glamorous. But what do parties and things like that mean? They are only the kind of people pretending to be interested in one another, when they are not at all. You do not get to know what people are like at parties. You do not get to know what is going on in the world. You have to go out in the world to see that. So, a girl friend and I, we put a suitcase in the car, and went to San Francisco to see the bridge.”

“Always I go to see bridges. No, I am no more interested in bridges than in other things of that kind. I go to see new big airplanes, too. Anything that is beautiful like that. The opening of the bridge... it was a very interesting experience.”

Interesting to Louise, but how there were so many persons in her position would have taken time off from their own glamour parade to get pushed and shoved and elbowed around in a parade doing honor to a bridge! A small thing, like this, more than anything, shows why that one adjective “different” has, more than any other, been applied to her since her arrival in this country less than two years ago. She did not go in any limousine either, at the express invitation of the Mayor.

When Louise caught her first view of the great new bridge, a warm flush of pleasure spread over her face. Her eyes sparkled, she clutched her friend’s hand and for long minutes she just stood staring and marveling. In the three days they were there they went back again and again to ride over it, to walk over it, but most often just to sit and stare and wonder.

“The most wonderful thing I have yet seen in America,” Louise said about it afterward. “You say—it isn’t here... you can get in a car and go any where and always no matter where you go, you see so much beauty.”

But this dashing off, unexpectedly, to unexpected places is not a new habit of hers. Many times in Europe she used to go off by herself, to walk and wander in the south of France or in the Balkans and mingle with peasant families. And in this connection there is another revealing incident which happened when one of those express trains of which she was speaking did stop once, at a little place...

“I was on my way to visit a friend of mine in Jugoslavia, or maybe I was going for a play—I do not remember, but any way, it was night and I could not sleep and I was sitting there trying to read, when suddenly the train slowed down. I went to the platform and looked out: there was no town—only a little station and soldiers. I realized we must be at the border. There were a few old women who made it very picturesque, and it all seemed so strange and different from what I had seen before that I suddenly decided I would like to get off the train there a day, maybe two. So I got my suitcase and left!. Then the train pulled away, and I saw I was alone. The soldiers had boarded the train, the station was locked, and it was so dark I did not dare wander around. But there was a bench in front of the little station, so I decided to curl up on it, but it was cold so first I opened my valise and put on everyone of those heavier outer garments, an extra dress, even my lingerie, and the more I put on, of course the bigger and fatter and rounder I got, until I looked more like a real little housewife. Of course I was warmer and I lay down and went to sleep.

“But, then, when I woke up, the peasants had come back, and it was day and they were all standing around staring at me, because they did not know whether I was a person or what I was! So I went behind the trunk of a tree, took off my things, put them back in the suitcase, and when I came out they all laughed to see me so thin and little! Then all morning I sat around with them waiting for them to leave, and the marks... they had baskets and embroidery and things which they were bringing into the next town to sell. The train came and we all got on it together and we got to be such good friends that I hated to part with them. I found out, too, that ever since they had seen me come from behind the tree, they had been calling me Wood Sprite. It was a peculiar word in their language which I do not remember now, but that was what it meant!”

This, then, is the spirit of Louise Rainer. a fearless, dauntless eagerness. You might only see her in her travels, but in her everyday living. Of her house, even, she makes an adventure. When she was talking of her side roads, of her byways, I was thinking how she had gone off the beaten Hollywood track to furnish that lovely house of hers—so that in just her housekeeping there are surprises.

She had no Adrian, or Bill Haines, to decorate her home; she did it herself, not even in the smart decorating departments of big department stores, but in the old-fashioned little place used in bargain basements. And she had wonderful excitement out of each piece she picked up. Nor do I think she even dreamed, “I have to pick out my prints, or pictures, first, and then select the frame myself,” she told me once.

These are the things that make her house so different from the usual movie home. There are personal touches everywhere. There is no erasing the costume, no erasing the character, no erasing what she is. There is no decorating “scheme.” As a result there is a parade of colors as riotous as her own personality. Her books and phonograph records also contribute to her informality. There are shelves everywhere for the books and the records, too... but none of them are tucked away carefully on those shelves. They are all over the place, on little low tables, on chairs. You have the feeling that they are in constant use. That each has been read, or played, and put down just the moment before. That the person who lives there is vitally interested in everything she owns.

Louise will give this same vitality, this same truth to her future marriages. She gives it to everything she does. It may mean that she will have to give up her screen career to make her marriage interest, but I’m sure she would not even consider that a sacrifice. It would be a change in the path that seemed mapped out for her, but a turn in the road has never bothered her before... it won’t now... it’s all just part of the adventure!
The Guess Men Guessed
Wrong About Kitty
[Continued from page 77]

Sec, an adaptation of the Strauss operetta, *Die Fledermaus*, in which a girl with prettiest legs always plays the role of skirt, *Fire* of October. Kitty played it, in black tights. And despite then the critics noticed something more than her legs. She could sing, they said, and she could act!

So now you know something of the girl who has guess-men from the theatre and put into pictures. Her show closed on a Saturday. On Monday she was Westward-Ho. The rest is history. Four films—four hits. But they didn't count in Hollywood, so Kitty, nothing daunted, simply returned to Gotham and became the sensation of the most costly and spectacular musical extravaganza seen in the theatre in many and many a season. You see a girl with the Carlisle background can't be deceived by bad guessers. Those ten years of training, of tramping through the tanks, that Broadway success—these things give confidence.

Yes, she'll go to Hollywood again. Like White Horse Inn, the studies are another stopping off place along the road to her goal—the scintillant Metropolitan. Moreover White Horse Inn will be a motion picture for Warner Brothers picture: Sooooooo . . . ! But meantime operatic critics are visible in Center Theatre audiences, and Metropolitan ears are carefully attuned as Kitty fills the big playhouse with her exquisite voice. Savants are saying that the Opera must turn to such youth and beauty as Kitty Carlisle's if it is to endure as an institution. And Kitty, like every singer, regards the Opera as the ultimate achievement. The two—Kitty and the Met—ought to get together. And, don't worry, they will.

Keeen, clean, fresh, smiling, Kitty radiates clear-eyed, confident youth. At eight she was abroad. Tiga days later she studied plus the four of her career total twenty-two. She scarcely looks 'em. Her life is still devoted to her art, and the taverns in the town where she is the toast see her seldom. She says: "I just don't like staying up late. And I don't care for stuffy, crowded places. I work harder, you see, for I devote my days to voice practice, and my evenings to the theatre. Both exercises are fairly strenuous, and if I were to go night-clubbing after the show I'd be pretty weary next morning. I'd rather do a good job on my singing and in the theatre than to be listed among those present in the clubs."

Perhaps some of the same reasons account for the lack of romance in my more or less young life. I'm afraid boy-friends take up quite as much time as social gaieties, and I just haven't the leisure for love. Some day, of course, things will be different, I trust. Surely I want to get married—but not just yet. Moreover, I'll tell you a secret, I want to have about six kids! Maybe seven. They say there's luck in odd numbers.

Well, if that's what you want, Kitty, we wish you all the luck in the world!

DID YOU KNOW THAT
Marlene Dietrich likes America so well (all rumoured to the contrary) that she has taken out citizen- ship—and will be a full-fledged U.S. citizen in two years?

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture 83
The Power and the Glory
[Continued from page 34]

together every day, come what may, high tide or early call at the studio. If Tyrone isn't working, Bonzo is established on the shelf behind the seat in Tyrone's little black coupe that rattles like a dollar watch a week after the guarantee expires. Bonzo goes wherever Tyrone goes.

I'm telling you all this about his dog because his affection for Bonzo—completely insignificant though it is in the total scheme of things in Tyrone's life—is nonetheless indicative of the manner in which the lad does things. "Tyrone is intense"—when he does a thing, he does it consummately, utterly, entirely. There is nothing half-way about him.

At casual glance, there's nothing striking about him. He looks like a college boy home on vacation—albeit a rather serious college boy, but not without a sparkle in his eye. Usually he's in grey or brown tweeds, and a hat with a narrow brim turned down to hide his right eye. And a heavy knit necktie, always—with just a dash of color. That's the first picture of Tyrone, and it's not startling.

But he becomes positively arresting on second glance, and will until you meet him. His handshake is firm and warm. And he looks right at you—he always looks directly into the eye of the person with whom he's talking. That's a lot, that trait. He's an even six feet tall, wiry and slender. He looks like he'd make a good tennis player, but he says he doesn't. He thinks he's a better swimmer than he is. He can swim, he says, in a conservative way, despite a slightly turned-up nose that's very reminiscent of Sonja Henie's. (But there's more than noses between Tyrone and the be-dimped ice-queen with whom he's been going places, I'll tell you more about Tyrone and Sonja later on.) Like Bob Taylor, Tyrone has heavy eyebrows. I wonder if that's an adjunct of sex-appeal stardom?—Taylor, Gable, Brent and Tyrone? He's got deep brown eyes that seem deeper and brown-er because of something that burns way down inside them—or him.

"You know, soon as you've talked with him, that he's got intelligence and a rare sense of humor—a bit rare in Hollywood and its stars, as you'd know if you knew 'em as I do. I don't mean he has the kind of humor which guffaws at slapstick stories and smoke-room tales. It's rather the kind of humor—sense which chuckles over human foibles. For instance, he's tickled and amused when anyone is on time for an appointment with him, "because no one else in Hollywood ever shows up on time." His voice is one of those deep, chesty rumbles which seems quite unfit for the screen. But you find, when you know him, that he can play that voice as Paderewski plays the piano, or as Kay plays the violin. It's as flexible and as thoroughly in his control as a painter's brush in the hands of an artist. He can pick it up at will and change the volume and the resonance and the quality for any mood. And yet, he doesn't seem to be doing tricks—he doesn't seem to be deliberately, artificially manipulating things rather than that it has the warmth of a deep sincerity.

Not until you know him better than first meeting do you realize the deceptiveness of his slender physique. Like the football coach in his home town, Cincinnati, who wouldn't let him play football because, he said, skinny guys couldn't fight. Fight?

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yet Bob is the envy of his music-loving friends. You too, can learn to play any instrument this amazingly simple way. No expensive teacher. No tiresome exercises or pentatonic. You learn at home, in your spare time. You almost before you know it you are playing real tunes! Then watch the invita-

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DO YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS?

By keeping up with the Talkie Town Tattler, Motion Picture's man-about-town you will. Every month in Motion Picture magazine, the Tattler gives you the choicest morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in Hollywood. MOVIES is the most popular subject of conversation at smart tables everywhere. Read Motion Picture, only 10c at your newsstand, and you'll be sure to know all the answers.
what do you think carried this 22-year-old kid to success in Hollywood? Strength, that’s what. And I mean physical and mental—moral strength. He had to fight to overcome a handicap that has, somehow, been an unbeatable obstacle to others of his generation—I mean his heritage, his name.

Look away from Tyrone for a moment. Look at a few other lads in Hollywood, who are battering away at its walls, but who can’t somehow make the grade. Look at Wally Reid’s son. Look at Francis X. Bushman, Jr. Look at Lon Chaney, Jr. Look at a few others who bear the names of their screen-illustrious fathers. They are in Hollywood, but not of the great ones. Why, just the other day a Hollywood inner-circle group wondered what could be done to help young Chaney, who needs the help desperately. Hollywood’s consensus of opinion is that these lads are irrevocably handicapped by the fame of the names they bear.

But—get this!—Tyrone Power bears his father’s name, and his father was as great on the stage and screen as were any of those others. Tyrone, like the others, found his father’s name and fame a handicap, too.

The name was a handicap,” Tyrone told me, “because people thought I was trying to trade on my father’s ability and record. I suppose I could have changed my name—dropped my father’s, eh? No sir! I loved and admired and respected my father too much for that. The relationship gave me the desire to act. It gave me, I believe, whatever ability I have as an actor. Without the gifts he gave me, without the inheritance of some measure of his talent, I would amount to nothing. And so, handicap or no, I am keeping his name.

And so, courage, that. And just before I stop telling you about the young Tyrone, remind me to tell you once again about an uncanny incident that involves his father—

But first to how Tyrone feels, now that he is a star. It was to me that he made that crack—about having “just to make the best” of the stardom. It sounded sour on the surface, but it’s not. Nothing further! It’s a smart, intelligent, deep-thinking realization that prompts those words. Tyrone knows Hollywood. He has seen that it and sudden stardom has done to certain others. He knows the pitfalls of fame.

Stardom is what I have always wanted, and now I’ve been working for, he says, soberly. This is serious business to Tyrone. "I don’t want that to happen to me. I don’t want to ‘go Hollywood.’ I’d do anything in the world—anything!—to keep from it. I think, to begin with, that one thing that makes men and women lose their sense of values is having too much money suddenly. Me—I’m not used to a lot of money. I lived for a four-month stretch in New York on five bucks a week. And there have been other times, too, when I’ve lived on less than that. I know that too much money in a bunch, on top of that, might knock me haywire. It’d throw me out of perspective. So I’m not risking it. I’m not even trusting myself with my own money, now

"My hair," says pretty Miss Lucille W—, "once was soft and golden and lovely. But it started to change, and despite all my care, it turned red and dingy. Then a friend told me about Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Since using it I've re-discovered my true personality. Friends say I'm a natural blonde type."

Let Marchand's bring you fresh popularity and a new, youthful beauty to your hair. If you are BLONDE, it will restore and keep that radiant, sunny, freshness everyone admires. If you are BRUNETTE, you can rinse lovely, glowing highlights in your hair. With Marchand’s you can lighten any color hair to any flattering shade you desire. Both Blondes and Brunettes use Marchand’s to make excess hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Because it is not a depilatory, it cannot leave unpleasant stubble.


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Gentlemen: Please send me a free copy of ROBERT'S BEAUTY BROCHURE. I enclose Marchand box tops and a 3-cent stamp to cover postage costs.

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that I’m making it. I’m slipping it automatically into insurance endorsement policies. I don’t even handle it on the way into these policies. I have a twenty-five-cent purchase of my weekly check, for running expenses. As far as I’m concerned, I don’t have the rest at all. Maybe I’m a few years older and wiser. I’ll get the benefits of the money I’m earning now.”

(Tyrone’s dad made thousands, you know. But when he died, in Hollywood, some years ago he was so broke that 17-year-old Tyrone had to go to work. Tyrone has learned from his father’s errors.)

But he’s not niggardly. For his mother and himself, he maintains a comfortable home—comfortable, but not flashy—not “Hollywood.” They’ve got two cars, anyway. But the big, nice one is for his mother. Tyrone’s still satisfied with his own little coupe. It isn’t new and it makes quite a noise. Nor is he a hermit. He goes to the Tropicana, now and then. He spends week-ends at Palm Springs. He is not miserly; on the other hand he is not extravagant. He knows too well what little he has, and when mealtime comes around; he’s learned the value of a dollar two ways—from what his father didn’t do with money, and what he himself had to do without money.

But financial perspective is not the only angle Tyrone wants to maintain against the assaults of fame and fortune. He wants, too, to protect himself against that inflation of ego which comes from an overdose of praise and adulation. He fears, terrifically, that he may, some day, believe what the press-agents write about him. He knows that others have undergone this change, and he knows that today he is up against the same jinx that faces many. He is trying to vaccinate himself against the disease—that’s why he is often to be seen playing golf with a studio electrician instead of some other star. That’s why he listens attentively and avidly to all who know Hollywood better than he thinks he does. That’s why he likes to listen to people who criticize him, instead of people who praise him. He is as courteous to strangers as he is to friends who’ve known him for years. There’s a third factor wherein lies danger to good-looking young. brand-new film stars—women . . . ! For women, Tyrone has an undoubted fascination. And for Tyrone, women have an undoubted fascination as well. I don’t know how Tyrone feels about it—or yes, I do; that is, I know how he thinks he feels about it, and I’ll tell you in a second. But first I want to go on to say that no matter what Tyrone thinks about women, I think that in this field of his trials-of-stardom lies his greatest battle. Tyrone is one of those chaps for whom women do things— Why, John Barrymore’s ex-wife was so anxious about him that when she was in that 35-a-week period in New York, it was her spare bedroom that gave him shelter. Five a week can’t buy much of a hotel room or even a furnished apartment. So when Michael Strange, Caliban’s divorced wife, offered Tyrone the use of the unused bedroom in her house, Tyrone didn’t hesitate to use.

Helen Mencken, famous and able to choose her men friends, chose Tyrone, too. She gave him his first big break, when, in Chicago, she personally recommended him to a big stage producer in New York and urged him into giving Tyrone a spot in a play. And already (or of course, I should say) in Hollywood the girls are going for him. He’s been stepping out with them—once with Simone Simon, twice with Alice Faye—and many, many times with Sonja Henie. She is Tyrone’s current flame, as you who read the news-letters have heard. How serious Sonja is about him, I wouldn’t care to guess. But her’s Tyrone’s side of the romance:

“MARRIAGE? Certainly not! No, no! Not for a long time. I have no serious romance. Some fellows, you know, almost constantly have a crush on this girl or another—first one girl, then another. I like that, too. It’s stimulating, and very pleasant. But I have no intentions of getting married, now. Why know what kind of a girl I’d want to marry, I like blondes. But I know some very nice brunettes, too. When I see the girl I want to marry, I’ll know. Certain that’s a long way off. Sure, some day I’ll build a house, and have children, and read them the funny papers on Sundays—but that’s in the far, far future.”

And that, Sonja Henie, is the way Tyrone feels about it. So watch your step, Sonja—and you man-hunting gals of Hollywood. Tyrone has hands like lightning. He will have a crush on that girl, too. If you want to play, all right—but don’t expect wedding bells.

There’s an interesting parallel between Tyrone and several others of Hollywood’s most successful stars, by the way, when we’re on the field of women. Only this is another kind of love—this is mother love. Tyrone and his mother are inseparable. He adores her, reveres her, deeply. And in that, Tyrone takes his place beside Gene Raymond, Nelson Eddy, Fred MacMurtry. Brilliant success, but no stars. They place their mothers on pedestals of love and worship. Tyrone feels the same about his. What pleases him most about his sudden success, in fact, is thatarduous road it gives his mother. Tyrone lives with her. Her smile is like his—or rather, his smile is like hers. She gave it to him, after all. He is more than ordinarily fond of her, and he insists that, without her, his long struggle toward the heights he has now attained would have been impossible. She—either in person or in letters—gave him encouragement when he was dejected, advice when he was elated, and criticism when he needed it. Tyrone tells you, in fact, he tells you more about his mother, when you let him, than about himself or anything else in life. It’s the completeness of his life with his mother that is, more than anything else, to his credit.

And—oh, yes, you were going to remind me to tell you about that uncanny incident, about his father—

When you look at young Tyrone, there isn’t evident much of a resemblance to his famous dad. But the other night, they were shooting some rushes of Lloyds of London in a studio projection room. Of a sudden, Tyrone walked across the screen. It was a grand scene—a duel in the skies. Tyrone’s intensity of feeling—and into that scene, Tyrone was putting everything he had, to make good. Now, when they had shot the scene, nobody had said anything about his appearance. Yet suddenly, there in that dark projection room, the Tyrone on the screen looked for an instant audience-ward. In that instant, two men. The first one was Tyrone. In the little group that was seeing the rushes. One of the two was young Tyrone. The other was a veteran who had known Tyrone Person Jr.

“My God!” gasped young Tyrone; “My father!”

The other man merely said: “Yes—that was your dad there on the screen, Tyrone. Your dad—not you.”

There was an eerie chill in the room for minutes...
The Talkie Town Tattler

[Continued from page 63]

that German fellow, Rudolph Sieber, isn’t she? And darned if she isn’t . . .

CUPID’S COUPLE:

Dudley Murphy and Nancy Carroll—Too busy holding hands to quarrel!

ON and on and on go the steady old twosomes of Hollywood—the Jean Harlow-Bill Powell tie-up; the Barbara Stanwyck-Bob Taylor devotion; the Clark Gable-Carole Lombard incandescence; the George Raft-Virginia Peine romance.

WEDDING BELLS: for Parkyakar- kus ( whose real name is Harry Ein- stein) and Thelma Leeds, who are honey- mooning at Ensenada as this is written . . . and for Director Mal St. Clair and socialite Margaret Murray Holt, who had to cut short their Laguna Beach honey- moon so Mal could go back to 20th-Fox to direct a picture . . .

QUICKEST matrimonial collapse of record in Hollywood was that which ended Helen Burgess’ marriage ten hours after it began! Helen (you know the hit she scored in RKO’s A Doctor’s Diary) eloped to Yuma with young Herb Rutherford, Holly- wood pianist. Ten hours after they were married, they separated, said Helen when she went into court a few days later to get an annulment of the marriage!

CUPID’S COUPLE:

Eleanor Powell and Jack LaRue—There’s a romance that’s quite brand new!

UNLESS the planets are all hay- wire, then by the time you read this, Miriam Hopkins will be a bride . . .! Anyway, that’s what Hollywood’s astrologers forecast—and agreeing with them are Hollywood’s insiders, who’ve been watching the Miriam Hopkins-Anatole Litvak romance expectantly for weeks. Neither Miriam nor Anatole will say yes or no to the wedding reports, as this is written. But it’s more or less significant (isn’t it?) that Miriam has just bought John Gilbert’s house and is furnishing it anew from top to bottom.

THREE years ago, Gilda Gray, who made the shimmy famous, married a rich young Spaniard. In those three years, she learned a lot of Spanish. Anyway, she told a court, she learned enough to understand the words hubby called her when he got mad at her. And because she didn’t like to be called such things, she wanted a divorce.

Having corralled each other’s love, Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers will be hitched by the parson just as soon as they return from Europe. They may get married in Paris.

IF SHE’S COMING OVER
—I’M GOING OUT!

Most bad breath begins with the teeth!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate’s soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
though he has found happy, significant things which, perhaps, he never expected to find. As he has.

It has been rumored that there will be a reconciliation between Herbert Marshall and Edna and that they met in friendly fashion when Bart was recently in London is beyond doubt. As to a possible reconciliation between Bart did not say other than remark, "Anything or idea could not come from me." He added, "One of my greatest difficulties in being a 'public character' is that I cannot and never have been able to discuss my private life, my personal affairs with anyone—not even my closest friends. I can only say that whenever there is a personal element involved in a man and a woman prophecies as to what may or may not happen are no good. One cannot say because one does not, really, know. As matters stand, they are good friends, Edna and Bart, Bart and Gloria. Highly civilized people as they are, it could not be otherwise.

And the most dramatic thing in the world has happened to Herbert Marshall—the old and tender aphorism "and a little child shall lead them" is come true once again.

HERBERT MARSHALL'S BEST GIRL
[Continued from page 46]

THERE was brief silence in the fretful room. I felt my throat tighten. For there is something especially poignant about a man of the world when he tells about a child, the child his own. One expects women to talk sentimentally about their babies. It is habitual. But when a man speaks this way you are listening to something of special strong significance. And somehow, when that hard Bart talk on the screen, may be able to imagine just what very special and strong significance he gave it.

It was the drama of a man who, having played all roles, in life as well as on the screen, had just discovered a role that smote his heart alive with tenderness. A father who hadn't seen his only child since she was a tiny baby and went home to England to live, with her mother, while he, making one picture after another remained in Hollywood until a few months ago when he went home.

"I didn't at all realize," Bart said then, smiling, "what a jolly thing it would be to have a little pair of arms clamped around my neck. I really didn't know how the name 'Daddy' would sound on the lips of my own little daughter. I thought I would. I didn't. Did I have any idea, nor much hope that she would take to me as she did. I went to her very humbly, hoping that we might be friends. And it seems," said Bart, with a short laugh, "that she likes me. It was love at first sight (so far as she remembered) with both of us.

"Naturally, I was enormously flattered. I was more flattered than I have ever been in my life before. She made it so delightfully clear that I was pretty much all right with her, knew how to play with her, understood what she wanted to do. I found that I knew how to play with her (and this enchanted me) how to amuse her, what to read to her.

"I was only a child, you know, and when not with my parents lived with three nurses who were sweet and kind and jolly—but I never really had a child to play with before. I might as easily have been so damned awkward," laughed Bart. "I told my baby that I couldn't understand how Sarah Lynn, Sarah Lynn's Daddy said, 'She wouldn't know how to be any other way. I can only hope to God that she never will know any other way.'

"T HAD great fun, the kind of fun I have never had in my life. I heard her say sweet little things, made friends with a great many stirring and beautiful things in my life but at the risk of sounding sickeningly sentimental I must say that nothing has stirred my heart and choked me around the throat as that did... I suppose I sound very stupid," Bart said, rehefing my
teacup, passing the scones to hide something in his eyes which he wanted to hide, "but it was all so new to me... so blessed, you know... and, after all, a far greater man than I ever hope to be was not ashamed to say that in the end, why does it always come to a little child?"

"I took her once to her little dancing school, a bunch of ruffles. Her hair is very fair, her eyes very blue and she doesn't at all resemble me (but she does. I saw a photograph conspicuously displayed on a cabinet in the living room and I think that she does). At any rate I watched the small boys and tiny girls sweetly and solemnly bowing and curtseying, treading out the measures and I cried like a fool. I always feel like crying, though," Bart said, "when I see groups of children together, groups of young schoolgirls. There is something so inexpressibly tender and thrilling about it."

"When I had to come away, back to Hollywood, Sarah Lynn made it clear that she didn't want me to leave her. Which made my leave-taking at once more difficult and more dear. I have said a good many goodbyes in my lifetime—as have all of us who knew the War—but none more difficult than that one.

"And so I promised her that she should come to stay with me in the Spring. And she is coming, very soon. With her nurse."

"The one thing I shall not do," Bart said, "is to take her anywhere near a motion picture studio. I don't want her to be on stage or screen when she grows up. Perhaps it is because I hated it so when I was a little shaver. I used to tour the provinces in England with my mother and father, you know, when I was a small lad. And I was so often tired and cold, there seemed to me to be so much heartache and poverty and disappointment that the glamour and applause and tinsel of the theatre escaped me, quite."

"One learns quite a lot about one's self from one's own child, I find," smiled Bart, "I find that I am more conservative than I ever thought I was. I find that I have developed (already) very staid, conservative Victorian ideas about how I want my daughter brought up.

"I want her to remain sunny, natural and unspoiled. I don't want her to be precocious. I wouldn't allow her to be on exhibition. I want her to believe in Santa Claus and Peter Pan and to play doll babies and hide-and-seek and nursery rhyme games. I want her to be just a little girl, as little girls should be... so much that I have seen," Bart said, "I can hope that she will never see..."

"My trip to New York, to England did a great many things to me—and for me. I hope. I have come back changed, rather. I found that I had been in a rut out here, a deep one, rather narrow. I rather loathe to say what I am about to say because all picture actors say and have said it again and again. But I must say it because it is the deepest reality of my professional life right now— I found that I must get back to the stage. I saw our plays play possibly manage to see, in New York, in London. I have been reading plays constantly since my return. It is to the New York stage that I want to return. Not to be unparti-

otic, but the New York theatre does most appeal to me.

"I am going to exert every effort, every bit of persuasion and pressure possible on both RKO and Columbia so to arrange my picture schedule that if and when a play comes up for me I can do it. I shall try to make them realize how imperative a need this is to me."

"I was in such a rut," laughed Bart, "that I really felt awkward when I arrived in New York. It is so casual out here, bless the place, that one forgets how the rest of the world lives. Slacks and sweaters and sport coats, that sort of thing. I went to the Colony Club for luncheon in New York and found myself wondering whether I knew how to use the right knife and fork, whether I was properly dressed, whether I was calling too loudly to friends at adjoining tables. One sheds the small formalities so much here in Hollywood..."

"I realized, when I was in London, how profoundly I had missed my clubs. For there is no companionship in the world quite like that a man finds in an English club. I found myself hungry to meet and talk with old friends, actors, yes, but lawyers and doctors, diplomats and business men, too, men in different walks of life, with different outlooks and perspectives. I love Hollywood. I wouldn't live anywhere else for any length of time. I couldn't. I'm grateful for the things that have happened to me here. But I did need and I know now that I shall continue to need to break away now and again. I feel reborn."

"I have come back with a different idea of life, I want to get back to the stage, in which I want to do it. I have never really striven for anything in my life. Things have just happened to me, come to me or not come to me as the case may have been. Now I intend to strive. I intend to work as I have never worked before. I intend to subordinate everything to my work. Except..." Bart said, rising, knocking his pipe against the fireplace, smiling, "except my small daughter while she is with me, in the Spring..."

How would your laxative rate with the doctor?

Your doctor is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about little matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry you. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

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The doctor says that a laxative should not: Over-act... Form a habit... Cause stomach pains... Nauseate, or upset the digestion.

And Ex-Lax checks on every point! No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax themselves. No wonder it's a favorite with millions of mothers. No wonder it's the most widely used laxative in the whole world.

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax is gentle, is thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually enjoy taking it. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. Available at all drug stores in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE—If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F57, P. O. Box 170, Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture
The Lord of Bellefairs Acres

[Continued from page 41]

he still was Edward Everett Horton, Jr. During his stock engagement in Portland, Maine, he even bought a hat-box (a fact that amazes him to this day), which bore the initials, "EDR." He had also had so much fun that when exams came around, he took one look at the questions, got up and left the room.

One night I went up to see the man who had directed the Show, to find out how to go on the stage. He remembered me—vaguely. That was his mistake. He couldn't get rid of me. He had a large stage job. It turned out to be a twelve-dollar-a-week job as a chorus man in a musical stock company on Staten Island, of all places. (I was the second from the end.) To get me out of his own hair, and into somebody else's, the Show director had stated that I could sing:

"The next time I joined the company, they were presenting The Mikado. I completely forgot to get any make-up. I had to rush out at seven-thirty, with the show going on at eight, and try to look, then found a funny, musty, old drug store that actually had a little Japanese Yellow and Ruby Red, bought it all, rushed back to the theatre and started. The next day, a fellow next to me laughed at my technique and my results. I resembled nothing so much as a Western omelet. Did you ever put make-up on before?" he asked. He showed me how.

"Four weeks later, when the engagement ended, I thought I was an actor. I don't know what anyone else thought. I used to get some awfully dirty looks around home. My mother cried. Maybe she still cries sometimes." (You have a picture of Mrs. Horton, who lives with Eddie, crying every time she dons her ermine wrap—because her son is an actor!)

I STARTED wandering up and down Broadway, looking for work. Finally, I ran into the fellow who had shown me how to unscramble any make-up. He asked me what I was doing now. "Why, I'm between shows," I said, airily. He tipped me off about a chorus part, at twenty dollars a week. In a road company. "Eight weeks on the road, and the company folded. I went back to New York and got a job in a repertory company going to Newfoundland. We stranded up there. My next job was in a stock company that stranded in Easton, Pa. (Were you ever stranded in Easton, Pa.?) Then I heard that Louis Mann was looking for a stage manager. With all the nerve that a stage manager should have, I applied for the job. I was taken on at twenty dollars a week. Three years later, I had risen to sixty-five. I've got to get to work and show that I've learned from this great master of comedy," I decided.

"I heard the Players at the Chestnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia, needed a new juvenile. His director was scouting for one in New York. I interviewed him. He seemed to like me, but I really thought what my salary wants were. I said, "Fifty dollars!" He asked me how much I needed to live on. I signed up at twenty dollars a week. . . . "I lived at the Presbyterian home in Philadelphia, and took a ribbing from my beloved brethren. They said, 'We suppose you'll be leading man in a year.' "I retorted, 'One year from today, I'll be playing the leading part.' And to my own amazement, I was. That week, the com-
pany put on a play that the leading man didn’t like. They put me in it, in his place.

“I stayed in stock—in Philadelphia, Portland (Maine), Pittsburgh, Elmira, Portland (Oregon), even Brooklyn—playing anything that was offered me. I’d play an old man, or a young fellow; drama or comedy; I’d even tackle dancing and singing. That was youth, you see.”

But how did he manage to stay single, even then?

“I really can’t answer that,” he muses. “There were girls I was interested in—but then the company would close, or one of us would go away, and everything would be over. But I didn’t have much opportunity for stepping out, getting to know anybody. ‘How quickly you learn lines!’ people would say. It wasn’t true. I spent my nights learning them.”

TIME marched on. Came an offer from the Majestic Theatre Stock Company of Los Angeles to come West and be their leading man at a salary of $200 a week. He accepted, without a thought of the movies. He had a hazy impression that the things were made somewhere in California. But it didn’t mean anything to him. He still had his eyes on Broadway. Leading-man fame on Broadway. That was in 1919. Then it happened, bewilderingly. In 1920, Vitagraph asked him to play the leading role in a picture called Too Much Business. It was a serious role. But the first thing he knew, he was a movie comedian. “The camera picked up things that stage audiences didn’t. On the stage, I played such heavy things as A Fool There Was. The audience—even those in the first two or three rows—didn’t think of me as an unfortunate-faced comedian. But you can’t fool the camera. On the screen, your face is magnified ninety-six times, I think.”

If he was once a leading man, how did he change to become the comic that he is today? He does a good imitation of a man confused. His voice, for a moment, has that mock-tremolo you hear on the screen.

“The answer is, of course, that I’ve never changed... I’m still a dramatic actor... If people laugh, they’re laughing at a thespian cripple.

He claims he doesn’t know how, when or where he acquired those facial contortions. He claims he even laughs, himself, when he sees that fellow on the screen. You and he are about to see “that fellow” in three big pictures. Lost Horizon—in which he is a hussabugget fossil-collector. The King and the Chorus Girl—in which he is the Court Chamberlain, or official date-arranger. And Stepping Stones—in which he is the hor-rified manager of Fred Astaire, a ballet dancer who is secretly addicted to tapdancing.

Eddie and his manager-brother, W. D., share an office: Room 8 in the Hollywood Playhouse, on Vine Street. (“I still keep up my connection with the theatre,” he says, facetiously.) The office has two rooms. One opens onto a patio, through which he can cross into the old auditorium of the theatre, into the balcony. And sitting in the absolutely empty theatre, he sees old sets coming to life, hears forgotten voices, lives his old theatre days over again.

But he isn’t minded to return to the stage. California has him firmly in its clutches. Principally because of “Belleigh Acres,” of which he is lord and master. This estate is his fetish, his pride, his one big serious hobby. Like practically everything else that has ever happened to him, his entry into the landowner class was un-expected. Eleven years ago, his brother George (“he’s a professor of bugs”) wanted to buy two acres of a knoll at Encino in the San Fernando Valley. The owner wouldn’t sell less than four acres. To oblige George, Eddie took the other two.

He started out to have a small “week-end place,” with a garage built into the ground underneath. He discovered that the garage was the coolest place for miles around. So he made it over into a living room. That called for remodeling other rooms. And the more remodeling he did, the more he thought of doing.

For, along about the same time, he became interested in antiques. And every time he laid hands on some old Duncan Phyfe or Chippendale, it practically went for a place of its own, in which to be seen to its best advantage. So that now the small “week-end place” is a huge, white, two-story, pillared Colonial mansion, growing huger all the time. And, surprisingly enough, more beautiful all the time. The walls, ceilings and floors are about the only things in the house that aren’t magnificently old.

His latest acquisitions are six gigantic panelled doors from the famous old Corbett mansion in Portland, Oregon. They have inspired him to build a banquet hall with the wood of the doors forming the panelled walls.

“My manager, W. D., asks very severely, ‘Why do you want another room? Sometimes I think you must believe those reports of your salary that you read in the papers!’”

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Your "LEADING MAN"
will like
BREAST-O-CHICKEN Tuna Fish.

...in fact, all the family love this nourishing, non-fattening food. BREAST-O-CHICKEN brand TUNA is adaptable to main-course, salad and festive dishes, because of its delicate flavor and tenderness.

TUNA ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE
Arrange 1 tin shredded BREAST-O-CHICKEN TUNA FISH, 1 tin asparagus tips, ¼ lb grated cheese, 2c white sauce in alternate layers in buttered casserole. Top with grated cheese, bake until brown.

Singing Cinderella
[Continued from page 38]

name, here’s the story. It’s not a numerologically contracted Parts, a Roman goddess of the chase. Grace Causey, associate of Jack Sherrill, is responsible. Riding around one pre-fame night with the Durbins, she felt that she’d never get anywhere with a name like Edna Mae. “What should it be?” asked the youngster.

“Something euphonious, starting with a ‘T’” announced Miss Causey, and fond of concocting new names for professionals. “Dolores is too sad. You want something like—like Deanna. It ripples on the tongue. Neither are ‘dates’” Durbin is strong. Deanna Durbin is a name of beauty and strength. And thus a new marquise was born.

“I know, I had something when I found Deanna,” Sherrill said, smiling fondly at the little girl across a lunch for three in the studio’s new cafe. In the first place, I knew that singers and child actresses were the two theatrical hits of the moment. I figured that if I could get a young girl that could sing, as well as act, I’d have two acts, at the right of her lips, gave her one day, that he knew a girl who could both sing and act, I immediately got in touch with the Durbins.”

THE star, herself, is pretty much unimpressed by all the foo-foo-rah of fame. Deanna, as previously stated, is more anxious to have an operatic career than she is to have film success. This film triumph is all very lovely, don’t get her wrong! and she doesn’t know which is more interesting, film or radio work. But when you think of the Met’s Diamond Horseshoe and the crowds and the music, the glorious music, of the operas... operas by Verdi, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Wagner, the great masters... that’s something.

There was talk about her meeting with Leopold Stokowski, gifted conductor of Philadelphia’s Symphony Orchestra—at his request. Wouldn’t it be marvelous, we put to Deanna, if he asked her to sing with the orchestra? Deanna unleashed the small child in her that day, gave leave matter additional thought, and said: “I know just what I would sing for him, Musica’s Waltz from La Boheme and The Blue Danube.”

LIFE for the wonder-child simply sizzles with opportunities. To be around her is to see magic performed. At that precise moment Josei Pasternak, producer of Three Smart Girls, thread his way through the cafe’s tables. He paused at Deanna’s side: “It will be lunch tomorrow or next day with Stokowski,” he said to her. “I think he is going to ask you to sing... it will be at Philadelphia.”

Deanna’s reaction was a small intake of breath, hardly discernible; her eyes grew a brighter blue, she smiled at Mr. Pasternak, tucked in her white dress line, and secretly applied herself to slicing the steak. It was a Big Moment. She took it like a duchess. As a matter of fact, Deanna has a serene calm about her. The only times that she gets ruffled are when Eddie Cantor, for instance, dances her away from the microphone in an “Off to Buffalo” glide after a broadcast. She’s like any one to watch her dance; she is utterly self-conscious when it comes to singing. Ballroom dancing is not one of her favorite sports.

“I shall probably never marry,” said this fourteen-year-old pensively. “No, there’s not one of the glamorous leading men that I have met in Hollywood that I could think of marrying. As for dancing, I don’t misunderstand. I love to watch people dancing... ballroom or ballet. If I hadn’t taken simple, I’d think that the study of dancing would have been my second choice.”

NEVERTHELESS, if Deanna is not yet interested in “dates,” she is feminine enough to be acutely interested in clothes. She was completely satisfied only after she had extracted a promise from Jack Sherrill that he’d go shopping for a much-desired black velvet evening cape for his daughter Dorothy, recently graduated from high school. Dorothy Sherrill acts as Deanna’s studio stand-in, and is one of the little Canadian girl’s closest friends. Deanna admits to missing the companionship of public-school chums. Philosophically, she adds it to the cost of fame.

WHEN Deanna came from Winnipeg, Canada, she had little or no thought about a film career in Hollywood. Her broker father, his wife, and two daughters, Edith and Edna Mae (Deanna), came to escape the Northern winters. The youngest Durbin, being one year old, born December 4, 1922, was principally concerned with learning to walk and talk. As soon as she could pick up all children’s songs with amazing fidelity and truthfulness of tone.

Her sister, a nationally known fencer, suggested vocal training. Ralph Thomas was her first voice teacher. For the past nine months Count Andres de Segurola, Spanish, former “Met” star, has been her instructor. People who know about music are amazed at her virtuosity. She has an instinctive feeling for tonal purity, an unnerving sense of harmony.

A NORMAL fourteen-year-old, healthy, Deanna has favorites only in musical numbers. I have no likes or dislikes in foods, colors, books, pastimes,” she says hastily and emphatically. Already, in the short span of being famous, young Durbin has learned to ward off questions that make up interviews. “Il Buccho is her favorite song, and it has become a talisman with her. In two auditions, Universal’s and Cantor’s, she has sung it to much success. She has long since finished with the Alcott series and considers them a part of her remote childhood. Once in a while, to prove that she is pretty adult, she re-reads Christopher Morley’s Winnie-the-Pooh, and finds it worth her time. Her great delight, at the moment, is a private casting of Gone With the Wind. Let Producer David Selznick fill it with Bankheads and Colmans, Deanna is casting her mental version with Irene Dunne as Scarlett, Clark Gable as Rhett, and Vivien Leigh as Miss->

Two years ago she was a theatrical “failure,” and now Deanna Durbin wears a smart nutria and cloth coat (a Christmas gift from Eddie Cantor) as the result of her first major meeting and singing with Leopold Stokowski and his musical aggregation, is hailed as a sensational singing-acting “find.” There’s a great deal of the Cinderella legend in this typical Hollywood success story.
any creator, it is that copies of Crawford costumes are in shop windows almost before the film that introduces them is in first-run theatres. Design thieves are busy, you see, sketching them from advance production stills, employing set spies. They know that a Crawford costume is an assured success.

With her flair for fashion-setting explained by Adrian, it is easy to understand why Crawford creates beauty cycles. In the eyes of thousands of her imitators, whatever Joan Crawford does with her brows, her lips, her hair, is right. She sun-tans her lithe body until it could pass for a native African's, and a cult of sunbathers from Miami to Medicine Hat is formed. The studio calls a halt to her browning—she looks like a lineal descendent of Sheba, and contrasts strangely with the pale Nordics in her films—and the fade wanes. Or does Cames and Joan des Pines help sway it?

EXAMPLES of how Crawford beauty tricks are born are these: One night Joan is sitting in the Crawford blue boudoir designed for her, and the overhead light shies full upon her forehead. I suddenly realized that I was bald-looking—naked-looking—with plucked brows, and I decided to let them grow in the way they should," she says. Result: Natural brows, as Nature intended them, on thousands of women. Why? Because Joan Crawford, movie star, allowed her to grow.

Another time Joan is fussing with her hair, long-bobbled and reddish-gold. She picks up miniature scissors and snips here and there in front. Bangs appear—jagged, irregular, but hangs. "I get so tired of my face!" she exclaims to her reflection in the mirror, just as you have said tens of times. Snip! Om comes more hair. More bangs frame Joan's face. The back hair is left long. Presto! Another fad for Joan's imitators to follow.

They feverishly dubbed nail polish, rich-hued, to the nail ends when she did, and had less reason than she had for doing it. "I did it," Crawford confesses, with a giggle, "because I could not get the greasepaint and powder out of my finger nails when I was constantly applying it on the set." For a time. Joan's nails were guiltless of any color or polish. As soon as the news got around, so were thousands of others. A powderless, shining nose tore the camp of Crawford imitators asunder. For almost all of one summer. Joan never parted her classic nose with powder. Fewer of her followers accompanied her down this by-way of fashion.

Gardenias become a symbol of lovely womanhood because the waxy blossom was adored by a Crawford. "They had me doing Carmen for a while, with gardenias even in my teeth," she says ruefully.

AS FOR that vogue of scarlet, over-emphasized lips, that she engendered, Crawford regrets that, because she has been severely criticized for starting the fad. "That was character make-up for Sadie Thompson and. later, Letty Lynton—both weak, wanton women," she explains. "It should never have been put to use in private life." But thousands of women, because they saw Joan's lush lips, thought it was a new beauty ruse, and adopted it for their own.

Progenitor of so many fashion trends, how does Joan feel when she meets a duplicate of herself on the street? Joan considers for a moment and says, "Like smiling and saying 'Hi there!'"

But more important than the outward fashions that Joan sets, when you think about it, are the inner patterns for self-development that the one-time chorus girl has made for herself. In directing her own life toward higher cultural levels. Joan has become a pedestal ideal for thousands of ambitious young women who long to do the same thing.

When they don't write and tell her what an inspiration her life has been to them, Joan sometimes meets them, and in strange ways. Recently it was Miss Sadie Duart, a girl rushed through the crowd that surrounded Miss Crawford and told her, in hasty words, that the actress had been a "terrible inspiration" to her; that their lives paralleled, and that the girl had taken much of value from Joan's real-life example. These are the occurrences that undoubtedly give Joan Crawford a deeper emotional reaction than the news that a million women are using her exact shade of nail polish.

Because it's made with MILK-OILS

This amazing new face creme does things for your skin no creme ever could do before!

Every woman knows that nothing has ever equaled the effects of real MILK on the skin. MILK is the most famous skin beautifier the world has ever known. And now, Duart's Creme of Milk actually brings you the beautifying qualities of milk itself in this amazing new kind of all-purpose face creme—genuine milk oils extracted from the finest dairy milk. Use it just a quick minute morning and night. Fine glandular milk-oils instantly penetrate every pore and tissue... have none of the affinity for the skin, like the oils in your skin. Start using Creme of Milk today for cleaner, softer, smoother, more fresh and youthful skin.

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I enclose (10c) for which please send me 1 special trial JAR.

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Address
City
State

When answering advertisements, please mention May Motion Picture

THE MOST COPIED GIRL IN THE WORLD

[Continued from page 69]
surprised just how much he resembles that throne-well-lost-for-love monarch, the Duke of Burgundy, younger, and with a bit more of a swagger. But if the care of Empire might be eradicated from the Duke's wor-
ried face, he'd be a double for Ferdin
Gravet. That same tilted nose. That same little boy look. The same eyes—when they laughed, the expression when they don't. You'd be sur-
prised. They're what O. O. McIntyre calls "Look-alikes."
Fernand came in Santa's sack. He was a Christmas baby. The crisp quiet of a morning filled with Noël Noël brought him to the Belgian family well-known in the theatrical world of Brussels. That was in 1905. His name isn't really Gravet at all. But it isn't difficult to sleuth out its source. His father was Leonold Mertens, a producer and manager. But his French muma was actress Fernande Gravet Mar-
tens. She is not yet too old—a mere seventy-
four—to glory in the theater attain-
ments of her baby-youngest of three.
Less than ten years later there came an-
other Christmas. But the bollies of peace had been melted and molded into cannon. In thin wraps of paper filled the air. A grey horde of Germans, the mightiest army the world has seen, swept over Belgium. How father Gravet did it, God only knows. But the frantic weaving of war and the en-
emy behind the enemy lines, he somehow
wandered a paper that carried the little
boy into the same neutral Hol-
land. From there they sailed to England.
That's how-come the Belgian lad, now
idol of Paris, speaks flawless English.

WELL, the war ended, and for a
breathing space, the weary world
rested. The father had died. The fortune was
left to Fernand. He was living on his
mother's well-known theatrical name,
turned to the theatre. He was a property
boy, an assistant manager, and finally a
full-fledged actor. As such he toured Cen-
tral Europe, the Orient, South America.
Excepting Scandinavia and Russia, he has
trooped in every European country.
When he made his American debut it was
at the Athenéum Theatre in 1922 in Romance,
a revival of the hit in which his father had
played with Doris Keane. He was well-
launched when once more a multistatic
scheme of things intruded upon his career.
He answered the call of his class to Bel-
gium for two years of the army. As a
cavalryman he became an expert rider, and
now, ten years later, he remains a super-
trick.

With this experience behind him,
Fernand hurried on to a new one. It came
when he fell in love with the star of the
play in which he appeared. Her name was
and is—Jeanne Renouret. They married.
They are very happy. For the three
following years they were co-starred. Be-
fore he made his first movies he had acted
in pictures, scoring well. His first
movie venture in the new medium was made for
Ufa. They wanted to star him. Wisely, he
decided, preferring an incompressible role
to acting before a group of cameras, and
showing two. The girl cost him a bit more
in salary, but he would have preferred the
company of the lass to the cameras. He
had many offers to come to Holly-
wood," says the star, "but I would never
have attempted to make a picture there
except for Mervyn LeRoy. Frankly, I was a
little afraid. I didn't know, however, that
there have been foreign stars with considerable reputation who have been lost in Hollywood. Then, when they
return home having done little, or having
done poorly because of circumstances and
conditions, no one can understand.
Explanations are futile.

This is the Mervyn LeRoy and I have much
in common. I have admired his direction and
he has paid me the compliment of liking my work in the French films I've made. It wasn't difficult for us to get

OUR making of The King and the Chorus Girl was a fine and a fasci-
inating experience. Hollywood has its pro-
duction organization, better than any
studios abroad. I had been told that com-
mercialism was rampant in California. But
I found a group of artists enthusiastically
concentrating upon their work of creative
art. The mere making of money meant
very little by comparison. I hope to return
to Hollywood in the Fall, but I shall al-
lways retain some of the Continent. I have received my change in American movies because, presumably, I
bring something to the screen which is a
little bit different and unique. Why should I,
then, become a part of Hollywood and
dissipate this asset by becoming just like the
others?" "I must say that Madame Gravet and
I were treated well in Hollywood. We
were entertained with the utmost hos-
pitality and everyone was kind to us, the
strangers. What did we do most? Well,
we averaged about five movies each week.
That I think is part of my business. We
went to the big premiers and first run, of
course. But we went, too, to the little
theatres and those playing dual bills.
I saw pictures, and I also tried to get the
feeling of the audience. I want to be
familiar with American audience reaction.

"You see, in the theatre, behind the foot-
lights is an actor-manager. I am playing
American audiences as well as American
pictures that I have learned a little of what
you like. Knowing that, I have tried to
give it to you in The King and the Chorus
Girl. I believe it will amuse you."

Q E The King and the Chorus Girl and
Fernand Gravet, producer Mervyn
LeRoy has to say: "This is the first
Mervyn LeRoy Production, and
Fernand Gravet is its star. Not
only has Fernand got an unusual picture
point of view, but he is as versatile a player
as I have seen before the cameras. Every-
body's happy, with the way the film has
turned out. Fernand is popular with every-
one. I got the money back from Gravet in
the troupe. On the last day of the pic-
tures all the kids presented him with a
plaque commemorating his first American
dollar. He wasn't as versed a player as
work for that. We'll have him back for another
picture this year, and many more in the
future. I'm proud to sponsor him and give
American movies a new personality, which
our motion picture patrons will surely take
to their hearts."
The Talk of Hollywood

[Continued from page 55]

jug of California water with her, on her recent trip east. She told reporters it was to wash her hair in, because California water was so much better for it. Ever since then, from all over the country, women have been writing their favorite stars, asking them to send a pint or a gallon or a barrel full of "that wonderful California hair-washing water Jean Harlow uses."

Conchologist

ODDEST hobby of the month in Hollywood was that revealed by John Boles. He collects seashells and writes monographs about them! So erudite are his effusions that he's been elected honorary president of the Society of Boston Conchologists. (That is Bostonese for seashell-collectors.)

Can It Say, Cary?

MARY BRIAN'S trick parrot is at it again. He's stopped his old trick of crowing like a rooster (which kept the Tolca Lake district chicken-rags with waking up at wrong hours), and taken up the stunt of whistling like the Mary Brian dogs, just like Mary does it. Now it's the dogs who are being run ragged while the chickens get a rest. Between crows and whistles, the parrot occasionally bursts into an aria from Carmen.

Man In Dark Glasses

TWO women tourists from the midwest will have a grand tale to tell when they return home. It happened in the Brown Derby. The women entered the cafe, avid for glimpses of movie stars, at the height of the noon luncheon rush. They could find no table. A lad in dark glasses offered to share his "reserved" table with them. They accepted, found him affable, were delighted when he pointed out various movie stars. Then he excused himself, and left. They waited. Lunch done, for their check, finally asked the waiter to bring it. "Oh," he told them, "Tom Brown paid your check. That was Tom you had lunch with.

Send 500 Parts To Your Fans

In his fan-mail, Clark Gable has had more than 500 requests for the auto Carole Lombard gave him.

Romantic Reminder Of Long Ago

AND another odd fan-letter was the one Sally Eilers got from Chatanooga the other day. She's a Confederate Civil War veteran. wrote the fan, "and nearly 70 years. I have kept a picture of General Robert E. Lee in the place of honor in my room. Now I am writing to ask for a photograph of yourself to place beside it. I am sure General Lee would not mind if he could see you today." Anyway, that officially seals it—the war MUST be over.

Tempus Fugit

JACK HOLT, who has been a star with star-rating longer than any other person in movies, has just signed a contract to begin his 24th year as a star. And the same week, Patricia Walthall, daughter of the one-time great Henry B. Walthall, signed a contract to begin her screen career.

No Choking Allowed

SCREWIEST warming-up method reported from Hollywood's singing-star ranks: Bobby Breen, child marvel, walks on his hands for five minutes before shooting a singing scene. It warms up his vocal cords, he insists, by stimulating the blood circulation in his throat.

Deanna Not Young Enough

MAYBE it's the recent flood of child-marriages that has been hitting the newspapers, or maybe it's just foresightedness—but despite the fact that she's only 14 years old, Universal's brilliant new starlet, Deanna Durbin, has received hundreds of proposals in the mail, since her hit in Three Smart Girls.

"This New Make-Up Does Wonders for Me"

What a pleasant surprise!...to actually see new beauty in my own mirror. Such lovely coloring in powder, rouge and lipstick...and just perfect for my type, too. Now I know that Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up is really different.

Every day thousands of girls find new beauty with this make-up secret of Hollywood stars. You, too, will be surprised how much added beauty you can gain. Try color harmony make-up...and share this secret.

"Lipstick is Super-Indelible"...and moisture-proof, too, for in Hollywood lipstick must withstand every test. You apply it to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips, imparting a lovely color that really lasts, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1.

ANNE SHIRLEY in RKO's "Too Many Wives"

"Powder Clings for Hours"...amazingly soft and fine in texture, too, it creates that satin-smooth effect. Original color harmony shades give your skin a warm, youthful, flattering color tone. Max Factor's Powder, $1.

GINGER ROGERS in RKO's "Stepping High"

"Rouge Looks Lifelike"...that's because the color harmony shades are created to accent the individual beauty of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead. Creamy-smooth in texture, easy to blend. Max Factor's Rouge, 50c

MARGOT GRAHAME in RKO's "MICHAEL STROGOFF"
"That Martha Raye, She Kills Me!"

(Continued from page 35)

It was a circus from the word go, and all three ran wild, except “up in Martha’s room.” Sick as she was, she insisted on having a radio by her bed, and she refused to observe the nine o’clock lights rule. She also wanted a lot of people around her, and she didn’t have to send out special invitations either. All the employees in the hospital just naturally flocked to her own room, like flies to a bald spot, or bees to honey. They sat around holding their sides, trying to stifle their laughter… she kept them in stitches continually.

SHE gave further proof of her remarkable character when, the night of her weekly broadcast, with the Al Jolson show rolled around, and she insisted on appearing. She was still so ill that she had to be taken there in a wheel-chair, with a doctor and a nurse in attendance, and when she sang her numbers she could scarcely stand, and had to lean on Sid Silvers. But she was there, all right… she hadn’t let them down… at least she had a relapse, or when she got back to the hospital, she made no complaints whatsoever, and just accepted it all as part of the business. That’s Spank, believe you me, in case anyone should step up and ask you!

It’s little wonder, then, that it was a sad day around the hospital when Martha got well and was released. I guess I’m ready to start carryin’ on like mad again,” she would tell her hospital friends, and all of them answered the same thing, saying “C’mon Martha, what a gal you’re all right, but we’ll miss you so much, Martha.” Then one of the nurses suggested how nice it would be if Martha would call in and show up occasionally, just to give them a laugh and cheer them up now and then. She probably never expected that Martha really would, but, to date, Martha has called the hospital once each week.

AS a further example, there’s her friendship with the great Stokowski, whom she calls just Old Man—they call it Stoker. “Stoker,” believe it or not. Unless you know Martha, this combination seems fantastic, but, musically, she is more than the swing girl she appears to be, one of the smartest girls around, if less known, but when she gets up to her old self, (did you hear the number she wrote called Gabriel’s Swing?) she did it on one of her radio programs long ago?) but, personally and artistically, she is a great follower of good music.

Recently the maestro gave her one of his own modern classic scores, and signed it affectionately, “To Butch from her great admirer, Stoker.” As you have probably heard, Martha is always saying, “Oh, just call me Butch!” It’s one of her many amusing trade-marks.

Then there is that story of the invitation she accepted to dine with an Italian family—fans of hers. And we didn’t hear it from a publicist, or from Sid Silvers… Martha isn’t the kind who makes it a point to go about bragging of her doings to the press. We only heard it because she mentioned it to a friend behind disapproved—she said she was just foolish devilry in making such a trip into the downtown unknown of Los Angeles alone. And she happens to be a smart girl. But far from sharing the friend’s disapproval, we can only feel the keenest admiration.

In her batch of fan mail one day, Martha
discovered a letter from an Italian woman and it was so touching in its simplicity, that she was intrigued, and decided to accept the dinner invitation which it extended.

"Of course I don't expect that you ever would come," the woman wrote, "but my children are all so crazy about you, that if you could ever just come to dinner, we would be so proud!" Martha noted that the address was downtown Los Angeles and sent a wire saying that she could make it on Saturday.

So on Saturday evening she drove into one of Los Angeles' poorer foreign sections; drove into it in her smart new car, and was recognized by the entire neighborhood of course. She signed autographs, called out gay greetings, and then went in to see her as yet unknown, un-met friends. She could speak a little Italian, so made a great hit even from the beginning.

And then when she fell to on the food—Italian food has always been a favorite—the others were so delighted at her obvious enjoyment that they just sat around and watched her, scarcely eating a thing themselves. Afterwards, when the Italian mother happened to mention how beautiful her car was Martha said, "Okay, kids, let's all go for a ride." And in they piled, and away they went, and it was the evening that that family will never forget.

The most-significant comment that Martha made about it was this: "It's a funny thing—but they seemed to think I was doing them a favor, but they were really doing me one! Oh boy, that spaghetti, those raviolis, were they something!"

THAT evening's drive in Martha's car calls to mind another ride— one which Martha took recently with her maid, her priceless black jewel, Lulu. "I got her for her birthday," Martha said, "You know, one of those cream-colored ones, because you know how colored people like things that catch the eye. Well, I thought she'd die, she was so happy, but then I found out she couldn't drive. After a week or so, though, she said she had learned and would I go out with her and see how good she was.

"Well, she was driving it like I don't know what! She went backwards instead of forwards; she drove on the wrong side of the street, and, like the car had an epileptic fit, we stopped and started and jerked and shook all over Beverly. And we ran into everybody I know and I'd make them get in and ride a block with us just for the laughter. Gee, we were carryin' on like mad, more fun 'n' I've had for a month."

Just picture, if you can, another star of her caliber, traveling around the streets of elegant Beverly Hills in such an undignified fashion! But then, as has already been hinted, you just can't visualize another picture star like her.

And another thing you may not realize. All these people not only think she's an amazing personality...they think she's pretty, too. On the screen she is so constantly screwing up her face that she gives the impression of homelessness, but off the screen you see her as she really is. Beautiful eyes, lovely hair, a slim trim waist and hips, and million dollar legs. But when you tell her these things she only scoffs and says, "Oh, you're just saying that because you feel sorry for me, because I'm lonely."

And the amazing thing is, she really thinks that, too. That's another one of her astonishing qualities, you see...she just can't believe anything good about herself. But, Martha, we tell you now, honest and true, cross-our-heart-hope-to-die, we all think you're a pretty and cute, even cuter, as Christmas. Or for those who don't think Christmas is cute, even cuter!
That Taylor-Harlow
"Romance"

[Continued from page 57]

tinctly unhappy. So Bob blithely departs. Dining by himself in a restaurant, he is attracted by an aloof, alturing American who promptly refreshes his efforts at acquaintance. He trails her to the opera, further annoying her, then follows her to her home, where he finds a weary bailiff (Forrest Harvey) camped on the doorstep at the insistence of creditors, to see that she does not move any of the furnishings out. He persuades the bailiff to appoint him as his deputy. In other words, the girl cannot get rid of him.

The young widow (for such she is) cannot admit how attracted she is to him, either, until an American girl-friend of hers (Marla Shelton) tries to appropriate him—an eventuality that takes place during a dinner she gives for her fiance and his father. Bob attends the dinner as her butler (her butler having left because of non-payment of wages). And in temporarily changing from trailer, Bob causes his dear brother no end of anguish, both physical and mental. You can, perhaps, guess the ending. But you won't anticipate the incidents leading to that ending.

VAN DYKE has worked with Bob once before, in making His Brother's Wife with Barbara Stanwyck. He knows that Bob has a sense of humor. And from all that he can hear, Jean—whom he has never directed before—also has one. He tests their ability to laugh together, with the first scene.

As the scene ends, the stage-door is thrown open. Outside stands a huge studio fire engine, which cuts loose with its siren blaring. From the far side of the stage comes a score of prop boys, each armed with a red pail, each pail filled with water.

Both Jean and Bob look startled. Van Dyke laughs.

"I read about what happened when Bob and Caine decided to come for Caine's benefit."

Jean explains.

"The set caught on fire. So wasn't taking any chances—with Harlow in the same scene with Taylor..."

As Van Dyke follows the completion of the picture, he says, "I did my best to play Capid, to make them feel like Two Alone."

Both Jean and Bob know that they are in for a barrage of rumors, if they don't watch out. They don't say so to each other; that isn't necessary. But they have a tacit agreement to keep the rumor-manufacturers baffled.

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reporters are free to make what they can out of their being together. And the impressions are varying.

Some columnists "jump the gun"—and release some romance rumors, anyway. After all, Bob and Jean both are eligible for romance. But they all agree about one thing: Jean and Bob enjoy being "insulted" by each other in the script.

When she discovers that annoying young Mr. Raymond Dobney has managed to become a billfiler, with the intention of staying all night, indeed, Mrs. George Wetherby flies into a tantrum. Jean gives this scene her all.

"I thought she was going to haul off and let me have it," says Bob to Van Dyke, in mock perturbation, when the scene ends.

Van Dyke, famous for making scenes in one "take," asks for a retake. He tells Jean, "Don't get so mad yet, honey. If you've so worked up now, you'll have nothing left when he really insults you."

Before Bob finds out that she is engaged to his brother, Jean tries to outwit his persistence by pretending that she is not a widow, but the left-at-home wife of a big, burly African explorer, who is expected back almost momentarily. Bob, in disbelief, has appropriated a bedroom and gone to bed. Jean klomps up the stairs heavily, frightening Bob into hiding out in a closet-like room under the stairs until he discovers her ruse.

THAT'S the kind of story it is. Boy outwits girl; girl outwits boy—with the battle devastatingly equal.

The fun reaches its climax in the dinner party sequence. Jean, in instructing Bob how to battle, tells him what each guest will be like. She imitates the talk and mannerisms of four of them—Marla Shelton, Cora Witherspoon (playing Marla's rattlehead brother and the Braham (she's an absent-minded lord) and Barnett Parker (playing an unintelligible musician).

Jean has a reputation for imitations at home. But this is the first time she has done any imitations on the screen. They are amusing to everyone else; an ordeal to Jean. "Exhausting" is her word for them. She manages without much difficulty the shrill, excited prattle of Cora Witherspoon; the smooth, seductive Southern talk and languorous walk of Marla Shelton; and the bellowing, unintelligible Patton. But the cracks on burlesquing Brahams deep bass. "What a hit I'd make on somebody's an- noyance list," is her self-derisive comment typical of Jean.

But Bob applauds her strenuously. Just as she laughs hystically a few scenes later when he manages to insert a large blop of mayonaise into the unsuspecting Reginald Owen's napkin, with disastrous results later to the Owen countenance.

Owen, in mock indignation, storms at Jean: "That's right—laugh at me. No one ever sympathizes with my plight. Does any girl ever love me? No! Here I am, engrossed in you, and the only chance I get to kiss you, I can only peck at your forehead.

He glares at Bob, enviously. "Some people have all the luck.

Bob has some unscheduled luck one day, on the set, as does Jean. They are standing in a doorway, about to play a scene, when Van Dyke jumps out of his chair, a false hand undergarment in his hand, and, at the air above their heads, hitting a dangerous spider against the door sill. It is a Black Widow spider...

The Taylor-Harlow duel of insults comes to a climax in a scene just before Jean is supposed to marry Owen. Bob interposes a match, and flares up.

"Can't you find something besides my

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Learn to Cook—and Like It!

[Continued from page 60]

also has considerable to do with success in oven cookery. In most models, the top shelf or rack is hotter than the lower racks, because of hot plates. Generally, therefore, the deeper the baking dish contents, the nearer the oven bottom the dish may be set. Also the nearer the food is placed to the top, the greater the heat which descends straight down on it. Roasting of meats should be done on the middle racks, likewise cakes, muffins, and delicate baked goods in general. Scalloped dishes may go near the top, to brown more quickly. Custards and similar light desserts bake on the lower racks, but must be set in pans containing water, to break the full force of the flame.

ONE of the chief benefits of using the oven fully, is that practically all the dishes of the meal may be cooked in it simultaneously. Instead of cooking potatoes in a sauce-pot, frying meat in a skillet, and using the oven only for something like biscuits or baked desserts, plan a one-piece meal, all cooked in the oven with great saving of fuel, time, and attention.

Oven Dinner No. 1
Prune and Orange Juice Cocktail Casserole of Veal Chops (1 hour)
Scalloped Cheese Potatoes (40 minutes)
Baked Asparagus, Crumb Sauce (30 minutes)
Graham Muffins (20-25 minutes)
Gingersnap Custard (40-50 minutes)

Use glass casseroles or baking dishes for the chops, potatoes, asparagus and dessert. Pre-heat oven to moderate, and plan to cook meat, potatoes and vegetable together. The gingersnap custard (see recipe herewith) is deliciously simple, and may be cooked along with the other foods if it is set in an outer pan of water to slow it up and permit delicate velvety texture. One-half hour before dinner is to be served, remove meat, potatoes and vegetable to warming shelf, increase heat to hot oven, and rush in the muffins. By the time you give yourself a last pruning and powdering and secure the cocktail course, your muffins will be done.

GINGERSNAP CUSTARD
24 gingersnaps
2 cups rich milk
1 cup medium brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs, well beaten
Whipped cream
Candied ginger

Use quart size glass baking dish and grease generously with butter. Use rolling pin on crumbs, but do not roll too fine. Lay crumbs in bottom of dish. Combine milk, sugar, vanilla and beaten eggs. Pour over crumbs. Place baking dish in outer pan of hot water. Bake moderate oven (350° F) for 45-45 minutes, or until knife run through center comes out dry. Serve warm with chilled whipped cream. (Serves 6)

ANOTHER benefit of the oven dinner, of course, is that it enables one to use less expensive meat cuts than are demanded by quick, top-of-range cooking. The slow, even heat and air of the oven breaks down the meat fibres and tenderizes them fully. Many delicious casseroles are made up of

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meats like shoulder lamb chops, round of beef, sliced smoked ham, liver, and such fibrous cuts as potroast.

