<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Month</th>
<th>Event Details</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jan 1936</td>
<td>Cmt’d 29-30, 43-44, 45-46, NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Feb</td>
<td>NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mar</td>
<td>Cmt’d 31-32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apr</td>
<td>On d 21-22, NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May</td>
<td>NBC</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June</td>
<td>On d 23-24, NBC</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE STORY BEHIND THE STANWYCK-FAY BREAK-UP
A Great Human Document
By Adela Rogers St. Johns

PERFECT CAMERA FACE
BY DOROTHY S.
A Revealing N.
A Star You'll P.
MRS. SAMUEL L. BARLOW of Philadelphia, Pa., and New York City, Socialite . . . ardent horsewoman and dog lover . . . traveler . . . international hostess . . . collector and interior decorator. Her husband is a brilliant composer.

AN INTERNATIONAL HOSTESS
OF Charm and Distinction

Mrs. Barlow considers Listerine Tooth Paste as much of a luxury in its small way as the antiques and tapestries that adorn her gracious homes in Gramercy Park, New York City, and Eze, on the French Riviera.

"It seems that we have always used the products of the Lambert Company. Naturally when Listerine Tooth Paste came out we were delighted to find that it came up to the usual high standards expected from such a conservative old company. I particularly like the clean, exhilarating feeling it gives to the mouth after using—it reminds me of a fresh wintergreen berry picked off the ground in a New England pasture."

It is significant that men and women who could easily afford to pay any price for a dentifrice, prefer Listerine Tooth Paste, made by the makers of Listerine. Obviously, the price of 25¢ could be no factor in their choice. They are won to it by its marvelous quality and the quick, satisfying results it produces.

Nearly 3,000,000 men and women have discarded old and costlier favorites for this better dentifrice.

If you have not tried it, do so now. See how much cleaner your teeth look. See how much brighter they become. Note how wonderfully clean and refreshed your mouth feels after its use. Remember that here is a product in every way worthy of the notable Listerine name; at a common sense price. In two sizes: Regular Large, 25¢ and Double Size, 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine
TOOTH PASTE
Large Size 25¢ . . . Double Size 40¢

Mrs. Barlow considers her carved coral jewelry one of her most valued possessions. The photograph, of course, does not do justice to its beauty and delicacy.
BEGINNING with the FEBRUARY issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, the TENTH OF THE MONTH will be the red letter day in the life of every person in America interested in motion pictures.

For the TENTH OF THE MONTH is the day PHOTOPLAY goes on sale.

In every way the new PHOTOPLAY strives to be head and shoulders above all other magazines in its field. But primarily—it strives to bring to intelligent movie fans THE BIGGEST NEWS STORIES from Hollywood—and to bring them FIRST!

With this new publication date PHOTOPLAY will offer news and pictures which other film magazines cannot present.

Buy the new PHOTOPLAY on the TENTH OF EVERY MONTH and see for yourself. Watch for the cover of Ginger Rogers on the February issue, on sale January 10th. Remember the day!
THE FUNNIEST PICTURE SINCE CHAPLIN'S "SHOULDER ARMS"

And that—
If your memory is good...
Was way back yonder!

We've gone a long way back
We admit.
But then, consider what
"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA" has—
And you'll see why
We feel safe
In making
This comparison.

It has
The Marx Brothers—
Groucho...Chico
And Harpo—
Every one of them a comic genius,
And together the funniest trio
That ever played on stage or screen
In this
Or any other country.

And it was written by
Two famous comedy dramatists—
George Kaufman
And Morrie Ryskind
(George is the fellow who wrote
"Once in a Lifetime",
"Merrily We Roll Along",
And Morrie collaborated
With George on
"Of Thee I Sing" and other hits).
This is their first joint job
Of movie writing.
Their stage successes were
Laugh riots—

Imagine what they do
With the wider range
Of the screen—
And three master comics
To do their stuff.

Then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Put $1,000,000 into
Making this picture.
Yes, sir! One million dollars
For ninety consecutive minutes
Of entertainment.
Which,
So our Certified Public Accountant says,
Is $12,000 worth of laughs
Per minute (and that, we think,
Is an all-time high).

And lest we forget,
That new song—"Alone"
By Nacio Herb Brown
And Arthur Freed
(The tunesmiths who gave you
Five happy hit numbers in
"Broadway Melody of 1936")—
And there's lots of
Music and romance
For instance
Allan Jones' rendition
Of "Il Trovatore"
(Watch this boy, he's
A new singing star)
And watch
Kitty Carlisle—
She is something
To watch!

"A NIGHT AT THE OPERA"
Starring the
MARX BROTHERS

with KITTY CARLISLE and ALLAN JONES - A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by Sam Wood - Story by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Perfect Camera Face (Beginning a Revealing Story of a Star You'll
Recognize) .................................................. 14
The Story Behind the Stanwyck-Fay Break-Up .................. 21
London Letter—Special Delivery ................................ 24
Martini—Perfectly Blended .................................... 26
Fame, Fortune—and Fatigue ................................... 32
The Private Life of Fred Astaire (Second Installment) ....... 34
The Awakening of Joan Blondell ................................ 45
I've Got a Feeling You're Foolish ............................... 46
Face Down (Hollywood Murder Mystery—Fourth Installment) 52
Photoplay's Memory Album ................................. 55
Pick the Best Picture of 1935 ................................ 59
The Most of Every Moment .................................... 60
We Cover the Studios ....................................... 69
The Midnight Ride of Robert Montgomery .................... 74

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures ............................ 6
Boos and Bouquets .......................................... 8
Close Ups and Long Shots ................................... 11
Photoplay's Cartoon of the Month ........................... 13
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood .............................. 28
The Shadow Stage ........................................... 48
Photoplay's Own Fashions ................................... 61
Grace Moore's Formal Dinner Table ......................... 72
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop ......................... 76
Word to the Fashion Wise ................................. 81
Ask the Answer Man ......................................... 82
The Facts of Hollywood Life ................................ 101
On the Spot News .......................................... 103
Addresses of the Stars ....................................... 113
All Hollywood's Playing This Game ......................... 116

On the Cover—Norma Shearer, Natural Color Portrait by George Hurrell

IVAN ST. JOHNS, WESTERN REPRESENTATIVE

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernard Macfadden, President Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Business Offices, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 129 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $3.00 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $3.50. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1935, by Macfadden Publications.
Frank Fay, Winnie Shaw, Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin think children should be seen and heard too, when they are as cunning and entertaining as little Carol Lee who turned Frank Fay’s Vod-vil night at the Trocadero into a riot.

From Robert Taylor’s stern visage one might suspect that he bet on the wrong team when he took his Mother, Mrs. Ruth Brugh, to the Polo matches at the Riviera.

Randolph Hearst, Carl Brisson and Matty Kemp are the three lucky lads who escorted Mary Carlisle to Hollywood’s preview of “Ship Cafe”.

Gracious little Arlene Judge takes a bow after a preview of “Ship Cafe” and finds out that a popular actress must be hand in glove with her public.
Above, a jolly old informal evening at writer-supervisor Carey Wilson's home. Back, the host, Arlene Judge (Mrs. Wesley Ruggles). Mrs. Wilson (Carmelita Geraghty). Front, Paulette Goddard (Where's Chaplin?), Wesley, Jean Fenwick

Above, George Raft and Virginia Pine and little Joan Pine arrive back in Hollywood after a brief trip East. And it looks as though Joan fared very well

Left, Polly Ann Young, youngest sister of Sally Blane and Loretta Young (Sally eldest), with Carter Hermann, Polly's soon-to-be-hubby

Above, Eddie G. Robinson arrives home from New York and is met by his family. Eddie brought his son a gun. The Little Caesar in him!

Right, an impressive trio. Center, Irving Thalberg, M-G-M head, and wife Norma Shearer, with Howard Dietz, M-G-M executive, writer of "At Home Abroad." Broadway hit
M-G-M’s “Last of the Pagans” is an authentic idyll of that idyllic land, the South Seas. Featured are Lotus Long and Mala

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal. — Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O’Connel succeeds in making this comedy of two “lonely hearts” who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont-British. — Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, roving as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

ALibi Ike—Warner. — Ring Lardner’s famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (Oct.)

ACCENT ON YOUTH—Paramount. — A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall, the playwright in his fortes devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Philip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M. — The old divorce question all over again, with David John Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal.—A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough hobo suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

ALICE ADAMS—RKO Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington’s story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shames. (Nov.)

ANNABELLE—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo makes this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Garbo sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Paramount. — A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO Radio. — A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring b-ham. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Dec.)

BARBARY COAST—Samuel Goldwyn. — The story of San Francisco’s disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season’s noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as Old Arroyo. (Dec.)

BECKY SHARP—Pioneer-RKO Release. — In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray’s leading character in “Vanity Fair.” and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the cunning flirt. Excellent cast. (Aug.)

BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount. — An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount’s annual extravagant Revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M. — A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limerhouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O’Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Dec.)


BLACK SHEEP—Fox. — A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the foils of lady thie Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BONNIE SCOTLAND—RKO-MGM. — Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont-British. — A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

BREWER’S MILLIONS—United Artists. — Jack Buchanan and Lilli Damita in a fairly entertaining musical comedy version of the familiar story of a young man who must spend millions in order to inherit a still greater fortune. (July)

BREAK OF HEARTS—RKO Radio. — Performance of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the “Don’t miss it” list in spite of a rather thin modern-Under- dills love story. Excellent support by Joan Beul, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal. — Boris Karloff rises from the flames again to seek a mate and one is created for him. Lots of chills, and a new high in fantastic horror. Good cast. (July)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National. — Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warner. — Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a capable who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Alphonse Monjo and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

CALL OF THE WILD—20th Century United Artists. — A vigorous, red-blooded screen version of Jack London’s novel that you are sure to enjoy. Clark Gable, Loreeta Young, Jack Oakie, Reginald Owen, and the great dog Buck. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]
Come Adventuring with "CAPTAIN BLOOD"

The buccaneers are coming!... in Warner Bros.' vivid picturization of Rafael Sabatini's immortal story of the 17th century sea rovers. After two years of preparation and, according to reliable Hollywood sources, the expenditure of a million dollars, "Captain Blood" is ready to furnish America with its big holiday screen thrill.

What with great ships, 250 feet in length, crashing in combat, with more than 1000 players in rip-roaring fight scenes—with an entire town destroyed by gunfire—this drama of unrepressed hates and loves, the story of a man driven by treachery into becoming the scourge of the seas, is superb beyond any screen parallel.

And the cast is just as exciting as the production. First there's a brand-new star, handsome Errol Flynn captured from the London stage for the title role; and lovely Olivia de Havilland who brilliantly repeats the success she scored in "A Midsummer Night's Dream". Others in a long list of famous names are Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Rosalind Russell, Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Henry Stephenson, Robert Barrat, and Hobart Cavanaugh, with Michael Curtiz directing for First National Pictures.

To do justice with words to the fascination of "Captain Blood" is impossible. See it! It's easily the month's grandest entertainment. And Warner Bros. deserve our thanks for so brilliantly bringing alive a great epoch and a great story!
Photoplay Magazine awards a total of $35 for the best eight letters of the month. The $35 is distributed in this manner: $15 first prize, $10 second prize, $5 third prize, and five $1 prizes. There are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players, pro and con. Photoplay Magazine reserves the right to use letters submitted in whole or in part.

FIRST PRIZE—$15

WHEREIN THE FAULT?

The fault, dear producers and writers and directors, lies not in your stars but in yourselves that moving pictures are mediocre.

Far from needing genuine talent, even great talent, among those whom you call stars, you have found in them such an abundance of it you are grown arrogant, wasteful, spendthrift. The time has come when, if you are to successfully compete with your old and new rivals, you must conserve talented star material.

In the past you have starved fine talent with poor story material, poor construction, poor direction, poor and cheapening publicity. You are obsessed with the theory that the public wants continually new faces, whereas the public really wants—and will not be satisfied until it gets—the newness of growth, a new facet in the familiar.

Your primary need is excellent writers—not new star material. A poorly conceived and constructed story can ruin the greatest talent.

Having carved out a superior writing tool, there is the need to study your director if you would continue your progress. His is the role of a musician who waves a baton before an orchestra: he is not a writer or a producer or an actor or a photographer, although he may know a great deal about their work.

Fortunately for you, your photographers know their jobs, and know them thoroughly. They are years ahead of your other workers in skill and artistry. One sees moving pictures in which one sits and looks at the pictures, finding them fascinating. You must catch up with photography.

Virginia Woodall, Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE—$10

HUNTING THE STARS

We autograph hunters are funny people—who can admire a star for years, but when that star refuses us an autograph for no reason at all, it is something we cannot forgive. I have seen many, many stars since I have been autograph hunting, and believe you me, they have gained and lost fans.

One of the first Hollywood celebrities I saw, was Miriam Hopkins. She let us run after her about five blocks before she'd sign, muttering.

When John Barrymore was approached, he refused, got into a taxi. I jumped on the running board and pleaded with him to sign just one autograph. Well, what greeted my ears I never shall forget! Elia Barrie sat coolly back and looked at me with daggers in her eyes.

But most of the stars are very gracious. Rudy Vallee, for instance, is generous and considerate.

Claudette Colbert received the Academy Award for her work in "It Happened One Night," and we autograph hunters would like to hand her our own special award. A pledge that we will always go to see her pictures and support her in every way.

And that goes for Grace Moore, too.

Bing Crosby is probably the most nonchalant actor on screen. When he was in New York a few years ago, he introduced us to his dog. It's typical of Bing in the name he had given the dog—Figgie. Another Academy winner is Clark Gable. And let me tell you, girls, Clark is "tops."

Fred Astaire, like Bing Crosby, is very nonchalant about his success. But we're not nonchalant about Freddie's wonderful personality.

And there you have it. By now you must know that my favorites are those who are nice to autograph hunters. My favorites are: Grace Moore, Nelson Eddy, Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, Rudy Vallee, Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, and Shirley Temple (everybody's favorite).

Shirley Touster, New York, N. Y.
THIRD PRIZE—$5

"GRAN" BECOMES YOUNGER

I am a girl eighteen years old, living with my grandmother. "Gran" is the sweetest old lady! Last summer I took her to the first movie she had ever seen. It was certainly wonderful to see how happy she was over it.

She talked about it so much that I told her I would take her to a movie every week.

Since then, we two have gone to at least one movie every week. "Gran" is so much happier and is always looking forward to our "movie night."

After seeing a picture, she seems so much younger and seems to have so much more to live for that it is surely fun to take her to the movies.

G. R., Mt. Pleasant, Utah.

doubt greatly that they could be quite so adorable.
At any rate, we should be grateful to the motion pictures for making us realize, as photographs and written articles alone could never do, how completely appealing small girls can be, besides stimulating our interest in all children everywhere.

I do hope the movies will give us many opportunities to watch the development of these adorable infants, because I know that all their millions of admirers will be anxious to know how they all "turn out."

MARY CRAIG, New York, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE

TO THE LADIES!

Has anyone noticed that, although the most exciting phrase in any language is said to be: "It's a boy!" the world's most interesting and famous children at present are all girls? I refer, of course, to Princess Elizabeth of York, Shirley Temple, and the Dionne Quintuplets. All of these young ladies are known to us through the movies; and while it may be that a group of boys in the same situations would be equally interesting, I

$1 PRIZE

DON'T INSULT STARS!

Movie fans, praise your stars. Criticize them but don't insult them, because if a certain star is not perfect to you, he or she may be to a million fans, and just think what will all those fans say about you?

What do you say?

ANNA LOZOYA, Los Angeles, Calif.
A GIRL YOU KNOW

might have been trapped by this new underworld terror!

Like the girl next door... or at your office... the Loretta of this story never dreams that crime will strike her... until one cruel night she is hurled into the machine-gun fury of a nation-wide manhunt... her loved ones threatened... her life endangered!

Frantically, these people struggle. And YOUR heart beats to THEIR horror, THEIR hopes... for suddenly you realize, "This can happen not only to a girl I know... THIS CAN HAPPEN TO ME!"

SHOW THEM
NO MERCY!

A
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION
PRESENTED BY JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
with
ROCHELLE HUDSON
CESAR ROMERO • BRUCE CABOT
EDWARD NORRIS
The plot of this little story is one of the oldest ever. But as I witnessed the incident myself, and as it throws a new light on an important star, I hope you'll like it.

In "Jubilee," the Broadway stage hit of the season, Mary Boland plays a Queen. (You are never told what country it is that she rules but you don't have to be very bright to figure that it's England.) The curtain rises on the Throne Room, with Their Majesties greeting the annual presentation of débutantes.

The King is a nice old soul, beaming on the pretty girls. The Queen bows with royal politeness, but it is obvious that she is very bored with it all. The debs back out. The music blares forth, and dies. The royal couple are alone at last. Whereupon the Queen reaches beneath the throne, whips out a copy of Photoplay and settles down to enjoy herself.

It is an incredibly amusing scene as Mary Boland plays it. In fact, she gives the whole production such bounce and verve that it is heart-warming fun, every moment of it. Bear this in mind, for it is important to what I am relating here.

Well, the other night when my friend, Frances Marion came back from England (you'll find her delightful report of that visit on Page 24 of this issue), I decided to make a second visit to "Jubilee" and to go around back to thank Mary Boland for showing the world that Photoplay is the one magazine that a Queen really enjoys (rah, rah!).

The final curtain had just fallen as we invaded back stage. As we entered Miss Boland's dressing room, we could dimly hear the gay music from the orchestra pit playing the laughing audience out of the theater. And there in that dressing room sat the star, still in her glittering trappings and bright make-up, and with great tears flooding down her cheeks. She stopped, abashed, at sight of us, all gala in our evening clothes. In an instant, she was graciousness itself, bustling around, finding us chairs, making us more comfortable.

The story? Just this. She had buried her mother two days before.
"SOMEHOW," Mary Boland said when we made her talk about it, "somehow I got the courage to go through last night’s performance. The funeral was Sunday, so I had all that day and Monday to get my courage up. But tonight came too quickly after yesterday. I couldn’t seem to recapture the strength I needed. Tell me, you couldn’t tell from the front, too plainly, that I didn’t feel amusing?"

IT wasn’t so much the old “show must go on” stamina about Mary Boland that impressed me. It was not only that ability to stick it out, to be funny on order that was so magnificent. It was a grander quality, to be able at once to master her mood, to be able when she was fatigued and lonely, to stop and be charming and thoughtful to friends who had casually dropped in to call. She put aside her own sorrow, her great fatigue, to be in that moment the perfect hostess.

This, to me, is the true quality of greatness, that ability to conquer self, to rise above the personal to give to the world a spark that adds to its beauty and its laughter.

NOW for the lighter side of things. You may wonder how it happens that Mary Boland is on Broadway playing in its greatest hit. So does Paramount.

It’s this way. Louis B. Mayer, of M-G-M, is the backer of the show. He felt that no one but Boland could properly play the Queen. The lady was under contract to Paramount. Much dickering went on, and finally Louis B., as is his way, emerged with what he wanted, or in other words, with Boland on a leave of six months.

So is Paramount annoyed that the show is a standout!

I am merely an innocent by-stander but I would like to point out to the big boys of Hollywood that they really shouldn’t let the inferiority complex Broadway has been tacking on them for years really affect them. But I can’t figure out any other reason for the invasion of Hollywood money into tired, tawdry Broadway this season. On the same night, for example, Paramount and Warners produced two plays along the Main Stem, both about musicians and both flops.

The argument is that such productions cost the studios only about $25,000 each, and that if they should click, the gamble is worth it.

I suppose it is rude of me to point, but still, I wish the boys would remember that the spot they got themselves into during 1931 to 1933 was all due to their buying up theaters to outsmart each other, and forgetting about making pictures. That little maneuver nearly sank Paramount and Fox. I wish they would stick to making pictures right now and not try to outsmart Broadway.

I AM so proud, and please don’t hold that against me until you read the rest of this.

A wire came to me the day last month’s Photoplay—or my first issue—reached the news stands. It came from the lovely woman you older movie fans will remember as May Allison, but whom I knew best as Mrs. James Quirk.

Bravely May taught herself to reconstruct her life after Jim’s death, and today she is married once again, and very happily. She lives now in Cleveland, Ohio, one of the most popular and certainly most beautiful matrons of that delightful city. Yet, surrounded by other interests, other friends, she did not forget. She found time to wire this:

"Dearest Ruth: Your wire is one of the many remarkable things that have happened in my life. Five minutes before its arrival, I had wired you as follows: ‘I have just seen the December Photoplay and from the bottom of my heart I want to say Congratulations, and my undying gratitude for your editorial. Seeing you as editor of Photoplay is one of the happiest moments I have known since Jim went on, and I know he feels the same. God bless you for your loyalty and courage in a position where these qualities are so essential. Dearest love to you.’"

(Signed) May

You don’t blame me for being proud, do you?
"Come, come. Mr. Perry, put some feeling into it this time—but be sure to keep that shadow off Miss Johnson's nose"
REUBEN GOLDMARK was aware that he intended to do an extraordinary thing as he gave his hat and stick to the butler, who took them and murmured:

"Miss Herndon is at the studio, sir."

"Don't I know it?" said Reuben. "Isn't it my studio? I have come to see the young man."

"Young man?"

The butler's eyebrows made Reuben's headache worse.

"Miss Herndon's husband!" he snapped. "How many other young men you got?"

"Oh—Mr. Greenwood," said the butler. "I will tell him you are here, sir."

He wove away, a black swallow dipping through the gilt reaches of Jane Herndon's salon, and Reuben stacked his uneven form upon a chair shaped like Orpheus' lyre. Next him, he noticed moodily, there was a chair with a curved gilt violin back. He tried not to look about the room where there were scattered, he knew, a number of other gilded seats with backs shaped like stringed instruments, obviously designed to atmosphere Jane Herndon's musical evenings. Jane was known to her fan public as The Aristocrat of the Screen.

Reuben sighed and held on to his head, which had been badly all through this fine California day, across the glare of which, thank goodness, Jane's curtains of puffed grey silk were drawn until the light that filtered through became the sad delightful crespuscle of a Paris afternoon. Paris. Reuben sighed again and dug his fingers into his temples. In Paris there were smart people, Reuben longed to be chic, and he adored smart people. That was really why he had come today. If one was chic one must do the chic thing. Reuben hung on to his head and gazed heroically at the wilderness about him, through which Geoff Greenwood entered, as unimpressively as always; a fair young man with nice rough edges, who greeted Reuben with a vague politeness, as if he were trying to recognize a hand-wave in a crowd.

"Geoff," said Reuben, "I have come to apologize. Last night I was drunk."

"That's all right," said Geoff, smiling steadily. "In fact it's fine. You were drunk and so you told the truth."

Reuben pretended that he had not heard, an act which is part of the compulsory mechanics of a Hollywood executive. He stared at Jane Herndon's husband with unblinking beady eyes and said, "I want you to come back into the picture."

"Oh no, you don't," said Geoff Greenwood. "Not really. I'm still a rotten actor like you said—and you're still only using me for Janie's sake. Well, for her sake, let's be glad you got drunk and shot the works!"

Reuben sat down again. "I am a sick man today," he said.

"Have you got anything for a headache?"

Geoff rang for the butler and ordered a bromide. Reuben drank it, put his glass down on the hip of a painted coffee-table shepherdless, gazed speculatively at the hip, said, "Thanks."

"Sure," said Geoff. "I've always been a rotten actor and I'd never know it if Janie hadn't got famous enough to get me a chance to prove it."

"You had Broadway experience," said Reuben. "And you did silents."
like a soldier at attention for nothing. For a moment Reuben was touched. "Boy," he said, "what are you going to do?"

"Would you give me a job as a writer?" said Geoff. Reuben's gesture had been made; that was romance, and this was business. "Geoff, I am a sick man today," he said, "too sick to talk about writers. You probably couldn't be worse than any lousy writer we got, Geoff, and I certainly wish you had a market value, which you haven't, unless you are counting those scenes here and there you have changed for Jane when she gets mad at a script, which is diplomacy, not writing, Geoff."

"Oh," said the young man, "so that's what it is."

"Just changing the words around a little to get them more like the way Jane talks and then it satisfies her," said Reuben. "Why, that's for Jane's sake and not for us, Geoff."

"I wrote vaudeville skits once," said Geoff. "Before I knew Jane."

"The same way with your coming over every day to catch the rushes. Of course, you help us, Geoff, because you can make Jane see what the director means when she gets bad, but that don't mean that we could give you a contract as director, just because you are smoothing corners over like most wives do for their husbands without getting paid either."

"I see," said Geoff. "Well, Reuben, it was nice of you to drop in. And don't worry about what I'm going to do. Jamie has bought me some polo ponies, and I have a hunch I'll be a lot better polo player than I was an actor."

"See you Sunday on the field," said Reuben. "I go with friends from Santa Barbara, not picture people."

On the way down Herndon Hill Reuben's car passed Jane's coming up. He caught a long shot of her white dress—Jane always wore white, which was a perfect frame for her nervous, lovely face—before the faces beside her swam into the picture. Men, of course; Tony Blair and Andy Starsett, Reuben's most expensive New York playwrights, and Vergil O'Donaghue, the latest modern composer who had consented to elevate the screen. This precious group was too busy juggling with a bright moment to see Reuben, who, at any rate, had hastily trained his eyes ahead.

Of course, Reuben thought, they built Jane up—those fan-magazine stories about the famous men who were in love with her in a flattering, Platonic way that added to the brilliance of her salon and enhanced the successful picture of their marriage. And, Reuben thought, he would certainly have been a fool to tell Geoff how valuable Geoff was in picking up Jane's scripts and helping on the set when the director could get nothing from her. It was not quite comfortable to think about...
that; a little fear was creeping in. Suppose Geoff stopped helping on Jane's pictures?

Jane and her beau, as she called him, for she liked to feel old-fashioned and ceremonious about herself, were charmed to find Geoff at home. She had learned, some years ago, not to hope that he would be there; she had come to accept his absences as she accepted the weather and illness and picture flops and other acts of God. It was an unexpected favor to see him smiling across her lovely furniture; she came into the music-room as though she were greeting an honored guest. The geniuses with her were no less cordial, especially Vergil O'Donahue; here was, he said, another person to hear the latest song he had created for the screen operetta, "No More Love," which the crass head of the Superart Music Department had just thrown out, saying:

"You classical guys have got to come down off your perches!"

"As if I was a canon!" shrieked Vergil, rushing to Jane's piano without stopping to remove hat or coat, while Jane and Geoff looked at each other and laughed. They both remembered the last time they had gone to a party with Vergil, where he had twisted his pale, egg-shaped face hither and yon, looking in all the seven-league corners of the gorgeous Spanish reception-room and finally remarking in silver tones which carried throughout the roomful to the important host:

"Do you know, there's something sinister about people who can afford a house this size and don't have a piano!"

Two pairs of eyes that could meet and remember and laugh. Perhaps, Jane thought, congeniality was the finer part of love. At any rate it was a time-filling substitute. A little hysteria of self-pity shot through her as she went on smiling with Geoff and sat beside him to hear Vergil's rejected work of art. For so many years now she had been inventing substitutes for love. She knew that self-pity was craven and dangerous and yet she found it growing within her like a narcotic habit. She gulped, and fixed her attention on the cascades of sound that were rippling from Vergil's resentful claws. Tony and Andy, the playwrights, had rung for the butter and were ordering their drinks. They shared the same tastes in writing and winning and women and they admired each other's admiration of each other so much that they had grown to look alike. They looked like minks, tall, stringy minks with darting ferret-eyes and mink-colored hair. They were in love with Jane between moments of artistic despair when they drank and played with extra girls because they hadn't written a New York play for three years, the exact length of time they had been in Hollywood. There were, Jane thought, gazing at the minks, no attractive men in Hollywood.

She had the grace to laugh at herself for that thought, which was, she told herself, a rather ominous sign of her age. Every unattached woman of over thirty said, "There are no attractive men in—" wherever she might be. And she was unattached. Or at any rate—how did they call it, in the motion-picture scripts?—"Emotionally free." She had been emotionally free since she left Geoff with that first pretty girl on Hollywood Boulevard, four years ago.

Vergil began to improvise a new song named "The Romantic Wastrels," after Tony and Andy. It was loud and swashbuckling and under its cover, Geoff told Jane about Reuben's apology.

Jane laughed with Geoff at his cartoon of Reuben's face when Geoff had announced his polo-playing ambitions. Jane laughed rather often. It was a nervous, social laugh, that ended abruptly on a high note.

"But," she said, "does that really mean—I mean, you mean you're not going back in his picture?"

"I meant what I said," he said.

"Oh," she said. "But—you didn't really mean it about—being just a polo player, did you?"

"Until I get something of my own. I'd rather fool around, and see what I really want."

He had said that before. "Oh," she said. There was a pause through which Vergil played plaintively. She thought of a time when she was a nobody in Hollywood, in the silent picture days, when it didn't mean a thing that Jane Herndon had been a Broadway star. When Geoff, with his fair good looks and crooked smile that had got him nowhere on Broadway, had found occasional juvenile parts, while no one would risk an old bag like Jane Herndon for even a walk-on Jane had been thirty then, and that was old, for silent-picture days. And Geoff—Geoff had been only twenty-seven.

She had stayed home and Geoff had worked in studios daytime and often, after a while, said he was working evenings. The personal pain of that had never left her, but the ache was dull, somehow more bearable than the still stabbing recollection of being a nonentity. She couldn't blame Geoff for not finding her exciting any more when she had ceased to be exciting to herself. It had been terrible to lose her identity, to see that no one wanted to know her, that she actually had no friends; she, Jane Herndon, who in New York had had to struggle to keep people away from her. But a woman in Hollywood without fame or youth or an important husband is invisible.

Although she was now four years away from that bad time, Jane was still suffering from its effect. It seemed as if she had been shell-shocked with personal and professional failure; she could not get enough of gaiety and attention and famous names about her to reassure an ego that, once crushed, was still an invalid, demanding drugs to dull its pain. She had not analyzed her attitude to that extent. She only knew that she felt better about Tony and Andy when she remembered the fine plays they had once written and how splendid it was to have the most famous names in Hollywood so beautifully Platonically adoring of her that they would drink her liquor for her.

"I don't think they're going to help me much this afternoon," she said to Geoff. "You know, we came home here so's they could help on my script while Vergil played inspirationally for us. But they don't seem to be in the mood."

"No," said Geoff, "they can't disease their personalities by any more picture work today. What's trouble with the script?"

"Just what you said. The love-scenes—"

"Only you believe it," he said, "because they said so."

"Oh, well, I mean—they're writers, Geoff," she said.

"How were they going to fix it up?" he asked.

"I dunno. Vergil was going to play and—"

"Yeah. Well, he's playing," said Geoff.

She looked glumly at Vergil, who was making "The Romantic Wastrels" into a symphony by now, while Tony and Andy tried to look like symphony material.

"Yes," Jane said, in sagging tones, "Vergil is playing."

"I had a sort of an idea about it today," said Geoff. "Where is the script?"

It was lying, a sifter of pink pages, on the pompous Spanish bench in the hall. She went with him to get it and followed him to a little study crammed with first editions that no one ever read. "It's awfully nice of you," she said.

"Geoff grinned. "I am awfully nice," he said, and spread the script open before him on the heavy carved black walnut desk. "You know, I think you'd do all right as a screen writer," she said. "Now, that's an idea, Geoff. Why don't you try it?"

His face closed up on her again. "I tried writing once," he said.

"You mean those vaudeville skits?" she said. "You couldn't say you tried and failed. You just didn't go on—"

He hadn't ever seemed to go on with anything, she thought in despair, while she kept her voice noble. And she had given him so many chances. When she [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 95]
As Carole Lombard and one of the screen's most interesting women, little Jane Peters of Hollywood has come a long way! Her current film is "Hands Across the Table," and now she is making "Spinster Dinner"
“Meet the Duchess,” otherwise the exotic Dolores Del Rio who will be seen soon in Warner’s picture of that title. Her leading man will be the polished Warren William. Contrast her dark loveliness to the blond Jean Harlow across the page and you’ll know why Hollywood wins the world’s beauty sweepstakes without any trouble.
The girl of the allure plus, Jean Harlow, is now in "Riff Raff," with Spencer Tracy. "China Seas" mixed Miss Harlow up with a pretty tough crowd, and her latest M-G-M film has her in just as hard a life, and again on the water front. Actually, Jean loves her mother, white lounging pajamas, swimming, barbecued hamburgers
Signed for five years with Samuel Goldwyn, Joel McCrea's amazingly genuine performance in "Barbary Coast" delighted his well-wishers. He is starred again with Miriam Hopkins in "Navy Born" and "Splendor."
Hollywood said Frank Fay interfered with beautiful Barbara Stanwyck, but read what Hollywood didn't know

THE STORY BEHIND THE STANWYCK-FAY BREAK-UP

A Great Human Document By Adela Rogers St. Johns

They used to say out in Hollywood, when Barbara Stanwyck was going from one sensational performance to another, when her almost violent talent was making other screen stars look like marionettes, that Frank Fay was interfering with her career, ruining her chances, allowing her to sacrifice her career to his.

Personally, I have always thought it was the other way around. Barbara Stanwyck's passionate love destroyed Frank Fay's genius—and broke her heart in the process.

After seven desperate years of marriage, Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay have parted.

Behind those simple, too-familiar words lies another tragedy of Hollywood, the fairy godmother who can be so kind and so cruel. As you gaze through the headlines you can see a man trying to laugh under the bright lights of Broadway and not making a very good job of it; a woman weeping in the hillside shadows of Hollywood; a man and woman separated by so much more than a mere 3,000 miles, separated by that infinite distance that lies between a man and woman who love each other but have come through tears and heart-break to know that they cannot find happiness together.

Barbara Stanwyck, in my opinion the best actress on the screen, is staging a come-back after long absence and bad pictures—but the price is much more than she wanted to pay. Frank Fay is working and waiting for a break—but when the break comes, it will be too late.

And none of this could have happened anywhere but in Hollywood, nor any time except right now.
A girl who succeeded when it didn't matter very much.
A man who failed when failure was unbearable.
And their love for each other at the mercy of all these strange happenings.
There isn't any question that Barbara helped Frank Fay, her husband. Gave up her own fame at times to build his. Maybe even, as Hollywood says, she put her Hollywood gold into his shows and pictures, wanting to give him, in her passionate loyalty, the chance she felt Hollywood had denied him.
And every move she made carried inevitable disaster and defeat in its wake. Every loving, loyal devoted step she took led straight to the one thing she didn't want—separation. That is the tragedy of Barbara Stanwyck and of Frank Fay, whose gift of laughter has been stolen from him for a time at least.
It hurts.
But Barbara, in her work will survive it. In a year, Barbara with her sultry charm and her primitive appeal, will be back at the head of the box-office list. Sorrow only makes you greater, makes you stronger. Frank Fay? I wonder. For humiliation and the breaking of a man's spirit may destroy beyond hope.
It's a simple story, when you know it. Only so few people do. Frank Fay was never popular in Hollywood, on or off the screen. They just didn't like his cockiness, his brutal wit, his whole sharp, fascinating personality. But they shed tears over shy, emotional Barbara, and applauded her loyalty and her love for her husband and felt very, very sorry for her. Which only made matters worse. For you see—if you go back to the beginning—
They met first, these two, on a stage at Lynbrook, Long Island, where Frank Fay was trying out a vaudeville act.
At first they didn't like each other much. Barbara thought Frank was fresh, which he undoubtedly was, and Frank thought Barbara was just another gal out of a night club who thought she could act.
Then they found out the truth about each other and fell in love with abandon and completeness, so that the whole world revolved around their love for each other.
When I think of Barbara I always see two pictures: One of them is of Barbara standing in front of her house at Malibu Beach. She had on a black bathing suit and her autumn leaf hair was wild in the wind. Her arms were crossed, her eyes were blazing, and her chin jutted out dangerously. She was staring at a woman writer walking peacefully along the sands, a woman who had written some rather unkind things about Frank Fay. "I think," said Barbara, "I'll go and take a sock at her right now." And started. But Frank Fay stopped her
When two people love each other, as Frank and Barbara do, but can't find happiness together, what is the solution? Read and see — form your opinion.

Frank Fay's genius is unquestionable, according to Adela Rogers St. Johns, who knows. Yet — what will it avail him?

Despite her grief over her separation, Barbara goes on with the show, in "Annie Oakley".

and I saw the look in his eyes that I have never forgotten. Men don't like being protected or fought for by their women. They sort of like to be able to do the fighting for the family.

The other picture is one I never saw but that comes, clean cut as such things sometimes do, into my imagination. It's a picture of Barbara when she was only two or three, standing up very straight in a plain little crib in a big orphanage dormitory and crying out loud for her mother, the mother who had gone away never to come back to the ramshackle house in Brooklyn and the five kids she'd left behind. That was the way life began for Ruby Stevens—at two she began a heart-breaking pilgrimage from one orphanage to another, from one place where she was "boarded out" to another. Little lonesome heart, stormy-eyed, defiant, keeping her chin up, and all the time looking for somebody to belong to.

When she was fourteen she was dancing in the chorus of a cabaret on Broadway. Before that there had been a telephone switchboard where she sat saying "Number, please" to the citizens of Brooklyn, and a basement in a department store where she carried bundles; and a counter over which she sold patterns until a woman squawked because Ruby Stevens had given her the wrong direction and Ruby lost her job.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99.
DEAR R. W.:  

You have asked me to give you my present impressions of London. Although I have been here often, this is the first time I have come over on a "bus man's holiday." Frankly, I am here to look over the British motion picture studios.

London has never been so gay or so friendly to Americans. Possibly, it is the subtle influence of the movie—"cinemas," in London, thank you! Until Alexander Korda brought English pictures into the limelight, only American films were popular here. Now that all the world has thrilled over such British-made productions as "Henry VIII," "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "39 Steps," and "Love Me Forever," London is interested in the tremendous possibilities of the screen as a medium for propaganda, human interest, art, education, and entertainment.

The English studios have graciously turned to us, older in the craft than they, for schooled technicians. In turn, we have drawn from their finest talent. This exchange of artists and technicians has augmented the friendly relationship that exists between England and America.

While I appreciate Hollywood and would rather live there than anywhere in the world, I do think a leave of absence from its studios, its background and its social circle, is beneficial to all creative workers. It is stimulating to the English artists to spend a few months in Hollywood, and we in turn would gain a great deal by contact with English social life. No one but a dullard could return from London unhappy and without enthusiasm for the fine old English traditions.

Our motion pictures have taught the English to know us. Now they even understand our slang, our impulsive generosity and sentimentality, our lack of inhibitions, (even though at times we are "a bit too free") and our gay, unrepressed spirits. They like us. The English fans clamor more aggressively for the autographs of their favorite stars than Americans do. I must admit, however, that they are more loyal to their favorites than we are here. They cannot understand why they don't see more often on the screen such artists as Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Ruth Chatterton, Conrad Nagel, Billy Haines, Jack Holt, and a score of others.

I came over on the Brenneria with Alexander Korda. Visiting royalty could not have been given a greater ovation than he. Not only was he mobbed by the press, but by his grateful fans, for England is justly proud of his success for her in the motion picture field. He was returning from a triumphant visit to Hollywood, the former scene of his sorrow and, in the eyes of Hollywood, his failure. I remember the time when he was called "too artistic," and was refused the opportunity to express his great talent for historical comedies.

I saw Doug Fairbanks, Sr., but I didn't meet Lady Cynthia Ashley. I sat opposite her at the Berkeley and did not find her as attractive as I had assumed. Doug doesn't look any too happy.
American stars in England  By Frances Marion

Here I must say a word in defense of young Doug. He has fared rather badly in our newspapers and we have been given the impression that he has denied his country and has affected English mannerisms, even going so far as to try to ape their delightful speech. This is not true. Not all of us find our perfect niche in our immediate environment. If we did, there would have been no colonies or colonists. We admire and welcome the English who come to our country to make good. Why should we censure young Doug because he exploits his success in London? He has always had a creative mind. He is a splendid actor; he writes and draws well. He did not want to limit his talent to one medium—acting. He wanted to become a producer, but as he had grown up in Hollywood, no one had any confidence in him. He was still “young Doug.” Now he is backed by English money and English confidence, and he has organized his own production company. He will act in only one picture a year, but hopes to produce at least six a year. I think that we should all wish him well.

All of the American artists are divinely happy here. Doris Kenyon has taken a charming house and is so enthusiastic about London that she has sent for her mother and her little boy, Kenyon Sills. She and Ramon Novarro are opening in a musical comedy. It has been rumored in Hollywood that Doris is married to Doctor Howard Murphy, but as one of her oldest and closest friends, I can tell you that she is not. Although one of the most successful dental surgeons in the West, Dr. Murphy has been interested for a long time in the invention of children’s toys. He has sold several of his patents to large English corporations and they are so enthusiastic about his work that they are building a large factory for him. This means that he will go in business over there and, after the play is closed or during its run, Doris may or may not say “yes.” I wouldn’t blame her because she couldn’t find a more attractive and likable companion.

Ramon has leased a house, too, but he hardly dares poke his nose out of the door—he is so mobbed by his fans. A hundred thousand of them came to Southampton, two and one-half hours from London, to meet him, and it took a hundred policemen to keep the crowd from stampeding him.

The youngsters in London will follow a taxi-cab for miles, just to get an autograph. Freddie March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, lived in terror daily that some child would be hurt. In order not to be late for an engagement, it was necessary for them to start three-quarters of an hour early as they would be stopped continuously along the route by the autograph seekers.

Everyone here likes Freddie March. His charming and unassuming manner has won them completely, as has his wife, Florence Eldridge, by her intellect and her wit. They have been entertained royally, and the guest list of their cocktail party contained some of the most famous names in London.

One of the most interesting men I have met here is James.
SEVEN years ago, come Michaelmas, the bottom dropped out of the financial world—and about the only business that didn't drop with it was the business of importing European stars for Hollywood consumption.

Jesse Lasky, then a leading Hollywood importer, brought back from Europe that year two unusually promising specimens. One was from the music hall. One was from the opera. One was Maurice Chevalier. One was Nino Martini.

Both boys appeared in "Paramount on Parade." Chevalier, as a Paris gamin, sang his famous "Clouds Away" song, which swept him into nationwide popularity. Martini, following in the next scene as a Venetian gondolier, sang an operatic number—and was forgotten.
Years passed.
Movie tastes changed.
One day last spring, the Santa Fe Chief from California drew into the Omaha station. Across the platform, almost within touching distance, stood the California Limited, westward bound. Both trains carried distinguished passengers. On the Chief, on his way to Europe, was Maurice Chevalier, dethroned king of cinema musicals. On the Limited, on his way to Hollywood, was the ascendant star of radio and opera, Nino Martini.
The boy from the music hall was going back to the music hall, and the boy from the opera had come into his own!
I saw him later, the new king, back in New York, fresh from his Hollywood victories—fresh, too, from a morning gallop along the bridle paths of Central Park. He wore the conventional khaki breeches and leather puttees, a rough, Scotch tweed belted jacket, yellow sweater, and white sport shirt open at the neck. He looked about eighteen.
He was the first operatic tenor I had ever seen naked like that, as to the neck. Usually, they’re all wrapped around in mufflers and winding sheets like a mummy.
But this Nino Martini is as far removed from the usual operatic tenor—who is popularly supposed to be among the lowest forms of human endeavor—as can possibly be imagined. He looks more like the Spaniard Velasquez’s “Portrait of a Young Man.”
Of course, Nino isn’t a Spanish
The old adage "invite the man who loves thee to a feast" is followed by these Hollywood fathers who asked their sons to a day of merry-making at the Uplifters. Here are Tom Brown and his father in the "pause that refreshes."

"A chip off the old block" having inherited Taylor Holmes' histrionic ability as well as his unflagging good humor, Phillips Holmes and his father make a happy duet at the Father's and Son's outing at the Uplifters.

YOU can all relax now. The Jolsons are in their new home and all's right with the world. Those who had known Al all his life and noted his migratory habits and absolute horror of anything rooted in the ground, didn't believe it would ever happen.

But out in Encino, not far from Bill Fields and Warren William, Al and Ruby have moved in the mansion among the orange peels. Address: Mr. and Mrs. Al Jolson, Encino, Cal. That's all. Meanwhile Ruby's mother and her sister have taken possession of the former Bing Crosby Toluca Lake place, which Ruby bought for them.

Bing, ushered out, has decided to listen to the pleas of his golfing pal, Dick Arlen, and build a bigger and better place right on the shores of Toluca, rather than move away out among the hills of Bel-Air. The new joint will have five bedrooms and baths.

ONE of those seething, maddening New York mobs poured like thick molasses around the lobby of the theater where "Here's To Romance" was having its Manhattan premiere.

Burlly cops jerked their way through the crowd with Anita Louise in tow. Suddenly a small, blond woman darted up to place herself in their protective wake. The cops took her gently but firmly by the shoulders, shoved her back under the ropes. "None o' that, lady," said they. She gasped and Anita turned.

"Hey," she shouted, "that's my mother!"

Behold the mighty stag at ease! Joe E. Brown, his son, Don and his adopted son Mike Frankovich after a large repast where the "Hollywood diet" was not in evidence.

"Augie" isn't going to have to worry about a job for a while. "Augie" is a gentleman named Leonard Traynor, who was Will Rogers' stand-in for quite a spell. Will gave him the name "Augie," why, no one will ever know.

When Will went away, Fred Stone was worried about "Augie," so he has written into both his Paramount and R-K-O contracts a clause specifying that "Augie" shall be his stand-in as long as his contracts last. And other fellows will tell you that Fred Stone is a great guy.

DEAH me! These cool, collected conservative English people, so undemonstrative, y'know, have got the movie idol bug.

Doug Montgomery walked down the street in London and felt someone rip the flower off his lapel, the handkerchief from his coat pocket and the pipe out of his hand. Souvenir hunters. He didn't mind the posey nor the hanky, but the pipe was a treasured possession.

In a day or so he got a note from the young lady who had done the briar snatching.

"I'll give it back," she wrote, "if you'll send me the number of your hotel room."

Doug hastily sat down and wrote a note.

"Keep the pipe!" it said.

LOVELY little Luise Rainer came to Hollywood nursing a ghost romance, supposedly. She was still true to a sweetheart who was killed in an accident a year or so ago.

But now a friendship that they'll have you believe is more than Platonic has sprung up between the tiny Viennese charmer and Jean Negulesco, the artist. They're about all the time.

Jean must like them small and dark. He used to be the head man with Sidney Fox, you'll remember.
In between knocking out some of Hollywood’s better scenarios, Francis Edward Faragoh spends most of his time collecting furnishings for his Connecticut farmhouse.

Not long ago he entered an old antique shop in the East and saw a faded and tattered living room suite. It had a familiar look, but Faragoh couldn’t possibly account for it.

Inspecting the divan, he happened to turn up a cushion and there was his old “monitor” badge of his school days, still lying there where it had slipped years ago. The same suite used to grace the parlor of his home.

He remembered then—his mother had sold it to a junk man for eight dollars.

The antique man now wanted one hundred and seventy-five!

A BIT ironical, that of Alice Moore’s screen début. She’s the lovely daughter of Alice Joyce, gracious queen of the silent days.

All of Miss Moore’s education has been received in ultra exclusive schools in France and New York.

She was thoroughly prepared to hold her own in smart society.

Her first rôle found her cast as an illiterate frontierswoman in “Robin Hood of El Dorado.”

Helena Hayes will still have none of, at least, no more of the movies. But she doesn’t let that stop her from sending Hollywood something promising when she runs across it.

Helen let M-G-M know about the talents of a young actor named Kent Smith, who did all right in “Dodsworth” last year on Broadway. He had been with Helen in “Mary of Scotland” and she thought he had the stuff to make some of the movie money.

M-G-M took her word for it and now Mr. Kent has one of those contracts.

A RARE sight indeed would have met your eyes had you happened to have wandered onto the “Lone Wolf Returns” set over at Columbia the other day. There sat suave and sophisticated Melvyn Douglas in a steaming, milky bath, calmly chomping ice cream.

They were ready to shoot the bathtub scene which has something or other to do with the mystery plot. Douglas plopped down in the water, the lights were finally focused and the camera was ready to turn when the ice-cream and soda-pop man put in an unexpected appearance.

All hands dropped work instantaneously and flocked away for eats, leaving Douglas stranded in the tub. He couldn’t dash for it himself as two lardy visitors meantime had made an inopportune visit to the set. Finally they brought poor Melvyn a dribbly ice cream cone!

Jean Harlow started it all by changing her color combination from platinum to brown in “Riff Raff,” and now Myrna Loy is startling the natives by the effect of her golden wig in “The Great Ziegfeld.” Myrna, whose naturally red strands match her freckles, made the switch to look more like Billie Burke, and it becomes her so well she’s thinking of doing her very own coiffure in the same shade.

Harold Lloyd had to do a very funny scene in “The Milky Way” where he is supposed to run around with a colt under his arm. They got him a colt, just fooled—but you know how a movie company is; sometimes a scene can’t be shot for days and days. When it finally came time for Harold to dash around carrying the colt, the colt had grown into a pretty hefty horse—and Harold couldn’t heft it.
GOSSIP!!

Cary Grant is now keeping fairly steady company with Mable Draper, non-professional. They are at the Brown Derby, and very engrossed.

With all the talent that is overflowing from the studios in Hollywood these days, you have to step fast to keep ahead.

No sooner did Eleanor Powell hotfoot it in "Broadway Melody" to score a sensation than a little seventeen year old girl named Eleanor Whitney appeared at Paramount and announced that she could do sixty taps in four seconds.

Hooferette Whitney was immediately given a contract and shoved right into the second lead of the first picture of her life. She's one of the two girls that Bill Robinson ever coached. And Bill says she is the top.

When Joan Bennett rushed off to New York to meet hubby Gene Markey home from Europe she wore this smart hat at the boat.

That Ken Dolan- Frances Langford twosome is still a closed corporation when they're out, it's together. But who wouldn't want to keep Miss Langford's dulcet voice to himself?

Yes—it just goes to prove that anything really can happen in Hollywood.

The other day a dead horse won a race! Chaude Binyon, one of the better scenarists, purchased a horse, with two or three of his friends. They entered the bangtail in the races at the Los Angeles County Fair. The nag galloped in a winner—paid big odds. Binyon and pals went joyously to collect.

"Sorry," said the head man, "your horse won't pay off. He's legally dead!"

The exasperated sporting men stormed and protested. But they found out that the former owner, with a twinge of sentiment, had decided that the racer had run enough in his time, and to guarantee that his days henceforth should be spent in clover, had had his name scratched off the register and entered as legally dead.

So Binyon and the joint owners went into a huddle. Out of it came a new horse, titled "Reborn." That's his name now, he's registered, and if he wins any more purses he'll get to keep them!

Taking pity on Eddie Cantor, whom he thought might be lonesome inasmuch as Ida, the mother of the Cantor quintuplets (well, Cantor's the father of five girls, anyhow), was in New York, Ted Lewis invited Eddie to a "quiet little dinner" at the Lewis apartment.

The "quiet little dinner" started with eight more or less sedate guests. At ten thirty more than forty whoopee-ers were crowded into the apartment.

Eddie gave up the ghost and went home to his apartment in the same apartment hotel. Peace and quiet were his goal. At 11 P. M. the entire Lewis party had moved in on him.
Fred Astaire and "Jack" Whitney, noted society poloist who has gone into movie production in a big way, meet at the Vendome. It's Whitney who is backing Technicolor films.

Randy Scott's success story is one you can write your folks about.

Randy, the gemmun from old Virginny (and he's the goods, too) was swaying in the saddle and being all very outdoorsy and virile for horse operas only a year ago.

Then Radio borrowed our hero to play with Irene Dunne in "Roberta." Regard Randy today. He's one of the choice leading men in town. Just finished "So Red the Rose" with Maggie Sullavan, doing "Spinster Dinner" with Carole Lombard and going to do a real dramatic role, "The Copperhead," next. It made Lionel Barrymore famous on the stage y'ars ago, you remember.

And with all this success comes love at last, if you believe in signs. If you do, I say, you'll think that Randy and Camille Lanier may team up any day now.

Julia Heron, set dresser for Goldwyn, had heard, like all of us, that old whoozie about the elephant never forgetting. But she's changed her mind about it being just one of those things.

Two years ago an elephant named Anna May, now working in "Shoot the Chutes," worked in another Cantor picture, "Kid Millions." During the week the elephant was on the lot Miss Heron fed her delicacies of all sorts, then promptly forgot all about her.

When Anna May was brought on the lot for "Shoot the Chutes" Miss Heron called her by name.

The animal lumbered toward her, nuzzled her affectionately, and docilely followed her all around the huge set pleading for more goodies.

Robert Ritchie and Jeanette MacDonald are back in Hollywood and are not keeping company with anyone else either. They were "caught" at the Trocadero.

Leslie Howard back in town and, of course, with his boon pal William Gar- gan. They're a couple of inseparables. They're talking over London at the Troc.

People who have the private telephone numbers of Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney, that is, people who know them pretty well, sometimes wonder why it is they never get an answer on Monday nights.

Well, the answer is that Monday night is auction night, and the O'Briens and Cagneys never miss an auction. Jimmy is bugs about old paintings and Pat is slightly hipped on antiques. And if you could see these two tough guys bidding at galleries and working themselves up all over a pair of old andirons or something you'd wonder what the world is coming to.

The Assistance League is getting a big play nonetimes from Florence Dickson and John McGuire, both of filmdom's promising younger actors.
Loretta Young is not suffering from an incurable illness that will keep her from the screen for a year or more!

Her beauty has not been marred in a serious “secret” accident!

She is not the secret bride of a secret marriage in retirement to have a secret child!

Nor is she penniless, fundless, existing on the financial help of influential friends in a “pathetic” condition!

I want to say these things as fast as I can, as fast as they will click off my typewriter in the hope of quickly ending the series of preposterous, unkind, and just plain silly rumors that have struck at this girl ever since her doctor ordered her removed from the cast of “Ramona” and notified her studio that Loretta would not be able to report for work for an “indefinite time.”

That ominous phrase ran like quicksilver through Hollywood, across cables, wires and radio to columnists everywhere to make what they would of it.

And they have made plenty!

It is well that the people who love Loretta and have her interests at heart have kept the more hurtful innuendoes from her, and for the few silly ones that have drifted into her sick room she merely has a gentle little smile of amusement and a joking remark.

She is being very gay and gallant, this girl who is lying in the rose room with its glowing fireplace in her Bel Air home, saving herself, conserving her strength for the major operation she must eventually face. For this is the truth about Loretta Young’s “mysterious illness”:

Hard work, her great popularity that put her to the physical strain of making one picture immediately following another, capped by the climax of two strenuous roles in “The Call of the Wild” and “The Crusades,” has aggravated an internal condition from which Loretta has suffered since maturity. It has weakened her, sapped her strength in the great loss of energy; and an eventual operation is the only remedy. In her present rundown condition she is not ready for that operation. She may not be for months, perhaps a year! But as her strength returns, she will be permitted by her physician to return to the studio for one picture right after the first of the year! In fact, not-too-strenuous work is believed to be a good thing for her, far more beneficial than the weakening process of lying in bed too long. And by this argument she expects to report for work no later than the first of February!

These truths about the condition of Loretta are directly from the girl herself to me, and to you, in the first interview she has been permitted since her illness.

The “Young House” seemed strangely quiet for the Young house I thought, as I followed the white starched back of the nurse up the Colonial stairs. On previous visits this home has

"Drop in as often as they will let you, please!" Loretta told the author. "It's like 'Grand Hotel' here, now. Nothing ever happens!"

The real truth about the mysterious illness of Loretta Young

By Dorothy Manners
resounded with the hilarious laughter of its three popular hostesses, Loretta, Sally Blanc and Polly Ann. It is a big, cheerful, light house and somehow its bigness only emphasized the quietness and emptiness after their charming mother, Mrs. Belzer, admitted me. Sally, newly married to Norman Foster, has moved away. Polly Ann was working. And Loretta (who will always be "Gretchen" to her adoring family) lay ill upstairs.

This illness is the final climax in the run of bad luck that has dogged Loretta's footsteps ever since she entered pictures. She has been called "the hard-luck girl of Hollywood," a phrase that has consistently annoyed Loretta. She has been so optimistically building over the groundwork of what would be tragedies in the lives of other people! Her youthful marriage to Grant Withers that ended in annulment; the heartache of two serious romances in her life severed because of religious or temperamental bars; and now this illness—she balances against the shining career Hollywood has given her, and believes she is the "lucky," not the unlucky one!

"Of course," she said, indicating the enormous bed with the rose satin cover in which she lay, "this becomes a little monotonous lying here so long, without seeing anyone. That's the really bad part of the whole thing. I love having people about so much. And I've missed such exciting things like Sally's wedding. But," she laughed in mock-movie star tones, "I have my books, my thoughts and my cigarettes!"

She looked very small lying there, head almost buried in the big pillows. But she does not look worn or exhausted. She has been surprisingly lucky in not losing too much of her preciously acquired poundage put on during her vacation trip to Europe, "that wasn't a vacation at all, but a mad tear from place to place and party to party!" She wore no make-up and the freckles across her nose looked cute and healthy! Near her bed, a table was stacked with the new magazines. A radio was at close reach.

Loretta said: "I did not want to give up like this—not until after Ramona, anyway. I've wanted to play that part for so long. Ever since I was a kid I've adored the story, and the girl. It was one of my lowest moments when I read someone else had been cast in the part. But do you know they have told me they are going to save Ramona for me? Production has been postponed until Spring, and by that time I will be strong enough to make a picture before my operation. That is the one picture I want to make. It is wonderful of the studio to do that, isn't it? It is so," she hesitated, "kind!"

"Being ill like this has opened my eyes to so many kind things about Hollywood that you never read or hear about. You know the day that New York columnist printed the story that I had no money, or words to that effect, there were dozens of people who responded offering their help, their money. One girl I barely know had a personal friend get in touch with mother the evening the rumor was printed, offering to loan me an embarrassing sum of money. Loretta laughed helplessly, "I didn't know whether to laugh or to cry I was so touched. That wonderfully kind offer more than compensated for the absurd story that prompted it!"

She went on | Please turn to page 107 |
BOY, I hear you're an actor!

That's the greeting Fred Astaire received from one of his mates at the Lambs' Club the day after the tumultuously successful opening on Broadway of his 1931 stage triumph, "The Band Wagon."

The whole town had heard the same thing.

The newspaper boys had given his dancing full credit, had spoken of its "lilting fresh gayety," had described it as "the epitome of adult buffoonery," had talked of his "prancing in the sheer joy of living," had announced that "he now occupies the place left vacant by Jack Donahue," had...

But listen to this:

"The American theater could produce a far worse Hamlet... he has given us the season's outstanding piece of mummery... his hoofing, rhythmic and graceful as it is, must be looked upon as secondary... he has ripened into a comedian whose spirit is as breezy as his stepping... he has become one of the most valuable theatrical properties in the business..."

Fred himself was modestly surprised at being "discovered" all over again recently in Hollywood, after twenty years of troupng and ten years of international triumph, but as the months rolled by, and he saw how Hollywood also "discovered" Grace Moore and Gladys Swarthout and Lily Pons and good old Mother Schumann-Heink, and was about to "discover" Lawrence Tibbett all over again, he resigned himself.

"No matter what you've done before you come to Hollywood, or for how long," he told an interviewer, somewhat plaintively, "Hollywood always does the discovering!"

Fred shouldn't mind. They come so fast and go so fast in our little town that we can't even remember our own people. There was Edward Arnold, "another Hollywood discovery," who used to play juvenile leads for Essanay, and Frank Morgan, who played opposite Madge Kennedy in the early Goldwyn pictures, and Mary Boland who played slim leading ladies in the infancy of the industry.

If John Barrymore had stayed away much longer, we would have to "discover" him.
The PRIVATE LIFE of FRED ASTAIRE

In which three ladies play their parts in creating happiness for this light-hearted Hollywood hermit

By Frederick Lewis

The immediate effect of Fred Astaire's emergence from the rôle of self-effacing brother, however, was not to introduce him to the movies—although the first night audience at the New Amsterdam, where "The Band Wagon" made its bow, contained enough motion picture executives to form a quorum at one of Bill Hays' soirées on the state of the industry. We won't mention their names, for their faces, when they think of it, are undoubtedly sufficiently red. For not one of them could see in Fred Astaire, any more than they could in Clark Gable, the mysterious masculine appeal that makes women in the mass "betoken beatitude."

You know, "not the type," "ears too big," and all that sort of thing!

Little Adele Astaire knew better. It wasn't for nothing that she had dubbed her big-eared brother Sex Appeal. "The women all come to see Fred," she insisted for years, when most people still thought that all the sex in the Astaire family was going to town on her less agile but more shapely legs.

Little Adele was a wise woman about another thing: She knew that Fred's outstanding performance in their new show made possible her speedy retirement from the stage. For the critics had not stopped with praise of Fred as one performer out of many. They had said:

"Fred was the backbone of the whole performance... Fred ran away with the whole affair, leaving even his delightful little sister panting for breath... Fred has suddenly kicked over the bushel and let his light shine brighter than hers."