Still another advantage is that the oven dinner saves much unpleasant pot-washing since it permits both cooking and serving in the same dish. Jolly little caserole of attractive pottery shape in making the table home-like, and, being glass or smooth finish, are far easier and quicker to wash than metal utensils. Food easily slips out of caserole.

The many scalloped dishes, baked souffles and au gratin recipes which lend themselves so admirably to even treatment plus gain in color, browned or baked flavor in addition to the natural tastes of their own ingredients. There is something in the "browned-in-the-oven" idea, which makes every plate plainest and least expensive foods appetizing and pleasing in texture. Macaroni au gratin, stewed with grated cheese; scalloped creamed fish, or other dishes garnished with bacon, crumbs or cheese, are among the most hearty but least taxing dishes, easy both to cook and to digest.

Oven Dinner No. 2
Fresh Rhubarb and Pineapple Juice Cocktail
Scalloped Florence, Cheese Sauce (40 minutes)
Baked Rice and Tomato Ring (40 minutes)
Spring Salad of New Vegetables (Raddishes, Peas, Cucumbers)
Daffodil Baking Powder Biscuits or Fruit Shortcake (15 minutes)

OVEN cookery is the only type which allows us to make the many delicious hot breads which do so much to add interest and variety to meals. Muffins, biscuits, baking powder bread and quick-loaf breads are included in this second Cooking Lesson. Of all these, probably baking powder biscuits are the most popular, and deservedly so, since they may be varied endlessly as hot breads and also served as shortcake and patty shells. Daffodil Biscuits are in tune with the spring season, and for Oven Dinner No. 1, the other dishes should be timed and removed from the oven as the biscuits are laid in it.

TWO-TONE DAFFODIL BISCUITS
2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening
1/4 cup milk
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
2 egg yolks, well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter
16 marshmallows

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Cut in shortening. Divide mixture into 2 parts, one larger than the other. To large part add milk to make a soft dough. To small part add grated orange and beaten egg yolks with milk enough to make soft dough. Toss white dough on board and roll to 1/4-inch thickness. Repeat with yellow dough, and place over white dough. Roll to desired thickness. Cut small and arrange on oiled baking sheet. Brush tops with melted butter. Bake hot oven (450°F) 20 minutes. Place whole marshmallows and bit of orange peel on tops before removing from oven, letting mallow glaze slightly. (Makes 16 biscuits)

(A clever trick is to have ready a baking dish of dried fruit such as apricots, prunes, etc. as soon as biscuits are removed, lay fruit in oven and allow it to cook (gas turned off) in the leftover heat, as the oven slowly cools.)

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Another quick bread easily baked while an oven dinner is in progress is Peanut Butter Bread. This is baked in a single loaf, and when cold may be sliced thinly as sandwich or snack bread.

Peanut Butter Bread

1/4 cup soft fresh peanut butter
6 tablespoons brown sugar
3 eggs
1 cup flour
1/2 whole wheat flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk

Cream peanut butter until smooth. Add brown sugar, and blend. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition. Mix and sift all dry ingredients, and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Pour into well oiled brick or loaf pan and allow to stand covered in warm place for 20 minutes. Bake moderate oven (350°F) 1 hour. (Makes 1 medium loaf)

IN Oven Dinner No. 1, asparagus was the vegetable and it was cooked in the oven and not on the top of the range. This opens up a new and little tried method of cooking many other vegetables. If the vegetable be prepared as usual, and then placed in a baking dish with water or other liquid, and kept covered during the baking, it will not only become tender as usual, but have a far richer, finer flavor, since under the oven method no valuable salts are allowed to escape. Try cooking new peas, carrots, string beans etc. the oven way!

Oven methods for fish have long been in favor with experienced housewives because they find that cooking it in the oven greatly lessens fish odors in the kitchen, and also makes the attendant dishwashing less unpleasant. Fish may be baked on or in parafin or cooking parchment, or laid on a sheet of aluminum baking paper specially made for the purpose. What is known as the oven or "Spencer Method" of cooking fish is the following: into a bowl pour some milk (canned evaporated milk is excellent), and salt heavily, allowing 1 tablespoon of salt to each cup of liquid. Have at hand a pan of finely sliced bread crumbs. Have fish cut in slices or fillets. Dip fish into milk, then into crumbs, and arrange on baking pan. Sprinkle fish with a little cooking oil. Heat oven to 500°F. Then put in pan of fish, and bake about 10 minutes. (Never add water to any baking fish.)

Some of the other dinners and desserts which Jane tried out in her oven have been especially favored by too, you, including Maple Syrup Custard, Cherry Upside Down Cake and Pineapple Turnovers.

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The Light That Lies in Irish Eyes

[Continued from page 59]

forehead, which is one of her best points: instead, she wears her hair, usually, parted in the center and softly waved in the simplest of styles. Always has a permanent wave in her ends, which looks like a soft, rigid looking finger-wave. Her hair gets a thorough brushing after each setting, to give it a soft, natural look.

ALTHOUGH Erin's tiny hands are not perfectly shaped, they are well-groomed and most expressive. She uses them sensitively with the effectiveness of a trained actress but thinks that the average woman should gesture as little as possible in conversation. Unless hand gestures are graceful and natural, she says, they are sure to be a liability instead of an asset.

Erin loves bright nail polish, perhaps because it helped her to overcome a childhood habit of biting her nails. When she was in her early teens, someone manured her nails carefully and applied a vivid shade of lacquer. She was so entranced with their slick perfection that she had difficulty in refraining from spoiling it...

A good idea for youngsters who have this hard-to-break habit.

Erin believes that dancing is the best method of acquiring bodily grace as well as keeping the weight normal. She studies dancing faithfully in Hollywood, and relies on this hobby rather than on sports to keep her slimness and suppleness. Another one of her convictions is that the value of personal grooming cannot be overestimated. It is the lack of immaculate cleanliness that prevents many otherwise attractive girls, she believes, from capturing and holding beauty laurels. . . .

AS a matter of fact, I have three aids to daintiness to tell you about this month. In the first place, there is the increased need for weapons against perspiration and superfluous hair. The first is an electric shaver that makes the removal of hair from legs and underarm areas a simple and pleasant task. . . . The second is a deodorant that affords prolonged protection against perspiration odor. . . .

And the third corner of this triangle is a new and inspired bra with dress shields attached. If you have ever had the bitter experience of whacking off a piece of skin on your leg, while using a razor, you'll appreciate the many unusual features of this electric shaver. First of all, it can't possibly nick the skin because it has no blades! The sheer ing away of hair is accomplished by a smooth, round cutting end that combs the hairs into its slots and clips them off neatly. And secondly, the blades are incidental, that there is not the faintest suggestion of a stubble. The shaver, which comes in several attractive colored finishes, fits cozily into the palm of your hand.

Another feature recommending it is that you use no lather or shaving cream—a big help on occasions when you are already half-dressed and suddenly remember that you have neglected to remove unsightly hair! Because the hairs are cut across by the mechanism, the regrowth is not pronounced, nor is there any scraping of the surface skin. . . . There's not the slightest tuss or bother connected with keeping the shaver in working order. Used sensibly, it lives up to its lifetime guarantee cheerfully. Because of this guar-
antee, the price of $15 is not at all high, and another economy angle, which will appeal to a wife, is that she can buy one for her husband and then use it as often as she likes, without landing in the divorce court. Do let me know if you'd like the name of the manufacturer.

OBVIOUSLY, the frequent removal of the hair on the hands promotes the efficiency of deodorants, so please don’t neglect hair removal if you want to get full value from the deodorant you use. ... You may not realize that the total amount of perspiration secreted by an adult is two pounds in twenty-four hours. Much of this evaporates so that it is never apparent, but the odor-forming solids, which are fatty and neutral fats, alkaline sulphates, lactic acid and urea remain on the skin. ... It doesn’t require much knowledge of chemistry to realize that these deposits cause an unpleasant odor; nor does it require much more to understand that this odor can be harmlessly counteracted by the proper chemicals.

A good deodorant must not only destroy existing odors, but should prevent odors from forming, over a reasonable period of time. There is a preparation that does exactly this, preventing the growth of the bacteria that cause the odor to develop. ... It is a soft, pleasantly-scented cream that rubs on the skin in less than a jiffy, and it has the added merits of being non-staining, non-greasy and, of course, non-irritating to the tenderest skin. The price of a large jar is only about 60 cents.

For a busy woman who values a spic and span appearance at all times, the new uplift brassieres with dress shields attached solve a harassing problem. These bras are so cleverly designed that they clarify any type bust—from the immature to the over-developed one—and at the same time prevent any revolting signs of moisture on your frocks. As each is an ordinary bra, they enable you to have fresh shirts daily without tedious sewing. ... One of the many nice features of the brassieres is that they have adjacent shoulder straps, which in a snug fit of the shields and bra. They come in several smart fabrics—net, lace, satin and batiste, and range in price from $1 to $3.50. I’ll be delighted to send you the trade name.

F E W US us will be able to witness the coronation in London, but any of us can capture some of its regal charm by putting plumes in our hair, of an evening, and donning a compact that was inspired by the coronation. It is a triple compact, long a product of a famous English cosmetic firm, that has been re-styled with a white enameled motif on the gold base. Although the case is only two-and-one-half by one- and-three-fourths-inches, it contains, amazingly, a loose powder compartment, rouge and a lipstick. ... The compact, together with a half-ounce bottle of foundation that would not be out of place at court, costs only $8.25.

A face powder, packaged in a blue box that won first prize in a recent packaging contest, is being brought out in a new shade for Spring—a pinky-peach tone with a name that fairly breathes of England, My England. The shade is named by a famous fashion designer, as style and color consultant for this powder manufacturer, and it represents a successful effort to develop a shade that blends with the type of skin that is neither deep brunette nor true blonde. ... So many of us are in that "between" class, that this new tint should be much in demand. The face powder, itself, is of a particular type of absorbent, finely long-lasting and non-clogging. Comes in 50 cent and dollar sizes, as well as smaller ones.
TRIUMPH: The sun coming up over *Lost Horizon* brings it into clear, sharp focus as one of the greatest achievements of the screen—a triumph for everyone who had a hand in its creation, particularly director Capra and scenarist Riskin. It carries such compelling interest in its story, its characterization, its exceptionally beautiful photography, its magnificent settings, its spiritual tone that it easily stands apart as a significant milestone in the progress of motion pictures.

The patron who isn’t thrilled over the possible fate of the plane passengers before they reach Shangri-La—who isn’t moved by the scope of the settings—who doesn’t feel its spiritual tug—well, this patron would be incapable of any feeling toward a work of art. Such a dullard might better go through life blindfolded.

Some will criticize it for establishing Colman as returning at the end to Shangri-La, not so much as to carry on the spiritual mission entrusted to him by the high lama but to win the love of a girl. The “boy wins girl” idea could motivate the lesser things of the screen. One doesn’t look for flaws in the run-of-the-mill movies, but in some monumental effort one becomes skeptical and dares the creator to live up to the superlatives of the publicity campaign.

To do justice to the picture would have necessitated showing each character’s spiritual evolution. And that would have taken time. And theatre entertainment (it’s an unwritten rule) must be confined to more than two-and-a-half hours. Let it be said that here is a full-blown evening’s entertainment (afternoons, too) that I recommend as exceptionally worth your time—and surely your money—no matter what the price. *Lost Horizon* don’t come along every day; not with so many B, C, D, X, Y and Z pictures to fill the bill, and which gang up (much too much) as double features.

LAMENT: Those who have followed the fortunes of Sir Guy Standing on the screen sincerely mourn his death. He was held in the highest esteem by Paramount, particularly by Adolph Zukor. Sir Guy never signed a contract. His agreement with Mr. Zukor was founded on a friendship that endured for 25 years. He worked for Paramount at a figure satisfactory to both, and on one of these “contracts” cemented with a handshake and silent understanding. Since his first set foot in Hollywood he was one of his word. But he is now deeply mourned not only by his co-workers at Paramount than he is by the picturegoers who recognized a sincere, honest gentleman the minute they saw him on the screen.

I visualized in Sir Guy a sort of Empire-builder—the type of man that Britain sends to its outposts as a symbol of trust and fair play. He had the physical attributes to encompass such a character. I like to think that had he entered the diplomatic service he might have made a great colonial leader even a viceroy of India. And speaking of India I like to remember him as I saw him in *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*—a gentle disciplinarian who commanded his troop with the common touch. This common touch showed not only in his character, but also in his acting—making his performances ring unusually true and natural. Paramount will miss Sir Guy—so will you.

CHATTER: Peter Arno caricaturist, will turn movie actor soon. . . hope he’ll never have to report a stolen car. Remember his most famous cartoon? . . . Hollywood may not be able to sign up the Duke of Windsor and Mrs. Wallis Simpson as movie stars, nor produce a picture based on their romance, but *The Woman I Love* (the Miriam Hopkins-Paul Muni opus, now in the making) is supposed to have been taken from the Duke’s farewell radio address . . . they’ll probably change the title before you see it, since changing titles is an old Hollywood custom . . . And speaking of other words, uttering Edward in his abridgement message his “at last!” which opened the address, can be used here to indicate that the casting for *Gone With the Wind* will soon be announced if the report is true that author Margaret Mitchell will sit in on story conferences . . . THINGS YOU’LL NEVER SEE: Darryl Zanuck (who has a flair for dramatizing yesterday’s and today’s headlines) plotting a story around child brides and casting Shirley Temple and the Dionne quint in the central roles with funny-man Summerville cast as hill-billy groom . . . You’ll never see flamboyant femme stars leaving off their dark glasses where crowds gather so they WONT’l attract attention . . . You’ll never see a Simone Simon (still pronounced Sen-moon Sea-moon) picture laid in Pago Pago with the star singing Boola Boola as a theme song with tom-tom accompaniment. You’ll never read about it opening simultaneously at Sing Sing and Walla Walla, nor scan press notices that pass it off as either goody-goody, naughty-naughty, so-so, or another Goona Goona.

FAME: Such is fame that if Robert Taylor, born Arlington Bough, was still a Poma Ka college student and unknown, stories concerning his great-grandfather literally starring to death in a small Nebraska town would have been confined to local papers. But, Taylor having achieved fame and wealth, it must he brought out that he was neglecting the old man. The papers didn’t print that the old fellow had relatives living close by who hadn’t informed Bob of his great-grandfather’s plight, nor did they mention that Bob, when he visited his old home town, paid his grandpappy’s bills, bought his provisions—and left him money to boot. Newspapers have a way of building up a prospective star’s so-called hard-heartedness. If they cared to investigate a lot of these cases they would soon discover it’s a customary practise out Hollywood way, Santa Claus is very much alive in the town—likewise the Good Samaritan and Lady Bountiful.

As for Bob, he’s not the type to let anyone down—at least of all a financially-embarrassed relative. The papers never ascertain that studios must be tough with “toughies” (through the mail or otherwise) requesting money from their stars. Some relations are not on the up and up. If these requests weren’t ignored the snowball would grow into a gigantic racket. Naturally, the stars seldom see these requests. Yet the Taylors have to take it on the chin once the news breaks that some kin is in a terrible plight. The papers should print that Bob, for one, has established his mother and her mother in a home of their own—within back-fence calling distance from his own more modest menage.
"Worth stopping for!"

BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!
A mechanical marvel—3 rings of performers—clowns, animals, acrobats, elephants—music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. See it when it visits your city.

You can taste the difference Quality makes

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating—doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try out Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor.

Try Beech-Nut Candies in your favorite flavor. Fruit Drops, Luster Mines, Spice or Assorted.
YOUNG MRS. ROCKEFELLER PILOTS A LOW-WING MONOPLANE

Mrs. John W. Rockefeller, Jr., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, windbreaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and fly a thousand!"

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
- Mrs. J. Garthwaite Coolidge 2nd, Boston
- Mrs. Chiwewel Dabney Langborne, Virginia
- Mrs. Jasper Morgan, New York
- Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
- Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, Pasadena
- Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, New York

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

The Corinthian Room at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."
Vill Marriage
In Loretta Young’s Film Career?
How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

It creeps up on you without warning... this heart-breaking "Middle-Age" Skin!
You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.
So right now is the time to watch out... to take this simple precaution advised by beauty experts.
Use Palmolive Soap regularly, for Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse.
Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

Does the soap you are now using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?
You know that Palmolive is made only from real beauty ingredients... a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils.
That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!
What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this famous beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?
Hollywood's Drama of Time

SCENE
The "First Night" film Capitol of the World—Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Hollywood!

EVENT
Premiere of a feature film!

CHARACTERS
The Elite of Motion Pictures, Stars, Directors, Producers!

COSTUMES
The most luxurious gowns, wraps, furs, jewels and men's evening dress that Paris, London, New York and Hollywood can offer!

TIMEPIECES
Longines Watches—almost without exception!

The movie—great work, play and live—by schedule. For—in producing and directing, in social life and publicity—time is the essence of the contract!

On the lot and off, Stars demand Longines accuracy on which to schedule their busy lives. Stars know why Longines Watches hold ten World's Fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and more observatory accuracy awards than any other watch. Moviedom knows Longines, too, as the timepiece of famous flyers and the International Federation of Aviation's official watch for timing world's records. No other name on a watch means so much as—Longines, leading fine watch in metropolitan Los Angeles as well as in 77 world capitals.

See the magnificent 1937 styles in men's and women's Longines Wrist Watches, priced from $35 to $3,500 at selected jewelers. They include replicas of the Longines Watches made with diamond-jewelled, solid gold movements in honor of the Coronation of Their Majesties George VI and Elizabeth. All Longines Watches contain the same famous Longines Observatory quality movement, no matter how inexpensive or costly the case you select.

Booklet of 1937 Longines Watches will be sent on request.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER COMPANY, Inc., NEW YORK

LONGINES

Pronounced "Lon-jeen" 

The World's Most Honored Watch

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention June Motion Picture
Positively The Most Hilarious Picture You've Ever Seen!!!

EVEN LAUGH IS TESTED BY THE MARX MIRTH METER BEFORE WE GIVE IT TO YOU! WE PANICKED THEM IN PITTSBURG! THEY CHUCKLED IN CHICAGO! MY FRIENDS AND CONSTITUENTS, YOU'LL LOVE IT!!

DOSA RIGHT, BOSS! IF "NIGHT AT THE OPERA" WAS HILARIOUS THIS IS SOOPER-HOOPER-DOOPER HILARIOUS!

THE MARX BROS
A DAY AT THE RACES

Hear these new song hits:
"All God's Chillun Got Rhythm", "On Blue Venetian Waters", "A Message from the Man in the Moon" and "Tomorrow Is Another Day"

with Allan JONES • Maureen O'SULLIVAN
A SAM WOOD PRODUCTION • Produced by Lawrence Weingarten
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
THE LOWDOWN ON MARY ASTOR

No star in Hollywood has received more publicity than Mary Astor...and some of it hasn't been very pleasant. She's a star with strong convictions. Being spirited, she is the type that makes news. She makes her own life...and lives it. Just recently she married again. And her newfound happiness is augmented over being cast opposite Ronald Colman in The Prisoner of Zenda. In the July number of MOTION PICTURE you have a chance to get acquainted with the new Mary Astor...who gives the lowdown on herself. The issue is on sale at all newsstands. Have your dealer save your copy for you!

You'll see her...you'll love her...you'll nominate her the screen's loveliest. She dances; she sings; she romances; she wins her way into your heart. Watch for the glorious, glamorous ANNA NEAGLE in Herbert Wilcox's "Backstage" and other forthcoming GB releases.

One by one the athletic champs take to the movies—the latest being Helen Wills Moody who will make films for 20th-Fox

IF YOU ever feel like getting all riled up at Ol' Man Tattler because he’s just dished you up a tasty morsel of Li’l Danny Cupid’s Hollywood snuggling—and then, before you’ve barely finished reading it, it all blows up and goes pfft! (like that!)—why be a little bit kind-hearted.

Because here’s the answer to how easy it is to keep up with Hollywood’s Love-Life: A recent survey, just completed in Hollywood by a group of newspaper syndicate analysts, proves that the average “affair of the heart” in Hollywood lasts just four months and 15 days! Then it goes blooooy!! To arrive at the figure, the researchers took 100 typical Hollywood romances, and checked the outcome. Of the 100, only 12 eventuated at the altar! The other 88 blew up. And in more than 90 per cent of the blowups, the reason was that some other He or She stepped into the picture.

However—ah, this is sweet!—in exactly 92 per cent of the busted romances, both Boy and Girl caroled that “we’re still gooood friends ...”

And now, having told you the horrid inside, Ol’ Man Tattler’ll get busy again with another load of Who’s-Whose and Who Ain’t, before the president of the blue-nose society of where-zis points to the figures to prove what a nasty old place Hollywood is.

(FUNNIEST love mixup in Hollywood, for the moment, is the merry-go-round that involves Tyrone Power, as head man (and WHAT a man!), and a lot of other fellers and gals ... Up to not so long ago, Sonja Henie considered Tyrone all hers. Sonja even let undeny the reports that it’d soon be wedding bells. And then Loretta Young stepped into the picture. Now, Loretta is famous in Hollywood for getting what she wants, and when she wants a man, she wants him. Loretta, meeting Tyrone during production of the several pictures they’ve made together, suddenly decided she liked him, oh, so much—and told all her friends so. She told Tyrone, too. Since then, it’s been open warfare, on and about the 20th Century-Fox lot, between Sonja and Loretta, with Tyrone the prize. That is, the gals hope he’ll be the prize. Tyrone, confidentially, hopes nothing of the kind. Because Tyrone doesn’t want to get married for years and years yet. That, however, doesn’t stop Loretta and Sonja.

[Continued on page 8]
In One Thrill-Packed Night
YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

Mark Twain's immortal tale of RED-BLOODED ADVENTURE is yours with its thousand
thrills now! . . . It's as exciting, as breathless, as amazing as the strange adventures of
the two lads whose story has long stood first in the hearts of the world's readers!

WARNER BROS. present:

PRINCE and
THE PAUPER

with

ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MACLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS

☆ BILLY & BOBBY ☆
Patric Knowles - Montague Love
Fritz Leiber - Donald Crisp
Alan Hale - Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

BOBBY - THE PRINCE

Seven months to film
in the world's greatest
motion picture studios!

BILLY - THE PAUPER

Watch for Mark Twain's
beloved story at your
local theatre soon!

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE MOTION PICTURE
Paul Muni, Luise Rainer and Frank Capra are pictured at the Motion Picture Academy award dinner held recently in Los Angeles—with the gold statuettes they each received for being the most outstanding actor, actress and director for 1936.

[Continued from page 6]

The battle leaves poor Eddie Sutherland out in the shivery cold, and he’s carrying a high and flaming torch for Loretta. Eddie all but had her at the altar, before she encountered Tyrone. However, Eddie’s friends and Loretta’s, too, are all betting that when (and if) the battle over Tyrone doesn’t go Loretta’s way, she’ll be back with Eddie again—and the wedding bells will ring for them, after all.

Not simplifying the picture at all is the fact that pretty Alice Faye is also in Tyrone’s life. Alice had the inside track to Tyrone before either Sonja or Loretta got all steamed up about him—and today, Tyrone still turns to Alice for relief, when he “wants to get away from it all.” Alice always provides him a lot of good old Irish laughter. And also, bear in mind that Alice calls Tyrone’s mother “Mom.”

Giggle some fringes of the love-maneuvering that whirs around the Tyrone-Loretta-Sonja mixup include things like this: Eddie Sutherland, maybe hoping to make Loretta jealous, squires Florence Rice to a nite club, discovers himself and her sitting at a table right next to the one where Loretta and Tyrone are tete-a-teteing!—and at the table on the other side, Florence’s ex-boy-friend, Phillips Holmes, with some other gal. . . . Ah, me, this Hollywood!!!

Cupid’s Couplets:
Olivia de Havilland and Phil Huston:
That’s where Danny Cupid’s roostin’ . . .

If it keeps up, they’ll have to rename Brentwood’s main street “Lovers’ Lane of Movieland.” It’s where Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, still

[Continued on page 10]
LADY ESTHER ANNOUNCES TWO, NEW MAGICAL SHADES OF FACE POWDER!

Two Amazing New Shades That Are Literally Transforming in the Beauty They Give You Under the Most Searching Sunlight or the Unkindest Artificial Light!

By Lady Esther

Two new shades of face powder, the like of which you have never before seen!

Two new shades that give face powder a magic that has never before been known!

To look at these shades in the box you would just think them two new strange shades of face powder. You would never imagine them to have any marvelous effect.

But they are literally transforming! They do things for you that face powder has never been known or dreamed to do. (I do not merely claim this, I have proved it on the skins of more than 10,000 women.)

These shades impart the full magic of color.

They do not confine themselves to your skin or your face. They extend themselves to your whole personality. They definitely flirt. They definitely "glamorize." They create a new "YOU"!

They are striking examples of the power of color!

A Dramatic Shade for Day

Daye and Nihite I call these new shades of mine.

Daye is primarily for daytime wear. It is a luscious golden tone, magical in its effect. It is a dramatic shade. It is young and exciting. It gives you the freshness of a Spring mom, the glow of the heart of a rose. It creates a gay beauty that is preserved under the most glaring sunlight.

A Romantic Shade for Night

Nihite is primarily for night-time wear. It is a romantic shade, suggestive of moonlight waters and soft music. It casts a pearly radiance about you. It gives your skin a transparent look, as if the moon shone through it. It creates a soft ethereal beauty that can challenge the most unsympathetic artificial light.

At My Expense

These new face powder shades and their effect can no more be described than can a radiant dawn or a glorious sunset. They have to be seen to be appreciated. That's why I offer to send a liberal trial supply to every woman in America.

Just send me your name and address and by return mail you will receive generous packets of both Daye and Nihite shades. Try on each shade, Daye during the day and Nihite at night. See what each does! Step up your appearance, your whole appeal. You will be more than surprised and delighted with what your mirror shows you and your friends tell you.

Mail coupon today for your free packets of my new Daye and Nihite shades of face powder.
GANTNER
Floating Bra

Above... Peacot rests on a wool matelasse, $6.55
Left... Persian wool with a separate skirt, $8.95
Others... $3.95 to $9.75

If you wear a bra in a formal,
... you need Floating Bra on the beach!

Whatever your figure... this semi-detached inner uplift makes you modern and glamorous! Floating Bra cups under the breast, lifting your bustline smartly. Slims your waist! Narrows your hips! Eliminates embarrassing sagging, wobbling or slumping! Floating Bra is exclusive with Gantner swim suits.

At smarter stores everywhere... or write for measure, weight, choice of colors. (Style book upon request. Canadians, write us.)

GANTNER & MATTEN CO., Dept. G
San Francisco  Mtlc. Mart, Chicago  310 Boley, N. Y.

Fernand Gravet, who resembles the Duke of Windsor—but rides his horse better, poses as the well-dressed equestrian

[Continued from page 8]

Hollywood's dowiest couple, live in perpetual honeymoon. Recent visitors include the Gary Coopers. Most recent are Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. Why, the air over Brentwood simply just quivers with loo-oo-oo-ove! Incidentally, to make it all kosher, Allan Jones, having married Irene Hervey, has also legally adopted Irene's baby. That makes him doubly papa to her.

WAYNE MORRIS (Warner Brothers consider him their own private rober-taylor) is a smart young lad—so far. He's playing the field. Today, the gossipers have whispered that the real truth is that he's "that way" about (a) Shirley Lloyd, (b) Ann Borg, (c) Jane Bryan. Ol' Man Gossip reports that the Real Truth is that Wayne is "that way" mostly about his career. And he realizes that romance-gos-sip is grand publicity. Smart lad, Wayne.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Melvin Purvis and Janice Jarrett:
They're so thrilled they can hardly bear it...!

MOST Peripatetic Heart in Hollywood must be Cary Grant's. Right now, it's mostly in Ginger Rogers' keeping. Ginger is the latest beef crush of the handsome lad who's been described by his inmates as a fall guy for romance. Cary, working on the RKO lot in The Toast of New York, finds himself shooting on the stage next to the one where Ginger is working. So much of the time, Cary's man and Ginger's maid carry notes back and forth. And between shots, and during lunch hour, Cary doesn't bother sending notes back and forth—he just sends himself forth to visit Ginger. He even squired Ginger to Hollywood's latest premiere—the glamorous Lost Horizon opening night, and police had to clear a way through the crowds so Ginger and Cary could get into the theatre. Meantime, Mary Brian lunches and dances with other swains while she waits for Cary to come back. He always does.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Delmar Daves and Kay Francis:
They'll soon be wed, y'can bet your pances!

Paulette Goddard, whose marriage to Chaplin has never been denied, affects short shorts—to show her "dietrichs"
NOW that the June Lang-Victor Orsatti romance, which got so close to the altar that the organist was virtually playing the opening bars of Mr. Mendelssohn's music, is all washed up and colder than a bride's dinner, the principals are forgetting it all with adequate help.

June's help is at last two-fold. Jimmy Dunn helps her a lot. When Jimmy isn't helping her forget, why, it's Tommy Lee who's the chief forgetter-helper. But having gotten too, too far with Victor, June's not letting herself get too, too involved (so far) with either Mr. Lee or Mr. Dunn. June now agrees with mama that altars and careers don't mix. Anyway, not so young.

Meantime, the torch-carrying Mr. Orsatti uses the torch practically to light the nite ways for himself and Simone Simon, who can do his pouting for him. And thus runs the tale of another of those 88 romances that didn't jell into matrimony.

**CUPID'S COUPLETT:**

Monroe Owsley and Claire Windsor:

His charm, it seems, completely wins her.

**ANOTHER** of the 88 per cent-that-didn't was the quick-freeze betrothal of Dixie Dunbar and Bob Levy, New York department store owner. Dixie and Bob got to the engagement-ring-on-her-finger stage. But "it was hardly an engagement at all," naively adds Dixie, "because I wore his ring only for a very few days and then returned it before Mr. Levy went back-east... I!"

So now Bob's back east, with an engagement ring he can use on anybody else he pleases, while back in Hollywood, Dixie's again in circulation, with Ol' Faithful Bill Davis still holding head-man position. Bill, while Dixie was Levying, consolded himself with nite life with Patricia Wilder—but he didn't neglect to send flowers and a gift radio to Dixie, Levy or no Levy! Dixie, by the way, says the chief trouble between her and Bob was that he'd want her to live in New York after they'd wed! And how could she do that, with Bill out in Hollywood...!

**CUPID'S COUPLETT:**

Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable:

Gonna get married as soon as she's able.

And that'll be on and after December 18, which is the birthday on which Betty becomes 21. "And by December 20th," she tells me, "I'll be Mrs. Jackie Coogan." And that'll wind up an engagement endurance flight that's set a record in Hollywood, where a few days is a long betrothal, usually. Betty and Jackie have been engaged for centuries—but the reason they haven't made it official has been that in Betty's RKO contract, there's a non-marriage clause that doesn't expire until Betty's 21.

**TWOSOMES:**

—Marguerite Cramer, of San Francisco's "400," finds Lyle Talbot too divine—Bill Boyd and Hazel Forbes still warming up the surroundings, but denying wedding-bells intent, oh, yeah?—Mary Garden and [Continued on page 62]
Doctors know the TRUTH about laxatives—do you?

IN PROTECTING your health, the doctor makes no compromise with quality. Every drug or serum he uses must meet strict standards of purity and strength.

Even for a little thing like a laxative, the doctor has a definite set of requirements. Before giving a laxative his approval he considers it from every angle to make sure that it meets his demands.

Read the specifications listed below. Will your laxative check on every point?

THE DOCTOR’S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should not form a habit.
It should not over-act.
It should not cause stomach pains.
It should not nauseate, or upset digestion.

Go right down the list. Ex-Lax checks on every point. It meets the doctor’s demands fairly and fully. So much so, in fact, that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes.

Ex-Lax has literally millions of friends. It is the most widely-used laxative in the world.

LET EX-LAX PROVE ITS OWN CASE

Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You will find that it is mild and gentle. You will find that Ex-Lax is not upsetting. Yet it is completely effective. Moreover, you will appreciate the pleasant sense of well-being that follows such a thorough internal cleansing.

Your children, too, can share in these advantages. For the requirements set up by the doctor are doubly important to a child.

Once you try Ex-Lax, you’ll say good-bye to harsh, nasty cathartics, for it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in economical 10c and 25c sizes.

FREE! If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. F667, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ThePictureParade

Card Index of the Latest Movies

Quality Street

All the charm and whimsy of Barrie’s period play is retained in the screen version of Quality Street, produced by Pandro Berman for RKO. Miss Helen Hayes, who has never been seen to better advantage, is given the leading role. The fact that this play is set in the early nineteenth century doesn’t detract from its comedy value for us moderns.

Katharine Hepburn, in the leading role, has never been seen to better advantage. The film is a triumph of her talents in Little Women. The fact that this play is set in the early nineteenth century doesn’t detract from its comedy value for us moderns.

The comedy value of this production stems from the fact that the story is told with great simplicity. The acting is excellent, and the settings are beautiful. The result is a delightful film that will appeal to all ages.

Ex-Lax

The Original Chocolate Laxative

When Nature forgets—remember EX-LAX

[Continued on page 14]
A DASHING young guy this Philip Huston! Just one look at his past record is enough to convince one that he knows his way about and can do most anything... When he was fifteen, he ran away from school and joined the crew of an old time windjammer... the experience was more than just a lark to young Phil... he loved the sea and stayed aboard the schooner till he had seen everything there was to see on her various cruises... before he quit he had more than nine months before the mast to his credit... The next job that took Phil's fancy was a place on the road gang... From there Phil went to life-guarding at an east coast resort, then to professional baseball... But Phil was restless, and none of these jobs would fill the ambitions that were his... but when he was offered a job clerking on Wall Street, he grabbed the opportunity, for it meant excitement and living in New York... And glamorous it was for Phil, for it was there that he met Ginger Rogers just when he was coming up in the theatrical world... Ginger was appearing in Girl Crazy at the time... Phil admired Ginger very much and his friendship with her brought him into close contact with the theatre and decided him on a stage career... Phil's first job on the stage was with a little "one night stand" company... It all came about when Phil walked into an agent's office and was told by the agent that he was just the man he was looking for... in the next few months he saw every town from Maine to Florida... Phil says that the experience he thus gained has been invaluable to him because, every night meant facing a new audience in a new town... Of course, this was not what Phil wanted, so, when he thought he had gained enough experience, he beat his way back to New York with a wealth of experience to his credit... Phil's first engagement on Broadway was in The Unknown Soldier and it was in this play that he received his first film offer... "Just walk across the stage once on Broadway," says Phil, "and they'll spot you and offer you a film contract." Of course, it isn't as easy as all that, but it probably was for Phil, for such is his appearance and manner... In rapid succession followed plays in which Phil was leading man to Jane Cowl, Ina Claire and Ethel Barrymore... Phil was signed later to play the lead in RKO's, The Big Game, without even so much as a screen test... After the picture was previewed he was signed to a long term contract... As to Phil's personal likes and dislikes, he enjoys baseball and plenty of it... As to his looks, he's just about what the doctor ordered... six feet tall, weight 170 pounds, has brown eyes and dark hair.
Home Made
Ice Cream
Is the Grandest Treat of All

- The most wholesome kind of frozen food is old-fashioned Home Made Ice Cream. The freezing, the serving, and the eating is a peck of fun at a children's party. The second and even the third dish won't hurt them a bit.

Plan a party for sister's or brother's birthday and make it a howling success with Home Made Ice Cream.

Your local dealer has all the new freezer models on display now.

"Have a Party"

IT'S FUN

BUY A FREEZER
at your
HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
DARLING:

THIS monthly fashion-letter to you gives me a
grand excuse for having myself a good time.
You wanted to know about resort clothes, didn't
you? That meant I had to go to Palm Springs
for the weekend. And what a weekend! (But that
has nothing to do with clothes, so skip it.) But in
between all that, I did stay clothes-conscious and
find out a lot of things for you! About shoes, and
trick belts, and summer colors—so here goes: ... It
was at the Racquet Club that I found most of the
gals—playing tennis, drinking long cool drinks,
or just lazing. Gloria Swanson was the first person
I spotted—probably because she was the smartest
looking one there. Gloria was wearing a sports-
dress of dove-grey crepe, brightened by a sash and
turban of Roman stripe silk in bright, gold, green
and white. She was in the middle of a group of
women and as usual they were discussing clothes.

I ARRIVED just in time to hear Gloria tell of a
new belt she has—made of brown kid; it fastens
with heavy metal chains. The chains are exactly
the kind you use on the front door to keep the
salesmen out, only Gloria's are gold-plated and
slip into matching gold brackets. That started it—
Rochelle Hudson slipped off her belt, which she
was wearing around a natural-color linen dress, to
show us how it was made. Rochelle's belt is of cork—
cut in flat oval-shaped pieces and held together with
bright red leather things. And listen—Rochelle
can keep that for her dress, but I'm going to try it
on my loathing suit. What do you think?

SIMONE SIMON joined the clothes-session and
showed us one of the most practical gadgets I've
seen for a long time. Simone's grey sports-dress
(looks grey-green) and good hat (for spring and
summer) was brightened by a green suede belt, fast-
ernented to the dress in the usual manner. But—on the
silver dagger belt, which came on the silver box, to
show us how it was made. Simone's hat is of cork—
cut in flat oval-shaped pieces and held together with
bright red leather things. And listen—Rochelle
can keep that for her dress, but I'm going to try it
on my loathing suit. What do you think?

I HAD to leave the belt-conference, because I
saw that Madame Evans was over by the tennis
court—and Madame has more clothes ideas than 'most
any two people I know. Right then she was wearing a
tip length coat and vest of copper suede over a
white crepe skirt, with blue blouse. A sports hat of
the same blue twined as the skirt, and a blue scarf,
completed her costume ... Madame told me that
after she had donned her complete summer ward-
robe, she found that all her costumes were blue.
She already has five different blues, and thinks it
is fun to see just how many shades of this color
can collect.

FRANCES DRAKE had just finished playing
tennis and came over to talk to us while she
repaired her makeup-up with the help of the niftiest
branding I've seen this month. The bag is of
bright red pigskin, and is in two sections. One
half is just an ordinary pocketbook—nothing to
get excited about. But the other side has com-
partments for cigarettes, all possible beauty needs,
and a mirror that you can really see yourself in.

FROM the tennis court I wandered back into the
shadow of the club-house. And there I found
Alice Faye looking as cool as that over-publicized
cucumber. You know Alice's very favorite color
is black—and she told me that she thinks it's just as
good as any color for Spring—if you brighten it
up. And after one look at her, I agree. Alice
was wearing a black linen dress—cut in simple
princess lines and looped straight down the front
from neck to hem. The buttons supplied the color—
bright blue butterflies in the shape of flower
petals—blossoms and all.

SPEAKING of flowers—have you ever worn them
on your feet? Sounds silly, but that was what
Una Merkel was doing that afternoon. Una was
wearing a bright print dress, and her sandals
were covered with the same print. I sort of gasped
when I saw them, but Una told me that was noth-
ing—she has several print dresses made for spring
and they all have shoes to match ... Lynne
Carver was wearing eye-opening shoes, too. Lynne
also had on a bright colored print—mostly blue, and her
shoes were fashioned of strips of suede, in all the

[Continued on page 17]

THE TRUE STORY OF COSMETICS

TOLD BY DONA RAY

Truth will out! At last, you can find out what goes into your creams, lot-
tions and powders. You have a right to know—and now, comes Dona Ray
— bringing her charm secrets out into the open — printing the ingredients
of every product on the label.

Your beautician knows the chem-
istry of cosmetics. She understands
your skin and she can explain the rea-
son for ingredients used by Dona Ray.
That is why Dona Ray Cosmetics
are sold only in beauty parlors.
Visit your beauty shop often! Between
times—depend on...

Dona Ray

Amazing facts are re-
vealed in the list of in-
gredients printed on the
DONA RAY package. Now
you can be absolutely cer-
tain of your cosmetics.

No dangerous chemi-
cals — no harmful impuri-
ties — no useless materials
in DONA RAY. Everything
that goes into DONA RAY
Products is purpose-
ful, tested, safe. You
may always be absolutely
certain that DONA RAY
Cosmetics are per-
fect — they are benefi-
tial to your skin — they are indis-
ispensable companions
to your charm. Ask your
beauty operator to tell
you about DONA RAY!

FREE! VALUABLE COSMETIC
SECRETS YOU SHOULD KNOW!

Would you like to read a
gay and daring booklet
called "THE MOON IS
MADE OF GREEN CHEESE" — which tells
the inside story of cos-
metics? It's great simply to

Dona Ray, Raymonds, Inc.
Dept. 67, St. Paul, Minn.
HOLD-BOBS

keep your hair

READY FOR A "CLOSE-UP"!

The first lesson that every newcomer to Hollywood learns is that a glamorous hairdress is absolutely essential in every "close-up." That's why Hollywood Stars insist on HOLD-BOBS. They know that HOLD-BOBS are invisible, even under the brilliant Kleigs. They know how securely they stay in place and keep their hair looking as it did the minute it was fixed, even after a long day's work before the camera.

Take a tip from these beautiful actresses. Working, dancing, playing ... keep your hair lovely and ready for a "close-up" at all times with HOLD-BOBS... the only bob pins with so many exclusive features; small, round, invisible heads; smooth, invisible, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs, one side cramped; and colors to match all shades of hair. You'll find HOLD-BOBS sold everywhere—accept no substitutes.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.,
301 W. Goldberg, Racine
1918-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. P-67, Chicago, Ill.

Straight Style HOLD-BOB

Curved Shape Style

Small, Invisible Heads

HOLD-BOB
the perfect bob pin for
the modern hairdresser!

Copyright 1937 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
known shades of blue. (Wait till Madge Evans sees those!) I don’t know whether it was furred shoes or those last few “long ones” but I decided maybe I’d better go back to Hollywood.

And I arrived just in time to get decked out in my party clothes and go to the premiere of Last Horizon—because I knew that was where I would find the evening clothes that you would want to hear about.

ND what glamour I saw! Lovetta Young—does that gal know how to glam—or what! She strolled into the theatre in a gown of cream colored Chantilly lace, carrying a fan! (Only she wasn’t carrying it—it was part of her.) On the fan—also of lace—was pinned a small bouquet of pink camellias and forget-me-nots! And believe me—she got more neck-girling in her direction than any of the you-know-what gowns that entered . . . Joan Crawford was gorgeous in white crepe. (Time out to tell you what Adrian told me—that if you want to get your man, wear white. A woman looks more helpless in it—and that’s what the men like.) To get back to Joan—her gown was Empire in style, with an extremely high waist-line marked simply with a twisted white cord. Over the gown she wore a flaming red bolero jacket of sequins.

I JUST caught a glimpse of Lynne Carver as she went to her seat—but it was enough to show me that she was wearing a period gown, and to complement it, she had tiny sequin-studded bows pinned in her hair. . . . Virginia Bruce also wore “helpless” white—but she added a touch of color to it in her quilted velvet evening wrap of a gorgeous turquoise shade. And the way that looks with Virginia’s blonde hair! Her bag and open-toed sandals matched the wrap . . . just as the lights went out Betty Furness slipped into the seat beside me—but she didn’t have on a hat! She was wearing a future evening gown—and she whispered to me that it was baptized by her own hands.

Mlle. Chic.

P. S.—I sort of had to put this at the end so it wouldn’t be too much of a shock. Betty Furness is tired of being ridiculed—she goes everywhere, day or night, without a HAT!!

At Basil Rathbone’s anniversary party Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald came dressed up as Romeo and Juliet.

LIVING BEAUTY FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

Hollywood Fashion Tips

[Continued from page 15]
**Her Lane Hope Chest gives absolute moth protection!**

SAFE in her Lane Hope Chest are the treasured keepsakes and winter woolens of this famous 20th Century-Fox star. She isn’t taking any chances with the pest that causes more loss in homes than any other thing. For absolute moth protection, store winter’s woolens in a genuine LANE, the cedar chest that gives you a moth insurance policy free. Exclusive Lane features eliminate sticky interiors and insure aroma-tight construction. New, superbly styled Lane Chests are now on display. See these ideal gifts for girl graduates and brides at your Lane dealer’s store.

The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. 6, Altavista, Virginia.

**Canadian Distributors:** Know-Vo’s Ltd., Hanover, Ont.

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**On the Sets with the Stars**

One of the many vivid war scenes in *The Road Back* shows German soldiers returning to the Fatherland. A sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front*, made by Universal.

**NO CREAM-PUFF when it comes to love-making is Spencer Tracy. Ask Gladys George!** His first love scene in six months for Tracy came when, for M-G-M’s *They Gave Him a Gun*, he meets Gladys on a street, grabs her, kisses her. So earnestly did Spencer do the kissing that Gladys came out of the scene with a lip so swollen that she couldn’t continue until they applied ice. But she got square. Next scene called for Gladys to smack Tracy’s pan for the kiss. Did she smack? MMMM — MMMM!!! In the same picture, you’ll see an old army truck, carrying Tracy, Franchot Tone, along a French street. That truck’ll bring a twinge to your heart if you recognize it—it’s the same one that carried Jack Gilbert away from Renee Adoree in the memorable *Big Parade*.

**MIRIAM HOPKINS** works, but she doesn’t ask her feet to do the same. So, starting *The Women’s Touch* for Sam Goldwyn, Miriam showed up, as usual, with her rabbit-fur-lined slippers. Except in long shots where her feet show, Miriam wears the slippers throughout shooting. Today, after several weeks of shooting, Miriam is off noodles for life. Scene called for her to eat noodles out of a Thermos container, the idea being she hasn’t eaten for 48 hours, and has just found the noodles. After four takes, she cried “I’ve eaten too much!” Cried the directors: “I noodle you would!”

---

**"KISSING," says Donrue Leighton, asked to kiss Edward Everett Horton, "is like spinach. Either you like it, or you don’t." She didn’t. So for Universal’s Oh, Doctor! she refused Director McCarey’s orders to kiss Horton. Finally they told her she could kiss William Hall, too. Then she relented to this extent—for rehearsals, a stand-in did the kissing. For the actual take, Miss Leighton condescended—provided there’d be no retakes. Not knowing whether to be insulted or not, Horton and Hall kissed a good take. Still insisted Donrue: “I don’t like kissing!”

---

**FOR Columbia’s Honeymoon Pilot, California’s fog played a mean trick. Two private planes, rented for the film, were painted tan to stimulate border-patrol planes. Not to damage the rented planes, Columbia technicians used water color. Up went the planes, to do their stuff for the camera in the camera-plane beside them. All went well until they plunged into a fog bank. On the other side they emerged—but the fog had wiped the tan paint clean off!**
HAYS office guarding-our-moals

HAYS office guarding-our-moals

note: For Universal's Oh, Doctor! Edward Everett Horton and
William Hall were made to don bath-
ing-suit uppers for a sequence, instead of
goings, as do all male bathers in
California b e a c h e s, in swimming
shorts alone. The HAYS office insisted
on draping the manly Horton and
Hall torsos fearing for their effect on
the mind of youth otherwise . . . !!!!
Of Sex-Menace Horton, they call him
now.

FOR her Warners' film One Hour of
Romance, Kay Francis had to take weeks
of dancing lessons. Not that she doesn't
know her rhumba, et al. But for the film
she has to dance the mazurka, of all things.
And because there are eight different kinds
of mazurkas, Kay had plenty of stepping to
do. For the same film, Warners were in
a quandary. Cast as Kay's daughter was
Anita Louise. But she looked too old, or
Kay looked too young, so they had to switch
Jane Bryan into the role instead. Kay's
complimented, but Anita doesn't know
whether to feel insulted or not.

PRODUCTION Notes . . . for
20th-Fox's Seventh Heaven, eight
newboys were hired for a week to tear
up newspapers for the scene showing
the armistice celebration . . . for the
first time in her screen career, Bette
Davis sings, in Warners' Kid Galahad
. . . costing over $1,600, a dress made
entirely of beads will be worn by
Marlene Dietrich in Paramount's
The Angel . . . because they were
afraid the yell would start a panic in
the audience, Laurence Olivier's cry of
"Fire! Fire!" was deleted by censors
from Fire Over England . . . Clark
Gable's death scene in Parnell at
M-G-M was the most perfect take of
all, with mouse-like silence on the set.
until, just as Clark "died," the sound
man himself burst out with a cough,
necessitated Clark re-dying . . . and
also at M-G-M, for Garbo's Countess
Walewska, they had to lay concrete
over a two-inch-thick base of rubber
for pipe floor and stairs, so that
fifty Cossacks could gallop over it
without making so much noise it'd
wreck the sound machines . . . and to
protect Bob Montgomery, Rosalind
Russell against poison ivy, M-G-M sent
an expert botanist out to location
ahead of the company, to weed out all
poisonous plants from the shanty
where, in Night Must Fall, Bob and
Rosalind do their stuff . . . and be-
cause California frost had done away
with real blossoms, a corps of Para-
mount technicians had to work over-
night peeling rosebuds down to the
size of apple-blossoms, sticking them
on bare apple trees with maple syrup,
to simulate a blossoming orchard for
High, Wide and Handsome . . . and if you don't think Walt Disney's first
full-length feature, Snow White and
the Seven Dwarfs, will be some-
THING, I'm telling you that he's
casting the picture carefully, because
for the voices of the cartoon Chief
Dwarf and Witch, respectively, he's
hired no less important players than
Roy Atwill and Lucille La Verne,
to do the talking!

"SLAVE to a SHADE
THAT MAKES YOU
LOOK YEARS OLDER!"

Throw Away
Out-of-Date Notions
About Face Powder Shades and You'll
Wake Up to a New Lovelier You!

Dear Madam:

I don't care what shade of face powder you
are wearing. I know you can't afford to en-
slave your skin with the deadening burden of
a face powder "habit". Habit in small things
is a blessing. But that complexion you worry
about so much isn't a small thing - it's your
most important beauty possibility. And you
can't depend on the same shade of face pow-
der season after season. For as the seasons
roll up behind you your skin changes color.
And a shade that was simply bewitching to
you three months ago may not look so good
any more, when you compare it to a comic "false-face" that makes you
look years older.

What Can You Do?

Throw old notions out the window. And you'll
throw off half a dozen years at the same in-
stant. Forget "name-shades" and "types". For
when every "Brunette" shade is different in
color, how could all of them possibly suit
the same "Brunette"? And the same applies
to other "name-shades" and "types."

Here Is the Easy Solution

The only way for you to free yourself, to find
the shade that makes you look your loveliest
and youngest, is to try all five shades of my
glorious new LOVELY LADY Face Powder.

Remove Years - From Your Appearance

A precious few minutes required to make this
easy experiment will take years off your face
and show you that you have been wearing
the wrong shade face powder all along - just
because of habit when you shouldn't have let
a habit deceive you in a matter of such vital
importance.

LOVELY LADY Face Powder ends "pow-
der-line" and "false-face" appearance. Clings
louger without clogging. Flatters more be-
cause my new BALMITE blending base har-
monizes powder shades more closely with your
natural skin-tones.

I'll supply you with generous vanity size
samplers of all five shades if you'll just send me
the coupon below - and, I promise you
one of the most pleasant surprises of your life.

Sincerely, Lovel Y Lady

FREE

L O V E L Y L A D Y .
665 Washington Blvd., Chicago, III.

Please send free by return mail generous vanity size
samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face
Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY
All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name ..........................................................

City .............................................. State .........

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope

ON SALE AT COSMETIC COUNTERS EVERYWHERE.
"I was run-down—

...looked pale... lacking a keen appetite... was underweight... felt tired."

"What did I do?"

My intuition told me I needed a tonic. Naturally, I am happy and grateful for the benefits S.S.S. Tonic brought me.

You, too, will be delighted with the way S.S.S. Tonic whets up the appetite, improves digestion... restores red-blood-cells to a healthier and richer condition.

Feel and look like your old self again by taking the famous S.S.S. Tonic treatment to rebuild your blood strength... restore your appetite... and make better use of the food you eat.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health... its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven... that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drugstores in twenty convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.

Walter Connolly, June Lang and Vic McLaglen in a dramatic scene from Fox's Nancy Steele Is Missing

Nancy Steele Is Missing—AAA—An intensely human drama based on Charles Frances Cox's story with Victor McLaglen, Walter Connolly, June Lang and Peter Lorre. It has a fresh plot that maintains your interest right up to the thrilling climax. McLaglen, as usual, dominates the film with his dynamic personality. The others are remembered, too, for their effective portrayals.—20th Century-Fox.

The Outcasts of Poker Flat—AAA—Action, comedy and thrills are found aplenty in this adaptation of Bret Harte's story about the gold-mining west and its colorful mining homes. Preston Foster, Jean Mar and Virginia Weidler give superb performances. Don't miss this—it appeals to all the emotions.—Columbia.

Her Husband Lies—AAA—Here is something you can sink your teeth into and take home with you. A good drama, handled expertly by the players. Ricardo Cortez, a gambler, plays a character similar to the famous Arnold Rothstein and does a memorable job. Other members of the cast are Gale Patrick, his wife, Tom Brown, his brother, and Alan Tamiroff, Louis Calhern, Jack Lake, June Martel, et al.—Schulberg-Parranos.

The Great O'Malley—AAA—Pat O'Brien performs in his usual ingratiating manner in the title role. And the supporting cast consisting of Humphrey Bogart, Sylvia Jordon, Fredric Inescort, Donald Crisp and Hubert Cavanough are to be commended for their excellent assistance in making this a warm and interesting photoplay.—Warner Bros.

A Family Affair—AAA—The lack of big names does not detract from its boxoffice appeal. It is human and understandable, portraying the civic and family troubles of plain people. Lionel Barrymore, Spring Byington, Juke Harmer, and Cecilia Parker form the family, and Eric Linden the romantic link.—M-G-M.

Clarence—AAA—This Booth Tarkington story adapted to the films returns all the Tarkington charm and humor. It is well cast and expertly acted by Eugene Pallette, in the title role; Eleanor Whitman, Eugene Pallette, Johnny Downs, Inez Courtney and Charlotte Wynters. It's a swell farce, affording lots of laughs.—Paramount.

Panama and Sam—AAA—Another Booth Tarkington story that makes an interesting movie for adults as well as children. It was expertly guided by William McOwan, who apparently has a deep understanding of children. Billy Mauch, Frank Craven, Spring Byington and Craig Reynolds are applauded for their interesting and sincere interpretations.—Warner Bros.

Midnight Taxi—AA—Cop and counterfeiters hold up murder and an exciting film with Brannan.

ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE . . .

Are yours in the June issue of MOVIE STORY Magazine, with its sparkling story versions of the newest and most important Hollywood pictures.

The Prince and the Pauper, which Warner Bros. will soon release with dash of Errol Flynn as star, is the famous Mark Twain tale retold in vivid and distinctive fashion in MOVIE STORY.

As Good as Married, with John Boles and Doris Nolan, and Kid Galahad, starring Edward G. Robinson and Bette Davis, are two other big pictures that you may read about before seeing in the June issue of MOVIE STORY, on sale at all newsstands May 1 for only TEN CENTS.

Donlevy, Frances Drake, Alan Dinehart, Sig Ruman, Gilbert Roland and others. Although Donlevy is a Roman and Frances Drake a member of the gang, they find a way out and supply a happy ending.—Columbia.

That Man's Here Again—AA—Hugh Herbert and Teddy Hart add considerable enjoyment to this boy meets girl melodrama. Tom Brown and Mary McCarthy, a newcomer, are the young romantics, while Joseph King supplies the touch of villainy.—Warner Bros.

Song of the City—AA—The Italian fisherman along San Francisco Bay supply the romance and sentiment of this film offering Margaret Lindsay, Jeffery Deans, J. Carrol Naish and Nat Pendleton in the leading roles. There are some pleasing musical interludes, and the locale is very picturesque.—M-G-M.

Girl Loves Boy—AA—The bicycle-built-for-two era forms the background of the story, and the title suggests the gist of the plot. Eric Linden and Cecilia Parker are the young lovers and they are supported by Roger Liveson, Dorothy Peterson and Pedro de Cordoba. It's sweet and sentimental.—Grand National.

Let's Get Married—AA—The attractive feature of this film, the story of which deals with the U.S. Weather Bureau, is the players. Ralph Bellamy, Jta Laume, Walter Connolly and Ronald Dennis perform capably and help to lift this in your estimation.—Columbia.

The Crime Nobody Saw—AA—Murder is a convenience here as it supplies the idea for a mystery for which playwrights, Lew Ayres, Eugene Pallette and Danny Baker were stumped. There are some strange goings-on before the crime is solved, furnishing suspense and comedy. There's also a dash of romance. Other players are Ruth Coleman, Vivienne Osborne and Howard Hickman.—Paramount.

Men in Exile—AA—Richard Purcell and June Travis in the leading roles of a melodrama concerning the escape of a murder suspect. The background is in a mythical republic in Central America which apparently is the excuse for a revolutionary plot, which in turn is excuse for the gun-running racket. Anyway, love overcomes all barriers.—Warner Bros.

Trouble in Texas—AA—Even if you are prejudged against Westerns you will admit that this is entertaining movie fare. It is full of action, featuring romantic roles in the true Western spirit. Tex Ritter is a likable chap and is in good voice; Rita Cordova is the romantic interest.—Grand National.

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Don't Miss

any of the following important pictures which have been previously reviewed in this magazine, if you can help it: A saga of plain living and the soil, The Good Earth spins the life of dramatic China in a faithful reproduction of Pearl Buck's bestselling novel. In its intensified human drama and the grandeur and scope of its spectacular sweep, it ranks as probably the greatest motion picture ever produced. . . . Maid of Salem, an unusual theme in an unusual setting forms the background for a gripping drama presenting Miss Claudette Colbert in the title role. . . . All the superlatives that you’ve been hearing about Last Horizon have been realized. It is a real triumph for actor Ronald Colman, director Frank Capra and Robert Riskin, who adopted the James Hilton novel. . . . Maytime, splendid in every sense of the meaning is M-G-M's musical offering with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in the leading roles in Sigmund Romberg's successful operetta... The King and the Cherub Girl, a delightful comedy with music, introducing to American film audiences Fernand Gravet, long the darling of Continental cinema audiences. . . . Jean Hendlberg is the chorus girl... Silent Barriers, a historical chronicle about our close neighbors, the Canadians, England put itself out in producing this film of their dominion across the sea and you have a lavish and spectacular epic film.

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention June MOTION PICTURE 21
At right is the map of your Movieland Tour. Both vacation trips, July 11, and August 8, have the same itinerary.

Fay Wray gives cocktail party for Tourists on second trip.

One of the vistas you'll see on new Red Lodge Highway.

You'll visit Paramount studios and their stars.

**All Roads Lead to Hollywood!**

Here's Your CHANCE to MEET the STARS on OUR MOVIELAND TOUR!

HOLLYWOOD beckons you with its great studios, its famous night spots, its glamorous stars, as reservations for the Third Annual Movieland Tour pour in! The first section will leave Chicago July 11th for a two weeks' trip to the Coast and back. On the way to Hollywood you will be taken through the Minnesota Lake Country, through the Dakota Bad Lands and on into the Sioux country where the Indians will entertain you for a day of thrilling adventure.

Each day of travel brings you nearer and nearer to Hollywood. You leave the train for a motor trip at Red Lodge, Montana—and climb right to the top of the Rockies. The panoramic sweep along this Red Lodge Highway is breath-taking in its magnificence. You travel on to see the vistas of Mt. Rainier National Park in Washington where buses give you a close-up of America's grandest peak. And on to Seattle and a boat ride up Puget Sound. You pass through Oregon and another bus ride takes you over the Columbia River Highway before you catch the train for the trip into California—where, after visiting San Francisco with its new 8-mile bridge and its Golden Gate bridge, Chinatown, the Presidio, Golden Gate Park and other points of interest, you are speeding South to Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The above is the condensed picture of what you will see on this glorious vacation. The free booklet, which will be sent to you upon application to W. F. Hagemann, Movieland Tour Manager, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 360 North Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, tells you much more. Be sure to send for it.

So once more, MOTION PICTURE Magazine makes it possible for you to visit Hollywood on an all-expense tour, at an astonishingly low cost, to hob-nob with the stars and enjoy the thrill of "doing" Hollywood as no other visitors are privileged to do.

MOTION PICTURE Magazine has made arrangements for a program of exciting events, and everything is ready for the two 1937 Tours—one to leave Chicago July 11th, the second to leave for the round trip to movieland on August 8th.

As we said, the reservations are pouring in. But you still have time to make your reservations on one of these trips which will carry you to the magic city of Hollywood. The tours can accommodate around two hundred vacationists—so the sooner you make your reservations the better you'll be rewarded with accommodations.

[Continued on page 25]
Hollywood's Trick Parties

BIGGEST Party of the Month in movieland was that "All Skates Night" shindig thrown, jointly, by Ginger Rogers and millionaire-racing horse owner Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, who during his Hollywood stay was the girls' delight. Ginger and Ali (as well-liked and as unsociable a son of Welsh as Hollywood has ever seen) took over the Kellerm airline, near M-G-M studios in Culver City, for the affair. To the party came 400 guests. After the party, at least 350 of them had black and blue spots when they skated on other things besides skates. It was Ginger- and Ali's idea that an hour of skating would be enough. So they hired a dance band and decided that after that hour, everybody'd de-skate, and dance the night out. R.T.D. was too much fun, and at 2 a.m., everybody was still skating! The heavy hand played, but nobody bothered with dancing. Even when long tables were set up on the skating floor for buffet supper, the 400 kept skating, snatched their food as they whirled by. That was no mean trick, when you realize that one of the features was screwy skaters! Skating costumes ran, for the most part, to slacks. Among those who bumped themselves on the yonkows were Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford, Harold Lloyd, Jimmy Cagney, Hank Fonda, Jack Oakie, Eddie Lowe, Freddie March, Connie Bennett, Kay Francis, Mary Brian, Anita Louise, Simone Simon, Loretta Young, Cary Grant.

CUTEST Party of the month was the picnic—uh, bubs, picnic time is here!—of Clark Gable and (of course!) Carole Lombard, and Gail Patrick and Gail's boyfriend, Robert Cobb. They took along a huge picnic basket packed with everything it takes to make a picnic box. Also (and this IS a Hollywood wrinkle in picnicning!) they took along, in a trailer, two horses—"Pride" and "Sonny," owned by Clark and Bob. At a ranch near the picnic spot in a canyon, some fifty miles from Hollywood, two more horses were hired for Carole and Gail. Hot spot of the afternoon was the goat-lassoing contest between Gail and Clark. Gail won, because she got Clark's goat as well as the goat they were roping.

Screwiest Wedding-Party of the Month was the one that gave for Habsburg Cavanaugh. Oh, yes, Habsburg was married 20 years ago. That's the tricky part of it. It was comedian Walter Catlett's idea to give the party—an all-stag affair—for the pre-post-warming of the Cavanaghings' moving into an Encino ranch house. Feature of the party was the wedding bouquet—bouquets of the valley, garden, all done up in white satin and lace, given to Cavanaugh. He looked so delightfully silly with it that they made him carry it throughout the affair. But they gave him real gifts, too, for the Cavanaugh house—silver service, towels, electric clock, lace tablecloth, garden furniture, even a pick and shovel. And from Guy Kibbee, a mop and broom done up like a Christmas tree. Cavanaugh insists he felt like a bride. Food?—sure, good only things food: chili con carne, spaghetti, wine.

Peppiest Party of the Month brought together no film stars, but did bring together a lot of their children. One of Hollywood's biggest executives threw the party for his daughter, and present were Jack L. Warner, Chief John H. Moore, Miriam, Walter Winchell's Waldo, Cora Sue Collins, and lots of others. Mickey Mouse costumes ran. First, Coco Cat's second, chows third. The hostess, little Judith, was prettied out in a spring dress of apple green sprinkled with roses. Top spot of the party were the birthday cake, which vanished in seconds, and the wishing well, where the kids made a wish, grabbed, and got all manner of gifts.

Production Parties included Director Anatole Litvak's party—a dinner party at Travolter's, instead of the customary party on the lot—in honor of the cast of his picture, The Woman I Love. Present, of course, was Miriam Hopkins, regarded by all Hollywood as the "woman Litvak loves." Paul Muni played the piano and proved that he's a wizard at it. Miriam went into a Charleston, of all things. D'ady Christians, Sterling Holloway and Doodles Weaver did a trio of comedy songs. Vince Barnett raced everybody. And then they gave Litvak a present—a handsome desk set including a leather-bound volume of the stories from the picture and also a cartoon from the sets makers in the prop department—because they were the busiest of all, producing all the prop Litvak demanded for the sets scenes in the film. Another Production Party was thrown at Universal for Director Hal Mohr, for the cast of his picture, Knowing that Hal's wife, Evelyn Venable, was expecting a little Mohr, the cast—Virginia Bruce, Kent Taylor, Walter Brennan, etc.—got together and gave Mohr a baby-shower—booties, dresses, woolens, hats and things too numerous and too Hollywood to mention.

You tell her, Edith

Who, me? Never! Let Jane do it

"NO, I CANT. YOU TELL HER, MADGE"

"Not me. I let Doris do it."

"Why should I? Anne's the one"

JOAN must be told! But who will tell her—and how? No wonder each one of her friends tries to pass the problem on to the next one! It's a hard, thankless thing to tell a girl that she is personally unpleasant to be with on account of underarm perspiration odor. It seems inexplicable that she should have to be told, in these modern days! It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe all day, every day, in just half a minute. With Mum! Harmless to clothing. You can use this dainty deodorant cream any time, you know—after dressing, just as well before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your under-arms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Another important thing—Mum does not prevent the natural perspiration itself—just the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

Are you making it uncomfortable for your friends by your own carelessness? Play fair with them and yourself by making Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.
Q. What is the highest price ever paid for a picture story?
A. Columbia just paid $200,000 for the screen right to the Broadway play, You Can’t Take It With You. This is $40,000 more than the previous top. M-G-M paid $100,000 for Fannie Hurst’s Dark Laughter.

Q. How large is Bob Taylor’s fan mail?
A. Since Camille has been released, his fan mail has jumped to about 10,000 letters weekly.

Q. In College Holiday, in the minstrel number, the chorus girls went from white to blackface right before your eyes and apparently without a break in the film. How was this accomplished?
A. The girls wore red wigs, had a red make-up on their faces, and there was a red filter over the lens of the camera because red photographs black.

Q. When a scene in a church is shown on the screen, does that mean that a motion picture company, with its camera and crew and paraphernalia, invaded the sanctity of a real church to get the shot?
A. No. While studios insist upon authentic background whenever possible, they never invade a religious edifice and transform it into a movie set. And this gesture of respect costs the studios thousands of dollars annually in building big church sets. When you see Racketeers in Exile, notice the tabernacle. This set covered nearly an acre at Columbia; its auditorium seated 1,200 people and included a rostrum, choir loft, pipe organ and public address system. And within a half mile radius of Columbia Studios are several real churches that would have served the purpose. But when Hollywood needs a church for the screen, it is built.

Q. How much does Hollywood spend a year making pictures?
A. The 1937 schedule is in the neighborhood of $175,000,000.

Q. When did Hal Roach begin making pictures?
A. On January 8, 1914, with a bankroll of $850, Hal Roach started his career as producer. He is now only 45 years of age. His first contract with this industry came in 1912, when he worked for Universal for $25 a week. Today, his studio represents an investment of more than three million dollars.