In short, the old established firm of Fred and Adele Astaire was already practically dissolved.

Adele liked that. She was sorry to leave Fred. She was sorry, in a way, to leave the theatre, which had been so good to her. But now that she was sure that it would continue to be good to the brother to whom she owed so much of her success, she was glad to quit and leave him to enjoy his honors by himself.

Of course, Lord Charles Arthur Cavendish may have had something to do with Sister Adele's willingness to give up a couple of thousand dollars a week and the plaudits of the Broadway crowds. He was not only a personable fellow and very much in love with her, but, as the son of the Duke of Devonshire, he was one of the richest peers in England, and was so highly placed in the _Almanac de Gotha_ that it had devolved upon him as a mere child to carry the Queen's crown at the coronation of King George and Queen Mary in 1910.

In short, he had what it takes to make a girl forget both plaudits and pay-envelopes. Besides, he had a castle in Ireland, which had, as her about-to-be-Ladyship said, "two hundred rooms and one bathtub."

Well, they were married, in the presence of the Duke and the Duchess and the Marquises and the Marchionesses, by the Duke's private chaplain, who rejoiced in the priceless name of the Reverend Foster Pegg. And the Britishers were very nice about it. They said that the new Lady Cavendish was quite
the most beautiful girl to marry into the Devonshire family since the days of the famous Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire, who modeled the first Gainsborough hat.

There was a good deal of talk in the English prints about "marrying into a noble family," but the good old one-hundred per cent New York Evening Post got back at them with the announcement that a young British nobleman was about "to marry into the dancing team of Fred and Adele Astaire"!

The dancing team was no more. Never again would Fred sputter: "Don't call us a team. It sounds like a pair of horses." He was alone now. He'd have to do all the pulling himself. There wasn't any doubt that he would pull his weight and more in any production, musical or dramatic, into which he chose to go after his performance in "The Band Wagon." But individual stardom was something else again. The name "Fred Astaire" had never appeared in the electric bulbs or on an eight-sheet poster without the intervening words "and Adele."

Would the public accept one half of the famous pair alone? There was plenty of precedent to indicate that it would not—on both stage and screen. Theatergoers, under these circumstances, seem to feel that they are being gypped, that they are getting a half portion where they used to get a full portion before. It's like one of the Quintuplets going out and putting on a show of its own. Wise Broadway managers sat back and pondered.

Meanwhile, as we have seen, Fred Astaire had friends. Some of these friends thought that he ought not to sit back while Broadway pondered. Broadway, like Sunset Boulevard, sometimes ponders too long. One of these friends, Jock Technicolor Whitney, came forward with the offer to back a show to prove that Fred could make good on his own. I don't know whether Jock absolutely put up the money. Perhaps it wasn't necessary. Anyhow, within six months from the day when Sister Delly married, her brother came into town at the head of his own company.

The show ran two hundred and eighty-eight performances on Broadway. Then it went to London and ran two hundred performances there. It would be running in London still if its jaunty, debonair star, "discovered" by Hollywood to the strains of the Carioca, had not been called back to America to put his new production into celluloid.

It was—you have guessed it—"Gay Divorcee"!

Fred had slipped into Movie Town twice before, and had been permitted to slip right out again without any overwhelming opposition. On his first visit, as you may remember, he did a bit with Joan Crawford in the [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]
Miss Sothern goes northern, and seeks the snows over Hollywood at Lake Arrowhead as a rest between her busy picture schedule at Columbia. Being not only one of the prettiest but one of the smartest of Hollywood maidens, Ann wears a chic ski suit of hunter’s green. Watch for her latest picture, “Panic in the Air”
It would seem there's no limit to Katharine Hepburn's versatility. Below, masquerading as a boy—until she falls in love—in her latest, "Sylvia Scarlett".

The above scene with Brian Aherne and Katharine Hepburn, breathes rustic beauty and peace. In the actual shooting of the picture, however, Katie was injured a number of times.

Hepburn, Hero and Heroine
"Kay Hep's" new picture for RKO-Radio should be another smash hit, what with her favorite director George Cukor directing her and Cary Grant, above, opposite.

"Sylvia Scarlett" is a star's holiday, since it gives Katie the opportunity to dress as a boy, a clown, and a beautiful girl. Edmund Gwenn, Dennie Moore at the rear.
If the ostrich whose feathers grace the hat of Mae West in "Klondike Lou" could recognize his former finery, he'd never hide his head in the sands again!
Mae West, that luring Lorelei, may start out as a Salvation Army lassie in her latest, "Klondike Lou," but she still symbolizes to us—"Dangerous Curves Ahead"
Miss Temple travels among no one but the best people. She's here on a stroll to the beach with Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin's sons, Sidney and Charles, Jr.

Miss Shirley Temple, prominent member of the Hollywood Temples, plunged right into the social swim when she inaugurated the season at the noted California Winter resort in the desert.
Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, quite one of the constantly-together pairs since Joan and George Barnes separated, like nothing better than a good spin after a tops Desert Inn breakfast.

Charles Farrell and Ralph Bellamy enjoy their tennis so much that they started the Palm Springs Bath and Tennis Club so that they'd always have a court free. Pal Paul Lukas with them.
William (Debonair) Powell. He calls himself Demosthenes. He lives magnificently, house and worries like fury. He dist and his next picture will be M.C.
The Awakening of Joan Blondell

A story which proves recovering personal beauty is a sure way back to happiness

By WARREN REEVE

ONLY a few weeks ago Joan Blondell faced the black depths of an indifferent despair.

She had worked and worried herself into a state of mental confusion. She had reached the end of a frayed rope of harassed nerves. Physically she had slipped into an over-weight and carelessly untidy state from which she lacked the courage, energy, or time to lift herself.

Her capacity for enjoying life measured about zero-minus. Her outlook was hopelessly tarnished from the bog into which it had steadily sunk.

In her own words, she was “a nervous and physical mess.” That was only a few weeks ago.

Today if you were privileged a peek at the very self composed, radiant, happy, trimly groomed and vivaciously gay Joan Blondell (that is, if you could keep up with her long enough for a peek) you would promptly term me an arrant and unscrupulous liar for what I have recorded above.

But you’d be wrong. For the personal re-creation of this particular star is one of the most striking stories ever to come out of Hollywood.

Her about face from the very brink of a self-induced chaos—the way she snapped out of a hopeless fog and into the sunshine of a brand new lease on life is furthermore one of those stories which does your heart good to tell.

A short time ago—in sleepy Palm Springs, where Joan was rounding out the remodeling business by acquiring a swell golden coat of tan—I asked her to let me tell it.

I argued that it couldn’t help but be an inspiration to the thousands of women all over the land who find themselves in just such a state. Women who have run themselves down mentally, nervously and physically until they’re not interesting to themselves, let alone anyone else; who have sunk into a mood which shows no way out worth taking.

I pointed out that if they saw she could do it, they might believe they could too.

“All right,” said Joan, “but tell the whole story. It isn’t all about me, you know.”

“Who else?” said I.

“My sister, Gloria,” said Joan.

Gloria is Joan’s “kid” sister, Gloria is eighteen now. Joan is twenty-five. Between them exists an affection more solid and close than between most sisters. They grew up in the precarious troupng world of the show business. But since she’s been in Hollywood she hasn’t had time to really know the Gloria who has grown up into a very capable young lady. In fact, Joan hasn’t really had time to know herself.

Joan remembers what she was like when she first came out to Hollywood with Jimmy Cagney to do “Penny Arcade.” Then she was bursting with self-confidence in her future, ambition, energy and health. The world was still her oyster, and she never harbored a remote doubt but that she was destined to crack it wide open.

She couldn’t wait to start the cracking process. She knew she was headed for the top, and [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115]
I've Got A Feeling

This toying tomboy is Elisabeth Bergner will not lose her head, or Hugh Sinclair.

This story is not about Gracie Alk it ought to be. For Gracie is the on adolescence who can be professionall with it. Nor is it about Shirley Temple, who, once because she can't help it. It is about these so-called serious actresses who are horning in on Gracie's and Shirley's stuff.

And all in the interest of a new kind of sex appeal—as if the old kind wasn't doing all right!

Take Bergner.

There's a serious artist for you, and a mature one. She is said to have played Strindberg in 1914, Shakespeare in 1915. Her performance in one of the former's pathological dramas was so expert that physicians and psychologists came from all over Europe to see it. And we ourselves know what she did to Catherine the Great.

Yet, in "Escape Me Never" we find her ludicrously encased in a pair of checkered baby-rompers, upside-down head peeking with infantile coyness from between her legs at her leading man.

If that be sex appeal, I'm Patrick Henry!

It's cuteness, that's what it is—the new fad. Will the women you and I know, go in for it? I'm not too sure.

Adam was in no worse predicament when Eve offered the apple than Barry Mackay in "Evergreen" as Jessie Matthews begged the question.

There was the organdie impulse that hit women when Lillian Gish as "Mimi," ran round and round a tree to escape Jack Gilbert.

There was the socks rolled down and the corsets rolled off era after Clara Bow in "The Fleet's In."

And the glamorous, languorous, pain-in-the-neck imitation Garbos who lay all over the front piazzas shortly after that.

We men have stood a good deal. And haven't complained—much. But just as we had fairly well recovered from these previous sinking spells, and were looking forward to settling
Garbo's slouch, Crawford's mouth. Pickford's curls, all became vogues. Will the new cuteness turn epidemic?

By Anthony McAllister

down for life with an entirely satisfactory friend-wife Myrna Loy, the whole feminine world ups and goes Elisabeth Bergner and Luise Rainer.

As a helpless male, I protest!
Perhaps you hadn't realized that Luise Rainer was a cutie. When the Hollywood scouts discovered her, she was playing the heroine in Pirandello's "Six Characters in Search of an Author," the highly intellectual part Mrs. Freddie March created on Broadway. Rainer had previously done both Ibsen and Shakespeare, besides playing for Reinhardt in Berlin. She was herself a deeply religious person, a student of the Eastern cults, and a close friend of Krishnamurti, Annie Besant's "new messiah."

Doesn't sound cute, does she? But in her first American appearance, with Bill Powell in "Escapade," what happened?
She became, according to the cuties, "an elfin madcap from Vienna;" "an eager bubbling child." One spoke of her "mischievous mouth;" another raved of her "apple dumpling cheeks." She was, so these judges of cuteness opined, "impish," "tomboyish," "capricious," "playful," "cunning." And now the word has gone forth that in the future Luise is to be definitely and unmistakably cute.

In short, the mental rompers were there.
Consider, next, Lily Pons. She has been in Hollywood only a few months, but, if you can judge by her photographs, she has lived almost exclusively in a kiddie's bathing suit. Little Lily on the diving board. Little Lily on the side of the pool. Little Lily at rest. Well, the girl has pretty legs. I don't blame her for liking to show them. But Hollywood is lousy with legs.

But even so, there must be a purpose behind these persistently frolicsome poses. You've guessed it. The woman is cute. If you don't believe it, read this:
"Her tiny hands flutter before her, like a couple of baby sparrows, frightened out of their nest."

Now Lily Pons has risen to fame, not because she weighs ninety-nine pounds in her bathing suit and stands five feet in her bathing shoes, but because she has one of the most extraordinary voices of her generation. Out of that slim body issues a veritable torrent of passionate song. She gives the great roles of Italian and French opera a new meaning, a new life. She is a distinguished artist, a distinguished woman, who has worked hard to achieve the heights.

For years she studied in the famous family of Giovanni Zenatello and Maria Gay, mentors of her fellow star, Nino Martini, and themselves enrolled among the operatic great. For other years she barnstormed through the provincial opera houses and concert halls of Europe. For five years now, she has been an established favorite at the Metropolitan in New York. Radio audiences respect... 
SHOW THEM NO MERCY—20th Century-Fox

Crime does not pay. You'll fully believe that before this punch-packed, novel G-man kidnapper-hunt film is over. There's a thrill a minute, and the suspense is terrific.

'Skipping the usual screen G-man manouevers and the actual "snatch," this refreshing situation slant bears down on the plight of brain-man Cesar Romero, killer Bruce Cabot and gang after the ransom is paid. Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson and baby stumble accidentally into the hideout home of the gangsters. The rapidly mounting desperation of the harried snatchers calls for removal of the victims by means of bullets—then Rochelle gets her hands on a machine gun! Full of grand touches, with a prize portrayal by Bruce Cabot, the picture is a gripping experience. It has an obvious link with the Weyerhauser case.

ANNIE OAKLEY—RKO-Radio

Once there was a backwoods gal named Annie Oakley who was so handy with shootin' irons that perforated show tickets were named after her. Her spectacular life and love as a headliner of Buffalo Bill Cody's whoopin' Wild West show supplies the most novel and heartily wholesome comedy romance seen in months. Barbara Stanwyck plays to perfection the dead-eye lass who can outshoot "World's Champion Sharpshooter" Preston Foster any day—until Cupid draws a bead on her heart.

The whole colorful, blustering showmanship of Buffalo Bill and his noisy, triumphant show plays a spirited obligato to the human love story and healthy humor. Bows to Preston Foster's great acting and to George Stevens, Hollywood's youngest ace director, for another bull's eye hit.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—M-G-M

From the bare historical truths of a saga of the sea, the greatest maritime film since "The Sea Hawk" surges with virile force across the screen. Some of you, however, may miss the customary love interest and a justice-triumphant ending. For the story of the Bounty's mutiny—faithfully culled from the Nordhoff-Hall book, is a brutal, sweat-and-blood tale of man's inhumanity to man, and its tragic consequences. It is not a pretty film, but it is grand and real, and so are its characters.

Charles Laughton is the tyrannous Captain Bligh, whose inhuman bullying of his crew finally moves mate Fletcher Christian (Clark Gable) to seize the ship and cast Bligh and his henchmen adrift, while Christian sails for Tahiti with his pals and the kidnaped, navy-loyal Midshipman Byam (Franchot Tone). Bligh's voyage back to England and his revengeful return in search of the mutineers nets him Byam in Tahiti. But Christian and his men have sailed, to lose themselves forever on a remote isle. So Bligh vents his hate on Byam in a climactic courtmartial scene.

A superb sweep of reality distinguishes the entire film, which is finely mounted. Laughton, Gable, and Tone etch unforgettable characters, seconded by Eddie Quillan, Dudley Digges, and Donald Crisp. A brief capitulation to tenderness shows Gable and Tone with their South Seas wives. Herbert Mundin supplies a grim pinch of humor.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
THANKS A MILLION
ANNE OAKLEY
SHOW THEM NO MERCY
IN PERSON
ONE NIGHT AT THE OPERA
METROPOLITAN
TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Charles Laughton in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
Franchot Tone in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
Clark Gable in "Mutiny on the Bounty"
Raymond Walburn in "Thanks a Million"
Fred Allen in "Thanks a Million"
Dick Powell in "Thanks a Million"
Preston Foster in "Anne Oakley"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Anne Oakley"
Bruce Cabot in "Show Them No Mercy"
Ginger Rogers in "In Person"
George Brent in "In Person"
Lawrence Tibbett in "Metropolitan"
George Marston, Sr. in "Metropolitan"
Richard Dix in "Transatlantic Tunnel"

☆ A NIGHT AT THE OPERA—M-G-M

THEY are loose again those zanies, Groucho, Chico and Harpo Marx with their incomparable madness.

This time their idiotic cavortings start on the streets of Italy and wind up in a New York opera house with one of the wildest, funniest chase scenes ever filmed.

The story, slight as usual, tells of the combined efforts of Marx, Inc., to smugle an aspiring and deserving young opera singer into America and launch him on a great career. Interwoven is a plausible appealing love story and several arias beautifully sung by Allan Jones, a newcomer to films, Walter King and Kitty Carlisle, who plays Allan's sweetheart. For good measure you get an amusing piano number by Chico and a harp solo by Harpo.

You'll howl at this one

☆ THANKS A MILLION—20th Century-Fox

Don't miss this blue-ribbon movie and its solid entertainment wallop. For the price of one ticket you get Nunnally Johnson's fast-moving story crammed with amusing dialogue, eight knockout tunes, Paul Whiteman's band in a smash number, Rubinstein's violin, the musical nonsense of the Yacht Club boys, Fred Allen's diziay fan, Patsy Kelly's broad slapstick, Ann Dvorak's beauty and howling, and Dick Powell's voice and personality. To top it off, there's Darryl Zanuck's swell production and Roy Del Ruth's fine direction.

None too gently ribbing politics, the story tells of Eric Land, a small town crooner (Powell) eager for a chance at radio. He is jockeyed into running for governor when the party's candidate (Raymond Walburn) runs afoul of Demon Rum. Eric sells platform planks with songs and dances, fights off a politician's amorous wife (Margaret Irving) almost loses his sweetheart (Dvorak), publicly denounces his political bosses for their crookedness, and ends in the governor's seat.

Powell should grab plenty of new fans with this performance, and Allen as the Ned-Sparkish manager of the troupe, and Walburn with his political speeches should panic you. The theme number "Thanks a Million," "Sittin' High on a Hilltop" and "I've Got a Pocket Full of Sunshine" are certain nationwide song hits.

☆ IN PERSON—RKO-Radio

FULL of broad gags at movie queens with exalted opinions of their own importance, this sprightly, fast-paced comedy depicts the delating of such a queen (Ginger Rogers) by a he-man with a sense of humor (George Brent). To cure herself of crowd phobia, Ginger, in deep disguise, goes off to a mountain retreat in company with Brent. There he succeeds in pounding common sense into her head and love into her heart, a feat climaxced by an uproarious shot-gun wedding. For a long, deep laugh don't miss this one.

Ginger again shows her decided flair for comedy minus lavish trappings. As special spice, a swell Astaireish dance routine and two torch songs are contributed by her. Brent is excellent and Allan Mowbray as a fatuous male star and Joan Breslau as a hill-billy bunt are grand.
SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

TRANS-ATLANTIC TUNNEL—GB

SMOOTHLY produced and graphically photographed, this is a tense melodrama of a scientific tomorrow. Richard Dix plays the intrepid engineer who sacrifices home and honor to his dream of a tunnel between England and the U.S.A. The exciting mechanical angles of the tunnel's construction dwarf Dix's domestic drama with Madge Evans.

PADDY O'DAY—20th Century-Fox

JANE WITHERS brings plenty of laughs and some tears in this homely little story of an Irish orphan's kaleidoscopic adventures in New York. Pinky Tomlin is a collector of stuffed birds who turns night club impresario, and Rita Cansino, as a Russian immigrant, wins his heart. George Givot adds laughs. "Keep a Twinkle in Your Eye" tuneful.

PETER IBBETSON—Paramount

THIS artistic triumph of romantic phantasy with definitely spiritual qualities will rate salvos from the intellectually-inclined movie-goer, but probably will be considered dull by the masses. It's a new version of the famous love story of Peter Ibbetson, a young architect (Gary Cooper) and the Duchess of Towers (Ann Harding).

I FOUND STELLA PARISH—Warners

A BEAUTEOUS American actress (Kay Francis) deserts a London stage success to protect the shame of her child who had been born in prison while Mama was held for a murder she didn't commit. A news sleuth, personable Ian Hunter, dogs her trail, bares all. Both Kay Francis and Ian Hunter deserve better than this. Sybil Jason and Jessie Ralph are swell.

ALTHOUGH May Robson as the eccentric millionairess, Mary Jane Baxter, gets star billing in this comedy of errors, Henry Armetta as the big hearted Italian barber, Tony Orsatti, wins the plaudits and sympathy of the audience. Enlivened by more than ordinary slapstick, the story tells of an accidental kidnapping which develops into the real thing.

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal

A S an ambitious singer who chances success for the love of Virginia Bruce, Lawrence Tibbett's acting, since his last screen appearance, has vastly improved and his voice is more glorious than ever in this story of grand opera behind the scenes. Boleslawski's direction is outstanding. Alice Brady as the faded diva and George Marion, Sr., are exceptional.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

SHIP CAFE—
Paramount

CAST in a more believable role in this fairly entertaining musical romance than usual, the Danish Carl Brisson rises on the wings of song from a ship's stoker to become the giglio of a countess, Mady Christians, but all is not as smooth as it sounds with Arlene Judge left back among the common people. William Frawley and Inez Courtney are funny.

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—
Universal

DEATH and the cocktail shaker run the action race in this amusing murder mystery, which, although loosely constructed, is a battle of smart wisecracks from beginning to end. Bob Young, Constance Cummings, and Sally Eilers are diverting. Edward Arnold is an amiable sleuth and Arthur Treacher as the butler steals every scene with his lines.

HIS NIGHT OUT—
Universal

AS laughter improves the digestion, you should certainly see the dyspeptic Edward Everett Horton struggle with the mysteries of love and adventure in this hilarious comedy, tailor made to his talents. Told by a quack doctor he has little time to live, our hero braves gangster Jack LaRue to bring back the stolen bonds and win winsome Irene Hervey.

FRISCO KID—
Warners

IN this second Hollywood glorification of San Francisco's colorful Barbary Coast, James Cagney is in fine fighting form as a sailor who rises to rule the gaudy underworld. Margaret Lindsay as a crusading editoress and the Vigilantes finally whiten this black sheep after some terrific action. Ricardo Cortez and George E. Stone are excellent.

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY—
Republic

AN old plot entertainingly handled in this California murder story with Donald Cook as the young detective who solves the mystery with the help of winning Helen Twelvetrees. Occasionally choppy in spots the picture captures mild suspense. Burton Churchill's waggish humor furnishes the laughs. It's from an Ellery Queen novel.

TO BEAT THE BAND—
RKO-Radio

THIS musical comedy hodge podge is neither very tuneful nor very funny. A very intricate business with Hugh Herbert struggling to inherit millions, involving a radio band, a pretty girl, a scheming lawyeress, and a suicidal young man, all very dull. Struggling for laughs are Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
"WE'VE got to get out of here," Dick said. "Pull yourself together."

"How are we going to g-g-g-get out?" she asked, her face ghastly beneath the make-up.

"Through that window, the same way we came in."

"B-b-b-but..."

"Save it," he told her, "I'll boost you through and then you can give me a hand."

He guided her to the window, bent down and circled her with his arms.

"No, no!" she said. "You go first. I'm afraid. There may be someone up there. There may..."

She screamed and became limp in his arms. The beam of a flashlight cutting through the night struck fairly upon her face, then, as she slumped downward in his arms, it illuminated Brent's features.

Brent swung an arm free, reached for his gun, and the voice of Dead-Pan Peters said, "H-h-h-hold it, Chief." Brent eased the girl to the floor with a sigh of relief.

"Were you the one honking the horn just now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Anyone else around the place?"

"No one.""

"Come on down."

Merla Smith clung to the detective's arm. "Who is it?" she asked.

"One of my men," Dick answered as Peters' feet slid through the window. "This way, Peters," he said, escorting him to the murder chamber.

Peters looked at the body, emitted a low, surprised whistle.

"When did it happen?" he asked.

"Just a few minutes ago."

"You g-g-got an alibi, Chief?"

Brent indicated Merla Smith with a nod of his head.

"Only this?" he said.

"S-s-she with you at the time?"

Brent shook his head. Peters frowned for a perplexed moment, then said, "I s-s-s-s-see."

Merla Smith flung herself on Dick Brent. "No, no, no! You can't! That wouldn't be fair. I understand what you mean. You're going to make me the goat. You're going to clear yourself by accusing me of committing the murder. I didn't do it I tell you! I know nothing about it!"

Brent said to Peters, "Take a look around, Bill, and see how it looks. I want to talk with this girl."

He led her out to the outer room, said, "Now I want you to come clean."

"I have, I've told you everything."

"No you haven't, and this is going to be your last chance. What was Dr. Copeland's hold on you?"

"He didn't have any."

"I know a nurse. Copeland used her in some sort of a shady transaction. I don't know just what it was. He lied to her about it. When she learned the truth, she quit him cold. Something's happened and Dr. Copeland wants her address."

By Charles J. Kenny
ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN
"What's the nurse's name?"
"Ruth Gehler."
"Where is she now?"
"I...I don't know."
"Yes you do—and you murdered Alter, didn't you?"
"No I didn't!...Perhaps you did. How do I know that you aren't the one who chased me down the corridor, killed Frank and...?"
"That," said Brent, "is an idea. I'd better give you my alibi for that right now."

He sat down on a box, pulled off a shoe, unfastened his garter, rolled down his sock and showed her his bare foot.
"See any mud between the toes?" he inquired.
Slowly she shook her head.
"Well," he told her, "whoever came down here was barefooted. He left footprints in the soft mud. It would have been a physical impossibility for me to have removed those mud stains without washing and drying my feet, and I didn't have any opportunity for that."

You'll want to keep the light on when you go to bed after reading this installment of the most gripping mystery to date.

She perched on the bottom of the cellar stairs, slipped off her shoes, rolled down her stockings and wriggled her toes at him. "Then look at my feet," she said.

Peters, coming through the secret passageway, stared at them with a puzzled countenance.
"W-w-w-what's the idea?" he asked.

Brent said, "Come on and join the party. Sit down and take off your shoes and socks."

Peters sat down on the stairs beside Merla Smith and took off his shoes and socks. Gravely they inspected his feet.
"I've heard of proving one's hands were clean," Merla Smith said, giggling half hysterically, "but this is the first time I ever heard of having to prove clean feet."

She pulled up her skirt, extended a white, shapely leg and put her stocking on. Brent and Peters replaced their socks and shoes.
"Tell Peters about Ruth Gehler," Brent said suddenly.
"I don't know much about her. She's a nurse. I became quite friendly with her when she was nursing my father. It was an unusual friendship, but she was an unusual woman. She told me that Dr. Copeland had a lot of skeletons in his closet. He's a blackmailer. She wanted to break away from him, but he had her under his thumb. I gave her some money; some encouragement and some advice."

"How long ago was that?"
"Something over six months."
"Did Dr. Copeland know it?"
"I think he suspected it."
"And then he wanted to find out where she was?"
"Yes."
"And you wouldn't tell him?"
"No."

Abruptly she said, "Listen, does the name Fahey mean anything to you?"
Brent shook his head.  
"Why?" he asked.

"There were two names," she said, "that Dr. Copeland asked me about. He asked me if Ruth had mentioned the name to me. One of them was Fahey, and the other was a funny name, something like Dixon, only it wasn't Dixon. . . . Wait a minute, I have it—it was Nixon."

Brent caught Peters' eye. "Let's go," he said.

"We'll boost Miss Smith up first, then I'll boost you, and you can give me a hand."

The two men walked to the window, motioned to Merla Smith. She drew her skirts tightly around her, spread her knees, tucked the fold of the skirt between them and then clamped her legs together. Each of the men took an ankle in one hand, a foot in the other, lifted her swiftly through the oblong of the window and out into the rain.

As her feet vanished through the window Brent leaned toward Peters and said, "I'm going to give her a chance to get to the telephone in Alter's study. There's an extension somewhere in the house. You locate the extension and listen in."

Peters nodded and Brent boosted him through the window. A moment later he caught Peters' hands in his and, half lifted, scrambled out into the rain.

The trio filed across the patio.

Brent said, "I'm going down to the car for some things. Then I'll come back to the house and make certain we haven't left anything behind that'll show we were here."

"You're not going to notify the police?"

"I don't know yet. I don't think so."

Brent headed down the stairs toward the street. "You go in with her, Peters," he said, "and see that nothing happens to her."

Peters nodded. The pair went through the open door. Brent flattened himself against the wall, avoiding the downpour as much as possible, shivering in his wet clothes.

After some four or five minutes he entered the house. Peters and the girl were in the study going over the furniture, the door knobs and the telephone with cloths moistened in alcohol.

"Just getting things s-s-s-sstraightened up," Peters said.

He caught Brent's eye and jerked his head in a single significant nodding motion.

A few minutes later the three of them filed out to the car.

"Get it?" Brent asked in an undertone, dropping slightly behind.

"Yeah. It was Gladstone 3331."

Brent moved up abreast of Merla Smith, helped her into the rear seat of the car, said to Peters in a low voice, "Get the address of that telephone number. Ruth Gebler will be living there. Get a woman operator to contact her. Put shadows on the place. Also bust into Alter's office, go through the files, look for something under the names of Gelder, Fahey, and Nixon. Make note of anything you find, and for God's sake, don't get caught. We're in this thing pretty deep."

Merla Smith rolled down the window of the car and said, suspiciously, "What are you people talking about?"

"I was just telling Peters to take you home," Brent said.

"I have my own car here. How did you come—in a taxi?"

"No, Alter brought me out."

"When?"

She rolled up the window without answering the question.

The telephone operator at the Roosevelt Hotel admitted that a Mary Smith had registered at the hotel, but refused to give the room number. Brent gave her his name, and a few moments later, heard Vilma Fenton's voice on the line.

"I'm coming up," he said.

"I'm in bed."

"You can pull the covers up to your neck if you're nervous," he told her, "but leave the door open. What's the number of your room?"

She told him. He took the elevator, walked down the corridor and paused to knock.

Vilma Fenton, attired in a coral pink negligee, opened the door, and said, frowning, "Apparently you don't know I have to work tomorrow."

Dick found a chair, said, "Don't show up for work."

"Bosh and nonsense. I've got to finish a picture tomorrow."

"Someone killed Frank Alter," she told him casually, "Frank Alter!" she exclaimed. "Murdered! When did it happen?" Obviously she was startled.

"Not very long ago. Perhaps about the time I was telephoning you."

The telephone rang. Vilma Fenton looked across to Dick Brent for instructions. He frowned and said, "Who knows you're here?"

"No one except you, and the bodyguard you sent me."

"Where the devil is Jim?"

he asked. "This is no way for him to be guarding you. I could walk in here and choke you to death without anyone being the wiser."

He caught the gleam of laughter in her eyes, suddenly felt something cold pressed against his neck, and Jim Sweet's voice said, "Unhand the woman!" He chuckled, "Had you there, boss."

"When you telephoned," she explained, "I thought I recognized your voice, but I wasn't certain, so I called in Mr. Sweet. He has the connecting room."

"The telephone continued to ring."

"Answer it," Dick told Vilma Fenton. "Disguise your voice."

She said, "Hello," into the receiver, listened for several seconds, frowned, turned to Dick Brent, started to say something, then changed her mind and said into the transmitter, "I think there must be some mistake. However, thank you very much for telling me."

She hung up the receiver, turned to Dick and said, "A young woman was making inquiries as to whether a Mary Smith was registered here. She tried to bribe one of the bell boys. The bell boy recognized her from newspaper photographs. He didn't give her any information."

"Who was it?" Brent asked scowling.

"Miss Merla Smith."

Brent whistled. "Now that," he said, "is clever. She was in the room when I telephoned you, so I told you to register under the name you'd used when I first met you. Prior to that time I told Merla that Frank Alter, in trying to think of an alias for a woman who had figured in the case, had hit on the name of Mary Smith. I said it was because the name of Merla Smith was lodged in his mind. She swore she knew nothing about it; but she evidently put two and two together. . . . You're sure the bell boy didn't give her any information?"

"He said he didn't. He said he was on his way up here. He wants a tip, I suppose."

Brent nodded to Jim Sweet. "Go on out, Jim. Wait for him at the elevator. Make damn sure he didn't give out any information, and then slip him five bucks."

"What's Merla Smith's connection with the case?" Vilma Fenton asked.

She watched Brent's eyes.
PHOTOPLAY'S Memory Album
Edited By Frederick L. Collins

Definitely a bizarre Latin type, Rudy became a first ranking star in Sabatini's "Blood and Sand".

Countless feminine hearts beat faster when Rudy was particularly mysterious in "The Sheik" with Agnes Ayres.

Rudolph Valentino exercises his fateful fascination on Bebe Daniels in "Mon-sieur Beaucaire".

With Pickford and Chaplin, Rudy joined the screen immortals in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse".

Rudolph Valentino and the equally spectacular Miss Gloria Swanson in "Beyond the Rocks".

Rudy was the "actor of the hour" when he played this torrid love scene in "Blood and Sand".

The always romantic Rudolph Valentino in his last and most grandiloquent, and dramatic rôle, "Son of the Sheik".
An English actor by the name of George Arliss showed screen promise in Ferenc Molnár’s “The Devil”.

The Johnstown flood had nothing on the tears shed over Lillian Gish and Dick Barthes in “Broken Blossoms”.

Samuel Goldwyn saw a movie future for Will Rogers, and Mr. Sam Goldwyn was right.

Mary Pickford in what many consider her greatest role — Little Lord Fauntleroy.

Betty Blythe had all the “boys” “going to lodge meeting” as queen of Shba.

The young Picklords (Olive Thomas) were the screen’s happiest couple in 1917.

Ben Turpin was as big a highlight of a Sennett comedy as any of the beauties.

Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson below skyrocketed in The Miracle Man.

In “The Prisoner of Zenda,” Ramon Novarro wore a monocle in one eye and kept his other on Miss LaMarr.
Tallulah Bankhead was among the first of the Southern society darlings to take a fling at the movies, in 1918

“Tolable David” is still considered Richard Barthelmess’s finest picture of his career

Max Linder (right) came from Europe—and came to an untimely end—suicide

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., was at his peak. Here he is with Marguerite de la Motte as Constance to his D’Artagnan in “The Three Musketeers”

The great Pola Negri first flashed to attention with her depiction of DuBarry in “Passion”

Take our word for it: Richard Dix (above) with Helene Chadwick in a comedy

The madonna-like Barbara LaMarr had a meteoric career. And always in demand

Wallace Beery—yes. Wallace Beery—was the nasty man of the war dramas

Dorothy Gish’s comedy was a grand foil for sister Lillian’s weeps in Griffith’s “Orphans of the Storm”
The "Little Women": Isabel Lamon, Meg; Florence Flinn, Amy; Lillian Hall, Beth; Dorothy Bernard, Jo.

Syd Chaplin, Charlie’s talented brother. Did Charlie pay him to quit movies?

Rod LaRoque and Monte Blue looked alike enough to be twins—and had fun.

Mae Busch and Richard Dix were the first to start the European hajiras for "authentic" backgrounds to films.

Harold Lloyd with Will Hays, then political power whom the movie magnates asked to "clean-up" scandal in pictures.

Charlie Chaplin produced "The Kid" and the kid—Jackie Coogan—produced millions of shekels!

Cecil B. DeMille emerged from his bathtubs and rediscovered "The Ten Commandments."

The Pickfords, from left to right: Olive, Jack, Ma, Mary, baby Mary Charlotte, and Lottie.
What is your choice? Photoplay again offers you an opportunity to award its Gold Medal

UNDOUBTEDLY you have had many a discussion with members of your family, friends and acquaintances on the relative merits of a picture. Such a discussion usually starts off with "Well, to my mind, such and such is the best picture I've seen this year!" And then the argument is on! You believe you're right, they believe they're right. So the only thing is to put it to a vote. Many others may have the same opinion you have. Therefore, Photoplay, in accordance with its custom of fifteen years, gives you the opportunity to vote on what you think is the best picture of the year—this is the year 1935.

The studio which produced the winning picture, the picture receiving the most votes, is then awarded Photoplay's famed Gold Medal.

Incidentally, this award is made by you, the readers of Photoplay. No board of judges sits in to decide this award. The votes are counted and the majority rule. It is the only decision of its kind where the public absolutely has the whole say.

Think over carefully the movies you have seen during the course of the past year. As an aid to your memory, Photoplay lists fifty of the outstanding pictures released in 1935. They are listed in the left hand column on this page.

But, you may think some other picture not in this list should be the winner. That's all right, too. You are not limited to the fifty we have printed.

Also, at the bottom of the page, Photoplay has printed a convenient form of ballot which you may use. But you are not limited to this ballot, in sending in your vote—print or write the picture of your choice on a slip of paper, postcard or such, your name and address, and send it in to the Editor, Photoplay Magazine, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. It’s the vote that counts, the way in which you send it in.

But, don't make a snap judgment. Think over your choice carefully, as to story, cast, and the presentation. All Hollywood and the motion picture field the world over watches for this decision of yours. It is not a thing to be taken lightly. It is the outstanding motion picture award of the year and it is your award. Photoplay Magazine takes great pride in the previous decision its readers have made. The winning pictures from the inception of the Gold Medal award in 1920 are also listed on this page. All you will note, are pictures still remembered and enjoyed.

After you have carefully thought out your decision, send in your vote as early as possible. Doing so will help in a speedy count and the early publication of the decision. Don't forget that the world is eagerly awaiting that decision, your decision, the best picture of 1935. Also don't forget, the Photoplay Gold Medal award is the only honorary distinction that you, the movie-goers of the nation, have the opportunity to bestow on a picture. Send your vote now.

Fifty Outstanding Pictures of 1935

Accent on Youth
Alice Adams
Anna Karenina
Annapolis Farewell
Black Fury
Broadway Gondolier
Becky Sharp
Brigadoon
Barbary Coast
Clive of India
Call of the Wild
Case of the Curious Bride, The
Cruades, The
China Seas
David Copperfield
Doubling Thomas
Diamond Jim
Escape Me Never
Farmer Takes a Wife, The
G Men
Gay Deception, The
Hands Across the Table
Here's to Romance
Home, Sweet Home
I Live My Life
Little Minister, The
Les Miserables
Love Me Forever
Last Days of Pompeii
Midsummer Night's Dream, A
Mutiny on the Bounty
Naughty Marietta
No More Ladies
Oil for the Lamps of China
Old Curiosity Shop, The
Private Worlds
Public Hero No. 1
Ruggles of Red Gap
Ruggles of Red Gap, The
Scrooge, The
Screaming River Round the Bend
She Married Her Boss
Scoundrel, The
Steamboat Round the Bend
Top Hat
Three Musketeers, The
Vanessa—Her Love Story
Wedding Night, The
Woman Wanted

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now
1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"TH' HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET"

PHOTOCOPY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT
EDITOR, PHOTOCOPY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42ND STREET, NEW YORK CITY
In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1935

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS

59
The Most of Every Moment

Warner Oland and his wife prove living can be a fine art—even in the motion picture colony

By Ruth Rankin

There is a man by the name of Johan Warner Oland who animates the screen at well-selected intervals with his distinguished presence. You know him as Charlie Chan. He is six feet tall, fifty-five years old, weighs two hundred pounds, and looks about as Oriental as your Uncle Jack. Which is exactly what his wife and intimate friends call him—Jack.

He was born in Umea, Sweden, and came to Boston with his parents when he was thirteen.

Warner Oland has built Chan to be the only character on the screen who has perpetuated himself, and Chan has built Oland a tremendous following. He is now so closely identified with the character that much of his fan-mail is addressed to Charlie Chan.

Warner has accomplished Chan with no make-up. It's all in the expression. He pushes his eyes together a trifle, droops his moustache—presto! The lasting charm of his characterization derives from the way he plays it for the first time, always.

Now—is his professional personality all accounted for? Because I'm dying to dash on to Warner Oland, the honorable, a gentleman of some dimension. Everyone knows his career. Very, very few persons know him. Probably I wouldn't either (he shies at publicity) if it didn't happen that his beloved Schnauzer, Shaggety Ann, is the daughter of my own Peggy—which makes me practically his dog's grandmother! (At my age, too.) We'll go into this dog business later. You can't start with the dog when you have the Olands to talk about—although of course they are so crazy about Shags they wouldn't care a darn.

You could travel the world over and never find a more enchanting pair than Warner and Edith Oland. They are not in the least indigenous to Hollywood. They are, in fact, the least Hollywood of any actor's family I know. They belong to the entire world, and you cannot name any spot in it where they would not be perfectly at home.

The Olands are slightly mad in a perfectly nice individual way. They never have a dime on their persons. They borrow from the chauffeur. If he doesn't happen to have a dime either, Edith writes checks in her beautiful artist's hand, checks for the funniest things. They live in four places—a bungalow in Beverly Hills when Warner is making a picture. At other times, they live in a beach house in Carpinteria, a beautiful old farmhouse out of Boston (it was built for Governor Bradford’s daughter), or on a 7,000-acre island off Mexico, which they own. Somewhere in the interval, they manage to gallop off to Europe, taking a Ford and leaving three large impressive cars in the garage. (No actor alive but Warner Oland ever did that.) They have a cook in all of their homes, because they are epicures and can’t bear to take chances with anything so important as food. Their hospitality is lavish, but never ostentatious.

Edith and Warner are painters of distinction. Edith Shearn was a distinguished portrait painter before her marriage and has interested Warner in painting to the extent that he has done some really lovely things. His landscapes are a revelation—delicate, spiritual things—contrasted with Edith’s bold strokes and brilliant sunlight. Had she not more or less abandoned her career after marriage she would rank with the best moderns.

Their Carpinteria place is the
Startlingly short skirt, stunningly draped silver fox on bodice, skirt, and sleeves are the important fashion notes in this street frock designed by Travis Banton, of Paramount

Here's Dietrich for Smartness
White chiffon with shimmering satin adapts itself to softly draped folds and molded lines in Miss Dietrich’s hostess gown. The fox-bordered cape is draped to resemble a coat. Above, Miss Dietrich is posed to reveal the slim and sculpturesque lines of the gown, the circular treatment of the fox-trimmed cape and the softly shirred, jewel-clasped neckline.
Above, lavish with cross egrets is Miss Dietrich's provocative black antelope suede hat. She wears the matching long black antelope gloves crushed at the wrist. Her magnificent bracelet, emeralds and diamonds.

Right, a length of heavy crêpe, swathed, draped and carelessly looped at her hip, forms the skirt of Marlene's afternoon frock. The asymmetric line is repeated in the bodice with its egrets.
Above, the Princess Natalie Paley wears a brilliantly styled cape of silver fox skins, falling in vertical lines from a dropped shoulder yoke of lame. Her lame cap is festooned with velvet buds.

Right, the gown, in magnificent flow of burnished gold interwoven with threads of horizon purple. The center fulness and long, shoulder-puff sleeves, are derived from early Florentine inspiration.
Above, the season's new alliance of velvet with tweed is interpreted in shades of taupe and cream in Princess Paley's street ensemble. The voluminous cape swings from a deep yoke, with tuxedo revers of velvet carelessly resting on her shoulders. Princess Paley's open cape reveals a snugly fitted jacket. It is worn buttoned to erect revers.

Left. The Princess wears Vionnet's velvet gloves of taupe, matching them to her stitched velvet gnome's cap. Costumes by Bernard Newman.
Above, Bette Davis wears an imported woolen ensemble in pine green with broad tuxedo revers of Canadian lynx. The coat is worn over a slim, tailored, one-piece frock.

Above, a charming navy blue two piece frock is worn by Glenda Farrell. The skirt is flared by means of narrow gores.

Left, Jean Muir in a navy blue twill afternoon dress, features narrow gores cut to wide hem fulness. Her belt and scarf are red.
It's Still Most Smart to be Tailored

The large rounded lapels of the cutaway jacket give a graceful line to Jean Muir's salt and pepper tweed suit. Her crepe shirtwaist and accessories, black

Jean Muir's pouch hat and bag of black Lyons velvet match the cape collar and sleeve panels of her amusing little tailleur of sage green homespun woolen
Those Important "Little Touches"

For girls in or around the "horsey set," Marsha Hunt's very new wooden jewelry in bit and halter design—a smart touch with tweeds.

To brighten up woolens, nothing's nicer than Cecelia Parker's golden clip and bracelet set in leaf design.

Anne Shirley prefers costume jewelry—bracelet, brooch, and novel hat clips—in gold and onyx.

For variety, pretty Miss Parker wears a gold clip and bracelet in a lacy Venetian pattern.

Gail Patrick wears matching rhinestone bracelet, pin, and unusual wing-shaped ear clips.
We Cover the Studios

Our rambling reporter gives the highlights on Hollywood productions in the making

By Michael Jackson

Imagine being late to such a date! Eddie Cantor held up "Shoot the Chutes"—for the silliest reason.

THE big doings this month are on the United Artists lot. Here Samuel Goldwyn is shooting the works on a picture called "Shoot the Chutes." A complete amusement park has been constructed right on the lot. There are real merry-go-rounds, elephants, roller-coasters, hot-dog stands, everything, in fact, that you would find at Coney Island. And the thing that made this set so much fun is that none of it is faked.

This amusement park is called Phineas Carson's Paradise For The People. At the entrance to the park, there is a life-sized statue of Mr. Carson, posed for by one of the studio laborers. Across the street is a McKinley-era bungalow where Mr. Carson's widow lives and where she can see the people whooping it up in honor of her deceased husband. By some means or other, Eddie Cantor has gotten in good with Mrs Carson (Helen Lowell), and is now running the place for her.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when we arrived on the set. The lights were focused, the cameras set up and jovial director Norman Taurog was all ready to shoot. But the company had no star. Nobody could find Cantor. He dashed in, finally, more wide-eyed than ever.

This was his alibi for being late and, the truth or not, it's a honey: Cantor, as you ought to guess, is one of the busiest men in Hollywood. He writes most of his gags for his radio hour, thinks up his own business for his pictures and in between time knocks out pieces for the magazines and manages his own finances. On top of this he looks after many daughters.

So when Eddie came running in, out of breath, he had his alibi all set before anybody could question him. "Look," he gasped, "I'm getting up early and I'm rehearsing a scene to myself. Outside in the hall is a maid. She's listening to me but I don't know it. I shout the lines. 'Drop that gun! Drop that gun and get out of here, or I'll call the police.' I rehearse till I'm ready to leave for the studio. But in pop some real cops and right behind them the maid. It took me about a half hour explaining, but even then the cops wouldn't believe me. They thought I was shielding someone. I finally remembered the script in the dresser drawer and that convinced them."

Mr. Taurog seemed only mildly convinced, but the scene got under way. In this one, Cantor, being very timid, is confronted by the slickers who want a cut in on the Phineas Carson amusement park. Eddie has read a book on psychology.
He's only read it up to page fifty; however, and these bandits are using some pretty advanced persuasive methods. He sinks lower and lower behind his desk while the racketeers, lead by Jack LaRue, attempt to bully him into submission.

In the picture, Eddie is supposed to be frightened to death every time LaRue cracks his knuckles. This is a piece of character business, like Raft's flipping the coins in "Scarface," that runs all through the story. The night before this scene was taken, an actor slammed a car door on LaRue's hand. After fainting dead away, Jack awakened to find his finger mangled. Now the company's in a bad way, for many close-ups had been taken of LaRue's hands. The way they are going to photograph it now, is for LaRue to hide his bandaged hand and crack his knuckles with one hand. This is going to make him twice as tough, or maybe only half. Nobody seemed sure which.

Standing right behind LaRue in this scene was Sam Hardy. He was one of the few actors who looked just like an actor in private life. He couldn't have been anything else. He wore the loudest clothes, talked the most, was always beaming and always optimistic. A gardenia jauntily placed on his lapel, Sam kept on acting when the camera stopped. He was joking with the assistant director when we left the sound stage. Less than five hours later he was dead of a ruptured appendix.

When "Shoot the Chutes" is released you will see William Frawley in Sam's role.

Taurog, who, as I have said, directs this three-ring picture, is one of the most easy-going people in this hectic business. Jackie Cooper's uncle, he's best known for his ability to handle child actors. His theory is that all children, especially talented ones, are much brighter than they appear and that rather than talking down to them an adult should be on his toes to keep up with the kids. It's the parents who cause the trouble, not the kids, he says.

On the adjoining stage, Robert Alton is directing the Goldwyn Girls for the dance numbers. This Mr. Alton is a good person to think of whenever your feet hurt, for that's how he got his start in theatrics—taking the hurt out of other people's shoes. He broke in shoes for tap dancers when he first came to New York, and then by uneasy steps he became a dancer himself and ultimately a dance director. He staged "Life Begins at 8:40" last season in New York. "Shoot the Chutes" is his first picture.

"I'm scared stiff," he told me as he put the girls through their and his first number. "He needn't be, though, for it is a spectacular routine, exciting, and made up of the most beautiful girls you could find anywhere in the world. These girls are so breath-takingly lovely that even in Hollywood they attract attention.

There are two types. The showgirls are chosen for their beauty alone. The ponies are picked for their beauty, stamina and verve. The show girls are groomed as stars of tomorrow. They pose in the background during the dance routines and each one gets a couple of close-ups during the picture. These close-ups are the things on which they base their hope of becoming stars. Virginia Bruce got her start this way. The girls get seventy dollars a week and are guaranteed at least ten weeks' work. A few are under regular yearly contract.

Two thousand girls tried out for this picture. There were

Our rambling reporter's discovery of the month is a cute little green-eyed brunette named June Travis. She will be in "Ceiling Zero" with Jimmy Cagney.

They call Johnny "Weisenholer" on the M.G.M. "Tarzan Escapes" set where the ape-men are daily losing pounds. Maureen O'Sullivan again is Tarzan's mate.

70
five nights of testing and finally the number was cut to twenty-seven. They were wearing revealing hand-painted gowns of blue and silver designed by Omar Kiam, who sits under a tree and whips up all the Goldwyn costumes.

The number we watched was lead by a little sizzler ephemistically named Rita Rio. She was born in Mexico not too long ago, and was raised in Philadelphia, which has done little to cool her off. The girls form a pleasantly distracting background, and the dance is something you’ll want to see. We watched them shoot it under broiling light for four hours and then hated to leave.

Although the girls seem the height of sophistication, many of them are under the school age limit. There is a teacher on the set for these and substitute dancers when work goes over the hours allowed minors.

These come from all over the world. Just now they are interested in an intelligence test to compare them with college girls. They are all movie fans, like to go dancing, are active in at least one sport. Half are looking forward to marriage and the other half to stardom or a musical career. They are all slightly over average height. One, Jinx Falkenberg, is a tournament tennis player, and another, Kay Hughes, is an expert sharpshooter. One girl told me that her greatest disappointment in life was missing Hollywood Boulevard. Marcia Sweet, called the best built of the lassies, said that her favorite memory was of her brother getting spanked for something she had done. We’re still trying to figure that out.

On the way out of the lot, we learned an interesting fact: Acrobats weave their own nets. It seems that one was killed by a factory-made net and now there is a superstition against them. Like most superstitions, this is based on a logical reason. The demand for these nets is so small that no one except the acrobats has developed the skill in weaving these life-savers. It takes six months to make a good-sized net. All of the work is done by hand and the cross ropes are entwined through the strands of the lengthwise ropes. Thought you’d like to know.

From the big doings on the United Artists lot, we take you to the little doings at Hal Roach’s play shop. We ask:

“Where’s the ‘Our Gang Follies of 1936’ shooting?”

“It stopped shooting last week,” he said. “It’s showing. Would you like to see it?”

So, knee deep in kids, we entered the darkened projection room to see their first musical. A refreshingly honest thing about these kids is that they applaud themselves like mad and ignore their co-workers. They just can’t contain their delight with themselves. There have been four complete turn-overs of the cast since the beginning of the Our Gang comedies. The newest star is Master Alfalfa Switzer, who sings. He’s a bucolic lad of engaging homeliness and funny because he doesn’t know it. You are asked not to laugh when he sings. After the picture, Spanky MacFarland recited a piece. They’re a nice lot of unspoiled children, get along well together and are all on a spending allowance of ten cents a day. Spanky wants to be a traffic cop when he grows up and Alfalfa is going to be a scientific astronomer-explorer: either that or a shoe clerk. He hasn’t made up his mind, really.

Those sillies, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, were working on the next set. They are filming the operetta, “The Bohemian Girl.” The scene is in the
GRACE MOORE’S formal dinner table

- Flat silver—Dominich and Haff’s “Marie Antoinette” from Cartier.
- Candle sticks—Colonial from Cartier.
- Napkins (monogrammed by name)—Louis XV damask with lyre and floral motif.
- Service plates—gold and ivory Sevres.
- China—Minton’s “Derwent.”

- Silver birds—Sheffield.
- Crystal—Venetian especially spun for her in Venice.
- Dollies—made by nuns in Convent of Sorrento, Italy.
- Furniture—Sheraton table and buffet, Venetian crystal cabinet and original “Prince of Wales” chairs.
There is always a particular keynote to the success of noted hostesses in entertaining. One is famed for this another for that.

Some, in planning their affairs, concentrate interest on the guests themselves, seating artists, adventurers, authors, wits, and explorers side by side so that sparkling conversation speeds the evening on magic wings.

Some stress beauty, emphasizing it in flowers and exquisite table appointments and service. Others spend hours, nay days, achieving unique Roman, nautical, hospital or South Sea settings, carrying out the motifs to the most minute detail. Still others make spectacular entertainment for their forte.

But in the home of lovely Grace Moore, world famous diva whose voice comes to us all too infrequently via the screen, the highlight of the entertainment, be it formal or informal, is ever in the food itself. Unusual food, prepared in mystic and very secret ways.

Miss Moore loves to share the finished product with her friends but the blue prints of how to achieve these perfect dishes—never! Her collection of rare and fascinating recipes are as precious to her as her magnificent jewels and have been gathered from the four corners of the earth with the same care and discrimination.

Clever woman. As result of this secrecy, this watchful guarding of her culinary gems, invitations to break bread beneath the Moore roof are sought with undisguised eagerness.

Once within the walls of her home, be it in Beverly Hills, England, France or Italy, Grace Moore the actress and opera star vanishes and in her place stands Mrs. Valentin Parera wife and hostess.

Eight guests gathered recently to dine with her before attending the western premiere of "Midsummer Night’s Dream," They included Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman (Gladys Swarthout), Countess di Frasso, Countess de Maigret, Mrs. Richard Barthelmeiss, Mr. Clifton Webb, Mrs. T. Tyler and Major R. Bosley.

Continental in touch, it was a perfect dinner though a bit more hurried than is customary in the Parera home because of the theater engagement. Long conversation usually prevails at the Moore table.

On this night the dinner hour was advanced from the usual eight-thirty to a prompt seven. Those who wished to join Mr. Parera in a before dinner cocktail, or Scotch and soda came a bit earlier. Miss Moore herself uses no liquor but is too gracious and understanding a hostess to deny it to those of her guests who choose to use it in moderation.

Everywhere in the large drawing room, softly lighted by well-placed lamps, were flowers with white chrysanthemums predominating. The walls of this room are antique ivory in color, the rough beam ceiling of dark oak, and the hangings and rug of soft rose.

Comfortable pieces of furniture are in neutral or harmonizing tones while a huge wrought iron grille stands before the eight-foot fireplace over which is inscribed the philosophical advice: "Cut Your Own Wood and It Will Warm You Twice."

On one table is a collection of autographed portraits of the great in the fields of music, art, theater and the screen—not to mention more than a smattering of royalty at whose tables Miss Moore has dined and who, in turn, have been guests at hers. A grand piano, ever ready for use, stands in a raised alcove-like room adjoining the drawing room.

For this dinner Miss Moore received her guests in a stunning Molyneaux model of white brocade. With it she wore jeweled sandals and the magnificent Moore emeralds.

William Dickinson, Miss Moore’s colored butler of years standing, threw wide the doors into the dining room promptly at seven. The indirect and concealed lighting arrangement threw a subdued glow over the old French wall papers and rugs and the dull gold, domed ceiling. Four green tapers in simple silver sticks upon the table cast flickers over the Sheraton table laid for ten.

On that table gleamed her monogrammed sterling and the gold-flecked crystal spun for her while she was honeymooning in Venice five years ago. A basket of white chrysanthemums, white sweet peas and white snapdragons centered the oblong dining board, around which were arranged her museum piece Prince of Wales chairs. At either end stood decorative silver pheasants and crystal baskets of mixed nuts.

Before each place was laid a doily of finest lace fashioned for Miss Moore by the hands of nuns of the Convent of Sorrento. Atop service plates of old Sevres in ivory and gold lay monogrammed napkins of Louis XV damask. Crystal goblets of varying sizes stood ready to receive the white Chateau Olivier to be served with the fish, and the red Mouton Rothschild 1924 and Rose Champagne Lanson 1928 to be sipped with the entree.

Miss Moore’s menu for this dinner, served by Dickinson and the second man, began with Onion Soup Provençal, her savory favorite among soups. Next came Filet of Sole Chiribibin, a delectable dish created for the hostess at the famous Pagani’s restaurant in London during her Jubilee performances at Covent Garden Opera.

Escalopes de Veau (scalloped veal), Petite Pois a la Française (green peas in a souch sauce), and D’Artichaut Florestin (artichokes with a special dressing) followed. Next came Salad Cas la Lauretta (a vegetable salad which Miss Moore originated and named Cas la Lauretta after her villa in France). With it was served Cheese a la Romana (cheese which has stood overnight in a red wine).

A frozen dessert of the Spumoni type completed the meal. Coffee and Fundador Cognac was served in the drawing room.

Only one recipe would Miss Moore divulge from this Lucullan feast—that of her famous onion soup. Here are her directions. Slice six medium onions and cook in two tablespoons of fat until light brown. Add three cups of plain stock or three cupsful of boiling water in which four beef bouillon cubes have been dissolved. Add one-half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon kitchen bouquet, and one-eighth teaspoon celery salt and a speck of pepper. Pour into casserole, place six rounds of bread on top sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese. Bake uncovered at 350 degrees heat until cheese is melted and well browned. These proportions will serve six.

Although Myra Williams, the colored cook who has served Miss Moore for many years, prepares all meals, it is always under the personal supervision and direction of her meticulous mistress. Far from being unusual, it is the rule for Miss Moore to pop into her well-ordered kitchen to taste and pass upon each dish.
BOB MONTGOMERY brought back from Europe a Bentley roadster and a harrowing tale. You've seen pictures of the roadster—here is the tale.

"You asked about my trip," said Bob Montgomery, "so I ask you, have you ever heard of 'The return from Portsmouth,' or 'Montgomery's Ride'?

I remembered something about the return from Elba and Sheridan's ride.

"Old stuff," said Montgomery, "from the musty shelves of history. This is current, timely. Unsung by poetry as yet. However," he mused, casting an eye to the ceiling, "it wouldn't go bad at that—'and Montgomery only ninety miles away'!

"Sheridan was only twenty," I reminded him.

"We live in a swift mechanical age," reproached Bob, "but be that as it may, you asked about my trip through Europe and I must confess that everything rather dates from the memorable evening (or was it morning?) when I made an historic March on London.

"Beside the surge, the clout of that spirited dash, the grandeur of the Alps, the shimmering beauty of Como at sunset, Cassone in the moonlight—all those pale. It," he concluded, "was the top, the pièce de résistance, the smash scene—the dish."

"Well?" said I.

"Oh, quite," assured Bob, "in the pink, absolutely—"

"I mean let's have it," I clarified, prompted by the instinct of self preservation.

"I see you don't appreciate poetic expression," sighed Montgomery, "you want facts. Very well—I suppose in some round about way you have perhaps heard of 'Jubilee'?"

"I wish they'd stop rehearsing and trying it out," I wished, "I understand they've had to rewrite pages and pages—"

"Hah-hah," choked Robert Montgomery, "you'll pardon me—but how quaint! Why, my dear sir, I sing of no mere Broadway play, but of Jubilee Year in Merry England, of the Tide of Empire and the reign of George V, Bless 'Im. I sing of men who go down to the sea in ships and other men who come riding back on motorbikes—"

"You see" (continued Mr. Montgomery), "because of Jubilee Year Britain's mighty navy had arranged a bit of a review off Portsmouth. The King was to review the fleet, and that, I may add, is an occasion in Britain. Practically all the vessels anywhere near home waters were lined up in the bay and all the pomp and circumstance of England's majesty was assembled for the event.

"I wanted to see it, and while modesty here stills my tongue, I must admit that it took some high powered wrangling to get aboard H. M. S. Alresford, a mine sweeper, scheduled to follow the royal flagship, Victoria and Albert, over the review course.

"Everything went off as advertised, right down to the second. It was marvelous, impressive and

You'll want to go along on this hilarious adventure—

The MIDNIGHT RIDE
colorful, and I was thrilled and impressed with England's might and efficiency when I disembarked at the pier that evening about 6:30.

"I had run down from London at the crack of dawn that day (the review started in the early morning and took all day to pass) with some friends, who were set to stay for the evening's doings, but I had a date in London at ten o'clock that night, and as it was a turn of some ninety miles back to town I cautioned the driver of a car engaged for me to step on it.

"This, I soon discovered, was a fatal error. The deep breather I had drawn was a nineteen twenty something or other Chevrolet in the last stages of asthma. The martial airs which still course through my brain were soon drowned out by a ghastly clacking of expiring cylinders until but one was left chugging along at around five miles per hour. A mile or so this side of Southpoint, a town, which I assure you, I shall never forget, my driver arrived at a conclusion which had slowly been creeping over me.

"I don't think we'll make it, sir," he said. "The motor wants going over a bit. Shall we go back to Portsmouth?"

"You go back," I told him, "but for me—on to London!" and with "a Montgomery never turns back" air, I strode into Southpoint.

A sign said "Garage," so if you will take that as an imaginary setting, I will lapse herewith into a bit of dialogue:

Montgomery: Halloo!
Garageman: 'Alloo, Sir.
Montgomery: Got any cars?
Garageman: Cars, Sir?
Montgomery: Yes, cars, automobiles—
Garageman: Oh, no sir.
Montgomery: Isn't this a garage?