Q. About how many players, here to unknown, really rose to stardom heights during 1936? And who are they?
A. I should say about six. They are Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen, Errol Flynn, Robert Taylor, Olivia De Havilland and Simone Simon. Luise Rainer became a star, but she was not obscure when she came to Hollywood, having achieved considerable fame abroad.

Q. Are the custard pies, eggs, soapsuds, and the other things used for slapstick catastrophes in comedies genuine?
A. The custard pies are genuine, and sometimes an egg is an egg. If it is necessary for the egg to splatter exceedingly, the shell is filled with regular household “butterwhip” which is used in frosting cakes. Bob Saunders, an expert in such things, has spent fourteen years figuring out how mortar, soapsuds, cakes of soap, flypaper, etc., may be made of something which will stick to the greasepaint, be absolutely non-injurious and taste good.
All Roads Lead To Hollywood!

[Continued from page 22]

Send for the free booklet now. It describes the trip, the cost and the complete program. A coupon appears on page 22 for your convenience in ordering this booklet.

Note the map in this article—and the expanse of scenic America it takes in. Once you reach Hollywood you will be there for four exciting days—Tuesday through Wednesday. Right to the door of the Hotel Clark in the heart of downtown Los Angeles you will be motored from your train. Your cinema capital home is right in the midst of Los Angeles' theatrical and shopping district, close by Pershing Square.

You arrive Sunday morning—and until the middle of the afternoon you are free to do as you wish. You can dash off on a motor ride of your own—to the beaches or Pasadena—or go cruising around Los Angeles, shopping in its famed Mexican section. In the afternoon you will be toured around Hollywood—to wind up at Basil Rathbone's cocktail party. And the famous English star is a splendid host. He will have other celebrities there to help entertain you. That night, you will be guest at Grauman's Chinese Theater, one of the country's great show places, where you will see one of the new pictures just released.

The next day, Monday, you will visit Paramount studios. There you will see the stars, the amazing sets, the whole panorama of the making of pictures, spread before you. Very few tourists ever see the inside of a studio—but rest assured that the Movieland Tour takes you right behind the scenes to discover how movies are made!

Before you visit behind the scenes you will be tendered a lunch at Paramount—with stars for company.

And then comes another "get-together" with celebrities. For right after the studio tour you will be guests of the Jimmy Gleasons at another cocktail party. You'll have a grand time because the Gleasons are exceptional hosts—and they'll see you are royally entertained.

The next day you will be guests at Max Factor's Make-Up Studio (one of the high spots you won't want to miss). And that night comes the gala occasion of dining and dancing with the stars at the famous Wilshire Bowl. The dinner dance here is in the form of a happy farewell party.

Those who have booked for the second trip, leaving Chicago August 8th, or plan to take it, will be entertained in a similar manner, except that cocktail parties will be given by Edward Everett Horton and Fay Wray. Otherwise the entertainment is the same.

Then the Movieland Tour leaves Los Angeles on Wednesday, and returns to Chicago via Salt Lake City, where a stop at the famous Mormon Tabernacle will be enjoyed. You ride on through the Royal Gorge and stop at Colorado Springs—with a dinner dance at the big resort hotel, the Broadmoor. Meanwhile, you will have made a sight-seeing trip up Pike's Peak. You arrive in Chicago on Sunday morning (July 25th and August 22nd).

Isn't it all exciting? The entire trip takes only two weeks, yet every moment will be crowded with action and thrills. It will be a vacation you will treasure in your memories.
THE SHO-WOW OF SHOWS!

Wake Up and Live

THE HOTCHA- TOPSA OF THEM ALL!

with

WALTER WINCHELL
BEN BERNIE
ALICE FAYE
PATSY KELLY
NED SPARKS
JACK HALEY

GRACE BRADLEY · WALTER CATLETT · LEAH RAY
JOAN DAVIS · DOUGLAS FOWLEY · MILLES MANDER

Directed by Sidney Lanfield.
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan.
Based on Dorothea Brande's Book.

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

'OKAY, AMERICA! ORCHIDS TO 'EM
ALL-EVEN BERNIE-
FOR A SWELEGANT
SHOW! I HOPE I
DIDN'T SPOIL IT
ANY MORE THAN
BERNIE DID! IT'S
CINEMAGNIFICENT!
I SHOULD HAVE
PAID TO BE IN IT!'"
WHEN Director Frank Capra read James Hilton's prize-winning, world-read novel, Lost Horizon, he wanted to screen it. He said: "It held up a mirror to the thoughts of every human being on earth."

The other day, in a dressing-room bungalow on the Selznick International lot I talked with Ronald Colman who, in the magnificent picture, so magnificently portrays Robert Conway who goes to Shangri-La—and stays there.

And Ronnie said to me: "It does more than mirror the thoughts of every human being on earth. It mirrors the desire of every human being on earth. For all of us, famous or unsung, wealthy or impoverished, the successes as well as the failures, the frustrated or the reverse have a nostalgia, at the very roots of their beings, for going "back to the land," for a Castle in Spain, for some remote fastness, some Port of Peace. Whatever name we give it, it means the same thing. It means—a Shangri-La.

"In connection with which I can tell you an amusing incident, rather a revealing incident, too—and a sad commen-

RONALD COLMAN Gives the Lowdown on Himself

Ronald Colman would like to find a real Shangri-La. In this new slant on himself he also sizes up the part of Rhett Butler in Gone With The Wind

...
in himself. Such a place of apartness from the turmoil and confusion of the world he lives in must be in his own heart. I knew that, as I watched him in *Lost Horizon*. I was not watching Ronald Colman play Robert Con- way (initials the same) but Ronald Colman playing himself.

As he explained: "After all, what is *Shangri-La* but a place where a few men and one woman found what they most wanted, what all men most want. I should suppose—love, work to do, health and peace of mind. Wherever these elements are to be found is *Shangri-La*. The only thing that was lacking is the only thing that doesn't really matter—audience, spotlight, limelight." Yes, Ronald Colman would wish to find *Shangri-La*. He has been termed, variously and somewhat luridly, a "man of mystery," a hermit, an anchorite, a recluse, conservative, shy, withdrawn from the midway where other men, other actors, ballyhoo their wares—and themselves. He has been called a "woman-hater," an iconoclast. All of the terms with which men speak of a man they really envy but do not understand.

I spoke of these somewhat ridiculous titles the other day. Ronnie laughed. He has, by the way, the heartiest, most genial laugh of anyone I know. Nothing shoos him. He laughed and I thought of how Isabel Jewell once said to me: "Every man should have been born looking just like Ronald Colman." Ronnie has a delightful sense of humor, a superb sense of farce, a keen appreciation of how farcical is some of the rumors grapevine. He has a large hunk of the small-boy delight in "getting away with things." He chuckles over the fact that "sticks and stones may break my bones, but never hurt me." Names are all they can attach to Ronnie. The columnists collapse when they try to pin him down to romances. The things that he really does are his own business and he has managed, almost alone of the denizens of Hollywood, to keep his own business his own.

He always laughs loudly at the "man of mystery" idea, at the "woman hater" label. He said the other day: "Maybe I'm just clever, eh? Perhaps, when I do dine out with a lady, I dine out with the wrong lady? Or may be deliberate about it. I may go deliberately, and with malicious aforethought, to some public spot where it is so obvious that we will be seen that any columnist, gossip, teller of tales is deceived. "Hollywood can be fooled," laughed Ronnie, with manifest relish, "it's all in knowing how. People, generally, seem to have the idea that places like the *Trocadero*, the *Derbys*, the *Venetian* are the only places for people to go and that if we don't go to such places we don't go anywhere. But there are private parties, you know. Anyone who attends these parties would almost certainly see me there, too. Nothing is thought about it, said about it or printed about it because they are private parties given by private persons who are living their private lives. It's very simple, really. Besides," laughed Ronnie again, "I shall soon be dubbed the most brash, brazen and easily available actor in Hollywood, I'm sure. This is really amusing and one on me. A few days ago I was at David Selznick's house discussing with him some details on *The Prisoner of Zenda* which will be in production, under Mr. Selznick's banner, by the time your story is printed—some time before as a matter of fact. Anyway, David suggested that we go on to the studio together in his car. I told him that I would go down to my house first, get a coat and he could pick me up in his car in..." [Continued on page 70]
Loretta Young isn't sure yet whether she will mix career and marriage again

Loretta's marriage to Grant Withers (left) didn't take. Eddie Sutherland is the new love.

Career Comes First with LORETTA

By DAN CAMP

THERE'S a lovely white Colonial house atop one of those rolling hills of Bel-Air, on Hollywood's borders. It's a grand house, a warm house, a friendly house, a house fine to live in. BUT—it's a pretty certain bet that before long, now, that house is going to be deserted, cold and empty. And then, when superstitious ones pass it by (and who, in this luck-and-fate-ruled Hollywood isn't superstitious, I ask!), they'll be able to point to it as a monument to filmland's pet superstition—"the Law of Threes."

You know that Law of Three's, don't you? It's simply this—that when any one outstanding event happens in Hollywood, two other similar events must happen within a short time, before the fate-cycle is complete. If one star elopes, they believe two others will elope soon. If there's one blessed event of top-rank prominence, the wise ones expect two more stork announcements pretty quick. And, strange as it seems, the rule works out pretty consistently ...

And that house—Three lovely sisters used to live in that house. Three famous sisters, named Polly and Sally and Loretta. You know 'em as Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane, and Loretta Young ...

They were happy there, and they loved the house. But then the Cupid kid, who hasn't any respect at all for home-ties and things like that, started shooting his hellish arrows about, and before you knew it, what happened?—why, Sally got married. And Polly got married. And Sally had a baby. And Polly had a baby. And there are Polly and Sally, with their hubbies, their babies, and their own homes. And there, still in the big white house on the hilltop, is Loretta—with no husband, no baby.

(But wait! Here's where the Law of Three's comes in.) There is, in the picture, a gentleman named Eddie Sutherland. Eddie's a big-shot director, as you [Continued on page 72]
BING AND HIS WAIIKIKITTENS

Honolulu and its Waikiki beach furnish the romantic setting for Bing Crosby's new picture, *Waikiki Wedding*. Bing croons a number of new songs, and Bob Burns and Martha Raye supply the comedy. There's a large galaxy of grass-skirted gals who, when Bing croons, become Waikikittens. From top to bottom are Shirley Ross, one of the principals, Marie DeForest, Helen Curtis on drum, Paula DeCardo, Harriette Haddon and Martha Raye, reclining on the tree.
WHEN they speak of "The King" on Broadway they don't mean King George, King Carol, King Haakon or Haile Selassie. They mean Walter Winchell. For Walter is the Midnight Monarch of Manhattan, and, as Rodgers and Hart would put it, "All Points West. He dominates the town from dusk till dawn. And these are the only hours in which he is abroad on Broadway. During the days he wants to be alone, like Garbo, and is equally inaccessible. He simply disappears. But there's no mystery about it. When the sun shines, then he is a husband to his wife, A father to his children.

You, and many million more, have heard his voice through the modern magic of radio. You, and many million more, are soon to see him on the screen where he and Ben Bernie will wage the battle of Twentieth Century-Fox. Meantime meet him through printers' ink, a medium that has given him fame and fortune.

Walter is good-looking. Not so handsome that you'd stop and stare. But possessed of a certain distinction which removes him from the crowd. He looks the part which he plays in the American scene. Between five-feet-eight and nine in height, he weighs slightly over 150 lbs. His figure is straight and lithe, and his person radiates a quality not so much of magnetism as of dynamic energy. His hair is prematurely grey. His eyes are the light blue one finds in adventuresome men. They can glint like the deadly steel of an automatic. They can shower electric sparks. Or they can laugh more expressively than lips.

He is so well-dressed as to be unnoticed for the cut of his clothes. It is doubtful if ever in his life he wore a "hard" hat. In the left pocket of his top coat there is a revolver. The left pocket because Winchell is a south-paw. He carries the gun just in case of a tie in any possible fracas between him and agents of any evil forces which he has so capably and courageously opposed. Knowledge of the "gat" nestling menacingly, and the almost conspicuously ostentatious presence of a constantly attendant shadow in the background imparts a slightly sinister touch.

The shadow is Pete, the unsmiling. Pete, the ever-present. Pete, the body-guard. A poker-faced husky with drooping lids through which he sees all. A lethargic loiterer who can leap to life swiftly as a leopard. No man knows what goes on behind that mask he wears. But be assured he's taking it all in—and you, too.

He just sits silently. Waiting for something to happen. A rattler coiled in the sun.

Meet Walter—and Pete—on the street, in a theatre lobby, a barber shop, anywhere, drop into a chair beside him at a seven p.m. Stork Club breakfast—if you know you're welcome—and the conversation will always begin with Winchell's crisp: "What's new? What do you know that I don't?"

He's a good listener. A good talker, too. But he has no time to waste on bores. In interesting [Continued on page 74]
ALTHOUGH Hollywood's Number 1 Glamour Girl, Marlene Dietrich, likes America enough to become a citizen—she has already taken out her first papers—she is peeved at American newspapermen in general, and, in particular, at ship news reporters. The boys and girls who cover the waterfront—a hardboiled and enterprising crew who usually get the news they are after—displayed altogether too much ingenuity to suit Miss Dietrich's plans on her arrival from England, recently, and the questions they asked and the information they obtained on their own got on her nerves.

The reason for Magnetic Marlene's irritation was that the shipnews reporters upset her story about her twelve-year-old daughter, Maria Sieber. Miss Dietrich didn't want anyone to know that the child was with her and kept insisting that she was in school in Europe. When the reporters dug up proof that the girl was on board, there was nothing left for Miss Dietrich to do but brazen her story through to the end.

The shipnews reporters, incidentally, weren't the only ones to feel Miss Dietrich's displeasure over the questions they asked. Less inquisitive interviewers found it difficult to get the star to talk about things which in their opinion needed clarifying and were news about which the large movie public wanted to be informed. At interviews she granted, the best they could get was a polite silence when [Continued on page 67]
HAVING THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND

Well, Dickie, being a Marine now, you have to live up to their reputation. You know what they say about Marines—always having the situation well in hand. We didn't think it necessary to remind you—but, Dickie, don't you think you should hold Doris Weston's hand? And, as it's only for your new picture, Singing Marine, we don't think Joan would mind. Why don't you ask her?
The Love Code of
VIRGINIA BRUCE

One of Hollywood's Loveliest gives timely advice on an old theme

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

STATUESQUE Virginia Bruce with the flawless skin, honey-colored hair, long slim "show girl" legs, has something like ten—maybe eleven—rules for playing the Game of Love. To those following the rosy stories of Hollywood romance, as revealed by the gossip columns, the number may seem too small to be adequate. But Bruce has done all right with only ten Love Commandments.

Roughly assembled, the Bruce requirements deal with masculine ego, faithfulness, trustfulness (there's a difference!), humor, jealousy, aggressiveness, physical fitness, personal cleanliness (yes, even that), plus a few other essentials. "It's going to be hard to talk about 'love codes' and all that without sounding silly," said La Bruce, doubt in her dulcet tones, doubt clouding her iris-blue eyes. "And, look here! . . . all of my friends will shun me when they read a lot of tommy-rot in print."

You gather, as you must, that tall, slim Bruce is not given to "love code" conversations. She may analyze and classify ways and means of managing the wayward male, but you never hear her expounding on them at the Troc's Oyster Bar, over the napery of a Vendome lunch, in a corner of the Whitney's cellophane-and-acacia trimmed party, or at the Turf Ball on the following night, where she and Constant Companion, David Niven, were guests of Turf Clubber Hal Roach, the big comedy man from Culver.

It simply isn't done in the silken set in which Virginia circulates. Imagine Dolores Del Rio Gibbons buttonholing Sandra Shaw (Mrs. Gary) Cooper [Continued on page 78]
A Day with the MAD MARXES

Read on and live a typical day in the completely daffy doings of the Marxes—Groucho, Chico and Harpo

By HARRY LANG

DEAR Mister Reid:

What a snake in the grass you turned out to be!! H'mm!!!

I remember when I used to call you "Larry," and you called me "Harry." From now on, Mister Reid, it's "Mister Lang" to you.

And I thought you were my pal!

Well, all right, Mister Reid; all right. However, never let it be said that I fell down on any assignment. Why, when I was a newspaper reporter, I went out and got the story I was assigned to, no matter what the city editor's ancestry was. I'd do the same for you. In fact, I did. I got you your interview with the Marx Brothers. So-o-o-o here's your story:

I'll admit, to begin with, that I didn't suspect any fineglin' when I got your note, telling me to interview the Marxes. I thought it was just another editorial whimsy, and called up M-G-M studios, where the Marx persons are making A Day at the Races. However, I can only blame the gathering senility of my old age for not getting wise when I got the reaction I did from the M-G-M press agents.

"You want to WHAT?" they gasped, when I told them I wanted to interview the Marxes. So I repeated. "Well, wait a minute," they said. So I hung on the line. It's funny, but I've got a loud-speaking phone, or something; anyway, I could hear a conference going on at the other end, while I waited. I caught snatches like: "—well, but he can't hold us..."

When the daffy Marxes take up paper-hanging in A Day at the Races they proceed to smear up everything in sight including Esther Muir...
responsible, no matter what happens," and "—anyway, we'll get square for that story he wrote on Bill Powell and got us in Dutch," and things like that. So at last, they came back on the line and told me I could see the Marxes; and would I please phone Groucho at such-and-such a number, and set the date for myself?

So I called the number, and a colored maid came on the phone at the other end. "I want to speak to Mr. Marx," I told her. "Ah ain' got no blister marks," she protested. "No, no, no," I explained; "I said MISTER Marx—Groucho Marx: I want to speak to him." "Oh," she said, "Ah's sorry I misundahstood yo'-all. Ah's sorrier yet to have to tell yo'-all that Mistah Marx done passed away ob violent hydroprobrum dis mawnin'. He's kinda daid. Call us ag'in sometime, an' goo'-bye, suh."

So I called M-G-M again and told them that since Groucho had just died, maybe one of the other brothers might do. So they gave me what they said was Harpo's number. I called that, and a Japanese house-boy answered.


Inrelatifable, I called M-G-M right back. "How about the surviving one—Chico?" I asked. "And please hurry it, before he dies, too." So they gave me another number to call. This time, a Swedish maid was on the other end. "Cheeks? He no bane here," she told me. "Where," I demanded (a bit nettled by this time, Mister Reid), "is he?" "Yah, he bane deadt," she said, calmly. "He yost didd from eathing a fan magazine writer too raw. Ay tank ay go home now. Good'bye."

SO WHEN I called M-G-M back once more, they told me not to cry. "Those were just the Marxes themselves you've been talking to," they explained. "It's just one of their quaint pastimes. You come down here tomorrow, and we'll have them on the set, and then you can interview them." So bright and early the next day, there I was on the set of A Day at the Races, getting your blankety-blank interview for you.

They were just preparing to shoot a scene where they had the villain of the play, Douglas Dumbrille, where they wanted him. That was between the upper and lower parts of one of those double doors they have on stables. They were working out the sequence when I was introduced to them by Johnny W., the press-agent on the picture. He showed me to Harpo first.

"How do you do, Mister Benson," said Harpo.

"Benson," I remonstrated, "is NOT the name. It's...

"Oh, that's all right, Mr. Benson," he assured me. "I don't mind. Really. Don't bother to apologize, Mr. Benson."

Groucho was next. "You're just in time," he said. "Dumbrille isn't here yet. Do you mind helping us out?" I said no, not at all, so he told me to stand right there, by the stable door. Then he turned to Harpo and said: "Now we'll imagine he's Dumbrille." That was all I distinctly recall for the next few moments. I only know that I suddenly found myself on a nearly bench, with one some putting a cool, wet cloth on my forehead.

"Feel better now?" asked Johnny W. "What happened?" I asked. "Oh," he said, laughing merrily, "they—ha ha ha—they just—ha, ha, ha, ha, ha—closed the stable door on you—Harpo from one side and Groucho with the other. My, you looked so funny..."

SEEING I was coming to, Groucho and Harpo hurried back. "That" gibbered Harpo, "was fun, wasn't it, Mr. Benson?" "The name," I said with dignity, "is NOT Benson.

"Oh, that's per-feckly okeh, Mr. Benson," interrupted Harpo. [Continued on page 90]
Tidy and Tide-y

Five members of Hollywood's floating population are tidied up in their BVD swimsuits waiting for high tide.

Jean Chatburn has neat shore lines which are tucked in her new BVD swimsuit. Take note of the novel halter tops in plenty of sun.

The tide-y Lorraine Bridges is very tidy in her coral-knit BVD suit. Note the X on the back—which gives her a suit with "sunny" disposition.

With No Life B(u)oys To Guard 'Em
Jane Wyman in her Catalina satin lastex and Veda Ann Borg in a one-piece Catalina knit are a tidy, tidy couple.

These Hollywood beauties will take to the trim and tidy Allen A knit suit of poppy glow and royal blue.

It's tidy time for Jane Wyman—who doesn't park beyond the ropes in her Catalina one-piece suit.

Mary Carlisle's Catalina suit is a novelty mixture featuring black and white.
SIMONE SIMON'S OWN STORY

Mlle. Simon breaks a seven months' silence—and explains

By JAMES REID

THIS little item appeared not long ago, in boldface type, in the afternoon newspaper that most of Hollywood reads:

"There is a little town called Shasta City in Northern California, close to the Oregon border... The Shasta City villagers, particularly the young people, are in a state of inordinate speculation and curiosity over Simone Simon. She is so like a girl who grew up with them that they seem to think a mistake in identity is impossible. The girl they knew at Shasta City disappeared a few years ago. None of them found out what became of her. But she didn't have a French accent."

A typical example of Hollywood's own "inordinate speculation and curiosity" (and lurid guesses) about Simone Simon, French of accent, streamlined of figure, and Irish of face. One new feminine star who cannot be confused with any other feminine star. Countless people, attracted to her, would give countless reasons if you asked them to analyze why. The answers would run the gamut of explanations. You would hear:

"Her unusual name—one name doing the work of two."

"The ad campaign that launched her in Girls' Dormitory... 'pronounced See-mone See-mone.' That put her across."

"Her 'different' foreign-ness. She's not the siren type."

"Her pout. It's provocative alongside... [Continued on page 80]

Simone baffled Hollywood from the start, but now the town is beginning to understand her. And so will you after seeing her in Seventh Heaven.
LOUIS HAYWARD

—Your Next Big Rave

Louis Hayward might easily give Bob Taylor a run for his money. He gets rave notices because he can act

By GRACE MACK

YOUR first feeling on meeting Louis Hayward is that here is a young man who might easily give Robert Taylor a run for his money. Of course I'm something of a sucker for uniforms and the day I talked with Hayward he was turned out in one of those gorgeous blue uniforms of the French air squadron and looked too, too grand.

Our interview got off to a farcical start. When I arrived on the RKO lot I found Hayward up in the air. And when I say "up in the air," I mean literally that. He and Miriam Hopkins had climbed aboard a Ferris wheel for a carnival scene in *The Woman I Love*, and while they were whirling around for the cameras, a motor pulley broke. The accident happened just at noon so the director sent the company to lunch and Hayward and Miriam were left in mid-air, and my luncheon interview ditto.

By the time a new pulley had been secured and Hayward brought down to terra firma, the director was ready to shoot a cafe scene in which Hayward became involved in a nice little brawl. So there was nothing for him to do but park ye interviewer in the pseudo-cracker box which he was using for a dressing-room, and there, between "takes" I got a capsule version of young Hayward's life to pass on to you.

Though he has been in Hollywood a year, chances are you haven't heard a great deal about Hayward. Of course, if you're up on your theatre you will remember that he scored a very definite hit in Noel Coward's play

[Continued on page 93]
SHALL WE DANCE?
YES, GINGER—
YOU, TOO, FRED!

And how! Do you want to start a Revolution? You would, you know, if you didn't dance. Why, it's one of the things we live for—your dancing—your's and Fred's. It's been months and months since Swing Time and now you ask us, Shall We Dance? All we can say is if you value our friendship at all, Ginger, and you too, Fred, you better, or else. And, Ginger, those pajamas are just the last word... they've left us speechless.
SHE Got What She WANTED

By IDA ZEITLIN

Jane Wyatt may have been born to the purple but left it all to make good on her own. And pluck—not luck—has figured in Jane's screen career.
Doug is the lord of his English manor, but some day a new Mrs. Doug will keep him company on that big lounge.

By CAROL CRAIG

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR., deserves some kind of award. He has accomplished, unintentionally, a feat that no other star has ever dared to attempt. He hasn't been in Hollywood in a twelve-month. And a year ago, when he did trek back from England, his visit was only of a few days' duration. He hasn't made an American picture in three years.

Yet, when he returned the other day—to play in The Prisoner of Zenda—people actually met him at the station. Reporters elbowed up to him. Photographers flashlighted him. And, moreover, the interviews and photos appeared on the front pages. He still is news. Jot that fact down in your believe-it-or-not scrapbook about Hollywood.

Young Doug seems to have violated the most venerable of all Hollywood's unwritten laws. To wit: "You can't stay away many months without being forgotten—or, at least, getting the cold shoulder when you do come back."

But you might have known that something like this would happen. He started to be an exception to Hollywood rules on the day that he first packed up and departed. When you are young, healthy and popular, and doing all right for yourself in Hollywood, you don't usually go abroad "for an indefinite stay"—and then stay indefinitely. You don't usually try to make a career for yourself somewhere else unless you are pretty well washed up in the Mecca of all actors.

It took Hollywood a long time to comprehend what young Doug was trying to accomplish in doing both of those things.

"I can remember," he says, with a grin, "when they called me an expatriate, when they said I had gone 'fearfully Mayfair and high-hat.' I can remember, too, how very upset I used to be about the rumors. But now people seem to be getting around to the notion that I'm not the American playboy of the British world—that I'm actually working at something."

IN OTHER words, the impression has got around that he is now a producer, as well as an actor—and that his offices, for certain reasons, happen to be in [Continued on page 88]
Both Paris and Hollywood fashion experts dictate strong color contrasts for your Spring and Summer wardrobe. Constance Bennett follows the new trend by choosing black and yellow for her color scheme. The dress is of light weight summer wool with a deep back decollete. Over it she wears a tailored yellow wool coat of the same fabric. A tiny black skull cap, trimmed with a cluster of felt flowers in shades of yellow, hugs her blonde curls. She completes her costume with black fabric oxfords, bag and gloves.

SPRING FINALE

BY SALLY MARTIN

FASHION EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE
The effect of the Coronation on fashion is felt here as Connie selects deep pink and red roses to adorn her black bonnet. Her afternoon dress is black crepe and features a wrap-around skirt.

Connie, still concentrating on color, originates a striking contrast here in deep wisteria and brown. Her light weight wool frock is in the wisteria shade, while her accessories are brown.

For dressy afternoon occasions, Connie wears an "ashes of roses" crepe frock with shirred shoulders. Into the neckline she tucks a black chiffon scarf.
Connie is certain to have a royal time when wearing this deep amethyst chiffon dance frock. The gown builds up from the skirt into a crushed bodice, leaving the back bare. An ombre chiffon cape adds a striking effect.

A novel note in this sun-tan crepe evening gown with the halter neck is the redingote front line which falls into a train at the back. For adornment Miss Bennett wears a wide gold belt—and gold bracelets.
And to climax a perfect day, Constance dons this perfectly stunning formal gown of gold metal cloth. The accordion pleated fulness down the front and the deep cut neckline are extremely new.

Constance Bennett will be seen shortly in Topper, a Hal Roach, M-G-M feature comedy.

A monthly fashion letter is yours for the asking. Let Sally Martin, fashion editor of MOTION PICTURE help with your clothes problems. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Sally Martin, 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, California.
"Well, I'll Tell You"
—BOB BURNS

And Bob, the Arkansas Traveler, whose bazooka and stories of his relatives have made him famous in radio and films, is telling you ALL

By LEON SURMELIAN

No other personality of the screen has a more fantastic story to tell than Bob Burns of the famous bazooka. He blew himself to Hollywood with a strange musical contraption made of two iron pipes and a whiskey funnel, which no one but Robin Burns of Van Buren, Arkansas, can play. He was christened Robin, but prefers to be called Bob. The mournful bass notes of his bazooka, which remind him of the lowing of cattle down home, have been open sesame to the portals of fame and royalty, Hollywood and big-time radio.

This rangy ex-hobo with a red, bulbous nose, philosopher and poet of the Ozark mountains, is a spiritual descendant of the minstrels and clowns of old. Born with an ear for music and an incomparable gift of gab, he has brought to the screen a superb brand of individual humor, and is on his way to becoming an American institution in the sense that our late beloved Will Rogers was, but with qualities distinctly his own. We believe Bob Burns will rise higher as a story teller. Have you heard him on the air?

Stage No. II at Paramount Studio was made to [Continued on page 84]

Top and above, Bob ("Here Peeg-Peeg!") cuts loose his hog-calling in true Arkansaw style. And the peeg came home to Bob. At the right he's seen with his famous bazooka and being vamped by Martha Raye in a gag from Big Broadcast of 1937.
Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings-on in that dear old Hollywood

Boys Meet Girls

TALK of Hollywood right now is the Escort Service organized in movieland by Ted Peckham, the blonde college lad who has established a string of Escorts-for-Hire service stations across the country. Notorious for years has been Hollywood's scarcity of good-looking and unattached males, in contrast with the oversupply of beauteous females. Now Ted's service remedies the trouble—for a set schedule of fees, any woman (provided she furnishes good references) can hire a good-looking man to take her to shows, nite clubs, and so on. Romance does NOT go with the fee, however. And besides paying her escort—the average fee is $10 for a night's escorting—the gal pays ALL the bills. Ted's service slogan is "Six Nights for Sixty."

But in Hollywood, he's adding a super-super-escort service. To six Hollywood actors, Ted has offered contracts calling for $100 a night as escorting fees. He chose them for "their charm and their way with women"—BUT he's not revealing their names. Personally established by Peckham, the service will be managed in Hollywood by actress Hedda Hopper while Peckham is back East.

How About Nude Sunbaths?

THINGS Garbo has never done! eaten an ice-cream cone—seen the daily rushes of her films—driven an auto—ridden in a streetcar, bus, or airplane in America—eaten in the M-G-M cafe where all the other...
M-G-M actors and actresses eat—an-
swered a fan letter—traveled with
maid or bodyguard—accepted any
fan gift. All gifts sent to Garbo are
returned without her even seeing
them, by her own orders!

Doggy Week-ends
REGULAR week-end guests at
Jeanette MacDonald's home are two
dogs. They're her dogs, but they're only
two of her dogs. Jeanette has so many,
her home isn't big enough to house them
all. So she boards them out at kennels.
And each week-end, she selects two to
spend the week-end with her. When
Gene Raymond marries her, he’ll have to
love her week-end dogs, too.

Out of the Doghouse
TALKING about dogs (never
mind that crack about Garbo!),
there’s a new Joan Crawford incident
that’s illustrative of the gal— Sun-
ning in her Brentwood garden the
other day, Joan, suddenly, was set
upon by three huge, mangy-looking,
wild-eyed dogs. Unfrightened, Joan
didn’t flee, patted the dogs instead,
found one of them limping badly, the
other two evidently ill-fed, uncared
for. She took them in, called a vet-
erinarian, who found all three dogs
half-starved, and one with a broken
leg. He treated them, returned them
to Joan, who has adopted them, built
a huge kennel for them, and found
that they are really three fairly valu-
able, well-bred Great Danes. Mys-
tery angle of the entire business is
that try as she has, Joan has been un-
able to find where they came from,
or who owned them.

Shush
NO POSE is Fred Astaire’s shuddery
distaste for personal publicity that
intrudes on what he quaintly imagines is
his private life. So earnest is Fred about
the idea that he’s hardly even speaking,
these days, to Ann Sothern, who used
to be a friend of his. Good-hearted, Ann
gave out a story about Fred.
Because Ann knows that pub-
llicity is a star’s life blood, she
told a lot about Fred, thinking
she was doing him a favor.
She told some details about his
private life, his home, his
home life, as she knew it.
When the story was published,
Astaire squirmed, hasn’t yet
forgiven Ann.

George—Same As
Pullman Porter
BET you don’t know
$11 m Summerville’s
name! Of course you don’t. And that’s why Slim, him-
self, is $11.50 richer today
than he was a week or so
ago. It was on location,
during shooting of The
Road Back. Several of
the players got to wondering what
his name was, finally made up a pool,
totalling the $11.50, to be taken by the
first one who found out and gave
Slim’s real name. Slim heard of it,
threw a half-dollar of his own into
the pot, told the gang what not one
among them knew: that his real name
was George. He collected the pot.
Even a menacing man can be trusted away from his dirty work. Humphrey Bogart, who made *San Quentin*, is trusted by his Sealyham

**Officer Temple**

SHIRLEY TEMPLE has decided on a "career"! She's going to be a policewoman. . . ! ! ! At least, that's what she told her father the other day.

"When I grow up, dad, I want to be a policewoman. Will you help me?" she said to him.

Gravely, papa Temple assured her he would. Then Shirley added: "But maybe we'd better not tell mama. You see, she's a woman, and mightn't understand. Because it's rough work, dad."

**And Spinach for Bad Boys**

CAREFUL of the position of being one of the stars’ favorite eating-places, the Brown Derby specializes in learning and listing the stars’ pet dishes. On the list: For Errol Flynn, venison steak with Idaho potatoes; for Jack Benny, fish which he thinks is brain food; Jack Oakie, green salads because of that overenthusiastic waistline.

**And Rubber Lamps for Lupe?**

TEN-TO-ONE that nowhere in the world will you find a city with more trick gadgets in its houses than Hollywood. Delight of film stars is to build into their homes, or include in their furnishings, something novel, something odd, something screwy—or just something unusually individual. Examples:—in Ginger Rogers’ new house, a built-in soda fountain in the playroom, with working squirt-levers, fizz-squirters, syrup-dashers *et al.*—in Marian Marsh’s home, instead of a phone bell like you and I have, a set of cathedral chimes which give her a lot of trouble, because they hit the same tones as the “call chimes” of a Los Angeles radio station, and when Marian has the radio on, she’s always answering the phone by mistake!—in Myrna Loy’s house, a set of dinner dishes that isn’t a set, because she picked them herself, one by one, so they wouldn’t match!—in Helen Vinson’s living room, a built-in popcorn-popper in the huge fireplace, which folds out of sight when not popping, and comes out at touch of an electric button when she gets popcorn-hungry—in Una Merkel’s playroom, exactly 100 different games—in Alice Faye’s boudoir, a trick lamp with a receptacle wherein she drops perfume: the lamp-heat vaporizes it; sends Alice to sleep in a scented heaven—about Myrna Loy’s estate, 150 birdhouses—in Ann Sothern’s home, a soundproof room, with rubber-fitted windows, tickless clocks, cork-mounted furniture. Now she’s trying to figure out how to stop the sound of squirrels jumping onto the roof from the oak trees which overhang it.

Leading ballet schools were combed to find recruits for *Here is the cream of the crop who get down off their*...
Jean Chaburn one of the M-G-M glorifiers who is showing promising talent, asks you to like her Russian Borzoi, too. They’re decorative

**Their Public**

**Fan-mail absurdities of the month:**

— to Jimmy Stewart, a fan letter from Japan, enclosing an advertisement for Japanese underwear — to Doris Nolan, a letter from a midwestern girl, asking her to give a recipe for developing dimples like her own, and offering two dollars a week pay if Doris would tell. 

Replied Doris: There’s no recipe, they’re works of nature — to Eleanor Powell, a letter from a man in Chicago: “Please pay me $67 for redecorating my daughter’s bedroom. She plastered pictures of you all over the walls, and since I do not approve of actresses, I scraped them off, and I think you ought to pay for scratching you and your dance poses out of my house.” From Eleanor, no $67 for wall-scratching — and to Gracie Allen, the following letter: “Dear Miss Allen: I think you’re crazy and I’d like to prove it. Please send me $5,000 at once.” Gracie, not that crazy, sent no $5,000.

**Garboloney**

**Garbo-consistency:** She thinks the letter B in her name brings her good luck. She won’t have the letter B in the title of a picture she makes, if she can help it, because there she thinks it brings her bad luck. Quaint, eh?

**I’m Napoleon**

Talking of collections, Fred Keating’s making one of Hollywood’s screwiest. Whenever he finds a friend telephoning, Fred thrusts a pad and pencil (which he keeps handy) into the telephone’s hand. Then he keeps the curlicues and things they scribble while phoning (you know — you do it, too, don’t you?). He says he’s going to have them psycho-analyzed some day.

**And Out Came Fluff**

**Brian Donlevy** earned his first dollar cranking a cotton candy machine at a state fair.

*(Continued on page 100)*
Twin Stars in The

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

MEET the Lone Wolves of Hollywood! Billy and Bobby Mauch (pronounced Mauk). The thirteen-year-old twins who made us see double in Anthony Adverse. Didn't know you saw two small Anthonys in that picture, did you? Well, neither did Warner Brothers—until the boys told them! Billy was signed for the part—but it was Bobby who played that scene in the convent garden while his identical Half ate an apple in the dressing-room.

They did the same thing in Penrod and Sam. (That was Bobby in the riotous bedroom scene.) So the studio fooled them. It gave them equal starring roles in The Prince and the Pauper. Now everybody's happy. The Lone Wolves march again... They do everything together. And on their own. No coercion from Poppa or Mamma Mauch. They started their career because—you want the real secret? Because they were after a chemical set. One of those humdingers that cost a lot. Bobby, you see, is going to be a chemist. Billy, a brain surgeon. After they get through being a hundred other things—actors included.

Acting's swell, though. If it hadn't been for acting they wouldn't have got that 620 action camera from director William Keighley. And boy, does it work! They make their own movies. Every two weeks they hold a "preview" and swing a flashlight from their apartment up on Franklyn street hill to announce the fact. Of course, nobody comes. That's a gag. Only mother and Ginger, their dog, and maybe a couple of neighborhood kids. Their latest feature stars Ginger...
Shirley and Freddie won't have everything their own way. Here come the Mauch twins

What are you going to have for lunch? (Gee, there's Dick Powell and Joan Blondell over there. You sure see the stars around a studio commissary! You want to know who the nicest man in pictures is? Claude Rains (he played Don Luis in Adverse) and Errol Flynn can tell some wonderful stories.) Oh, yes... Lunch... Let's see... "Pork chops—and chocolate ice cream," says Bobby, "Pork chops—and chocolate ice cream," says Billy, "Ditto," says the writer. And we're off to the races. You hate to race to keep up with that pair. The first thing that strikes you is—they're regular fellows. No studied mannerisms. No precocious speech. Just plain kids who are hitting on all sixteen cylinders and enjoying every minute of it. And they are so amazingly healthy that they appear like playful, spirited animals.

BACK in Peoria, Illinois, on the second day after the Fourth of July in 1924 Billy won a slight edge over Bobby. He got born five minutes sooner. He was the first to creep and the first to walk and the first to get a part in pictures—and does Bobby care? He just grins and screws up one eye. "Well, accidents will happen!" he says. His laugh has a running-scale quality that reminds you of a junior Ed Wynn. And that laugh is about the only distinguishing mark between them. Billy is a shade more on the serious side. They started kindergarten at the ripe age of two. Mamma and Poppa Mauch apparently had one idea about their upbringing: They had to be self-reliant. None of this spoiled "sheltered darling" business for the twins! At three they made their first stage appearance—singing [Continued on page 95]
NEW TWINKLERS

Only a sub-deb, Betty Jane Rhodes has come out. Her screen debut was sponsored by Universal.

One smart girl is Nan Grey. Only seventeen, Nan is on her way to stardom. Houston is her home.

Janice Jarrett is another Texas debutante who has made good in films. She used to be an artists' model.

Her twinkling feet carried Dorothy Kent up to the ladder of fame. She's a beautiful blonde.
“Blonde, but not too Blonde”

—says Jean Rogers

By DENISE CAINE

CALLING all girls with light, thin eyebrows! You don’t have to wear two artificial-looking pencil marks above your brows; nor do you have to go around to all appearances, eyebrowless! There’s a solution to your problem in this make-up trick! With a soft eyebrow pencil, color your existing eyebrows and fill in the blank spaces, following the bony edge of your eye-socket as a guide. Now, dust face powder over this art work and let the powder remain for a minute. Then, with a clean, dry, stiff-bristled brush like those that come with mascara, brush away the excess powder, blend the remaining powder with the pencil. The powder, you see, tones down the harshness of the pencil, making it blend in so naturally with your skin, that it is practically impossible to detect any artifice!

This is what Jean Rogers, featured in Universal’s Night Key with Boris Karloff, does. And though Jean is more or less of a beginner in films, there’s nothing amateurish about her make-up! She has even mastered the art of “building up” her upper lip—a make-up feat that is probably the most difficult of all to do well. She learned the trick from a Hollywood make-up man, who used a camel’s hair “paint brush” and, being literal-minded, Jean copied his technique by using a lip brush, too. Now she’s so addicted to it that she carries a “sawed-off” brush in her purse, so that she can re-do her lips properly even in a restaurant, without drawing any stares.

Well, not critical stares, anyway. I seriously doubt whether the most beauty-blaze of persons could keep from staring appreciatively at Jean, with her lovely blue eyes and tangled lashes, her blonde curls and her magnificent figure (see photos if you think this is a rave)!

But with all that, Jean is natural and unaffected, and more than a little inclined to be critical of her looks. Her eyebrows aren’t dark or heavy enough, she told me, her upper lip is a shade too thin and there is that microscopic freckle on her nose! Nor is Jean satisfied with the color of her hair, as you see it in the photographs. It’s too blonde, she thinks, and she is letting it grow back to a softer, more natural golden shade. “With my hair such a light shade, people don’t see me as a whole—all they see is the blonde hair,” Jean told me. And she is right, too. It’s sound beauty practice to accent your best features, but they shouldn’t be emphasized to the point where everything else fades into the background.

Jean says she likes the page boy bob she’s wearing in one of the photos, but she’s never been fond enough of one hair-style to wear it exclusively.

“There is such a variety of coiffure styles now that I think girls should take advantage of all of them—changing their appearance with different moods, costumes and occasions,” Jean said. “Each of the current styles can be adapted to one’s own face and build so that it is becoming and suitable.” Jean modified the page boy coiffure slightly, to make it softer and more flattering. The low, side part is permissible with her well-shaped oval face, and the soft ringlet curl at the right side breaks the severity of the style. Instead of wearing the ends in a single, unbroken roll, she

[Continued on page 104]
Let Mrs. Christine Frederick, our cooking expert, show you how to prepare this delicious crystal gelatin salad.

**Learn to Cook — and Like It!**

"Cooking with Cold" Enables the Young Housekeeper to Serve Cooling Meals in the Hottest Weather

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Jack Carter, wound round your little finger! But I thought you were too busy with those morning cooking lessons—your Rhythm at the Range, as it were, and that you'd be all hot and bothered roasting the roast. I didn't think you could manage to get out of your precious kitchen, that was all.

"Well, Betty, I'll admit I am awfully keen on this cooking stuff. Just think, only a few weeks more and I'll be Mrs. Jack Carter, 2nd! But don't think I have to melt my make-up cooking on the finest kitchen range in the world; it simply isn't being done these days. You're way behind, Betty, if you don't know the newest culinary trick is 'cooking with cold.' Which lets you 'come out of the kitchen' with lots of time for playing tennis, seeing shows, or anything else you want to do.

"Cooking with cold?" questioned Betty skeptically. "That's certainly a funny idea. Do you mean it or are you joking?"

**But** cooking with cold is not a joke! It's by far the smartest idea for short-cut summer housework, and it makes hot-weather meal service a pleasure to the one who prepares the food as well as to family diners and guests.

The heart of this time-and-labor saving method of meal preparation is the automatic refrigerator. Given an up-to-date chill chest, as any automatic refrigerator may be called, you can turn out the most refreshing, cooling menus with a minimum of time in the kitchen. And here's how:  

[Continued on page 63]
RECENTLY IN NEW YORK BEFORE RETURNING TO LONDON FOR THE CORONATION

THE BEAUTIFUL, YOUNG

Duchess of Leinster

Tells you how she cares for her glamorously clear, smooth skin

---

She will stand for hours in Westminster Abbey the day of the Coronation, in a robe of velvet and ermine—jewels flashing from coronet and necklace—her lovely skin clear and luminous against its brilliant setting.

Of all the peeresses who will attend the Coronation, none will be lovelier than the slender, young Duchess of Leinster.

Admired for her beauty during her recent visit to New York, the Duchess said her beauty care is "the simplest and best—Pond's." "Pond's Cold Cream is a complete facial treatment in itself," she said. "I use it to invigorate and freshen my skin for the most important occasions."

Like hundreds of British beauties—the Duchess follows this daily method:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it releases dirt, make-up, skin secretions—wipe them off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning (and always before make-up) repeat... Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Day and night, this rousing Pond's treatment does more than clean your skin. It invigorates it... Fights blemishes, blackheads, lines, coarsening pores. Get a jar today. Soon see your skin growing lovelier!

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Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 6-CF, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 3 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: ____________________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company
(honestly!) Adrian, M-G-M’s style-wiz, are laughing through these days and nights together—spring’s here and Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck (who wears his ring on her engagement finger but says “it doesn’t mean a thing!”) go riding the Beverly Hills bridle (but NOT bridal) path together—Marlene Dietrich and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., resuming in Hollywood where they've left off in London—now that the Jerry Hopper romance is ancient history, Martha Raye’s being taken about by John Howard—down go Craig Reynolds’ telephone and flowers-by-wire bills and up goes Craig Reymond’s heart, because Gertrude Niesen’s back from an eastern trip—if you don’t think the Younger Idea is growing up you ought to see Jackie Cooper and Judy Garland lunching together!—Bonnie Bannon, who’s getting a divorce from director Charles Faye, and Bushy Berkeley who’s getting a divorce from Merna Kennedy, will probably leap from divorce-court right back into matrimony, together—Elizabeth Allan and Robert Riskin holding hands.

WHERE or not handsome young William Tannen, son of veteran actor Julius Tannen, will be Caliban II in the life of Elaine “Ariel,” Barrie Barrymore, is Hollywood’s current guessing contest. All Hollywood knows is that Bill Tannen is squiring Elaine about the niteries during these days when her divorce suit against quietly-hiding 50-odd-year-old Barrymore is pending. “He’s just a friend,” explains Elaine, in the time-honored Hollywood patois, “—and so attractive.” Chaperoning Elaine and Bill, now and then, is Elaine’s ma, with the assistance and company of David Fisher, officially business manager for Elaine.

IT’S just like a comedian to pick the home of torch-carrying Eddie Sutherland for a wedding scene, isn’t it? And that’s exactly what comicker Bert Wheeler did. That’s where he and Sally Haines were finally married (after threatening to do it for how long!), Soon as Bert has finished his next Wheeler-Wooley picture, he and Bride Sally plan a wedding trip to Cuba.

CUPID’S COUPLE:
Lupe dyed her hair from black to red.
Now Johnny’s very, very med . . . !!!!

CUPID’S COUPLE:
Then she dyed again to black.
And that brought Johnny nicely back.

CUPID’S COUPLE:
Michael Whalen and Katherine DeMille: “Good friends,” but—marry?—don’t be sil . . . !

LONG-distance marriage is all wrong. Anyway, Jean Parker and newspaper-man-hubby George McDonald think so. That’s why George hurried back to Hollywood less than a month after he returned cast because he could see no real opportunity in his line out West. Several weeks of loneliness brought George hurrying back to Hollywood, where Willie Jean had, in the meantime, signed a long-term contract.

BLESSED-EVENT SSOOOOOO!
—the Thin Man’s wife is knitting tiny garments. And if you don’t believe it wait until you see the addition to the cast in M-G-M’s next thinman film.

MEXICAN marriages are okeh enough, but Astrid Allwyn is Swedish—and so, right now, she and bridegroom Robert Kent are readying for a trip back to Springfield.
THE Jack Oakies staged a big party redolent of the South of Civil War days. They called it "Come With The Wind." Among the guests were Jean Hersholt, Heather Angel, Pat (General Grant) O’Brien, Mrs. O’Brien and Joe E. (Johnny Reb) Brown.

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WE'RE WITH YOU, MISSISSIPPI

$15 Price Letter

CERTAINLY the vast majority of people in this Southern state who have read Gone With the Wind have their ideas about who should play the roles of Scarlett and Rhett. I've talked to a good many of these people and most of them are ready to fight the war over again since reading the book. I may as well help start it by naming the favorites in the running. Naturally, they are Clark Gable and Miriam Hopkins. Most of us think that Butler was so like the character Gable portrayed in San Francisco that anyone else in the part would be miscast, and that's also my frank opinion. Miss Hopkins as a Southerner ranks highest, and her role in William Faulkner's Story of Temple Drake gained her popularity in the state. Her Becky Sharp was no angel, nor is Scarlett O'Hara one. I'm sure, though, that no matter who is cast in the roles that the picture will be the biggest office smash.

—Robert Finlay, Glen Allan, Miss.

WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLAPPERS

$10 Price Letter

GOOD music lovers the world over are thankful to the screen for bringing opera to us. During the jazz age opera was something to be ridiculed. We didn't dare let our friends know we were so dull—or high-brow enough to like that kind of music. Now, we had to have hey-muy music. But, that was before we were given Lily Pons' Lakme, Grace Moore's Madame Butterfly, Jeanette MacDonald's Parsi, Lawrence Tibbett's Carmen, not to mention Nino Martini, Nelson Eddy and others. Studios executives need no fear about giving us all length operas at this time. Not when there is such tremendous applause in the theaters after an aria from the opera is heard. It would be a big mistake to hold off, for the movie public is decidedly opera-conscious at the present time. —Lillian Houtcut, 88 Warren St., New York City.

SHALL WE GO BACK?

$5 Price Letter

THE greatness of drama that made the silent films a world institution is almost gone from the pictures of today. Who can forget the magical beauty of The Ten Commandments or the magnificent epic scope of Cleopatra? Such pure dramatic films are comparatively rare today, and this seems to be evidenced by the keen interest shown when they run. The present-day dramatic films as The Informer and Mutiny on the Bounty come forth only after careful deliberation. Sound, while it may have made the pictures more natural, has led to some incredibly poor movies—all the average actor has to do now is to speak clearly enough to be heard—acting is not necessary. Many pictures of today are like that—lots of charactur but very little acting or action. There are few great artists today, excepting, of course, such stars as Paul Muni, Charles Laughton and Luise Rainer. Yes, sound changed the films—mostly toward a lighter vein.—Nathaniel Rutherford, 2642 Stanton Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FRANKLY ADMIRING FRANK

$1 Price Letter

FRANK MORGAN'S performances possess the subtle sparkle of a well-polished gem. Long before he became the star in The Affairs of Cellini, he consistently contributed splendid character roles. In The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, his mirth-provoking scenes depicting the candid suitor helped to make a good picture a box-office winner. He blends his work with that of the stars, yet he achieves distinctive personal characteristics. Whether his part calls for humor or the depths of despair, his interpretations radiate sincerity. To a dependable, versatile and remarkably brilliant player, I offer praise, congratulations and a million thanks for many splendid performances. I look forward with keen anticipation to his future work.—Esther Mueller, 620 Fifth Street, San Bernardino, Calif.

AND THEY SAY, AMERICANS AREN'T ROMANTIC

$1 Price Letter

SOME people are so hard to please. They think the stories in movies are frequent repetitions of the old love theme—"boy meets girl," etc. They are, but what of it? Then, too, they criticize the fanciful situations portrayed on the screen and remark: "So fantastic! Not at all true to life!" I should like to dare anyone to take the ordinary lives of everyday human beings and portray them on the screen. I know my own life story would certainly not be a thriller. I'm satisfied with it but, dear me, I go to the movies to see something different. Give me the splendid performances of my favorite stars in the exciting sequences of a seemingly "fantastic" story anytime in preference to these portrayals of lives of famous men and women in history. They are okesh for a change, but as a steady diet—Heaven forbid! I say, go on producers and give us more and more of your so-called "fantastic" films. I give you a few hours in our local theaters each week where we can lose ourselves.—Rea A. Post, Taunton, N. J.
WITH fear and trepidation, I waited the coming of *Anthony Adverse* to this city, wondering: Will they make it too long? Will they butcher the plot? Will they treat the characters skimply?

But now, Mr. Editor, I delegate to you the responsibility for thanking them for having created a picture which in itself is a thing of beauty aside from the strength it derived from the fine novel of the same title.

No longer need we shudder when speaking of Hollywood, as if a brood of cultural philistines had, grudgingly, to be given credit for whatever work of durability and merit appeared on the screen. I honestly believe that nothing is impossible for the camera to record, from *Fear* and *Peace* to *As You Like It.* If, sometimes, we must sit through Grade B films, it should be with the knowledge that the profits thus accrued will be used to produce the brilliant pictures which, though not commonplace, year by year give an increasing lustre to Hollywood.—Stanley S. Jacobs, 312 No. Noyes Blvd., St. Joseph, Mo.

POOR PAPA

ORDINARILY I am satisfied to pay my money, take my ticket and enjoy whatever moving picture fare the Hollywood experts have prepared, confident that it will not be as good as the publicity department's promise and not as bad as the knockers predict. You see, then, it takes a whole lot to make me mad. But, when I saw *Reunion,* I came out mad clear through. I cannot for the life of me see where it was either necessary or useful to the play to make such an insane caricature of the father of the Quintuplets. More than that, I think it was a positive and cruel affront to the five little girls themselves. It seems to me that if the Hays office were to interest itself in such unjust and immoral representations as this, it would really earn its salt.—Mrs. Kathryn Koester, 821 Jefferson Ave., Cape Girardeau, Mo.

HANDCLAPS FOR LOST HORIZON

LITTLE by little our disappointment in seeing fine books translated into moving shadows—and changed during translation—is being dissipated. The early attempts were crude and badly done, in the opinion of those who had enjoyed the stories in book form. But, gradually the technique improved. And now comes *Lost Horizon!* There were the inevitable changes, but the substitution of characters is actually for the better and in no way lessens the strength and beauty of the story. This is one of the truly fine pictures in the real meaning of the word. It is timeless and is a genuine artistic achievement.—Jeanne Kellogg, 1324 18th Ave., San Francisco, Calif.

Prizes for Letters!

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$15, $10 and $5—with $1 each for additional letters printed—are awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter P’s, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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ORALGENE

The new flavor texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. “Chew with a purpose.”

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music ‘n’ everything! Now touring the country. Don’t miss it.
If a romantic story thrills you ... if your heart beats faster when lovers embrace on the screen—give a thought to your own romance! For excited emotions stimulate perspiration glands, resulting in unpleasant body odor.

Are you sure your deodorant lasts through nerve tingling moments? DEW is the deodorant which stops perspiration instantly and thoroughly—and remains effective under all circumstances. Also prevents the under-arm stains that ruin clothes. Use DEW and be sure.

Safe and gentle. Non-irritating to delicate skin. 25c, 50c, $1.00 at drug and dept. stores.

DEW DEODORANT
Non Perspirant

Robert Z. Leonard used to be in front of the cameras himself, but here you see him in back, directing Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in *Maytime*

Robert Z. Leonard
Director of *Maytime*

No list of the real pioneers of motion pictures is complete without the name of Robert Z. Leonard. Twenty-five years ago Leonard was a young man seeking a career and the business of making photoplays was in its swaddling clothes. Now the fifth largest industry in the world. It was then a field where piracy—much the same as cattle-rustling—was rampant. Incredible as this may seem to the present generation of movie-goers, Bob Leonard can attest to its truth through personal experience as a victim of "scene thieves."

Leonard was, at the time, playing in Westerns, and to hold his job as an actor found himself required also to engage in mounted patrol duty. In those days, of course, motion pictures were mostly "exteriors," or locations, as they were and are still called. It was no uncommon thing for one film company, with scores of actors, to be working on location, shooting action scenes, while some outsider secreted himself in a thicket or treetop to steal the scene with his own camera.

One of the safeguards employed was the posting of one's company trade mark on a conspicuous tree within camera range in every one of the outdoor scenes. This was done so that it might be used as evidence of theft in court. It is fortunate that no blood ever was spilled in these battles.

One day, Leonard found and routed a bootleg cameraman who had hidden in some bushes. The bootlegger managed to escape, but accidentally smashed his own camera in doing so. This state of affairs existed until Carl Laemmle broke up the monopoly of film and cameras by forming another combination.

Robert Z. Leonard was born in Chicago, the son of a railroad executive. Incidentally, Lillian Russell was a second cousin. Young Bob thought he would like mining engineering and to this end studied at the University of Colorado. Shortly before his graduation, however, he had, because of his unusually fine tenor voice, made an appearance as a member of the quartette. It may have been this that launched the show business on him. At any rate, shortly following his graduation, he wandered into musical comedy. For three or four years he was featured in road shows by the Shuberts and by Oliver Morcom.

It was during this period, too, that he made his first acquaintance with the then new field of the photoplay. In 1910, when he was in Los Angeles, as the featured comedian in the Ferris-Hartman musical comedy company, he was induced to go over to Selig and he made his cinema debut in The Courtship of Miles Standish, in the role of John Alden. Then he was starred in a long series of comedies, until, in 1917, he decided to enter the field of directing.

From the very first Leonard became known as a consistently successful director. Not only were his pictures good, but they fared excellently at the box office. Leonard was a keen student of the screen. He knew talent and he knew story construction. It makes no difference to Bob Leonard whether he is directing a serious drama like Strange Interlude, a college comedy like Piccadilly Jim, a super musical like The Great Ziegfeld, Leonard has never been typed. He can tackle any kind of story and do a grand job. He has an amazingly smooth and even manner of drawing emotions from a player. His success lies in his extremely engaging disposition and the ability to see a thing and do it.
**Dietrich Is Still Selling Glamour**

[Continued from page 35]

certain questions were asked, or evasive answers when the subject of her rumored romance with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was mentioned, or "We're just good friends," when the matter of Josef von Sternberg came up.

However, out of the various answers and tactful evasions one thing is certain and that is that Miss Dietrich is anxious to return to England as quickly as possible, even if it means leaving her的話 to be seen with her by the British newsmen, whom she likes better than her American cousins, did force her to grant a signed interview in the London Leader because of the numerous questions they pelted at her.

The reasons for this are several: (1) Von Sternberg is in London and she is anxious to return to make a picture under his direction. Incidentally, her loyalty to von Sternberg is carried almost to the point of fanaticism. In the London Leader story she said, "His enemies are mine also, and I would never number among my friends anyone who tried in any way to harm or discredit von Sternberg, though this has sometimes embarrassed Josef." (2) She prefers to have her daughter educated abroad, but what is more important in view of constant kidnapping threats that stars receive, probably feels that the child is safer in Europe than here.

That, then, is a fairly complete capsule portrait of the cinema's foremost exponent of glamour. But in order to understand the Dietrich of today—the Dietrich who enjoys the adoration of millionaires and likes to have them make a fuss over her in public, resents interviewers who pry into her private life and is human enough to make understandable mistakes as fibbing to reporters—it is necessary to know something of her background.

The story of Miss Dietrich's success is the story of one of the most amazing pieces of glamour-manufacturing ever perpetrated by Hollywood. Nine years ago Marlene Dietrich was a relatively obscure screen actress in Germany. Daughter of a Prussian first lieutenant in the patrician Regiment of Grenadiers, she was born Mary Magdalene von Losch in the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar thirty-two years ago.

After the war, in which her father was killed early in the conflict on the Russian front, Marlene's mother took her to Berlin. But the revolution which followed the collapse of the German armies sent the bewildered family back to Weimar where Marlene was placed in a boarding-school.

In 1921 Marlene was back in Berlin as a violin student at the Hochschule fur Musik under the supervision of Professor Flesch. But an injury to her left wrist forced her to abandon a music career and as an outlet for her artistic energies she was given permission by her mother to embark upon a dramatic career in Max Reinhardt's school—but under a different name, the one by which the world now knows her today.

Her first appearance under Reinhardt's direction was as a bit player in The Taming of the Shrew. But progress on the stage was slow and she turned to the screen and obtained work at the Ufa studios where, in 1923, she met and married an assistant director named Rudolph Sieber. After an interval she deserted the screen for the stage.

**•"Hi-ya, Fuzzy! Don't be scared of me—come over here and get acquainted! Where did you come from and why the heavy woolies on a day like this?... You can't change 'em?... Say, that's tough!"**

**•"Mother, come quick! Look at this poor guy—has to wear a camel's hair coat the year around! And he's so hot it's sticking tight to him—bring some Johnson's Baby Powder right away!"**

**•"Now cheer up, pal—that soft, cooling powder makes you forget all about prickly heat and sticky hot weather. And every time Mother gives me a rub-down, I'll get her to give you one, too!"**

**•"Feel my Johnson's Baby Powder—it's as soft as the kitty's ear! Not gritty like some powders. That's why it keeps my skin so smooth."

...Smooth, healthy skin is the best protection against skin infections. Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the rarest Italian talc...no orris-root...Don't forget baby's other toilet needs—Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil!**

**Johnson Johnson**

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You Know Your Movies?

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**ACROSS**
1. Star of WAIKIKI WEDDING
2. GLORIA LEE in BREEZING HOME
3. HEADING - THE RIO GRANDE in a Tex Ritter film
4. M-G-M star
5. THE GENERAL DIED DAWN
6. Equine performer
7. Descriptive of United Artist's DESPERADO
8. Initials of Miss Lightner, comedienne
9. Color of lipstick worn by feminine stars
10. MURDER GOES — COLLEGE
11. — THE AVENUE
12. Comedian teamed with Shaw in READY, WILLING AND ABLE
13. WIVES NEVER
14. Instrumental duet in musical
15. Villain's sly glance
16. Paramount's "eyes and ears of the world"
17. Prepared Barney Google for the screen
18. Mr. Gort's first name
19. — — Pellar
20. The girl is EASY TO TAKE
21. To perform in a screen play
22. What contented cats do in sound films
23. THE PRINCE — THE PAUPER
24. — — YOU COULD ONLY COOK
25. Short for Director Hall
26. DEVILS
27. Rita — — Roy
28. Dorothy Lee's nickname

**DOWN**
1. Feminine lead in HATS OFF
2. MAN — AFFAIRS
4. Child such as Edith Fellows often portrays
5. Robert in AFTER THE THIN MAN
6. LAXATIVE
7. — — Barnet
8. Roland Young (init.)
9. She plays opposite Dunn in

**Last Month's Solution**

**WE HAVE OUR MOMENTS**
13. Date in October on which Johnny Downs was born
15. COUNTRY AND THE WOMAN
16. THE EARTH
17. WILLIE WINKIE
18. His last name is Aneche
22. Ginger Rogers' ex
24. WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE
25. Mervyn — Roy
28. THE MAN — LIVED AGAIN
30. LOVE ON THE
31. He played opposite Claire Trevor in CAREER WOMAN
32. Carole Lombard's birthplace (abbr.)
33. Mr. Tyson's initials
34. JOHNNY LAMB in YOURS FOR THE ASKING
35. LOVE LETTERS OF A
36. CRACK
37. Passenger vehicle in IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
38. She's engaged to Jackie Cooper
40. MRS. GOGAN in THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS
43. Wife of respect given to clergyman such as Neil Dodd (abbr.)
45. John Wayne was born in this state in 1907
47. Mr. Ewell Flynn
50. BOULDER
52. Dreams Durbin's birthplace (abbr.)
54. Eddy Flynn portrayed one in GREEN LIGHT (abbr.)
56. Initials of Mr. Niven

**Thought Her Nerves Would Snap!**

- I was depressed, jumpy, irritable. Sharp noises made me want to scream. I knew what the trouble was—but dreaded taking bad-tasting laxatives. One day I asked my aunt for advice. "Child," she said, "phone for FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum laxative!"

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- I found FEEN-A-MINT a blessing. It relieved my condition promptly, easily. It's the chewing that helps make FEEN-A-MINT so wonderfully thorough and dependable. No disturbance of sleep, and the action occurs gently in lower bowel, not in stomach. Try this modern, non-habit-forming laxative, praised by over 16 million, young and old. Write for free sample. Dept. M-6, FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N.J.

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This quotation from one of the thousands of enthusiastic letters we have received - tells of the gratification of Siroil users. Through Siroil men and women in all walks of life have rid themselves of the ugly scales and crusts of psoriasis. Siroil has enabled many women to wear sheer hose and short sleeved dresses again without embarrassment. Does not stain clothing or bed linen. If you are a psoriasis sufferer, try Siroil. It is sold on a money-back guarantee.

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Accept No Substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
Dietrich Is Still Selling Glamour

[Continued from page 67]

again, where she was discovered by Josef von Sternberg playing the role of an American society girl in a musical comedy called *Two Neckties* and signed for the leading role opposite Emil Jannings in *The Blue Angel*. And, incidentally, to Paramount.

FROM that moment on begins a success story that is among the most impressive in Hollywood. When she arrived in New York in 1929, she was introduced to the press at a champagne luncheon where the chief interest was in Marlene's already famed legs—the first stage in glamour building. In Hollywood, her movie career under the directorial guidance of von Sternberg, flourished rapidly until today she is one of the highest salaried stars on the screen.

But it is a career that has flourished on built-up glamour rather than talent.

Although Garbo submitted to the usual publicity stunts like posing with members of university track teams and such like matters and permitted herself to be built up as a glamorous mystery woman, she also indicated by her work that she was an actress of rare ability. Dietrich, on the other hand, except for one film, *The Blue Angel*, has never done anything from which one could judge whether she is a great actress or not.

How much of this is due to the fact that for the longest time she would work with no other director than von Sternberg, is difficult to say. But this much it is reasonable to state without much fear of contradiction: By skilled lighting effects and magnificent photography, von Sternberg built Dietrich into a beautiful and glamorous figure on the screen.

However, by his stylized direction he also completely obliterated any latent acting ability his protege may have had. So much so that not even under the guidance of two other directors, Frank Borzage in *Dues*, and the late Richard Boleslawski in *The Garden of Allah*, has Miss Dietrich ever duplicated the promise she gave in *The Blue Angel*. The problem of her acting ability still remains in doubt.

BUT one thing Miss Dietrich does better than any other actress on the screen today: she has a genius for simulating glamour. Actually off the screen she is just a handsome woman with a lovely figure, neither more nor less beautiful than hundreds of other women on and off the screen. If you did not know she was the glamorous Dietrich the chances are you wouldn't be very much impressed with her beauty at a first meeting.

Just how true this is was brought home to the writer when he talked with Miss Dietrich when she arrived in New York recently and showed him some stills of herself in her new picture, *Knight Without Armour*. The difference between Miss Dietrich in real life and Miss Dietrich in the photograph was the difference between a handsome woman and one built up by studio artifice into a glamorous idol.

Now that Miss Dietrich has taken out her first American citizenship papers, the chances are that she will probably settle down in California with frequent trips to Paris, where she and her husband maintain an apartment, and to London where she is anxious to make films with von Sternberg.

New! Non-Greasy Odorono Ice goes on like a vanishing cream —checks perspiration instantly

FOR YEARS women have complained—"Why do cream deodorants have to be so greasy?"—"They stick to clothes and ruin them!"

The new Odorono Ice was created in answer to these complaints—on an entirely new principle. It vanishes completely! It can't leave a messy film of grease to come off on your clothes.

And, unlike other cream deodorants, it gently checks perspiration. You are completely protected from both odor and dampness for 1 to 3 days.

Try it! It is delightful, entirely different in texture. Light and fluffy. It puts on easily—you don't have to work at it!

And Odorono Ice never develops a musty odor of its own after it has been on a while. Its clean, fresh smell of pure alcohol evaporates completely the minute it is on.

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half an hour. I got home, found my coat, slung it over the garden wall and did a little gardening, which I do a great deal, while I waited. I was digging away, coatless, sleeves rolled up, hair mussed up, perspiring, when I heard, down my drive-way, the honk-honk of a car. I waved both arms, yelled "Coming—hold everything!" or something similar, grabbed my coat in my hand and went galloping down the drive, landed on the bonnet of the car which was confronted by, not Selznick as I had naturally thought, but—five strange ladies from Michigan.

I laughed then. I said: "That's what you get for trying to escape the common fate of actors."

"It was really very funny," Ronnie said, "especially my opening remark. I had to say something as they were stunned into complete silence. So I said, 'Er—did you want to see me?' That broke the ice and we all bustled around. So when the shaken actor, that, for once, I had to do all the talking. And I did. I chatted away in the most boisterous manner. They were really very sweet.

There was one dot which hung in the pages.

They had been driving around, sight-seeing, had been told this was my house but had not imagined I could be the coastless laborer in the vineyard. They sat down for the garden, and bonked their horns intendingly to ask him whether it was really my house or not. And so, they were more taken aback than I was to leap up that rambling board. They did NOT ask for autographs. They were very charming and it was all very nice."

I thought of what a gay summer some little town in Michigan will have when the five ladies, on various errands and over how many chatty cups of tea, tell of their meeting with the great star, Ronald Colman—"the star who, next to only to Garbo, is least often seen, talked with or talked about."

It contacts with the public were all like that," Ronnie was saying, "I should not mind, ever. I don't mind, really, I don't invite it, certainly, public recognition, but certainly I do my share of autographing when I have to, One must. Have I the slightest objection to talking to the Press. There are times, when I am traveling, when I could wish the Press would forget about me for at least two to three days after my arrival. Not because of the men and women of the Press themselves but because, immediately it is printed that a picture actor is in town, all of the car salesmen, curiosity seekers, real estate purveyors for miles around are on the trail. I sometimes wish, too, that interviews done with me some ten years ago were not matters of public." Ronnie is saying, "I have to, Of course, we say, even the things we say intentionally or the things we do ten years ago are ridiculous and embarrassing ten years later. Yet there are, seemingly indestructible, wearing their modest heads when you least expect them.

"But to go back to Shangri-La—I wish that I could be taken there, forcibly, as in the picture. Robert Tournament, I would then give them ten or twelve months. Then, I am sure, I would remain even as he did, would be content to remain, would choose to remain. Especially if[,]" smiled the man we were telling of and changed his mind and spirit to be a "mystery" at all, "especially if I could find a Shangri-La like that—with love waiting and work to do waiting for me, with the chance to satisfy the dictator complex as Robert Tournament was able to do, you know, being appointed ruler over all Shangri-La and the inhabitants thereof. There a man found everything the earth can hold for the feeding of the heart, the substance of the spirit, the health of the body, the energies and ambitions.

"It has been said to me, it has also occurred to me that if such a life is what we most desire why don't we, some of us, have our own, to let all those among us who have accumulated enough money, or, could, to build ourselves a Shangri-La. Perhaps not so opulently beautiful as the lamasery and one place remote from the world's intrusion.

"I have, at various times, contemplated a farm, a ranch, somewhere away from all traffic with mankind. I have thought of a life of laboring with my hands, the self-sufficing life, drawing sustenance from the soil and spiritual satisfaction from the only place one can think of an island, isolated in wild seas, from any mainland. I have only thought about them—thus far.

"Yes, given sufficient money and the real desire, it could be done. But it isn't done. So far as I know the priesthoods, the good Fathers, the monks are the only men who have ever tried and find complete retirement from the world.

"Voltaire once wrote," said Ronnie, "that 'Man is free the moment he wishes to be.' Sometimes I am so free that I am not I is, so I am, and when he is stopped any one of us from stepping this moment out of the life we live today. If we really want to. We don't really want to. Not enough. And so I believe that the desire for a Shangri-La is what we think we would like to find. Between the thought and the deed there is often a gulf so wide and deep that Death jumps in before we have time to bridge it."

"It's like retiring from the screen in a way," said I, rather apologetically for mak- ing a superficial analogy. "I have never, in all my years of interviews, talked to an actor or an actress who has not said to me 'at such and such a time I shall retire.' No, not ever has, Ronnie. Not even you."

"No," agreed Ronnie. "No. But I could. I know it. I was away for a year, you know, away from pictures, away from Hollywood. And it was as if it had never been. A sense of shadows which had passed, leaving no mark. No, if I were told today that I could never make another film, was through, washed up, I should not greatly mind. There might be a stab of hurt pride at first. The pangs would pass. And there is an analogy in what you say, too, because as with men who would not seek a Shangri-La of their own volition but would be content to remain there if kidnaped and taken there by force, so it would be, true of me, at least, that if I were forced out of pictures I would go—contentedly. To renounce your own world is almost more difficult than to be renounced by it."

"After all, and in my own defense, I make a very strong defense, I never went to pictures where I could make, should make, perhaps, if my career were all-important to me. Right now I will not even listen to offers. I not only like offers but I ask for them, now or ever, but I will not even listen to a one-picture offer.

"When I have finished The Prisoner of Zenda, with its dual role, its heavy cos-
tuning, the details of a rather tremendous production I shall be studio-stale. And I shall go away and remain away."

"What if," I said, "they should get down on their knees to you and plead with you to play Rhett Butler in Gone With the Wind? Would you refuse the plum?"

"I don't know," Ronnie said, "I'm not sure. It would depend, in the first place on when the picture is to be made. I shall not do anything for at least three months after we are through shooting Zenda. Besides, I shall want it to be clear in my own mind that I am temperamentally suited to play the part of Rhett, or, when I am actually asked. It is more important for the man who plays Rhett Butler to be temperamentally suited to the part than it is for him to look the part, even if that were possible. And whether I would play it or not, given the chance, would depend to a great extent on studio agreement as to the concept of the character. My own concept of Rhett Butler may vary from others. I believe that he was, fundamentally, not cruel but very kind. And he was always so right," laughed Ronnie, "in everything he did, so right."

"If the book were to be made into a stage play, done in London or in New York or both, then yes, I should like very much to do it. But to play the main character—for to me, Rhett is a more interesting character than Scarlett—to play the main character in the most overwhelmingly popular book in ten years and to play it to a screen audience, a world audience every individual of which has a pre-conceived idea of what the character should be, look like, talk like—I don't know. There is the Southern accent to get around. That is important. Robert Montgomery played Rhett on the air, you know, and I have heard several Southerners say that his accent was remarkably right. One of the major difficulties in casting is, of course, that the actor who may be temperamentally suited to the role doesn't look the part even remotely and vice versa."

"I should say that, on the whole, the casting of Clark Gable as Rhett might meet with the approval of the greatest number of people. I think there might be less protest about Gable than about anyone else. That there will be many dissenting voices, no matter who is cast, is inevitable. Gary Cooper has been suggested, Basil Rathbone's name has come up and Preston Foster in private discussions in the all-Hollywood game called Casting Gone With the Wind."

"And so, it all depends so far as I am concerned, on when the picture is made and how the concept of the character works out in the script. If I feel that I am temperamentally suited to it then yes, I should certainly want to do it—and no kneading would be necessary!"

"But before then," said Ronnie, "I shall go away, as I have done before. And perhaps each time I go I shall stay longer . . . and then longer . . . I don't know."

"There was a brief silence, rather strange, in which I seemed, fantastically, to hear the hum of a giant plane winging its recessional . . . and then we said goodbye."

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Career Comes First with Loretta

[Continued from page 32]

well know. But, besides that, it looks pretty much as though Eddie's going to be the guy who's going to make Hollywood's Law of Three's come true once more. For I'm betting plenty, right now, that before long, Eddie's going to marry Loretta—and then she, too, will move out of the big, white house. (And probably follow sisterly precept by having a baby!) And then the house will be empty, and the wood-knackers and ladder-dodgers can sagely say: "See? We told you so! The Law of Three's never fails . . . !"

The Loretta-Eddie marriage won't surprise Hollywood any, when it happens. It's almost a sure-thing bet. The only real uncertainty is "when?" Loretta can't quite make up her mind.

Up to recently, there was an obstacle to the marriage. Loretta, you see, is churchly enough to respect the laws of her religion. And, divorced as she is from Grant Withers, there were certain bans against remarriage. But that obstacle has been cleared away.

The church, surveying the situation, absolved Loretta, granted full dispensation for her remarriage. And so, today, the only factor that stands between Loretta and remarriage is the Law of Three's own hesitancy . . .

I T'S not that she doesn't love Eddie Sutherland. She makes no secret of that, with her friends. But she is not sure, just yet, whether she can again try to mix career and marriage. It failed once. She loves Eddie so much that she doesn't want to fail again.

"I want, first, to prove my merit as a true actress, she says, "and then, maybe, a home with a husband, children. But then I feel I should retire from the screen."

However, as a veteran Hollywood observer, let me stick in my own two-cents'-worth of comment, please? I've heard stars say that before. And I've seen them change their mind. After all, one's public doesn't let one easily quit the screen. And on the other hand, love demands fulfillment. A star can't, offhand, choose one or the other. They have to take the middle course. And I'm betting that Loretta, seeing the inevitability, will marry Eddie Sutherland, and continue her screen work. And soon, too . . .

There are straws in the wind—"the big house," she says, now and then, when she's with intimate friends, "is lovely, but now that Polly and Sally have left, it's—well—kind of lonely." And then, too, you only have to see how Loretta goes simply mad over her 13-year-old step-sister, Georgiana, to realize the child-hunger in her heart. Besides, I know that she told a friend, not long ago, that her one dominant regret over the outcome of her romance with Grant Withers was this:

"My only regret is that I didn't have a baby!" And she adds: "I could have so much fun—now—playing with my son, or daughter . . ."

She takes that out on Georgiana. Nothing's too much for the child. Loretta spends much money, more time, making Georgiana happy. Buying her things, playing with her, hours on end. Loretta even loves to sew clothes, for Georgiana.

S HE'S a "honey" gal, this movie-star Loretta. Oh, I know that's been said, with a press-agent wink, about lots of other
glamour-girls of the screen. But with Loretta, it's really true. Why, she hasn't even a personal maid! She keeps her own room in order—even to making her own bed, taking care of her own clothes, keeping her room tidied. She loves to do it. And besides, she says, "I'd feel as if I were losing some of the freedom of my own privacy if I had a maid." She can cook like a wizard, and when Eddie marries her, Loretta will probably kick the cook out of the kitchen, more often than not, and fix her man's dinner herself.

Does that sort of thing sound a bit too—er—today and kitchen-smelly to you? I mean, does it make Loretta look too dumpy and not romantically-glamourous enough? Well, then, let me set you straight. Behind her practicality, there's a streak of romanticism in Loretta that is naive and as sweet as a schoolgirl's first awakening. She daydreams about the man—well, The Man. Once, on the set, between takes, she spent long periods, earnestly writing, writing, writing. At last, somebody picked it up, snippy-like, to see what Loretta was so engrossed in. And found that Loretta had been writing a letter to "Dear Phantom"—the person with whom I expect to build my life," she added. And in that letter, she described the man of her dreams—"...you're kind," she wrote. "...have the gentleness of a strong person who scorns to capitalize his strength—you wear your strength so lightly it is almost hidden—sparring of the weaknesses of others because you have never spared your own—"—you are essentially serious, because at bottom, life is serious. You're bound by a noblesse oblige that will not tolerate flippancy—that isn't to say you haven't your own dry, gentle humor, but you have no flair for wisecracking for wisecracking's sake. You'd never trade someone's discomfort for a laugh—"—you've learned that most nastiness is a bad retaliation of the sick and wounded and weak. Your tolerance is that of a mature intellect—"—you dance just well enough. I couldn't stand it if you were a polished rhumba artist... you send flowers, not just to flatter me, but because you love flowers... when you send me books, they're about the things you're interested in; and thereby you pay me a compliment... you don't speak sharply to waiters... your tennis is cagey and competitive... you're brown, and your hands are medium-sized and well made, and they look more at home resting on a tiller than shuffling a deck of cards... you like music, but don't give long monologues about it—

with all your strength, you're a fall guy for anyone under six, and they adore you... you like dogs (some dogs, not those shrill little ones) and you're quite comfortable when there's a cat around... you own a dozen revolving old pipes but you smoke cigarettes around me; not cigars. thank heaven... you wear the kind of clothes and shoes that look best when they're several years old... your nails are short and clean, and they aren't polished... you usually smell deliciously of soap and your face shines like a well-scrubbed boy's... Loretta and you are, to me, something more than all the sharp nervous affairs of girlhood combined. You are the one person I can't think of living without, this year, or twenty years from now, or any time in between. We belong together, you and I..."

YES, Loretta wrote that. Don't ask me if she was thinking of Eddie Sutherland when she wrote it. Don't ask Loretta, either. [Continued on page 70]
Mrs. Winchell's Little Boy Walter

[Continued from page 34]

company he expands. If things are dull he yawns. If not actually, at least mentally and with his eyes. His powers of observation are phenomenal. One look at a room and the people in it and the entire scene is indelibly photographed. If there's a new waiter in the place he knows it.

Quite probably he has 100,000 bowing acquaintances. Maybe ten close friends. To those few disciples he is devoted, and they to him. They are in touch with him at any hour, and know where he will be at any given time. They are young men who get around. And they pop up where things are happening. Even murders. They tell Walter. And as they are trustworthy, their news is grist for the mills of the press and the broadcasts, those twin Molochs with insatiable appetites for news that must be satisfied.

CONSTANTLY in the glare of the spot- light, it would be impossible for Winchell to lose much of a friend listKnowing this he keeps few secrets about himself. Knowing he is news, he prints first anything that may be exhausted by his many biographers. His closet is such a strikingly free of skeletons. There was never a greater lie than that which libels him a morganer of scandal. Knowingly, he has never done a decent girl or a girl a harm. When he errs in type, and even "The King" is not infallible, he suffers.

His genis is well-known. Briefly summarized his stunts are those of a poor boy marked by individuality and ambition. He quit school in a low grade to make a high grade in life. His earlier years were those of a song-and-dance number, a height-light of the "Off to Buffalo" days is that he once made President Wilson laugh. The joke was patched upon the President's ill-advised visit abroad. On a Washington stage vaudeville Winchell cracked to the effect that he could never be President because he got seasick.

Probably the first word coined in Winchell's column was that with which he christened a little type-written news sheet he composed in theatre dressing-rooms and tacked up on back-stage bulletin-boards. He called this, his first "one man newspaper," the "Newsense." He has since become the foremost minter of mots enriching our living language with a wide variety of brash, comprehensive words and expressive, pat phrases.

From a vaudeville trade paper he graduated to the New York "Graphic" tabloid. Note the date—September 10, 1924. It marks a revolution of journalism. Then as now, Winchell's paper was purchased for Winchell's column. Immediately he attracted a vast following. It has increased each year since. He found Broadway gasping in a death agony. And he gave the Street a new injection of color and glamour. But for Winchell, Manhattan would be minus millions of dollars attracted because of the interest he has generated throughout his wide syndication in Broadway's bulb-lighted talent. A reputation is responsible for elevating the status of newspapermen who have a flair for personal journalism. From anonymity hundreds of these have risen to the affluence. He, himself, is reported a millionaire. There are no limits to his potential income save those of time and physical endurance. He may write

his own ticket in a dozen spheres of activity. Most tense are his moments on the air. Speaking from that 170,000 watts microphone, that vibrant, staccato voice of his, Winchell is the personification of the absolute in intense concentration. His gray hat thrust back, and collar locked into the microphone like bullets from a Tommy-gun. He gives off as much energy during a broadcast as does an average person in a week.

WINCHEL's sense of showmanship is unerring. Early in his career he realized the news value of "feuds." The first was that between Walter and his friend, Mark Hellingen. On rival papers, they poured fire into one another through their columns to the joy of both readers and circulation departments. Later he picked Rudy Vallee to play the McCoy to his Hatfield. Rudy made the mistake of not playing. The Winchell-Bernie combat dates a day away, and our two bullies to the next blow. Letters poured in, and many called Walter someone larger than a mouse for picking on a nice boy like Ben. Eventually, the "mountain" sponsor thumb-downed the "feud"; he took it seriously. When the situation was explained, however, the lad went merrily to work upon one another. One of the immediate results was the Twenty-Fifth Century-Fox motion picture contract for both of them to carry-on in Wake Up and Live. The engagement augments Winchell's income by $75,000.

Walter has appeared frequently in the theatre at the rate of $1,000 a day, a somewhat different wage than that he earned in his hooling career. But this marks his debut as a famous nickel. Zanuck's keen appreciation to envision the worth of Winchell as a screen attraction. And it required the persuasiveness of Zanuck's lieutenant, Joe Medosky, born diplomat, to get the Winchellian signature on a contract. More than once it appeared that all bets were off. There was a time, for instance, when Walter said to Joe: "What do you mean by insulting me with an offer of $50,000? Do you realize you're practically telling me I smell?"

To which the patient, tenacious Joe replied:

"Sixty Grand and you smell, eh? Pretty expensive perfume, isn't it, Walter?"

But finally the boys got together. And then Winchell inserted all manner of stipulations into the agreement. There was to be no make-up used on Walter's kissers. No this—no that. Joe agreed to everything, knowing in his wisdom that Winchell would listen to reason once he saw the workings of lights and cameras. Initial shots were made of the new star without a make-up. And of course, he looked like a couple of other fellows.

"You see, Walter," they explained to him, "there is a certain amount of make-up. You want to look as you really are, don't you?"

"Sure," said Winchell, "that's why I
OWDY enough, Broadway's baby, who always hated the thought of Hollywood as a co-respondent that would divorce him from New York, has become thoroughly sold on California. He finds the Southern sunshine as alluring as the Manhattan moon, and enjoys making the acquaintance of daytime. He finds more opportunity for a normal home-life, and revels in it. While the consideration of Darryl Zanuck, director Lanfield, Billy Goetz, Harry Brand and the other fellows who make those Twentieth Century-Fox films has proved restful to his tautly drawn nerves. They have endeared themselves and Hollywood to him.

The Winchell routine is ever a terrific strain. The mere thought of that yawning white-space in the paper to be filled each day with news to "beat" a nation looms as a constant menace. Add to this the compilation of material for the broadcast, and, still further, the galling hours spent upon the studio set, and you'll come to think of Walter as something of a super-man. Yet, it is doubtful if he finds it possible to relax. The man's personal chemistry permits of no let-down. There can be no lessening of the tension. He's a violin with every string keyed-up to perfect pitch.

Reports from Zanuck and the Twentieth Century studios are emphatic in their declaration that Winchell, the actor, is as outstanding a personality as Winchell, the news-seeker, or Winchell, the broadcaster. His future as a fixed star in the film firmament is assured. But this is no more than those who know him well expected. Aside from the theatrical pose the man garnered as a boy trudging through a histrionic apprenticeship, Walter has a deep-seated and accurate sense of the dramatic. His column, his broadcast, radiate drama. It is not difficult for him to dramatize himself as a character upon the screen.

WHAT the ultimate future holds for Winchell is an uncertain quantity. Certainly he has added cubic to the stature of the vaudevillain-with-Broadway-belted-coat that he used to be. Certainly he has broadened intellectually through the weight of increasing responsibility to his millions of readers, through association with the great and the near-great. From a reporter of side street trivia he has assumed a place in national affairs where his piercing voice is heard in far places. He will continue to grow.

In his day's work there are a dozen fascinating volumes. He knows that Fate has put a finger on him to compel authorship of books that must live as contemporary history. Mere bound volumes of his columns capture the scene of his reportorial activities with camera-eye clarity. How absorbing, then, a relation of the "inside" with which he alone is familiar? Cite the Hauptmann Case alone as an example. But thus far every hour of his life is so crowded with living that there is no time save for the actual instant. There is no room for retrospection.

Meantime, Walter Winchell stands alone, both literally and figuratively. He is "The King." And a crown does him to a certain aloofness from all other men, not only from the crowds surrounding him with stifling proximity, but even from the favored few whom he accepts, and who accept him, as close companions and confidants. He has found fame. Fortune is his. But he has paid for both by loneliness. Such is his penalty for being "The King."

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izes some stars. She's avid for criticism, and actually takes it on the chin and doesn't get mad at the people who offer it. There is, for instance, Lucille ... Lucille de Antoine is her full name. For nine years, Lucille has worked with Loretta as the star's hairdresser. And Lucille is not star-shy, nor afraid. She doesn't mince words. When Loretta does anything of which Lucille doesn't approve, Lucille sounds off.

"Lucille is my best critic," Loretta says, when anyone asks her why she lets Lucille get away with it. "When I'm "lousy" before the camera, she tells me that I'm just that. She doesn't try to flatter my vanity, like others do, by telling me I did oke. And so, by letting Lucille tell me, and by listening to her I am often able to do better the next time."

DOMINANT trait in Loretta, probably, is her kindness. She cannot bear to hurt anyone. She cannot bear to hear of anyone's hurt. Illness of others dismays her deeply. She spends much of her off-screen time in charitable work, but says nothing of it, and resents it being mentioned. Never forgetful of what treasures she derived from her convent training, Loretta has always remembered the Sisters and what they did for her. Every yuletide, she turns over her automobile and her chauffeur, for weeks, to the Sisters of Nazareth at San Diego, to work their good.

Never the "big star" on the set or at home or among friends or strangers, Loretta amazes shopgirls by offering to wait while others are being served.

And significant, too, is this—at home, to Georgiana, the 13-year-old, and to Loretta's own mother, who lives there with her, she's just "Gretchen." You see, that's her real name—and it's her real character. They can't call her "Loretta"—she's Gretchen, and a gretchen, to them, always . . .

And that's the picture of Loretta Young—movie star who works at it, and who's as practical as any other expert in working at her profession; the sort of woman who, trying to make up her mind on marriage, is willing to thrust everything else aside but her love, as she says:

"I don't feel that I could ever ask my husband to share me with the public. I want to belong to him alone . . . ."

---Fawcett photo by Rhodes

Here is one Hollywood couple—the John Waynes, who live a very happy home life. We find John and Missus holding Tony, the daughter, Michael Anthony, the boy.
The Love Code of Virginia Bruce

[Continued from page 37]

to tell her a new Love Rule that she had just made up. Socialite Sandra would think her charming aunt-by-marriage had gone balmy in the crumpet. And urbane Sandra, Dolores, and "Bee" (Mrs. Donald Ogden) Stewart are Virginia's best friends. No, platitudes are decidedly "out" in that set.

NEVERTHELESS, worldly-wise or not, a girl with a mind as active as Bruce's is not going to stop analyzing what makes the world go 'round merely because discussion of such banalities is no longer popular. Virginia, born Virginia Briggs of Minneapolis, Minnesota, knows that at eighteen, when she entered films, she was as good-looking as she is now in her middle twenties, but beauty alone didn't bring her poise, understanding of men, tact; all the things that make her the attractive woman she is today.

She had to learn these things. And out of her experiences came her code... call it "love" or "life," if you want; or "sense of life," as does Francis L. Sullivan. Whatever name you call it, it's all right, just so you've had the intelligence to tabulate your impressions for future use. Bruce's code starts off with a statement that many women will argue:

"Rule One, don't look for an unselfish man," she said. "It's not that you won't find one, for you will. There are plenty of unselfish men, but—usually the very unselfish woman—you won't be happy with a man who thinks only of others, has no thought for himself. A real man needs to be an egoist to make him absolutely masculine. He is egotistical and virile and selfish—and manly. People will trample him, walk all over him, if he's not."

"If I qualify what I've said and say that a man should be unselfish only when it concerns you, it would weaken my argument, so let it stand, 'Don't look for an unselfish man. You won't find in him the strength, purposefulness, forcefulness that every woman admires in a man.'" You will find a real man in the everyday, garden-variety of selfish, egotistical male that all women love, pamper and worship.

"Do you know," asked Bruce, preparing another verbal bombshell, "that I have discovered something else about myself? I am speaking now as a woman who has been married, although I never met this situation in my two years of married life. In looking back at my life as John Gilbert's wife, and in looking at the married lives of my women friends, I have come to the conclusion that I could forgive unfaithfulness in a husband... with one reservation, of course.

"I know it's old-fashioned and out-moded to bring the biological difference between men and women into discussion, but that's what I base my rule on. I could understand how any man, my husband, my friend's husband, might be tempted, for the moment, to forget vows and such things and let himself go off the deep end for a pretty, cheap girl. I could actually look at her, and understand. She had something I did not have. She was a fleeting experience. Don't misunderstand me, please. I have never had to forgive such a thing. I am merely saying that I could.

"What I could not do is forgive my husband's unfaithfulness if it was with a woman who was my social equal, with the same talents and interests that I had. That would infringe too much on me and
what I represented to him. There is a difference, and I am wondering how many women will agree with me in this.

The third rule in La Brace's Love Category is that both parties to a romantic pact must have senses of humor. "Not the primary reason," says Virginia. "It's a wringing small white nose to express disapproval. "The quiet kind of humor that makes little chuckling laughter over things that both see and enjoy, or that remind us of some funny experiences that we have shared."

Strictly en rapport, you see, Virginia's romances seem founded on the Good Companionship basis, particularly her latest and apparently most virulent, David Niven. David (she never calls him "Dave") is a Soviet-educated at England's "West Point" Sandhurst, was former Companion Constant to Britain's Merle Oberon who is now on the verge of matrimony with Ireland's Brian Aherne... anyway, David has a terrific sense of humor. Also a sense of proprietorship. Already he is making reforms in the plushfier Miss Bruce.

"David says," records Virginia, who, like all women, enjoys forming on her lips the name of her swain, "that I am too tacitless in my speech. I say things too abruptly, without giving them thought... opinions about people and that. He thinks that I should be stately and blonde and silent at parties."

We shall see how the dictator turns out. Virginia declares that she was no interloper in the breaking up of the Oberon-Niven romance. And this Hollywood knows to some extent. As for marriage with Niven, Bruce does not definitely know, herself. As for marriage at all... "I should hope so!" declares Virginia in fast affirmative. Probably for several years because of her career. She is already vying fame under an M-G-M contract in a second attempt to scale cinema heights. Her marriage in 1932 (August 10th) to the latest John Gilbert, the birth of her adored younger, Susan Ann, now three and one-half years old, her subsequent divorce in 1934, called a halt to her promising career. As remembered, the Bruce-Gilbert marriage climaxed a whirlwind courtship that commenced when both were cast in Downtoairs.

But Virginia was an accomplished screen performer before she appeared in the Gilbert film. Leaving the academies (she attended a Do, where her parents moved when she was very young) behind her, she entered pictures instead of college. This, at the urgent insistence of Director William Beaudine. Her first appearance for Fox was in a Madge Bellamy starrer. That other blonde Metro-te, Jean Harlow, was an extra in it. Soon Virginia's singing voice, heard frequently in recent cines, won attention. It snared the interest of a Paramount talent scout, and in short time Virginia had a Paramount contract tucked away in her dressing box. She was the tall blonde lady-in-waiting in Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald's The Love Parade.

She was also the tall blonde—but ravishing with a number of other tall blondes in the Samuel Goldwyn-Florey Ziegfeld screen of Whoopee. Virginia was dragging in seventy-five dollars a week then, but that was because her family to assist financially—mother, father, and brother Stanley, who was readying himself for college. Those were the days when Powers's broken leg needed Virginia's chauffeur, standing by for hours with the family car as her daughter dined and danced.

Disillusioning as this may be to those who have ideas about the luxurious private life of a follies and film queen, Virginia is disingenously honest about it. "Perhaps it's the Hemingway-William Faulkner influence. They are her favorite writers. Anyway, with Whoopee finished, Virginia celebrated by losing her appendix, her sponsor and her press agent. These three gone, she applied for a spot in a Ziegfield Broadway show, Smiles. And got it.

A BRUCE loved New York. And vice versa. Between the shows America's Sweetheart and East Wind, Virginia returned to visit her family in Hollywood. She was persuaded to make a test for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. They liked it, but Bruce by that time was back in New York again. Reluctantly she finally gave in to movie moguls, and returned to Hollywood. She knew she was not a smart business woman if she didn't. With this new affiliation came opportunities for dramatic acting. She was no longer a "show girl." Bruce was an actress. People first discovered it in The Mighty Barasu. Outstanding have been her appearances in The Great Ziegfield, Escapade, Times Square Lady, Born to Dance, and her newest, for Universal, When Love Is Young.

Without a doubt, her marriage to the brilliant, high-tensioned Gilbert remains the most important emotional experience in Virginia Bruce's life. She looks back at it, too, without malice, tenderly. This attitude, without bitterness that their marriage did not survive, is undoubtedly the biggest factor in the development of Virginia. Knowing all men in the tempestuous, never-dull Gilbert, she knows what men should measure up to. That's why when she sets "gentleness" as a requirement for man and woman you know she understands its fullest value.

"Trustfulness, too. That's important... and different than "faithfulness," says Bruce. "I mean to trust a man in all the really big important things in life. To know that he's right, and believe in what he says, implicitly."

"Then there is a lack of jealousy. No one can be happy if she is jealous every time a man finds it impossible to accompany her to a party or a dinner, or he says he has to work. Or if she sees him dancing with another girl. It's probably the daughter of the hostess. It's fun, of course, to play a little game with a man. Do a little discreet flirtation with someone. But don't be flagrant about it, and give him cause to be jealous. Don't, for instance, leave him alone at a party while you wander off to another room with a man. But it does put flavor in a romance if you do a little game playing."

Which proves again that Miss Bruce is the eternal feminine. It is this exquisitie femininity that makes her demand personal cleanliness in the man of her choice. "Shoes—clean, shining and new," she says. "And well-pressed suits, and well-cared-for hands."

"Let the man be the aggressor," says this eternal Eve. "Don't 'phone him and nag him for appointments. I have never, never, never 'phoned a man. I mean it! I am sure if I did, to try and 'date' him, and he did 'date', I wouldn't want him after all the bother of trying to get him. I'm that contrary. Then, too, I'd probably be disgusted with myself. Another thing—don't expect too much of the man you love. Remember that all the funny little things about a person can be so attractive... that seems to be about all. Or have I given you more than 'Ten Commandments'?"
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Simone Simon's Own Story

(Continued from page 42)

smiles that are all alike, all pretty-prettv and all artificial..."

"Her changability. She can be a complicated personality, a woman baffling and mysterious. Or a simple young girl, naive, eager for life..."

"She said... She can make you live her emotions..."

"Her mystery. No one knows much about her—what she did before Hollywood, how she became what she is today..."

Hollywood, itself, is attracted to Simone for all of these reasons. But Hollywood, the most incurably curious town on earth, is particularly absorbed by her silence about herself. She has never detailed her success story. And Hollywood wonders: "Why?" Simone is supposed to be temperamental. All right, then, she won't be interviewed because she's temperamental. But her explanation doesn't ring exactly true. Tempe-

ramental stars usually aren't given to reticence about themselves. Wherefore, Hollywood interviews: "What is she hiding? Why doesn't she give interviews? Can't she speak English, except on the screen? Or does she speak it so well that she doesn't want to be interviewed?"

If such people wonder if she really is French? Who is she? What is her background? Why is she afraid to tell?

It hasn't occurred to Hollywood, somehow, to suspect another reason for her silence. Despite her flares of temperament, her indications that she has a mind of her own, Hollywood hasn't suspected Simone of being a person who makes promises to herself. And, moreover, keeps them. Hollywood hasn't suspected, somehow, that when she arrived in the movie town, a complete stranger, she made a promise to herself that she would show what she could do before she said anything about what she had done. Also, Hollywood hasn't suspected her of having a teasing sense of humor. When the hurrid, spiteful guesses started to appear, a mischievous glint appeared simultaneously in her blue eyes. "Oh!" they guessed on games? Then she would let them play a while longer—a long while longer. Until they ran out of guesses. Then she would tell her story. That is, if anyone sincerely wanted it..."
in a fawn-colored dress of lightweight wool, topped with a brief jacket. Very chic, but a little taller than she seemed on the screen. Her hair was more golden than I remembered. (Naturally dark, it is being lightened gradually for screen purposes.) The hair, the eyebrows, the Freckles (a reminder that she is half-Irish) and the provocative lips were her first-impression features.

She seated herself on a wide divan, beside her secretary-companion, Miss Martin, American-born and American-spoken, whom she asked to "sit in" on the interview.

I WISHED that I had a mental dictaphone, to register her accent—a duplicate of her screen accent. I wished that I had a candid-camera, to register that apparently-mildly Southern Californian reminded her of the South of France.

"Yes, but I know people who do not agree with me."

"Weren't you born in the South of France—in Marseilles?"

"Yes—I was." Her answer was slow; she was suddenly serious. I was seated diagonally to her left. She looked at me sidewise, and (it seemed to me) suspiciously, as if to say: "Now what are you trying to unearth?"

"Did you go right from there to Paris?"

"Yes—I did." (Still that sidelong, on-guard look.)

"Did you go to school in Paris?"

"Yes."

"At the Conservatoire—the state school of the theatre—the one that Charles Boyer attended?"

"No. I never went to any school of the theatre. If I ever had the idea, it was killed by a—no, the other, the one in America—what you call him in America—a producer-manager I met. He said to me, 'Do not go to any school. Do not fit a pattern. Walk the road alone. That is the only way to learn acting.'"

"How old were you when you left Marseilles?"

Again that sidelong look. "Eight."

"You went, then, to a girls' school in Paris—one, perhaps, a little like the one in Girls' Dormitory?"

"Yes."

"In Paris?"

She nodded. "But it was not as easy as that sounds." The sidelong look vanished. A look of reminiscence replaced it. She decided to go into the story:

W HEN I was a little girl, I dream always of the theatre. I do not think of Hollywood then. It is too far away, too impossible for me to reach. But the Paris stage—it is not too far away. So I collect pictures of the great Parisian favorites. She rattled off several names, then realized how unfamiliar most of them would sound to American ears. "Year after year, there are many plays in Paris. Many great talents. But America never hears of them." (Just as America never heard of Simone Simon until those black-and-red 24-sheets began to appear on American billboards.)

"All the way through school, I always want that one thing—to be in the theatre. No one ever told me I could act. No one ever told me I was beautiful. I just told myself that I could act, if I tried hard enough. I could have an exciting life, be all kinds of different people. Not just Simone Simon, a little mouse.

"I did not know how to make a start. My family would not help me. And to get in—"a manager's office in Paris is like an

"It was so simple—so quick and easy to use Marchand's that I was astonished at the difference it made in my entire personality."

"There she is, sitting at home alone—the girl I left behind me forever when I discovered Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says lovely Louise A. "I used to be a Cinderella, but now my friends say Marchand's brought out my true personality—I'm fascinating."

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unknown trying to get in a movie producer's office in Hollywood. I did know that. So I had some people who went down and write letters of introduction for me. I had five letters, to five managers. The first three, I could not even see.

"The fourth one saw me. But that did not make me happy. He said I should give up 'this crazy idea' of the theatre; I had no chance. I was too young, I had no experience. I didn't want—what you say in Hollywood?—the type... I got even with that man later. He saw me in a film. He wanted to give me a stage offer. He did not remunerate. I let him talk; I listened, all eyes. When he finished, I said, 'You do not remember me.' I reminded him of the first time he saw me. Then I walked out. He cannot say a word. 'I may have lost a good role, doing that. But it was too much a temptation.'

"If I had listened to that man's advice, I would never have presented the fifth letter. But I listened to myself. I would not give up hope. I had had it too long. I went to the fifth manager. He had a bit that he had not cast yet. He let me have it. Then I played a flop. But another manager saw me in that small part. He asked me to play an ingenue in a new play he was producing. Then those movies discovered me. French movies, I mean.

"What did you do then—alternate between stage and screen? First a play, then a movie?"

"No, I was in the movies two years. Then Sacha Guitry—do they know that name in America? It is a very great name in Paris—became one of my discoverers. She admired, at the little joke on Hollywood, which assumes that it was her first and only discoverer. "I played his leading lady in Too C'est Moi. I will show you."

WTH her, I walked over to a grand piano in one corner of the large room, a piano that looked as if it were played often. She riffled through a pile of music, produced a libretto of another operetta, also with her name prominently displayed. "Are you going to sing in Hollywood?" She shrugged her shoulders, eloquently. "I do not know. I think I hope not. I want to concentrate on acting."

"Did you also play in comedy? Tragedy? Problem drama?"

"She nodded. "And do not forget movies," she said, with that teasing smile."

"Were you thinking about Hollywood at all?"

"She shook her head. "I had no desire to come to Hollywood. I was busy in Paris; I was happy there. Hollywood was another world. Besides, I did not think I was ready for Hollywood."

"What finally led you to come to Hollywood?"

"Offers. Several, not just one. There was—what shall I call it?—the lure. The same ones from England came first, but I did not take them. Then came one, two offers from Hollywood. I did not take those either. Then all of a sudden a whole collection came. I could not ignore that symptom of something.

"Before, the English-speaking offers had seemed like accidents. Straws in the wind. They could be proved nothing. But when I had several offers all at once—I guess I believe in fates. Everything seemed to say, 'You should go to Hollywood.'"

"In spite of what you had heard about it from people you knew?"

She smiled, with her chin up. "I did not have to listen to them," she said.

THAT single retort is all-revealing about Simone Simon. She has a mind of her own. If she did not have it, she would not be where she is today.

"Who was the final bit of persuading?"

"Mr. Sheehan. (Winifred Sheehan—production head of Fox Films, before the merger with 20th Century, when Darryl Zanuck took charge, Sheehan brought Simone to Hollywood, but it was Zanuck who launched her Hollywood career.)

"Do you have gambling blood? Did you think of giving up your sure career in Paris, for an unknown future in Hollywood, six thousand miles away, as a great gamble?"

She did not understand what I meant by "gamble." Miss Martin explained. "No, I do not think that was my gist, I reveal in that sentence a store of quiet self-confidence. Which she could afford to have, after her accumulation of acting experience in France.

"Were you worried at all by the possibility of a struggle with English?"

She pursed her lips. "No. There was nothing in my contract, saying how soon I must speak perfect English. I still do not speak perfect English. I have too much accent. They say it is 'cute, different': they want me to keep it. But I do not like it. I want to speak so everyone can understand me. So maybe I can play an American girl sometime."

"You weren't exactly happy when you first arrived in Hollywood, were you?" (I remembered those early explosions of temperamental, which, combined with a convenient illness, took her out of the role of Cigarette in Under Two Flags.)

"That was not Hollywood's fault. I did my wrong things. I brought along an English girl to help me through a show a long time; she spoke French like a Parisienne. That was not so good. We were all the time talking in French, not English. Now, I am completely surrounded by Americans who cannot speak French.

"And I did something else very foolish, when I came. Foolish and human. I was piqued because no one here had heard of me. I was hurt. I resented it. I took some very poor advice about how to behave."

"That was an unexpected confession. Even a magnanimous confession. A sporting concession. It took courage to say it—even as it took courage for her to play the role of Blanche in Venus Observed. She is better than any other in picture history, associated with one particular feminine star."

But Simone would not admit that this role took courage. "It was an assignment," she said, as if that fact, in her new philosophy of getting along with the world, was adequate explanation. "An assignment that would be fun."

Simone Simon—the little French girl who wants to stay in America and talk like an American—is definitely converted to the idea that she should be happy and make other people happy here. You will sense more of this than ever before in Seventh Heaven. You will add to the sensation of being with Tyrone Power in Kings on Her Fingertips.
Think of your refrigerator as a cooking appliance. Then plan your entire meal around cool foods instead of hot dishes. Whether foods are served hot or cold makes no difference in their nutritive or health values—but what a difference it may make to appetite! In hot, sultry summer weather, the cool dish, the thirst-quenching drink, the crisp salad, crystal gelatin or frozen dessert put "pep" and "punch" into those who are tired out and wilted from the heat.

There is a cool form of every course from soup to nuts. What could be a more happy keynote to the hot weather luncheon, for example, than a cup of refreshing jelled bouillon? Here canned soups like Consomme, Clam Broth, Tomato Soup, etc., play an important part, for it is only necessary to open a can, perhaps add seasoning, and pour into the refrigerator tray. Stir once during the process, and your soup will emerge clear and sparkling, a delight to serve in individual cups topped by minced parsley or a paprika-speckled spoon of whipped cream.

In WARM weather, too, dishes of lighter or entree type are most suitable for the main course. This may be a delicate creamed mixture or a combination broil blue plate, but even more suitable for this course is a jellied ham or other meat loaf, a vegetable ring, or a tomato or a seafood aspic. Molded in a pleasing ring shape, vegetables, meats and even poultries may be used in many combinations. When the ring, or mold, is turned onto a lettuce-garnished platter, the center may serve to hold contrasting mixtures, or a special zesty mayonnaise. Cream cheese beaten into tomato juice and stiffened with gelatin makes a most appetizing mold in which to serve a chill vegetable salad of your choice. Here is a delicious recipe for your chill chest:

**SHRIMP AND OLIVE ASPIC RING**

1. package aspic gelatin
2. cup boiling water
3. cup cold water
4. tablespoons lemon juice
Grains salt and cayenne
2. cups cooked shrimp
1/2 cup stuffed olives, sliced
3. stuffed hard eggs, halved
Watercress
Mayonnaise

Use large ring mold. Dissolve gelatin in boiling water. Add cold water, lemon juice and seasonings. Set mold in pan of cracked ice. Cover bottom with layer of gelatin, and when jelly has become firm, arrange on it layer of shrimp and olives. Stand to firm. Chill remaining gelatin, pour into mold, and repeat with shrimp and olives. Chill until firm. Unmold on platter and garnish with eggs and watercress. Pass mayonnaise separately. (Serves 6).

WHATEVER the salad selected, be sure and do all the advance preparation early in the day. Clean, cut and cook, if necessary, the vegetables or fruits required. Wash lettuce or other green leaf plants and wrap in parchment or store in special lettuce bags to crisp. Make the dressing of mayonnaise, or take a special time once a week to make up a large quantity of the family's favorite salad dressings and store them in glass jars. If berries must be picked, wash, drain and lightly sprinkle them with sugar before placing them in the serving dish, ready to use at a moment's notice. When several salad ingredients are to be used, prepare each and pack into small glass dishes or casseroles, and leave them uncovered for a quick final assembly just before serving time.

But it is not only cold foods, strictly speaking, which can be "cooled" in the refrigerator. There are various breads too, and cookies, as well as special ice-box cakes which can be made there. The hostess who wishes to enjoy her meals with her guests instead of being all tired out when they arrive, can make up a batch of dough for refrigerator rolls (in some spare half hours), and place it to stand, covered with wax paper, until she wishes to use it. Then, cutting off a portion of the dough, she can quickly roll or shape it, and bake it in her oven or portable electric casserole in but 10 or 12 minutes. Similarly, refrigerator cookies can be mixed long, in advance packed into a fancy mold, and left in the
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Test it FREE—We send complete Test Package. Apply to single lock snipped from hair. See results first. No risk. Just mail coupon.

---MARY T. GOLMAN--- 3206 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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"Well, I'll Tell You"—Bob Burns
(Continued from page 51)

look like a county court somewhere down in Arkansas, and filled with a mob of typical hill-billies. Director Charles Reisner was shooting 'Mountain Music,' starring Bob Burns, with Martha Raye. Unless we miss our guess, it will be a very funny picture.

"I don't see how it can miss," Bob told us, with justifiable professional pride. He lighted his briar pipe (one of 65 such pipes), and sat down on a bench with us to answer our questions, "tickled to death" that another writer wanted to interview him.

We knew very well he had invented the bazooka, but were curious to know who coined the word. "Well, I'll tell you," Bob said.

"Down home they say about windy guys, he is all right, but he blows his bazoo too much. When I invented this thing," he pointed out to his grotesque instrument, "I thought I oughta call it bazoo-ka, the 'ka' being a fancy Russian ending, like in balalaika. It makes it more classy, y'know."

I PLAY almost every kind of instrument. I started takin' mandolin lessons when I was a small kid. Stars for me were Frank McClain, the leader of the Van Buren Queen City Silvertone Cornet band. My brother, who was two years older than me, played bass in the army. When we used to go around serenadin' our friends an' neighbors. We'd put our music on the front porch by the side of a little lantern mother had given us. When we'd want to go to town to hear the music, played Over the Waves Waltz over an' over again. Later on I played trombone in the band. My Uncle Collins Needham, who wuz a great dog, used to tell me how to play his own piece on the panner, I'm Goin' Back to Texas. I earned my first dollar in show business by playin' that piece in our playhouse between acts of 'The Square Plan.' I wuz about 13 years old.

"A bunch of us kids organized a string or-cheesara, an' one night we wuz practicin' in the back of Hayman's plumbin' shop, which I happened to pick up a piece of gas pipe, about two feet long, an' blew it into. It produced a bass note that gave me an idea, an' it's ideas that make the world go round. I rolled up a sheet of music an' slid it in the pipe, an' it had got three different bass notes. The other boys laughed at me, an' it sure made me sore. I spent the rest of the night figuring out the construction which the country now knows as the Bazooka. I put one gas pipe inside tother, an' soldered a whiskey funnel at the end of it. Now, I wuz a great dreamer, but I never thought that, some day, General Pershing an' the King of Spain would git blue in the face tryin' to blow my Bazooka."

WHEN America entered the war, Bob was in Chicago, selling advertising for the Herald, and playing his Bazooka before some civic organizations, to get the ads. "The Bazooka is the greatest ice-breaker in the world." He joined the Marines, was made a rifle instructor, became shooting wizards in the Ozarks had made him a crack shot, and spent a year overseas, emerging from the war a gunnery sergeant and the champion riflemen of the world. He is now a gold medal winner and has joined on his breast by General Pershing.

For a few months after the Armistice he played the Bazooka with a style that was only years in Paris. He has lived in Paris with the princess, the duchess that, generals, ambassadors, prime ministers, many of the world's great who had gathered in Paris, The King of Spain was among them, and tipped Bob's band $400 when they played at a party given in the villa of a certain princess.

That same instrument, coupled with his drawing, has landed him in what must be the finest dressing-room at Paramount, and is under contract to make three pictures a year for Paramount, and one for RKO, and is sitting pretty as the nation's all-around entertainer. He has a band, with Bing Crosby and some of the greatest every Thursday night at the N. B. C. studios, delighting millions of radio fans, and is writing a daily column which is already syndicated in 135 newsstands. That's two miles off the main highway, an' the State is buildin' a road from the highway to this rest camp of mine. It's called Bob's .Trail. I'm buildin' it, too, findin' them out of native stone, an' oakwood, which will have a lot of glass cases, in which the many natural products of Arkansas will be on exhibit. It's goin' to be something real pretty."

His keen blue eyes shone with pride.

HOW do his old friends and relatives feel about his phenomenal success? "They are jus' tickled to death, they can't git over it, an' laugh that I should be paid for this stuff." How does he feel about his own success? "Well, I'm not a successful one sometimes I look in the mirror when I am in my dressin'-room, then look aroun', at the pictures on the walls, the deep, soft bur'ndy rug on the floor, I think like a king, an' I say to myself, 'How in the heck did this happen? Am I dreamin'? I still can't believe it. An' then I remember that I was a bit player about the big shots on the sets, an' today I can't imagine that these other people feel the same way about me, consider me a big shot.' He burst out laughing. "I can't imagine it."

In this town of slick sophistication the homely wisdom of Bob Burns strikes you with its eternal truths. He expresses his views on man's destiny and his philosophy of life in these words: "I left home when I wuz 14, an' hopped through ev'ry State in the Union to see what the rest of the country looked like. An' I've bin in Mexico, Cuba, an' in many countries of Europe. At 22 I wuz a full-fledged hobo, a wanderer of the road. I've bin broke more times than I care to remember, an' made an' lost money good money afore I landed in my dressin'-room as a neighbor to Charlie Lombard. "I've carried bananas at the docks down in New Orleans, worked with an engineerin' party in Alambany surveyin' high tension lines, sold bananas, was a man without papers, washed as waiter an' doorknob polisher on a boat, grown peanuts an' herded cattle in Okla- homa, managed a barber-house up in Kansas, worked on the boardwalk at Atlantic
City an' wuz eight years in vaudeville doin' a blackface act. I've gone up, an' I've gone down. I've done purty near everythin' an' met all kinds of people, an' this is what I've learned: Life is purty much the same, it don't make much difference where you are, in Van Buren or New York or out here in Hollywood, it's the little world you build around you that counts, it's all you got.

"I used to drive up to Hollywood Hills an' take a good look at this town. An' somehow in that natural settin', even the biggest shot seemed kinda puny. I use-tur look at the stars in the sky. You know, lookin' at the stars you kinda discover yourself, an' it makes you mighty humble. This world of ours is a tiny speck in the universe, an' you realize how puny an' insignificant man is. You kin be the greatest man of all time, an' you'll just be stilla flash in the pan."

BOB BURNS talks the vernacular of the Arkansas hill-billies, but not in its original purity. Literari and book words have crept into his speech. He is, after all, a graduate of Van Buren High School, and can quote from The Ancient Mariner. His academic career is interesting.

"When I was a junior in school, my motto was, 'As idle as a painted ship on a painted ocean.' In my senior year, I wuz known as a boy without a serious thought in his head. I got out in my senior year 'cause I didn't want to be embarrassed. I knew I couldn't pass. But I wanted to continue my education in the University of Arkansas. So I went to our principal, J. R. Williams, an' asked for a letter of recommendation. 'Will you show it to the president of the university if I give you one?' he said. 'Sure,' I said. An' here is what he wrote in the letter: 'We hope you will be able to interest Mr. Burris. We cannot flatter ourselves that we did.' Bob chuckled, slapped us on the knee. "That's a fact," he insisted. "I wuz admitted to the university all right, but didn't last more'n a semester. I got my high school diploma only last year.""

"On my way out to Hollywood to appear with Bing Crosby on the radio an' in Rhythm on the Range, I stopped off at Van Buren. There were thousands of people, hundreds of dogs, an' four hands at the station to welcome me home. We had a parade down Main Street with ox teams an' covered wagons, an' then they took me to the high school auditorium for the homecomin' ceremonies. The principal made a speech an' presented me with a beautiful diploma. He said I had learned enough since I got out of high school to entitle me to a diploma, an' that's when I almost broke down. I had always wanted a diploma."

VAN BUREN'S gift to Hollywood towers to a height of 6 feet 3 inches, has curly brown hair combed straight back, and a red, healthy face over which the passing years have left their marks, but he is young at heart, than he appears on the screen. There is tremendous vitality and eager curiosity in that face, but a pall of tragedy descends over it when he looks into the pipe in silence, for his wife and helper, Elizabeth Fisher, whom he met on the boardwalk of Atlantic City when both were running concessions there and married her in 1921, died last year, before Rhythm on the Range was filmed.

Their only son, also named Bob, was on the set, his second visit to the studio, to see his father act before the camera. Bob, Jr., is a lanky lad of 14 with curly brown hair, and attends Fairfax High School. He wants to be a chemist. Bob, Sr. and Jr. live with their dog in a modest home in the Fairfax district of Hollywood, although they could afford a mansion. His greatest weakness is his timidity, he admitted. 'I've bin too doggone sensitive about things, too easily hurt an' afraid to impose myself on others. But as I figure it now, I'd be lost in five minutes if I wuz one of them bold types. It would show in my work, an' that would be my finish.' He is shrewd enough to realize that his timidity is also his greatest asset as a public entertainer on the screen and radio.

We wanted to know his plans for the future. "I wanna slow up, go easy from now on, but still, this stuff wuz so hard to git that I might as well stay in an' pitch as long as it lasts. But I won't be a bit disappointed if it don't. To tell the truth, sometimes I git awfully homesick for those people back in the Ozarks. They send me things I treasure. Whittlers whistle out their masterpieces for me, an' woman carved out of a solid board a whole village in Arkansas in relief. It's the purtiest thing I ever saw. I don't git scared when I think what I'd do if the bottom dropped out of everythin' an' I become jist plain Bob Burns, with no dressing-room, no radio programs, no newspapers printin' my little stories. When this excitement blows over I'm goin' back to the mountains of Arkans an' jist sit around on the front porch with the old timers an' whittle an' chew tobacco an' lissen.'"
Unwanted Hairs Wash Off with simple application

Nothing kills romance so quickly as hair on a woman's arms or legs. Now there is an easy way to remove this hair—without shaving. Simply use NEET, an exquisite toilet accessory that leaves your skin as soft and smooth as a petal. Like a cold cream in texture, you might read NEET on where the hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water; that is all. NEET is the dainty, feminine way of removing hair—quick, easy and natural. It avoids the re-growth of sharp-edged bristles that follow shaving. Millions of women use it. NEET is sold in drug and department stores; handy trial sizes at 10-cent store.

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You will be completely comfortable as this amazing reducing belt gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move. It gives you an erect and graceful carriage... supports abdominal organs... keeps digestive organs in place... and with loss of burden comes increased pep and greater endurance. Send name and address for illustrated folder and full details of 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER! THE WEIL COMPANY 676 Mill St., New Haven, Conn.

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door, and a dimple appeared in the corner of her mouth. "So I got married."

"And your marriage?" I inquired tentatively, always delicate ground in an interview.

"Well, here it is." I hadn't noticed the shadow at which she was smiling, till it took substance and entered—a tall young man with a casual air, an athlete's body and a lean, sunburnt face that you promptly took to. He picked up where we'd left off. "It's an inspired marriage," he announced firmly.

"Idlylic," echoed Jane.

"You see? Her husband has only to say the word—"

"And his fatuous wife says amen." His name is Edgar Ward. Jane has known him since his freshman days at Harvard. "But it took a broken leg to bring us together."

"You see, I'd always thought I'd never get through college, no one seemed very anxious to give me a job. And having no profession—"

"He's a writer," put in Jane.

"Amateur," said Edgar, trying to quell her with a look.

"I think he should try to have them published," she continued imparturbantly. "Well, as I was saying when my wife started building me up, I had no profession. So I decided to join my mother in Europe and become a good downhill skier—"

"He plays tournament tennis too," said the unquenchable Jane.

"Jane, the lady will tell your public you're a husband-hater. Anyway, after a couple of hills I broke my leg, bone inflammation set in, I didn't want to be sick abroad, I had friends here and heard there were good doctors, too—note how I hasten to get to the star—so I entered the Good Samaritan Hospital. Jane would come to cheer my sickbed. I'd always been an admirer of the girl, but an actress' life is all high tension. There seems no room in it for anything so peaceful as romance. I'd often felt that if we were ever in one place together long enough for me to impress my quiet charm on her, I'd try my luck. And it happened—all of places—I in tranquil Hollywood."

"I was taken completely by surprise," said Jane demurely. "Generally you have a suspicion beforehand."

"Oh—so you'd always had a suspicion the other times?" demanded her lord."

"Always," she grimaced. "Anyway, you only asked me because you were sick and I was there."

"And you only took me because you had so much time on your hands?"

THEY were married on November 9th in Santa Fe by the Archbishop of New Mexico.

"Eddie's sisters were there and my own younger sister and brother. Monica was my bridesmaid."

"And my son not only came from New York, but insisted on paying his own way. Remarkable what softies weddings will make of people," mused the groom.

That winter Jane returned to the stage in a play called, oddly enough, *Lost Horizons*, which had nothing to do with the Hilton story. For the first time she saw her name up in lights. She had little desire to go back to Hollywood, but a contract's a contract. Universal had nothing ready for her. Then Frank Capra asked her to make a test for *Lost Horizon."

When she got the part," says her husband, "she wrung her hands. I had to unravel them. Then we went out and blew ourselves to a twenty dollar dinner with champagne."

CAPRA was responsible for a change in her attitude toward the movies. "He doesn't descend to them, and he made me realize how foolish and limited my own point of view had been. Not that he ever said anything. It was just watching him work and working with him. There's a kind of secret excitement under his quietness, and you get caught up in that excitement and begin to catch a glimmer of what he's aiming at. I can never be grateful enough—not only for the part and the chance to work with him, but for so much else that he opened my eyes to."

She's not working now, for she's going to have a baby in July. "No tennis either," said Eddie. "Which is just as well, because I've still got a game leg. But we walk and motor and go to the movies. And at night I read aloud. I'm especially good on the Bible and Shakespeare. I even read Browning. *There's* an advantage in marriage. I never dared read Browning aloud before."

They stood together in the doorway. Paulette, probably in an excess of relief at the visitor's departure, rolled to her back and saw the air with her forelegs."

"Setting-up exercises," grinned Eddie. Then they turned back to their lamp-lit house where books and music and laughter waited to be shared—two young people born to the heritage of a good life, and knowing how to use their heritage.
"Those Rumors Flatter Me"—Doug, Jr.

[Continued from page 46]

London. He will be around Hollywood long enough, on this visit, for a few more impressions to get around. (1) That he does not look a bit like his father. (2) That he wears no monocle. (3) That his clothes may be Bond Street, but that he does not wear them like a tailor's fashion plate. (4) That he is little different from the outside, from the Doug, Jr., that Hollywood used to know.

Perhaps he is more cosmopolitan, a little less boyish. But still it is as thin, his waistline as trim, and his grin as spontane-ous as when he went away. To look at him, you wouldn't know that he had been away. It is only when he begins to talk that you notice a subtle change in him. The boy has become more serious. He admits it, himself.

He's probably steadier than I used to be. Before I had any responsibilities, I used to resent them. They've had the effect of sobering me up a bit and not taking it all for granted.

"They've given me an inking that any success I've had, has not been due to any outstanding talent, but to innate stubbornness. That's the only thing I can give in to. There's one consolation, however. The end is not yet in sight. I'm still a young man. I've been in the business only—he underlines that "only"—with a grin—fourteen years.

"I was sixteen when I made my first picture—Stephen Steps Out. It was on the order of Bunker Bean, with athletics added. And what a death of a dog when I saw myself on celluloid. If it hadn't been for that 'inmate stubbornness,' I would have quit right then, and right there...

ONE of the most persistent of all Hollywood legends is to the effect that after you have been active on the screen for five years, you are just about through. After he had been around for ten years, young Doug decided that it was about time he gave a thought to his future, which, in his own mind, if not in one else's, was assuming the shape of a large question mark.

He had overcome self-consciousness; he had overcome the handicap of a famous father with a dynamic personality. He had proved himself a personality in his own right; he had proved himself an actor. That was when he decided that he wanted an ace up his sleeve. That was when he decided that he had to learn another business besides acting. Though he wanted to act as long as the public was willing. And that was where England came in.

At the time, the sob sisters had it that he went abroad to "forget"—forget a young romance that had evolved into an unsuccess-ful marriage. But Doug, Jr., tells the real story:

"I decided to dip my finger in the production end. Here in Hollywood, to become a producer, I would have had to start 'way far back, and work years to get anywhere. The producing business was, practically, a closed corporation. It was in the hands of a few, who didn't want to let in any outsiders.

"In England, I stood a much better chance. England was just beginning to go in for movie-making in a large way. It was frankly drawing on Hollywood talent. My experience should be worth something there. So Criterion Films were born. It wasn't exactly a British concern; I'd call it Anglo- American Artists, an American company. There was no connection with my father however. We have always deliberately avoided each other. I had a different kind of a career. I was in it alone with a contract that specified that I was to produce four films a year, appearing in two. Actually, I have been in three, the third not having been released yet in America.

"A ND, well—frankly, I have had my headaches. While I'm over here, there is a bit of reorganization going on over there. I hope, I've been in a position to take all the rap, without being in a position to have an opinion on it. Actually, I decided to cut my losses, and it would go to my head, but because it would throw everything out of proportion. It's an old pet superstition of mine that hard-won success lasts the longest. I didn't have the urge to make a sensational splash, pronto, in the production pond. And—he grins again—I haven't. But I'm definitely keeping at it. Just as I'm definitely keeping at acting.

"There was nothing in my contract to prevent my taking some American acting offers, now and then. I wanted to take them. But a whole lot of obstacles came up. I had to invest my time. That's why I haven't done anything here since Morning Glory and Success Story. three years, I simply considered it a number of offers, and been on the verge of accepting, then had to countermand all plans. I didn't believe I was sailing this time until I was actually on the boat."

"This offer happened to come at a time when I could afford to accept—something I couldn't do before, no matter how much I wanted to come there. That's what I was considering. The other two were opposite women stars; they would have given me the same old chokes of a romantic hero."

After playing so many heroes for so many years, he was glad of the chance to play a menace, for a change. Particularly in a robust fantasy that calls for two-buck sword-play, swinging of capes, clinking of spurs and all the rest of it. And who thought of casting him as a menace? That was David Selznick's idea. Inspiration, rather.

THERE were four reasons, really why he accepted the role of Rupert of Heavens in The Prisoner of Zenda. First, he admired Ronald Colman and Madeleine Carroll and one that made Ramon Novarro a star in the silent version.

Second, it's a bully good part—I remember Novarro in it. Secondly, because it would be not only good business, but fun. Thirdly, because it would give me a chance to work with Stella Dallas. And last, but not least, because of my truly sincere admira-
tion for Selznick as a producer—an admiration that kept me on the United Artists program with my own company.'

He admits that he, himself, has changed a bit since he last worked in Hollywood. How about Hollywood? Has it changed?

"In the old days, when you asked, 'How's Hollywood?' the answer always was: 'Just the same.' Now you ask, 'How's Hollywood?' and the answer is: 'Wait till you see how it's changed!' And, frankly, that answer puzzles me.

There's more enthusiasm than there used to be. And the place is more filled in, instead of being more spread out, as I pictured it. But it has all of its old appeal, only in a larger dose. Places have charm when they remain the same. What charm would New York have if it suddenly changed to a city of bungalows? And the charm of England, certainly, is its sameness for hundreds of years. I don't feel like a stranger here any more than I feel like a stranger in England. I like the change of scenery, the commuting. I've been at it—the commuting, I mean—since I was nine months old. I'm getting used to it now. I hope I can keep on at it."

When he first went over to England for picture purposes, he lived in quaint, musty quarters reminiscent of another century. Now his quarters are "rather Americanese—on top of a roof—with all the furniture made at the studio." Soon after his re-arrival in Hollywood, he was looking for a house to rent. ("It will break me, living in a hotel.") And he was not at all likely to be surprised if the house turned out to be Tudor.

Americans hear constantly of the armed peace of Europe, of undertones of war in diplomatic conversations. But Doug, Jr., denies that any war fever in England impelled him to get six thousand miles away.

"The people there don't get excited about the rumors. In the past three or four years, Great Britain has had three or four chances to go to war and has edged out of war. The government is pretty much convinced. I think, that the people couldn't be persuaded to go. And it is well-known that the new King is out of sympathy with any war-like gestures. In fact, the principal tendency in England is to get closer to America."

"London is the gayest city in Europe. It has been that way for about four years. I don't want to miss it during the Coronation. First, the gaiety was a defense against the depression. Now it's a habit. People said, 'The government is in a deuced hole. Let's pay our income taxes with a grin. And what we have left, let's spend.' What's the use of saving, when hoarding will only slow up recovery?"

DOUG, JR., has changed in that he has given up his drawing—"except on telephone pads." And his writing—"except for letters of explanation to creditors." Those two dilettante hobbies, once considered as possible aces-up-the-sleeve, have lost out to the serious business of producing. "I can't sit down and dash off a short story between conferences. Some people probably could, but I can't."

Nor has he had the time to be as athletic as of old. He has kept up with his golf, his swimming and his fencing (the latter of which will come in handy in The Prisoner of Zenda). But it is only since his return to Hollywood this trip, that he has taken to tennis again for the first time in five years. Tennis is difficult for him because of a torn cartilage in one knee—a relic of a boyhood football game. However, it does not hamper his dancing. He has a mustache, which, if you remember, he had before his hegira to England. He also has approximately the same liking for tea that he had prior to his going abroad.

"It's absolute nonsense, the tale that English movie companies take time out for tea. The last time I was in Hollywood, I went out on a set to visit Bob Montgomery, and he said, 'We're knocking off for a spot of tea.' It's a Hollywood habit, apparently, more than an English one. The English have their tea, all right, but they take it in stride, the same as Americans take a bottle of pop while at work."

"Oh, yes, there have been some romance rumors of late—as always—about Doug, Jr. His name has been linked with that of several feminine stars. Notably, Marlene Dietrich. And what does he say to those rumors?"

"The rumors, I'm afraid, flatter me more than they flatter the actresses."

Most modest, ambitious, honest, intelligent, intensely likable, more serious than he used to be and still new—this is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., today.

DO YOU KNOW THAT Doug, Jr., will go back to London for the Coronation—and that he is a personal friend of the King and his brothers, Gloucester and Kent?

---

**THEY WEREN'T FOOLING WHEN THEY SAID "DON'T BRING LULU"**

*What's wrong with me, May? No one ever wants to take me places?*

*You're swell, Lulu, you just need a little friendly advice, here do... Switch to Lifebuoy!*

*I could have "b.o." in the bath plenty and with a well-known brand of toilet soap... But it doesn't contain the special purifying ingredient that's in Lifebuoy..."

*And Lifebuoy is more than 20% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps." "Patch" tests prove it."

*Don't gamble with happiness! By testing regularly with Lifebuoy and know you're protected! Its glorious lather contains a special purifying ingredient—not in any other well-known toilet soap. It stops "b.o."... And makes your body feel refreshed, extra-clean... Lifebuoy is a super-mild complexion soap, too... Helps bring fresh, natural beauty to the skin. "Patch" tests on the skin of hundreds of women show it is 25% milder than many so-called "beauty soaps" and "baby soaps."*

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*When answering advertisements, please mention June Motion Picture*
A Day with the Mad Marxes

[Continued from page 39]

"I'm really not offended. Want to help him some more?"

"No," I yelled. "Please, somebody, make him stop calling me Mister Benson!"

"Don't mind him," soothed Groucho, "He just can't remember names, he's crazy. He calls everybody Mr. So-and-so. You really mustn't mind him, Mr. Benson."

"Where?," I screamed, "is Chico? Maybe he's half-way sane enough to talk sense... ."

...and dollied sense; when a man talks 'em, his troubles commence," yelled Groucho and Harpo, and both went into a ring-around-the-rosy. Only I was the rousy, I guess, because they were ringing around me. I've never been a rousy before, and I never want to be one again.

"Please," I begged, "call Chico."

"We can't, it's asled," said Harpo.

"He always sleeps between takes.

"In 'er, too," added Groucho. "Have you a knife, please?"

"What," I asked, apprehensively, "do you want with a knife?"

"I have a friend who's an insomniac," said Groucho.

"I thought he was the Republican," interrupted Harpo.

"That was before the election," explained Groucho. "Now he's an insomniac."

"What's that got to do with a knife?"

I asked.