Garageman: Oh, yes sir
Montgomery: Then where are the cars?
Garageman: Oh, they're all in Portsmouth. 'Is Majesty's reviewin' the fleet, sir. God save the King!
Montgomery: God save Montgomery.
Garageman: 'Ow sir?
Montgomery: I've got to get to London.
Garageman: London, sir?
Montgomery: Yes, you know. town up the road.
Montgomery: Where can I get a car?
Garageman: Well now, sir, I couldn't say that. But there's cars as come through 'ere all the time. You might wait on the highway.
Montgomery: I'll wait

Time passes—one hour—not a
Above, perhaps the double-duty gadgets that Arlene Judge is considering is more to your liking. It is not much larger than a lipstick, but it's a lighter with a watch.

Left, beauty often comes in small packages. Anita Louise is holding a lipstick which comes in brilliantly colored cases, topped by little gold crowns. In six shades.

**THE SEASON'S**

Above, like an hour glass, in appearance, the flacon that Peggy Wood holds, containing the concentrated fragrance of rare white flowers, will record memorable hours.

Right, an exquisite gift set in a mirror silver and blue box rests on Marian Marsh's dressing table. She holds a mirror box of dusting powder which comes in two sizes.

**Photo play's Hollywood Beauty Shop**
Above, a combination vanity and cigarette case in black and white enamel seems to please Betty Grable. Its compartments are securely lidded. No scent escapes.

Right, Elizabeth Allan considers this make-up ensemble quite the perfect gift. Created by a master of make-up, it has eight essential items packaged in black and gold.

GREETINGS

Left, delightfully scented sachets to tuck among your lingerie come in green moire. Perfume of the same odour is Katharine Alexander’s selection for personal use.

Above, Gloria Shea carries a vanity that is ready for use at a moment’s notice. It is in that charming bracelet of silver and rhinestones for special occasions.

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck
An enchanting coiffure for a romantic costume is worn by Lily Pons in her debut picture "I Dream Too Much." The smooth and gleaming top hair falls into masses of soft side-ringlets, parted low.

Coiffure for A Gala Night

Above, her short side curls evolve into low coils at the nape of her neck, with a casual flower caught in the knot, matching the wreath at the left side.

Fashion decrees that the natural contour of the head shall be defined, as is shown by Miss Pons at the right, smooth crown and curls meticulously arranged.
Gathering Gifts With Gracie

Going shopping with Gracie Allen is fun, because she always knows just what she is going to buy. First, gifts to beauty. This gift box of accessories for the bath, which any woman loves, includes soap, talc, bath essence, salts, etc.

Above, Gracie’s eye was caught and held by the exquisite crystal flacon. A whiff of its alluring fragrance within and Gracie’s pocketbook was caught, too.

“Gift Pre-View,” our mid-winter leaflet, will be yours if you will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 1526 Broadway, New York City.

Above, two little gifts that are daily reminders of the giver are the compact and lipstick in colors to match daytime tweeds or evening frocks.

Above, Catherine the Great and Gracie both have made a favorite of this rare essence from Russia. And how luxurious is the bottle.

Right, an evening bag of gold threaded brocade with all the fittings in a dull gold finish, equips you perfectly for fete nights.

Above, Catherine the Great and Gracie both have made a favorite of this rare essence from Russia. And how luxurious is the bottle.

Right, an evening bag of gold threaded brocade with all the fittings in a dull gold finish, equips you perfectly for fete nights.
Boos and Bouquets
Your opinion may win you a prize. Write!

S1 PRIZE
MORE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

Based on the fact that everybody—men, women, children—love the great outdoors, I would say that more pictures showing the beauty of Nature, wild life, children at play, life and recreation along the country highway or down by "the swimmin' holes," restful scenes—such pictures would add immeasurably to the public's appeal for attending the moving picture houses often. In contrast with this restful kind of picture, there is the overdone gun stuff, liquor and night parties, etc., which are apt to be tiresome and not always wholesome for the family.

R. P. Bankson, Oil City, Pa.

S1 PRIZE
HEROES UNATTRACTIVE?

I have been a movie fan for years, but, at times lately, I feel as if I would soon give up pictures entirely.

To me, a story is not satisfying unless both masculine and feminine leads are reasonably attractive, and we seem to be getting a big dose of unattractive "heroes," though a few of the newer ones are all that could be desired.

I believe American women do not like gigolo types, but men with average good looks, manners and intelligence, at least—and almost invariably clean shaven. The only male star with a mustache I could really like is Paul Lucas. Ronald Colman, William Powell, Jack Gilbert and Victor Jory might be given passing marks with them but no others. Good-looking men should not wear them. They act as a mask or disguise, concealing their good looks, making them all look alike and taking away sex appeal.

Ellen Martin, New York, New York

S1 PRIZE
GARBO AS JOAN OF ARC

There is a great and glorious part awaiting Garbo: it is the rôle of Joan of Arc, the stainless maid of France.

Filmland must give to the world such a film and such an interpretation.

Garbo has all the spiritual courage of Joan of Arc—it is her own courage, too! All those who love Garbo for her acting and ethereal beauty are waiting patiently and hoping for such a picture.

Frederick Sanders, Chatham, Eng.

MR. MARCH, DON'T READ THIS

A very heavy brickbat and throw in a shillalah for Fredric March in "Anna Karenina," and don't spare the director and his thousands of Russian consultants.

After all the ballyhoo about pronouncing it Anna Kareninina, with the accent on the second syllable, etc., Fredric shows how independent he has become in Hollywood by calling his beloved Garbo as Anna.

But maybe all the Russian counts and no-counts that infest the movies these days have been away from their Matyushka Rossiya (Mother Russia to you) for so long that they have completely forgotten how to speak the language. Therefore, they were unable to correct Fredric.

Another possibility is that these consultants probably were born in the Bronx and just learned Russian very recently by reading the labels on caviar tins. But, of course, I wouldn't know much about it. I'm just one of the dumb millions who go to the movies to see Mickey Mouse and have to sit through the feature to wait for the rascal.

As an afterthought, a fragrant bouquet to the man who saw to it that no one sang the "Song of the Volga Boatmen."

Allan Kazunas, Berwyn, Ill.

SILENT "ANGEL" BETTER?

Have just seen the talking version of "The Dark Angel" and I think it a fine picture but inferior to the silent version with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky.

Fredric March is a grand actor but the producers are making a mistake in casting him so often in all the big pictures.

M-G-M is making a great mistake in not putting John Gilbert in "Romeo and Juliet" with Norma Shearer.

Please, producers, make a talking version of "Seventh Heaven" with Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. No other stars could portray these great roles.

Charles Farrell's Chico is something no one will ever forget.

He has been treated very unfairly by the producers.

Give him a Chance. He deserves it.

Mary Duncan, Reardon, Wis.

"ANGEL" BEST OF YEAR

If "The Dark Angel" is not acclaimed one of the very best pictures of 1935 I will be much surprised and disappointed! The superb acting of Fredric March and Herbert Marshall and the charm of Merle Oberon should be enough to guarantee the success of any picture, but when combined with a story having the power and drama of "The Dark Angel" the result is, well, just about perfect.

J. W. Roberts, Boise, Idaho
On the cuff" has an "initial" meaning where Wendy Barrie is concerned. She is wearing the smartest of shirtmaker blouses and her cuff links are her two initials, held together with a fine metal chain.

If you wish to make a dramatic entrance in a new evening wrap, take your cue from Jean Harlow's black velvet cape. It descends in sweeping folds from shoulder to hemline and is banded with ermine which also lines its tricky little hood. If you don't wish fur, line the hood, or better still, the whole cape with a contrasting color to make it even more dramatically effective.

Lange, of Columbia Pictures, has devised a novel use for the gayly colored silk kerchief. Tiny slots are made in each side of the mannish collar of a tailored blouse and the kerchief is pulled through and knotted carelessly at the throat.

The last word for cuff sets is metal. On a brown suede sports costume, Jean Harlow wears a pair of wide gold bracelets ornamented in rope design. Matching clips adorn the high neckline. For more formal afternoons wear, row upon row of pearls form plain or flared cuffs which are tied with velvet bows. The matching necklace may be worn as a headband with your evening coiffure, if you so desire.

If you're having difficulties with over-head blouses and sweaters wrecking your coiffure when you pull them on in a hurry, take a tip from Maureen O'Sullivan. She uses the new colored slide fasteners at the shoulder seams and continues them down the sleeves. Both decorative and utilitarian.

Pigskin brings rousing cheers whether it appears on the field or in the grandstand. If you wish to appear especially smart, select it in one of the new rust or green shades for your beret, bag, gloves, wide belt and shoes.

Heels, this season, are news. Spike heels are out. A lithe tree carriage is the order of the day. Above, for formal afternoons, a T-strap pump in dull black, Java brown with narrow piping in contrasting color.

For semi-formal daytime wear—a three-eyelet tie with medium heel, in dull mat black or Java brown kid, with combination amalac and patent trim.

For town or country, with tweeds, the oxford with broad fringed tongue is smart. Black, rough surfaced calf with dark grey stitching; Java brown with cocoa. To wear as plain oxford, remove the tongue.

For formal street wear, heels have reached a new low. Above, the four-eyelet oxford with perforations and asymmetric trim, in black with dark grey stitching or Java brown.
Ask The Answer Man

Una Merkell's fascinating Southern drawl is not as much in evidence as it once was, but her look of wide-eyed innocence and disarmingly frank comedy lines can always be counted upon to enliven an otherwise boring picture. Perhaps her appearance of wholesomeness is a left-over from the days when she sang in the church choir in Covington, Ky., where she was born December 10, 1903. After traveling over Europe with her parents and attending dramatic school, her first stage appearances were in "Pips" and "The Gossipy Sex." Her enchanting performance in "Coquette" started her on the road to recognition in Hollywood, as she was immediately given the part of Ann Rutledge in "Lincoln." And this was also the beginning of her close friendship with Helen Hayes. She is, as you know, very pretty, with deep blue eyes, and naturally curly hair; she five feet five inches, weighs 112 pounds, and is happily wedded to Ronald Burla, an aeronautical engineer whom she married in 1932. She likes the type of things she has done and thinks "that comedy parts which stand out are fun to create and build." She is under contract to M-G-M and her latest pictures are "Murder in the Fleet," "Broadway Melody of 1936," and "Riff Raff," Jean Harlow's new picture.

Mrs. J. M. Krennerich, New Orleans, La.—Ruth Chatterton's two former husbands were first, Ralph Forbes, second, George Brent, the latter's birth date is March 15, 1903. William Porell was born June 29, 1902; George O'Brien on Sept. 1, 1900 and Ruby Keeler on August 25, 1909.

Agnes Lee Miller, Cuero, Texas.—Bruce Cabot seems quite fancy free since he and Adrienne Ames were divorced. He is six feet one, and weighs 165 pounds. Address him care of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studio, Culver City, Calif.

Charles G. McKee, Winchester, Va.—The stars do not confide the amount of their salaries to the Answer Man. Marie Prevost was born May 8, 1898, and entered pictures in the old silent days with Mack Sennett. Her latest appearance is in "Hands Across the Table." It is quite probable that Gloria Swanson will make a new picture. We hope so too.

Winnifred Ellerston, Chicago, Ill.—The handsome Phillip de Lacy is no longer a child. He is nineteen years old now and at the moment interested in his education. You were right, Nils Ashier did play the part of the grown son in the silent version of "Sorrell and Son."

Eleanor Rhinehart, Spilway, New York.—Colonel Tim McCoy is a real rancher having 15,000 acres in Wyoming. He is also a real Colonel in the U. S. A. and began in pictures as a technical director for "The Covered Wagon." He was born April 10, 1891, is five feet, eleven, and was divorced from Alice Miller in 1931. Address him care of Columbia Studios, 1438 N. Gower St., Hollywood.

If the picture's bad, and Una Merkell's in it, it's worth seeing! She drops her Southern accent at will, readily admits she's past thirty!

Mrs. Arthur P. Warner, Salisbury, Miss.—Sorry your answer was delayed. The part of Princess Vera opposite Lawrence Tibbet in the "Rogue Song" was taken by Catherine Dale Owen. She is happily married and not at present in pictures.

Miss Pick, Chicago, Illinois.—Ross Alexander was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 27, 1907. He is six feet one, and married to Aleta Frele, an actress on the legitimate stage.

Mrs. Albertia Castro, Galt, Calif.—The last Book Of Photoplay was published in 1931. We are not at present contemplating a new one.

Evelyn K. Staniszeewski, Milwaukee, Wits.—If you will send us a stamped addressed envelope, we will be glad to send you a list of all of Richard Talmadge's pictures.

Mrs. C. J. Heidland, Modesto, Calif.—Shirley Temple has two brothers, Jack and George.

Miss Mary Sunshine, Chicago.—What a charming name you have. There are two stars in pictures with the surname Ames—Adrienne and Rosemary.

W. Y. McMavon, St. Petersburg, Fla.—Alice Faye was born May 5, 1912.

Monica, Philadelphia, Penna.—We have not yet published a picture of Billie Dove with her newborn baby. Mary Brian was born Feb. 17, 1908, and is five feet two inches. Her last picture was "The Man on the Flying Trapeze." Gail Patrick was born June 20, 1911, is five feet seven inches. Helen Gahagan, and Rosalind Russell have not told the Answer Man their ages.

Margaret Brownson, New York City.—Claude Rains was born in London, England, has black hair, brown eyes. Was on the legitimate stage and entered pictures in 1933. His most recent picture is "The Last Outpost."

F. J. Reynolds, New York.—Jean Harlow's real name was Harleen Carpenter. She was born in Kansas City, Mo., March 5, 1911. Katharine Hepburn's name is her real one. She was born in Hartford, Conn.

Lorene Rolphino, Gerald, Mo.—James Dunn was born Nov. 2, 1905. Dunn is his real name and he weighs 157 pounds and is six feet tall with dark brown hair and blue eyes. He was educated in New Rochelle, N. Y., and has been on the stage since 1927 and in the movies since 1931. His latest picture is the Fox production, "Bad Boy."

R. H. Roop, Baltimore, Md.—We are sorry we do not have Lynn Reynolds' address. Perhaps Fox Studio might have it. Turn to our Addresses of the Stars page for the Fox address.

Audrey G. Betz, Baltimore, Md.—Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper played in "All This Time." John Beal's first picture was "Another Language." Dick Powell was born in Mountain View, Arkansas, Nov. 14, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 177 pounds, has auburn hair, and blue eyes. Was educated in Little Rock, Ark., high school and college. Was an orchestra leader before going into pictures. "Shipmates Forever" is his latest picture. He is divorced from a non-professional.

Barbara Sexton, Bernard, N. C.—Dolores Del Rio was born August 3, 1905, weighs 120 pounds and is five feet four and one half inches. Myrna Loy was born Aug. 21, 1905, and is five feet, five inches. Elissa Landi was born April 4, 1905, weighs 101 pounds and is five feet tall.
"I want my sleep to be beauty sleep—so I never let stale cosmetics choke my pores all night"

says CAROLE LOMBARD

"YES, I use cosmetics," says Carole Lombard, "but thanks to Lux Toilet Soap, I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin!"

This lovely screen star knows it is when stale rouge and powder are allowed to choke the pores that Cosmetic Skin appears—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin, always remove cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap has an ACTIVE lather that sinks deep into the pores, safely removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—use the gentle, white soap 9 out of 10 screen stars have made their beauty care for years.

LUX TOILET SOAP
London Letter—Special Delivery

ROBERT DONAT is a frank, amusing young man to whom, strangely enough, money means nothing. He has been given thousands of dollars to return to Hollywood, but he will come only when he finds a story he will enjoy doing.

Jean Parker has been brought over to London to play opposite Donat. It is her first trip abroad and she is as enthusiastic and excited as a youngster in a toy shop. Now she is looking forward to returning home, but plans first to visit Paris, feeling like so many of us, that travel offers a great opportunity to become acquainted with other nations and their customs.

They want Conrad Nagel to do a play here, but Hollywood is calling him again. I am glad, because he has won a definite place on the screen and I would hate to see him desert it forever.

Merle Oberon is enjoying a riotous homecoming. She had such a struggle here for so long, working as an extra girl until Korda chose her to play Anne Boleyn in “Henry VIII.” Of course, all the men are falling in love with her, but it looks as though David Niven still holds her interest. Knowing David, no one can blame her.

Merle gave a dinner party at one of the most popular clubs in London on the night of Joan Crawford’s marriage to Franchot Tone. Young Doug was at the party and he had just telephoned to Joan and Franchot to wish them happiness. There will always be a strong bond of affection between these two people who were married when they were only youngsters.

Korda is building a new studio. The present English film studios, though adequate, cannot compare with our magnificent Hollywood ones. One thing, though, the English do not work under the pressures of the American public but enjoy life and live sanely and not too aggressively. They stop for tea; no one starts working as early as we do. No snap decisions are made. Every phase of a picture is rolled over at length in their minds before it goes into production. Of course, at first this is strange to us Americans, because we are so accustomed to leaping into the fire, but after a short stay, we accept life almost as casually as they do. We are amazed to find that we do just as much work as if we were continually snapping the whip.

A party of us visited Mr. Hearst’s castle in southern Wales. It is breath-taking! I have seen his home at Simeon and his Bavarian village in northern California, but the castle of St. Donat is unsurpassed. Built in the tenth century as a Norman fortress, it stands on a hill, its gardens terraced to the sea. The rooms are magnificently furnished with rare antiques and the baronial hall is lined with armor from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. We saw a beautiful silver bed of Charles I and magnificent paintings and counting the fashion of miles in one day. The English like to travel leisurely—but not us! Conrad Nagel and I were among a group of Americans who went on a four-day motor tour of Scotland. I do believe we saw more of Scotland in those four days than most people who live in London see in two years. We would start out at the crack of dawn and arrive at our destination late at night. We saw The Trossachs with its long-haired cattle and angora sheep, and some of the famous lakes, among them Loch Lomond. Naturally all of the motor tour had to go to St. Andrews, the finest golf course in the world, and to that famous resort, Glen Eagles, which has three of the most fashionable links in the world. All the championship golf tournaments take place at Glen Eagles. We visited Edinburgh and saw the apartment of Mary, Queen of Scotland, where Riccio was slain. We saw the little room where she was born, the island where she was imprisoned as a young girl before leaving for France, her apartment in Holyrood Castle where she lived with Lord Darnley, and in London the cell where she was held prisoner.

All these historical scenes left us eager to read Stefan Zweig’s biography of this tragic queen.

AFTER viewing all the historical homes—and the English pride themselves on their old houses—the Charles Laughton apartment in London was certainly a vivid contrast. It is strikingly modern in every sense, and somehow this background seems to fit these two fascinating and unusual people. Elsa Lancaster is considered a great actress in England. She is famous for her sharp wit. Their home is a mecca for all distinguished writers, theater folks and artists. Everyone in England has great respect for Laughton. They have taken his success for granted, but the fact that he is willing to give up months of work in Hollywood at a tremendous salary to play Shakespearian roles for nothing but glory has brought him unprecedented prominence among his own people.

I went to the theater with them to see “Night Must Fall.” It was a startling play, stark, and at moments terrifying. It was written by Enid Williams, a young Welshman, who stars in it. He has appeared on the New York stage in “Criminal at Large.”

London has had only a few successful plays this season. “Night Must Fall” is one; “Tovarich” is another. Leontovich, who played the dancer in “Grand Hotel,” is in the latter. We hope to see Herbert Marshall again in this play in New York this spring.

“Everything Goes” has been quite a success with Jack Whiting as the star. He ranks with Fred Astaire and Clifton Webb as a dancer, but in this play he has achieved success without dancing. He has established himself as a favorite in London and, even though the play has not closed, they are searching for another vehicle for him. He is happily married to young Doug’s mother, the former Beth Sully Fairbanks.

I know that I shall hate to leave London. Caring for our hearts, the English in California is doing is to drive us to other countries. Perhaps in the end this will be beneficial to all of us. Who knows! I, for one, shall return to London “in the Spring.”
Yet in her heart she knew her bad skin was no asset for any job.

**WISH MY SKIN WAS CLEAR LIKE HERS—but this is no beauty contest—bet I'm twice as good at the work.**

**I WOULD HAVE HIRED THAT BLONDE GIRL JUST NOW. FINE REFERENCES—SOUNDS CAPABLE—but her skin!**

Don't let adolescent pimples keep YOU out of a job!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—and pimples are the result.

For the treatment of these adolescent pimples, doctors prescribe Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the blood of the skin irritants that cause pimples.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until your skin is entirely clear.

---

By clearing skin irritants out of the blood.
piano. He is the composer of the song Mae sings. And I hope the censors let you hear it, too.

Helen Jerome Eddy, who is going to Alaska with Mae, asks her what she does when she feels bad. "Honey," Mae draws right back, "I just see my medicine man." And then, accompanying herself on the guitar, Mae breaks into her torrid song. It's called "My Medicine Man," and he's some man according to Mae's lyric description.

The cast of "Collegiate" could stand a little Paramount's independent producer, Walter Wanger, will have none of this tomfoolery and works in comparative sanity on a little lot a few blocks away from the home office. He's the producer of "Private Worlds," "The Invisible Man," and absentees which cautious major studios wouldn't touch. Here they were shooting "Her Master's Voice," under Joe Santley's direction.

Edward Everett Horton, Laura Hope Crews and Peggy Conklin are the stars Peggy Conklin, who is a good looking little blonde, was playing Rainbow Joe. We've been here a few weeks, and many of the scenes were shot, but the Locusts our Adrienne, a young girl in a less important part, was here in a very small place.

The world doesn't seem so small when you get on the Universal lot. This studio covers two hundred and sixty five acres. Here, by having the riders ride around the same hill a few times, a complete Western can be made without going on location. It was so far back to "The Invisible Man," and the Boogeymen Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi were working, that we had to take a car.

Carved out in the hills is a huge hole where a meteor is supposed to have landed. This is Africa, and scientist Karloff with his safari of Central Avenue natives is trying to get the meteor out of the meteor. Karloff, heavily mustached for his role, wears a bright coat which is to protect him from the poisonous radium. His blood is now so full of the precious metallic element that he lights up at night like a lamp.

THE man who spends most of Universal's money is John Stahl. He's the director of "Only Yesterday," "Back Street" and "Initation of Life." Everyone is scared to death of this quiet, white-haired man and even the camera and sound crew dread his work as if they were afraid of making a sound. Now Mr. Stahl is spending a million or so of Universal's dollars on "Magnificent Obsession," starring Irene Dunne and Robert Taylor.

Holding out breath, we edged our cramped way into the small quarters where a tragic scene was enacted. The atmosphere was strained, hushed. A phonograph was playing Ave Maria softly. Irene Dunne, her head swathed in bandages, lay back in bed. She was trying to cry. She is blind from an accident, Bob Taylor, formerly a playboy and responsible for her blindness, has turned doctor in the hope of curing her.

When the tears start falling, Miss Dunne nods silently to the camera man. The record is stopped. There is a tense quiet. Then a prop boy notices a spot on the sheet. Some one has been smoking. In a moment, the sheet is changed while Ave Maria sounds again from the phonograph, but there is no joking during the delay. Instead, Stahl taking Taylor's part, rehearses with Miss Dunne.

Miss Dunne begins to cry again, audibly but probably not to the camera. She has his temple is greyed for the part. He asks her how she feels. She nods vaguely. Then she gives a startled gasp as the curtain is pulled back. She is slightly conscious of the light and her voice catches.
When the scene is over, the atmosphere relaxes a bit, but not much. Miss Dunne smiles, looks at her swathed face in the mirror, and says, "I look like a football captain." No one laughs until Stahl chuckles to himself.

No supervisors object to Mr. Stahl's slow and costly technique because his pictures are all great successes. But Warner's must be pretty surprised to learn how much the bounce of a football is costing them in "The Petrified Forest," the Leslie Howard film.

In this scene, laid in an amazingly real reproduction of the desert, Nick Foran is seen as an ex-football star who can't forget his days of glory. Still wearing his football sweater, this tramp dashes about the desert kicking the football then running after it. These scenes went fine in the long shots, but the close-ups were another matter.

A prop boy, out of camera range, throws the ball and Nick, hurtling his one-hundred-ninety-six pounds, dives after it. Every time the pork-hide would take a crazy bounce and either go out of the camera range or elude Foran's desperately clutching arms. Time and time the scene was shot. The prop boy tried rolling the ball, he tried bouncing it and he tried putting English on it. Nothing worked. And all the time the cost was mounting up to the thousands of dollars and Foran was just about killing himself for the dear old Warner boys.

FORAN is a big guy. And this sequence was a terrifying display of sheer physical courage. For he dove for the ball without pads. By the time he had repeated the scene six times, he was full of cactus stickers, cut from strung glass, had a wrenched shoulder and vividly bruised thighs. The floor on which he threw himself was cement with a thin coat of sand.

Finally, when it seemed impossible, everyone was ready to give up. But on the last take, with the wind machine blowing sand in his eyes, his body crying with pain, Nick dove and the ball bounced in camera range and everything was saved. This will be but a flash on the screen.

Bette Davis and Leslie Howard are co-starred in the picture, most of which will be shot in Arizona.

Another smartly constructed set is on an adjoining stage, where those battling buddies, Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien, are making "Ceiling Zero." "Ceiling Zero" is an aviation term which means that the fog is right on the ground. When the fog bank is thirty feet high, it's ceiling thirty, and so on until there is no fog at all.

This is a picture of commercial aviation, honoring those boys who risk their lives to carry postal cards saying "X marks the spot, with you were here." We watched Cagney do a scene with our discovery of the month who is a cute little green-eyed brunette named June Travis. Cagney evidently has been acting pretty Cagneyish, for in this take he is apologizing to Miss Travis for his past fresh actions. He doesn't seem to get any place, until he asks her to lunch. Then, like any sensible girl, she's all ears.

An odd thing about Cagney is that he's one of the softest spoken men in Hollywood. Between scenes he talks in a tone not much above a whisper. Only when the microphone is listening does he put on that strident tone. Nor does he gesture in real conversation. He saves the hand wiggling for the studio.

This "Ceiling Zero" set is an accurately reproduced airway station. Most of the complicated gadgets are real, and four flyable planes are jammed on the set for background.

YOUR THROAT STAYS COOL!

If overheated rooms make you hot and stuffy, switch to the cigarette that's mildly mentholated to cool and refresh. Each KOOL puff is like letting fresh air into a smoke-choked room. KOOLS are cork-tipped to save lips—and each pack carries a coupon good for many handsome articles of merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Write today for illustrated Premium List No. 10... and switch from hot smokes to KOOL!

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS
Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.
Like Mr. Cagney, Warner Baxter finds that the best way to end an argument with a woman is to suggest food. In "The King of Burlesque," which he is making at 20th Century-Fox, Baxter plays an ex-Burlesque producer gone high-hat. When Mona Barrie bounces into his elegant office and starts to raise Cain, Baxter just gives a few minutes of verbal sparring, then springs that surefire uchronic question.

A THING you'll have to get used to if you ever visit the sets is this: No matter how smart and determined she always wears old, sloppy shoes when just her head is being photographed. And no matter how many times you see this, you can never quite get used to it. Mona Barrie, for instance, was dripping with furs and wearing a lovely suit. Then, to set it all off, she had on gaunching unlaced ancient shoes. Even the chic Claudette Colbert goes in for this comfortable practice.

Writing of shoes, Joan Barrie, Mona's sister, wears probably the oddest pair in the world. They are made of balsam, the lightest known wood, and fit right on her regular shoes. She wears them because she's Mona's stand-in, and these six-inch soled brogues which make Joan just as tall as her sister. It's very laughable watching Joan walk about the set in them.

No burlesque would be complete without a bevy of pretty girls and there's one in this film. The chorus isn't so beefy, though, as it is assorted. There are all kinds of girls—short ones, fat ones, tall ones and even a few passably good looking girls.

A burlesque theater, with a runway and everything, is built for this dance. We were the only outsider in the audience and got to blushing furiously because all the girls played to us. They sang and danced to "Alabama Bound," while Alice Faye led them down the runway, practically onto our lap. The dance is full of kicks, winks, wiggles and done with enthusiasm if not finesse. When the number was over we noticed one of the platinum-hued hotch chips quietly concentrating on a piece of reading matter. It was The Christian Science Monitor.

This burlesque show takes place early in Baxter's "Song of the Soldier," for entertainment. But both units were rehearsals at the same time. Sammy Lee is staging the more glamorous show, which will feature Nick Long, Jr., who scored in "Broadway Melody."

The show wasn't very glamorous when we watched them rehearse in an empty barn-like stage. The girls wore rehearsal rompers from which hung long strips of soiled and dusty voile. This, we were told, was to give the dancers the feel of the costumes they will wear when the dance is shot.

On the adjoining stage, Tay Garnett was directing "Professional Soldier," which stars Freddie Bartholomew and Victor McLaglen. The story has McLaglen as an adventurer who goes to a mythical country to kidnap the king. When he finds that the king is such a gentle little fellow he hasn't the heart to do it.

While McLaglen and Freddie, who have formed quite a friendship, were talking about secret service as a career, Tay told us about his cruise to China. Tay is known as the best hard-boiled melodrama maker in Hollywood, his latest offering being "China Sea" and "She Couldn't Take It." Now he is looking for some real action. For he is taking his small cruiser and going up some of the bandit-infested Chinese rivers. This is going to be no child's play. And Tay is prepared for the worst by having a machine gun mounted on the forward deck of his cruiser.

We didn't have to go to China to find all the excitement we could stand. We got ours at the M-G-M lot where "Tarzan Escapes" is in the making. Johnny Weissmuller is still the Apeman and Maureen O'Sullivan remains the girl of his tree-top love life. This one, like the two previous ones, has been a jinx affair. Mostly it's story trouble. The picture has been shooting for months and so far five directors have had a try at it. Bill Wellman is directing it now.

The thrilling outdoor scene we watched was the attack of the white explorers by the natives and then the counter-attack by the apes. It all takes place on a craggy hillsise and with the noise, danger and action, the battle is shakingly real. The realism is paid for with broken bones and bruises.

THE men who play the apes lose as much as ten pounds a day. Their disguise weighs sixty pounds and except for the eyes and mouth, there are no openings for air. Five feet away, you would never guess that they are men. But it's a man-sized job they have. What with Nick Foran nearly killing himself for a football, and the ape-men passing out right and left from near suffocation, our trip around the lots has been pretty grim this month. In the next issue, we hope to show the lighter side of picture making.

I've a Feeling You're Foolish

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 47]
young man. He's so Italian that he might have to go back almost any time to fight for Il Duce. But on this fine morning he wasn't worrying about the prospect.