"I want to cut Chico up into capsules and feed him to my friend," explained Groucho.

"Please go ahead," I said.

Just then, thank heaven, Director Sam Wood called for a take, and that left me free for a few minutes. Right then, Larry—mean, Mayer Reed—took the opportunity to get to you a few facts about the Marxes, so you can't come back and fire me.

It seems they're not always crazy.

They have their sane moments, all three of the brothers. Most of those sane moments, they spend thinking up insane things to say and do. It seems that being funny is the hardest work they do, because they work out every one of their gags and jokes by long process of figuring, and word- ing, and film trial. For every joke and gag they usually in a film, they try out maybe a dozen or two and throw them out because they don't quite click."

Off screen, they're funny, too, but in a nice way, if you get what I mean. They don't, that is, climb up strange lady's hips, like they do on the screen with their leading lady, Harpo doesn't chase blondes. Not a neve. He stopped that, because he finally caught a brunette he'd been chasing. Her name was Susan Fleming, and he married her. Now he only chases blondes in front of the camera, and Susan goes to the preview to be sure he never catches one.

Right now, Harpo's main interest in life is posing. He's posing for a portrait by Salvatore Dalí, that surrealist painter who's set the art world topsy-turvy. Dalí says he's painted all manner of weird things, but never anything like Harpo. Dalí gave Harpo a present the other day. Harpo, you know, plays the harp. So Dalí gave him a harp. Only instead of regular strings, it was barbed wire. And on the frame, Dalí had hung a bottle of tincture of iodine and a roll of absorbent cotton, so when Harpo pricked himself on the barbs while playing the harp, he wouldn't
have to interrupt his recital by running to the bathroom. Not for indolent, anyway. The harp also has a lot of spoons and forks—ordinary tablespoons and forks, mind you—nailed all over its golden frame.

"I asked him what they signified," says Harpo, "and he told me they didn’t signify a thing: that they were just ‘decoratif.’ And they call ME crazy...!

Between posing for Dalí and making movies, Harpo lives a more or less quiet home life. His home is quite normal. Oh, it has escalators instead of stairs, but otherwise, it’s fairly sane. After all, Harpo is still a newlywed, and he doesn’t give him much opportunity, outside of working hours, to think up gags. He simply hasn’t the time.

CHICO spends most of his time playing Bridge and horses. He’s good at bridge. So good that he’s got a top-ten rating in national bridge circles, and can make enough playing bridge with his brothers to support his other hobby, playing horses. In between times, he thinks of funny things to do, too. Like loaning a friend his house, to write in. The friend is a writer. His name is Arthur Sheekman, Gloria Stuart’s husband. Anyway, one night he borrowed Chico’s house to write in, it seems, and Chico wasn’t home, saying he was going to the movies to let Arthur alone and undisturbed.

Ten minutes later, the phone rang. Arthur answered. "This is the Southern California Water Company," said a voice, "We are having to make emergency repairs to the mains and we’ll have to shut off your water for about 24 hours, so you’d better fill all the tubs and kettles you can spare, to carry you over the day."

Dutifully, Arthur spent the next hour or so gathering pots and pans and filling the Marx bath tubs with water. By the time he was done, Chico arrived home and thanked him. Then Chico emptied the kettles and pulled the plugs, while Sheekman screamed, "Oh, that’s all right and Chico quietly, "that was me on the phone, I was just playing," Arthur doesn’t write his stories in Chico’s house any more.

But Groucho is the proudest nut of the family. Groucho is the one who’s funniest. It’s Groucho whose spontaneous wisecracks and ad lib lines break up production more often than not. No one on one can predict when Groucho is going to drop in a line that’s not in the script. Invariably, when he does, it’s so funny that shooting has to be postponed a quarter hour or so, until the crew stops laughing.

But odd as it is, Groucho is also the business head of the Brothers. He’s the one who handles all the correspondence, all the contracts, all the business talk. He’s the youngest of the three brothers, too. The rest are old enough to let him do the work.

About Groucho, the stories of his gags are innumerable. For every stunt Chico and Harpo pull, Groucho pulls a dozen. Beverly Hills is still laughing about his trick on his wife. She was throwing a big, formal party. Had some guests she was particularly anxious to impress. Julius, she thought (that’s Groucho’s real name, can you hear it?) "will you please behave tonight?"

Certainly he would, he assured her, and admired her formal evening pajamas, which were just bursting into vogue in Hollywood. So she went downstairs and began receiving guests, while Groucho dressed.

Suddenly, the entire houseful of guests burst into guffaws. Ruth (that’s Mrs. G’s name) turned and beheld her husband coming downstairs, immediately and per-

[Continued on page 92]
NEW RADIO OFFERS
DRUGLESS WAY
TO SLEEP!

Now Science offers a marvelous new, drugless way to relax and induce sound, natural sleep—through a new kind of radio listening.

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A Day with the Mad Marxes
[Continued from page 91]

fectly dressed in evening clothes—white tie, stiff collar, gleaming shirt front, diamond studs, tails—except that instead of his evening trousers, he was wearing a pair of frowsy, unlaundered pajama-pants.

"If you can do it, I can do it!" he screamed at her, as she swooned. He kept the pajama pants on for the rest of the party, too. He really loves Ruth, though, and swears he married her so he'd have someone to carry his packages when he shops.

OFFSCREEN, by the way, the Marxes look as mild as they are mad-looking in character. That ferocious pair of eye-brows and that mopstache of Groucho's are just grease-paint. They used to be made of crepe hair, but nowadays they're just blobs of paint. There are two stories in explanation: one tells us that Chico, discovering a bald spot on his wig just before showtime one night, stole Groucho's mopstache to patch it up, and Groucho had to smear the black paint on in a hurry, and found it so preferable that he's used it ever since. The other story is that Groucho tried to light his cigar, once, while wearing the crepe-hair moustache.

Harpo's make-up consists, besides the clothes, merely of cocking his eyes and wearing those red wigs. Offscreen, he rolls his eyes back to normal and puts his wig away in a closet. A new maid in the Harpo home came upon them once, unexpectedly. Harpo says they'll let her out of the asylum in a few months.

Chico wears less make-up than either of the others. "He's got a head start," the others explain. A woman once asked Chico if he was really Italian. "No," he said, "I only look this way because my mother and father were Italians." Imagine—named Marr!

The fourth Marx Brother—Zeppo—is no longer an actor. It used to be the Four Marxes, you know. But Zeppo found he could make more money out of producing by being an actor for plays and movies. Zeppo says: "Hire my client, will you?" "No," says the producer.

"All right," threatens Zeppo, "then I'll have to go back to acting." The producer capitulates at that. "We'll pay your clients," they scream; "anything to keep you off the screen!"

"He's a smart boy," says Groucho. "While we work for a living, he has a lot of other actors working for him!"

"But don't you," I asked, "ever use him at all any more? In your own act?"

"Oh, sure," explained Groucho. "We use him to try out our jokes. He's invaluable. After we've worked up a gag, we tell it to him, for the final pass.

"Oh, I see," I caught on; "and if he laughs, the joke is oked. eh?"

"Oh, no," he says. "If Chico, "If he laughs, we throw the joke out! Like this—"

And then all three of them set upon me, and before I knew it, I was flat on my you-know, in the middle of the street outside the stage where the great Mad Day of the Races. And in the doorway were the three Marx Brothers, chortling: "Goodbye, Mister Benson!"

Your,

HARRY LANG
(Mister, to you?)

P. S.—Or is it "Benson"? Darned if I know.

A Day with the Mad Marxes
[Continued from page 91]

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Accept No Substitutes! Always insist on the advertised brand!
Louis Hayward—Your Next Big Rave
[Continued from page 43]

Point Valaine. The play was a flop but the top bracket drama critics were lyrical in their praise of Hayward's performance and movie scouts were wobbling over each other in their efforts to get his name on a movie contract.

The M-G-M studio won out and Hayward was brought to Hollywood to play the role of the young dipsomaniac in The Flame Within, with Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall. Ironically enough, he played it so effectively that, thereafter, nobody could seem to visualize him in any other kind of role. The result was that he spent most of his time sitting around waiting for somebody to tailor another good dipsomaniac role.

A GAY little comedy called The Luckiest Girl in the World finally broke the dipsomaniac jinx and resulted in his being cast as the young love interest in The Woman I Love, with Miriam Hopkins and Paul Muni. And unless all signs in the crystal ball lie, when that picture is released, Louis Hayward will be your next big rave.

He is young, attractive, and has plenty of that subtle something called charm. He looks like a typical young American but he isn't. He is of English descent and has a large dose of French and Italian in his veins. To further complicate matters, he was born in South Africa. Johannesburg, to be exact.

Hayward's father was a mining engineer who took large quantities of gold out of the Transvaal. If anyone had told him that he would have a son who would grow up to be an actor he would doubtless have dismissed it as ridiculous. A son of his would, naturally, follow a man's profession. Acting might be all right for women, but for a man—never. But Hayward, Sr., never lived to see his son. He was accidentally killed a few months before Louis was born. There being then no further reason for Mrs. Hayward to remain in Africa, she returned to England with her young son.

Louis was brought up in the proper English manner, went to the right preparatory schools, and then to college in France. It was the general understanding that as soon as he had completed his education he would go into the pit brokerage business with his uncle in Cardiff, Wales. But somewhere along the way he was bitten by the acting bug and he persuaded his mother to let him take a course at the Central School of Speech in London.

"The last time I was home," Hayward told me, "I was rummaging through some old papers and I came across a letter which the head of the school had written to my mother. 'Your son hasn't an iota of acting talent,' she wrote, 'and I feel that it is only fair to tell you that you are simply throwing your money away. He will never, never be an actor.'"

"My mother never mentioned the letter to me. Apparently she thought that I might just as well go ahead and get the acting idea out of my system. Even after I had completed the course at the school and began to try to get a job in London, without any success whatever, she spoke no word of discouragement and never once urged me to give it up. Every morning I made the rounds of the theatrical offices but the near-

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est I ever got to a job was the waiting bench in the various producers' offices. In the afternoons I sat around the pubs that were frequented by old actors. Listening to the romantic tales they told. The more I heard, the more determined I was to be an actor.

"One day a man I had been talking with suggested that we might form a little stock company of our own and tour the provinces. He painted such a glowing picture of the possibilities of such a venture that I fell for it, hook, line and sinker.

"Of course we'll have to have a little money for a stake,' he said. 'How are you fixed?'

"I told him that I didn't have any money of my own but that I might be able to persuade my mother to put up the money.

"'My boy,' he said, 'if you can do that, our fortune is made.'

"Will you let me play all the leading roles? I asked.

"'Certainly,' he assured me.

"Of course I hadn't any experience on the stage,' I confessed.

"'That is unimportant,' he said. 'We'll play towns where they won't know the difference.'

"Looking back on that experience," says Hayward, "I wonder how my mother could have been optimistic enough to advance the money for such a scheme. But she did, and if she had any doubts that our venture would not turn out to be the gold mine I had visualized, she kept it to herself."

TOURING the provinces in England convinced Hayward that the life of an actor wasn't nearly as romantic or as glamorous as he had imagined. In addition to playing the leading roles, he also acted as the stage manager and director, and for all of this he drew the magnificent sum of $15 a week. The end came in the town of Bas- timore where they decided to play Com- mise. Hayward was under the impression that he made a rather dashing Armand but the first night audience didn't share his opinion. And after several nights of playing to empty seats, the stock company finally folded up. Hayward had gained experience—and that was all.

The experience, however, proved valuable for it led to a role in Dracula at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London. Other more important roles followed, and one night, when he was appearing in a play with Gerald Du Maurier, Noël Coward happened to be in the audience. He liked Hayward's work and sent a note backstage. "If you ever need a job," he wrote, "come and see me."

A few seasons later Hayward was appearing in Coward's Hay Fever. And about this time he fell head over heels in love with an American girl who was visiting in Lon- don.

"When she returned to New York," says Hayward, "I could think of nothing else but following her. In fact, I was all ready to book my passage when Noel Coward talked me out of it. He told me about his own play, Conversation Piece, and that he wanted me for it. 'If you will stay in London and do that play,' he told me, 'I will write a role for you in the play.' I'm doing for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontaine. Then when you go to New York you won't be going on a gam- ble.'

"If there had been no one but myself to consider," says Hayward, "I probably would have followed the girl to New York, regardless. But meantime things had happened to my mother's finances. There had been illness and hospital bills and it was up to me to shoulder these responsibilities.
Consequently, I couldn’t afford to turn down Coward’s offer. By the time I finally got to New York—well, you know how those things are—absence doesn’t always make the heart grow fonder in spite of what the poets say. At any rate, things were different when I saw the girl again.

SO DIFFERENT, in fact, that Hayward is still a bachelor. And a very eligible one, too. But don’t let your hopes skyrocket for Ida Lupino saw him first. And while he insists that he has no intention of getting married for years and years, Hollywood bachelors have been known to change their minds.

Among the things you should know about Hayward is that he simply has to have his cup of tea before he gets out of bed in the morning. He has definite ideas, too, about how a cup of tea should be brewed. He loathes those little cheese-cloth tea balls that dangle on a string. He has no pet superstitions and no violent idiosyncrasies, unless his dislike of dancing could be called an idiosyncrasy.

“I ought to be a good dancer,” he says, “but when I step on a dance floor it suddenly strikes me that I must look very indis- crigate, jiggling about to music, and I become very uncomfortable.” His favorite sport is horseback riding. He is also interested in flying and holds a pilot’s license. His ambition is to become a play producer and he has already purchased two plays which he hopes one day to launch on Broadway. And, just for luck, he carries a rabbit’s foot which Miriam Hopkins gave him, in his pocket.

Twin Stars In The Prince And The Pauper

[Continued from page 57]

“Let Me Call You Sweetheart” lustily off- key, in a school play. It aroused no am- bitious hopes in their parents! In typical small boy fashion they brought all the ailing animals in the vicinity home for mother to look after. They were sent to a place called six blocks from Radio City. That was kind of keen, though. The Els rushing by. Subway to dive into. All the fluid life of Times Square flourishing at their feet, to speak. Mother sought them to a dancing school made pointless for little boys by having a gym connected with it. They took singing lessons, too. That, they thought, was an awful waste of time—until they heard about the big audition for children that the National Broadcasting Company was holding...

And of course there was that chemistry set over at Mac’s that they wanted. Gosh, how they wanted it! If they could get the money...

The NBC official had no idea he was fac- ing two Lone Wolves. He thought he saw a couple of cute eight-year-old kids, a carbon copy of each other. But Lone Wolf No. 1 (that’s Bobby) spoke right up. “We’d like an audition, sir.”

“Why would? And where’s your mamma?”

“Why she’s at home. She’s making ginger cookies this morning.” (That’s a pet weak- ness with Lone Wolves, ginger cookies.)

“Will come along and we’ll see what you can do...”
An hour later they were home. Stuffing on cookies. Between bites Billy thought of something: "Gee, tomorrow's Hallowe'en!" He sounded crestfallen. Mother stopped in her tracks. "But that's a day you like!"

"Sure, but when we work tomorrow, we're going to broadcast—and get paid for it!" It was thus the Lone Wolves broke the news of their career...

"THAT's right. We did broadcast for the first time on Hallowe'en. We sang 'Me For You Forever' on Our Barn program. And at the end of it we yelled 'Hi, Pop!' and nearly got kicked off the air!" remembers Bobby but he had to delve deep into his memory to do it. It was such a long time ago. Five years ago. "Say, isn't Hallowe'en fun?"—diving into the pork chops— "Have you ever gone to a zoo after dark and thrown something in the peacocks' cage? They make the gloomiest noise. Like this..." Joan Blondell and Dick Powell look up quickly from their table and smile. A scenario drops his fork.

Bobby subsides. "I'm sorry. It's a good thing mother isn't here. I'm supposed to make a noise at table."

"But noise is fun!" says Billy, hurrying to his rescue. "That's why we like Fourth of July best of all. Christmas? Dad likes it, too. He helps us to shoot off the rockets and things. We sure miss Dad. He has to stay back east to work, you know. And he can't get out here for a little while at a time to visit mamma and us..." Once we went to New Jersey and my uncle bought a rocket that shot up into a picture of George Wadington and the American flag. Was that keen?"

"So you were on the radio five years?"

"We asked gently but firmly."

Bobby admitted the first year was the hardest—he doesn't mean to be funny. "You keep dropping your scripts the first year. Every time they told us to fade out, we'd fade in. Like yelling 'Good-by' when it was supposed to be soft."

"The second year was fine, though," amends Billy. "(They always tell a story together like that.) You could eat an apple and have the scripts under your arm and broadcast—all at the same time."

They did a good bit of radio work—all over a nation. Sometimes as many as eighteen programs a week. On the Lux hour, the March of Time, Show Boat, Robinson Crusoe, Jr., Reniery of the Mounted, 98 Lives (Bobby sub-sequently became president of that organization.) And needless to say—they bought the chemistry set. Just in time, too. Because they'd sooner worked out an original "spot removing" formula than they spilt tomato juice on mother's new yellow silk spread. Fortunately she wasn't home at the time. Fortunately, too, the formula worked! You only take parts of fly-kill solution and two other compounds (a secret because the patent is pending!) rub it carefully on the spot, and it does the trick like a charm.

They've made up their own solutions for mosquito bites and cuts as well. (Information supplied the Medical Ass'n upon request...)

One day they had another idea—engendered by the rumor from other youngsters that if you posed for bicycle ads you got a bicycle free. The boys presented themselves at the Models Guild. They asked to pose for advertisements and were taken on. And the first work they did was for a drug company and they got a bottle of medicine free! ... In due time, however, they did get...
the bicycle... and a football... and a leather jacket and such. It was keen!

Mother and father Mauch, about this period, decided to send them to the Professional school there in New York, perhaps the best in the country. And to learn how to harmonize in their singing, they went over to Carey Wilson at Columbia University. He had his own special name for them—"Sharp and Flat."

Then came the day the Lone Wolves heard about Warner Brothers' search for a boy to play Anthony as a child. Mother merely laughed when they said they wanted to try for it. She didn't think they had a chance; there would be about a million other children there.

There weren't a million. There were a trillion. And a trillion mothers along with them. The mothers said, "Tch, tch—are you two boys here alone?" and they adjusted their own darlings' hair complacently. The twins had to stand near the tail end of the line. But it didn't matter. They were among the few chosen for a test. Bobby had to do a job for a commerical artist so it was Billy who took the test. And Billy who got the part...

The telephone rang around midnight. Mamma and Dad were out, Mildred Weber, then the talent scout for Warners, wanted to know if they could leave for the coast the next day. "I don't know," said Billy. "We'll have to ask mother," Mother consented—and now, for the first time, there are twin stars in Hollywood.

It's great, being a twin. You have a lot of fun. People are always taking one of you for the other. For instance, when they had a race at school they worked a gag. Billy would say his brother was sick at home while Bobby waited around the corner to finish the second lap. And they always won. Until somebody found out...

But being identical also has its difficulties. Teacher thought she had them straight. Billy misbehaved. And it was Bobby she insisted on punishing. Kept him in class until four o'clock while the real culprit stood under the window making remarks about the grand sunshine outdoors...

"School isn't quite so much fun out here," comments Billy, working on the ice cream now. "There are only the two of us in it—and you get asked too many questions!"

"We thought Shirley Temple was going to be with us for a while," adds Bobby. "She was over on this lot, you know, for scenes in Staraway."

"Yeah"—from Billy—"And Bobby went over and met her (I couldn't because I was working) and he was in a daze for an hour after!"

"Well, she's even prettier off the screen than on. But you know who's keen too? Olivia de Havilland."

They have diversified tastes, these gentlemen.

Soon they're going to move out to a ranch in Laurel Canyon. Their ambition is to have two palomino horses out there and a motor glide. Freddy Bartholomew and Robert Taylor have motor glides.

Incidentally, The Prince and the Pauper was originally scheduled for Freddy but M-G-M sold the rights to Warners when they saw the remarkable test of the twins. Better to have two boys playing the roles than one boy doing a dual role—and it's the first time they've had youngsters similar enough to do such a thing on the screen. Bobby plays the Prince and Bill, the Pauper. Yes sir, it's keen being a Lone Wolf—if you're twins!

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Learn to Cook and Like It!
[Continued from page 83]
WITH an automatic refrigerator, ice creams and ices worthy of the best hotel chef can easily be made by the least skilled home cook. Once combined and blended, the frozen dessert "chills while you play." Poured into the refrigerator tray, such desserts (and there are hundreds from which to select) are cooled and given velvet texture merely by the simple act of the refrigerator motor continuing to hum. In the group of so-popular ice-box cakes, even the tray is not required, and deliciousness is gained by the mere blending of the cake and cream, together in a pan, at a low chilling point. Men love this type of cake as much as women do, although it is ideal for a bridge or afternoon party refreshment. And here's a recipe for an ice-box cake de-luxe, but when you eat it don't count your calories!

MOCHA ICE-BOX CAKE

1 package chocolate pudding
1 cup milk
1 cup strong coffee infusion
1/2 cup sugar
Grains salt
1 cup cream, whipped
Lady fingers, split

Mix chocolate pudding with milk and coffee, bring to boil, and cool. Add sugar and salt to whipped cream, and fold into cold pudding mixture. Line mold or place with lady fingers, round sides out. Pour in mixture. Cover top with more cake slices. Chill 24 hours in refrigerator. Unmold, garnish with whipped cream and shelled almonds. (Serves 8.)

OH, little trick that clever young Jane found out was to open or prepare foods and place them directly in the saucepan or glass casserole in which they are to be cooked. Thus, if some stringbeans are to be heated (after previous cooking), place them right in a small saucepan, cover, and stand in the refrigerator. Or, if scalloped potatoes are on the menu, prepare the boiled potatoes, cover with sauce, and leave in the glass casserole tray to put a match under at the last moment when you may just get home from beach or day's outing. Cold meats may be sliced and arranged on their serving platter, and left covered with waxed or parchment paper.

In short, let your refrigerator teach you to "cook with cold" so that you may frequently have a "day out" with children or friends, and yet come back and serve a supper in 6 minutes! Based on this idea, a special folder has been prepared, called "Cook with Cold."

JUNE'S FREE OFFER

LET ME SEND YOU the set of 8 Recipes, including Ham Mousse Salad, Stuffed Tomatoes in Aspic, and Macaroni Loaf. JUST SEND THIS COUPON (which can be mailed by simply pasting it on a postcard) addressed to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Motion Picture Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Name ..................................................
Street Address ....................................
Town and State .................................

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JUNE MOTION PICTURE 99
The Talk of Hollywood

(Continued from page 55)

Just Like a Movie

RAPIDLY gaining a reputation as a rescuer-in-chief of Hollywood’s fair ones is Jimmy Dunn. Twice within a month, quick-thinking Jimmy saved a Hollywood beauty from trouble—First case was when he sent Sally Eilers flying with a hefty push, just as a heavy chandelier, falling, was about to crash down on her. Jimmy’s push bruised Sally, saved her, however, from possible death. ... Second case came on Columbia’s location for Vensas Makes Trouble. In a street sequence, a truck-driver got his signals mixed, sent his truck careening right at Patricia Ellis. Jimmy Dunn, looking on, leaped to the rescue, again shoved hard, sent Patricia sprawling from almost certain death.

Lupe, Lupe, Black and Blue-hy

WHIMSICAL as ever, Lupe Velez raised havoc with blue paint the other week, while Johnny Weissmuller was away on location. For weeks, Lupe protested that the glare from Johnny’s white swimming-pool hurt her eyes, but Johnny did nothing about it. When he departed, Lupe got a huge pall of blue paint, painted the pool, surroundings, garage and herself. When Johnny came home, she was just getting ready to start on the house. Johnny started on her instead. Now Lupe’s blue.

Pearl White, who was once the serial queen of the silent films, and who made The Perils of Pauline immensely popular, comes back from Paris (her home) to New York for a visit. Lower photo taken on Queen Mary.
Waiting On Baby

BLESSINGS of being adopted by a film star, as exemplified by the case of Irene Dunne’s adopted daughter: Since adoption, the baby has had (a) a special hollary written for her by Irene’s friend, Jerome Kern; (b) a velvet-ribbon bunny given her by Irene’s friend, Claudette Colbert; (c) a specially-made pair of little tap-dancing shoes, so she can learn to tap-dance as soon as she learns to walk, from Irene’s friend, Fred Astaire.

Hollywooddata

WHEN Jon (there’s no H in it) Dodd is grown up, he’ll know just how the game’s played because each and every day, his mama, screenstar Claire Dodd, takes a snapshot of him with her own camera, makes a recording of his baby prattle or nursery-reading book recording on a home recording machine . . . latest four-some about Hollywood town consists of Dick and Preston and Mrs. Foster, and to make it more so, Preston has even bought from Dick the white auto Joan gave him for his birthday, because they thought the name Sigrid Gurie would be hard to pronounce, Universal changed her name to Greta Guroe Back and how’s that to pronounce? . . .

so big-hearted is Jean Hersholt that once a week, he donates his services to the fan-mail department at his studio, 20th Century-Fox, to translate German and Scandinavian letters . . . revealing his real name, Edward G. Robinson as Emanuel Goldenberg is transplanted to the Hollywood area from the Rumanian, his native tongue . . . he wants to play the lead in it . . . most photographed girl is Madge Evans . . . she has already 70-page album photos, each containing more than 3,000 photos of herself, and insists that’s not the half of it! . . . Patric (there’s no K in it) Knowles collects elephants, has several hundred, thinks they’re good luck . . . to work herself into an emotional scene for the film, Garbo now listens to the playing of gramophone, his favorite piece of music, Ye Who Have Learned Alone . . . chided by fellow-senators for kissing Jean Harlow in public when she was recently in Washington, Senator Reynolds of North Carolina squared himself with “it didn’t compare with a North Carolina kiss!” . . . from Bill Powell, no reply . . . or maybe Bill’s never been in North Carolina . . . well, skip it . . . Clark Gable and Carole Lombard own a race-horse jointly, so they’ve a stable . . . and a stable which is a combination of their own names . . . now they argue over whose end is whose . . . figure it out for yourself . . .

Heart-wrench of Hollywood

AFTER the hue and hubbub had died down, following the death of movie stunt man and powder-expert George Daly, following filming of a battle scene for Universal’s The Road Back, it was discovered that just two weeks before his death, the stunt man had taken out a $10,000 insurance policy. And by its terms, the insurance
Here's How I Get 10 WINDOW SHADES for the Price of One!

AND SUCH WEAR FOR 15" SHADE NUISANCE

15" CLOPAY SHADE MANUFACTURERS

GET 10 Lively CLOPAY SHADES for the cost of 1 SHADE—like and I like CLOPAY better! They look as good as the costliest and give two years "wear and tear" guarantee. They're entirely free of glass, without hurting my pocketbook.

Wonder millions are buying CLOPAY Shade Blinds. They hang beautifully. Many of patented filter material that does not crack or pinhole. And only $5.10, mind you! Charming patterns and solid colors. See them in local 5c and 10c neighborhood stores. For FREE color samples, write to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1220 Colorado Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

HOLLYWOOD LOVES ITS FIGHTS will be one of the attractive features in the July MOTION PICTURE. Order your copy now at the newsstand.

SENSATIONAL FREE SPECIAL

on These Two Delicious Treats Which Have Remarkably Helped So Many People to

LOSE FAT

17 to 62 LBS.

SAFELY QUICKLY

No Dangerous Drugs—No starvation or extremeainties. 73,073 Packettes of GERMANIA ORANGE PEKOE and HERB TEA FREE

You can use GERMANIA ORANGE PEKOE and HERB TEA as a substitute for all your daily drinks. It is the only tea that is not only good for you, but is also delicious and refreshing. GERMANIA will put a smile on your face and put a spring in your step. GERMANIA will put a smile on your face and put a spring in your step. GERMANIA will put a smile on your face and put a spring in your step.

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Simply send your name and address to GERMANIA TEA CO., Dept. 16

102

Sufferers from

SORENESS TOES

MAKE THE ONE SPOT FEST

DERMOIL

Dermoil is being used by thousands of men and women to remove relief from the effects of this unlucky touch of smarting, burning, itching sores. Apply it externally. Does not stain. Germany's finest herbal tea, over 40 years of scientific research, to the office hours for your house. Dermoil is the one product that will give definite benefit in 2 weeks or your money back with satisfaction. Beautiful box of Dermoil and Dermoil Free, or send 5c for generous trial bottle and amazing proof of results. Write direct to name and address. Your name not solicited. Prove it yourself no matter how long you have had your sores, by writing Dermoil Today.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

With the help permanently. Without retouching. The is usually taken over with the majority of the hair. Send 5c today for Illustrated booklet.

D. J. MOHR Co., Dept. 56F, Providence, R. I.

Beautiful Legs must have CARE!

Stop swelling, soreness, beaded veins, fatigue, etc., with PHANTOPLASTIC STOCKINGS

In all colors, the latest mode. Effective, inconspicuous. To keep and over same price, by mail postpaid all parts United States. Write for details to SPINDELL SURGICAL CO.

A New Serial

HOLLYWOOD DIVORCE

STARTS IN JUNE

SCREEN PLAY ON THE STANDS MAY 4

A New Serial

HOLLYWOOD DIVORCE

STARTS IN JUNE

SCREEN PLAY ON THE STANDS MAY 4

In this searching story, a famous personality wife of the strange incidents that led to her marriage and how Hollywood shattered her happiness.
**TASTE LIKE CANDY**

**The Sensational MCCOY'S Cod Liver Oil Tablets**

Clark Full of Vitamins "A" and "D"

Here remarkable help many boys and girls, men and women, to

**Put On Firm Flesh**

Starting Today! Take 2 McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets a day! For 13 to 7 Pounds Quickly

**SEND FOR FREE SAMPLE**

McCoy's 544 S. Wells St., Chicago Dept. 25

Rush Free Sample of McCoy's Cod Liver Oil Tablets to

Name __________________________
Address __________________________
City __________________________

**IT ALMOST DROVE ME MAD!**

**THE PAIN I BORE IN SILENCE!**

If there's any pain that is maddening, it is that of Piles! There seems to be no relief in any position you take. Even a reclining position holds no relief!

But Piles do more than torture you. They drain your strength and vitality. They send you to bed early and make you look drawn and haggard.

They handicap you in your every activity.

The worst part about Piles, however, is that on account of the delicacy of the ailment, many hesi-
tate to seek relief. And, as any doctor will tell you, Piles can develop into something very serious.

What you should do if you have Piles is to try Pazo Ointment. Pazo acts quickly and defi-
nitely. It almost instantly relieves the distress due to Piles—the pain, soreness, itching. It is definitely efficacious because it does three things.

**Three Effects in One!**

First, Pazo is soothing, which tends to soften hard parts and make passage easy.

Second, it is lubricating, which tends to soften swollen parts and check bleeding.

Third, it is astringent, which tends to reduce swelling and protect its surfaces.

---

**CORNs REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL**

Say goodbye to risky razors, and corn-pads. A new liquid NOXACORN relieves pain and forms a thin protective film over the corn. Then the corn (or callus) loosens and comes out with ease. Absolutely safe. Contains six ingredients including camphor, jodine, castor oil, 344 bottle saves untold misery. Drugists refund money if it fails.

**THE NEW FRENCH WAY**

**WHITE HATS**

clean easily with wonderful powder...

**ANNETTES CLEANSER**

SOLD AT DRUG AND DEPT. STORES

**COLOR YOUR HAIR**

No matter how gray, faded, stretched your hair is now, it will soon possess again beautiful lasting color by the use of SHAMPOO-KOLOR. Shampoo-kolor and colors the hair at the same time. No effort necessary. Takes a few minutes only. Will not rub off. Colors guarantee absolutely permanent. A Permanently full line of colors.

Free booklet, Vanity Products Inc., Dept. 1045, 254 W. 33 St., N. Y. C.

---

**Simone Simon** is trimmed down here for relaxation. And when she takes it easy she finds company in her Scottie-Scottie. The star is an enthusiastic tennis player!

**Pickfair-well?**

**PICKFAIR, snoopiest cinema estate of all time** is for sale. Pondering an offer of $375,000 is Mary Pickford, yet undecided whether or not to accept. The offer comes from rich Chobun Yonezo O'kamoto, Tokyo photographic firm head, who has plans for establishing in the onetime love-nest of Mary and Doug a sort of group headquarters for an association of Japanese and American authors and artists.

**Out Vest Where Chili Spills**

**PENALTY** of being Clark Gable, as suffered by Clark Gable: Enroute back from Hollywood from hunting trip, he stopped at a roadside joint for a bowl of chili. Wrapped up in greatcoat and muffler, hat down over his face, he sat at the counter, told the waitress to dish him up the chili. As she arrived with the beans, Gable opened his coat, undid his muffler, took off his hat. The girl got one look, screamed "Oh, it's Clark Gable!"—and dumped the whole dish of chili down his vest! He ordered another bowl.

---

**Record Pay Dirt**

**HIRED** at the flat rate of $8,000 to play a role in a British picture, Helen Vinson completed her work in one day, collected an all-time record day's pay—the full $8,000. Not even Hollywood can top that.
"Blonde, But Not Too Blonde"

[Continued from page 59]

separated them at the sides, to achieve a fluffier effect. This particular version of the page boy bob is suited to practically everyone who isn’t too mature-looking. But beware of any version of the turned-under bob if you have a thick wisps, a double chin or limp around your eyes!

In SPITE of the fact that Jean’s skin is very fair and fine-textured, it’s hard, she claims. She loves to swim and plays tennis, badminton and golf (“But I’m not very good at any of them!” she grinned) under the celebrated California sun, and acquires a lovely tan without any trouble.

“I take my sunning gradually, though,” she explained, “and use plenty of cream to counteract the drying effects of the sun. I like to drive around with the top down, too, but when I do that I always wear a bandanna to protect my hair—and a large sun hat when I’m lolling around the beach.”

Some of Jean’s special pets are cream nail polish in the palest of pink tones... floral perfumes... simple sports clothes... orange-red lipsick... for summer... a huge red lipstick; for summer... a huge amethyst ring set in gold (the combination is lucky, she’s heard)... large, off-the-face hats. Her special hates are heavy, mask-like make-up... four reds. Turbans in her hair... a bath without scented bath salts... fussly clothes... hair that looks freshly waved and set.

And now, to call the cosmetic front, which is swarming with news... First, there’s that new oatmeal preparation that contains Vitamin F and vegetable milk. Sounds good enough to eat, yes? Looks and smells the same way, but you’ll get better results if you apply it externally, to beautify your skin! It can be used as a cleanser, as a refining facial mask or as a water softener, and it does all three jobs equally well. For a quick-cleansing facial, pour a small amount of the preparation in your hand and add enough water to form a creamy lotion; apply this to the face with your fingers, working it in well, especially on areas where there are large pores, blackheads or flaky skin. Leave the mixture on about two minutes (or while you take your bath) and then rinse it off with clear water.

W HEN you apply it as a face mask, use a little less water—just enough to obtain a paste—apply this paste on face and throat, allow it to dry for 20 minutes, while you lie down and dream. To remove, saturate the pack with water, wipe it off gently with a damp cloth. ... For the third purpose, simply place a teaspoonful of the powder in the basin, turn on the water full force, and swish it about until the water becomes milky. Used in this way, it softens the water and makes a soap-and-water cleansing more bland and pleasant. You’ll appreciate this fragrant, mild cleanser, particularly in warm weather, because of its refining properties. Pores relaxed by heat and extra activity need deep cleansing more than ever, to keep the skin looking smooth and fresh. This oatmeal facial comes in smart black and yellow tins at 10 cents and 69 cents. Want the name?

As your skin deepens in tone with summer days, don’t forget to change your lipstick and cheek rouge to a brighter, more yellowish-red shade. An imported lipstick and
Fat Girl Laughs and Grows Slim

Without Starvation Diets, or Back-Breaking, Bending and Rolling Exercises.

Here's a way to get rid of ugly fat that works hand in hand with Nature. Millions of people are losing millions of pounds of flabby flesh and getting back slender figures, without the need of starvation diets or back-breaking exercises.

Medical science has discovered that one of the causes of too much fat lies in a little gland. Doctors correct this condition by feeding this little gland the substance it lacks — and Marmol's Prescription Tablets are based on this same method. Millions are using them with success. They are prepared by a famous medical laboratory. Their formula is published in every package so you know what you are taking.

So don't waste time and money with starvation diets or back-breaking exercises. Go to your druggist today and buy a box of Marmol. Try this simple, easy way to get rid of excess fat.

ASTHMA?

"If you are sick and tired of gasping and struggling for breath — tired of sitting up night after night looking and napping — then you may have found the medicine that gave me lasting relief. I suffered agony for nearly a year. Then I had some spells of choking, gasping and wheezing and sleep sound all night long. Write today for a FREE trial. Your name and address on a postcard will bring the booklet by return mail." — O. W. Deen, President Free Health Products Company, Dept. 1345-D.

Benton Harbor, Michigan.

TCH

OF ECZEMA, RASHES AND OTHER EXTERNAL CAUSED SKIN TROUBLES STOPPED QUICKLY

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SOOTHE KIDNEYS

with real sallowtual oil

When the genito-urinary passages become irritated, don't use cheap drugstore remedies. Tell your druggist you want genuine Santal Moly Capsules. Used by millions. They contain true East Indian sallowtual oil.

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR

the new CREAM WAY

As little as 5c. Much as you want — SAFELY QUICKLY! Not a Drug-Store Liquid

Lipid's Lightning Hairlightener a permanent CREAM as against permanent powders. It has many advantages over powders — no mixing, no bleaching. No smoking. No fumes. No odor. No splattering. Makes your hair soft, warm and beautiful. You can also use Lipid's Cream to dry rouge that come in suitable summer shades as lovely in texture as they are subtle in color tones. The check rouge comes in a very French-looking box with a fat lamb's wool puff, and it is of the soft, silky texture that spreads effortlessly and blends smoothly at the edges. The lipstick, in a simple, spurious metal case tipped with red, is creamy and emollient, as well as amply large. To get that smooth, natural Hollywood look, blot off the excess lipstick on facial tissue and blend the edges of cheek rouge with another tissue.

Speaking of facial tissues, I've discovered some that are soft, absorbent and strong—the three "musts" for this type of tissue. A box of 180 tissues costs 10 cents, and a box of 400 is priced at 20 cents, which is a bargain in anybody's language! If you like a riot of color around you, you can have the same tissues in assorted pastel colors, but with a few less tissues in each box. The opening of the boxes is roomy and handy, and the cartons themselves are neatly designed in blue and gold. Want the trade name?

Have you tried the new anti-perpirant ice that safeguards your clothing and your social poise? If you haven't, put it on your summer shopping list, for warm weather will heighten the danger of offending in this matter. This product checks perspiration locally and is pleasant and simple to use. Its fresh, medicinal odor disappears as soon as it has been applied; but its effect is very lasting. For some, an application every three days is sufficient to check perspiration; however, the frequency with which it should be used depends on the individual. Be sure to cleanse the skin thoroughly before applying it and don't neglect to wash the underarm with clear water, after the product dries. It's a real help when used on the back, to protect summer dresses. Thirty-five cents a jar.

Don't let your eagerness to don your new bathing suit and loll on the beach, prevent you from laying in a supply of sunburn preventive. I'd suggest a tube of well-known unguent that is inexpensive, easy to tuck into a small beach bag, and very effective at preventing sunburn as well as allaying its pain, when you've been foolish, Apply it liberally, remove the surplus with tissues, then powder. You'll look as neat as if you weren't wearing the protective layer—and the next day you'll feel better, too. Do let me know if you wish the name.

Alka-Seltzer

for QUICK RELIEF

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalinizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetylsalicylate), You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalinizing in its action, it helps to prevent or reduce the amount of the acidity that is the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

At all drugstores 30c-60c

Alka-Seltzer

BE THE WISE Alka-Seltzer-ize!

ENTIRELY NEW PRINCIPLE

Overcomes DRY SKIN

Restores Lipids Necessary for Youthful Freshness! Now, for the first time you can replenish your skin with Lipids—newly discovered substances Nature uses to keep skin smooth and soft. Only Barbara Jeanne's LIPID CREAM contains Lipids—a combination of amazing youth-giving ingredients! Try it! See skin grow smooth, fresh and actually younger-looking! $1, $3 at drug and dept. stores. Money back if it fails! Send coupon.

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention June Motion Picture

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AGITATION: Along with the agitation over sitdown strikes, the fighting in Spain, and war clouds hovering over other European countries, as well as the far East, the Supreme Court hullabaloo, the old red herring is dragged again across the public spotlight. It masquerades under the name of “investigation” of foreign players. The “drive against foreigners” has been announced a year—a drive not aimed entirely at movie people, but which also includes musical artists. And, this on top of the accepted idea that all art is universal, and pays homage to no particular race or country. This “foreign drive” is applauded chiefly by the misinformed who are always “again” everything that doesn’t smack of Yankee-Doodle-Dandy.

One of the favorite cries of the “America for Americans” clique was that England had no use for American players—and even banned them from the English stage and screen. That little myth—which bred all kinds of antagonism—was exploded long ago. It’s true that England, expanding into a world movie capital, has tried, repeatedly, to win back many of its own stars who are now in Hollywood. It’s likewise true that England has welcomed and is still welcoming American players. They can appreciate what certain American players have to offer that no English players can supply (this also goes for American directors) just as certain English players cannot be replaced in Hollywood by Americans. Either Hollywood or those London suburbs, to be the movie capital of the world, needs both English and American stars. If we don’t find many English directors in Hollywood it’s because they are not so advanced in movie-making as the American directors.

That the English studios haven’t been able to lure the American headliners is due to the fact that these topnotchers are not only in constant demand here, but they also have contractual obligations to meet. Nevertheless, with all of this exchange between America and England the age-old gap goes on and on and on—against all “furriners.” If the English had wanted to be “narrow” about it, originally, then we would never have had Colman, Laughton (whose American-made films are still remembered) Rathbone, Chaplin, Karloff, Leslie Howard, Marshall, Aberne, Heather Angel, Elizabeth Allan, Benita Hume, Madeleine Carroll, Elissa Landi, Eric Blore, Pat Paterson, Ida Lupino, Binnie Barnes, Merle Oberon, Freddie Bartholomew, Margaret Graham, Lewis Hayward. Suppose that England had kept them home. Can you imagine the gap that would be left in Hollywood? No fewer than ten of these players are ranked among the screen’s foremost stars. There are dozens of others who have carried on in America—and are still carrying on.

Suppose Britain should suddenly recall all loyal British players. Suppose again that Congress, which has been considering such legislation for several years, should pass a law limiting the stay of all foreign players—and to make the entry of foreign players more difficult. It’s reasonable to believe that many sensitive players might leave for some studio Shaw to East and be sure of a welcome. America could recall its own players from England. But the exodus wouldn’t hurt British pictures to any extent—since the Americans who have migrated to English studios have not ranked among the leaders. So this bearing down on the British would harm us more than it would England. Somewhere in the oiling I seem to have mislaid some of President Roosevelt’s sentiments about all of us being good neighbors. The neighborhood touch would evaporate into thin air if certain agitators had their way.

TRIUMPH: Speaking of England—they have turned out the best job of Technicolor which has marked any picture to date—be it English or American. I refer to Wings of the Morning, which featured Henry Fonda and the glamorous French star, Anabella (who was once in Hollywood making foreign versions but who was allowed to escape for some unexplainable reason). Tom Geraghty, former Paramount head scenario writer, who worked on this story, writes me that they did a lot of experimenting with color, but couldn’t seem to make a go of it. They had rainy days and plenty of that native fog, though they went ahead and did the best job they could under the circumstances. They sent the print to a Hollywood laboratory—which advised Tom and his English workers that it was the best color job they had ever seen. Tom and his crew thought they were being kidded. But Hollywood wasn’t kidding. It seems that the mists, the rain and fog acted as a filter, brought forth quieter tints and tones—so that the color looked perfectly natural. And that’s why, as he puts it, “darker pictures were born.”

He gives the answer as to why English landscape artists have always been considered the best in the world. They see things with a softer eye—due to a natural filter which Nature places over English scenery. The softer eye makes for a softer brush. So the California sunlight takes a back seat insofar as good reproduction of color is concerned. There is such a thing as making colors too bright, too flamboyant. When color comes permanently Hollywood will have to experiment toward capturing it in the English fashion. In Wings of the Morning, the subdued colors enhanced the personalities of the players (particularly Anabella) as much as if it did the background.

ROUND-UP: The movies out Hollywood way are fast rounding up and building new personalities. At this time the vogue seems to be for capturing the box-office value of athletic names of the past. Newest to be corralled is Helen Wills Moody, who ruled the tennis courts for so long. While she hasn’t athlete Sonja Henie’s piquant charm, there’s no doubt that she can be groomed into a radiant personality. Hollywood can do things even to reigning beauties. With Queen Helen working under the 20th Century-Fox banner, Dr. Zanuck has rounded up a likely quota of quintuplets not counting the original Quins. Four of them are already established in Tyron Power, Sonja Henie, Don Ameche and Simone Simon. And Helen Wills Moody should be heard from shortly.

HEROICS: But speaking of new favorites I can’t help but hope that Bob Taylor, the biggest favorite of all, will soon be given something to remember him by—some story where he has to muss it up. Otherwise, the fickle public will be calling him an animated model. Look how Gable has kept his popularity—by changing his technique, by indulging in good, old he-man rough-and-tumble scenes. True, he hasn’t done much ground and lofty tumbling the past year, but he has changed his characterization considerably. Bob Taylor can take it, too. But if he is to go through his pictures without a hair out of place the fans who worship him now will someday rebel and say to themselves if they don’t write him: “too good to be true.” Letters pour in—the gist of them wondering when he will do a character study. He has grown in histrionic stature. He should be entering bigger dramatic parodies. He could negotiate the hurdle easily.
That glamorous little South Seas enchantress, with lips even more charming than herself. What thrilling color they have; a strangely enchanting, exotic red that no one can ever forget. But more! Her lips are alive with an iridescent luster...a sparkle, like silvery dew in moonlight. And utterly naked of pasty coating. She achieves this captivating loveliness by tattooing her lips with a transparent South Sea red. And now you can tattoo your lips with the same glamorous color in a shade created just for you. You can give them a luster too...a sparkle that's fascinating...and a new kind of softness that's bewitching. Try it tonight with the New Tattoo...but remember, your lips have never looked so tempting before!

FIVE EXCITING SOUTH SEA REDS

No. 1 has an orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. Called "CORAL."

No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich blood red that will be an asset to any brunet. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 changes hue when applied. Gives an unusually transparent richness and warmth. Called "PASTEL."

No. 5 has the rich intensity of Hawaii's most gorgeous flower...the wild Hibiscus. It's vivid, very vivid, yet has a lovely softness that's thrilling. It is called "HAWAIIAN."
Janet Gaynor says:
"Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies"

"I live at the beach most of the year and there is hardly a weekend that a number of friends don't drop in. Naturally, I keep several brands of cigarettes on hand, but the Luckies are always the first to disappear. I suppose it's just natural that Luckies would be the favorite brand because picture work certainly places a severe tax on the throat. Leading artists of the screen prefer Luckies because they are a light smoke that sympathizes with tender throats."

Janet Gaynor
FEMININE STAR OF DAVID O. SELZNICK'S TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION OF "A STAR IS BORN"

An independent survey was made recently among professional men and women — lawyers, doctors, scientists, etc. Of those who said they smoke cigarettes, over 87% stated they personally prefer a light smoke. Miss Gaynor verifies the wisdom of this preference, and so do other leading artists of the radio, stage, screen and opera. Their voices are their fortunes. That's why so many of them smoke Luckies. You, too, can have the throat protection of Luckies—a light smoke, free of certain harsh irritants removed by the exclusive process "It's Toasted". Luckies are gentle on the throat.

A Light Smoke
"It's Toasted"—Your Throat Protection

"The Finest Tobaccos—"The Cream of the Crop"

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company
MOTION PICTURE

COMBINED WITH MOVIE CLASSIC

10¢

JULY

M ARLENE DIETRICH

HOLLYWOOD LOVES ITS FIGHTS

HAS MARY ASTOR FOUND REAL LOVE AT LAST?
BANISH "False-Face" Powder
DON'T HIDE THE LOVELINESS OF YOUR NATURAL SKIN-TONE BEAUTY—

Dear Madam:

"False-face!"—your powder may scream out if you chose it a month ago or chose it to suit you in a certain light. "She belongs in the circus!"—friends may whisper behind your back—all because your skin is a vastly different color in sunlight than in the shade.

It's still another color in yellow or blue nightlights. Winter's blasts, summer's infrared rays, diet and general health all change your skin color constantly.

But if you tried to escape that "false-face" powder look by buying enough HARD-BASE shades to keep up with all your changing skin colors, you'd be spending your face with a dozen different shades every month.

How Can "Balmite" Help You?

No beauty counselor could give you more sincere advice than this:—Never choose a HARD-BASE powder. Choose only a SOFT-BASE powder. "Balmite" is the sensational new SOFT-BASE in Lovely Lady Face Powder. So no matter which shade of Lovely Lady you choose, "Balmite" blends out your shade to meet every variation of light and of your own skin color.

Compare—see if your present powder adds dreadful years. Test all five skin-keyed shades of Lovely Lady. See which one shade is the shade you can depend on in any light, in any season—which SOFT BASE "Balmite" shade reveals you at your loveliest.

"Types" and "Name-Shades"

Avoid the risk of choosing powder by "name-shades" such as "Brunette", as these "Brunette" shades are not all uniform in color. And often a "Brunette" shade needs a "Blonde" shade, and a "Blonde" type a "Brunette" shade. With all this confusion it's no wonder people might think of your face powder as your "false-face."

Don't "Mask" Your Natural Charm

Don't "mask" your face any longer with a HARD-BASE face powder that "matches" your skin in one light and may give you a "false-face" in another light. Send for all five FREE shades of Lovely Lady Face Powder containing "Balmite"—my SOFT-BLEND BASE that brings out so gloriously and dependably the natural skin color beauty and charm that is yours alone.

Sincerely,

Lovely Lady

LOVELY LADY is equal to face powders costing you five times as much—is smoother, safer than safest down. Waterproof—Non-allergic. Gentle to skin. Get-free—Lady choleks "false-face" look—color completely covers each tiny particle of powder, not just one side or edges. Free powder. Balmite is a vitamin and sick-remedy, too. Actually thing until you remove it.

FREE

LOVELY LADY 11
605 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free by return mail generous vanity size samplers of all five shades of LOVELY LADY Face Powder. Include a week's supply of LOVELY LADY All Purpose Face Cream FREE.

Name

Street

City

State

Paste this on a postcard or enclose in envelope.
Pretty lips cost her a pretty penny but never a second for her tender gums

- ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

Let her study herself in the mirror—while she outlines that classic mouth, powders that pretty nose. Let her favorite creams and cosmetics add to her charm. Then let her smile—smile that dull, dingy, shadowed smile of hers—and see how quickly her beauty vanishes.

A minor tragedy? Yet this girl might possess a radiant, appealing smile—but not until shelavishes a fraction of the care she gives her lips on her dingy teeth, her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" upon her tooth brush.

Don't Overlook "Pink Tooth Brush"
When that warning tinge appears on your tooth brush—go at once to your dentist. Probably no serious trouble is in store for you. No doubt, he'll lay the blame at the door of modern menus. Too-soft foods—foods that deprive your gums of necessary work and stimulation—have made the gum walls lazy, flabby. Usually he will suggest harder, "chewier" foods—and often the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For nearly always, Ipana and massage is a wise precaution against the warning of "pink tooth brush." Begin today to help the health of your teeth and gums. Massage a little Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Watch those lazy tissues grow gradually firmer, sounder, healthier.

Start today the faithful use of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. Let your smile do justice to your charm.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—every Wednesday night, over N.B.C. Red Network, 9 o'clock, E.D.S.T.

Remember... a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

I P A N A
Tooth Paste

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention July MOTION PICTURE
He introduced her first in "Escapade". She was an immediate sensation!

Then they appeared together in "The Great Ziegfeld". You know how wonderful they were!

Then she won new triumphs as O-lan in "The Good Earth", which is being hailed as "The Best Picture of 1937!"

You will be thrilled to see them together again now in the most exciting romantic drama since "Mata Hari" and directed by the man who made it!

William Powell
Luise Rainer

The Emperor's Candlesticks

with Robert Young, Maureen O'Sullivan, Frank Morgan, Henry Stephenson


Accept No Substitutes! Always Insist on the Advertised Brand!
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO GINGER ROGERS

Has Ginger Rogers fallen in love? Does she contemplate marriage again in the near future? Has she got ambitious plans to stand on her own talented feet as a star? Will she and Fred Astaire go their separate ways in future films? The above questions will be answered in the August MOTION PICTURE...a magazine that keeps a jump ahead of Hollywood and its stars.

The August issue will be crammed with new and interesting stories of your favorites and many newcomers. It'll also be packed with chatty and lively goings-on of the stars and late news of the studios.


W. H. FAWCETT
President
ROGER FAWCETT
Secretary-Treasurer

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

Laurence Reid
Editor

JULY, 1937

Volume LIII, No. 6

Twenty-sixth Year

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CANT YOU HEAR THAT
IT'S THE SNAPPIEST OLE SWING
THRU THE LAND

Bob Burns and Martha Raye on a cook's tour of melody land.

Here they are, folks, Martha Raye, the lass with the over-sized mouth and Bob (Bazooka) Burns, the gentleman from Van Buren, Arkansas, topping their laugh triumph in "Waikiki Wedding" with a laugh a minute hill-billy drayma, that'll have you in stitches... Terry Walker, lovely to look at lady of the networks, has the romance assignment with John Howard... and a bunch of the funniest lads who ever came down off the mountains add to the hysteria...

Rufe Davis and His White Mule try a little hill-billy swing...
Adolph Zukor presents

"MOUNTAIN MUSIC"

A Paramount Picture with

BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE

JOHN HOWARD • TERRY WALKER

Directed by Robert Florey

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention July Motion Picture
Exciting, Alluring...

of course men thrill to the rosy softness of Tangee lips! Men despise a "painted look". Tangee isn't paint...it's the only lipstick with the Tangee Color Change Principle. Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to warm blush-rose, emphasizes your charm... Use Tangee Rouge for lovely color in cheeks.

USE TANGEE LIPSTICK every night before you go to bed. Its special cream base soothes and softens lips, gives them a beauty treatment while you sleep. Tangee won't rub off on bed linen. Awake with fresh alluring lips. Try Tangee, the 24-Hour way to loveliness. 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Miracle Make-Up Set.

ROSIE BURLINGTON

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—all others claim to be Tangee. They're not. Beware of them. If you find one, buy Tangee. Tangee is the one with the secret of the Color Change Principle.

"MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

The George W. Lauf Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder & Mascara. Check shade of Powder Desired: □ Flesh □ Rachel □ Light-Pale-Blond. Send 52c (Stamps or Coins). (1¢ in Canada.)

Name

Address

City State

F17

By HARRY LANG

The TALKIE TOWN Tattletale

Here are the latest inside answers to Hollywood's romances, weddings, divorces and blessed events

Rozzie Russell reads why she was fined for breaking speed laws and why she'll have to attend auto school for 2 months

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Virginia Bruce and David Niven;
—those altar vows they'll soon be givin'...

PERENNIAL is Spring. Semi-centennial but still perennial also is John Barrymore. And so, getting all tangled up in Spring, John kept wife Elaine Ariel Barrie Barrymore waiting for over an hour for him, in vain, at the Brown Derby the other day. Seems Elaine had a date with hubby to talk over a reconciliation. After an hour's wait, she realized the date was off, departed uncabanned.

As for John, he did appear. But not at the Brown Derby, and not with Elaine. Instead, he showed up at the polo match, the theatre with pretty Sally Allen; subsequently at other nite places with another pretty gal whom Hollywood hasn't identified. Elaine got even. She went out with B. P. Schuberg! P. S. They're now divorced.

LOYAL to her Johnnee (between spats) is Lupe-Whoopee, the Velez. Magnificent manifestation of the intricacies of the Lupe-Johnny love-life was the past month—It began with another fight. This time, it was a fight. No more lamp-and-dish-throwing, this, but a fight that went as far as getting divorce papers all ready. Lupe was done. Lupe was through. To heck with Johnnee!!! And then she looked at the divorce papers and cried and wept and thought it over, and made up with Johnnee.

Possessing one of the most scrumptious figures in Hollywood, Jean Rogers puts it on display in a streamline swim suit

[Continued on page 52]
A Straight Tip—and a Good One!

USE COSMETICS ALL YOU LIKE!
BUT DON'T TAKE CHANCES WITH COSMETIC SKIN...

HOLLYWOOD STARS can't afford to take chances with dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores—Cosmetic Skin! That's why 9 out of 10 of them use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap. It has an ACTIVE lather that goes deep into the pores, removes every hidden trace of stale rouge and powder, dust and dirt.

Keep your skin smooth and lovely with the same gentle care Joan Blondell uses. Before you put on fresh make-up, ALWAYS before you go to bed, protect your skin with Lux Toilet Soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY—HAS AN ACTIVE LATHER THAT PREVENTS CHOKED PORES.
I ALWAYS USE IT!

JOAN BLONDELL
WARNER BROS. STAR

Girls everywhere follow Hollywood's lead—use Lux Toilet Soap for a bath soap, too!
Home Made Ice Cream

- Pure, wholesome, home-made ice cream is a wonderful food. Its popularity again sweeps the nation because modern hostesses and mothers have found there is no substitute for this old reliable type of frozen food. It's mild, delicious; makes you ask for the second dish—it's smooth, creamy; delightful to serve at the most formal dinner or at the kiddies' back yard party.

The latest hand freezer models are so easy to operate, they freeze in a jiffy. Now home-made ice cream is as much fun to make as it is to eat.

Make Ice Cream at Home
-moore wholesome and costs less

BUY A FREEZER at your HARDWARE OR DEPARTMENT STORE
Warren William (top left) is ingenious to say the least. When he gives parties or barbecues at his ranch he serves guests from a table built atop the chassis of an auto. The only difference in the act of the man on the flying trapeze and Betty Grable (left) is that he landed in a net and Betty lands in the pool in a 4-point flop.

To celebrate her new dressing-room Luise Rainer (left) gives a party for Bill Powell and Director Fitzmaurice—tween scenes of The Emperor's Candlesticks. (Lower left) the Powell-Blondell band swings it—with young Norman blowing a mean trumpet. The evidence (below) proves that Hugh Herbert has a big fishpond in his home.

Bette Davis (above) believes in dressing down for action in a cotton polka-dot playsuit while playing croquet. Note the novel headpiece to protect the eyes. All stars have their pets, and Doris Weston's (below) is Honey Chile, a pom. Doris, former NYC nightclub singer, plays with Dick Powell in his next film, The Singing Marine.
Warren Hull will act as director of the party at the Wilshire Bowl. And Edward Everett Horton extends an invitation to a party.

E•H

My dears Movie Land Tourists—
I am cordially inviting you to have cocktails with me at my home here in the country.

On this particular Sunday morning all arises and goes! The tennis court makes the noise, the dogs start the curve, and check is the check how the Movie Land Tourists are coming today!

With all my best wishes,
A welcome is waiting for you in Beverly Hills—
Beverly, San Diego, California,

Edward Everett Horton
Mar. 26, 37.

Members of both tours will have a chance to visit the Eddie Cantor Texaco program and hear Bobby Breen and Deanna Durbin sing.

SUNDAY EVENING in the Movie Land Tours
Eddie Cantor

USE THIS COUPON

Mr. W. F. Hagemann, Movieland Tour Manager,
Motion Picture Magazine,
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois.

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

I enclose $…………… Please enter my reservation for…………… persons, to insure a place for us on tour No. ………….

(A deposit of $5 per person will hold your reservation. Please specify whether for tour No. 1, leaving Chicago July 11, or tour No. 2, leaving Chicago August 8.)

Name ………………………………………………………………………………….

Address ………………………………………………………………………………….

City ………………………………………………………………………………… State …

California, Here We Come!

Hollywood is waiting for you Movieland Tourists!

Another surprise comes to those who are already planning to take advantage of the Third Annual Movieland Tour. It comes also as an added incentive for those who have not quite made up their minds to date. Here it is!

Members of both tours will have a chance to visit the Eddie Cantor Texaco program on the first night they are in town! The Columbia Network has been kind enough to give us tickets for both tours. Eddie Cantor will not be on the show officially this summer, but he has promised us to be there and welcome the tourists to town and put on a real show for us. Eddie, as you know, will produce this show this summer using guest stars, and little Bobbie Breen and Deanna Durbin as chief entertainers. This is all the more of a surprise, 'cause you won't know 'til you are here who the guest stars will be. Then, too, Eddie's pals always drop in "just to see how he's doin'," and Eddie's pals are all in Hollywood's Blue Book!

Think of it, you now get two chances of a lifetime . . . you'll see a big coast-to-coast program in full swing, along with all the studio thrills you'll see in the days to follow!

Be sure and jot this down, you who have not quite made up your minds . . . there will be two tours this summer and the first one leaves Chicago July 11 for a two-weeks' trip to the Coast and back. The second tour leaves Chicago, August 8.

When you send the coupon below to the Movieland Tour Manager in Chicago you are insuring yourself of the best vacation you ever spent. When you get your ticket for the tour you receive a guarantee of seeing the greatest sights in western America.

After you leave Chicago, you will travel along the ten thousand lake district of Minnesota, through the great middle section of this country into the vast Rocky Mountain district and the Rainier National Park, thence into the Pacific Northwest. Traveling south, you will be afforded the opportunity of seeing the great new San Francisco bridge and the famed Golden Gate whence the sailing ships came in '49 bearing gold-seekers. All the thrills of San Francisco Chinatown after dark await you. For here you will see China transplanted in America . . . dark alleyways and mysterious little shops run by their curious keepers full of priceless souvenirs await your perusal.

After an interesting trip through the harbor city of the Golden State, your train heads still further south to the most glamorous city in America— [Continued on page 88]
By JOHN SCHWARZKOPF

SIX months ago, this young lady was an unknown. Then, through Henry Duffy, a personal friend of the family, she was invited to try out for a role in Call it a Day, a stage play produced in a Hollywood theatre. It was this role that gave her her start, for the opening night saw Jesse Lasky in the audience on a talent scouting tour... At that time, Lasky had his own company so, before he left the theatre, he had her signed to a long term personal contract. Shortly after, Lasky became associated with RKO and took Joan with him where she got her first part in pictures... a small bit in Quality Street... When the studio "crushes" of this slim blonde beauty were thrown on the screen after the first few days' work, the executives were all unanimous in asserting that she had that certain "something" which makes a player click with an audience... Not three days after she finished her first part, Joan was cast in the leading feminine role in The Man Who Found Himself opposite John Beal... her performance in that part more than justified the faith placed in her... and her being Olivia de-Havilland's sister has nothing to do with her career... Joan thinks that having a famous sister would hinder rather than help her... so she, herself, has never made public the fact that she is Olivia's sister... she even works for a different studio under another name... Joan was born in Tokyo, Japan and when she became two years old, her family moved to this country and took a place in Saratoga, California, because of Joan's delicate health... All during her childhood, Joan was never completely well and, as a consequence, could never get out and play with the rest of the children... her time was spent in study and in reading... even at the age of ten she had read the classics and had a very thorough knowledge of Shakespeare... The pampering she received because of her frailness made her willful and hard to control... she had ideas of her own and it was her burning desire to someday, "be someone" that brought her ability to the attention of people who could further her plans... Joan never goes out at night... for one thing, her health would not stand the strain of hard days at the studio and late hours... she would rather devote her spare time to outdoor sports and reading... she goes in for all sorts to make up for lost time... Joan is five-feet-three-inches tall, has pale golden hair and large hazel eyes... it is said that she and Olivia will always get along with each other because they are almost exact opposites... there is only one thing that they have in common and that is a most charming, warm, winning smile... Keep your eye on Joan... she's going to be a star next year!

Back in his heart again!

...since I've learned this "lovelier way" to avoid offending!

THE TEARS GIRLS WASTE before they learn never to
and how to avoid offending! So a wise precaution is to bathe with
the Cashmere Bouquet... the perfumed soap whose deep
*cleansing lather removes every trace of body odor—
leaves its lovely fragrance clinging to your skin.

YOU CAN'T BLAME MEN for preferring girls who guard their
daintiness the lovelier way... with Cashmere Bouquet... Why don't you try this exquisite perfumed soap... see how its subtle, lingering fragrance keeps you alluringly dainty!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTRY—Bathe with Perfumed
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention JULY MOTION PICTURE
WITH A HOLD-BOB HAIRDRess!

On the "sets" in Hollywood, you'll find the loveliest stars using HOLD-BOBS, for they know how essential a perfect hairdress is before the camera. They know that HOLD-BOBS will keep their hairdress always ready for the most revealing "close-up." And you, too, whether your "stage" is in the office, on the dance floor, or at any public appearance—can keep your hairdress a picture of perfection by using HOLD-BOBS, Hollywood's favorite bob pins. Remember, HOLD-BOBS are the only bob pins with so many exclusive features: small, round, invisible heads—invisible in the hair; smooth, non-scratching points; flexible, tapered legs—one side crimped—that keep the hair secure and always in place; and colors to match all shades of hair. Buy a card of HOLD-BOBS, today—available everywhere.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. CO.
2138-36 Prairie Ave., Dept. F-77, Chicago, Ill.

Small, Invisible Heads
Curved Shape Style

*Look for the name HOLD-BOBS
It is your guarantee of the finest possible bob pin and a lovely coiffure. Sold everywhere—just ask for them by name . . .

HOLD-BOB
The perfect bob pin for the modern hairdress.

Copyright 1927 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Darlin',

OLD Mme. Godabout, they're calling me now.
Here I am, at Palm Springs again—and ooh—
because I wanted to get you the latest fashion dope
for this month's letter. The Hollywood gals are
down here getting their last bit of desert sun
before it gets so blooming hot that the place is closed
for the season. Don't let anyone kid you
into thinking that they aren't going for suntan
this summer. Not even me, I know I wrote you
about the "romanish sailor" that was so popular
during the winter. But that's all over now, and
the movie mammas are all busy getting their yearly
dose of sun... It seems to be every gal for her-
self and the sky the limit as far as design
and fabric goes for the suntans, bathing suits and play
clothes. Around the pool here at the Inn is where
I get an eyeful of these clothes—let me tell you
about them.

THE biggest shock of all was to see Cecilia
Parker come walking across the patio, looking
practically nude. When she came up to me I saw
that she was wearing a pink rubber bathing suit,
with cut-out designs all along the side. She told
me that the idea is to have suntanned designs of
animals, geometric gadgets, and initials tattooed
on her skin like the sun. What won't they be do-
ing next! We walked over to the pool, and I man-
aged to get a glimpse of Jean Chabain's head
just as she came up out of a dive. She had on the
most exciting cape—transparent! And the cape
completely covers her head, the full effectiveness
of her smartly waved and curled hair is visible.
What a relief a cap like that is going to be to me
—I always have that drownd rat look when I come
up out of a dive.