The papers had just announced the opening of the great African push, but they had also announced Nino's engagement to a beautiful young lady of the cinema. And what, after all, is Ethiopia compared with Miss Anita Louise?

To be sure, the announcement of the engagement wasn't true. But it was pleasant reading. And Nino likes pleasant things. He is very pleasant himself.

He isn't so tall as he seems on the screen. About five feet eight, I should say, but he weighs less than a hundred and fifty-five; and his slimmness makes him look tall. His hair is close-cropped and black.

I had hardly recovered from the shock of meeting a tenor who didn't have a chest like a feather-bed or a tummy like a balloon when I perceived the man was "busting" wide open another operatic tradition: he wasn't talking right away about his larynx or his public or even himself.

I took a good look at this little young man in the strong light of the window. The impishness of extreme youth remained. And who was it that he looked like besides the "Portrait of a Young Man"? Freddie March? Ramon Novarro? The youthful Tony Moreno? Irving Thalberg?

THAT's the man—Thalberg. You know him, Norma Shearer's handsome young husband. Nino looks just as Irving did the night I first saw him, dining at the Cocoanut Grove with Elinor Glyn. I thought he was Elinor's son, until someone told me he was her boss. Thalberg was twenty-one at the time. Even in a strong light, Martini doesn't look more than that now.

"Yes," he laughed, "everybody thinks I am so young. A palmist woman told me last year, 'You are twenty-three.' 'No,' I say, 'I am twenty-nine.' 'Hands never lie,' she says, So!"

His laugh comes quickly like his adroit, graceful movements, and is rich and warm and communicative like his singing. If there were critics of laughs as there are of voices, I am sure they would say that Nino's possessed "a world of tonal color."

He had thrown open the window and was leaning far out into the sharp wintry air. I really was worried about that million dollar throat, and said so.

"No, no," he said. "If it was taking-care I should give my throat, I would never have sung a note. I smoked every hour from when I was ten."

"All I want around the neck," continued the first slender tenor in history, "is what you call them?"—he gave his already open collar a hard tug—"al yes, the wide open spaces!"

Nino is all for comfort, or rather ease. You have seen his easy manner on the screen, perhaps in concert or in opera.

"I sing the two and a half octaves, yes," said Nino modestly, "but singing very high notes is a rest for me. It all lies comfortably for me, perhaps you say easily."

Yes, Martini takes everything easily, including the high notes. Yet the room in which he

New Revolutionary

TWO BEAUTY CREAMS

THAT STAY

Germ-Free!

They'll make your complexion lovelier...clearer of texture, safer from blemish and surface infection

When you were a little girl, you read with horror the story of "Beauty and the Beast." But "Beauty and the Blemish"...that's a real horror. For what a flaw does to a pearl, a blemish does to the skin, in marring its beauty.

All too often blemishes are caused by surface germs. One tiny abrasion in your skin, one crack from chapping, and in the germs may go to start trouble.

Now you may have a beauty cream which helps guard against this danger. A scientific element keeps Woodbury's Cold Cream perpetually free of germs. It's true to the last dab. 109 dermatologists approved it!

This luxurious cold cream softens the tissues. Makes texture finer. And Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream aids in combating skin dryness.

Woodbury's Germ-Free Facial Cream holds your rouge and powder smoothly. Both these exquisite creams, only 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

FREE!

Two Germ-Free Beauty Creams

Please send me, free, generous sample tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, enough in each sample for several applications. Also important booklet on how to use these creams in the famous Woodbury treatment. (Poste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope—NOW?)


Name________________________
Street________________________
City__________________________ State________________________
A V O I D I M I T A T I O N S. Look for the head and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products.
Puccini and the other boys, they had all the good musical ideas first!

"Then, I have my friends—though I don't go to parties much. I must work. Besides," he added with a knowing smile, "I have a favorite proverb, 'Fly going with wolves, you learn to howl!'"

I was beginning to see that I had done this young man an injustice in trying to compare him with someone else. Nino Martinni isn't a second anybody. He's an individual. His casualness is a veneer for a solid underbody of common sense. He may be temperamental about his music. But he isn't temperamental about himself. He likes to laugh, and can laugh at himself.

"I do not need a large place," he continued. "I have no kitchen. I do not need that, either. I eat all my meals with the Zenatelles."

"Spaghetti?"

He laughed again that clear, tuneful laugh.

"How did you guess? You must know the Zenatelles!"

"No, tell me about them."

It was a great story, and it took us back to Verona, the Italian city where Shakespeare's gentlemen came from, and where the young gentleman in front of me had come from, too.

Nino was born in Verona on August 4, 1904. His father, who died when he was ten—that's when son began to smoke—was the guardian of that tourist mecca, the alleged tomb of Romeo and Juliet. His mother, who had never heard him sing on stage or screen, died during the making of "Here's to Romance."

The priests of San Fermo Maggiore were quick to recognize the quality of Nino's voice, and enrolled him as soloist in the church's child choir.

At eighteen he was a well known singer in the church entertainments and bazaars. It was then that his voice attracted the attention of Giovanni Zenatello, a contemporary and compatriot of Caruso, and himself one of the then foremost tenors of his time.

Zenatello and his wife, the famous opera singer, Maria Gay, the gracious lady whom sang his young head off in "Saluto di Hollywood" and similar concoctions. But we were too jittery then for opera. We wanted jazz.

So back to Europe went Martini and his faithful Zenatello. But not for long. Another year later he was in America again, making his debut with the Philadelphia Opera Company, another tradition-smashing performance, since the conductor was forced by the applause to violate the "No Encore" rule of the company in favor of the new tenor.

The path was golden from that time on for Nina Martini. Concert followed concert. Radio contracts poured in upon him. Then, in January, 1934, came his debut in "Rigoletto" at the Metropolitan.

LILY PONS sang Gilda to his Duke—two prize-winning flowers from the Zenatello garden. Gladys Swarthout was in the cast, too, "the prettiest Maddalena the opera has ever known." But again it was the new tenor who drew the twenty-minute ovation from the audience. The applause had hardly died out when Nino was deluged with offers of contracts to return to Hollywood. He was about to close at one of these fabulous figures, when he heard that Lasky, his first American employer, wanted him—needed him, in fact—to bolster his position as an associate producer on the Fox lot. Nino swept aside all other offers, signed with Lasky, even though it meant less money, made "Here's to Romance—and now he and his old friend Jesse are both sitting pretty as important cogs in the Pickford-Lasky combine.

As coming as it does on the heels of Grace Moore's similarly delayed triumph, and in step with the revived interest in Lawrence Tibbett, the emergence of Paul Robeson and Lily Pons, and the recrudescence of Schumann-Heink, the eventual triumph of Nino Martini as a screen attraction takes on an added meaning.

Movie tastes have changed, and movie trends. What was good enough for the talkie audiences of 1928 and 1929 is not good enough in 1936. What was too good then is what they want today.

Perhaps it is too early to judge Nino's abilities as a screen actor, for in his first picture he was obviously playing himself. Even the romantic interest of the rich woman of the screen story was a fictional version of an experience of Nino's with a well known superfemine opera singer, who became romantically attached to him in Europe, and offered to take him to America and "put him over." Nino's reply, as in the picture, was: "I am not a gigolo!"

But whether the newest Hollywood sensation has outstanding histrionic ability or not, he seems sure to win and hold a place of his own in the screen world.

As to his personal future, meaning whether he will marry and whom, he shrugs his shapely shoulders and allows: "I never know about that!"

He has done all the things that a well-made young man in the movie colony should do. The very first night he landed in Hollywood, he took Mary Brian to dinner. No marriageable young man in Hollywood qualifies until he does that.

Then, Nino veered sharply for a while toward the blond. Astor, Astaire, Lloyd, and a host of others. But he was not at a concert. At a party, "I sang opera for him," laughed Nino, "until two o'clock in the morning."

Lasky tried to make movie fans accept Martini. He put him in several of the then-popular musical shorts. Nino tried hard, too. He

When Martini's new picture is selected it will be as pleasantly beguiling to the ear as "Here's to Romance" in which he appeared with Anita Louise.
A typical performance in the Martini repertoire if we are to believe his foster mother, Maria Gay Zenatello.

"My Nino, he is a very good boy," explained the lady who used to sing "Carmen" with Caruso, "only every day he fall in love with another girl, and each time he think it is the grand passion."

"Once it was a German girl"—this was presumably Edna Elhart, who was widely pictured bidding Nino an affectionate farewell at the Italian pier—"and I was so glad because Nino, he has a fine repertoire in Italian, French, Spanish and English, but I have trouble with him learning the German. She, I thought, would teach him."

"Did it work?"

"No. In two months, the German girl, she speak perfect Italian!"

Yes, Nino is "a very good boy" with the ladies; and, so far as I can find out, he always has been. There was a young girl back in Verona. He picked her up in a movie theatre when the light went on and showed him how long her lashes were. All he can remember about her now is that her name was Assunta, that they sauntered along fragrant paths, and that she gave him "chills and heat."

I should say, however, from observing Nino, that it is extremely unlikely that he will be influenced in his choice of a wife either by chills or heat. He has very Old-World ideas about acquiring a wife who will keep his house, and be interested in what he is interested in, and will get her clothes and her position and her money from him rather than by earning them herself.

It is too bad to cast a cloud over the matrimonial horizon of all these subsidizing Hollywood sirens, but I very much fear that Nino Martini, the It man of opera and the singing screen, is not for them. He confided to me that his pet hate was excessive art work on feminine faces. And, ladies of the Hollywood jury, what can you do with a man like that?

My own idea of Nino Martini, romantically speaking, is that the chances of his going back to some long-lashed Italian Assunta, who can also cook spaghetti, are more than middling good.

The Hollywood ascendance of true artists like Nino Martini is bound to put really good music on its motion picture feet!

Adela Rogers St. Johns

offers Photoplay readers another great human-interest story — the amazing, heart-stirring career of Mme. Schumann-Heink, one of the world's most famous and most beloved persons, who, at 75, has become a movie star!

Watch for It
in PHOTOPLAY

With a DeVilbiss Atomizer, there is no waste of costly perfumes, for the DeVilbiss Closure makes the atomizer air-tight. At the same time, spraying brings out the more subtle, more captivating qualities of the perfume; also prevents stain... The DeVilbiss line includes many smart models, in both imported and domestic glass. There are also attractive styles for spraying eau de cologne. At department and drug stores. Prices, $1.00 up.

DeVilbiss
Perfume Atomizers
The Private Life of Fred Astaire  

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

film, "Dancing Lady." Some of the people connected with that production are still busy explaining to their bosses why they let the Dancing Romans get away from them. On the second trip he had more of a chance. In "Flying Down to Rio," although subdued in the exhibitors' ballyhoo to the star, Dolores Del Rio, and to his future co-star, Ginger Rogers, he refused to stay submerged.

Again the Gable parallel is inescapable. After being turned down by every studio in Hollywood, Clark finally landed the small part of the laundryman, whose job it was to call for and deliver Connie Bennett's undies in "The Easiest Way." After the picture was out and Gable had been forgotten by everybody con-

necting with it, letters began to trickle in, then stream in, then flood in: "Who's the laundryman?" "Why is more of the laundryman?" etc., etc.

Well, the miracle had happened again, only this time the burden of the fan-song was: "Who's the funny little guy with the big ears that stole the show?"

That was the beginning. The publicity department sprang into action. The world was duly informed that the humorous small gentleman with the large conchas was the greatest dancer in the world, the second Nijinsky, the...

"Greatest dancer in the world! Second Nijinsky! That's ridiculous," cried Astaire. "I'm an actor!"

The boys did their best to keep a straight face. After all, they were paid to be nice to the hired help. But as soon as they could make a getaway, they ran out on the Boulevard and laughed themselves sick.

"An actor! This hoofer! That was good!"

So they went back to their typewriters and their Nijinskys. In vain did Fred insist that his idea of a swell dancer was Bill Robinson or Bubbles of Buck and Bubbles, that as for him, he was merely an actor who used his feet as an added attraction. Convinced that the Astaire "peddle-pumpers"—that's his own name for them—were all that counted, the studio insured Fred's feet for a million dollars. The typewriter boys followed up with reams about the man with the million-dollar legs.

But the movie public, the court of last resort, was not to be fooled. They gave full credit to Fred's incredible feet, his unbelievable legs. They revelled in the Carioca and the Continental and the Piccolino. But it soon became evident that it was "the funny little guy" himself that they had taken to their heart, not his feet or his legs. It was not Fred Astaire, the dancer, it wasn't even Fred Astaire the actor, that had conquered the movie world. It was Fred Astaire.

But you know all about that. Why shouldn't you? You did it. What you may like to know is whether Fred expected it before it happened, and how he's taken it since.

WELL, Fred Astaire, as actors go, is a pretty modest guy. He knows he's no beauty. No man could live with a looking glass as many hours a day as he does, what with his rehearsing and his making-up, without realizing that. But he's no fool the other way, either. He's been around. He knows he has something, or he wouldn't have gotten up so far, or stayed up so long. He has watched the men out front jog their paces, and whispered, "He's a good egg!"

He has seen the women "bitten by beatitude." He knows he has it.

The only question in his mind was, "Will the camera get it?" On that point he was damned scared. He had always hated having his picture taken, and now he was up against earning his living by it.

"I look so funny in pictures," he used to say.

"So does Chaplin," his friends assured him. It didn't do any good. He kept right on worrying. He is a great worrier, anyhow. "He has taken it in his stride!" He was at the recording of the dance steps. He had seen some mighty blurry dancing on the screen, especially in the pre-talkie days, when the camera shot only sixty feet of film to the minute; now they shoot ninety; he wanted to know whether the extra thirty feet would be enough to cope with his speed.

Once assured on these points—that his "funny" looks might be an asset, and that the camera could take all he gave it—Fred Astaire went ahead with the quiet confidence in the ultimate outcome which has characterized everything he has tackled during his long career in show business. He counted on his dancing—yes. But he counted more on "the good egg" and the "beatitude."

The fact that the beatitude weighed in a little more heavily than usual may have surprised Fred, but I don't think it should have, for the fact that he emerges from his screen experience a more romantic figure than he was on the stage is not due to the change in the medium. It isn't due to any change in him. It is due to a change in partners.

In the first place, Adele was his sister. That doesn't make for romance. And in the second place, Adele was not—professionally speaking—a romantic figure. She was an imp. Pretty, of course, with her midnight hair and her mid-day smile, and a comedienne from the rose of a birchmark on her right arm to the freckle on the palm of her left hand. But she was at her best in grotesqueries like "Louisa," and in kid numbers like "Hoops." You remember:

"I write naughty words upon the fence,
Ioni sui qui mal y pense."

But Adele could never have done the "Check to Check" dance in "Top Hat"—at least she couldn't have given to it what Ginger Rogers gave to it.

Ginger, for all her fun-loving, has dignity. Adele Astaire never had any, and never wanted any. Ginger's stature—she looks like a tall girl when she dances with Astaire—helps her with this quality. It's hard to be dignified when you don't come much further up on your partner's tummy than Shirley Temple does on Jimmy Dunn's. This difference in size between the two girls changes the entire pattern, the silhouette design, of the Astaire dancing, subordinates the grotesque, exalts the beautiful, creates that atmosphere of symmetry and grace in which romance is born.

I don't know whether Fred Astaire counted on all this. He may have. He knows a lot. Anyway, his increased romantic appeal has not gone to his head. For the answer to the question of how he has taken his cinema success is: "Always take it in his stride." He has had success before, and money. He has had both for a long time. Why should he get excited because he has more of the same thing? Don't worry, Fred Astaire still has his head in his hat. He still likes to laugh, and invariably chooses for his friends the tellows with the big, jolly laughs.

He still puts those metal patches on his dancing shoes himself, and on the slightest provocation will perform the same service for his friends.

This fireplace where they had spent happy hours was all that remained of Charlie and Virginia Farrell's house at Malibu Beach after the last destructive forest fire swept down the canyons to the ocean front colony.
He can't remember telephone numbers any better than he used to, and even when he looks them up in the book, he still gets them wrong.

He is still fascinated by prisons, and often attends the police line-up at headquarters.

He has added hunting to his roster of sports, but for everyday sports diet he still follows the horses.

He still plays the piano, the accordion—don't we know it?—and the clarinet, and will yodel on the slightest provocation.

He still eats noodle soup!

What more would you have?

His dreams of the future?

Well, he says he wants to retire early the way Adele has, and spend his days hunting and playing golf and going to the races. Maybe; but my guess is that a man who has been as active as Fred Astaire has will not suddenly in his late thirties degenerate into a playboy or rusticate into a country squire. Fred has many talents.

If he ceases to act and dance, he will compose or write.

A good deal of fun has been poked at Fred's song-writing, especially by Fred. He says "Tapping the Time" is the most successful song he ever wrote: "It sold four copies. I bought three myself." As a matter of fact, he has written some very good popular music. "Blue Without You" and "Not My Girl" were both a cut above the regular radio diet. Every chance he gets, at home and between scenes, he is tearing at a piano trying to coax out a still better one. He may succeed. He has that habit.

And, whether he knows it or not, he can write.

A MAN who can write like Fred writes, in a light or a serious mood, doesn't need to worry about his future. He carries it about with him in his head and heart.

And speaking of hearts, I haven't told you about Fred's romance.

Here's the story!

She was Phyllis Baker of Boston who married Eliphalet Nott Potter, 3rd.

In 1932, however, she got a divorce.

Fred Astaire wooed and won her just prior to the start of his movie career. In fact they were married one July afternoon by Justice Selah B. Strong of the Supreme Court.

That night they left for the Coast.

And now, here they are (the Astaire family), firmly settled in our midst!
most beautiful house I have ever been in, because it serves the true purpose of a house—it makes you glad to be alive. It sings with color, color unplanned, with the unerring instinct of the true artist. From the Modigliani on a wall to the huge portfolios of Diego Rivera sketches, to the Swedish fireplace, the immense hand-carved table they have hauled around the world, the brilliant oils of their own and the museum-pieces of Chinese and Swedish porcelains, the broad couches and the Mexican dishes on the table, this house is a soul-stirring experience.

The Olands make the most of every moment. Luncheon in their house is an Event, beautifully planned—a gourmet's dream. And you sit at the table until five o'clock in the afternoon to hear the best conversation extant. They have fragrant minds, these two.

NC bears of their recent trip to Mexico and the visit with the Diego Riveras. Before they departed, if you had asked whom they would rather know in all the world, I am sure they would have answered “Diego Rivera!” in one voice. It happened this way.

The Olands were staying in a splendid old monastery at Saint Angel, now an inn. They went often to a delightful bookshop owned by an interesting Spaniard.

Diego Rivera lived near in his modern-Aztec house—“charming from our windows. We admired it each day, never daring to hope we would meet the great painter,” Edith tells, with that brilliant enthusiasm, so much a part of her.

One morning the Spaniard ran up to them exclaiming, “You are the translators of Strindberg! Why did you not tell me that?” And so they were elected. Then he remarked: “Diego is coming in half an hour. Will you stay and talk with him?” Would they?

Edith describes Rivera—“He is a great big simple lovely man.”

Their Mazatlan island fringes fifteen miles of virgin ocean. “Nice little hacienda,” Warner remarked the first time they went to see it. “Hacienda muchos!” corrected the native who was piloting the boat. (There is an estuary there where Cortez kept his ships.)

The native paddled and paddled, they went on and on, and Edith would ask, “Is this still our property?” in an awed voice. “Si, senora,” obliged the native.

When they go to Europe, they drive to New York because Shags, the pup, doesn’t care for trains! The only thing she didn’t attend with them in Paris was the Grand Prix. But she accompanied them to the market place at six A.M. and had her pot of onion soup. Recently, Shags presented them with eight children. But she didn’t worry half as much about it as her owners did. The housing problem was serious, so Edith finally turned the beach house next door, which she bought for a studio, into a palatial dwelling for the pups.

In Paris, the Olands avoid the smart places and stay in rooms on the left bank. Then Edith drives them around, the Edel Tower first, to touch base, as it were, and get her bearings. They are very apt to wind up anywhere—sometimes on a painting spree they get so far away from their pension, they have to stay the night. Sometimes they drive way into the wine country, sampling the Spring wines… I should say the Olands would be the grandest persons you could possibly imagine to be with in Europe. They are never on display, and only a few good friends ever know they are there.

Edith is a little bit of a thing with a girl's figure, who is always poised for flight. She is ageless, one of those immortals who will be forever thirty in appearance and activity. Edith is the sort of person who arouses you to a peak of enthusiasm which does not leave you for days. You want to go out and do all the available art galleries right away, and compose a symphony or write a magnificent book or even learn to cook better than any one else . . . I think she is the most inspiring woman alive, and the most selfless. She is interested in everything that happens—and I will wager Warner Oland has never had a dull moment since he has known her!

The reason they married, Edith says, is because “we’ve loved fine things and liked each other.”

He was playing in “Peer Gynt” in Boston, she was producing and acting in some one act plays. She was recently home from Paris where she had studied and “starved for artistic opulence!” A friend asked if she would like to meet the new Scandinavian actor.

He had on a straw hat with a red band and he was carrying a white potholder. He looked exactly like something out of a French print . . . a very gay and worldly blade, indeed. So—I give you the Olands, two rare and civilized souls. And completely unique in Hollywood.

The Most of Every Moment

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

The Shadow Stage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51)

U. S. Intelligence Service develops a smash new light comedy team—Bill Powell and Rosalind Russell. He is the ace de-coder who busts up the thief and gets the girl. She’s the feather-brained sweetheart. With a faithful 1917 setting, the rendezvous in question is the meeting place of U. S. troopships and their destroyer convoy.

STARS OVER BROADWAY—Warners

A CATCHY array of new tunes blended with snatches of opera supplies the chief attraction of this familiar Broadway success story. Pat O’Brien sacrifices the operatic promise of discovery James Melton’s voice for quick crooning money and lives to regret it. Frank Fay, Jean Muir and Frank McHugh help carry the story and radio songstress. Jane Froman is lovely to look at in her screen debut.

ONE WAY TICKET—Columbia

WHEN a warden’s daughter falls in love with the prison gardener and aims in his escape there’s bound to be excitement. But the story espies the “iron bars do not a prison make” theme Floyd Nolan, Peggy Conklin, Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows do their best to keep a poorly constructed picture within the bounds of amusement. Peggy Conklin highlights the picture with her acting and vital personality. Watch for her in future pictures.

THE MELODY LINGERS ON—Reliance

A GOOD cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and a newcomer, George Houston, doesn’t save this story from becoming dull and tiresome. Ann Prescott, an American girl studying music in Milan at the outbreak of the World War, has an affair with an Italian officer and opera singer. He’s killed, their child is taken from her. She finds him when he’s grown, the adopted son of wealthy parents, starts him on his own musical career.

SO RED THE ROSE—Paramount

STARK YOUNG’S tender yet tragic story of a war-ravaged Southern family makes a heroic and moving picture, without the moth-eaten Civil War dramatics. Margaret Sullivan gives her usual strong performance as the plantation daughter who faces war desolation with courage. Randolph Scott is believable as the “light” romance and Walter Connolly and Janet Beecher faithfully convey the spirit of sixty-one. Beautifully presented with historic color.
Perfect Camera Face

[Continued from Page 16]

first met him he had been a chorus boy writing those dreadful skits on the side. She had lifted him out of that. She had given him bit parts in the New York shows of which she had been, in that long-ago time, the young and effective star. Of course, she had done it for herself, because she wanted him to be with her. But it had been a chance for him and he hadn't come through.

He had gone on being a bit material up to the time when her Broadway luck broke and they had to come to Hollywood. She had never held it against him, by word or look, that he hadn't been able to help her when she had that run of poor shows and was finally without a show; that not only had he been unable to take care of her, through having no job of his own, but that he had talked of their taking a year off for him to write a play. A year, when she wasn't too young any more at that very minute, and when Geoff knew nothing of writing beyond those old, out-moded vaudeville one-actors!

She had never reminded him that the money he was proposing to use for that year's gamble, the little they had been able to save, was hers. She hadn't needed to. He had seen, almost at once, that they must use the money to go to Hollywood. He hadn't said any more about the play, which, if he had really cared about it, could certainly have been written in those evenings when he had left her alone. No, he just didn't go on with things; but he would never hear her say so. She smiled at him encouragingly and said:

"No, you can't say you've tried and failed, Geoff. Why don't you give it another chance?"

He was looking down at the pink script. "Because I let myself—be diverted," he said evenly.

He looked up at her and grinned. "And so," he said, "I'm left to my career as a polo player."

She had to break down and laugh. "You are so charmingly shameless," she said.

The telephone-extension buzzed from a recess in the book-lined walls. Jane reached in and took it off the hook. "Allo," she said, imitating the voice of Cecile, her French maid. She was proud of her accent.

"Hello," said a soft, unformed feminine voice. There was a little pause.

"Allo!" Jane snapped again. It was singular; for no reason she had begun to tremble. She hated a voice like that. "Allo, allo!" she said and the woman at the other end of the wire spoke again. "Is—is Mr. Greenwood there?" she said the sweet, mushy tones.

Jane lost her accent. "Yes, he is," she said, and put down the phone and looked at Geoff. She felt queer, in a trivial, jittery way, as if someone had hit her crazy-bone. This was one thing that had not happened before. "For you," she said.

Geoff had reached her before she spoke and taken the phone from her hands, saying "Hello" in an icy tone she had never heard him use. She turned and went out down the hall, but not soon enough to avoid hearing that icy voice say "I thought I told you never to call me here."

She found herself staring at the crimson brocade on the hall chairs, picking out minute particles of dust. She must think about plain
things, like remembering to tell Evans to use the vacuum more often on the brocades. If she cried she'd get circles under her eyes that no amount of make-up could hide in front of the camera tomorrow.

But the tears were running down her cheeks; she darted into the tiny Colonial dressing-room for that GeoW was three years younger than she and she wasn't exciting to him any more? She had accepted that. She had closed her eyes to what he might have found when he was away from her. And whatever he had found, he had never wanted to leave her; not at that low tide in her fortune, when she was dependent on his occasional juvenile salary, nor now, when he cheerfully allowed her to pay the bills.

T[HE] had friendship and laughings and they were not lonely together; they were loyal to the picture of their marriage before the world was chivalrous to each other when alone. That was more than most people had. She must always remember that there was most than most people had. But she couldn't stop crying.

Jane Hernold's fan public would never have believed the number of years that it had been since anyone kissed Jane as she was kissed by shadow-lovers on the screen. The thought of the screen revived her, but not until she had cried so long that she had no more strength for tears. There was a make-up set on the dressing-table and she painted herself back to courage. perks up a little as her perfect camera-face swung into outline. It was heart-shaped with wide-spaced grey eyes and a short nose, slightly thickened at its base by an unexpectedly jolly tip which could be made thin and tragic by the right amount of shadowing on the screen. Her skin, escaping the fate of many actresses' complexion, had never become coarsened by grease-paint; it was soft and white and inegraned, almost luminous in the next frame of her light brown hair. She resolutely dwelt on all these points and all the rhapsodies that had been made about them, and it did help a little. And when she really stood before the oval mahogany hall and surveyed the tucked-in corners of her face she took a melancholy pleasure in thinking that she looked winsifful and ethereal and gallant, which reminded her, with more melancholy pleasure, that Vergil, today, had said that she looked like a prim gardenia; a prim gardenia that never unfurled its petals.

The air in the music-room was thick with accomplishment when she went back. She sat between Tony and Andy and listened to Vergil's playing with appreciative murmurs, with vague,一律, below, the voice that she had forced to govern herself for so long pleased with her once more:

"Enjoy this, you rat. Make the most of the fact that songs get written in your salon and you have a Mental Life and a Social Success. Accept your synthetic existence, and be thankful that there are so many plano substitutes for living—because they're all you're ever going to get!" They wanted her to sing. She had a little ghostly voice that hit the middle of the note and she rendered "Pleasure d'Amour" while Vergil played an eighteenth-century accompaniment that bowed and scraped and minuetted among the stringed-instrument chairs.

"The pleasure of love lasts only a moment—The grief of love lasts all of life."  

"But that one moment," Tony whispered in her ear, "is worth all the punishment it gets!"  

"I suppose," she said.

"You should be certain," he said. "I could make you certain—"

"Hey, what are you doing over there?" said Andy from her other side. "You beating my time with this dame?"

"There is no time of yours to beat," said Tony. "Are you never going to leave us alone?"

"You are an echo of me," said Andy, "that speaks out of turn."

In sudden dismay she tried to rise; Tony pulled her down on one side while Andy held fast to the other. Vergil sang "Birds in the little nests agree," and played a tweeting accompaniment, which did not help.

"Tony! Andy!" she gasped. "Let me go!"

"Janie, I've got your love-scenes," said GeoW from the door.  
He came into the room, smiling at them all with a vague politeness, as if he was doing his best to recall the occasion upon which he'd met them.  
"Been doing some work on Janie's script," he said. "Care to hear it?"

He read the scenes he had written. They were good. Even Tony and Andy, who had liked to denote something, had to admit that GeoW had done a neat job.

"Better than we could have done," said Tony, glaring at Andy.

"If we'd had to work together," said Andy, Hollywood said you had to hand it to Jane's young man. You could certainly see what she saw in him, that had made her stick for so long. But, of course, Hollywood added, it couldn't last. Some day the pretty picture post-card would have to fall apart, since things that were only pretty always broke. Hollywood, which spends so much of its time making pretty and watching it break, knew that; and so, it said, this couldn't last; and Hollywood was right.

For it was two months after that when Jane met Jimmy Grey.

There were a few more days to go on "Four Ways to Friday," before work on the new Hernold picture, "Never Believe Me!" was scheduled to begin. Jane and GeoW were in the projection-room looking at the rushes of the scenes that had been shot that day when Reuben Goldmark bounced in with the news that Dick Beverley had broken his arm and they had no leading man for "Never Believe Me."

"We got nothing, Jane," he wailed; "absolutely nothing, what with everybody in production on this lot but a couple of lousy juveniles and every other company saying their good men are tied up too, the lousy liars!"

"Good men are always tied up," said Jane.  
"Will you two please hold it," said GeoW, "until the end of this take?"

GeoW sat between Jane and Arch Hammer, the fattest director in pictures, who was watching the screen in an ominous silence. Jane and Arch had quarrelled over the scene that was being shown, one of the love-scenes GeoW had written, and Jane had finally compromised by doing it her way. She was anxious to get GeoW's reaction to it and so she kept still as he requested until the last closeup marched into camera's mouth and the lights flashed on. Reuben was dancing with impatience.