JULIE HAYDON had all eyes on her as she
came over to pose for us. Over a one-piece
bathing suit of dark blue. Julie was wearing a
bodice type jacket of white patent leather, ap-
plied around bright felt flowers. Her beach shoes
of the same material, were hands with strips of the
same brilliant felt as the flowers. And the way
the sun hits that patent stuff, you just can't help
but look at it.

All this suntanning and glitter was too much
for me, so I wandered over to the shade of one of
the umbrella-covered tables that are scattered
around the patio. And sat myself down for a
chat with Barbara Stanwyck... Barbara's navy
blue pile sports dress, with an all-over design
of white cornflowers, was the coolest thing I'd seen
that morning. And I envied her the shade of her
nacy blue mullin straw hat with the bunch of white
corn flowers in the front... You know, you can't
start talking to some one with clothes obviously
the subject, without a whole bunch of gals joining
in. So it wasn't long until Marie Evans, Alice
Faye and a few others had gathered around and we
really got going. Both Madge and Alice had
on trick belts—and you have no idea how they pep
up an otherwise ordinary sports dress.

MADGE wore her white sports dress, a
tailored belt of brown leather. At the center
front of the belt was a small loop, and in this loop
was a cluster of bright wildflowers that grow so
plentifully down here at the Springs. Madge says
the trick is to wear the belt with a number of different
dresses—and change the flowers to suit
her mood. Alice Faye has persuaded her of the
idea of the bright red letter with a little of the
same thing, with a little silk felt flowers, EMB-
brodered on the belt—in white—are the musical
guitars of the first few dates from her hit song
"There's a Lull in My Life."

SPEAKING of belts—Shirley Deane was posi-
tively a rainbow in her ice-blue sports dress
with twisted handkerchief belt. Three large
chiffon handkerchiefs—butterum green, cherry red
and vivid yellow, are pulled through the loops at the
side of her dress and left hanging full length at the
side.

During the next month I'm going to see
what beach dates I can chase for myself, so that I'll
be able to tell you what the gals go in for in the
way of beach styles.

Mlle. Chic.
WHAT THEY WHISPER
TO EACH OTHER THEY
MEAN FOREVER!

Thrillingly these
real-life sweethearts
achieve their true great-
ness in the most impor-
tant story either one has
ever had ... their fire
and power given full
scope for the first time!

A love supremely
courageous and
unashamed... that
shook the nation in
its highest places
... that was fated
to happen!

ROBERT BARBARA
TAYLOR-STANWYCK

in the picture the world is talking about!

THIS IS MY AFFAIR

with

VICTOR MCLAGLEN

in his most powerful role

and

BRIAN DONLEVY • JOHN CARRADINE
DOUGLAS FOWLEY • ALAN DINEHART
SIG RUMANN • ROBERT McWADE
SIDI EY BLACKMER • FRANK CONROY

Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production
Directed by William A. Seiter
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Gay songs...love songs...songs of emotion
by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel

20th Century-
Fox, maker of hits,
presents another of its
entertainment achieve-
ments ... in the mood
of great romance ... with the thrill of
mighty drama!
JANICE JARRATT

There's one thing about Janice—she takes your mind off those 'sit down strikes you read about by staging one of her own at Lake Norconian. Striking for a beach chair she leaves her chains shortly to wed Melvin Purvis, former head G-Man.
The American beauties usually leave it to foreign stars to be glamorous—but not Connie. She's always vivid, dramatic, seductive and real. You'll supply your own adjectives after seeing her in Topper.

CONSTANCE BENNETT
The rave of the hour goes merrily on taking things in stride—even those rumors of romance with La Henie. He'll tell you his career comes first—the next film in building it is *Thin Ice* with Sonja
MARY ASTOR will not talk about things that are past, for Hollywood, you know, is a small town. The whole world is a small town, really, with "wonders" of any sort only nine days old. Mary was so woefully miscast in the events of the past year, she must surely have had a "Lawkamercy-can-this-be-I" reaction. For it was beautifully ironic, when you consider, as I have been doing, that Mary was always the despair of interviewers. She never had anything awfully exciting to say. Because she never did anything exciting, anything that made "good copy." She was simply, and rather typically, the small-town daughter (who happened to win a beauty contest and so "got into the movies") of a German professor and his wife. She lived in Quincy, Illinois, and while her mother dreamed, for Mary, of the career she had once dreamed for herself, Mary was obedient but harbored, in her heart, only one dream—a home, a husband to love, a baby. That dream, un-extraordinary save in its depth and consistency, has always been Mary's dream.

She wasn't a star. She has never been a star. She lived at home, after she first came to Hollywood and worked while other stars and players made field days for the writers. She was about the most uneventful person in an un-
ASTOR Found Real Love at Last?

eventful town. Very strange, to me, remembering the young Mary (Lucille Langhanke, she was then) I first met in New York, just before she won second place in the beauty contest which gave Clara Bow first place. A beauty contest run, incidentally, by Motion Picture Magazine. Mary was in her teens then, copper-red hair floating like dark sun below her waist, lovely serenity of face, standing close at her mother's side, her beauty speaking for her, words as unnecessary as words are unnecessary for flowers, for all lovely things whose beauty is their speech.

Strange, too, remembering the girl I knew in Hollywood later. Unchanged. The girl I met at parties, at Ruth Chatterton's, at Florence and Fredric March's, and never knew that she was there until I came face to face with her. So quiet she was always, so unobtrusive, so utterly lacking in showmanship, in exhibitionism.

Life plays fantastic tricks, we all know that. The midway of Hollywood exhibits, now and again, strange mummers playing misfit roles. But no trick so fantastic, no role quite so misfit as that of the gentle Mary wearing the greasepaint of headlines.

I SAW her once or twice during those troubled days, too. Quieter than ever, if possible. I saw her lunching with Ruth Chatterton, with her agent. And the habitual serenity of her eyes was dusted over with a look of daze, the look of one who does not fully comprehend the part she has been called upon to play, the lines she must speak.

Mary is living, now, in the house she built on Toluca Lake. The house she has [Continued on page 78]
It wasn’t until Joel met and married Frances Dee that he began to get wise to himself.

By FAITH SERVICE

leopard McCrea changed his spots. For with all the height and breadth and heart-stirring eyes and hair and shoulders, good brain, knowledge of the business—he never made so much as an echo of the stir made by the Taylors, the Flynns, the Tyrone Powers, the MacMurrays and other taking young men.

SOMEONE once said of Joel McCrea, in the days when people weren’t paying much attention to Joel McCrea, "he was just a nice kid who wanted to get into the movies." He was still "just a nice kid" after he got into the movies.

He just didn’t matter—until he married. Until he made Private Worlds and then Barbary Coast you could have taken Joel McCrea or you could have left him. You wouldn’t have cared which. I am speaking of the Joel McCrea of the screen, of course. He was, and is, six-feet-three in height, shoulders like a gladiator’s, lean-waisted, long-limbed, sultry gray eyes, tawny thick hair, athletic, gay, well-bred, popular, amusing and—he didn’t matter.

Curious. And it got curiouser and curiouser before the

But say what you will about Joel McCrea of before Private Worlds and Joel, himself, will go you ten better. For something, someone, somehow, in the past two years that keen, indolent mind has been widely awakened, that unique personality has been prodded from its slumbers, forced to face itself in the mirror, perceived and acknowledged and acted upon the truth.

Joel explained it, with neither pride nor preamble. He said: "I was a sap until I got married. How true it is that there is always a woman behind every successful man. Cherchez la femme, Power Behind The Throne, right as rain! I should have known it because of my own family. My Dad, in the early days of his marriage, was a moderately successful man, comfortable and content with moderation. [Continued on page 80]
Our answer to that everlasting argument about importing foreign talent is Della Lind. Don't you agree that her Viennese beauty is a real complement to American films? After a year's study, Miss Lind has mastered English and will make her debut in M-G-M's Student Prince.

To strengthen our case, we also give you Sigrid Gurie, famed Norwegian beauty. Miss Gurie has left the land of the midnight sun so we can see a new star rise in Adventures of Marco Polo. She will appear as an Oriental princess, opposite Gary Cooper. Such luck!
CONTRARY to all reputed accounts of the Hepburn eccentricities, that an actor seldom gets a break in her pictures, that her sets are unpleasant to work on, Franchot Tone will always look back on Quality Street, as one of his nicest working engagements in Hollywood. The dynamic Miss Hepburn and the reticent Mr. Tone completely belied all rumors and pre-conceived impressions, that these two wouldn't hit it off together. Fireworks were doubtlessly expected because of something that happened several years back, when Franchot was first offered the title role in Hepburn's Little Minister.

At the time Franchot was on loan-out to Warners where he was working in a picture called They Went to College, opposite Ross Alexander and Jean Muir. One day on the set the telephone rang and a crisp, excited voice asked to speak to Franchot Tone.

"Franchot, this is Katharine Hepburn," came the message over the wire. "I understand you refused to play in The Little Minister. Why don't you want to be in it?"

"It isn't that I don't want to be in it, I don't think it is a good part for me," answered Franchot with his usual honesty. "You have an actor named John Beal right on your own lot who could do it much better than I ever could. Why don't you get him to do it?"

That was the second time in his life he had ever talked to Katharine Hepburn. The first time Franchot had met her casually for a moment at a friend's house. They didn't meet again or see each other until Franchot walked

It was while playing opposite Katie in Quality Street that Franchot learned to know her better.
Real Hepburn

on the set the first morning of shooting on Quality Street. Hepburn greeted him graciously. They settled right down to the serious business of making a good picture, and for the rest of the eleven weeks, every day was another pleasant experience. The first thing that appealed and impressed Franchot, was Hepburn's zest for work and her desire for perfection. Her enthusiasm and her unwillingness to spare herself are the reasons why she burns up so much energy. She keeps going every second from the moment she arrives in the morning. In between scenes she never sits down and relaxes quietly. Her eyes take in everything on the set in one swoop. She is constantly aware of the movements of everyone around her. She keeps up a rapid-fire conversation and is forever trying to think of something new whereby she can improve a scene. Franchot found all this conducive to an inspirational stimulus that is seldom found in making pictures.

Perhaps one of the reasons why Franchot and Hepburn seemed to understand each other, was the similarity of their backgrounds, their mutual agreement on certain political views and their outlook on life in general. By comparing notes they even discovered that, as children, both had folded pamphlets for their mothers, who were interested in the Woman's Suffrage Movement. Katharine Hepburn's mother finally succeeded in making it a success in 1919. Franchot Tone's mother played an active part by influencing New York State.

One day while they were talking between scenes, Franchot made several references to things that had happened to him as a kid. Hepburn, who had been listening intently, had a puzzled look on her face.

"Where did you come from?" she asked.

"I was born in Niagara Falls and my family have lived there most of their lives," said Franchot.

"I used to go there when I was a little girl and visit some people who had a big house on Buffalo Street overlooking the falls," Hepburn said next.

"Was their name Porter?" asked Franchot eagerly.

"Why, yes," said Hepburn, much surprised.

"They lived right next door to us," said Franchot knowingly. "I used to go over there and play all the time. I probably pulled your pig tails!"

IT IS a known fact that Hepburn does not allow visitors on her set. Several days after the picture started, word got around that eventually ended up in banner lines in a daily paper. Hepburn had put down her foot and [Continued on page 83]
Claudette Tells On Herself

There's no such thing as sob stuff in Claudette's life. She has had a lot of fun being a star and debunks the usual hooey.

At Sun Valley, Idaho, Claudette is taken dogsledding for snow scenes in her new picture, I Met Him in Paris.

By CAROL CRAIG

LIKE everyone else in Hollywood, days after the premiere, Claudette Colbert still was talking about A Star Is Born. Only she wasn't being impersonal about it. "Somewhere in the picture," she said, "there's a scene that anyone who has ever entered the movies can appreciate from personal experience. "To me, the scene that was priceless was the one where Janet Gaynor, as the girl new to the movies, had her first encounter with a make-up department. I lived that scene. I had something like that happen to me, once."

Claudette smiled, in wry reminiscence. "They put me in a beauty-parlor chair, wrapped a towel around my head, and went to work, completely ignoring my sensitive soul. They moved my eyebrows all over my forehead, and experimented with new mouths for me, and tried to do something about my nose, and my cheekbones, and—well, the works. Nature, somehow, hadn't done right by little Claudette."

"Then they stood off, studying the results of their artistry, and shook their heads very, very sadly. No matter what they did, I still looked 'surprised'—as Janet does in the picture."

"That was one of those times when being an actress wasn't fun."

I elevated my ears at that last statement. Claudette wasn't talking according to the Unwritten Rules for Stars. Of course, Claudette never does pay much attention to those rules. That's one... [Continued on page 90]
One Woman Man

George Raft has just about everything he wants of life except the woman he loves—Virginia Peine

By HARRY LANG

They've just given George Raft, Gary Cooper's fancy knotty-pine-and-pretty-carpet-padded dressing-room. And that, in Hollywood, is a whole big story in a nutshell! . . . It means that George, the soda-guzzling "bad boy of Paramount," is sitting pretty at last.

It means that George, the soda-guzzling "bad boy of Paramount," is sitting pretty at last.

It means that the hard-fisted lad from Hell's Kitchen, with the soft doe's eyes, has won his years-long battle for cinema independence and a comparatively unbossed place in the Hollywood sun-arcs. He's got things pretty much his own way now. He's got a big say in his stories and roles—so big that he's just turned down one he didn't like, and made his studio like it. He can play the roles he wants, the way he wants to play 'em.

And the words in his contract say that he's to get about $4,000 a week for it. At least, that's Hollywood's understand-
Also known as Mrs. Dick Powell and, currently, as the King's (Fernand Gravet) Chorus Girl. Also as the adorable and adoring mother of Norman Scott Barnes.
You Can Take Down Your Hair with Joan Blondell

To be so chummy with Joan you and Hollywood don't have to look far—she might be the girl next door

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Line up all your glamorous queens of the screen, select the most down-to-earth real-life heroine—and you'll have Joan Blondell.

Joan's the pet of her studio, its stars, its workmen—and Hollywood—because she might be the gal next door. She acts no more like a star than your cousin Millie... perhaps less. Stardom, to her, represents a situation, a goal achieved... NOT a rating.

In the Hollywood vernacular—you can take down your hair with Blondell!

That's Joan, though. She considers herself no better than the least important member of the company, and honestly resents being singled out to have attentions showered upon her.

On the set, the director need look no farther for her than the largest group. Joan is certain to be its center. Her stories and lively chatter assure a large audience.

But apart from this, people just naturally enjoy being around Joan. She's "home folks." [Continued on page 72]
Sun-Kissable
Some Short Cuts to Summer Tans

Betty Furness takes a short cut to a tan in a one-piece suit topped with a nautical coat of black rubberized sateen.

Jean Chaburn is sure to be sunlight-hearted in a satin one-piece suit with low cut back. Of marine blue with white figures.

Virginia Grey calls her suit formal because it's so form-fitting. The straps and belt are brown.

Jinx Falkenberg wears a streamlined model that has plenty of S. A. (sex appeal). A silhouette styled for swimming.

The two Sun-Kissables here—Bette Grable and Diana Gibson—are taking short cuts to tans in suits typical of 1937.
And here is Jinx again in another streamlined suit that will make the other girls sea-green with envy in its daring lines.
HOLLY

*s are strictly off

out week

ix it up
Loves Its FIGHTS

By DICK PINE

FRIDAY? You're crazy! Going to the fights. What's that? Yes, any other night but Friday. Going to the fights.

I will not vouch for the fact that the above telephone monologue is strictly verbatim, but I will say that I have caught the sentiment of Hollywood when it comes to making a date for a party on Friday nights. For Friday nights mean but one thing—the weekly prize-fights at the Hollywood American Legion Stadium.

That's what Friday nights mean to the Hollywood people who have the three dollars for a ringside seat. To those who can't put out the three dollars per week, it means something else. Small part actors, and even extras, congregate around the main entrance, with alert eyes for directors under whom they have worked. They are there to be seen; to wave a hand and say, "Hello, Bill!" or whatever the director's name is.

Many a small part has been won by these methods. I have, myself, heard a director say, "I think the fellow for this part. Saw him at the fights the other night, so I know he's around. Let's try to get him." The fellow was not, strictly speaking, at the fights; he was outside the fight stadium, watching 'em go in.

Boris Karloff was the first actor who told me about this strategy—way back in the early days; long before he became a star. "It's important to be seen in Hollywood," he would explain.

"If people don't see you around, they soon forget you."

Well, Boris followed those tactics. I wouldn't care to assert that he owes his stardom to his visits to the Hollywood American Legion Stadium exterior, but that's what he told me, and what I know he did. And you can see where he is now.

Were I asked by a tourist, "Where is the best place to see the stars?" I would answer promptly, "The Legion Fights."

But let's go inside, and see what goes on.

The semi-wind-up is in progress. There are a couple of one-hundred-and-ninety-pound palookas pawing at each other ineffectually. A wag in the crowd yells, "Don't hit him before you count ten, Bill! You might hurt him!" Soon, the crowd begins singing The Merry Widow Waltz as the two "fighters" go into their dance together.

UNEXPECTEDLY, the good-natured ragging gives way to a clapping of hands, and a craning of necks, as Mae West, accompanied by the faithful Jim Timony, makes her way to her seat behind the white corner. She waves a gloved hand, flashes the alluring smile, and the fans settle back in their seats (four thousand of them), with but a single thought in their minds. And it isn't about the newest sit-down strike, either!

Mae, a dyed-in-the-wool fight fan, doesn't get excited, but her companion, Jim Timony, will try to climb into the ring, and fight for his "fancy," unless prevented. (He doesn't require much prevention, but he goes through the motions.)

If I were asked to choose the three people among the stars who were most fight-wise, I would nominate Pat O'Brien, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler. These three can tell you each preliminary boy's last two fights, and how they came out! They are quiet, as are most real fight experts. Pat sits there, rolling a cigar in his mouth, intent upon the "give-and-take" in the ring, totally oblivious of the squealings of the Filipinos and Mexicans in the gallery.

AND talking of squealing:

There is Lupe Velez (Tarzan) Weissmuller. She is seen at her squealingest when a Mexican boy is strutting his stuff in the ring. From her seat in the black corner, Lupe will squeal to her countryman to, "Keel heem! Heet heem wiz the right!" as she thumps upon the canvas with tight-clenched little fists. Johnny Weissmuller, her tacturn consort, enjoys it almost as much as the crowd, and often receives Lupe's blows which may (or may not) have been intended for the canvas.

[Continued on page 95]
KING AND COMMONER

Ronald Colman is particularly adaptable to play the dual role of king and commoner in Anthony Hope's world renowned romance, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. For one thing he has a kingly bearing, decked out as he is in the trappings of high estate. But even as a commoner he will have his subjects in the audience paying respectful homage to him. It's an actor-proof role—one that affords its star—any star, past or present—great acting opportunities. Colman is assisted by a cast that includes Madeleine Carroll, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mary Astor, C. Aubrey Smith and David Niven. Remember the silent version? It made history with Lewis Stone, Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro.
Still Trying to Look Older

It has been a struggle with June Lang since young girlhood to look as if she had lived

By IDA ZEITLIN

I WENT to meet the June Lang I’d seen in The Road to Glory—an obviously young girl, yet with an air of grave maturity about her. I found a dancing-eyed child who tries to look grownup by drawing down the corners of her mouth, and goes pink with pleasure when you tell her she looks older on the screen than she does in the flesh.

“Oh, thank you,” she says earnestly, and then, from the peak of twenty, assures you: “It’s been a struggle all my life to look older. And especially now. You get so much more to do in the movies when you look as if you’d lived. Otherwise you’re just the young daughter, flitting from room to room, meeting your boy friend under a tree and then disappearing, so the really interesting people can do their stuff.”

Luckily for her ambition, the screen does mature her. Off it she looks like the legendary princess of the fairy-tales—wide blue eyes, golden-brown curls at her neck, a wildrose skin, an air of gay yet wistful innocence like that of a lamb frisking in a meadow. Only the rich, throaty contralto remains the same.

She’s the kind that stirs the protective instinct. On our way to the cafe, a studio car drew to the curb. The cafe must have been all of half a block away. “Better [Continued on page 84]
STARDOM?
It’s Not Important
—PRESTON FOSTER

By KAY PROCTOR

Ambition can be deadly.

It cost the life of Norma Shearer’s brilliant producer-husband, Irving Thalberg. It destroyed John Gilbert, perhaps the greatest lover the screen ever has known. It wrecked the happiness of Allan and Martha Adams. These last two names you do not know, but they are important in the scheme of things, even as you are important. Ambition, therefore, can be deadly for you, too.

Preston Foster, staunch fellow and fine actor, is authority for this unorthodox, but honest opinion. We were lunching in the RKO commissary. Pres had just finished the last retake on Sea Devils, in which he is co-starred with Vic McLaglen. It is, he said, a swell “muscle picture”—that being his tag for a hang-up action picture. He still was wearing the dark blue uniform and gold-braided cap of the Coast Guard and was nursing a scarred right hand with some care. There had been a little too much “oompah” in one of the fight scenes, it seems. That wasn’t his only memento of the rough-and-tumble action:

He had several other beauties in black-and-blue, he admitted, but I would have to take his word for them.

One of the screen’s better known writers—and lest you try to peg his identity—he was a visitor from another studio—had stopped by our table for a quick hello and to congratulate Preston on his stirring work with Barbara Stanwyck in The Plough and the Stars. I got the impression his mind was nervous and jumpy and that he was only half-conscious of the words he was speaking to Pres.

Pres’s eyes of penetrating blue were thoughtful and somehow cold as he watched the man walk away. Usually they seem vastly and openly amused at everything they see. “The man is a fool,” he said. “Look at him.” [Continued on page 68]
SUCH CHIC!
Designs For Summer

Jean goes to town in a two-piece frock of navy blue and white. The pleated skirt is of non-crushable white linen and the jacket-like top of navy and white knit.

Cotton for comfort on warm summer days says Jean Parker. The one-piece dress, left, is yellow, adorned with brown knitted buttons. The fringing is chic!

For toiling or tilling, Jean wears white shantung pleated culottes. The halter top is trimmed with green wool. In it Jean turns the earth and the hearts of men.
Black and white, or vice versa, are perennially smart—and flattering. Gloria Stuart selects a white twill tailored suit embroidered in black soutache braid for day wear.

Nauti-cal but nice is Gloria’s beach ensemble of seersucker. A blue background lends contrast to marine designs in red and white. What about the American flag?
In tune with summer and sports is Gloria's beautifully tailored slack suit of heavy white linen crash. It's hand stitched in navy blue. The big patch pockets are neat.

Did you ever see a dream waltzing? Here she is, Gloria in a pink evening dress of ankle length. Roses shading from pale pink to scarlet dot the skirt and the shoulders.

With the freak weather we've been having it's wise to own an ensemble like this, designed by Herschel for Gloria's personal wardrobe. It's grey wool, flecked in scarlet and Irish green.
HE is a Scotch Highlander by birth, a soldier by inheritance, an adventurer by inclination, and an actor by the grace of God. He is the first—and only—lad to crash Hollywood with no money, no clothes except the rumpled dress suit he was wearing, and a battleship for his vehicle of entrance.

Alongside Ronald Colman, he is about to impress himself upon your consciousness in a big way in The Prisoner of Zenda, which, up to this point, rates as the year's most romantic picture.

It's time you became acquainted with David Niven. You've heard the name before. You've been seeing him for two years in a succession of minor roles, in a succession of major and minor pictures. In columnists' chit-chat, you have seen his name linked first with that of Merle Oberon, then that of Virginia Bruce—both sets of rumors, incidentally, establishing him as a canny picker. But you haven't heard, or read, anything yet. You haven't heard his story.

And it's quite a tale. One of the most entertaining stories of any lad who ever went into the movies by accident, thanks to a knock for having amusing things happen to him.

The start of his story gave no hints of the eventual developments. He was born among the braes and lochs of inner Scotland, in a sleepy little village whose name only a Scot could properly pronounce. His father was an army man, whom David can just remember. The lad lived in the Highland village hardly long enough to learn to pronounce its name. His father was killed in the War. His mother moved to England, and David went to school in Buckinghamshire.

Growing up, he idealized his martyred father to the point where he wanted to be the man his father had been. He enrolled at Sandhurst, the British equivalent of West Point. There was a little rule about seventeen and one-half being the minimum age for entrance. David, seventeen, glibly got around that. He had a convincing technique even then, and he was tall, well-built.

It was at Sandhurst that he had his first encounter with things Thespian. "Grisly amateur theatricals," he calls them, "in which vast rugby players were the leading ladies." David was in several plays—more for something to do than for any other reason. He was even guilty of writing one, a pantomime entitled "Goldilocks and the Three Bears."

"The thing was sheer buffoonery, with a barracks flavor, which had neither Goldilocks nor three bears in it. It was crudely mad. There was one scene I was awfully proud of, I remember: a balcony scene featuring Romeo and Juliet. "Juliet was as big as a house—one of those vast rugby players; Romeo was an undersized..." [Continued on page 76]
Why They Call Her ANNIE

It's because Ann Sothern, the original commuting wife is everybody's pal

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

"I'M THE original commuting wife!" said Ann Sothern stoically. "Do you know, I've traveled 18,000 miles since marriage? Settle down—humph! The only settling down I've done is in an air liner—when it made a three point landing at either Chicago or Los Angeles! I know every windmill and hay stack between those two places. I ought to, I've made eight round trips! No wonder my theme song is getting to be 'Annie doesn't live here any more!'"

Funny. Everybody calls her "Annie." And they tack on that "ie" the way the Spanish do "ita" to a name. Affectionately, with a warm little emphasis all its own. They save their best jokes to tell her because she laughs so. Joan Bennett will say, "Let's get Annie and have some fun!" Joan, of course, has practically adopted her. It happened this way:

They were both on a flying trip East about a year ago and at the last 'nth part of a second Joan saw a little blonde dash up to the 'plane and pile in amidst a profusion of bags, bundles, and bon voyages.

Thought Joan, "I don't like her. These helpless girls...!"

By the time they reached Kansas City Joan was thinking, "Well, she is kind of cute!" And before they were in sight of New York she was mothering Ann Sothern in just about the same way she does her two-year-old Melinda...

Maybe it's her smallness, her helplessness—but everybody wants to adopt Annie! The late Flo Ziegfeld saw her at a Hollywood party and promptly took her career in hand. Harry Cohn, head of Columbia Pictures, saw her in the stage production, Of This I Sing, in Chicago and quite as promptly adopted her for the screen. Then Roger Pryor met her—and decided to adopt her for his own...

It was Joan Bennett who took charge of the wedding procedure—Joan who selected the big Congregational church and helped to select the flowers and the bridal gown—an Irene model in metallic blue with a swooping circular skirt. "Annie's so young," asserted Joan (who has reached the ripe old age of twenty-four.) "I just can't help helping her!"

And the strange quirk to it all is—Annie is really Efficiency Expert No. 1!

Take the way she has handled this long-distance marriage of hers, for instance. Since their wedding last September twenty-seventh, Roger has not been able to return to Hollywood even once. His radio commitments and contract as orchestra leader at the College Inn have kept him bound tight to the shores of Lake Michigan. It's enough to disgruntle any bride. But not Annie. "I knew it was going to be difficult," she admitted the other day at luncheon. "With Roger away all the time. And I don't want to give up my work in pictures yet, not for at least four years. Nor does he want me to. So I thought—there's just one way out.

"WE CAN'T make any definite plans to be together so we'll just have to enjoy what moments we can. And sometimes Brief Moments are the best!"

"I made up my mind that even if there was this obstacle of separation we were not going to let it interfere with our marriage. There's too much misery in the world because people, particularly young people, allow circumstances to stand between them and happiness. You have to take what you can get and make the most of it.

"We were married one minute after midnight, you know. Or as soon as the California three days marriage law permitted. Rog had so little time. We had to go right back to Chicago and the funniest thing happened for folks on a honeymoon. I had my fingerprints taken!" Annie's laughter tinkled. "We went, of all places, to a police court 'show-up.' Tony, who is a police sergeant and a friend of ours, invited us. Afterwards he asked if I wanted my fingerprints taken. Rog said with all the commuting I'd be doing it might be a [Continued on page 89]
The TALK of Hollywood

Choice morsels of gossip and news about the latest and liveliest goings on in that dear old Hollywood

**GIGGLE-o'-the-month:** Even though his mamma, Joan Blondell, and Dick Powell have been married almost a whole year, by now, Joan’s little son, Norman, still doesn’t call Dick “papa.”

Norman (who’s the son of Joan’s cameraman ex-hubby George Barnes) still calls him “Mister Powell!”

**She-Talk**

**SNICKER-o'-the-month:** Still unrecovered from one of Sonja Henie’s very first remarks to him is Tyrone Power. It seems that in the formative stages of their romance, Sonja, to make conversation, asked Tyrone innocently enough: “Tell me, do you like she-ing?”

Bewildered, Tyrone gulped, blushed, ahemmed, did not answer. Not until days later did he learn that “she-ing” is the European pronunciation of “ski-ing.”

Anyway, now it can be told: Tyrone does like ski-ing, no matter how you pronounce it...!

**Still Poker Face**

**LAUGHOUTLOUD-o'-the-month:** The answer to “why didn’t Helen Wills click on that screen test they gave her out at 20th Century-Fox is: because she wouldn’t kiss Robert Kent! The test director was directing the tennis queen (and SO queenly!) in a romantic scene with Kent playing the test-hoss opposite her. They clinched, they looked into each other’s eyes, Kent murmured sweet words to her, Helen kept her poker face very pokerish.

“And now, Miss Wills, kiss him,” ordered the director.

“Ahem,” replied Miss Wills, “I’d rather not.”

She didn’t either. That was all. Now Helen is back in Berkeley, and won’t be a movie star. Movie stars must kiss.
Martha O'Driscoll, other side of canoe, may not be a Henie on skates, but she's good enough to cut plenty of ice in Hollywood.

Paul Muni and Joseph Schildkraut, who were boys together in Vienna and New York, are united in Emile Zola—with Muni in title role and Schildkraut as the tragic Captain Dreyfus.

Meanwhile, in the background, Mrs. Robert Kent (who was Astrid Allwyn) doesn't yet know whether she ought to be glad or mad that Helen wouldn't kiss hubby.

**Beeg Cats Next?**

HAVING tamed Tarzan, Lupe Velez now has a new idea. To intimate friends—all 387,000 of 'em—she has confided that she now wants to do a clydebeatty, and tame a troupe of Bengal Tigers.

Said Johnny, when apprised: "If she wants to, she can."

**Bit Of All Righto**

FINAL chapter in the Freddie Bartholomew custody war has been written. In a Los Angeles Superior Courtroom was concluded the ceremony which, once and for all, makes his beloved "Aunt Cissie" his legal mother. The matter closes the maneuverings that followed the highly-publicized arrival of Freddie's real ma and pa from England, months ago, breathing fire at Aunt Cissie and demanding a cut in their son's "take." Freddie was as bartholomish as ever in the court proceedings. Asked by the judge if he understood what was taking place, he replied, in that famed voice: "Yes sir, I believe I do."

"And you understand that if this petition is granted, your aunt will become your legal mother?"
"Yes sir."
"And knowing that, do you want her to become your legal mother?"
"Oh, yes sir, I most certainly do," said Freddie, just as though a camera and mike were before him.

**Put It Under The Mattress!**

REMEMBER Leon Janney—not very long ago the freddiebartholomew of his day? Well, Leon has just celebrated his 21st birthday. The biggest event of the celebration was his coming into possession of the $300,000 he has earned in movies during the past eight years. Leon, with $300,000, is very popular in Hollywood.

**Cupididoes**

ROMANTIC movie stars must often play Cupid. To a couple handsome cinemactors came these opportunities to do so, during the month: Walter Pidgeon, returning home from work at Universal, found a distraught young man on...
agree on what program to tune in, Roscoe Karns has had to buy three radios for his house ... Bette Davis sips tomato juice between takes, drinks several cans of it every day ... while rehearsing a dance, Buddy Ebsen ties small sandbags on his ankles; when he takes them off for the "take" his feet are that much lighter and hotter ... because Dixie Dunbar has lost so much poundage via illness that she weighs less than 100. Twentieth-Fox bosses have ordered her to eat five meals a day ... Alan Mowbray can't keep his fingernails looking nice because he bites them every week mugg of the movies, is a Yale graduate, which proves a college education is swell ... Victor Jory, just back from a tour of the Far East, has taken to wearing turbans in Hollywood, which confuses the natives no end ... during his screen career, villain Alan Dinehart has killed 237 men! ... what makes it odd is that although he actually sleeps with a revolver under his pillow at home nights (so does his wife!) he's never really ever taken a shot at anyone ... Luise Rainer is a chocolate-drop fiend, munching them all day long on the set ... says actress Jane Darwell: "thank heaven for being fat and 40, because until I became both, I never got anywhere in movies" ... Spencer Tracy is trying so hard to give up polo that he has even given away his favorite pony ... Jimmy Stewart's latest hobby is model-airplane building, and his latest complete job is six feet long ... the reason Adolphe Menjou's lapel buttonhole is always so crisp is that he changes it twice daily, a florist having a standing order to bring him a fresh one at midday, no matter where 'Dolphe is ... for her 15 pair of skates, which she takes on personal appearance tours, Sonja Henie has had a special trunk built ... Mae West, redecorating her apartment, is having all her venetian blinds tinted (can you stand it?) baby blue!!! ... because he is very proud of the fact that he wears only

his doorstep. "Mr. Pidgeon," said the youth, "will you autograph a picture of yourself for my girl. She's a great fan of yours, and she says she'd do anything for me if I'd get her your autograph." Gladly did Walter autograph the picture, hopes the girl keeps her promise.

And to Robert Taylor, champion femme-heart flutterer of all, came a letter from Illinois, from an 18-year-old schoolboy, who wrote: "Girls never look at me. I try to be nice to them, but they seem to draw away. I've tried spinach, pink soap and peppermint, but all they ever want to do with me is to go see a movie with you in it. I think if I could change my name to Robert Taylor, the girls might be attracted by the name, and I'd have a chance. May I use your name?"

Big-hearted Bob replied that the lad might use his name all he wished, provided he didn't try to pose as a relative.

Hollywhittlings

SO BIG has Deanna Durbin's fan mail become that Universal has hired three people to read and answer the 1,600 letters weekly ... because his wife, his son and himself can't at the wrestling matches ... for luck, Francis Lederer walks carefully around the entire set before beginning each day's shooting ... when William Powell muffs a line during a take, he mumbles "Pooh, pooh!" When he muffs it very badly, he says: "Pooh, pooh, pooh!" ... Warren Hymer, standard tough

Sun lazing to acquire a sun glazing is Pat Paterson's idea at her own pool

You better muzzle that cougar, Mr. Gable, if you don't want to become hamburger!
a size seven shoe, Cecil DeMille always has his trousers cut shorter than stylish, to show 'em off . . . while his house was being redecorated, Brian Donlevy and wife lived in a big tent in their backyard . . . after falling and cutting her lip so badly that she had to have five stitches taken in it, Ann Sothern, while in hospital, wrote a song called You've Got Me In Stitches! . . . Sam Goldwyn has had made up as a gift for Gary Cooper a private film short composed of scenes from every picture Gary has ever played in.

The Little Woman

DETERMINED not to get into trouble with his wife, the screen's newly-elected Tarzan, Olympic champ Glenn Morris has told the world: "Aw. Hollywood screen gals aren't so pretty. You ought to see my wife!" Also boasting about his wife, still, is Don Ameche. Twentieth-Fox's newest screen find, despite the studio's orders, not to publicize Mrs. Ameche in their campaign to build-up Don as a romantic star.

"As 'Andsome Does," etc.

SMART indeed is Madeleine Carroll, Hollywood's blue-blonde beauty. Asked to name the ten handsomest men she knows, Madeleine named no Ronnie Colman, no Gable, no Bob Taylor! Instead, she said her ten handsomest were FDR, George Bernard Shaw, Sir Anthony Eden, Lindbergh, Gene Tunney, Admiral Byrd and a few others like that. "Handsome is," she explained, smiling smartly, "as handsome does."

Henie Objections?

IT HAD to happen sooner or later: They're now calling Tytome Power "Sonja-Boy" . . . !

Fan Mail Toppers of the Month

TO CLARK GABLE, in one day's mail: a fountain pen, a marble ash tray, two new games, a pair of suspenders, and a cigarette lighter that won't work . . . to Olivia de Havilland, from a woman in Porto Rico, a letter asking Olivia's help in getting a divorce "because divorces seem so easy to get in Hollywood!" . . . to David Niven, by express, collect, one live grey mare, with a note: "I didn't like the horse you rode in Charge of the Light Brigade so here is one on which you'd look fine." Total cost to David, by the time he'd paid charges and shipped the old grey mare to a friend's ranch, $23.37 . . . to Jean Harlow, a carrier pigeon in a crate, with a request that she attach to its leg her autograph, so it could fly back therewith to its owner. She did. The bird got the autograph to the owner in Phoenix, Ariz., in 18 hours. He later wrote her, with thanks . . . to Bruce Cabot, a huge packing-case, containing a complete Indian tepee, from Indians on an Arizona reservation who liked his portrayal of one of 'em in Last of the Mohicans.

Charcoals 'Em

JOAN BENNETT goes the Hollywood candid-camera fiends one better. Instead of carrying a camera, Joan carries in her purse a bit of charcoal, some wrapping-papers. Instead of candid-snapping her friends, she candid-sketches them.

Check Not Rubber, But Real McCoy

HIGHLY suspicious when he receive', through the mail, a check for $16.50, signed Nathaniel Workman, and with no other missive, Joel McCrea sent the check back to the signer (Continued on 93)
With Shirley
In Kipling's
INDIA

Little La Temple had the most fun of her full career while making Wee Willie Winkie. She had a kiltie uniform to wear.

THROUGH a narrow, jagged, almost perpendicular break in the mountains, comes the caravan! The fleet Arabian horses step gingerly and surely—and their turbaned, burnoosed riders shout their greeting to waiting, welcoming brethren. Perilously they climb, and perilously they ride up the steep, dangerous stairway hewn out of the rock-walls—entrance to their mountain fortress.

A curly-haired, golden child, clinging close to the hand of a swarthy native, is stretching her little legs to span the distance between steps, quite unheeding of the shouting riders. She falls, she sits up, flashes her famous dimple—and improvises dialogue! "Cut—that does it!" orders Director John Ford through the loud speaker. And another scene in Shirley Temple's new picture—Wee Willie Winkie—is finished.

Once again Shirley Temple has confounded her elders with her instinctive response to a situation—with her unfailing ability to do the right thing—whether in a situation devised by script writers, or materializing without forethought.

To Director John Ford, Academy winner for his powerful tragic Informer, directing a child is something new. He had heard tales of Shirley's almost clairvoyant comprehension of what was needed in a scene. Of her fabulous aptitude, her perfect sense of timing, her qualities of genius. Given to

By SONIA LEE
few words, he hadn't said much. He wanted to see for himself. In directing Shirley in this Kipling story, he has seen for himself.

This short classic was originally the tale of a drummer boy, and his devotion to his flag and his country. As it has been revised into a star-vehicle for Shirley—it is the story of a little American girl who comes to Rajpore, India, with her widowed mother to live at the frontier army post commanded by her grandfather, the colonel, a gruff old disciplinarian, who resents the coming of "women" into his masculine heaven.

Shirley decided that as she could only be as good a soldier as the drummer boy, she would gain the friendliness of her grandfather. And so her education as a soldier is begun. She manages to get into one escapade after another, to the disruption of the colonel's quiet life.

**There's** a war imminent with Khoda Khan, a proud native chieftain, who is suspected of gun smuggling. Shirley decides that war is silly, and that if she could only see the Khan for herself, hostilities would be called off.

She goes to call on him in his mountain fortress, accompanied by a native spy. It looks like a kidnapping, and the Seventh Highlanders, the regiment the colonel commands, march to her rescue.

The Khan is in Shirley's debt. On her arrival in India, she had found and restored a sacred amulet to the chieftain. He is intrigued by the child—and is eager that no harm come to her.

The rescuing regiment arrives at the Pass. To go into it means certain death. The colonel goes forward alone! Shirley sees him and runs to greet him. The Khan gives orders to his men to hold their fire so that the child might not be endangered. The Khan and the colonel meet—and a peace is arranged. For Winkie comes commendation from the Viceroy, which is read at the regimental review held in honor of the little girl!

It is a story which offers many dramatic possibilities. It has tested Shirley Temple's ability, and reveals a new phase of her genius. In previous pictures she has followed the lightning feet of Bill Robinson; the eccentric footwork of Buddy Ebsen with equal skill. She has [Continued on page 82]
THANK the late lamented Depression (rest in peace!) for the films' introduction to John Howard of the wavy brown hair, direct gaze, strong, sensitive face. If it hadn't been for the dollar drought of the early and middle 'thirties, Howard, whose real name is John Richard Cox, might have ended up as a barrister (plain old lawyer to you), a medico, or a certified public accountant. Perish the very thought!

Instead, because he likes to think things out in his slow, quiet way, the middlin'-sized John looked around and decided that education goes on forever, come economic feast or famine. Therefore, he'd become a professor. So, at Cleveland's Western Reserve University—a very good school—young Howard (he was twenty-four on April 14, last) prepared to teach English. It's the co-eds' loss that he never did. But you know Hollywood. The cinema saved him from becoming a slave of syntax... another "Mr. Chips."

"It was the only thing to do at the time—prepare to teach. There were no other jobs," says Howard today, over his corn fritters, bacon, buttermilk, in the palm-decked cafe that is Paramount's commissary. Paramount, you should know, has the young fellow who played brother to Ronald Colman's Robert Conway in Lost Horizon under long-term contract. It has five years, or a little less to run. John Richard, who is a "thirty-second cousin or something as remote" of the Ohio Cox who ran for President in the turbulent 'twenties, has been in Hollywood for about two and one-half years.

"Just now I'm letting life flow over me," says Howard, forking a fritter. "And why should I offer resistance? I have a good job. I am fairly sure of it. I may not be making much money yet, but it comes regularly. There will be time enough later on, in five years, maybe, to try and carve out a name in some other form of expression..." Writing, for instance. Howard, like most upper-classmen, has an idea for the Great American novel. It's going to be a trilogy, the Howard opus. He has it all plotted out.

"But I haven't time to write it," he says, not at all apologetically. And then with a laugh: "The best way to write is to be so poor you have to write to eat. Now that I have an income that takes care of my food, I'm lazy about getting down to work... and then my time is never my own in the film business. I'm on call at all hours for rehearsals, shooting, costume fittings, portrait sittings, interviews. That's all right, and I'm not kicking, but it eats into any time that you plan to devote to writing."

IF LIFE had flowed on smoothly for John Richard Cox in 1934, chances are you'd be reading the first book of his trilogy, and Trilogist Thomas Wolfe,plus others, would be running for shelter. But life didn't. He was in Junior year at WRU, and having himself a swell time. He was president of the Student Council, wore a Phi Beta Kappa key, a Western Reserve University honor key, had an English scholarship and a couple of essay prizes somewhere around the house. In addition to that, he dabbled in dramatics. He was president of the University Players; president, too, of the Sock and Buskin Club; he was an active member of the Cleveland Community Playhouse; a member of the National Collegiate Players. You can see [Continued on page 92]
Dimples and Dramatics

Doris Nolan gives you her beauty secrets

By DENISE CAINE

DORIS NOLAN does not belong to the small group of Hollywood beauties who like to give you the impression that they were born beautiful and have never done anything about it themselves. This glamorous looking Universal star admits quite frankly that she diets and exercises sensibly to keep her figure so perfect, that the devastating curl of her lashes is due to a trick gadget, that her flawless make-up is the result of choosing subtly-matching cosmetics.

About the only things she doesn't credit to sensible beauty care are those divine dimples, as deep as Shirley Temple's and twice as effective! Doris' dimples are most unexpected and, like all unexpected developments, leave you quite in a dither. The day I met her, she was tall, poised and dignified in her black dress, silver fox cape and veiled turban....

Then—she smiled and her dimples rioted, and I noticed that she was carrying some packages, just as if she'd been out shopping on her lunch hour. Roaming through the fascinating shops on Fifth Avenue is a familiar pastime to Doris Nolan for she was born and reared within a few miles of Manhattan and after leaving high school worked with the Provincetown Players in Greenwich Village.

One of the notable details of Doris' good looks is her sheenful blonde hair, so as soon as we were settled for a chat, I got very inquisitive about her methods of caring for it. "Do you brush your hair?" I asked. She laughed, dived into one of her packages, whipped out a new hairbrush and waved it at me. "This is the latest of a long line of hair brushes that I've punished every night and morning," she exclaimed. "I like them plain and hardy, with extra-stiff bristles. In Hollywood, they reset my wave every morning and shampoo my hair several times a week, so I feel that it needs the stimulation of frequent brushing to keep it from getting dry."

Ordinarily, Doris washes her hair at least once a week with a castle shampoo and has a hot oil treatment every two weeks to assist her hairbrush in keeping scalp and hair healthy and lustrous. Her hair has a slight natural wave, so she has a permanent only on the ends, and that a very loose, fluffy one.

"You know, you can train your hair to do practically anything, if you brush it and fuss with it a little," Doris told me, with conviction. That statement seemed to me to be the keynote of her beauty theories. She mentioned it again in referring to her lashes and brows, and I made a mental note to pass it on to you. When a girl realizes this basic beauty truth, she is well on her way to making the most of herself. Conversely, when a girl disapproves of the shape of her eyebrows or the straightness of her lashes, she is absolutely nothing about training them properly, she is well on the way to hopeless dowdiness.

The beautifully-arched brows and thick, curling lashes that frame Doris' hazel eyes were nurtured and trained in this fashion: Every night and sometimes during the day, she applies an ointment made of rich oils, at the base of her lashes, working it in gently so that it covers the lashes from roots to tips. Then, with a clean mascara brush, she brushes them for a few minutes, pressing the brush firmly against the [Continued on page 70]
again—just in time to celebrate happily, unscrappily, their fifth anniversary. (Yes, believe it or not, their FIFTH!)
A few nights later, Johnnee and Lupe went to the fights, as is their habit. Before the main bout, celebrities were introduced from the ring. One of the introducers was Glenn Morris, former Olympic champion, who has been signed by Lesser Productions to make a new series of Tarzan pictures.
"Here," bellowed the announcer as he pointed to Morris, "is the new Tarzan." Unhappily, Morris' sidekick missed. She beat on the canvas floor with her fists. She glared at Morris, and the announcer. Then she yelled—and when Lupe yells, she YELLS—
"Hey, you, Morris! You are no Tarzan. You are a phoney. My Johnnee is the real and only Tarzan...!"
Then she sat down, while Morris blushed and the crowd cheered Lupe. Loyal to her Johnnee is Lupe. Until the next fight.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Tommy Brown and Natalie Deprae—
Dame Spring's caught 'em; they can't escape 'er!

DENIAL Department: denied by Charlie Chaplin's official liaison voice, from press-agent Catherine Hunter, is the Hollywood rumor that all's not well between Charlie and Paulette Goddard, his is-she-or-isn't-she-his-wife. To inquirers, Chaplin said, "Miss Hunter'll answer all rumors." To inquirers, Miss Hunter answered: "Any report that Mr. Chaplin and Miss Goddard are reaching the end of their romance is ridiculous. You can say that Mr. Chaplin is as interested in Miss Goddard as ever. As ever? My!!

Denied by Peter Lorre and Mrs. Peter Lorre are the Hollywood rumors that they're divorce-conscious. Between horror-roles at 20th-Fox, Peter busily escorts wife to Hollywood niteries, as public refutation of the rumors.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Jean Muir and Freddie Keating—
A coupla hearts in swingtime beating.

EMBARRASSING Moment a la Hollywood: Working for Warners is Humphrey Bogart. Entering the studio, the other day, he bumped kersmacko into a pretty girl who was just swishing out of the executive offices after signing a contract with Constance Worth, are stepping out their nights. Twice in a row at the Casanova—and when George Brent, night-life-dodger that he is, squares a cutie to a nite club, that is something! When he squires said cutie to a nite club twice, that's more than something!

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Walter Kane and Judith Ford; When they're together, they're sure not bored!

MOST highly-applauded romance in Hollywood is the altarward progress of Bob Bazooka Burns and Harriett Foster, his secretary. Hollywood's heart, not as hard as it's cracked up to be, went out to Bob during his grief over the death of the wife who shared his ill-fortuned days, could not live to share with him his good fortune. No cutie-ogler, no chaser, Bob found in Hollywood's plethora of beautiful girls no solace for his bereavement. Nor did he seek such solace. But somehow, as they worked together at his business, he and Harriett grew closer. Neither realized that their relationship was growing into something much more than a mere business matter—until the columnists noticed it and mentioned it.

Then Bob and Harriett seemed to realize it themselves. And now you'll find them together at many a Hollywood party, many a Hollywood luncheon. And it won't be long, they don't delay before the wedding bell'll be ringing.

QUICK to learn the good old Hollywood custom of crashing the public prints via the romance route was Germaine Aussey (pronounce it O'Say), 20th-Fox's new flash from France. Hardly had she landed in

Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames, who called it quits months ago but who-off-sea get-together, are now finally divorced

Lyle Talbot and bride, Marguerite Cramer, who were wed on Easter Sunday, flee from old shoe-throwers

---Fawcett photo by Rhodes

When was the last time you heard the word 'swingtime' from The Talkie Town Tattler?
Hollywood than she was going out places with Bob Ritchie, ex-sweetheart of Jeanette MacDonald.

CUPID'S COUPLETT:
Connie Simpson and Jack LaRue, Cooing again as they used to do!

DIXIE DUNBAR'S got a new boy-friend. But a bashful one! So bashful that he didn't have the nerve, himself, to make his first date with her. He had to have papa do it ... ! ! ! Boy-friend is Joe E. Brown, Jr. He wanted to take Dixie to his fraternity dance, but couldn't gather the courage to call her up and date her. Finally, Papa Joe called up Dixie, told her how his son was suffering, asked her to allay the Spring fever for the lad. "Sure," said Dixie. And now she and Joe, Jr., are a regular twosome.

CUPID'S COUPLETT:
Mary Carlyle and Jimmy Blakeley; There's a romance—unmistakably!

STILL definitely opposed to "altar ing" her present state of single-blessedness is Ginger Rogers. But that doesn't mean that Ginger is giving the boys the go-by! Ah, no

—on the contrary, it's still "safety in numbers" that's Ginger's motto. . . .

And so you'll see her out this night with Cary Grant, who's quite bothered about her; another night with Jimmy Stewart, who feels the same way she does about romance, but finds her lots of fun; a third night with Pat de Cicco, one-time hubby of the late Thelma Todd. But Ginger's taking care to go out with no one man so often that the columnists can point their pencils at her and boller "It mus' be love!"

IGGLESOMEST "marital free-dom" arrangement in Hollywood is that between Helen Vinson and Fred Perry. It seems that Helen, who has to stay in Hollywood to make movies while her tennis-star husband is away on that four-months exhibition tour, talked it over with hubby.

"Let's," they agreed, "be moderately hollywoofish."

"All right, then," said Hubby Fred, "while I'm away, it'll be perfectly all right for you to go out with any man. I won't get mad."

"All right," agreed Helen, "and on your tour, Freddie dear, you mustn't

At Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's roller-skating party observers noticed that he paid special attention to Ginger Rogers.

be a hermit. Go out with other girls, too."

So they shook hands and kissed on it, and Fred went away. That was weeks and weeks and weeks ago...

To date, Helen hasn't been seen out with a single Hollywood swain. To date, no eastern reporters tell of Fred's stepping out anywhere but the tennis courts. Smiles Helen: "It's a good idea, this marital freedom, but I can't seem to get warmed up to it."

CUPID'S COUPLETT:
Tony Martin and Alice Fay Still won't name the wedding day.

SEEMS that 20th-Fox has a corner on the steppin'-outest gals in Hollywood. On that lot are Dixie Dunbar, June Lang and Rochelle Hudson—and between them, there seems to be some sort of contest as to which can collect the most swains at once.

Take June Lang, for instance. Here's a one-week date book record by June: Monday, night, circus with Joe Gardener; Tuesday night, auto races with Tommy Lee; Wednesday night, Clover Club with Carl Laemmle Jr.; Thursday night, Coconut Grove with Jack Dunni; Friday night, Victor Hugo cafe with Tommy Lee again; Saturday night, moonlight horseback-riding with Douglas Powley; Sunday night, Trocadero with Earl Carroll . . .

Rochelle Hudson, eight times engaged but never married, and only 21, is giving June stiff competition. Rochelle alternates Lee Bowman, Billy Bakewell, Dan Anderson, and others at the nite clubs, polo games, theatres, cafes.

And Dixie, tiniest of the three, is kept so busy denying marriage rumors that it's all she can do to step out with Joe Brown Jr., Bobby Lee, and who's next?!

FROM CUPID'S NOTEBOOK:...

Looks like wedding bells for make-up wizard Perc Westmore and movie-newcomer Gloria Dickson, soon as Perc gets a divorce . . . still altar-bound are Rudy Vallee and Judy Stewart . . . Francis Lederer and Margo may say their I-do's any day now . . . Francis and Mary Anita Loos are still friends . . . the Ida Lupino-Louis Hayward marriage seems only a question of when . . . Herbert Marshall still adither over Lee Russell who looks

very much like ex-sweetie Gloria Swanson . . . if a $75 transatlantic telephone bill is any index, the Glenda Farrell-Drew Eberle romance is still hot . . . Arnold Kunicid, ex-flame of Andrea Leeds, is giving gifts to pretty Dorothy Day now . . . Loretta Young is playing the field these days, but Hollywood still bets she and Director Eddie Sutherland will marryms it . . .

TRUE-LOVE note: Carole Lombard waited at the studio gates for Clark Gable to finish a couple of retakes the other night. She waited until 2 a.m. ! ! !

[Continued on page 64]
Take Your Pick of Picnic Meals
Delectable dishes for picnic spreads
By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"R" EACH for your own, and spread it for yourself," is the right picnic spirit for 1937! What with sweet girl graduates all over the lot, and handsome lads simply chaffing at the wheel, the younger set is bound to feel that a picnic is the preferred type of meal for many a sunny summer’s day.

But the whole family, from Grandpappy to Junior, and including Mother herself, may pack up its troubles in the old picnic basket, and trail, trail, trail! By auto, by train, or by bus, the picnic trail leads to seashore and woods. Good simple food, and plenty of it, will prove the pick of picnics, whether eaten alongside a babbling brook or spread on the sandy beach. And, just in case it does rain, such a meal will taste grand even on the home porch or even in the dining-room. Gone, however, is the old cardboard shoe box with its dry sandwiches and a few bananas. The "eats" for this year’s outing feast may be as up-to-date as your new streamlined motor.

First, you must take your pick of picnic meals; what type of outdoors refreshment do you prefer? Here are some suggestions:
1. Basket Lunch—All foods cold and pre-cooked at home; meal to be eaten on paper plates.
2. Hunter’s Style meal—Some foods to be eaten hot, or prepared on location, with skewered meats and stews important.
3. Barbecue Feast—Strictly made on location, with one chief hot meat dish.
4. Carry-Along Casserole Meal—Hot dishes carried to picnic in electric or other units in which they were cooked.
5. Garden Party Refreshments—Cold buffet with elaborate salads, ices and beverages.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN THE NEW PICNIC BASKET

FAMILIAR and tried as it is, nevertheless the basket or hamper type of cold foods is easy to carry, saves time in preparation on arrival, and is suitable to more kinds of outings than any other. Well-planned, this picnic meal is always a winner. For variety’s sake, it must include one substantial dish, such as meat loaf which may well be carried along in the pan in which it was made, and sliced on the spot.

To complement the meat, add a tasty but also substantial salad, such as the old standby potato salad, or salmon, crab or other more “ritzy” salad, packed in a glass jar or one of those paper or fibre containers such as that in which ice cream is sold. At least two kinds of contrasting sandwiches, such as sardine, cream cheese or jelly, or rolls spread on the spot with flavored sandwich butters, will give more value to the meal.

Top off with berries, melon on the half-shell, or ice cream with cookies or cakes which always carry better than single large layer cake. Serve coffee on the side—and what meal could be more relished?

For the hamper and basket meal, and also on many other informal occasions, choose paper accessories and service. The new paper plates are strong, and finished satin smooth. They may be used for baking pie or cake in, and for carrying them along, or used merely as serving dishes for salads, etc. Heavy, sturdy and tall coffee and hot beverage cups are also made of paper, and are worth the few additional pennies over the usually more... [Continued on page 74]
DOES MORE THAN CLEAN YOUR SKIN—IT INVIGORATES!

- The freshening up before a party that does more than clean your skin. That gives it the lovely, vital look the world admires.

That's the Pond's method, whose fame has spread around the world! Girls have found that it invigorates their skin! In over 50 countries, they use this rousing treatment.

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream— briskly, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened. It is softer—and so much smoother!

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Try this famous freshening-up method yourself. See your own skin daily growing clearer, smoother—altogether lovelier!

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

Getting ready for a dance, for a canter, or for a morning out of doors with her spaniel, Miss Biddle always begins with Pond's. "A Pond's freshening up does more than clean my skin. It gives it a vital look. I always use Pond's before I go out!"

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention July Motion Picture 55
Don't worry Mr. Winchell. It's orchids for you and Patsy Kelly and all the gang in *Wake Up and Live*

*Wake Up and Live—AAA½—Walter Winchell, Ben Bernie and all the boys, Alice Faye, Patsy Kelly, Noel Sparks, Jack Haley, et al., in a gay, diverting film. Both Miss Faye and Mr. Haley give the swell tunes by Gordon and Revel all they have—and that's plenty. And the Winchell—Bernie tend is something! Don't miss this.—20th-Century-Fox.*

*Elephant Boy—AAA—Robert Floherty who gave us that artistic masterpiece, *Man of Aran*, a white back, gives us this one, too. It's a distinctive film and will long be remembered, particularly for the gorgeous photography of the East Indian jungle. It stars an unknown twelve-year-old native Indian boy, Sahu, who makes an indelible impression as the trainer of the enormous elephant. If you go for animal pictures, you will go for this in a big way. And, if you don't, you'll appreciate the splendid direction and beautiful scenic shots.—United Artists.*

*Love From a Stranger—AAA—If you want to feel fine shivers down your back see this English thriller with Anna Harvard and Basil Rathbone. And they both perform brilliantly. Anna is married to a psycho-pathsic case who is a running criminal of the Bluebeard variety and who has done away with three wives. Will Ann be his fourth victim? See for yourself—especially if you like films of the creepy variety.—United Artists.*

*The Woman I Love—AAA—Paul Muni and Miriam Hopkins not at their best in a war drama—love triangle opus. Louis Hayward, who completes the triangle, is more convincing as the young air lieutenant tormented by his love for his pilot—friend's wife. The flight sequences are exciting and help to speed up the pace of the bagging romantic interludes.—RKO-Radio.*

*Good Old Soak—AAA—Wallace Beery in the title role of this familiar story performs effectively and likable. He is assisted by a capable cast including Jast Beecher, Una Merkel, Eric Linden, Judith Barrett and Betty Furness. This picture about a family will please the entire family.—M-G-M.*

*Let Them Live—AAA—“Clean up the city's sani- tary conditions” is the cry of this unpretentious film with an unpretentious cast. Nevertheless, it's a fine photoplay and a real opportunity for some of Hollywood's newcomers to prove themselves—and they do. John Howard as the young doctor scores a bit and Nan Grey, Judith Barrett, Bennie Bartlett, Robert Wilcox and Robert Warwick have genuine talent.—Universal.*

*The Hit Parade—AAA—This lives up to its title. And it is about Radio which offers a swell opportunity for the talents of such renowned radio personalities as Frances Langford, Molasses and January, Pick and Pat, Al Pearce and his Gang, The Happy Trails, The Fireside, George Givot. And as though that wasn't enough, there's also Phil Regan, Duke Ellington and his band and Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. It's lively and gay—but, how could it be otherwise!—Republic.*

*Charlie Chan at the Olympics—AAA½—In this one, Warner Oland tracks down a nest of International spar who are after an airplane device. First, of course, there are several killings, Keye Luke, the younger Chan, works with papa and as he is a member of the Olympic swimming team there's good excuse for inserting some stock shots from the Olympic games. It's as good, if not better than some of its predecessors. Other cast members are Katherine De Mille, C. Henry Gordon and John Eldredge.—20th-Century-Fox.*

*Pick a Star—AA—Do you laugh at Patsy Kelly's gags? Do you think Laurel and Hardy funny? Do you enjoy Mischa Auer's crazy antics? If you do all these, you'll have a wonderful time when you see Pick a Star. And to quiet you down between lauging spells there's a sweet romance between Rosina Lawrence and Jack Haley. The dialogue is very amusing and your favorite comedians won't disappoint you.—M-G-M.*

*Night Key—AA—While this is a crime picture, it is not of the usual variety; neither is Boris Karloff's role. In this, his first sympathetic part, he enacts the role of a victimized inventor of a burglar alarm. Samuel S. Hinds, Karloff's partner, is the victimizer but the tables are turned later. Jean Rogers as Karloff's daughter and Warren Hull supply the love interest. Alan Baxter is convincing as the gang leader and Hobart Cavanaugh supplies the comedy relief.—Universal.*

*Angel's Holiday—AA½—Angel being that delightful little miss, Jane Withers. It's thick full of chuckles and Janie does her stuff in excellent style. Particularly, a scene in which she does an imitation of Burns and Allen. There's romance, too, and Sally Blane and Robert Kent and Harold Huber and Ray Walker and a new dancer you'll be seeing more of—Joan Davis.—20th-Century-Fox.*

*Oh, Doctor—AAA½—A hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton, Donnre Leighton, William Hall and Catherine Douce. Eddie Horton as a hypochondriac with a legancy dangling before him and a desire to live a full, healthy life. Strengthened by his love for his attractive nurse, will make those laughter. The comic situations when he gives his nurse's advice—an athlete. The stunts are marvelous!—Universal.*

*King of Gamblers—AAA½—An excellent crime melodrama adapted from a Tiffany Thayer story. It is brutal and sordid, but convincingly real. While
Miriam Hopkins and Louis Hayward enjoy a tête-à-tête while Muni isn't looking in The Woman I Love.

the cast isn't of top-notch caliber they handle their roles extremely well. The personal element is fur-

ished by the conflict of a newspaper man and a racketeer over the heart of Claire Trevor, a cabaret singer. Akim Tamiroff as the menace and Lloyd Nolan as the reporter gain applause for their characterizations.—Paramount.

Dance Charlie Dance—AA½—George S. Kauf-

man's The Butler and Boy Man makes as funny a

movie as it did a play on Broadway a few seasons

back. Stuart Erwin is splendid as the hick who in-

vents his inheritance in a play so bad that it's

good. Jean Muir is pleasant as the secretary

and heart-interest and Glenda Farrell and Allen Jenkins supply loads of laughs. It's really funny.—Warners.

Big Business—AA½—The Jones family returns

with some new additions to its cast. There is the

usual romance, comedy and drama that has entert-

ained the customers in previous "Jones family"

films. Russell Gleason as the love interest and

Allen Lane and Frank Conroy as "meannies" are

the new members of the cast. You'll enjoy this as

much as its predecessors.—20th Century-Fox.

The Gold Rabbit—AA½—If you can still take

your G-Men pictures here is another—with Conrad

Napoli. And we must admit, he isn't hard to take.

There's also a G-Girl in this one—Eleanor Hunt.

The background is the colorful Rio Grande country

where operatives Hunt and Napoli are assigned to

track down a clique of gold smugglers. Love and

intrigue and murder and the personal Miss Hunt

keep things moving.—Grand National.

Hills of Old Wyoming—AA—Another of the

Hopalong Cassidy series with William Boyd, but

no Jimmy Ellison. However, there's a promising

young newcomer, Russell Hayden. And there's still

plenty of cattle rustling, Indians, horses and

gorgeous western locations. Boyd is up to his usual

par and you'll find Charley Grapewell's Young

interesting as Miss Hutchins. You'll find yourself laughing helplessly at John Powers' stuttering splutterings.

—Paramount.

DON'T MISS

any of the following important pictures which have been previously reviewed in this

magazine, if you can help it: History is

Made at Night—a melodrama—the kind

that makes you laugh and cry—and at

moments simultaneously—starring Jean

Arthur and Charles Boyer.—Quality

Street—all the charm and whimsy of

Barrie's period play is retained in the

screen version with Katharine Hepburn

and Franchot Tone in the star roles.

Captains Courageous—an exciting

and stirring film adapted from Rudyard

Kipling's salty tale of the sea. This

film will long be remembered, particularly

Master Freddie Bartholomew's emotion.

And Spencer Tracy and Lionel Barrymore

cast splendid for their theatrical qualities

. . . Call it a Day—Warner Bros. have

taken a good play and turned out a better

movie. It's tops in every sense, with a fine

cast including Anita Louise, Olivia de

Havilland, Fredric March, Ian Hunter

and Bette Grable.—The Good Earth

—a faithful reproduction of Pearl Buck's

best-selling novel with Academy Award

winners Luise Rainer and Paul Muni.

It ranks as probably the greatest motion

picture ever produced . . . Last Harvest

—and all the superlatives you've been

hearing about it have been realized. It is a

real triumph—for actor Ronald Colman.

director Frank Capra and Robert Risdon

who adapted the Hilton novel.

NOW, at las't, there is a cream

deodorant that is absolutely

non-greasy. And checks perspiration

immediately!

Just apply Odorono Ice with your

finger tips, night or morning. In no

time, it is completely absorbed, leav-

ing no grease to make your under-

arm or your clothes messy.

A single application keeps your un-

derarm odorless and perfectly dry for

1 to 3 days! And Odorono Ice leaves

no odor of its own to betray you to

other people. Its own clean, fresh odor

of pure alcohol disappears at once.

Odorono Ice is made on a totally new

principle. Its light, melting texture is en-
tirely different—refreshing and cooling

on your skin. And unlike ordinary

creams, it frees you not only from odor,

but from all dampness.

This means you need never again worry

about ruining your lovely frocks. You'll

save on both clothes and cleaner's bills.

Odorono Ice is so easy and pleasant to

use, so dainty and so wonderfully effective

that 80 per cent of the women who have

tried it prefer it to any other deodorant

they have ever used! Buy a jar tomorrow.

33¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments.

SEND 10¢ FOR INTRODUCTORY JAR

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc.
Dept. T-A-17, 191 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2109, Montreal.)
I enclose 10¢ (3½¢ in Canada) to cover cost of post- 

age and packing for generous introductory jar of

Odorono Ice.

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Address________________________
City___________________________State_________

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57
Prize Letters
How Readers Rate Them!

WE WANT SHEARER
$5 Prize Letter

Norma Shearer

Norma Shearer

I HAVE written the following letter in answer to your article “Taking the High Hat Out of Opera”: Do we want opera sung on the screen? Yes! We are hungering for it. Thousands never miss an operatic picture because they love it—and thirst for it. But after being held spellbound by the glorious voices of Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Nino Martini, Grace Moore or Lily Pons, we must long for weeks before our hearts are fed again—in movies—with the music we love. We sit before the radio rapturously over a powerful or a beautiful voice singing for us our best loved arias. They teach us to love it, but we want to hear and see them on the screen. Of course, jazz is popular and rightly so, but for a refreshing and most welcomed variety, give us opera as our opera stars wish it—with the high hat kicked off—and something different from jazz, jazz, jazz. Yes, Hollywood, the dream for opera must be realized! Mary Bronte Hemp, 231 Churchville Ave., Stauton, Va.

OUR CASE RESTS
$1 Prize Letter

I step aside, Messrs. Cable, Boyer, Taylor, Flynn, et al.,—new star is here! I'm referring to Mervyn LeRoy's delightful discovery, Fernand Gravet. I haven't yet stopped raving over his swell performance in The King and the Chorus Girl. He's so handsome and what a sparkling personality. He brings something different and unique to the screen, something that we haven't had since the days of Maurice Chevalier. Not only was Fernand excellent in the romantic interludes (you could hear oohs and ahs from the audience) but his definite flair for comedy makes him one of the screen's most versatile actors. Take a bow, Mr. LeRoy, for bringing us this charming new star. And, please don't let us wait too long for his next picture.—Hilda G. Gilbert, 323 Madison Ave., Lakewood, N. J.

TOO, TOO DIVINE TAYLOR
$5 Prize Letter

Robert Taylor

This inspired by an article read in one of the popular magazines recently. It contributed no little, in my humble opinion, to the un-popularity of said magazine by reason of the article's gushings about that stereotyped bit of personality, Robert Taylor. In this mis-guided female's "Analysis" of Bob Taylor's rise to fame, she gave as a reason that the girls were turning to the worship of the "clean and beautiful," the "simple and charming," as represented by Taylor. Now isn't that too nice for words? I think it is just too, too ducky that the dear girls of our country have reverted to the worship of the "clean and beautiful" represented by Bobbie, as against the rough tactics employed by Mr. Gable. So here's a great big razzberry for the Prettyboy and the gushing females who worship his profile. They can have him. I'll take Clark Gable for my choice of an actor. F. W. Speer, 312 W. 5th St., Pueblo, Colo.

NEXT YEAR'S WINNER?
$10 Prize Letter

I O OTHER well-known work in a decade has been translated to the screen with greater art or sincerity than The Good Earth. Elementary stories such as this are undoubtedly the most difficult to produce dramatically yet with the necessary reticence one is led to expect from such epic material. An emphasis of these qualities is largely a matter of direction, Sidney Franklin should be highly honored for his work. But, above all, it is the devastating repression of the gifted Linus Raine, playing the tragic emotional role of O-Lan, that undoubtedly lifts this picture to unprecedented heights. Such a picture as this offers much more than entertainment. It affords real information of life in distant lands—lands we may never really see. That's why talking pictures are of international importance.—E. E. Boyce, 566 Good Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

GANTNER Floating Bra

If you wear a bra in a formal...you need Floating Bra on the beach!

Joes Falkenberg, appearing in VOGUES OF 1930, Walter Wanger production

This semi-detached inner bra cups under the breast...controlling, dividing and raising by inches! Light as a feather...it slims your waist! Narrows your hips! Uplifts your bust to give you that beautiful, high modern line! In Gantnerswimsuits exclusively!

Top...Princess line maillot, honeycomb wool...$5.00
Fish skirt, $5.95. Right...flowering wool with satin insets loops $7.95. Other Floating Bra suits $5.95 up
At smart shops everywhere! Or write us, giving bust measure, weight, and choice of color. (Style hook upon request. Canadians, write us.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. H
San Francisco, Oakland, Chicago, New York, Atlanta, St. Louis, Denver, Dallas, Minneapolis, Montreal, Toronto

TOO, TOO DIVINE TAYLOR
$5 Prize Letter

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it isn't because I'm graduating from the hero-worship stage either. But, after patiently listening to their naïve eulogies for many months concerning Robert Taylor's dashing nonchalance, Clark Gable's rugged virility, and even John Barrymore's sagging profile, I've been inspired to rise to the defense of a real man, and a genuinely magnificent actor as well—Paul Muni. Who among us can forget his remarkable performances in *Starface*, *I Am a Fugitive* and *The Story of Louis Pasteur*? Muni is no matinee idol but for true brilliance he has them all faddled to the mast. Muni is handsome in a harsh, brutal sort of way and he never poses...—R. Lawton, 1288 Noe St., San Francisco, Calif.

**SUCH SNOBS!**

**$1 Price Letter**

Why must all movie art be advertised by a price tag? It's got me nuts this business of future attractions always being billed as "The billion dollar film." If a man walked up to you and asked how much you paid for your suit rather than admire its tailoring you'd call him a vulgarian. So the movies. The picture may be wonderful, stupendous, colossal, but the amount spent on making it won't make it so. There is more to art than mob scenes and ten thousand chorus girls dressed in cloth of gold. I'll wager *Winter* did not cost as much as the average B picture except, perhaps, for the salary of the players. But, there was Art with a capital A. *Winter* was not billed with $$$$$ either! Soft pedal the shewels you screenites and your stuff will be easier to take...—T. M. Rose, 2310 Francisco St., Apt. 302, San Francisco, Calif.

**RAISE THE STANDARD**

**$1 Price Letter**

I think the populace to this: Would it be better to see Clark Gable (or any other performer) as Clark Gable, or would you rather think of him as the sailor, preacher, tramp or lover, the story would have him emulate? In other words, half of these movie actors are not actors, they are personalities and we pay merely to defile our favorites. On the legitimate stage, at the end of the performance, we arc apt to hear, "Wasn't he a fine Hamlet?" or, "Othello was not so keen tonight." But, did anyone ever speak thus of the movies? I think we should set a higher standard for our talkies. In view of the fact that the schools will be utilizing motion pictures more and more to inculcate the minds of the young, they should speed up their art, so that it will not be lost in the dust of natural, evolutionary progress. Heaven knows they are paid enough.—George S. Adams, C. C. C. Company 201, S. P. 49, Castle, N. Y.

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**Prizes for Letters!**

Your opinions on movie plays and players may win money for you! Three prizes—$5, $10 and $20—will be awarded every month for the best letters received. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. And remember: no letter over one hundred and fifty words in length will be considered! Address your entries to Letter Page, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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"Always worth stopping for"

**BEECH-NUT GUM**

Most popular gum in America is BEECH-NUt Peppermint. Try our Spearmit, too! If you enjoy a distinctive flavor....

**BEECHIES**

Gum in a crisp, cold coating... doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, spearmit, Peppa.

**ORALGENE**

The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity.

"Chew with a purpose!"

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS

Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel, 3 rings of performers, clowns, animals, music 'n everythng! Now touring the country. Don't miss it.
E. H. Griffith instructs Tyrone Power and Loretta Young for a Cafe Metropole scene.

SNOOPING around the lot—MGM's Broadway Melody—because there had to be a score of takes of Charley Gorin shaving as a man while singing, and an ordinary face could take twenty shaves, they dug up war veteran Paul Destington, whose war wound de-nerved his face, so it doesn't hurt no matter how often shaved!—you'll hear Bob Taylor sing two songs, for which he's earnestly rehearsing—chorines are being dressed in the oddest things: cellophane tuxedos, for one example, and for another, semi-transparent rubber suits—the latter are inflammable, so a regular employee on the set is a man who carries lighted cigarettes, holds them to the gals' lips between takes for a quick drag—and what a job that is!

20th-Fox's Wee Willie Winkie—at the end of a day's takes of marching scenes—which sent Vic McLaglen and an army of extras over 12 dusty miles Shirley Temple asked 'em to march once more so her daddy, late afternoon visitor, could see how good a soldier she is. And they did it for her! On location, a three-pound kid was born to a nanny goat, and Shirley immediately adopted it, named it "Winkie."

ON UNIVERSAL'S The Road Back—the daily make-up order calls for a barrel of mud a day, to plaster over the extras playing German soldiers in trenches. Odd, but the "Heimies" are played by American Legion veterans, who, not very many years ago, fought Heimies—toughest production break is actress Jean Rouverol's, because, inasmuch as most of the action is filmed at night, she hasn't had a date for weeks with her fiancé, who works days, and she's wondering if Director Jimmy Whale won't give her a night off to get married.

ON COLUMBIA'S White Heat—believe it or not, a gravel path caught fire and delayed production. But because gravel walks have to be made of crunch-proof synthetic gravel, really ground rubber and cork, for movies. And on Sam Goldwyn's set for The Hurricane a hundred boxes of chewing-gum were taken by the location unit which left for the South Seas, to pay off south sea native extras who consider American chewing-gum a rare delicacy.

FOR RKO's Outcasts of Poker Flat to get realism into the scene where she nearly freezes to death, Jean Mair went into a huddle with her personal physician, learned in detail just exactly the progressive stages of death by freezing, so she could properly portray for the camera all the symptoms.

IN WALTER WANGER'S Vógues of 1937 there's a colored chorus girl on the set who's called Garbo, not because that's her name, but because she always "wants to be alone" and they have a hard time locating her for takes because she sneaks off for impromptu siestas—and while they hunt the sopra garbo, stars Joan Bennett and Warner Baxter cool their heels and wait.

AND there's Warner Brothers' War Lord where poor Boris Karloff got a bad reputation for having gone suddenly high because he wouldn't speak to acquaintances—until they learned the Chinese make-up drew his eyes so out of shape that his vision was distorted to the point where he couldn't recognize them.
OFF-and-on-the-set chatter: In RKO's Shall We Dance? Fred Astaire does a dance in a ship's engine-room set on steel plates of different thickness, so that they play a tune under his taps, like a huge xylophone... for M-G-M's The Emperor's Candlesticks William Powell, who doesn’t like cigars, had a man on the sidelines keep his cigar alight, then wrap the butt in cellophane and stick it into his (Bill's) mouth just before he had to stroll into the scene smoking it. During one scene under hot light, Bill had to put on and take off a heavy fur coat 76 times. To achieve the frosty breaths called for in the script, although the set temperature was above 90, Bill and Luise Rainer chewed a trick gum-and-menthol concoction which produces said frostiness of the breaths... you'll see a lot of U.S. sailors in au naturel in Universal's Wings Over Honolulu, because they refused to work in make-up and walked off the navy base location when make-up men approached with powder-puffs in hand—and we can't even suggest the words the sailors called 'em... at 20th-Fox, Loretta Young likes her morning coffee, but wouldn't take it alone, so she served coffee every morning to cast and crew of Cafe Metropole—so at the picture's end, the crew chipped in, bought her a coffee set with doughnut saucers... they're working up a swell war at M-G-M between Jeanette MacDonald and Producer William Anthony McGuire, who wants her to go brunette for Girl of the Golden West—McGuire insists that the 1849 California girls were Spanish brunettes; Jeanette insists that a lot of Spanish girls were and are blondes—so far, no decision... a humming bird, attracted by flowers for a wedding scene, held up production for two hours on 20th-Fox's Escape From Love while Gloria Stuart and Michael Whalen waited for the crew to drive the bird off the stage... not until he was called upon to drive a car at high speed through a scene for Universal's The Winderfall did leading man Scott Colton reveal that he doesn't know how to drive—so Director Lew Collins had to dress a prop-man in the star's clothes, shoot the scene with the autost's back to the lens... for Goldwyn's Woman Chases Man, Miriam Hopkins had to act some scenes where she is supposed to be tipsy—so she got her jags by spinning rapidly around for ten to fifteen seconds just before the take... although she'd rather have done it on real champagne—and because he visited Miriam on the set one day, Erik Rhodes got a bumped nose—because cork from the prop champagne bottle in Miriam's hands zipped right across the scene during one take, out of camera range, and bopped Erik's beak into a bump... it wasn't all laughs during the production, though, for near-tragedy struck when Leona Maricle, during a scene, fell 16 feet from a tree branch and although knocked unconscious, wasn't given first aid because the crew thought she was merely acting... on M-G-M's Madame Walewska, Garbo indulged in a recently-rare fit of temperment when she learned she had been candid-cameraed on the set, and wouldn't go to work until assured that the candid-shots had been destroyed.

**“Excuse me for getting personal—but haven't you gone pretty far with this nose idea? Enough is enough, I always say... It's none of my business, of course—but what's a nose like that for?”**

**“You don't tell me!... You fill it full of water on a hot day—yes, yes, go on... Then you throw it up over your head and give yourself a shower? Boy!... Well, I must say you've got something there!”**

**“Don't try to sell me one though! Nope—I've got my own system. A soft cooling sprinkle of downy Johnson's Baby Powder... no prickly heat or rashes or chafing after that kind of shower!”**

**“Take one feel of Johnson's Baby Powder—you'll see why it keeps my skin so healthy and smooth!” Healthy skin, Mothers, is the best protection against skin infections. Johnson's Baby Powder is made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles and no orris-root... Remember Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too. And for tiny babies, try the new Johnson's Baby Oil—stainless, not sticky, and cannot turn rancid.**

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention July Motion Picture
**Q.** What was Ronald Colman’s first big screen hit?

**A.** *Stella Dallas*, produced by Goldwyn in 1925.

**Q.** How much does Hollywood spend a year exploiting stars?

**A.** About $17,500,000, which proves that their faces cost a fortune.

**Q.** When you see a storm at sea on the screen and hear the fury of the elements, or when you hear the sound of galloping hoofbeats in a western, or a bird singing in the trees, does the microphone pick up these noises while the scene is being shot? Or are sound effects usually dubbed in?

**A.** Sometimes they are dubbed in. And when they are, the studios are likely to call on Abe Meyer, head of the Meyer Synchronizing Service. He supplies odd noises to all studios. He can fill requests for ten feet of thunder and fourteen feet of rain; the sound of bacon frying; the sound of horses approaching. Once or twice he has been stumped. He has sound records of a Model T Ford going at a great rate and coming to a stop; storms at sea; waves breaking on the shore; a puppy whining; an alarm clock; auto crashes with or without screams; a farm tractor; one baby crying or a whole nursery; a Pekinese barking or a Great Dane; airplanes taking off and landing; the moo of a cow. About the only sound record he hasn’t got is a record of Harpo Marx’s voice.

**Q.** Please ask a director what a really beautiful woman of the screen must have to be outstanding.

**A.** All right. Here’s what Robert Z. Leonard says: “She must have sincerity of performance, grace of movement, appeal of voice, charm of personality, and ability to achieve reality in characterizations without a trace of the artificial.” If you’ve got all that, you’re a good bet for the screen . . . IF you are photographic!

**Q.** Why do studios use such beautiful colors in the stars’ gowns when they photograph only in shades of black and white?

**A.** I asked Ernest Schapps, designer at Hal Roach Studios, about this, and he said: “Why is it a woman is most charming when she is wearing a becoming costume? It is the psychological effect of colors, and actresses must be in top form at all times. For example, Patsy Kelly seems to be happier (and therefore can act better) in dark green, dark blue, or light shades of brown. Lyda Roberti is her most charming and vivacious in a light green.”

**Q.** Is Lambert Hillyer, the director, the same Hillyer who raced against Oldfield, Rickenbacker and other race-track champions a few years ago?

**A.** Yes. Now, he’s in a more dangerous and exciting game.

**Q.** Can you please tell me whether any Hollywood studios sponsor certain drama schools?

**A.** No. The studios sponsor no particular drama school. Most of them have their own on the lot, under capable supervision, in which the young contract players receive their training. Mrs. Rogers (Ginger’s ma) is in charge of RKO’s training school.
TRICK PARTIES

Hollywood's

FROLLEST party—invitation and acceptance of .

To Henry's party, was thought.

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Davies, absent in Palm Springs, nevertheless attended the party by long distance telephone . . . Other Chinese party was (you must have guessed it!) another of Harry and Celia Lachmann's at homes. Director Harry's wife, lovely Chinese lady, is one of Hollywood's favorite hostesses. The Chinese dishes she serves are no 35-cent chop suey or egg foo yung, but strange Chinese concoctions such as the mandarins, themselves, eat. And Mrs. Lachmann, cosmopolite, always varies her menu by interlarding the Oriental dishes with Occidental delicacies. Guests at her latest affair included Anna Sten, Peggy Fears, Constance Collier, Albertina Rasch.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone stick to their sure-fire party recipe—dinner, followed by movies in the Joan Tone private theatre . . . Usually, Joan and Franchot collect one of the the+ features-of-the-week in Hollywood; the other night, for the edification of Guests Heather Thomsen, Phil Huston, Ann Sohern, et al., they showed a color-movie of a fishing trip by Franchot's family from their Niagara Falls home into the Canadian woods . . . It was a double-feature bill. Added to the Tone Family Fishing film was Maytime.

NOW that summer's here in Hollywood, yachting parties are the rage. First of the season was Preston Foster's, aboard his Zo H. Preston and Mrs. Foster virtually live aboard the Zo through each summer . . . Guests at their annual "yacht-warming party" included Dick and J ohn Arlen, Joan Fontaine, Anne Shirley, Hugh Daniels, Phil Huston, Jane Walsh and Diana Gibson. Guests all aboard in Balboa yacht basin, the Foster's weighed anchor, cruised to Catalina, landed for cocktails and made Balboa and home- shores by sunset-time . . . Entertainment highlight of the party was target practice with .22 rifles, and the targets were used flash-bulbs, discarded by the cameramen at RKO studios.

PARTY-HIGHLIGHTS of the month—to guests

who clambered for her cook's doughnut recipes after a doughnut-and-coffee party at her home. Irene Dunne admitted that she, herself, had baked them, added that she'd once won a doughnut contest in Chicago, refused to give away her prize formula—Ted Peckham, who has started Hollywood's hire-am-sort service for manly ladies, is getting a reputation as a party-giver, his latest gag being a treasure-hunt on bicycles—one of the lady guests had to pay their escort's bill that night—

urged to wear informal attire (the more informal, the better) at a party given by Ernest Lubitsch, Mr. and Mrs. David O. Selznick went most informal of all: Mrs. S. wore a nightie, Dave wore a dressing-down—oldest party in Hollywood was the one given to the wife of Director Bill Howard, just before her departure to London to join him there; the hosts were Mrs. Howard's servants, who invited her closest friends, provided a grand dinner and entertainment, and consumed all the· food.

Screwiest birthday-cake in Hollywood was the one at the birthday party of Carole Lombard's pal-secretary-companion—"Fieldie," "Fieldie-

sie," who used to work with Carole when both were Mack Sennett bathing beauties, and who has been unforgettable from Carole ever since, was presented with the cake by Bob Cobb, owner of the Brown Derby, and Gail Patrick's husband. Bob's cake consisted entirely of hamburgers and hot dogs, with a "frosting" of mustard! The little decorations around the side were pickles. Most hilarious guest at the party were, of course, Carole and Clark Gable.

CAN'T CHAFE...

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

CAN'T FAIL...

By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

CAN'T SHOW...

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

NOW...

3 types

OF KOTEX

ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS

made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JULY MOTION PICTURE
In spite of her daily bath she's an UNDERARM VICTIM!

EVERY day she makes the same mistake. She expects the bath she takes at 8 o'clock in the morning to protect her from underarm perspiration odor at 3 o'clock in the afternoon!

It can't be done. All a bath can do is to wash away the traces of past perspiration. It cannot prevent perspiration odor from cropping out later in the day. A bath works backwards; never forwards.

You cannot count on your daily bath to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor longer than an hour or two.

It takes more than soap and water to do that; it takes special care.

You can give your underarms this special care in just half a minute. With Mum!

Mum takes care of you all day. Smooth a quick fingertipful of Mum under each arm and you’re safe for that day, no matter how long and strenuous it is.

No trouble to use Mum. You waste no time in using Mum. And when it’s on, you’re through. No fuss of waiting and rinsing off.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Harmless to clothing. Mum has been awarded the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. So don’t worry — if you forget to use it before you dress, just use it afterwards.

Soothing to sensitive skin. Mum is so cooling and soothing you can use it right after shaving the underarms. How women appreciate this!

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum does just what you want it to do—prevents the ugly odor of perspiration and not the perspiration itself.

Don’t be an underarm victim! Depend upon the daily Mum habit as the quick, easy, sure way to avoid repellent underarm odor. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York City.

The Talkie Town Tattler
(Continued from page 53)

MORE-OR-LESS-VITAL Statistics: Married, at Yuma, Director-Writer Ralph Ceder and British cinemactress Ouida Kellerman. . . . divorced, at last, Judith Allen and playwright Jack Doyle. . . . engaged, with diamond-and-ruby-ring-on-her-finger, Suzanne Kaaren and Tommy Warren. . . . born, one Mohr Hollywood baby, to pretty Evelyn Venable and Director-Hubby Hal Mohr—an eight-pound-four-ounce girl named Rosalie . . . divorced again, Adrienne Ames from Bruce Cabot, ho, hummmmm. . . . divorced, Arline Judge from Wesley Ruggles, in Reno. . . . married, Arline Judge to Dan Topping, in Reno. . . . uh huh, same day, same judge! . . . divorced, Ruth and Edgar Selwyn because she testified, he wanted to bring a girl home to dinner. . . .

married, character actor George E. Stone and socialite Ida Plcer, in Philadelphia, of all places! . . . married, Ruth, former wife of Conrad Nagel, to Sidney Franklin, the director, not the bullfighter. . . . divorced, one-time screen star Betty Compson from theatrical agent Irving Weinberg, who wouldn’t come home for dinner. . . . planning to remarry, Astrid Albyn and Robert Kent, because Astrid’s papa, Ernest Christofferson, thinks a Hollywood marriage isn’t all it’s cracked up to be and wants his daughter married by the Lutheran pastor in the little church where she was christened in Springfield, Mass. . . . so they’ll go back to Springfield and please papa. . . . betrothed (and probably marrying in the time you read this), George Givot and socialite Maryon Curtis, with whom he once went to school in Chicago. . . . married, Director Louis King and stage actress Patricia Dolling. . . . married, Lyle Talbot and socialite Marguerite Cramer. . . . divorced, Director Bob Golden and actress Betty Hayward, who told the court she was “just another experience” to her hubby. . . . stork-conscious, Jane Wyatt, who scored big in Lost Horizon, and who’s taken a house near Santa Barbara with Hubby Ed Ward, while waiting for the blessed event. . . .

CUPID’S COUPLE: Sweetie-pies, it’s easy to tell, Are June Travis and Dick Purcell.

NEWEST romance seems to have Frances Langford and Gil Kuhn at fever heat. Gil was captain of the U. S. C. football team a year ago, but went crooner after graduating, and is now doing personal appearances at Los Angeles theatres.

WHO’S WHOSE IN HOLLYWOOD: Director Gregory LaCava and Universal’s star Doris Nolan Cocoonat-Growing together—igniting their yearly flagpole dispute, Estelle Taylor (once Mrs. Jack Dempsey) and Director Roland Brown—Barbara Barondess and Douglas MacLean twoing—Philip Houston and Julia Hayden taking sundown hikes together—Book Publisher Donald Friede and Patricia Ellis joining itineraries—Colleen Moore introducing France Homer.
CANT · MAKE · UP · THEIR · MIND
Department: Al Hall, ex-hubby of Lola Lane, alternating between Mona Rico and Lucille Ball . . . Jack LaRue, out with old-flame Constance Simpson one night, new flame Hazel Forbes the next . . . Eleonore Whitney, tearful when she bade Johnny Downs goodbye at the dock when he sailed for Honolulu, stepping out with Jimmy Ellison, Lee Bowman, Jack Dunn, Will Roosevelt, Jr. (no relation to the Supreme Court's pet peave). . . . B. P. Schulberg, former of Sylvia Sidney, stepping out with (1) pretty model Jane Laurel, (2) Elaine Ariel Barrie Barrymore, and (3) Italian Actress Milli Monti, newcomer to Hollywood, who seems to have the inside track in BP's life, despite the others . . . Binnie Barnes and Willie Wyler can't make up their minds about each other. Confused by Virginia Louis of Omaha, who looks like his ex-wife Margaret Sullivan, is Wyler. Distracted by former-romance-mate Johnny King is Binnie. Yet Binnie and Willie do manage to get out together once in a while . . . Mary Brian, who can give Rochelle cards and spaces in the often-engaged-but-nunengaged steeplechase, is now filling between airlines executive Henry Hoey and British actor George Sanders . . . Elissa Landi, who can't seem to choose between Comptroller-of-the-Currency J. F. T. O'Connor, and Nino Martini, who sends her gardenias by the dozen.

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne
In holy wedlock soon may jene!

BETTY FURNESS is so Johnny Green- conscious that between takes, she plays his recorded orchestrations over and over! . . . So in love with wife Molly O'Day and their babies is Comicker Jack Durant that he just took a 6,000-mile round-trip flight from New York to Hollywood and back to spend two days with them . . . For the first time in their eight years of married life, Fay Wray and John Moore Sanders didn't celebrate their wedding anniversary with a twosome. It was a threesome—because this time, baby daughter Susan shared the party.

The girl you want to be

"Goodness knows I wanted popularity and admiration," says Ethel T*, "but until I used Marchand's, I never realized that my hair could make such an amazing difference in my appearance. Marchand's restored my drab and dingy hair to its former, natural sunny loveliness. Now everyone compliments me—my friends say I'm fascinating."

Let Marchand's Golden Hair Wash bring you new popularity and freshness, youthful beauty to your hair. If you are BLONDE, it will restore and keep that radiant, sunny loveliness everyone admires. If you are BRUNETTE, you can rinse lovely, glowing highlights in your hair. Marchand's will lighten any color hair to any flattering shade you desire.

*Name on Request

"BEFORE I used Marchand's I envied girls who had attractive sunny hair!"

"NOW—everyone admires the soft sheen and lovely, glowing highlights Marchand's gave my hair."

Both BLONDES and BRUNETTES use Marchand's to make excess hair on arms and legs unnoticeable. Because it is not a depilatory, it cannot leave unpleasant snubbles.


FREE "Help yourself to Beauty" an amusing brochure by Robert of Fifth Avenue. Tells you correct make-up—secrets of fashion—new and proper coiffures—what type you are. Complete with self-analysis beauty charts. FREE merely send in coupon below with 3¢ stamp for postage.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

CHARLES MARCHAND CO., 521 W. 23rd St., New York City

Gentlemen: Please send me a FREE copy of HELP YOURSELF TO BEAUTY. I enclose a three-cent stamp to cover postage costs.

Name

Address

City

State

(Continued on page 71)
ARCHIE MAYO
Director of Call It A Day

ARCHIE MAYO, on the set of Call It A Day, was talking to a visiting fireman about his diet. "Lost 55 pounds in two months," Mayo said.

"How?" asked the visiting fireman, who was a trifle stout himself.

"Diet," said Mr. Mayo. "Pineapple juice and cottage cheese, mostly, I'll write it out for you. But that isn't all. I wear a reducing belt."

"A belt?" asked the visiting fireman.

"A belt," said Mr. Mayo. "An elastic belt. It keeps the tummy in. You never saw anything like it. You have to order it from Chicago. Want to get one?" The visiting fireman nodded. While this dialogue was going on assistant director Jack Sullivan, whose business it was to see that Mr. Mayo kept his hailing distance of the schedule, quietly went mad.

Call It A Day came in almost on schedule. If it had been wrapped up right on the dot, the bosses would have considered it a miracle. They once let Mr. Mayo take longer than other directors. They also expect him to turn out something over the ordinary. So far he hasn't failed them. He has never made a picture in schedule time—and he has never made a mediocre film.

"Keep them laughing," is Mayo's motto.

That's how he became a director. Fifteen years ago he wandered around Hollywood selling custom-made shirts. He traded his gags for shirts and orders and Lloyd Hamilton finally hired him as gag man. Before that he was a comedian in vaudeville and an extra in pictures and he never failed to "keep 'em laughing."

Mayo feels that if he keeps his company in high spirits, he gets better results. If you pin him down, he'll point out the case of Petrified Forest.

On a desert set for the picture the wind machines kicked up a terrific dust and the "grits" stood by the machines dumping fullers' earth on with blades. The set wasn't a pleasant place to be. The entire company wore masks. Between takes, the players wore them. But when the camera was rolling they had to eat dust and it got on their nerves. Even Leslie Howard, who doesn't let life disturb him much, was on edge.

At that time, Mayo wasn't dieting and carrying his extra poundage around was no fun. He had a terrific cold and the dust was driving him nuts. But his company didn't know it. One practical joke followed another. After each take, Mayo delivered a monologue. "Beautiful," he would say. "I never saw a finer piece of acting. We're going to keep that for posterity and make another one for this picture."

Mayo says there were times when the thought of another practical joke made him sick to his stomach; times when he wanted to walk off the set into the clean air and never come back. But he kept on clowning and wound up the production without one serious squabble. After it was all over, Miss Davis said she had never laughed Howard's and Bogart's throats if it hadn't been for Archie. Bogart also admits that it was Mayo who kept him from mayhem or murder.

THE good-natured Mayo can be serious. He was serious about Black Legion. Once, however, when he was being desperately serious, he made a statement to an interviewer that had the whole lot laughing. He told of the message behind the film, of its great power. "There's a picture I would have made for nothing," he said. "They didn't make me pull my punches. They let me tell the truth. It's a terrible thing. I tell you, it's the kind of a picture you'll take your little boy or your little girl to see and they'll come out and they'll say, 'Damn it, papa, did you ever see anything like it?'"

Mayo is a versatile director, as his record shows. He can do broad comedy better than anyone in Hollywood. But subtle comedy, as is found in Call It A Day, is also his meat. And he made this one right after he had finished Black Legion, which didn't have a laugh in it. It is an experience to watch Mayo direct a picture. One after another, he plays all the parts. Call It A Day was a little more difficult than most pictures. All the players, save for Olivia de Havilland, had English accents. Mayo wasn't born in England and
though he has been there his idea of how folks speak in Mayfair is a little strange. He seems to feel that English ladies and gentlemen drop H's by the peck. Only when he was showing Elba Buchanan how to play a cockney maid, was he at all in character. This method gets results. Mayo's delivery may not be perfect but he gives a rough idea of how he wants a scene played and it's a pretty dumb actor who can't follow him.

Mayo surprised Hollywood last year by moving out of the little house he had occupied for twelve years on a quiet street in West Los Angeles and moving into a new one in Beverly Hills. "I'm not going Hollywood," he explained. "My wife wanted a new house so we built one."

"But," he added, "I had my way about it. There is no swimming-pool and I've got one room all to myself. And we aren't going to have a butler. Mrs. Mayo wanted one but I was firm. I told her I'd been opening the door for my friends for years and I wasn't going to have someone do it for me at this late date."

Mayo's next assignment for Warner Bros., will be *A Gentleman After Midnight* starring Leslie Howard and Olivia de Havilland.

Doug Fairbanks and the Mrs. were among the celebrities at the recent opening of *Tovarich* in Hollywood.

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**CAVEMAN got a break!**

Not many comforts in the life of an ancient caveman! But he had one enviable piece of luck—tooth troubles seldom attacked him! His teeth were kept strong and healthy, as Nature intended, by exercise on the tough, chewy foods of primitive man's diet. We civilized moderns eat soft, refined foods that offer our teeth and gums not nearly enough wholesome exercise.

**DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER!** We moderns find Dentyne a wonderful, natural aid to mouth health. Its specially firm consistency invites more vigorous chewing, gives teeth and gums healthful exercise. It works in Nature's own way to help you keep your mouth healthy, gums pink and firm, teeth sound and white! **LADEN WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR!**

Just taste Dentyne for yourself—that fragrant pink rectangle is loaded with mellow, spicy flavor! And notice the flat package (an exclusive Dentyne feature)—made to park so neatly and handily in your pocket or purse.

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*When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention July Motion Picture*
When Emotions are stirred...

At thrilling, intimate moments...when emotions are stirred—that's when perspiration glands are most active—body odor becomes noticeable.

Be sure to use DEW—the deodorant that really works—under armmoisture; guards gowns from injurious, unsightly stains.

Safe & gentle. Non-irritating to delicate skin. Costs no more than usual deodorants. 35c, 50c, $1.00 at drug and dept. stores.

**DEW**

**DEODORANT**

**NON PERSPIRANT**

Because there is nothing quite so fresh and cool under Summer costumes as a white brassiere, Maiden Form makes many of your favorite styles in white for warm weather wear. Featured for 1937 is the white, new brassieres which gives smooth, natural, and emphasizes the "dividing line" between the breasts. In white, $1.00 and $2.00.

**MAIDEN FORM BRASIERES**

(Continued from page 38)

Stardom? It's Not Important

I saw a middle-aged man who seemed tired and harried—none who obviously wasn’t having much fun or enjoying this business of living. What about it?

"Middle aged, eh?" Pres answered. "He’s a lot younger than I am, and I’m in my early thirties. Trouble with him is, he’s sick with ambition! Yes, you heard right. Ambition!"

What? That made ambition sound rather deadly. All our childhood copy-books praised it highly as a virtue. They told half-truths about it. Pres insisted. Ambition is a virtue so long as a man is master of it. When it masters him, it becomes deadly.

"HERE’S what I mean. That writer who spoke has set a lot of money as his goal. He’s got plenty now, enough to live very well and take care of the future. Comfortably. Is that enough for him? No, he’s got to have more, more, more. He’s killing himself to get it. Throwing away his fine todays for tomorrows he may never have. No fun in life. No joy, no play, no rest. And worse, no friends or darned few. No real living. Only money. Why? Security? Bunk. How can a million in the bank make him any more secure? Can’t he have more than one roof over his head at a time and he has plenty to see that this roof doesn’t leak. He can’t eat more than three meals a day and he has plenty to buy them, with all of the fixin’s. He can’t wear more than one suit at a time, and he has plenty to buy the best.

“So he’s going hell-bent—for what? A bed in a hospital or six feet under! What good will his million be then? Does he want to be known as the richest man in the cemetery?"

Then it was only ambition for money that was deadly. And that translated in six figure terms.

Pres said no. A definite no. Money ambition perhaps was the most common—and that one was purely relative, applying to the man who earned twenty-five or fifty dollars a week at five and a half cents an hour. The only ambition earning four figures—but there were others. Others like—

"Come on over to my dressing-room and I’ll show you what I mean," he said.

The room is rather smallish and by the time both of us were comfortably seated, things were rather crowded. His quick rise to screen popularity guaranteed Pres a room more befitting his star status. He turned down such a room when it was offered; this was his first one at the studio, he said, and was his "lucky" one. Therefore he kept it.

"These are what I meant," he said.

"In a way they constitute my Code of Conduct. Or sort of constant warning that heavy seas are running." (Being quite a sailor, Pres has a tendency to reduce conversation to nautical terms.)

He pointed to three ordinary newspaper clipplings, well-worn from the many times he must have fingered them, which were stuck in the edge of the light-rimmed mirror of his dressing table. One announced the sudden and tragic death of Irving Thalberg. Another dealt with the death of John Gilbert. The third carried the date-line of a small Eastern town and in one paragraph told of the divorce of Allan and Martha Adams. They were friends he had known before coming to Hollywood.

"Storm signals of ambition," he said.

First, the death of Thalberg. A warning not to forget to play.

"Thalberg’s ambition in itself was wholly admirable and worthy of emulation," Pres explained. "Perhaps his worst sin was taking it as a business and using it as a stock in trade. "First as a young man making his place in the world and afterwards in making fine pictures. The trouble lay in what it led to. "Not blessed with a strong body but urged on by an indomitable will (perfectly understandable) he was driving himself toward a goal. All well and good. He reached that goal, acknowledged to be one of the most brilliant and powerful figures in the vast motion picture industry. Incidentally, in so doing, he acquired an enormous fortune.

"Here, however, is where Thalberg’s ambition crossed the danger line. Once he had attained that goal, the work over which he had been master became master of him. It obsessed him. Nor was there any element of selfishness in that obsession. Night after night, sometimes throughout the entire night, he remained at the studio, buried in work. Others equal with him in artistry, like, gave themselves legitimate and necessary hours of rest, relaxation and play. These hours Thalberg, who in great generosity refused others nothing, denied himself. The pleadings of his family and friends that he take greater care of himself fell on deaf ears.

"The hour came when, taken ill, his body needed reserve strength to draw upon, strength built by lazy hours in sunshine, exercise, rest, carefree laughter and fun. There was none. He died at thirty-seven, a famous and wealthy man: But you know as well as I do that Norma Shearer would give every ounce of the fame he helped to bring her, and every ounce of the fortune he left her, to have him back."

There may be some, Pres said, who think it presumptuous of him, since, admittedly, he is not a wealthy man, to own and operate the year around his fast power-cruiser, the fifty-footer Zozil. But that boat represents escape to him. Once a picture is completed, he boards her and zooms away. No one, not even the studio, knows his whereabouts or can reach him. Hollywood and work are left miles behind in fact as well as mind. When he returns to new work, it is with a refreshed body and enthusiasm. Both show, I might add, to great advantage in that work.

If ever a man was hepped on boats, it's Pres. He'll talk you deaf and then draw pictures on tablecloths, walls, shirtsleeves or anything handy, of just where the fishing chairs are placed on the Zoö, the location of the galley and even the design of china and shape of ashtrays. Eventually we got back to deadly ambitions and the clipplings.

He picked up the second, the sad announcement of John Gilbert’s death. "I keep this to warn me that so-called fame is neither lasting nor a substitute for ambition for it can lead to tragedy," he explained.

Gilbert drank deeply of as heady a draught of fame and adulation as was ever offered any man, you may recall. He was fawned upon like a king by women and fought over by producers who knew only too well the magic his name worked at the box-office. Professionally, in particular, he was a big shot.

Then came sound in pictures. Gilbert, in
one unfortunate scene, was crucified. The fault was not his, as later pictures proved; imperfection in sound recording and inexp- erience of men handling it was responsible for the high pitched "I love you" from Gilbert's lips that threw audiences into hys- terical laughter.

"Nonehtheless, it sufficed to bring his house of fame tumbling about his head," Pres said. "Gilbert, inured to Hollywood glory and all it means, could not take it. His spirit, pride—call it what you will—could not be reconciled with less than top-rank stardom. He brooded, lost the will to live. He died, many say, of a broken heart."

A SLIP from his present hard-won star- dom—hard-won despite his modest as- sertions that it was nine-tenths luck—would cause scarcely a ripple in Pres's life. He has proved that already. Several years ago he won acclaim on the New York stage, his name in lights, and respect from severe critics. Then came what you remember as The Depression and the legitimate theatre hit an all-time low.

Pres worked sometimes, yes. But when no roles were available, when theatrical man-agers, for one reason or another, seemed to welcome him with a little less warmth, Pres did not stop working and howl or brood about hard times. He worked as an extra making shorts for Paramount and Warner Vitaphone—worked and was glad of the op- portunity!

"Stardom, success, being a big-shot is pleasant of course," he said. "But the im- portant thing is to value it in its proper per- spective. Not to let being important become all important. Take it for what it is, and when the time comes to leave it, leave it gracefully and start building anew."

That brought us to the third and last clip- ping, the final sign-post on his road of How Not To Go. It was the one about the divorce of Allan and Martha Adams. They were a young couple Pres used to know in a small Eastern town, as I said. Martha and Allan, of course, are not their real names for ob- vious reasons.

"I keep this clipping to remind me that the possession of money is important only in proportion to the happiness it brings. As witness Allan and Martha.

"They were a couple of nice kids," he said, "with a moderate income. I never saw a couple who were more in love.

"They decided one day that they couldn't be really happy until they had three thousand dollars in the bank." Pres said. "It wasn't just security they were seeking. It was that set sum of money. Once they had that, they would begin to really live. They began to save, almost savagely. They stopped going about with their young friends. They denied themselves normal pleasures. They wanted a baby. They sacrificed that, too: it would eat up too much of their precious hoard."

"Five years passed and they had the three thousand," Pres continued. "Then they had a baby—and lost it. Estranged from their former friends, out of touch with out- side interests, they had nothing to console them in their grief but three thousand dollars written on a page in a savings book. Some- how, looking at that, they discovered, would not want to throw it away.

"Almost frantically they plunged into a whirl of artificial gaiety. When it had run its course, the money was gone. So was their love for one another. Divorce fol- lowed."

THOUGHTFULLY Pres tucked that third clipping back in its place in the mirror's rim. In emphasis of his next words, he flicked it with thumb and forefinger.

"Don't misunderstand me, I am heartily in favor of saving, of providing for the future. It is essential. But within reason, not to the exclusion of today. We're given only one chance to live each day. I say live it to its fullest, its fairest, its sweetest! That need not mean its most costly.

"In the mad scramble for money today, ambition is confused with greed, and pro- vision for the future, beyond a sensible point, is motivated by fear. Fear that reveals a telling lack of confidence in one's own abil- ities.

"If I had saved all my money carefully, I could have retired by now, a comparatively wealthy man. Retired for what? I have provided for my future but not to an extent that will include a great house and servants to wait upon me. I won't need either. I don't now, to be happy. I paddle down to the kitchen every morning, as it is, to get my own grapefruit juice. It's a hell of a lot simpler than ringing the bell and waiting for the butler to bring it to me!

"What is my ambition? I am a ham actor but I want to give one performance, some- time in my life, that will be remembered for a long time. I want comfort, not luxury, in my old age.

"And, like John Masfield, I want ... a tall ship

And a star to steer her by."

---

**STRAINED UNTIL HER DENTIST TOLD HER WHY...**

**COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH**

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice be- tween your teeth . . . emulsifies and washes away the decaying food depos- its that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth de- car. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle—even new brilliance to your smile!"

**ONE MONTH LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S**

"You're certainly the perfect secretary, Miss Drake—in every way! I'm afraid you deserve a raise! Thanks so much, Mr. Allen!"

**NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!**

"...and no toothpaste ever made my teeth as bright and clean as Colgate's!"

**YOU SEE, TESTS PROVE THAT 75% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...**

**WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION JULY MOTION PICTURE**
Dimples and Dramatics

(Continued from page 51)

A good shampoo plus a sturdy hairbrush equal a gleaming top-knot

upper lashes, to encourage that up-turned effect. When making up, she uses a mechanical lash curler, to accentuate the curl she has gradually trained in her lashes. With the curler still in position, she applies mascara on the tips to darken, thicken and lengthen the lashes. She is always careful to apply the mascara sparingly, and in applying it, she brushes the lashes firmly until the mascara dries.

Doris has succeeded in training her brows just the way she wants them—fairly thick yet clear-cut, arched to make her eyes seem larger yet not enough to give her a vacant, questioning look. This she had accomplished by plucking them only from underneath. She uses the same emollient on her brows as on her lashes, rubbing it in well. She brushes the brows hither-skelter and then brushes them into the correct line again, using an upward, outward motion. For this purpose she likes a brush that is larger than the regular mascara brush because she can work up more "friction." A solution is a child's tooth-brush, with medium-stiff bristles, in case you wonder.

Doris uses cosmetics—powder, rouge, lippick, shadow and mascara—that harmonize beautifully with her laughing hazel eyes. It's a sound make-up theory, in case you doubt it, and one that deserves your personal investigation. Without going into technicalities, there is a definite relation between the color of your eyes, your skin and hair, and when they are emphasized by the correct shades of makeup, a natural and glowing effect is combined. The quality of these cosmetics, as well as the pigments, is excellent, making them beneficial to your skin and lashes. What's more, the price is reasonable (55 cents each), which proves what I've always preached—that the movie queens use cosmetics within the reach of you and me. Want the name of these eye-matched cosmetics?

If you are interested in experimenting with your lashes in an effort to make them curl enchantingly, do write me for the name of the mechanical lash curler. It is as effective as it is harmless, and simple enough for a child to use—although I'm not advocating that! The effect is not bizarre or spiky, and it lasts from one to three days. The curler is just as easy to use on short lashes as on long ones. and, certainly, both varieties need it! Priced at $1, it lasts indefinitely. The same manufacturer, who has given this matter of eye beauty much serious thought, has an ointment made of rich oils, the formula for which was developed over a century ago in Germany during an epidemic of eye trouble. Brought to this country for its healing qualities, it was refined and improved to the point where it stimulates the growth of indifferent lashes and keeps them silky looking. Comes in a black and silver jar and costs $1.

FOUND: An inexpensive hairbrush that will stand a lot of punishment without losing its luster. It is small and light, so that it can be worn all day with no danger of its losing its shape or becoming misshapen. It has extra-stiff bristles set with a slightly rolled effect in the neat and narrow maple back. The bristles roll through your hair quickly and give your scalp just enough stimulation to keep it toned. A brush like this is an essential for grooming the page-boy coiffure, which must be smooth and sleek on the crown of the head to be smart. This bargain brush is only $1, at most department stores.

When you hear anyone say she prefers a Castile soap, you can ask, "Do you use olive oil?" Olive oil is good for the hair for a true Castile soap or shampoo is made from olive oil...

There is a liquid shampoo on the market that contains, among other beneficial ingredients (all of which were listed for me by the manufacturer), eighty per cent of the purest olive oil! That is an unusually high percentage, but I believe I should have listed it if I hadn't been told—simply because the shampoo does such a fine job of cleansing and normalizing the hair and scalp.

If you want to whip your hair into shape quickly, get you're a brush and some of this shampoo and use both religiously. The shampoo costs 50 cents a bottle—a large bottle.

Miss Nolan likes a variety of perfumes, bath soaps and dusting powders (a tuberose scent is her favorite for evening), but she does not make the mistake of wearing a voluptuous odor when she is riding, walking or indulging in any form of sport. For these occasions she prefers a scent reminiscent of the tangy heathered moors and misty glens of Scotland. Allure, yes, but subdued, and all the more intriguing. There is a perfume in this woodsy fragrance, and a whole dynasty of perfumed bath luxuries—powder, dusting powder, sachet and scented toilet water—to say nothing of an exquisite milled toilet soap with the same refreshing scent. You may think that only an economic royalist could indulge in all these preparations but you're wrong. They aren't terrifically expensive—about a dollar each.
Cupid's Couplet (doubled) —
Johnny Howard and Martha Raye

Seem to be quite much "that way"
But Martha Raye and Robert Florey—
Rather complicate the story!

It's not only fans who want "new faces," it seems Hollywood's eligible single men do, too. At least, the introduction of famed New York art models for bits in Walter Wanger's "Voyages of 1937" started things. Already the Hollywood bachelors are dating them, leaving Hollywood's bachelor girls miffed... Jimmy Stewart's been dating up Olive Cawley, one of the Wanger beauties. Jerry Horwin has been stepping out with Phyllis Gilman, another of them.

Marian Marsh isn't getting her daily gardenia any more. It used to be delivered to her home regularly each morning, with no card attached, and the florist declining, on orders, to reveal the sender's name. On the day after Marian's engagement to Al Scott was announced, she received the last gardenia. This time, there was a card on it: "I hope you'll be very happy," it read. That was all.

Headaches for Cupid: Still blue over the end of her romance with Ernie Orsatti, southern charmer Helen Wood wants no more romance, she says—thrice has Francois Louis-Dreyfus, Paris publisher, taken special trips to Hollywood to ask Simone Simon to marry him; thrice has SS sent him back ungyessed; unkind-eyed toward marriage for Simone is her studio—tete-a-tete dances, cheek-to-cheek nite-club dancing, didn't "take" with Katherine DeMille and Michael Whalen; it's all off—teeth-grashing is Owen Davis, Jr., because girl-friend Anne Shirley has given him the bye-bye for Alan Bruce, handsome young leading man—Andrea Leeds and John Howard giving Romance the frigid treatment—Doug Fairbanks, Jr., opting because Marlene Dietrich insists on stepping out too often with Willis Goldbeck, her ex-flame—

Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw are wondering whether it's gonna be a boy or a girl—but they won't know until some time in September.

Married: Diana Gibson, RKO starrlet, to one John Myers. She kept it secret for months because she was afraid a Hollywood career and matrimony wouldn't mix, but finally admitted it when everybody wanted to know why she wouldn't make dates.

Married: Dave Gould, dance director, whose previous marriage was annulled from bride Frances Paxton, film chorine. This time, Gould flew to Albuquerque, N. M., with Broadway chorine Mitzi Haynes, was married to her by an Albuquerque police judge.

June Lang, convalescent from pneumonia, gets flowers from both Mack (The Killer) Grey, who's Georgie Raft's bodyguard, and from Vic Orsatti, the man she was once engaged to but hasn't been speaking to since the brothel went foosey.

Is it true that Kay Francis has really been Mrs. Delmar Daves for nearly a year?

The boys think it's a panic! Ann never had her powder puff out of her hand at the dance.

Skin smooth... then powder clings

Her skin's so scratchy that's why... she ought to try Pond's vanishing cream. It melts skin smooth.

It drives a girl nearly frantic when powder won't go on smooth—won't stay on! No worries like this if you use Pond's vanishing cream! "A Dermolytic cream. (Vanishing Cream) has the ability to melt away dried-out, dead surface cells," a famous dermatologist says. "New cells come into view—smooth and soft. The skin takes on a fresh, softened appearance instantly."

This smooth, new skin takes make-up beautifully. Dry, rough skin can't. Easy to see why popular girls depend on Pond's Vanishing Cream. They always use it for perfect make-up before a date. You'll find it does wonders for your skin, too. Use it For Powder Base—a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream melts flaikness away. Make-up stays wonderfully smooth! For Overnight—Use after cleansing. Not greasy. Mornings, your skin is soft. For Protection—Apply before long hours out of doors. Your skin won't rough up!

Lady Milbanke
"First smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream... then powder will look 'just right' and stay."

8-Piece Package
Pond's Creams and 3 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. 1 envelope 10c for postage and packing.

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When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention July Motion Picture 71
Two men desired her and she had kisses for both! Here's the tragic truth from the lips of a wife who loved two men...

THREE-ON MY HONEYMOON

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Two disillusioned moderns confess their bitter distrust of the opposite sex. Win a prize for your opinion!

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The inside story of one child-bride

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THE DATE I RENTED

VACATION LOVE AFFAIR

And—LOVE COWARD
A full-length novel—together with many other gripping stories and interesting features and departments!

You Can Take Down Your Hair With Joan Blondell

(Continued from page 31)

Whenever she feels in the mood for a chocolate bar or an ice-cream cone—and when doesn't she?—not alone for herself does she order one. The entire company must have one, two, and boxes of chocolate bars or dozens of cones shortly appear. Everyone gets his, from the director down to the electricians on the scaffolding high above the set, who left特意, she wants to have their hats on ropes to receive their booty.

At THE end of every picture, Joan hands out presents to everyone on the set, regardless of his position. At Christmas time, practically the entire studio is remembered. Joan loves to shop, and seldom returns home without a gift for some friend or acquaintance. Very often, when she sets out for a coat or dress for herself, she'll forget about her own purchases and end up with a scooter for a cameraman's son or a half-dozen packages to be distributed generally.

Not long ago, she learned that one of the prop boys—never too well paid—expected an heir to his house. That evening, a complete layette arrived, with a note from Joan. The blue-eyed actress had devoted the entire afternoon to its selection.

On another occasion—recently, too—she noticed a girl on the set peering into Joan's handbag. This girl had been a star once herself, but now worked only very infrequently. Toward noon, the girl collapsed. Immediately, but quietly, Joan took charge of her. Discovering the erstwhile star was suffering a nervous breakdown, she sent her to a sanitarium, called her own doctor in on the case and paid all the expenses incurred during the weeks that the girl lay ill. It is such acts as these that make Joan so beloved and the favorite that she is. She could have had the studio for the asking.

A vaudevillian by birth and training, Joan retains the free and easy ways of the theatrical world. She dislikes to dress up—she'll take slacks any day to satin—and even more the dictates of society. She would rather have a couple of intimates drop by for the evening than go to the grandest party imaginable.

SOME months ago, she and Dick Powell were invited to a dinner party at one of Hollywood's smartest cafes. They accepted only because Joan felt they were obligated to go. By 10:30, Joan was ready to throw chimne warm and rip the cover off the table. She abhors more than anything in the world small-talk, and the entire evening had been devoted to this form of conversation. The Powells remained until midnight, but as soon as they started home in their car Joan screamed.

"Just to get it out of my system," she explained to the wondering husband by her side. "I couldn't stand it another moment."

For that reason, she and Dick seldom attend parties. Joan's idea of a real festive evening is to have the Jimmy Cagney's own chef for dinner; then, when Jimmy plays the piano and Dick thumps on his banjo, she'll sing and dance, improvising as she goes. There's nothing formal about Joan.

The Norman Fosters she enjoys—the baby was named for Foster, you know, Norman Scott Barnes—and Ruth Persley, her hairdresser at the studio and her best friend. Ruth served as her bridesmaid when she was married to Powell, and rarely does a day pass that she doesn't drop by the Blondell-Powell menage, either for a moment or for dinner and the evening. Most of Joan's friends are not the stars, but the 'women that work'. "I feel at home with them," Joan declares.

Despite her lively nature, Joan really doesn't care for crowds. In the photograph gallery, especially, she likes to be alone with Elmer Fryer, the photographer—an old friend—and her hairdresser-pal. And, after Ruth once had fixed her hair, she insists upon doing it herself, thereafter, during the sitting. Unlike so many stars, she refuses to have a maid help her with her dressing, and hooks and buttons and snaps everything herself. "I'm no cripple," is the way she asserts herself.

W HENEVER the studio asks her to do a fashion-sitting, she acquiesces, but with reluctance. She doesn't care for herself in fashion pictures and is frank on the subject.

"I'm no clothes horse," she'll say, finally, after Fryer has just taken a dozen poses. "I know I don't look well dressed up like Mrs. Astor's horse. Heck... let's cut out these and take me in some shorts, or a bathing suit. They're more my type." And then well you'll see those scantily-clad pictures you've seen so often in the magazines and papers.

The mention of Elmer Fryer's name recalls the humorous incident that Joan tells on herself. With a number of others, they were up in the High Sierras, for the purpose of taking publicity pictures against a mountainous background. Joan was standing in cowgirl garb, and Fryer's head was buried beneath the black cloth covering his still-camera. Presently, he called out...

"Move a little to your right, will you, honey, so I can see Mt. Whitney behind you!"

Inasmuch as Mt. Whitney is the tallest peak in the United States, any other actress might have been offended at the remark. But not Joan. Her weight is slightly more than the majority of girls her height, but it fits her like a glove. Ask any friend, and he'll instantly aver that she's just right.

On this same trip to the Sierras, Joan fell into a mountain stream of ice-cold water. Once in, she remained to romp a bit and throw water. Finally, upon emerging, it was found that the only dry garment available was a sizable Mother Hubbard. Even after her clothes were dry, this intrigued Joan so she decided she would wear it the remainder of the trip... and all the way home, a mere matter of two hundred and fifty miles by car.

If JOAN can go camping, or spend any time in the mountains, she's as happy as a ten-year-old boy at the circus. She loves to rough it, and doesn dungarees for the occasion. She baits her own hook, cooks all the meals herself over a campfire or on a portable oil stove, and doesn't mind broken nails and scratched hands and face. Often, when she returns from these excursions to the mountains, she'll be blistered and sunburned and her nose will be peeling.

"Next to Dick and Normie I like beer and pretzels best," she explains her fondness for a Dutch-lunch, and ought add, too, roller coasters, baseball, popcorn and parades. Every Sunday morning, she'll make

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22
a dive for the comic section in the newspaper and now that Normie is growing old enough to understand she'll read every word to her young son, aged two years-and-one-half.

Before Normie was born, she'd spend every moment possible in the wardrobe at the studio, or in the make-up department, chatting with her girl friends who had babies of their own of the impending event. To them, she confided all her hopes, her dreams of what was to come.

After the birth of the boy, she devoted every minute she could to him. Whatever she could do for him she wouldn't allow either the nurse or the maid to do. And, at the drop of a hat, she'll enter into a humorous and lengthy discourse upon him.

Every morning, now—when she's not actually working in a picture—she takes Normie to a kindergarten at the southern division of the University of California. "Normie's going to college now," she informs her friends, delightedly.

One afternoon, to stop his fretting, Joan performed several cartwheels. Normie was so enthralled that he refused to take his nap thereafter until his mother went through her act. "It required a bit of tact to talk him out of that," Joan says. "I didn't want to go through life having to do cartwheels for my son." Her son, though, one may readily see—and understand, after seeing him—is her life. She adores him with a fierce kind of mother-love.

FROM the time she was a little girl, Joan always has settled her own problems herself. She never airs her troubles, and though her mind may be burdened she gives no inkling of how she feels.

As a girl in San Diego—where she lived one winter—she had a Worrying Rock. On the rock she spent countless hours, solving all her problems by herself. In the backyard of her home in Beverly Hills, she has a prop rock.

On cook's night out, she and Dick generally remain at home. Instead of dining out, she prepares the meal all by herself.

It's not very curious, then, is it, that Joan should have the following that hers is in Hollywood? Any girl who rejects a job, when she needs it desperately, so that a hungry girl friend may take it—and this actually happened in Joan's chorus days in New York—is aces, and Hollywood knows her as such. You can take down your hair with Blondell . . . and bow!
Rinse Off Unwanted Hair
avoid briskly re-growth

Why spoil your summer fun with ugly hair on arms and legs? Bathing suits and shorts demand the utmost feminine daintiness. Forget shaving—discover the NEET way—easy, sure, dependable! NEET is like a cold cream in texture. Simply spread it on unwanted hair; rinse off with water. Then feel how petal-soft and smooth it leaves the skin. That's because NEET removes the hair closer to the skin surface than is possible with shavers. Regrowth is thus delayed and when it does appear there are no sharp-edged bristles. Millions of women depend on NEET. Get it in drug and department stores; trial size at 10¢ stores.

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Anne Shirley and Anita Louise keep in
step and in tune with the times in their
long and short play togs at Sunset Plaza.
There's Niver a One Like Niven [continued from page 42]

sargent, who carried an oversized guitar. While this scene was going on, the man backstage who had control of the curtain had a nip at a whiskey bottle, with the result that, at the end, he pulled up the backdrop instead of the curtain, and the backdrop, rising, gave 'Juliet' a nasty crack on the jaw, knocking him cold. The audience howled with such glee that we made that finish to the skit permanent."

THE British are a bit speedier than the Americans at turning cadets into officers. Eighteen months after entering Sandhurst, David joined his regiment. The regiment was stationed on the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean.

"Malta was one of those places where only 'mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun," says David. "It was broiling. There wasn't a stick of a tree on the entire island. And in September, when the searing sirocco winds started blowing over from Africa—well, a glass of Planter's Punch was the only sane refuge. And thinking about the prospect of making a great show of being military. Though we did get a few riots in 1928.

"I didn't like Malta, but I liked the military life well enough to stay out here my three years there. Then I was transferred to Dover Castle in England, and—life began."

"One bookmaker, who had been honored with my patronage, finally became obstreperous. Or stubborn. In the worst way. Anyhow, he threatened to go to my Colonel with the tale of my gambling debt, unless I paid something on account. That would never do. I had to raise money in a hurry, and more money than the usual sources could supply. I got it by literally selling myself to a clinic which paid good hard cash for the written consent of healthy specimens to work upon them in the interest of research, when and if they became deceased. In fact, they gave me two pounds—ten dollars—bonus because I had never smoked.

"Ever since I've been in Hollywood, I've been paying off debts I managed to acquire, in my own prodigious way, in those days. I've even paid out what I could walk down Bond Street today a free man."

"But to get back to our story—I staved off at particular creditors, but there were others constantly waiting to camp on the doormat, telling the wolf that was camped there, 'Move over.' Meanwhile, I faced the prospect of being a captain after eight years, a major after fifteen. And—again, because I couldn't add up and pass the technical exams—I couldn't see much beyond that.

"I loved the army; please don't get any other impression. But some people are mentally more fitted to it than others. I always had a head of my own, and I do something for myself, not the war office. And one day that hankering came to a head. I was sitting in a club with two old friends—Victor Stenotypy and Eddie Tathin."

"(Yes, the same Sir Philip Ashley who is now married to Madeleine Carroll, who is in The Prisoner of Zenda with David.) They'd both been in the army, and both had been transferred to Victoria Newspaper work, and Philip into business. Both decided that I ought to have a crack at civilian life. I said, 'Begad, I'll leave the army right now.' It was the only way to do it. If I waited to go back to the barracks, I might be talked into reconsidering.

"That was a Wednesday. That night, I sent in my resignation and called my Colonel to say 'Goodbye.' He didn't like the idea much, or maybe he did not. But I Lennox had married a Canadian girl, and they were going over to her home for a summer rest; I was invited along; they staked me—'I was going to the New World to seek my fortune.' I mean it was almost as bad as that.

"When the end of summer came, and the Lennoxes went back to England, I stayed. I decided to work with a French—Canadian bridge-building gang north of Ottawa. I wanted to build myself up. They gave me a bloody big axe and told me to chop trees. I was so inefficient that I was finished, but I did at least, and I wanted to put up to three tons, for ten dollars." Today he bows over any physician who asks him to say "Ah," and gets a smile.

"Who took those out?" the doctor asks. "A tiger?"

"I was trying to dodge a hospital. As a result, I spent weeks in the bush. When I finally tottered out, some friends in Ottawa looked after me a while. Then I headed for New York. I had been there once before—there and Palm Beach—on a quick dash over during a six-weeks' leave.

I HAD two hundred dollars when I landed in New York this time, and I decided I could afford a little luxury and moved into the Waldorf-Astoria. A few days later, I couldn't afford to move out. That was when I set the world's record in dual existences—working as a Chinese laundryman and living at the Waldorf-Astoria.

How did that happen? I nonchalantly walked into the lobby one evening to find about six Chinese, all jabbering to each other in front of the desk. The desk clerk, who was already suspicious of me—I was signing even for postage stamps by this time—said, 'Friends of yours, I believe? We had had my signature done by Chinese laundries, a different one each time, and they must have been unisoned; here they all were, after their money. I took aside the head Chinaman—the one I owed $65.90—and told him I'd work off the debts. That was acceptable. I had to get up at daybreak to light the fires in their places of business; then, in the afternoon, I was to run back to the Ritz-Royal of a friend of mine and drive up and down First Avenue, delivering bundles of wash.

"The next job was better. I bumped into Eddie Tathin, an old friend, who was head of a concern of wine merchants. Repell had just happened, and he was opening a New York office. He asked me to be New York representative, and at seventeen dollars, bought myself back to England. But before leaving, I staked a ten-dollar bet, which I lost, if I had some champagne of a certain vintage, 1926. Yes, I had. Could I send over some cases immediately, C. O. D., and take a check in payment? I said, 'Yes. The cases were piled on a truck, rushed over to the
restaurant. A man there was anxiously waiting for it, with a check. He asked the taxi driver to dump the load on the sidewalk; his own men would carry it in... What happened, after my truck left, was that another truck appeared, carting the cases away. The driver—I was stuck for $3,000—and left quickly.

"Then I ran into Lefty Flynn—my favorite man of all time. Perhaps you remem-ber him? I had run down in England. Together, we met a cowboy who had an idea. How about an indoor horse race? People go to see indoor bicycle races...."

"Well, that was a long and sad episode. I'll cut it short. We couldn't afford race horses, so, one at a time, we picked up day-by-day horses. And the day man arrived in our office—at 250 Park Avenue, no less—to tell us that all 120 of our horses were downstairs, tethered in the street. Traffic was blocked for miles; cops were cursing; horses were whimpering; people were fainting in the press of humanity. We had no stable, no place to put our horses... I rode them, at least until I could round up a barn somewhere, by sending them all down to a friend in Wall Street for the rest of the day. They snarled up traffic there for six hours, so I'm told.

"But, begad, we finally put on a show—at a big auditorium in Atlantic City—with both day and down horses. For press stunt, our cowboy friend rode one of the horses down the stairs of a swanky hotel into the bar. But there wasn't anyone there to see it, and even the hotel staff weren't much impressed. And it took two days to get the horse back up the stairs again.

"I WENT down to Bermuda to rest up from the headaches, and from there went to Cuba, hoping to get in on a little round up that was going on at the island. I made the elementary mistake of enlisting on both sides, and had to depart in a hurry, on board a boat that set me down at Cristobal. There I was going to catch a Japanese freighter named the Nankeen Maru, bound for England. But the night before I was to sail, I ran afoul of some kads from the battleship Oklahoma. After that slight debauch, I woke up on the Yangtsze Maru, bound for San Francisco.

"There's fate for you! When I arrived in San Francisco, some-what shaken in coffins, I phoned a friend of mine in Santa Barbara—Lydia Macy—asking if she and her husband could put me up for a few days, till I got my financial bearings a little, and I came along. I arrived in a bus. I had been there only two days when I had the greatest stroke of luck that ever befell mortal man.

"I looked out the window, and around the corner of a cove was steam ing the British battleship, H. M. S. Norfolk, which had been stationed at Malta while I was there. This was only three years later; then I was half afraid that the chaps knew were sailing her. I went on board, and there was the whole bunch. We had a terrific party. I woke up half-way back to California. Zounds! I would command the Norfolk, still in white tie and tails.

"Off Catalina, for a press stunt, they were having a meeting with the ship being used as a testing ground. But the passages were a little crowded—-you know, a comparison between British battleships of then and now. And thank God the press attended, or no one would have brought the newsmen out from shore, a bedraggled figure in a dress-suit was lowered from the Norfolk. Mr. Frank Lloyd, the director, laughed his head off, then took pity on me and drove me up from the port as far as the Metro gate. There he set me down—practically under the feet of Edmund Goulding, whom I had known in England."
Has Mary Astor Found Real Love at Last?

[MARY speaks, now, not of the past nor of dreams of the future, but only of the satisfying present. She is happy. She is at peace. She is not bitter, far from it. She was hurt but the hurts are healed. She is immensely grateful. She is grateful to the country which, during those embattled weeks when her career and the possession of her child hung precariously in the balance, wrote her and stood staunchly by her and for her. Because they knew, I think, being women, that under all the silly sensationalism with which public characters are coated in their private conflicts, there was, simply, a mother fighting for her child. Fighting, as mothers have always fought and will always fight.

Mary faced the possible loss of her career, head high. She couldn't face the loss of her child. She even planned, definitely, what she would do if her career should be taken from her. She figured her assets closely. She knew that she had saved enough money to see her through for a given length of time. After that, she would have to find work. She knew that she could not prove practicable, and remunerative, she would try professional modeling. She would be able to wait just long enough for her face to improve, and get a start in a new career, at the bottom. She wasn't afraid of work. Not a coward, Mary.

(Author's Note)  

"NO, I'm not afraid of work," Mary told me, gravely, very slim and young in a sky-blue coat and skirt, coppery hair, short now, bright in the late afternoon sun; facing the quiet lake with eyes as quiet, "I'm not luxury-minded, you see. I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth and never expected to have one put there. I am not one of those silk-clad, luxurious women whose happiness depends on cushioned limousines, expensive night-club life, yachts, breakfast in bed, imported models and the crown jewels of adornment. I can be just as happy in a $19.75 suit as I can be in an import worth ten times that amount."

"I don't need to be waited on and catered to. I can wait for myself. I can enjoy luxuries and pleasant living, of course—what woman doesn't?—but I do not demand them. They are niceties to me, not necessities."

"My father was, as you know, a professor of German. Professors of anything work very hard for very little. My mother, as you also know, had aspirations of her own toward being an actress and transferred her aspirations to me. So that, when other youngsters were playing paper dolls and cops and robbers after school I was taking art lessons; when my parents were listening to nursery rhymes and bedtime stories I was learning to recite yards of poetry. I grew up to believe that work and pleasure are two very close companions."

"I'm not afraid of being poor, either. I'm not greedy for fame. All women like to be the center of attention, of course. But it depends upon the kind of attention. It also depends upon the amount of responsibility that goes with it. If the burden is heavier than the bounty no fame, no stardom is worth."

"I've never been a star in my life, printed stories to the contrary. I've never wanted
to be one, I don't want to be one now. When studios have said to me, at different times: 'You start again. We'll get you for star billing,' I have demurred. I'm safer as I am. I'd rather have one good part, such as I had in *Dodsworth,* than to be the star of fifty pictures of lesser magnitude.

"I'd rather have the part I have, be a part of the magnificent production of David Selznick's *Prisoner of Zenda* than to have any other ever played. Zenda has a superb cast and I'm just one of the cast and proud of it. Which is exactly what I mean. *Zenda* will be billed, 'Ronald Colman in the Prisoner of Zenda with Madeleine Carroll.' And the cast, unfailing, will present the other names: Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., C. Aubrey Smith, Raymond Massey, David Niven, Mary Astor and so on, I play the part of the hero, the role that seems to me, could be brighter or better than *Dodsworth* and *Zenda.* I couldn't be any more content about my work.

"I am completely happy," Mary told me, "among my friends. We thought of going to Columbia for three pictures a year, with permission to make three other pictures a year for other studios, when and where and as one chooses. No one thought, it seemed to me, could be brighter or better than *Dodsworth* and *Zenda.* I couldn't be any more content about my work.

"And I am happy in my marriage, which was not," Mary smiled, "so quite sudden as one might have supposed. It was all very simple and normal. Nobody need to know, to us, very sweet. I met Manuel at a dinner party at Ruth Chatterton's. I don't want to say that it was love at first sight—let's leave that to the poets—but certainly we were immediately congenial and began, at once, to see a lot of one another, to go every-where together. It was, and it is, a con-tented and a happy companionship. There seemed to be something right about it.

"And we had planned to be married weeks, even months before we did marry. Manuel had even bought the ring. We were waiting only because we thought it seemed wiser to wait for a little while.

"So many misapprehensions," said Mary reminiscently, "got about. Such as the story of how Manuel was being an actor or wanting to become an actor. Which is ab-surd. The truth is that Manuel is Mexican, born in Mexico. His father was in the diplo-matic service and Manuel was educated in England, went to Cambridge there. When, following the death of his mother, he went back to Mexico he tried to get interested in a business career. In-surance, bonds, that sort of thing. He loathed it. Then Auriel Lee, who had long been a friend of the elder Manuel's, came to visit them. She was aware of Manuel's efforts to find himself in an environment he neither liked nor fitted. And she suggested that he go to New York, get a writing job in a studio. Which is what he did. Later, Auriel and Juan Duran advised him to go to Hollywood.

"He came to Hollywood last November. We met in December. We were married in February. And he is working now in the story department at Selznick's. He is not an actor. He never was an actor. He never had any desire to become an actor. The idea probably originated in a broadcast with Herbert Marshall. They needed a young man with an authentic English accent. Manuel has an authentic English accent. He went on to the Miss Bart for the one broadcast and that has been the little sum total of Manuel's acting.

"When Manuel knew that his father was dying he was distraught. There had been an unusually strong and affectionate bond between them. But it was only two hours before the plane took off that we decided to fly to Yuma and be married. We didn't tell a soul, not even Auriel Lee, who brought us together; not even Ruth Chatterton, my good friend, at whose home we met. The reason we wanted to keep it quiet was not because we had any romantic idea about a secret marriage—Heaven forbid—but because we felt it would be easier for Manuel's family if, just at that time, they didn't know.

"IT MIGHT have been wiser to have waited awhile. It didn't seem so then. We were in love, Manuel was lonely. When one is lonely and grief-stricken, one turns instinctively to the loved one for comfort and nearness. And Manuel, quite naturally, I think, turned then to me. (There, again, is the maternal in Mary, seeking and being sought.) "We thought, too, that it might be some time, much longer than it turned out to be. We got to be rather backfaggers. There was a comfort, an assurance in thinking that, however long the separation, there would be that bond between us. Just between us, no-one else knowing.

"The trouble was," smiled Mary, "we got our stories mixed. My last words to Manuel were: 'Deny it, even if there are rumors, they will only be rumors. Disregard them, and keep on denying it. I'll deny it, too.' I reached Los Angeles by plane before he reached Mexico City. And I was met by reporters and flummoxed by newspapers announcings our marriage. I saw at once that it was no use. Somehow, they had got it all correctly, down to the last detail. They had the time the plane left, the hour of the ceremony, everything.

"I don't know to this day," smiled Mary, "how they ever found out, but they did. I wired Manuel. The wire didn't reach him until some time after he got off the plane in Mexico City. And was met, to his amazement, by reporters and photographers. At first he didn't dream they were there to meet him. He looked at the other passengers, asking if there was any celebrity aboard. Then, when he realized that they were there to meet him, and still believing that they had got hold of a rumor and that I would be busily denying it in Hollywood, he denied it, too. So here I was affirming it and there he was denying it. And so the cross-purposes.

"But that, too, is passed away," laughed Mary as we strode indoors to join Manuel, typesetter silenced, in his book-lined den facing the lake. Dark and quiet and conserva-tive is Manuel, with deep-set intelligent eyes, a gentle courtesy of manner, the authentic English accent, all making a charming personality. One sees immediately, seeing them together, a very explicit bond, firm and fine.

"We live in the present now, don't we, Manuel?" Mary said, linking arms with him, "a day at a time. For this day, this very hour are sufficient unto themselves. I feel, now, that I am at last, cast in the right part—in my work—here at home—with Manuel and the baby and our plans to-gether—"

**S**MALL Marilyn ran in as I was leaving—husky and happy and healthy, forgetting me—not eyes bright and blue in the gold-spangled tan of her face. And I left them there, waving goodbye in the doorway, Manuel with his arm about Mary, Mary, with her arm around the child—Mary happy now, perfectly suited to the role she is playing, her whole warm heart and loving, gal-luir spirit in the part she was born to play.
It was my mother who used the spurs, lovingly but very firmly and—well, when Dad died he left more than a sizeable fortune. I would have gone on as he began, in my way, if it hadn't been for Frances—

"I thought he saw me as a boy, a kid. So did he, Joel, and I was bad. I thought I was doing okay and everyone was saying 'N.G.' if they bothered to say anything at all. I had about as much chance as one of six grains of sand, guess which!

"I vote just a kid, nice, I hope, who wanted 'in' in the movies. I had about as much experience in the movies as I had at the time, or anywhere else. Nor any apparent fitness for it. Unless there might have been strong currents of drama in the veins of my grandfather on both sides. My maternal grandfather, Albert Whipple, ventured West with the 'Forty Niners' and helped put San Francisco on the map. Odd, by the way, that my first real break away from being caddying was in a mug picture, that was in Barbary Coast. Could it be that Grandfather Whipple's stringent spirit was in on that? It's a thought. My paternal grandfather, Frank, fought in the Apaches with Gen. Phinnes Banning. It might be supposed that the grandson of those grand old fire-eaters could lick a make-up box and a wad of celluloid.

"ANYWAY, no one talked theatre in my family. No one thought about it. I didn't speak little pieces or face matches at myself in mirrors. I was just an average American family. I was just a freckled kid, tall for my age, mostly hands and feet and clumsiness. Just another kid who wanted to be a cowboy Monday and a conductor Tuesday, a cowboy and an ambulance-chaser Wednesday, and so on. But always a cowboy. Physical activity, that's where I was. I worked to be doing something. Selling papers, heeding housewives to take magazine subscriptions they didn't want, caddying, anything I could lay hands on. Any useful life—on the range—ranching—brono-hustling—hee-nee McCrea—that was little Joel's big dream. When I was fourteen I did drive a team on a ranch one summer. And knew then, that someday I must have a ranch of my own.

"These were all legitimate enough ambitions. But what could have made me suppose that I could be a movie actor? laughed Joel. He added, 'We'll have to put it down in the category of fantastic delusions, I guess.' When he was ten or eleven, Joel saw his first movie. First one he remembered, anyway. It was The White Rose, a Thomas Ince picture. Then came Where the High Winds Blow with William S. Hart—and Joel was on his way to the portable dressing-room on the Goldwyn set of Woman Chases Man where he and I were seated talking.

From the half-opened door of his dressing-room I could catch an astonishing glimpse of Miriam Hopkins hanging by her heels from the topmost branches of a nearby tree. A vision not exactly conducive to steady nerves. At any instant, I thought, Miriam may give life and limb for her Art. The next day she was to fall and sprain the muscles of her diaphragm and spend the following four days in bed. But—"that's nothing," said Joel, amused eyes following mine to where his partner in so many pictures was nestled daintily in his limb, "that's nothing to what goes on in this picture. It's a lot of fun, though, and should get its quota of laughs.

"SO, AS I was saying, I saw those Bill Hart pictures and thought: 'A cowboy, yessiree. But a cowboy in the movies where you get paid for it. Real money. And not only could I be a cowboy in the movies but I could also be a sailor, a soldier, a miner, a fireman, a riker. There were no limits to the adventures I might have—and would have. It was the new adventure that first made me want "in" in the movies.'

"I began to hang around locations. I'd get jobs leading horses for the companies making Westerns. I'd work for nothing. First horses I led were for Ruth Roland. She took a liking to me and passed the word that I was a nice lad and had a way with horses.

"Then, when I was fourteen, I met young Michael Cudahy, and we knocked around together. Mike knew everyone at the studios, at the box offices, everyone. He was a genius. He was also, Valentine, Wally Reid, Norman Kerry, Joel Gilbert, all of the grand old-timers. I sat at their feet, all right. To me, they were then what they are now, the most colorful people I had ever had the good fortune to meet. I've never changed that opinion. And I don't think I missed a trick. My brother was studying the oil business. He learned oil from men. All right, we shouldn't I study the picture business? And learn acting from actors? I'd watch everyone of the great stars carefully, not a single trick of manner escaped me. I'd make my mouth go like Valentino's, I'd try a Wally Reid laugh. I'd try to flash my eyes like John Gillette. They were my text books, my professors, my way to learn. I knew, I went to Pomona College and was a member of the Maskers Society there of which, later on, Bob Taylor was the president.

"I thought then, and I think now," said Joel, "those who have the especially people successful in your own line, whatever it may be, is the best school anyone can attend. Medical students watch famous surgeons operate, don't they? Well, I watched famous actors. I still make a practice of observing successful people. Not only actors. But doctors, bankers, lawyers, engineers. I make notes of their mannerisms, gestures, facial expressions, reactions to certain situations and emotions. So that, if ever I have to play a doctor, a lawyer, a candlestick-maker, or whatever, I make out my mental note-books and go to it.

"Yes, the method is good," said Joel, "but up to my coming-of-age some two years ago I supplied the method wrongly. I had educated myself; you see, to be an ape, not an actor. I copied, I didn't create. Now I don't just copy my models. I try to sift what I have observed through the sieve of my own personality. In other words," smiled Joel, good-humoredly, "when people come to me—and they do—and ask how-come I have changed, to which I attribute my success in the cinema, these here now past two years, I say and mean, 'I have begun to think.'
But when I first met Frances I thought
I was pretty good. That was what
meant, I thought. I was okay, I was satis-
fied. I was the only one who was, not? I was a leading
man. I was making sufficient money for my
needs. I was working steadily. Chances are
they would have let me go on as I was in-
definite. I certainly wasn't bothering any-
body. I swam and played tennis and rode
and went to the beach clubs and had a lot
of fun. I was big, physically, mean. People
seemed to think everything was swell.
What was the matter with me?

"Frances told me. We hated each other
when we first met, by the way. I thought she
was a lazy so-and-so. We were two forces, different-
ly geared. Frances is fiercely ambitious. She
is absolutely meticulous in everything she
does. She has studied with some of the best
coaches in the business. Frances has really
worked—but she didn't work then—that
was the difference. Frances didn't speak a
single word of dialogue until she has drained
the line and its meaning right through the
dragent of her own personality.

"Well, she told me off. She made me
realize, for instance, that I gave no shading,
no expression. When I play a part I think
'far love you' on the screen I said it the same
way no matter what kind of character I
was playing. When I played a tough guy, a
tough guy, with a sophisticated manner,
I only knew what I was doing. The
matter what fellow or under what circum-
stances I just said 'far love you' and that
was that. Good enough, too, I thought—or
would have done if I'd been thinking.

"Frances made me realize that I wasn't
taking any advantage of my size, nor of my
own personality, I didn't do things on the
screen with any finesse at all. I just turned
smile, smiled, and so on, enough, what
the directors told me to do and let it go
at that. I was lazy, Frances told me, plump
downright right. I took exception to that.
I always had worked hard, and I protested
that I wasn't shirking doing anything, being props if
necessary. I worked hard at meeting people,
the right people. I worked hard at being
popular. You know, it was hard—physically.
But mentally you are lying
flat on your spine, I was, too. She said
that if I didn't like acting that was all right,
too, you said, "You know, I was going to do it and
try something I would. But if I intended to be an actor, for heaven's
sake, to be one,

"I don't know anything about the character
you play,' she told me. That's the
matter with you. You don't feel your
characters. You aren't any character. You aren't
even yourself, Joel McCrea. Your own per-
sonalities doesn't come over. You are at-
tractive, really. It doesn't get across. You
have a charmingly peculiar your—every-
one has. It doesn't photograph. The instant
you walk into a room you put a shad on it and
behind that wall hides Joel McCrea and in
front of it las a shadow, eternally and
infectiously the same.

"That," laughed Joel, "was the kind
of talk I got. Right from the time we
first met on the set of The Silver Cord.
And I learned the one thing you
all the
away. And I've stayed awake. Frances
wouldn't let me go back to sleep again. Even
now, though she admitted I had improved in
Private Worlds and more so in Barbary
Coast, she says 'That was fine but—you
can do better.'

"It really was Private Worlds," said Joel,
"that first saw the phoenix McCrea rise
from the ashes of Joel McCrea. Greg La
Cava directed that picture, you know. And
he ditted Frances. He told me to relax,
to let myself go. And I did. He told me to
think about the character—me who had
never really thought about a character be-
fore. I marched it over. When I started to
scream, Joel, on first time, that I had
really stepped out of my shoes and into
character.

"Then came Barbary Coast. Frances and I
went over scenes together, at home. Not
the scenes in my picture. Just any scenes,
from an old script, from plays, anything.
We worked them out, battled them out,
argued them out. I learned to find the man
hidden behind the pages of the script. And
then Mr. Goldwyn, too, must have seen the
travails of the man who was learning to
think, to be his picture, in a long-term con-
tract. And here I am.

"Now I work and study. I realize that I
was, for years, like a man in love with
a woman and taking her for granted. In love
with her and not taking the trouble
to really know her, to study her reactions,
her infinite possibilities. I'd just loved
pictures and thought that was enough. Frances
made me realize that it was not enough.

"I think back and make use of the ex-
periences I have had. Of my work on the
ranch when I was a kid—of the time when,
I say, when I was in Panama on a ship. I read a lot—especially the bi-
ographies of famous men. Reading is the next
best thing to traveling, to getting under
the skin of living people. I'm kind of an
curiosity seeker, and Frances gave
me early contacts with locations and studio
people. I'd certainly advise any would-be
screen actor to get a job in a studio—any
job. Sweeping out sets is all right, just so
large as you can get around—and observe
experienced actors.

"People have asked me whether I
would advise a young actor to get mar-
rried. I would certainly advise them NOT
to get married until they are well on their
way. Too early marriage is apt to ruin both
the man and woman and not taking the trouble
to really know her, to study her reactions,
hers infinite possibilities. I'd just loved
pictures and thought that was enough. Frances
made me realize that it was not enough.

"All this may sound," said Joel, hands
classed behind his head, his expressive
length sort of hopping over the ends of the
nose. His dressing-room was which he was
dressing, "all of this makes me sound like
the presy of a correspondence school. Or as
though I take my work home with me, go
to bed with my grease-paint on. I don't have
ever been sure of two worlds, so completely do I step out of this work
when I go home.

"I do not make personal appearances for
the benefit of my wife, the babies, the ser-
vants, the horses or my mirror. We talk
shop quite a bit, of course, Frances and I.
Thoughtless enough we sometimes but I would
not only be a deadly bore but I would also
lose the sense of adventure for which I first
went into the business—and for the sake
doing which I remain in pictures. Because you've got to
love it," smiled Joel. "You can't stay in it for
the money or the glamour.

"The best part of traveling, you know,
is when you've been looking back on the expe-
riences you've had. The best part of my work
is getting out to the ranch week-ends, stand-
ing on those hills, with Frances and the
babies, or alone, and thinking back on that.
You aren't able to do such things as
incredible things during the past week.

"I still think about it, you see," laughed
Joel, "and that's the answer to the charging
in the leopard spots on the butt of a McCrea.
Spurred on by Frances, a few extra digs by
Greg La Cava, the confidence of Mr. Gold-
wyn, the brute began to think.
BE YOUR OWN MUSIC TEACHER

With Shirley In Kipling's India

[Continued from page 49]

been the singing, dancing darling! Here is an actress you can love! She proved it to Director Ford in the first few days of shooting. The scene was difficult and very long. A scene between the child and her grandfather (C. Aubrey Smith).

A FEW moments after the scene was finished—and lights were dimmed, John Ford was found in a corner of the stage, laughing until the tears were running down his face.

"That child beats me," he commented. "She knows what I want before I tell her! And she does it perfectly every time!"

Perhaps he was really laughing—but the other eyes which had watched Shirley were dim—and there had been audible clearing of throats when the cameras ceased grinding!

This is the most elaborately-invested production in which Shirley has as yet appeared. At an isolated spot in the rocky Santa Susana Mountains, forty miles from Hollywood, nature has provided a geographic replica of India's famous Khyber Pass, where much of the action takes place.

Over an area one mile square, Kipling's foreground India of 1898 has been reproduced. Crude stone look-outs of fierce Pathan warriors: a two-acre parade ground; twenty-two buildings to form the British army post: a native mountain village and forts—they are all here, made into reality by Hollywood magic.

Perhaps Mr. Kipling didn't order the poison-ivy which infests this region. Nor the periodic flights of planes, airport bound; nor the whistle of the train in the valley below. But these are matters which are dealt with efficiently.

A corps of labors look after the ivy—standing by watchfully that the unformed don't touch it. The cameras are timed to stop when the whir of wings sound, or when the train breaks its mournful plaint.

To Shirley this longest location schedule is heaven! Twenty-five days on location meant only one thing to her—twenty-five box lunches, to be eaten out-of-doors in her trailer or perhaps, a glass of milk never tasted like this in her bungalow on the lot. The only fly in her ointment is that teacher is along. The moment a scene is finished—there are the books waiting to be read. There is her penmanship; there is arithmetic to be learned.

Geography, of course, is a lot easier. India is on the schedule at the moment—for wisely she is taught history and geography in correlation with the locale of her picture currently in production. It becomes a painless and fascinating method of absorption of learning. And explains in part why Shirley is two grades ahead of her age-group.

With every new picture, tales to the Hollywood Saga of Shirley are added. Wee Willie Winkie is no exception. Jack Pennich, a retired British army man, relates with awe that it took Shirley exactly six hours to learn the British Manual of Arms.

"And I have seen grown-up soldiers take six weeks to master it—and they couldn't do it half as well as Shirley by then!"

It took only two days for Sgt. Pennich to enlist in the service of a child. For years he has been handling the training of men for difficult army maneuvers for Ford productions. "Teach a girl?" he exclaimed, when the idea was suggested to him. "Nothin' doin'!"

But he finally capitulated—and now he considers her his prize pupil—and practically nothing will stop Sgt. Pennich from talking about Shirley! He is captivated!

Woo Willie Winkie has brought to Shirley her most important possession—a kilted soldier's uniform, which she wears during the major portion of the picture. It is complete with khaki jacket, sporran, white spats, Kilkenny hat. The first time Shirley tried on the uniform in the studio wardrobe department, she did her persuasive best to obtain her mother's consent to wear it to lunch at the studio cafe.

Later, when the company went on location, Shirley pleaded for the privilege of wearing the uniform home each evening and back to the lot in the morning. Instead of changing into a dress. The first night she was permitted to wear her kilties home, she carefully laid them out on a chair beside her bed. Just before her mother turned out the lights, Shirley looked at her and said:

"I'm going to close my eyes right away because when I wake up it will be time for me to put on my uniform again."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is still the amazing, the miraculous child who brought the world to its feet with her first picture. With the same charm, the same directness. To her, acting is still a game—and director, crew and company conspire to make it continue so.

Wee Willie Winkie promises many surprises. First and foremost—a new Shirley Temple, a greater child-actress, with new laurels for her already laden brow, definitely in order. Twentieth Century-Fox has surrounded her with a superb cast—Victor McLaglen, C. Aubrey Smith, June Lang, Cesar Romero, Michael Whalen, et al.

But most important of all, young Miss Temple, recently eight, has had the most fun in her full career while making it! She has had twenty-five days on location and a kiltie uniform to wear!
Franchot Tone was not allowed to have his friends or his business associates on the set. Franchot, who is almost vicious in his love of honesty, was incensed.

"I had heard that Miss Hepburn objected to visitors on the set," says Franchot. "And I could appreciate her feelings. It is very hard for someone to stand in front of strangers who stand and stare. When several friends of mine wanted to drop by and see me, I asked Miss Hepburn if she had any objection. She was charming in assenting—those days when Franchot hadn't heavy dramatic scenes to do. I never had anyone around. When I had to see interviewees, they came to my portable dressing-room. After they got their story they left the set again. There never was any argument at any time."

One day Joan Crawford visited the set and Katharine Hepburn, who was supposed to have the afternoon off, waited around to welcome Joan. It so happened that a few nights previously, Joan's latest picture had been previewed at Long Beach. Over the phone Joan pleaded with Franchot to ask director George Stevens if Franchot couldn't get away a bit early. Joan even threatened to send George Stevens a bouquet of flowers if he wouldn't let her in. George agreed. Joan went Joan one better and agreed to quit early if Joan would deliver her flowers in person.

Joan, who is a great admirer of Hepburn's work, did not want to bother her. She selected a day on the advice of Franchot when Hepburn would not be working. Joan and Franchot celebrated their first wedding anniversary, they received a huge basket of flowers from the entire Quality Street company. Franchot learned from someone on the set that Hepburn who thought of it, went to the trouble of ordering it and including the names of the entire cast and crew when she made her gift.

Every day at a certain time, tea was served to the entire company. Hepburn saw to it that every man on the set had his cup of tea and piece of cake. Instead of ordering the cakes from the studio commissary, Hepburn had them baked specially and brought from home. When they were working on location out at Malibu Lake, Hepburn had her servants bring lunch from home for all the principals in the company. As there were over a hundred people working at the time, it was impossible for her to serve them all. But when she heard that the truck that was out on the way out with the rest of the lunches had broken down, Hepburn insisted that she have her servants to set the table or her lunch to be served, until everyone on the set could sit down and eat at the same time.

There are few besides Franchot who can speak as intelligently and authoritatively on Katharine Hepburn. But there are those who have come in contact with her, and who have had her loyalty. The script girl for example, who worked on one of the earlier Hepburn pictures. Recently, when the star heard the girl could not afford a necessary operation she was packed off to the hospital the very next day and received the finest medical attention.

There was the time when RKO studio club tried to put on an entertainment that would net them enough profit to purchase suits for the baseball team. Franchot heard about it and the check she sent was so generous it was more than took care of the club's needs and saved them weeks of labor.

One day, while working on Quality Street the weather was very bad, Franchot Tone and George Stevens were talking while the boys lined up the first shot. Hepburn arrived on the set wearing a snappy new raincoat, made of special material and smartly tailored. Stevens eyed it keenly and expressed his admiration for its style and color. In less time than it takes to tell, Hepburn had wired her tailor in New York, and a coat to Stevens' measurements was on its way out via airmail to Hollywood. While Hepburn is on tour with her current stage venture, Jane Faye, the same wardrobe woman who handles her studio clothes, is serving the star in similar capacity. Before she returns to Hollywood to start her next picture, Hepburn is planning a trip to Europe. If she goes, this same wardrobe woman will go along—with a double raise in salary. When she comes back to Hollywood, Hepburn will see to it that the same crew who has served her so faithfully, will work with her again.

Speaking of the crew, there are very few sets where the star of the picture is addressed by her first name. With few exceptions, most of the boys who have known Hepburn over a series of pictures, refer to her as "Kate." She is considerate, friendly and even kids back and forth with them when her mind is more or less at ease. One day she was having a friendly argument with Argyle Nelson, her assistant director. En-joying herself hugely, Hepburn humorously chased him around the set. Suddenly, quite by accident, he caught her coat and a lamp and a huge hunk of the coat was ripped away. Hepburn went right on having fun, but a few hours later one of Hollywood's exclusive tailors was on the set, measuring Nelson for a new suit.

FRANCHOT TONE, who has many times been misunderstood himself, has been asked by many why Hepburn isn't friendly toward more people and why there are so many varied and different opinions about her. To all these questions Franchot just shrugs his shoulders and dismisses their importance with a wave of the hand.

"Katharine Hepburn is one of the most talented and sincere actresses I have ever worked with," he says. "Just as everyone has at some time or other, had weird and unfounded stories circulated about them. I had heard that Miss Hepburn was difficult to get along with and her sets the most unpleasant to work on. If she has the reputation for being severe, it is only because she is such an enthusiastic and honest worker and she has to believe in the things she is doing. I never once saw anything but the most profound respect for our director, and I never saw any demonstrations of anything that wasn't courteous and kindly at all times. Down to the most unimportant member of the crew, there was an unwavering loyalty for Miss Hepburn. I hope someday to have the pleasure of working with her again."

"What'd ya mean, false alarm! It's delicious shredded wheat and strawberries!"

Big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits, dipped with red, juicy strawberries—it's the grandest flavor that ever put out a three-alarm call to appetites.

"I just remembered we're hav- ing shredded wheat and strawber ries for lunch."

Dive into this delicious dish tomorrow morning — get its energy-building carbohydrates, vitamins, proteins and mineral salts!

"An' why didn't ye say it was shredded wheat and strawberries ye was runnin' after?"

Calling all housewives! Go to your local grocer today! Order in a supply of this favorite breakfast of millions!

When answering advertisements, please mention July Motion Picture.

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hop in, Miss Lang," said the driver. "She shouldn't walk in this hot sun."

At the cale door she was welcomed by the manager, who announced and brought to the table two gaily-colored Easter eggs. "They're my first," she crowed. "Bunny forgot to stop at the house. Aren't they thrilling?"

And the manager beamed at her and the eggs, as if they had both been his own handiwork.

She is like a child, too, in that the whole world thrills her. She stands at the threshold of life, marveling at the treasures tossed into her lap—Easter eggs and a job at Twentieth Century-Fox, her peach and green bedroom, a trip to New York, chocolate ice cream and the chance to play Shirley Temple's mother in *Wee Willie Winkie*.

"Isn't it thrilling?" she cries, her eyes like blue stars, before a gazing glass.

She was twelve-and-a-half years old when she started her struggle to look as if she'd lived. She'd been taking dancing lessons from the age of five, and when her parents moved to Los Angeles, she entered the Meglin dancing school. She loved to dance. She didn't much care about school.

"I'm not going to need all these things," she kept telling herself impatiently. "I'm going to be a dancer. I'm going to be up all night and sleep all day. I don't want to know what Columbus discovered or America. I won't need to do any arithmetic. My mother's going to take care of all my money. My mother's the best cook in the world, too. Why should I burn my fingers?"

Opportunity knocked. A revue was being put on at the Mayan Theatre. They needed dancers. You had to be eighteen. "So my friend and I decided to go down. We bought high-heeled shoes and practiced walking around, so we wouldn't wobble. We bought dresses we thought were grown-up. Mine was a canary yellow silk—nothing could look younger," she recalls with scorn.

"And to make it worse, I had a little cape tied under my chin, very coy-like, instead of getting something really sophisticated."

On the first day three hundred girls walked across the stage and did a time-step. Each day some were eliminated. Each day she heard the glad words: "Come back tomorrow." June would run home and call from the door: "Still in, mother."

"When I ran home the last day and told her they'd taken me, she just couldn't believe it. And, oh, it was such a thrill. I had to leave school and go to professional school. And we bought our first old Ford—one of those things that sits high up in the air. But we loved it. It was so much better than busses and streetcars. And we had such fun. Mother—" she confided, with what seemed an abrupt change of thought, but wasn't really—"Mother's so young she looks like my sister. And my father looks like my boy friend. Really he does."

For two years she worked in the line, busy and happy. She continued to be interested in her age, and though, occasionally, someone would quirk an eyebrow at her and say: "Come across, little girl. Tell the truth. You're not eighteen, are you?" still they didn't believe Shirley Temple. "Leroy Prinz, who directed the Mayan Revue, teases her about it now. "I don't know why I ever kept you, Junie," he says. "You were such an infant."

"And that's a very kind way of putting it," June tells you, blue eyes brimming with glee. "I was simply a wonderful, pretty, bouncy, funny, giggling kid, really. I didn't look like anything at all. Guess it was just my lucky break."

One day a girl rushed into the dressing-room where June was making up. "They're testing girls for Young Sinners over at Fox. Let's go and try out."

June wasn't keen about it. She was going to be a great dancer. The movies didn't interest her. Besides, she was doing four shows a day.

"Oh, come on, June," her friend pleaded. "It's in between shows. They can't do any more than throw us out."

Which was just what happened to the girl friend. But John Blystone, the director, picked June. And remembered her flowerlike face and sent for her again. And thought she went back to the chorus because calls, her passion to be a great dancer and a dancer only cooled a little. "I couldn't help making comparisons," she said. "And really how my movies were. So many nice people around, and you talked to them, and sometimes—" mischievous gleam from under her lashes—"sometimes you worked."

One night her mother told her that Mr. Blystone had phoned again. "Another extra job, I suppose," said June. But over the phone Mr. Blystone said next day: "I've been talking to Mr. Fox and we want to make a test." June squealed.

"We're not promising anything, you know," he warned her.

The day after the test was made she waited in suspense. And the next day. And the next. A week passed, and there had been no call from Fox. Needing comfort herself, June sought to comfort her mother. "Just one of those tests," she grimaced. "I've heard about them."

A girl at the phone rang. "We want you to come over and sign a contract," Mr. Blystone told her. The phone dropped from her hand. "I didn't hear right," June gasped to her mother. "But her mother grabbed her hand. "Just one of those tests, huh?" she cried. "Come on, let's go."

"It was so wonderful," breathes June, face dreamy with memories of the first really "terrific" thrill of her life, "I had to tell them my real age then, and mother felt so ashamed, because, of course, I had to admit I'd been fibbing. But they were sweet. They just smiled and said, 'Well, we thought you weren't eighteen.' I went to school on the set and worked extra and stood near the cameras and learned what to do and how to do it—getting paid for it all the time."

Her nose wrinkled like that of a gleeful baby under the delusion that it's put something over on its elders. "Then they cast me in little parts where I'd say, 'Hello, father,' or something silly like that. And Mr. Sheehan was kind enough to have my teeth straightened. Which was a great blessing. Only," she added solemnly, "it proved to be my downfall for a long time."

"They cast me in a picture called *Music in the Air*. I was so thrilled to play with Gloria Swanson and all those glamorous stars and to have my name on a chair—that was when they changed it from Vlasek to Lang. But still I kept thinking: 'Oh, dear, I'll have to take my braces off,' and I'd keep
June Lang keeps her figure trim by playing a neat game of tennis. And isn't that little gingham suit neat?
after all and asked him to come back. And he did. And they changed the role the way he wanted it—and now George has spun to new screen eminence in that tousle-haired, un-slicked-up role as a wartime German trader that's the biggest surprise and the finest work of his career to date.

Yeah. You've read all that, and you're sick of it, because it's old, old stuff by now. And you want to know just what sort of a guy this George Raft is anyway—this George Raft who looks like a racketeer's gunman and talks like a Haywood senior; this George Raft who looks like he could toss off third-rail red-eye straight but drinks pop instead; this George Raft whose eyes bore red-hot holes in a guy he hates, and melt the hearts of girls he likes.

O-kay, then. Here he is. Here's the things he was and the thing he is; here's the things he likes and the things he doesn't.

Here's what he thinks about George Raft and about women. Here are his friends and his intimates. And if you don't know and like George Raft better for having learned these things then I'm all haywire—because I do: I never liked the guy before—but after knowing him, I do. One can't help it.

FIRST, get his background: He got that railroader's look from his mother. She was Italian. What's mixed with it came from his dad. Pop was German. Both ma and pa were pre-Hitler and pre-Mussolini.

So George is a mixture of old-world German-Italian old-world Italian. And that was dumped by Ol' Doc Stork right in the middle of that toughest quadrangle in the New World—the Hell's Kitchen-district of New York.

George isn't a big guy today. He certainly wasn't a big kid. And little kids get the hell knocked out of them in sections like Hell's Kitchen, usually. The tough bullies and the kid-riders of his block went to work on George early. The day he first came out with his hair parted like he parts it today, they gave him the works. They gave him what's called the "dutch rub." It's an unkindly administered scalp massage that all but rubs the hair off a kid's head, and its main idea is to convince a kid that his playmates don't think much of combed hair.

The first tough kid that gave George the "dutch rub" got a bust in the eye from the Raft lad. That surprised and hurt the bully. The second one tried it and got the same dose. After that, nobody tried it, and ever since, George has worn his hair that way.

Now I tell you that story to illustrate one thing. It began then, and it's followed George ever since. Superficially, he looks like a little, easy-to-ride guy that can be bullied around. It's been tried often, since. It's been tried by strangers who didn't like him, and by producers who thought they could tell George off. But always, George responded to their assorted "dutch rubs" with the same sort of sudden violence that astounded the plain folk. He has always accomplished the same effect. That's why George is sitting pretty in Hollywood. We'll skip the rest of his background now. This is no biography. And anyway, I've told you all that matters in knowing George. The rest of it is George, today.

TODAY, he's a movie actor that looks like a pattern, but who can't be fitted into any pattern Hollywood knows. He doesn't think or talk or drink or eat or play Hollywood style. While the Hey-hey boys of movieland are flocking to the newest nite club and trying out the newest cocktail, be it the Duke of Windsor "abdicator" or the "C," he is able to make one go on his dole.

But there is a trick because one can't stand after three, George sits on the sidelines and orders Sarsaparilla, straight. And strawberry sodas.

"Sure, I don't drink liquor," he told a提问er who intimated that non-drinking smacked of sissiness. "I don't think it shows manliness. Besides, I don't like the way it tastes. I like ice cream sodas much better, but they don't make 'em the way they used to. They put too much fancy stuff and whipped go on 'em, instead of a squirt of syrup, a blob of ice cream and lots of fizz water." And he tells 'em how to make a real soda, but doesn't know or care what's in a new Sunset-stripper called "the Academy Award" because it makes consumers think they're Paul Muni's.

That non-drinking trait of his has led to other required demonstrations of his non-sissiness. Hollywood has learned that George, kidded beyond decency by a visitor from the badlands, has taken said visitor out into the parking lot next door and parked him under a movie star's Rolls-Royce. George knows how to use his fists. He used to do it for a living.

And it's in his attitude about women and love that George deviates most startlingly from the commonly held old-world Hollywood concepts . . . George, you see, is that rara avis of modern life, that Believe-It-Or-Not entity in Hollywood—a one-woman man! He not alone preaches it; he practices it.

"I DON'T see," he says, in so many words, "how a man can have what he calls his permanent girl, and at the same time go stepping out with a row of others. Yeah—I know it's good for a lot of publicity in the gossip columns and in the candid camera sections to be seen stepping out with a new and different Hollywood type every night.

But how can they do it?—I mean, not only personally, but what about the picture of Hollywood that it creates . . . Listen here: during my life, I've lived in tenements and in what's quaintly called palaces. I've worked in night clubs and fight clubs. I've hooved vaudeville circuits. I've seen more LIFELIKE than ninety per cent of the people in Hollywood. But I still can't figure out their ideas and attitude on love!

"I don't see how a man can love one woman, and at the same time, play the field!"

George himself loves one woman. George is NOT playing the field. The woman is Virginia Peine. He has loved her for years. Some day he hopes she will marry her. He has been cherishing that hope for so long a time that Hollywood, which loves to talk about its stars and their women, doesn't even mention it anymore. Hollywood just takes it for granted that some day, the way will be cleared for George's final and legal separation from the woman he has not lived with or even seen for years, although she is legally Mrs. Raft. Then George will fulfill that "one-woman" love of his, and marry Virginia Peine.

And it won't be until then that the "except" in the beginning of this article will be wiped out. I said he had everything he could ask of life except Virginia. Not
The girls take to swimming like a duck to water. Marjorie Gateson, Irene Hervey and Anita Louise having a ducky time in the pool at Sunset Plaza. But, what about the boys, don't they look well in bathing suits or are they afraid of the water?
California, Here We Come!

[Hollywood! Here you will be escorted through the almost sacred portals of one of the greatest studios in the world by representatives of Fawcett Publications. Paramount has opened its gates to you! Here you will be personally entertained by the filmland's great, for the program gets under full swing the first day you set foot in town. After a tour of far-famed Beverly Hills where the beloved Will Rogers waits once more, you will be turned over to the dazzling Basil Rathbone as his personal guests at a cocktail party. Basil has invited all his friends, so you will see all the stars on "dress parade" at the home of their friend. After the party, you will go either to the Canton broadcast or to Grauman's Chinese Theatre for the show. Monday is a bigger day yet, for then you will be the guests of Paramount studios for luncheon, then later to Jimmy Gleason's for a party. Then once again be comes guests of Paramount studios for a private preview within the studio walls ar ranged especially for you! Thence to bed for a well-earned rest. Tomorrow, you will visit Max Factor's famous studio. Then Tuesday nite comes the grand finale, for you will all go to the swank Wilshire Bowl for a grand party under the personal direction of Warren Hull, the golden-voiced star of the screen and radio! Here you will dance and dine with the stars, for Warren has promised to be our master of ceremonies in a grand party, this year, we met and mingled with such famous stars as Jean Harlow at the grand finale party. So once again, we urge you not to miss this opportunity of a lifetime, if you have not filled in the coupon, do it NOW! There is still time left for you to get your application in if you HURRY, HURRY.]

Fat Girl Laughs and Grows Slim

Without Starvation Diets, or Back-breaking, Bending and Rolling Exercises.

Here's a way to get rid of ugly fat that works hand in hand with Nature. Millions of people are losing millions of pounds of flabby flesh and getting back slender figures, without the need of starvation diets or back-breaking exercises.

Medical science has discovered that one of the causes of too much fat lies in a little gland. Doctors correct this condition by feeding this little gland the substance it lacks—and Marmola Prescription Tablets are based on this same method. Millions are using them with success. They are prepared by a famous medical laboratory. Their formula is published in every package so you know what you are taking.

So don't waste time and money with starvation diets or back-breaking exercises. Go to your druggist today and get a box of Marmola. Try this simple, easy way to get rid of excess fat.

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?

Now Comb Away Gray This Easy Way

Gray hair is risky. It screams: "You are getting old!" To end gray hair handicaps all you have to do is comb it once a day for several days with a few drops of Kolor-Bal, sprinkled on your comb, and afterwards regularly once or twice a week to keep your hair looking nice. Kolor-Bal is a solution for artificially color gray hair, it imparts color and charm and abolishes gray hair worries. Grayness disappears within a week or two and users report the change is so gradual and so perfect that their friends forget they ever had a gray hair and no one knew they did it to it.

Make This Trial Test

Will you test Kolor-Bal without risking a single cent? Then, go to your drug or department store today and get a bottle of Kolor-Bak. Test it under our guarantee that it must make you look 10 years younger and far more attractive or we will pay back your money.

- FREE Pen of KOLOR-BAK today and send top fin of cotton to Uniform Beretser, Dept. 277, 544 So. Wells Street, Chicago—while supply lasts.
- AND POSTPAID a 25c box of KUBAR Shampoo.

Did Gray Hair Rob Them of $95 a Week?
good thing—he didn't want to lose me!

"Since then I've been about the best cus-
tomer those air lines have. Once I made
four trips within a fortnight because I was
called back here for retakes. And the re-
takes lasted three hours... The last time I
went they were having a taxi strike. There
were guards on my taxi with—what do you
call 'em?—billy sticks. But in spite of that,
some of the opposition faction attacked
our machine. For a few minutes I crunched
on the floor and prayed with all my might
that Roger would get a contract in California
so this would be the end of The Traveling Ad-
ventures of Annie. And just a short time
ago I received word that he is coming! He
opens next month at the St. Francis hotel
in San Francisco for an engagement. Well,
at least that's closer home!"

"Oh, I admit I've been lonely. Terribly
so sometimes. I bought a new radio
just so I could get a clearer reception of
Rog's program. And I've sat in front of it
alone and listened and felt bluer than indigo.

"But my favorite pipe dream is having
Roger working right here at home! We're
building a house, you know, and maybe it
will have some potent effect on making the
dream come true..."

She always takes charge when a disaster
occurs, no matter where it is—at the
studio, at home, on the highway... Last
summer on the road in front of her beach
cottage there was a terrific accident. Cars
plowed up on one another and Annie arrived
on the scene as general pandemonium was
breaking loose. "You can bring the injured in
here," she directed. "And you, boy, cut
off that ignition! Do you want the cars to
burn?... There's a doctor a half-mile down
the road... And Marie." (to her colored
maid) "Bring me some clean towels
quick!"

Queerest thing about Annie—how calm
she is in the face of Big Happenings and how
she screams over Little Ones! The other
day at RKO she had to remove her wed-
ding ring for the first time in sequences for
her latest picture, There Goes My Girl. She
gave it to Marie and Marie slipped it care-
fully into her pocket and went down to the
commissary to get a cup of coffee for Miss
Ann. When she returned the ring was gone.
It means more to Annie than any possession
she has ever had or ever will have, but she
only said quietly, "Don't cry, Marie. It
will turn up somehow." And it did. A wait-
ress in the commissary found it and brought
it back.

But an hour later when she discovered a
small bow misplaced on her dress—whee!

Everybody looks at Annie when the
ice cream man appears on the set. She
gives a little signal and as quickly Marie
opens up her big, black purse in which she
carries Ann's trinkets and change, and buys
'em all one.

Annie collects recipes from the prop men,
knits sweaters for their babies—and heaven
help the person who'd say a word against her
in their presence! They love playing jokes
on her. For example, there's the rocking-
chair of hers. She always has it right there
on the stage, a high-backed, old-fashioned
rocker, and how she can rock in it! Not
long ago they put grease on the bottom and
Annie skidded right into the lap of a visit-
ing Admiral's wife!

And while she was over at Twentieth Cen-
tury-Fox on a loan for Fifty Roads To Town
she had a birthday. It was Norman Taurog,
the director, who told me about it. He
chuckled loudly, remembering—"What a
day! We rigged up Annie's dressing-room
on the set like an old shack. I don't know
how we managed to dig it up so much truck
but there was even a wooden horse tethered
to the door. And the crew solemnly pre-
sented her with a striped blue-and-white
flame night gown of the vintage of 1890!
You should have seen Annie's face when she
walked in... Then we pulled another gag
on her. She had to shoot a gun off in the
picture and I told her to go out and prac-
tice because she's scared to death of fire-
arms. Well, she shut both eyes and pulled
the trigger on a blank gun—and aísted
rabbit fell at her feet! One of the electricians
had dropped it from the catwalk..."

And Annie, who enjoys a joke as much as
anyone in the world, proceeded to take both
rabbit and nightgown to show Roger in
Chicago.

And in case you don't believe us, here is Annie holding up her dear little flannel
nightie and the rabbit, to boot. She seems to like horses, too, the wooden kind!

Why They Call Her Annie

[Continued from page 43]

When Answering Advertisements, Please Mention JULY MOTION PICTURE 89
Claudette Tells of Herself

[Continued from page 28]

reason why she is always refreshing. But really, this was going mildly anarchistic. When a girl becomes a star, she is supposed to concentrate on meriting a large slice of awe. She is supposed to create an illusion that she is in the innermost mysteries of glamour and pose. If, by any chance, she should mention acting, she is expected to discuss it as an art, as a career—not neglecting to hint that simply staying up at night, perseverance alone has made her an actress. She is never expected to intimate that acting might be anything but a serious business.

And it is important to be in the direction of this line. To dramatize it and glorify it—in a modest way, of course. To do that, she naturally emphasizes the obstacles she has encountered en route. Unconsciously, she omits the fun she has had. That is not dramatic enough, illustrative enough of a tussle with the fates.

She forgets that the fun that she has had, more than anything else, explains why she is where she is, and what she is, today. The amazing thing is that everyone else also forgets. Everyone. But Claudette. She has a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes and a talent for frankness even with herself. She can't forget.

It all explains a great many things about Claudette. Her naturalness, which is even more noticeable off-screen than on. Her lack of complexes about Art with a capital A, despite her winning of an Academy award. Her ability to veer from costume drama like Maid of Salem to sophisticated comedy like I Met Him in Paris, and being believable all the way.

Claudette isn't one to dwell upon success secrets. She has no belief in any magic formulas. But she does believe in hunches. And one of her most persistent hunches is that she was born to it. And when she marrying, it is, if she hadn't had so much fun on the way. She admits it. And she also admits, with a smile, that it is time to admit it.

There are stories about her, the sad struggles of girls who have become actresses. Why not tell the other story that can be told? And Claudette does tell it, on herself.

"If you wanted to believe all of the success stories that you read, all actresses were destined to be actresses, from the cradle forward. Even when they were very young, they had terrific urges for dressing up and play-acting. As they grew, the urges grew—until acting careers became practically inevitable.

"But I wonder! I wonder, because I didn't have those urges, and I know others who didn't. As a youngster, I gave nary a thought to the stage, or the screen, so far as a possible destiny was concerned. I was realistic about myself even then. I had absolutely no illusions that I was a breathing beauty, whose face would be a fortune, to which she was born to it. And that all actresses had to be breathing-tifully beautiful.

"The first acting I ever did was at Washington Irving High School in New York—a little Irish play with one thousand students. And then I was shoved into it, on the promise that I'd have some fun. I wouldn't have had the nerve to go into it on my own. I went to Washington Irving to study costume design, with the definite idea of becoming a money-maker when I was finished with school. I had no halmy dreams even about that. I never aspired to the higher things, like designing clothes for famous women. My aim was to draw magazine covers some day.

"When I was shoved into a one-act French play, and then a comedy written by an instructor in the English department, I didn't have the urge or the nerve. The acting was just a bit of school fun. It appealed to me as fun principally because all the other girls would be looking at me. However, in those days, it was simple as all that. Elegantly, I'd be the center of some attention. Everybody likes to be the center of attention—one in a while. My aim was to draw magazine covers some day. I suffered from a shy complex in those days. How I suffered! I could never get up in front of a class and recite. I would go completely blank. I always had a moment or two behind something, to have any public poise. And being behind grease-paint and footlights gave me my chance. Then I didn't feel so conscious. Then standing up in front of people was fun."

BUT the idea of a stage career never occurred to Claudette Colbert. She was from Washington Irving with the intention of going on with my art work. I was economies-conscious. I more or less had to. It was up to me to be self-supporting as soon as I could be—and costume design looked like the soonest way. That is, until I was given another push toward the stage. I could never have got there by myself. I didn't have the urge or the nerve.

"I was tutoring another girl in French—again, with the idea of making a little money—and she knew a playwright who was working on a hit play. She pushed me into a 'bit' part in it. That first play was a lot of fun because I was living in a new, existing world. I had never known anything of the stage, nor had I any ambition in that direction. Now, suddenly, I was backstage, actually part of the theatre myself. I loved it—not because I felt that it was my destiny, but because it was really very exciting. And then I became a little star. I was in the first act for three months; I could have been home by nine o'clock. But—every night I stayed to the very end. I could not have given you as much fun. (There's that word again!)

"Even then, the idea of an acting career didn't occur to me. As a matter of fact, I had a guilty conscience about postponing my art work. My father wanted me to go to the New York School of Applied Arts. But I have always had strong hunches about the stage. I liked the stage, and those stocks and race horses. I had the feeling that that money would be wasted. 'No, no, no,' I'd say, 'I'll go back to Washington Irving and take a post-graduate course.' And I thought I meant it."

NO IMPENNING urge to act kept Claudette Colbert on the stage. What kept her there was the job.
all like to act, when we can enjoy acting. And nothing but experience can give us technique.

"In my first three years on the stage, I must have been pretty terrible. I had no technique, certainly. I didn't know why I should do this or that, or when, or how. I didn't know the first thing about timing. But at least I had the chance to learn, through experience. I was lucky to have that chance.

"It was never long between jobs. I can't explain that now. It certainly wasn't because I was an actress. Perhaps it was because I wasn't career-mad. The theatre was such a strange new world to me that I couldn't be hard-boiled about it. Maybe I had a fresh, unnaive eagerness that sold me as an ingénue.

"One of the jobs was in Chicago, a bit in a play with Leslie Howard. He gave me an amusing tip. He told me that Al Woods, the producer, went for British accents. I should cultivate a British accent, and then cultivate Mr. Woods. I tried it, actually got in to see Mr. Woods (much to my amazement), sprang the accent on him, and told him of all my experience on the London stage. He signed me to a contract... I was fired three days before the opening of the play. But I almost got away with it. And trying was unquestionably fun. It almost convinced me that I was an actress.

Then I did a play for Brock Pemberton—The Marionette Man, opposite Ulrich Haupt. He had just come over from Europe and had already made a terrific success in one play. This was to be his first starring vehicle—and, poor man, he had to draw me as leading lady. The play had its tryout in Washington, and the critics laid me out in lavender. But Haupt was magnificent about it. He told me what was wrong with me, in the gentlest possible way. At that time, it was my voice. It was very high, too.

"I took time out for a month of voice lessons, and only a month, because I couldn't afford any more. I studied with a former star in a musty, dingy, picture-filled studio in the Metropolitan Opera Building. She made me 'soloistic,' for the first time in my life. Between us, we brought my voice down two pegs in one month.

"It's a harrowing experience, to be panned, or to be fired. Or to go to Chicago on a contract that you think will pay you $200 a week, only to discover that the company is 'cooperative' and you earn $16 the first week, while your hotel bill is $58. Or to play to an audience of eight people, and hear your voice bounce back at you from the empty seats. Experiences like that can be dramatized for 'struggle' effect. But why should they be?

"All things counter-balance. Acting has no more heartaches, and no fewer, than any other profession. And it must be far more fun to look at the old actors who are still clinging to the fringes of the theatre, half-starving, principally because they're rather act than do anything else. But, I assure you, acting is much more fun when you make money."

AD she thought of movie-acting at all during the next three years? She could hardly avoid it.

"I wasn't so movie-conscious myself, but my father was a terrific picture fan. He couldn't understand spoken English awfully well, but he understood written English perfectly. And he loved symphonic music. His idea of a holiday was a visit to one of the picture palaces.

"But I had no connection with the movies. I knew no one in them. The only connection—and this is funny—was when my mother's chiropractor. He pounded the spine of some independent exhibitor. He sent me to see this man, and this man took one look at me, and said, 'You'll never be a success in pictures, because of your face.' Those were his exact words.

There is a legend that Frank Capra, for his direction of Claudette in It Happened One Night, is responsible for her success today. Claudette, the first picture she ever made—a comedy number entitled For the Love of Mike, opposite Ben Lyon—was directed by the same Frank Capra. They both laugh about it today.

"That was when I went through the experience with the make-up department. They did have a time with my face. I went through everything Gaylor went through in A Star is Born, and then some. And developed an inferiority complex about my face that I had for years. I had to act for two pictures, and they cancelled the second."

Later, on the stage, she scored a hit in The Barker. Around came the movie moguls again, again offering the chance to make pictures in Long Island City in the daytime, while stage-acting on Broadway at night. She and the movies had both learned much since their first encounter. She accepted. One of those pictures was The Lady Lies, first of the sophisticated talkies.

"And I was scared to death of Hollywood! I don't think I really began to have fun until the end of my fifth year. And then I had the biggest thrill I've ever had as an actress. I went around the world on a freighter, and in China, a perfect stranger said, 'Hello, Miss Colbert.' Six thousand miles from home I had been recognized. That really got me. From the beginning right up to now, acting has been a lot of fun. Much more fun than heartache. I don't think I'd be anything now, if it hadn't been... ."

—Pearls by Hellet Delahe

Anita Louise's complexion is not unlike the beautiful opalescence of the string of pearls adorning her throat.
From Syntax to Cinema

[Continued from page 50]

the kind of artistic guy he was—and is. But not all sissy-fed. Don't get us wrong. He made a fine (senior manager) of the basketball team, and then to balance things, performed as a member of the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet. His life was that of the typical first-rate, A life that is multiplied by thousands, annually, in every American college town. But a paralyzing Depression is not annual, although it may stretch over a span of years. His classes were caught in the backwash of the Great Drout that started in 1929. They knew that they would graduate into a world that had no use for their sheepskinned talents.

Howard, thinking it over, figured that one more year at WRU would make him ready to teach. He didn't know, at home, that funds were low. That, daily, his father and mother were having sleepless nights when they would have to tell their only child that he couldn't finish his senior year. If he had known these things, the youngster would have been more deferential to Paramount's talent scout, and famed Oscar Serlin, when that gentleman singled him out after a campus theatrical performance, and asked John if he didn't want to make a screen test.

To this day, Howard's refusal ranks as his major dramatic experience in a life that has rippled peacefully along. The drama came in the nick of time for him at home. He wouldn't be able to finish his course. He couldn't, then, be an English professor. Swallowing his pride, he wrote to Mr. Serlin, saying that he had reconsidered the talent scout's offer. Was it too late? It was not. Between June and September, 1934, Howard left school, took a film test in New York, arrived in Hollywood.

With him came Poppa and Mommie Cox (John's father is an agent for a theatrical equipment firm), and seventy-five ducks. Not live ducks, but porcelain ducks, Dresden ducks, celluloid ducks, glass ducks, majolica ducks, eiderdown ducks, wooden-carved ducks, Pekin pottery ducks... none over six inches. As proof of the upturn in John Richard's finances, it was all "ducky" not excluding his hobby.

The hobby started innocently one Easter three or four years ago, John concedes. He sent the girl-friend an inanimate reproduction of a flat-bottomed waterfowl of the Anatis fama (see Webster's) and she returned the compliment in kind. Well, that started it. As the romance flowered, the ducks took wing.

Ducky as his hobby is, his romantic life is beginning to give young Howard a bit of trouble. As attractive as John is with his open-collared sports shirt, his pipe, his level shoulder line, his dark hair, and his reticence, women are bound to fall in love with him. And vice versa. He has already been rumored enamored of Margo Mary Taylor, Eleanor Whitney, Andrea Long, and S. The latter looks like Heads Woman (to us). One of the ladies is reported to have received daily orchids from him. "Not on my salary!" he snorts in quick denial.

But the scholarly John is also something of a mystic. Life, when it catches up with mystic, frequently runs roughshod over them. John, until one bright morning re-

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at a Hollywood hotel. Next day, on the third floor, hot, where he's making *Woman Chases Man*, Joel was told that a man named Workman wanted to see him. Curious, Joel went up to the room. It was not until then did he recognize Workman as a lad he'd met in Hawaii, five years ago, and loaned ten dollars. The $16.50 check, Nathaniel explained to Joel, was repayment of the ten-dollar-loan, plus interest. This time, Joel accepted the check.

**Payable In Advance**

NO PIKER is W. C. Fields. Recovering from his long illness, the comicker wasn't well enough to join friends Gregory LaCava and Leo McCarey in their annual trip to Del Monte for golf. But Fields mailed them a check. "To cover my usual losses," said the note he sent with it.

**Gadge & Giggle**

BETTY FURNESS received a new bracelet charm from boy-friend Johnny Green. It was a tiny gold figure of an old man in a bathtub. Highly confused as to its symbolic significance was Betty until Johnny grinned: "Well, you're working in *The Old Soak*, ain'tcha?"

**Film Trailers**

W ITH summer here, Hollywood has gone trailer conscious in a big way. Trailer owners include: Leo Carrillo, who has named his *La Cucaracha* (uhhuh, the cockroach) and fitted it with four berths, electric refrigerator, and Mexican Atmo-sphere. At the christening, Leo borrowed a bottle of champagne over it... Wally Berry, Hollywood's most confirmed trailer addict. In it is a storage cabinet for Wally's guns and fishing-tackle, a full-size cabinet radio, and even kennel space for four hunting dogs. Atop it, he carries a collapsible boat, with outboard motor... Doria Dudley has called her trailer "The Dud." Because, she says, everything always goes wrong with it. Its outstanding individual characteristic is its scarlet-and-white color scheme, with potted geraniums at the windows. Neatest gadget in it is a miniature soda fountain, that works... Clark Gable has converted a station wagon into a hunting caravan. It's fitted with all manner of simorbidish appurtenances... King Vidor uses his trailer not for fun, but for work. It's fitted up as an office. Also a working-trailer is May Robson's. In it is her dressing-room.

**Wild March Heir**

F R E D R I C M A R C H ' s young adopted son set Beverly Hills into a furore the other night. The youngster, to play a prank on his nurse, hid behind the nursery door. So well did he hide that the servants called the police, sent word to the theatre where March and wife Florence Eldredge were playing, The entire Beverly Hills police machine was put to work—special details sent out, radio warnings broadcast to find the missing or kid-napped child. Half frantic, Fredric and Florence arrived home, burst into the nursery—found their little son gurgling in high glee over all the excitement!

**Jimmy Takes It and Likes It**

IT TOOK a child's mind to put over a fast one on wise Jimmy Cagney. Accepting a formal invitation to dinner at the Phil Regan home in Pasadena, Jimmy and wife carefully obeyed the written instructions to wear full evening attire, wondered why the Regans had suddenly gone so formal.

When they arrived at Regan's house, the Cagney's found no dinner party. Phil and his wife weren't there. The only formal note: "You're invited to dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Phil Regan, 470 S. Broadway, Monday, March 15, 7:00 p.m.

The Regan's are expecting to have formal invitations to their home this evening. They have been invited to several formal dinners in the last few months." Jimmy and wife were the only ones to arrive.

**There's A New Thrill To Skin**

When cleansed with this amazing beauty treatment

EVERYWHERE women are saying about the thrill of smooth skin, wrap your nostrils aroundlavena. This is the first beauty treatment that leaves the skin unbelievably soft, smooth and alluring. It is called Lavena, and it works such beauty wonders because it is utterly neutral in action. For, while Lavena removes every trace of dirt and make-up—it does not dry the skin as do virtually ALL alkaline cleansing methods in use today.

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**Knows All**

YOU don't know your Hollywood chatter unless you know that the most talked-about manifestation currently is The Ghost of Hollywood. That's the whimsical title that's been [Continued on page 94]
selected by a certain woman fortune-teller, whose chief claims to fame are (1) blue hair, and (2) an amazing ability to reveal the innermost secrets of Hollywood in her fortune-telling. Talk of Hollywood is whether the woman is just a good psychic, or whether she's got an inside "pipeline" to supposedly intimate secrets of the stars.

Jolly Home-Whimsies Of Stars

I N HER new home, Helen Vinson has installed these trick invisible electric rays at the entrances to the plate-glassed shower-bath cabins. So all one has to do is step in and the water starts; step out, and the water stops. No faucets. To make it hollywood, the temperature of the shower is controlled by electric thermostats, so the bathie neither cooks nor freezes . . . at her new home, Irene Dunne has three rules: (1) all string is saved and rolled up in big balls, (2) everybody must wipe his feet on the welcome mat at the door, (3) rain or shine, all second-floor windows must be kept open. Just a card, Irene! . . . another magical-home installation is in Irene Hervey-Allan Jones' home. Only there, it's not at the shower bath; it's two feet from the door between dining-room and serving pantry, on both sides. Servant, carrying food, needs not push the door. Irene figures she'll save the cost in dish breakage, food damage . . . swimming pool stunts; Brian Donnelly's is so close to the house that he can dive into it from his bedroom balcony.

Shiny Badge and All

D ON'T get tough with Lewis Stone, anywhere in California. Because no matter what county he's in, he's a deputy sheriff there. You see, recently the Sheriff's Association of California held a convention at Palm Springs. Lew served as master of ceremonies at their entertainment program. In reward, each sheriff of every county made him a deputy. Trouble is, says Lew, that he has to wear so many badges now that he sounds, when walking, like the kitchen range falling downstairs.

Papers And Magazines, Too?

A STICKLER for comfort is Connie Bennett. Because for commuting between her dressing-room and the Roach studio stage where she's starring in Tapper, she had fitted up a trailer, complete with electricity, dressing-room facilities, and plumbing . . . Aye, a stickler for comfort is Connie.

More Hollywthngs

LUISE RAINER takes her own salad dressing to restaurants with her . . . for Bette Davis' birthday, hubby Harmon O. Nelson hired a bingcrosby telegraph messenger boy to sing Happy Birthday to You under her window at 6 a.m. . . . when a chorus girl at 20th Century-Fox fell, broke her ankle, Bill Robinson carried her to his car, drove her to hospital, paid the bills, and then got mad when someone revealed his kindness . . . Melvyn Douglas imitates a Japanese house is boy when he answers his phone.
Hollywood Loves Its Fights

[Continued from page 35]

The Marx Brothers are probably the Legion's best customers. They roll up with parties numbering anything from ten to twenty, or even more. On a recent night, I saw Chico gesticulating wildly to Alan Hale, who, with Conway Tearle, was one of the original ringsiders way back in 1925. Alan points to the black corner; Chico to the white. Chico holds up five fingers. Alan nods. Settlement will be made later at the Tropicadero.

One of the most hilarious evenings occurred when the (at present) champion of the world, one James J. Braddock was elected to put on an exhibition bout. Mr. Braddock appeared in the ring with a goodly roll of fat round his midriff, and the case-hardened Hollywood ringsiders settled back in their seats, politely resigned to boredom throughout four rounds of mild callisthenics before the main event. A Hollywood fight crowd cares no more for "exhibition bouts" than any other crowd, even though the world's champion is an accomplice thereto.

However, before the "bout" begins, a little, athletic gentleman hops into the ring, removes his coat, and, opening a Grand Canyon of a mouth, announces in a whisper, that he is the self-appointed referee. The crowd, anxious to be rescued from its doldrums, and loving Joe E. Brown, perks up, and gives him a welcoming roar.

The "boxing" starts. It lives up to expectations. It's terrible! Towards the end of the round, Joe steps in to break an affectionate cuddle. The champ gives him a playful pat, which Joe takes big. He staggers back against the ropes, and collapses. He manages to pull himself up, and grope his way to the champion's corner, where he brings himself to with the combined aid of a water bottle, a sniff of smelling salts, and a towel. At the bell, he comes out fighting, giving himself several punishing uppercuts and right crosses. Finally, with a great exhibition of pluck and endurance, he manages to knock himself out! The crowd is in hysterics, as Joe raises his own hand in token of victory, and then rushes over to shake hands with Braddock, who, during all this time, has been the forgotten man. (I've forgotten where his opponent was.)

BILL (BOJANGLES) ROBINSON is another inveterate ringsider. When the stadium ticket office receives a call, "Please reserve a couple for the Post Mascot," they know it is from the great tap dancer-actor. Two or three years ago, one of his best friends was made a colonel of Hollywood American Legion Post Number 43. You may have guessed who it was. If you haven't, it was Shirley Temple. After the semi-wind-up, everyone stands up for a stretch. Over there is Pat O'Brien, with his wife, Eloise. She is looking over the two main "eventers" who have just climbed into the ring. She makes her choice. Pat nods. He always gives her the choice. And if Eloise is as good a picker as Pat, it will be poor Pat who pays.

He seems very nonchalant about it, as he leans his elbows on the edge of the ring, waves his hand at George Burns and Gracie Allen. Who knows? Maybe Pat has inveigled Gracie into a bet on the good-looking palooka with curly hair?

Down at ringsides, is the KNX (The Voice Of Hollywood) CBS microphone, presided over by Gary Breckner, who does the blow-by-blow description, and Bill Lawrence, who adds the color between rounds. Bill turns to Jack La Rue, and asks him to tell the radio audience how he likes the Italian boxer in tonight's fight. Jack would like to tell the truth, but that "CBS" stops him, when he considers that he might be talking to women and children. Meanwhile, Gary has spotted Charlie Ruggles, and Bill passes the mike along to get the Gospel according to Mr. Ruggles.

Several seats away, Gary's eagle eye catches Jean Harlow, who slides down into her turas, hoping to dodge the mike; but Gary has such a way with him that Jean, laughingly, obliges with her expert opinion that, "It's going to be a swell fight tonight."

Another "victim" is Jack Benny, who shoots something snippy into the mike concerning George Jessel.

I happened to be there the night that Mae West was asked to send her greetings to her friends in Alaska. She complied, and really went into her act, inviting them, one and all, to "come down some time."

When the Legion fights get under way it's Gary Breckner who gives the blow-by-blow account of socks delivered by the palookas who palook each other every Friday night.
"Beauty has little to do with it, and youth doesn't matter... because women have learned to be..." well, read for yourself in

**July Screen Play**

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Just what the luscious Harlow has to say about the changes taking place in modern romance.

**July SCREEN PLAY**

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10 CENTS
Our Own Winners

The votes are in for the Screen Star Popularity Contest. Taylor wins!

The votes have been counted in our Screen Star Popularity Contest which was conducted in the March and April issues of MOTION PICTURE—and Robert Taylor has been elected the favorite star. Over 30,000 votes were cast, and Robert Taylor came in first with a total of 3,157; Clark Gable second with 2,768 and Shirley Temple third with 2,537. They were followed by Greta Garbo, William Powell, Claudette Colbert, Nelson Eddy, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Errol Flynn, Norma Shearer, Fred MacMurray, Jeanette MacDonald, Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Kay Francis and Myrna Loy—in the order named. Full details of the prize-winning entrants and the winning stars will be published next month.
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This dainty new vanishing cream does both

Perspiration wetness is as chilling to hearts as perspiration odor. TABOO completely disposes of both, by actually stopping the perspiration. Keeps underarms perfectly dry . . . keeps them absolutely odorless . . . freshly sweet. Neither stains nor otherwise harms clothing.

And what a delight it is to use . . . for it's a delicately scented, pure-white vanishing cream . . . smooth as the cream you use on your face. Completely absorbed by the skin instantly upon application, where it remains for days the guardian of your charm and the loyal friend of romance. Obtain TABOO at the better toilet goods and drug counters anywhere . . . fifty cents. Introductory size at all 10c stores.

DREAMS COME TRUE WHEN UNDERARMS ARE DAINTY

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Good digestion at sea too! Clear-skinned, radiant, Mrs. Ogden Hammond is a vision of charm and well-being. "Camels certainly help digestion," she says, adding, "I've smoked Camels for six years, and they never get on my nerves." Throughout the dining rooms of the Conte di Savoia, Camels are much in evidence. Smoking Camels speeds the natural flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids—so indispensable to mealtime comfort!

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