"We got no time for your face any more today, Jane," he said, "what with only twenty-four hours to get a new leading-man that may have to be born yet. I've told them to put on a test here of a New York actor named Janie Grey who says he didn't want to leave Broadway, so if you like him we got trouble anyway and if you don't we got exactly nothing and twenty-four hours—"

"Not so much hurry as that," said GeoW.  
"There'll have to be a retake of that scene we just ran, won't there, Arch?"

Arch Hammer looked as resigned as it was possible for an apple dumpling with two black currants stuck in at random for eyes to look. GeoW said, "I told you not to play Jane so fast in there."

"I couldn't stop her," said Arch.  
"You never said a word," said Jane.  
"That's what you told me at the time," said Arch.

"I'll come on the set for a retake," said GeoW.

"If you don't," said Arch, "there won't be any."

"All I ask is for you to come, GeoW," said Jane.

"Sure," said GeoW.  "I'll be there."

Arch grunted and fixed a retake time with GeoW, who got up. He had an appointment, he said, if Janie didn't mind his not staying to look over "her own leading man, "Darling," said Jane, "that's the only thing I don't need your help about."

Everyone laughed politely and Reuben smiled kindly at the young man, wishing that all stars had husbands who were expert liaison officers.
"Some of these days, my boy," he said, "we’ll be giving you a contract to direct a picture maybe." 

"Oh, Reuben," said Geoff, "that would be foolish. When you know I’m no good with anyone but Jane, and you can get that from me for nothing!"

He exited neatly, leaving Reuben so discomfited that the blustering act with which he changed the subject was quite pallid, little more than a round-jawed frown at the new test was and why they were being kept waiting.

"All the same," said Jane, as the room obediently darkened, "I think you ought to give him an assistant-director contract for my pictures. He’s worth it to you!"

"All right, all right!" said Reuben; "we’ll talk about that afterwards. Now will you think about this New York feller, Jane?"

It was the last time Jane ever needed to be told that.

She was tired, and leaned her head on the back of the great leather armchair. At the end of a long day on the set it was not exactly a pick-up to see that she had done a bad scene and face a retake, to say nothing of this big man trouble. She closed her eyes as the screen thickened with the usual boring test preliminary; a flash of a youth standing in front of the camera holding out a slate upon which there were chalked the number of the test, the name of the director making it, and the name of the actor under fire. James Grey. She opened her eyes, and Jimmy Grey was smiling at her from the center of the screen.

She was sitting on the edge of the great leather chair when the lights went up.

"Well, Jane," said Reuben, "what you think?"

She started, then turned to Reuben and laughed breathlessly. "Where has he been," she said, "all my life?"

It was not until Jimmy Grey was on a westbound plane that Reuben had time to remember his promise about Geoff. He was having a nervous breakdown, as he always did after closing a contract, particularly when it was with one of those New York hams who talked about the Hollywood traffic in souls while holding out for the highest price. You wouldn’t have had to see Jimmy Grey’s screen test, Reuben thought bitterly as he lay on his nervous-breakdown couch, to know that the feller was a good actor. You would have known it just from the show he had put on about not wanting to leave Broadway, which he had played so well as to fool even Reuben into giving him twice as much as any stage actor without picture box-office value had a right to expect.

But what were rights in this game? Reuben thought, bitterly again, and so remembered Geoff. In his weakened condition he felt almost as sorry for Geoff as he did for himself. Here was another unfortunate who was being preyed upon as he, Reuben, had been preyed upon. He had not been able to shake off that guilty feeling about Geoff ever since the day of his chic gesture. He sent for Jane who came stepping lightly into his cathedral-like office, an expert advertisement of herself in white, as usual, looking younger and more hopeful than usual, he noted from where he lay weakly on his couch.

"Hello, Jane," he said. "How do you like my new lounging-suit? It is the latest thing to be sick in down at Palm Springs, but I am sick here, so it will have to do."

"I suppose it will," said Jane.

His suit was grey flannel with blue lapels and a blue monogram on the breast-pocket, quiet, dignified and rich. There was absolutely nothing for Jane to be laughing at. Reuben closed his eyes sufferingly against the dazzle of the Herndon teeth which he had had straightened at Superart expense when Jane first broke into pictures, and look at her gratitude now.

"I suppose," he said, "you are so cheerful because you have guessed that I have remembered my promise about Geoff like always do, whenever it is possible, anyway. I’m awful sick today, but what with ‘Don’t Believe Me’ starting tomorrow we better fix up the contract now so he can feel he’s a real assistant director from start to finish, just a one-picture contract, you understand."

"Oh," said Jane. He opened his eyes. She didn’t look cheerful any more. "Oh," she said again, rather slughishly. "And, anyway, Reuben," she said, "that picture’s called ‘Never Believe Me.’ You always get it wrong!"

PROVES IT’s a poor title," snapped Reuben; "we’ll have to change it."

He pushed a button on the interoffice phone that stood by his couch like a altar in front of a god, and bellowed:

"Hey! Change the title of ‘Always Believe Me,’ will you? Put two writers to work on it and get something I can remember?"

He looked at Jane again. She was still looking funny. He began to feel pitiful and misunderstood.

"Now listen, Jane," he said, "if you’re going to hang back on money after I’m doing you this as a friendly favor—"

"It isn’t that," she said. "It’s—well—if Geoff was a real assistant director he’d—he’d be on the set every day, wouldn’t he? And I don’t know—his being on the set so much when I’m not used to it, see what I mean?"

"No," said Reuben. He had forgotten that he was sick. He looked at Jane with unblinking beady eyes and said quietly: "No. Do you want me to see what you mean?"

"I mean, let’s go for one more picture, shall we? To give me time to get used to the idea—just for this picture—"

"Oh," said Reuben. "Oh, all right."

He did not feel like talking to her any more and he lay there and she sat there a while before she got up and went to the door. Then he said, "The plane gets in tomorrow."

"What plane?" she said.

"Oh, all right," said Reuben. "Will you tell one of those hangers outside to bring me some bicarbonate of soda?"

They met on the set one minute before they rehearsed their first love-scene. Arch Hammer said, "Here he is, Jane," which constituted their formal introduction Jimmy Grey stalked around Arch’s pouting body, which had settled between them, took her hand and did not speak right off.

"Miss Herndon," he said after that. "You—you’re so much smaller than I thought you’d be."

"You," she said, "are just as I thought you’d be."

He was tall and he had red hair that had filmed black ('but I like red better,' she thought); he was lean and sleek and had long lines in his cheeks for dimples and an amber, animal eyes that narrowed to slits when he smiled; he was about thirty-two years old; ("older that Geoff," she thought) and he was looking at her as she knew she was looking at him.

NOW get this," Arch was bellowing; "you two’ve just found out you’re going to be separated forever, see? So you go into a slow clinch—"

Their hands fell away from each other. She took a back step.

"We set Arch," she said. "Let’s not begin with that scene now—let’s try another first. I mean—I mean, let’s not begin with that scene now—let’s begin with something else, see?"

"Yes Good idea," said Jimmy Grey, looking away from her at Arch. "She means to—begin with something else, see, Mr. Hammer? With—with some other scene to start with, instead of this, see what I mean?"

His face was flushing up to the roots of that red hair. Arch stared at him and Jane, and his jaw dropped two chins down. But we’re all set for this," he sagged. "We got to shoot it this afternoon—"

"We can shoot what leads up to it, can’t we?" said Jane "The scene that leads into the—the clinch. That takes the same set. doesn’t it? We can do that. can’t we?"

"Why—I—I know—" Arch grooped. "That throws everything off and Mr. Grey hasn’t had time to learn it besides—"

"I can learn it while you’re talking about it," said Jimmy Grey, and she saw Arch believing that he could. Jimmy Grey was like that. "Let’s get going," he said. They did.

At the end of the day he waited outside her dressing-room langalow. "I just wanted to see you," he said, "without your screen makeup."

"Well, now you’ve seen me," she said.

"Yes, now I’ve seen you," he said.

They waited. It was growing dark on the company street.
"When can I see you some more," he said— "outside the studio, I mean?"

"You must dine with us," she said. "You must meet my—my husband."

Vergel said, "Oh yes, you have a husband?"

There was a pause through which there came the stiock guggle of the fountain on the Superart lawn. Then Jimmy Grey said:

"All right, I'll come and meet him. When?"

That night Geoff said, "How is he?"

"How is who?"

"The new man, of course. What's matter, Janie; got a headache?"

"A little one. Oh, he'll be all right, I guess. Sort of conceited."

"I'll drop around tomorrow and look him over, if you do look like to get Cecile to put you to bed and I'll read to you."

"Oh, I'm all right. But I'd rather you wouldn't come on the set just yet, Geoff. His first days, you know, and anyway, I've invited him here to meet you."

"All right, fine, Janie. I just had nothing particular to do tomorrow and I sort of like to be around the set—"

"I wish you would have something particular to do, Geoff. I wish you would do something—something big and exciting and quick—"

THERE'S only room for one of those in a family, Janie. And I'm glad it's you. I live on you so much more charmingly than you would ever live on me!"

"Don't joke, Geoff. Let's not just always joke—"

"Janie, why are you crying? Here—take my handkerchief. Buck up—do you want to be a wreck for that sort of conceited man tomorrow?"

"Don't leave me, Geoff. Don't leave me—even if I ask you to—"

"Of course I won't. You've got a fatal fascination for me, Janie. Because you need me so much—and you don't even know it. Now I'm going to get Cecile and read you to sleep, and if you let one more peep out of you I'll sock you on the jaw!"

Jimmy Grey came to dine three nights later. For background Jane had invited Tony and Andy and Vergel; a girl who played the cello; a great artist who lived in Carmel and made the two-hundred-mile trip down especially for Jane's parties; a comedian world-famous in the pie-throwing days who had gone artistic and collected modern masters, and a girl novelist with angel face and serpent tongue. Geoff sat at the foot of the table and smiled vaguely. He did not look at Jimmy Grey, whom Jane had placed between the girl cellist and Billy Beston, the comedian.

Jane, too, did not look at Jimmy after the first meeting of their eyes. She had been near here before. They were only still shooting around that scene where he must, eventually, take her in his arms. Tonight Jane somehow felt was a defense against the ultimate resolution of that day. She had telephoned her invitations with a strange rigid feeling of distance, until all her carefully contrived little life with its importance and variety and glow could be drawn up in battle array about her on this evening.

The Carmel artist was on her right; they chattered paradoxically about their knowledge of music and art out the work of their famous friends and everyone else was highbrow too except Geoff, who listened to the girl novelist tell the theme of her latest book. Jane was quite proud of all the dossy babel until she stole a glance down the table and saw that Jimmy Grey sat like stout Cortez with his eagle eyes, staring at lots of Mexicans with wild surprise. Billy Beston following her look said, rather haughtily, for Billy did not expect to find Hollywood actors who were less than stars at a Jane Herndon evening!

"You look bored, Mr. Grey; perhaps you are not familiar with the works of Picasso?"

"I don't want to be," said Jimmy Grey. "As far as I come in, Picasso is just a moosher who made the headlines by painting lopsided potatoes."

A shocked brave waved up and down Jane's beautiful Italian filet tablecloth. Billy's pop-eyes, so nimuthinking on the screen, were horrendous with outraged majesty. Film royalty cannot be tweaked about its newly-acquired culture. Billy looked as if he was going to start throwing pies any minute. Geoff strooled into the breach.

"Just as long as Picasso made the headlines," he told Jimmy, "no matter how much he's glamorous, he's just a heart-gleamer and he's got no real brain."

There's trouble ahead for any young Lochinvar who meets dangerously exotique Kathleen Burke in 'The Last Out-post,' a vivid story of the Far East.

A t last Geoff looked at Jimmy. Vainly Jane thralled her mind; she could think of nothing to break up that calm, icy meeting of eyes. The others around the table were as silent as she, for people who live by portraying emotions are quick as bloodhounds on the scent of that reality of which their daily labors are the counterfeit. Everyone was still while Geoff met and turned aside the moosingly, why, he qualified for Hollywood. You forget, Grey, you're in Hearst Line country now. You'll like it when you mooch into the headlines too; they all do."

"That's what they call Going Hollywood, isn't it?" said Grey. "Something seems to happen to people out here."

He looked at Geoff and said, "I think it's the sun. Always shining, beating down on people's heads until their brains go soft."

edge of Jimmy Grey's regard with a bland, amiable stare.

Jane rose. "This is getting pretty grim," she said; "let's have some music."

Vergel played his symphony and everyone listened uncomfortably on the stringed-instrument chairs. Then the girl with the cello embarked on a longish sonata. Jane stood, for this, in one of the French windows that opened on the terrace, and as the sonata progressed she stepped farther out on the terrace to shut off the noise inside. She wanted to listen to the music and snatch a little peace, a little armor for outrageous circumstance.

She leaned against a marble pillar and closed her eyes and opened them to sharp discovery, as she had done in the projection-room for Jimmy's test. He stood there looking at her from the middle of her own camera, in the exact center of her universe.

Behind him there rippled some turgid cello cascades, and Jimmy jerked his head negligently toward the aspiring sound.

"You're not going to have time for any of this bunk from now on," he said.

"Bunk?" she said. "What do you mean! I—I'm interested in music—and all those things—"

"Sure. I can see why you took it all up," he said. "But you're not going to need to be interested in all those things any more."

THE marble pillar felt cold and she moved away from it. She said, "You must be crazy. As if you knew me well enough—"

"I know you," he said. "I know you better than that nice, mild guy in there has ever known you. I know everything about you, and I'm not going to touch you until you ask for it, which would be right now tonight if we were here alone."

She turned and walked away from him. Beyond the French window her knees gave way, and she sank down upon a barren little loveseat. The cello sonata must have ended soon after that, for Geoff came over to her.

"Janie, you're tired," he said. "Shall I send them home?"

She did not know what she answered. Jimmy Grey came in from the terrace, walking softly like a red panther, his ears flattened close to his head. She saw him speak to Geoff for a second before Geoff amably moved everyone along to the door and went out after them to speed the parting guests. She thought that was the end of the evening for the two men; she had no room for other considerations beyond herself, transfixed, at the heart of her own hurricane. She rose and stood in the window of the terrace.

Outside the moon was bright and futile, sharply counting every pebble on the Herndon drive. The moon stood by Jimmy's roadster with the bitter rustle of palm trees about them and silence between Jimmy spoke first.

"I just wanted you to know," she heard Jimmy say, "that I am irrevocably in love with you, Jane. I can't do everything I can to take her away from you."

It was a month later, when "Never Believe Me" was finished that Jane told Geoff that she was going to Reno for a divorce.

Six weeks after that she was married to Jimmy Grey in the Los Angeles registrar's office.

How Jane Herndon's marriage to Jimmy affects her career, and the unexpected drama that grew up around her and the two men is told in the concluding installment in next month's PHOTOPLAY.
The Story Behind the Stanwyck-Fay Break-Up

[continued from page 23]

By the time she got to Broadway from Flatbush, she knew all the answers, she saw life as a battle against rotten odds, she could take care of herself and anybody who didn’t think she could would soon find out. People who remember her on the Strand Roof, and later at the Everglades and the Club Anatole, say she didn’t laugh much, she had that vivid, sultry look, a hard, young stare, she was dangerous and defiant and ready for life’s tricks. She meant to get to the top if she could—but she regarded life as an enemy, not as a friend.

A Broadway night club gal. And as primitive, in her wise way, as any girl could be.

Her unusual looks, her hard, sultry little personality, took her into the Follies. Okay. Now she was a Follies girl. Wary and careful. Maybe a little bitter. Then one night Willard Mack saw her, saw the fascinating vitality, the vivid emotion, under that night club shell of hers and grabbed her for the heroines of his greatest success, “The Noose.”

I saw her, as most people did, in “Burlesque.”

ILL never forget her—it was one of those rare stage performances—like Helen Hayes in “Coquette” and Leslie Howard in “Berkeley Square”—that can shut your eyes and see. I can still hear her say, “It’s gotta be that way with me because I’ve loved only one man—and I’ve got a hunch I’m never going to feel any other love.” She said it as though she meant it—and maybe she did—because she said it later in real life. But when she said it on the stage I looked at my program to see who this girl was, this girl with the tawny hair and the husky voice and the dynamo of emotion vibrating through her hardness.

Barbara Stanwyck. The little girl from Brooklyn had become a success on Broadway. She hadn’t been any love affairs. Ruby Stevens was too wise. She knew Broadway. She knew men. She wasn’t having any. She was waiting for the One Man to come along, but up until that happened she didn’t even play around. Besides, she was pretty busy becoming Barbara Stanwyck.

Then she met Frank Fay. Broadway’s Favorite Son. That’s the way they used to bill him over the Palace, when he headlined, over the musical shows in which he starred.

A good many people agree with me about Frank Fay’s genius. He is personality plus. No one can read a comedy line better. When it comes to handling a show, keeping it moving, keeping the audience eager, he’s in a class by himself. His patter—prompt or otherwise—sparkles and glints. Tall, hard, redheaded, good-looking—and when Barbara met him, on top of the world, her world, Broadway’s Favorite Son.

A very great motion picture director in Hollywood gave me the key to Frank’s Hollywood failure. A director whose pictures are tops because of his human understanding. “Frank Fay is a genius,” he said, “and he can dominate any audience. He can do what he likes with them—in person. But he does it by superiority. By being bigger and smarter...
and faster than his audience. He's fresh and superior. That's great in the theater or a night club. But for some reason it just won't work in pictures. Picture audiences resent it."

When they were married in St. Louis in 1923, Frank went to Hollywood. Tops in Vaudeville.

In musical shows, in night clubs. At banquets. He'd been headlined almost since at the age of four his vaudeville parents shoved him onto the stage as a teddy bear in "Babes in Toyland." He was a BIG SHOT.

Two unsuccessful marriages—they didn't last—were behind him. He didn't really want another very badly. He was doing all right. Like all men of his kind he loved his work and centered his thinking upon himself.

When Barbara Stanwyck began to come into the night club where he was starring every night after her performance, he wasn't too pleased. He was crazy about her, but he didn't want to get stuck. In the end, of course, he did.

BROADWAY's favorite son. He laughed at life where Barbara fought it. He looked down on people, where Barbara was afraid of them. He accepted success and all that went with it as a divine right of a guy like Frank Fay, where Barbara trembled daily that it might be snatched from her.

And she looked up and worshipped and Frank Fay, who believed only men do—only Frank happens to be honest about it and most men aren't—that is the proper procedure, accepted it and they were both happy. She dominated him, he was the central figure around whom their existence revolved, and she—being that kind of a woman, as again must women are if they'd admit it and let him. He was handsome, successful, vitally masculine—and she was lucky to have won him.

You must remember that Barbara Stanwyck wasn't on top then by any means. She had scored one big hit, but one big hit on Broadway in one part doesn't make a star. Most people outside New York had never heard of her. Even in "Burlesque" poor Hal Skelly had made a bigger hit than she had. And even in New York twenty people had heard of Frank Fay to one who had heard of Barbara Stanwyck.

It was like that when the Hollywood chapter began. When Mr. and Mrs. Fay went west to seek their fortunes. Personally and professionally Frank Fay was the head man. He was the star and she was a one-hit possibility. He wouldn't let her use make-up off the stage because he said he didn't want people to say she was a fine actress but never took off her make-up. He wouldn't allow her to smoke—except a couple of puffs when she lit a cigarette for him.

The betting around New York was 10 to 1 on Fay as a coming movie star. But it wasn't very hot on Barbara. She didn't have what was then regarded as "screen beauty." She was a type actress. Not much experience. Just another kid trying to make good.

Hollywood took a hand. And Barbara, who had turned the world upside down for these two who loved each other and they were looking at each other in such new and strange proportions that it was almost as though, literally, they were standing on their heads.

In Hollywood Stanwyck had scored one of those mad-overnight sensations in a picture called "Ladies of Leisure." Her name was soon flouted in electric lights and on 24-sheets. Studios fought for her services, there were contract battles over her, her salary climbed like an altimeter on an altitude flight. Interviewers clustered about her, fan mail poured in, the fantastic business of being a motion picture star had begun.

In almost exact ratio to her success was Frank Fay's failure.

The King—that had been his nickname in vaudeville days, that was the name by which Barbara called him—had been dethroned with startling rapidity.

Nothing quite so ghastly could have happened to their love. Barbara knew it. If she could have gone back, back from fame and money and success, she would have gone. There isn't any question that she would have given up everything right then and there, and gone back to Broadway and Barbara's attitude toward its favorite son.

She loved Frank Fay better than she loved anything else in the world, she wanted his happiness more than she wanted anything. But it was too late. The wheel had rolled and she had to wait for the numbers to come up.

For Frank Fay, who had never known failure, couldn't believe it, he had guts, he wouldn't give up.

Then she made the inevitable mistake of a loving woman, a woman governed utterly by her emotions, following the beat of her heart without once turning to reason. She wanted to comfort him, to protect him, to help him. She wanted to give him everything she had to make him happy. Her love flamed high in the winds of disaster.

Nothing quite so awful could have been conceived for Frank Fay. It was bad enough to fail, but to have her looking on was agony. It was bad enough to know himself that he wasn't right—without having every look and every word of hers tell him how well she knew it. He wanted to salute her success, as an equal, but she was afraid it would hurt him and so she tried to hide it from him, and that made him feel an inferior. Her soul was torn with pity for him and she showed it—but Frank Fay didn't have pity from the woman he loved, he wanted what he had always had, admiration and respect.

As things went worse and worse for him—rumor has it that Warner Brothers paid him $70,000 to cancel his contract, and while $70,000 is a lot of money it didn't heal the wound of that cancellation—her martyr complex grew. She talked only of him. She made a parade of her loyalty, she scolded people who didn't appreciate Frank. She'd give up her career—and once did stop in the middle of a picture to go away with him. Throw away thousands of movie dollars to do a show with him—the ill-fated "Fattle Tales." Put up money for him to make a picture on his own. He didn't force her to do these things. She begged and pleaded to do them.

WITH her bleeding hands she was trying to restore the balance of power that Hollywood had destroyed.

And everything she did—honest, loving, loyal as she was—everything she did made it more terrible for Frank Fay in his own eyes and the eyes of the world. Beneath his love for her he must have been growing to hate her.

Every sacrifice she made was a crown of thorns, every time he had to take help from her it added to his humiliation, every time she made a martyr herself for his happiness he burned up.

And he probably did what most men in that spot do. He was brutal with her, he dominated her as a woman more and more because that was the only domination he had left, and she, the martyr complex flaring, kissed his hand and wept over him.

Don't you see what it did to the fresh guy from New York, the King of Vaudeville, the Favorite Son of Broadway?

It took him from his confidence, his self-respect, his breezy, fascinating ego. He turned lachrymose.

He resented the situation, he didn't understand it. So that even when he got back to Broadway, he'd lost something, some quality of kidding superiority that audiences had adored.

He had become Barbara Stanwyck's husband—not in the eyes of the public, he didn't give a damn about that, he could lick them, not in his own eyes, he knew better, but in her eyes.

If in the beginning she hadn't pitied him, hadn't worried about him, hadn't offered to make sacrifices—I think he'd have beaten the rap. If he'd been alone he might have weathered it by sheer force of genius and personality and refusal to admit failure. But Barbara's tears, her fears, never let him forget it. She hated it—and that hatred lashed him with reminders and with ever-present consciousness.

They broke several times. But always he went back, because he loved her and she loved him. They tried again. She would have given up her career—but he wouldn't have that. He'd climb up to her, she shouldn't climb down to him. And of all the men I've ever known, humiliation must have been the hardest for the cocky, laughing, dominant Frank Fay.

There couldn't be but one end.

She had to go on. He made her.

AND he had to get away, on his own, and he made the first move to separate himself from Barbara Stanwyck and her martyrdom and her sacrifices and her loyalty—and her love. Make good again on his own. See if he had left that genius which had been torn and smeared in the upheaval of their marriage.

Barbara, who loves him, is alone with her fame—alone in Hollywood.

And Frank Fay, who loves her, is in New York—waiting for the time when he may be himself again.

If he succeeds, and he should, I think he'll go back to Hollywood—after Barbara. And then we'll lose her. Because, when he's on top again, he'll be able to say to her, "Tell those guys in Hollywood 'nuts', and come on back to Broadway, I'll help you get a job, honey."
The Facts of Hollywood Life

I DO


Gena Mitchell and Harry J. Bryant, financiers, were yumed in the Arizona Gretta Green.

Blanche Sweet took Raymond Hackett for better or worse. Both had tried marriage before

Alice Moore, daughter of Alice Joyce and Tom Moore, became Mrs. Felix Knight at Yuma. Bride hurried home to a first film contract.

Alida Chase and Claire Jeffers, Santa Monica non-professional, disclosed their hynenal secret.

Julia Faye, former C. B. DeMille actress protege, promised to inspire Walter Anthony Merrill, writer, for ever and ever. Honeyed in Mexico.

Ann Ronell, who wrote "The Big Bad Wolf," and Lester Coggan, film production associate, took vows at sea.

Antia Thompson and John Quillian, brother of Eddie Quillian, became one in a Beverly Hills ceremony.

ADVANCE BOOKINGS

Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, and Dorothy Patricia Wesley, share a promise to pair

Jane With donning the sparkler given her by Edgar Ward, New York socialite, to culminate a romance begun at the Roosevelt mansion in Hyde Park.

Muriel Evans and Marshall Worcester, broker, admitted it was almost any day now

FUTURE GENERATION

Alan Dinehart and wife Melzelle Britton have installed a bassinet for mid-winter occupancy

THE SONG IS ENDED

For Lota Andre and Edward Norris, new actor discovery. He said he made $300 a week. She found it was only $45.

The frequently rumored, frequently denied separation of Clark Gable and his wife has finally been announced.

SEE MY LAWYER

Grace Moore sued by Frank Oronati for $98,500. Alleged damage for unfulfillment of agency contract.

With pardonable pride, PHOTOPLAY wishes to announce that Miss Kathleen Howard nationally known style specialist, has assumed the fashion editorship of PHOTOPLAY. Watch for Miss Howard's fashions, begin ning in the February issue, out January 10th.
TALK about picture cycles—what about the Sullivan cycles?
Margaret Sullavan bought husband Willy Wyler a motorcycle and for herself a bike with balloon tires. Every morning she rides it about four miles to work—clear from the Chateau Elysee to Universal studios.

But lately the autograph hunters have been laying for her and the other day she was late to work. Seems they surrounded her and finally to escape Maggie had to ride cross country through some sticker patches. Her tires blew out.

It took Marlene Dietrich a long time to get started but now that she's under way she's going to have only eight days' vacation in between her pictures. Reason—Marlene wants to go back to Europe and make a couple of pictures—possibly in England.

The hurry-up order took Lewis Milestone away as the director of her second picture, minus von Sternberg, Milly was busy on retakes of "Anything Goes," so the head man who will determine Marlene's second step on her new career is still in the balance. She and Frank Borzage got along famously in "Desire." They're practically pals. Marlene was human for a change with everyone while she made "Desire."

ALL ye slaving housewives lend ears. Old Cal believes there is sweet solace in this little item. It's about Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, those two people who insist on being terribly happy though married.

Once a week, of an evening, Ann and Leslie dismiss the servants, and Ann whips up a dinner. Then she dips her lily white hands in the Suds to wash the dishes and Leslie dries them. The nice part of it all is that they have a swell time, in fact, Ann says, it's the big evening of the week.

WHEN Janet Gaynor was loaned by her new boss, Darryl Zanuck, to M-G-M to make "Small Town Girl" with Bob Montgomery, it marked something of a milestone in her career.

Never before has Janet made a picture away from her home lot. Never would Winfield Sheehan consider lending her abroad.

But the new Twentieth-Century-Fox set-up so far has evidenced little interest in Janet. It may be the turning point in her career.

BOB MONTGOMERY is all in favor of European, especially Italian, speed laws.

There they not only let you go as fast as you want, but in Italy they actually encourage you to see how fast you can make it.

They checked Bob out in his Bentley on a run to Milan. He did it averaging 70 miles per hour. The cops were the first to congratulate Bob. What a country!

THE lion bite which kept Charles Bickford out of "The Littlest Rebel" has made him fret and fume.

Charlie didn't mind losing the money he would have made or the part so much. But what burned him up was that it kept him from fulfilling one of his secret ambitions. He wanted to play with Shirley Temple!

THE strange sight of Myrna Loy, freckles popping out in the heat, leading a bucket brigade to save the Malibu strand from licking forest flames, will linger long in the memory of Los Angeles fire fighters.

The bad fire last month which threatened to reduce to ashes all the lavish array of houses in Hollywood's famous exclusive beach retreat brought half of Hollywood on the run to protect their properties. At that, only a miraculous change in the wind saved the day.

Charlie Farrell's house and Lionel Atwill's pride and joy went up in smoke, to the cracking tune of thousands of dollars. Yep, sometimes we have real drama in the old town.

IT was certainly a relief to hear that Marlene Dietrich had sent Mae West a cake baked with her lily white hands. The little offering denotes that any possible hangovers of their so-called "feud" are all gone, all gone.

Now the proper thing for Mae to do in return, we suppose, is to trot over to Marlene's dressing room with a diamond.

Norma Shearer's new curls are a clear case of gilding the lily, but they are very becoming. She is listening to Leslie Howard at the gay party given by Marion Davies at the preview of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."
ON THE SPOT NEWS

Dick Powell won his salary tiff with Warner Bros. Under the new arrangement, Dick will make around $75,000 during the next three years.

Shirley Temple’s salary has been more than doubled by Darryl Zanuck to forestall any other studio signing her when her contract runs out. Vera Teasdale (Mrs. Adolphe Menjou) has retired from pictures until the stork arrives, which is expected early in the spring.

The Clark Gable discord rumors were spiked by Clark’s return from South America to his wife and family. Margaret Mitchell wants Fritz Lang, her sometime night escort, to direct her next film, “Invitation to Happiness.”

Connie Bennett has started work on her big shop building on her property near the Tropocano.

The Gay Coopers are in their new Bahamas-type house. Gary celebrated the event with a brand new 130-miles-per-hour Deuceenberg.

Following his divorce from his European wife, Francis Lederer and Mary Anita Loos are expected to marry soon.

Constance Collier is bidding M-G-M goodbye. She was signed to take Marie Dressler’s place, but didn’t.

Pay Wray is holidaying in Hollywood alone.

Her writer-husband, John Monk Saunders, is still in London on a scenario job, but there are no divorce rumors.

Dick Arlen’s minor eye operation was successful.

George Raft is going to abandon his high-cut trousers and fancy wardrobe and dress more conservatively.

Jean Harlow’s new “brownette” coiffure is permanent.

Fred Astaire’s new self-composed song, “I’m Building Up to an Awful Let Down,” is to be featured in his next dancefilm.

Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy are firm friends again and seeing each other since Lee returned.

Rosalind Russell’s success with Bill Powell in “Rendezvous” has won her another co-star role with him in “Tenth Reunion.”

Mamo, the South Sea beauty of “Mutiny on the Bounty,” has spurned a film career to study law.

Joan Blondell has taken a house at Toluca Lake from Dick Powell.

Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are spiking romance-end rumors by being seen together again in the night spots.

Jean Harlow’s mother has gone into the decorating business; one of her first clients is Bill Powell.

Quickly... correct these figure faults

Perfolastic Not Only Confines..it REMOVES Ugly Bulges!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way of reduction — Perfolastic. “Reduced my hips 8 inches,” states Miss Healy; “Massages like magic,” says Miss Carroll; “Reduced from 43 to 34% inches,” writes Mrs. Brown. Test the Perfolastic Girdle and Brasieres at our expense and prove it will do as much for you!

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 12 DAYS...or no cost! You do not risk one penny...simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results...as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing...and at just the spots where surplus fat accumulates.

NO DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISES! You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You will not only reduce, but will have more pep and energy. It is done simply by the massage-like action of the “live” material. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

SEND NOW FOR FREE BOOKLET AND SAMPLE

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! You cannot lose. Mail the coupon now!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER! PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 911, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brasieres, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ____________________________________________

Address ____________________________________________

City __________________ State ___________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

JACKIE COOGAN became a man the other day. That is, he reached the mature age of 21, and thereby came into control of a whole lot of money, which has been storing up for him a long, long time.

Jackie proclaimed two things. He’s going into the production end of the moving picture business.

He’s going to be very, very careful in handling his wealth.

They don’t seem to go together, Jackie. Old Cal recalls that enterprising and successful producers have always had to gamble to win in this town of Hollywood.

Of all the Hollywood directors perhaps John Stahl is the hardest taskmaster and gets in more bitter quarrels with his actresses. Maggie Sullivan and Irene Dunne know how tough it is to work with him, although, somehow or other they always come through with knockout performances.

Anyway, the other day someone asked Irene Dunne, who has been making “Magnificent Obsession” with Director Stahl, what she was doing.

“I have just finished,” said Miss Dunne, “The Magnificent Stahl.”

A n all-time low for costume fees is claimed by Una Merkel for her gaudy but not exactly neat wardrobe in “Riff Raff.” The total was $2.96. Itemized, it runs something like this: dress, $1.95; ring, $10; necklace, $14; brooch, $10; shoes, $.57; and cotton hose, $.10.

Of course, that’s not counting this elegant little number which Norma Shearer donated.”

Una said, prancing around in a faded peach and lavender cotton wrapper. “I’m quite mad about it, it does so much for my figure.”

Incidentally those shabby black patent leather shoes Una wears in one sequence are finally having their day of glory. She’s worn them in every picture since “Abraham Lincoln,” but because they were so disreputable, it’s always been in a scene where feet didn’t show. Now they’re the piece de resistance of her wardrobe.

The prop department was having its troubles to get the school room graduation set-up in “Ah Wilderness” to meet with Director Clarence Brown’s exacting requirements.

Brown finally solved their troubles in a simple way. He merely dug down into his mementoes of yesteryear and donated class pictures, pennants and what-nots from his own school days at Knoxville high school some thirty years ago.

Stonily staring at you from the center of one of the class groups is a sober-faced youngster in a high, stiff collar, who is fondly nursing a mandolin.

It’s Brown himself.

The Marx Brothers are trying to sign up Bob Montgomery. No, not to take the place of Zeppo who deserted them for the lucrative agent business. Bob laughed so hard at the preview of their new picture they want him to shill for all of them.

Y EARS ago Bill Boyd, to whom C. B. De Mille gave his big break in “The Volga Boatman,” is going to have his second big try at big time roles with De Mille. He’ll be the colorful American scout, “Buffalo Bill,” in C. B.’s next picture, a saga of the plainsman’s adventurous life.

Buffalo Bill had wavy long locks, so Bill is keeping in with the beautician and letting the tresses grow.

If you believe in signs, the frigidaire is working on Charlie Chaplin and his love light, Paulette Goddard. Even those who have insisted that Charlie and Paulette have been married all these many romantic moons, have noticed that the superb jester is being seen less and less in the company of the charming Paulette.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1936

100
CALM YOURSELF—\(M-G-M\).—A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad- man, his wife (Betty Field), her child (Marty), and Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Dec.)

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs. The series is strong, and Cappy, his two business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE, THE—First National.—Many people who have seen the picture are unaware of its comedy value. The story of a bewitched bride, whose curiosity is aroused. Murder thrills Good. (July)

CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE—First National.—A new situation comedy, superior in all respects and witty, gayly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the able assistance of Sinatra to Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the murder. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives Charlie Chan another opportunity of teaching his son more of the Chinese language necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten dollars and returns it, made into a confusing and in effect. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

CHINA SEAS—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Berry) in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventur and exciting situations of modern pirates in Oriental waters. Lewis Stone and Robert Benchley are not to be overlooked. (Nov.)

CHINATOWN SQUARE—Universal—Speedy di- rection and a competent cast make good entertain- ment of this mystery with Lyle Talbot, who drives a sightseeing bus through Chinatown, saves two murders and wins Valerie Hobson. (Aug.)

CLAIROYANT, THE—\(G-B\).—An absorbing film with Claude Rains excellent as a fake fortune teller, who discovers he has real clairvoyant powers when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Ray Wray good in his. (Sep.)

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a college backdrop makes this a great evening for amateur sleuths. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Edward Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

COWBOY MILLIONAIRE, THE—Fox.—A Western for sophisticates, and an hilarious comedy. George O'Brien, who plays nearly every role, is a color on a dude ranch. Evelyn Bostock, Maude Allan. (July)

CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI, THE—Republic.—Eric von Stroheim in the reverse role of Dr. Crespi in the scene version of one of the earliest and most famous films ever made, "The Precocious Pre- mature Burial," will keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

CRUSADES, THE—Paramount.—A colorful vision of the legendary crusades, with the master of spectacles, Cecil B. DeMille, in the typical DeMille manner. This ordinary story should supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Lorenzo Young Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at mastering Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast in this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

DARING YOUNG MAN, THE—Fox.—Re- made double murder mystery tells of the与其 able to distinguish this picture about two young people (Jack Buetel, Paul钡) who are good performers, on the original cast, and Herbert Marshall gives excellent and finished performances. Fine supporting cast. (Oct.)

DARK ANGEL, THE—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, who plays the innocent heroine, and Herbert Marshall give excellent and finished performances. Fine supporting cast. (Oct.)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway's renowned leader of the colorful "gay nine- teenth century." Diamond Jim Bracy, Ronnie Howard plays an effectual Lillian Russell. Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting role. (Oct.)

DINKY—Warners.—The youngsters will enjoy Jackie Cooper as the boy who is sent to an orphanage where his mother (Mary Astor) goes to prison. He is badly accused. Roger Pryor, Henry Armetta. (July)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warner.—Gus Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a fake policy insuring him against his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by old gags. (Oct.)

DOUTHING THOMAS—Fox.—One of the best of the current winter comedy pictures. John Craven, Lucile Watson, Thomas D. Holmes. (Dec.)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to re- discover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent. Patricia Roc, John Patric, Linda Darnell is charming in her American picture debut. (Nov.)

THE smiling Richard Arlen launches a conventional new fashion accessory for men, a monogrammed tie clip

FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE—Fox.—It takes farmer, Henry Fonda, a long time to get married, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of Charles Bickford. The setting faithfully re- created in the early Erin Canal days. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal.—A handful of young people in their twenties trying to write a convincing film of campus life. Charlie Farrell is amusing as the foil of their efforts. (Nov.)


FORBIDDEN HEAVEN—Republic.—A simple story which tells of the planting together of four numbers and one woman. And shows the real and how Charles Farrell brings them love and hap- piness. Stars Henry Berry Mercer, Fred Wallace. Fair- isn't. (Nov.)

FRECKLES—RKO Radio.—A pleasant, though unexciting little story of the Lindbergh, affects Tom Brown an opportunity of making love to Carol Stone, but it affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

FRONT PAGE WOMAN—Warner.—Crisp, crackling newspaper drama, with the battle on be- tween reporter George Montgomery and rival Atlas. Rapid fire humor is helped by Roscoe Karns' combined good entertainment. (Sept.)

GAY DECEPTION, THE—20th Century-Fox.—A light, whimsical though preposterous tale of fact. Francis Lederer is a Gracervustk prince working in connoiso a bellboy in a Manhattan hotel Prices Debe leads. (Nov.)


GINGER—Fox.—Jane Withers, as a little slug girl company, introduces a Fort Aisin and gives reason for seeing this one. Good cast includes O. P. Heggie, Walter King, and John Qualen. (Nov.)

GIRL FRIEND, THE—Columbia.—Mostly a turlesque art about Napoleon, but hardly profes- sional stuff. Has a good song or two but little else. Hugh Marlowe, Anna Maria Alberghetti. (Nov.)

GIRL FROM 10TH AVENUE, THE—First National.—The old story of a drunken millionaire made over by the two leading men. Includes Claire Dodd, Ray Milland, and others. (Aug.)

GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935—First National.—Good cast, talented cast made this one enjoyable entertainment for those who like big, splashy musicals. Dick Powell, Gloria Stuart, Alice Brady, Adolphe Menjou, Jean Arthur. (Aug.)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warners.—One of those overthrow, marital-infidelity comedies in which Ray Francis and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Gregory Tolson, Ralph Bellamy. (Nov.)

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a maruscoult who is determined to marry but winds up entangled in poor but honest love. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Will Rogers. Don't miss this one. (Nov.)

HARD ROCK HARRAGIN—Fox.—A virile, pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred MacMurray, rock tunnel drillers, looking fast for a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Nov.)

HARMONY LANE—Mascot.—A tender and sentimental story, about the girl who helps the old man who works miracles with crippled children. Judith Allen, the villainess who tries to lure him to the big city, and Karen Morley, the heroine, who comes to the rescue. (Dec.)
So Ashamed Of Her Skin!

Every quotation in this advertisement is from an actual and voluntary letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

H. W. MILLER,

NOTARIES PUBLIC

"I was ashamed of my skin; so many pimples I couldn't get work."

"They did wonders. I now have work and there is not a blemish on my face."

No advertising copywriter invented the story above. It's a true experience—one of hundreds reported to us by grateful users of Yeast Foam Tablets.

What these pleasant yeast tablets have done for others they should do for you. Why don't you try them today? Their rich stores of precious corrective elements will quickly help to rid your body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many common skin troubles. And you should feel better as well as look better.

Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today. Refuse all substitutes.

FREE! Lovely Tilted Mirror, gives perfect close-up. Leaves both hands free to put on make-up. Free for coupon with empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.

WORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.

1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton.

Please send the handy tilted make-up mirror.

Name, ____________________________

Address, __________________________

City, ______________________________

State, ____________________________

P. O. BOX 36, N. W. W. 1750 N. ASHLAND AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE.—(K-Radio).—An outland melodrama with Preston Foster as the gangster sent up for income tax evasion and Melvyn Douglas, the attorney, whom he suspects of double-crossing. (July)

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET.—Warner Bros.—A warm-hearted, thoroughly delightful period story of the lovely maid to a position of importance in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (Dec.)

PHANTOM FIEND, THE.—(Twickenham).—A real horror picture, made so from the obvious strength of the 'Ripper' crimes. Ivory Novello and Elizabeth Allan (Lady Mary) star. (Sept.)

POWERSMOKE RANGE.—(K-Radio).—The usual hard fight between heroic cattlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this fast-and-tidest Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele. (Nov.)

PUBLIC HERO NO. 1.—M-G-M.—Another serial. Direction and performances are grand humor and plenty happening. Chester Morris and Jean Arthur are excellent in this hilarious study. (Sept.)

Quilp.—(Theatre).—Herman Melville's novel, now an exciting cinematic adventure in the progress of motion pictures, and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

MORALS OF MARCUS.—G.-B.—Lupe Velez's delightful and humorous story of a plot that is altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening of entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (Nov.)

MURDER IN THE FLEET.—(M-G-M).—An unbelievable yarn about one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Armstrong, Parker, Una Merkel and others. Ted Healy, master comedian, and Nat Pendleton lend the only bright spots. (Aug.)

MURDER MAN, THE.—(M-G-M).—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a paper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth (scriptplay by Virginia Bruce adding charm and loneliness. (Oct.)

MUSIC IS MAGIC.—20th Century-Fox.—Bebe Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age. There's a lot of some real intriguing in a pleasing semi-musical headed by Alec Faye and Ray Bolger. It has plenty of vitality. (Sept.)

NAVY WIFE, THE.—20th Century-Fox.—Because of her own unpleasant family experiences, navy nurse, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually does, and Stephen Bellamy in this unexciting and listless film. (Dec.)

NIT WITS, THE.—(K-Radio).—Wheeler and Woolsey mixed up in a murder case, at their funniest. Woolsey is without a dull moment and good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Helen Westcott and others. (Sept.)

NO MORE LADIES.—M-G-M.—A perfect burlesque of a Bussy comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone the wittiest, brightest in the film. Charles Coburn, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and Edna May Oliver and Denny all cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA.—First National.—This fine, sincere story of an idealistic oil company, oil doctor, and oil man, directed by Harry Beaumont. Arthur Byron, Jean Main. Excellent cast, M-I direction. (June)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.—B.P.L. Alliance.—With Charles Laughton and Joan Fontaine. A faithful screenplay of Dickens' novel. Hay Petrie, of English stage, is the old miser with a magnificent portrayal of the villainous Quilp. (Sept.)

ONE, FRIGHTENED NIGHT.—(M-G-M).—Creepy music, banging doors and all the usual lol-de-o of mystery. Vickey Grafton's acting is the only attraction. (July)

O'SHAUGNESSY'S BOY.—M-G-M.—The agreeable Stanwyck, Wallace Beery and (Alkie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that you will long remember especially for Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (Dec.)

OUR LITTLE GIRL.—Fox.—Made to order romantic comedy. Both myrtle with Shirley Temple and, ever, and talented enough to carry the trite story. Joel McCrea and Rosamary Ames are the parents. Lynne H蕴含ed as their son Simon, delightful picture—and it's all Shirley's. (Aug.)

PAGE MISS GLORY.—(Warner Bros).—Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the pictures as a homely little chambermaid, then blossoms into a dashing heiress. The picture is promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Dec.)

PARIS IN SPRING.—Paramount.—Tuneful and colorful, this presents the lovely voice of Mary Ellis and a series of situations of Taffy Carmen, in a series of scenes, a series of scenes, and a series of songs, which are entirely ironed out by grandmother Jesse Ralph. Good comedy. (Sept.)

PARTY WIFE.—Columbia.—Lots of healthy laughs in this little picture about the havoc small-town gossip stirs up by listening in on parties. Jean Parker, Russell Gleason, Chester Grapewin head a well chosen cast. (July)

Pursuit.—(M-G-M).—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smear Scotty Beckett's 'Till the Clouds Roll By' with his father to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (Oct.)

RAVEN, THE.—Universal.—Abused melange tacked onto the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poem. Bella Lugosi, Boris Karloff supply plenty of real chills; screen's first Poe adaptation. (Oct.)

RED SALUTE.—Reliance.—Rob Young is lured into desertion by Barnabas Stanwyck in this funny version of a country club flight, but he eventually is successful and is exiled to a place of patriation. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec.)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT.—Universal.—A tabloid plot and a completely tabloid cast. It's the story of two couples who are combined in an effort to imitate the "Thin Man" style but falls short in spite of the swell cast that includes Spencer Tracy, Jean Arthur, Charles B. Fitzsimons, Lydia Luyboom, Mary Astor, Spence M. Shoemaker. (Sept.)

RETURN OF PETER GRIFFITH, THE.—(K-Radio).—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by a blind, dying wife. Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (Oct.)

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—London Films.—Roboto, directed by Charles S. Sander and Lilyan Ranks' acting, and the true portrayal of canalside life is this an interesting film. Lots of excitement. (Sept.)

** THE SCOUNDREL.—Hecht - MacArthur.—A star vehicle for a heartless, philanthropizing publisher gives one of the greatest performances ever recorded in a magazine picture. Screen's most realistic cast (Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Stanley Ridge, Make msec, Holger). (Sept.)

SHANGHAI.—Walter Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to conceal the age old plot of the opium and warring Chinese ever. Young and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (Oct.)

She.—(K-Radio).—Helen Gahagan makes good work in a necessarily sentimental intelligent portrayal of the mythical king of Kor. Randy Scott, John Hall, Mary Raffler, and Gahagan travel beyond the Arctic searching for the "flame of life," a mystical, eerie, but interesting, and well acted. (Sept.)

She couldn't take it.—Columbia.—A smartly paced and hokum packed version of the harried manuscript film. Helen Gahagan makes the best of it in an opportunity to wage a battle of the sexes with Jimmy Durante. Helen Gahagan, Lucien Littlefield. (Sept.)

She married her boss.—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing and unconvincing films. Hat is the perfect story of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a personal wife. Mervyn Douglas, Edith Fellows, John Dixon. (Nov.)

Shipmates for ever.—Warner-Cosmopolitan.—The perennial Amalgam story emerges from the appealing Penelope Dudley and Robke Keeler giving knockout performances and adding spotty gaiety with dozens and dozens. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

Special agent.—Cosmopolitan-Warner.—A fascinating entanglement for Frances Dee of a wartime on rocketeers and securing their convictions via to become an ace test pilot. With Betty Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Nov.)

Spring tonic.—Fox.—Spotty entertainment, with Claire Trevor running away from Lew Ayres on their wedding eve, and getting mixed up with animal trainers and bootleggers in the person of Walter Kingsford, Edmund Cobb, John Beal and others. The final cast is whipped by unconvinving circumstances. (July)

Steamboat round the bend.—Fox.—Victor Fleming directs this one that combines love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disentangles his nephew from serious complications. It is a quite a splendid performance. John McGeehan. (Sept.)

strated.—Warners.—You're partly bored, partly amused, properly interested. It is a story of a social service worker Kay Francis refuses to marry her engineer genius is uninterested and antagistic to her work and its ideals. Gorgeous picture, but story is unconvincing. (Sept.)

Stranded.—Columbia.—M-G-M.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a steamline train constitute the basis for this story, with picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Nov.)

Struggling for life, the.—Fox Prod.—A story of two, with a cast that is attempting an acting struggle out their existence. Some good photography. (Oct.)

Swift sea.—Columbia.—Okay for baseball fans. But aside from the diamond stuff, this is pretty hackneyed. Wallace Ford, Barbara Kent, Wallace Beery, Theodore Roberts, Lee Tracy and Bryant Washburn. (July)

Step 39s, the.—(M-G-M).—Exciting entanglement of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to save his wife. Jack Holt headed cast. John Hodiak is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grand acting, good comedy, suspense. (Oct.)

This is the life.—20th Century Fox.—Little Jane Witler, a stage prodigy, is mistreated cruelly by her mother and they eventually run away together. Time forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute. (Nov.)

Three Musketeers, the.—(K-Radio).—A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic with Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage, and the sword-fashing quartet to a dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. (Dec.)

PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine, and refer to the criticisms of the films before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make your this reference list.
Fame, Fortune and Fatigue

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

intensely: "I don't want people to feel sorry for me, or pity me because I'm ill! I don't want people who like me on the screen to think of me as an invalid! I'm not really. I am slender and I love to own things. I am not near property in Westwood. There are lovely furnishings in all of them. Many of the lovely pieces in this house are really investments . . . my paintings and antiques. At least, I don't wake up five or six days after the purchase to discover a twenty-per-cent loss in value.

"Also I have consistently saved in insurance. I have been buying insurance for years now, and I have never allowed a single policy to drop. Just before we went away I took out an additional $30,000 endowment policy. My idea of saving, such as insurance and real properties, may not be the most liquid way, but I feel the security of owning substantial, solid values that compensate for the money tied up in them. And that," she said a little breathlessly, "is the truth about my publicized pathetic 'poverty'!"

The nurse was beginning to make restless noises in the background. My case, allotted twenty minutes with Loretta were drawing to a close. Her little hand gripped mine firmly over the satin spread. It is typical that she would say good-bye with a joke.

"Drop in as often as they will let you, please! It's like Grand Hotel here, now. Nothing ever happens!"

THAT should prove that Loretta Young isn't too sick to laugh, to see the sanest and most amusing side of her latest trouble, just as she has tried to meet all the other setbacks in her life with balance and sanity. And that's the best news we, who are so fond of her, could hear! We know that she is suffering the fatigue which her fame and fortune have cost her—but we know, too, that her spirit is alive and alert and will carry her out of her sick room, again glowing with health.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1936

107

★ TOP HAT—RKO-Radio. —A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers vein and what a grand and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and cleverly crafted comedy to challenge comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (Dec.)

★ TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS—Republic. —Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot So-so. (Nov.)

★ TWO FISTED—Paramount. —Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns battle and battle their way through paralyzing scraps in a millionaire's mansion to guard a tof from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (Dec.)

★ TWO FOR TONIGHT—Paramount. — Bing Crosby croons and sings his way through this one, dispelling his romance in-the-moonglow fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films Joan Bennett, Tinema Todd are the girls. (Nov.)

★ TWO SINNERS—Republic. —Otto Kruger and Martha Sleeper are the two principals in this tedious tear-inducing account of sex-convict's attempt at rehabilitation, while Coleen and Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (Dec.)


★ UNWELCOME STRANGER, THE—Columbia. —Little Jackie Searl is the crippled child around a race track and James Craig the street tough. No streak of bad racing luck. Just so-so entertainment, but Jackie, Earl, and Mona Barrie are good. (July)

★ VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE—Paramount. —Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this otherwise picture human and appealing. You'll laugh too by the load from the colored hay-bones, Stepin Fetchit. (Dec.)

WELCOME HOME—Fox. —Jimmy Dunn is the engraged grogger who sells the eell of home, and makes the old home town from the holes of his giggling partners. Arline Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertainment. (Sept.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY—Warner. —Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix-up and summon virtues with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WESTWARD HO!—Republic. —A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Volunters) who aim to rid the West of its notorious bandit. John Wayne, Sheila Manners. (Oct.)

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Paramount. —Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a real film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills, chills and shocks. (Dec.)

★ WITHOUT REGRET—Paramount. —Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (Nov.)

★ WOMAN WANTED—M-G-M. —A swell melodrama packed with action, thrills and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea, an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

one of the few famous Hotels in America

BELLEVUE STRATFORD

Philadelphia

Claude H. Bennet
General Manager

Rates $3.50 up

BOOKING OFFICES: Standard Life Building, Court 16th New York
12 W. 46th St., Longacre 6-6000
“I don’t know,” Brent said, moodily, “but I’m just about ready to find out.”

“Do you think I am safe here?”

“Absolutely, as long as Jim’s in the adjoining room. Better forget the conventions and leave the door open. Jim,” he grinned, “is harmless.”

“I have to be at the studio, ready to start work, at eight o’clock in the morning,” she told him.

“Can’t you ditch it?”

“No,” Brent told him. “How about the bell boy?”

“Okay. I only slipped him a twenty. Merla Smith offered him ten. He figured we’d double the ante.”

“You sure he didn’t collect her ten and our twenty?”

“I don’t think so.”

Brent let his eyes lock with those of the actress. “Come on,” he said, “what do those names mean to you?”

“No. It wouldn’t be fair to my director or to the other actors. They’re working for a bonus, on a time limit.”

Dick frowned, suddenly wheeled to face her. “What does the name Fahey mean to you?” he asked.

She recoiled as though he had slapped her. “Or,” he inquired, his eyes snapping to hard focus on hers, “the name Nixon?”

She swayed toward him, white to the lips.

The door opened and Jim Sweet stepped into the room as her ice cold fingers clutched Brent’s hand. “Please,” she said, “please don’t...”

“But I have to know.”

Sweet looked at them curiously, said, “Am I butting in?”

“Nothing,” she said, and forced a laugh. “You didn’t act that way when I mentioned them.”

“I’m all unstrung.”

“You realize how foolish it would be for you to lie to me?”

“Yes.”

“And you don’t know anyone named...”

SHE interrupted him before he could mention the names.

“Not a soul,” she exclaimed vehemently. “What stage you going to be working on tomorrow?” Brent asked.

“Sound stage four.”

“Leave a pass for me at the window in the reception room,” he said. “I may be out, just to look things over.”

Brent, in his office, checked over the reports of his men. Ruth Gelder had been located in an apartment on Beachwood Drive.

Anyone who called on her would be shadowed. Any time she left the apartment she would be tail. Peters had telephoned that he would be in within half an hour. That call had been received twenty-five minutes before.

Brent looked at his watch, lit a cigarette and settled back in his chair. The door opened and Bill Peters’ dead pan stared, expressionless, at him.

Dick knew the significance of that utter impassivity of expression.

“Spill it,” he said.

Peters stuttered so that it was a second or two before he could control his voice.

“The D-d-d-district attorney is on our t-t-t-trail,” he said. “He’s got a h-h-h-hunch we’re in C-C-C-Copeland’s office.”

Brent said, “Cheer up, Bill, this time tomorrow you’ll either have solved a double murder, or you’ll be in jail, charged with anything from accessory on down to burglary and resisting an officer.”

He’s g-g-got something on us, or th-th-thinks he h-h-has. But I think I-f-f-fooled him on one thing.”

Brent’s eyes became hard. “One of your tricks, Bill?” he asked.

Peters said reproachfully, “Not a t-t-t-trick I j-just some in-s-s-surance.”

“What sort of insurance?” Dick asked, his voice hard.

“You noticed in the p-p-p-paper they mentioned they found a h-h-h-bottle and two g-g-g-glasses in C-C-C-Copeland’s office?”

“Yes. I don’t remember seeing them there.”

“I p-p-p-put them there. There were f-f-f-fingerprints on one of the g-g-g-glasses. I p-p-p-packed it up in the C-C-C-Colonial B-B-Bar.”

“Whose fingerprints?” Brent demanded truculently. “Dammit, Bill, I’ve told you to keep your crooked tricks out of my cases. This is going to wind you up. Whose fingerprints were on that glass?”

“S-S-S-Sonita’s.”

“Sonita who?”

“S-S-S-S-Sonita Chadburg, the D-d-d-district attorney’s d-d-d-daughter.”

Brent’s face flushed with rage. “Do you know what you’ve done?” he demanded.

“You’ve got us in so deep now we’ll never get out. You can’t make a thing like that stick Of all the damn fool things!”

“B-B-But,” Peters pointed out, “she knew Dr. C-C-Copeland. He had some s-s-s-sort of a h-h-h-hold on her. District Attorney Chadburg thinks he’s going to s-s-s-stick us, and when he gets the f-f-f-facts lined up he’ll find they p-p-p-point to his own d-d-d-daughter.”

“Had she been there any time today?”

“You mean y-y-yesterday?”

Brent looked at his watch and said, “Oh, all right, yesterday.”

“I d-d-d-don’t know.”

Brent shrugged his shoulders and suddenly started to laugh. “Well, Pete,” he said, “I’ve heard of people who told lies when the truth would better serve their purpose, but this is the

The familiar “God bless us every one” of Tiny Tim will ring out once again when Lionel Barrymore as Scrooge in Dickens’ Christmas Carol is heard over the Columbia Broadcasting System network on Christmas Eve.
first time I’ve ever seen it work out. I’ll say one thing for you, you’re an imaginative cuss.”

Pete nodded.

“Anything about Gelder, or anything about Fante?”

Pete shook his head.

“About Nixon?”

“Nixon,” Pete said, ceasing to stutter, “was in a private sanitarium. Alter got him out on a writ of habeas corpus. His files don’t show what happened after that.”

Brent frowned thoughtfully. “That,” he said, “is going to be the key to this case as sure as you’re standing there, Bill.”

Dead-Pan Peters said, “Why not say, as sure as I’m s-s-standing here, half dead for a damn good d-d-drink?”

T

THE double doors were closed on sound stage four. A red light glazed its warning over the door. A low-pitched electric bell whirred monotonously.

Dick Brent waited until the light was extinguished. The guard opened the door. Dick entered the big structure shaped like an enormous freight car, the bannilk interior strung with wires.

The company was working in the corner farthest removed from the door.

A black cable wound like a snake along the floor of the enclosed sound-mixing booth, in which a man with a bored expression was reading a paper, waiting for the next take.

The main part of the stage was open toward the cameras, the far side being built into the replica of a hotel bedroom, with bureau, dressing table, wash-bowl, bed, telephone stand, and baggage rack. A woman’s suitcase lay open on the luggage rack, disclosing an assortment of feminine finery. A few jars of cream were on the dressing table.

Back of the cameras were a horde of actors and actresses, some reading newspapers, others talking in low tones. Makeup experts were going over some of the actresses with final touches. Vilma Fenton’s personal maid was checking over the brownish, professional make-up which covered her skin.

The director, a fat man, wearing a black shirt and gray pants, the belt of which seemed to be almost up to his armpits, said, “Let’s have Miss Fenton’s stand-in, please.”

It was hot underneath the glare of those lights, and the star’s nerves were saved by having a “stand-in” to take the glare of the lights until the lighting had been properly arranged, the cameras placed in just the right position, and the director ready to shoot.

Vilma Fenton, in pink silk pajamas, over which had been thrown a filmy negligee which glistened like span glass, looked up, saw Dick Brent, pushed her maid’s hand, which was extended toward her hair, impatiently to one side, and came toward the detective, the silk garment fluttering out behind.

“What is it, Dick?” she asked.

He was aware of curious eyes, of ears that were attuned to their conversation.

“I want to ask you something, Vilma,” he said in a low voice.

“Important?”

“Yes.”

“Will it upset me?”

“It may.”

She turned with a motion toward the stage.

“Dick,” she said, “I’ve been working for an hour and a half on one scene. We’re just as far away as we were when we started.

More so, perhaps. Everyone’s tense and nervous. We’re going to shoot it again in a moment. I’m telling you this because I want you to understand. I simply can’t be upset now.”

“Vilma,” he asked, “are you giving me a run-around?”

Her hands sought his lapels. Her eyes looked up into his. “Please believe me, Dick,” she said. And then, as she stood close to him, her face became flushed, her eyes tender.

Dick found himself throbbing with sudden emotion. Looking at her upturned face, her starry eyes, the slightly parted lips, he found himself fighting a sudden impulse to take her in his arms.

She swayed toward him. Her eyes showed surprise, then something very, very tender.

It was as though she, too, had been startled at the discovery of a powerful inner emotion.

A sudden disturbing thought chilled Dick’s mind. Hadn’t he seen this expression on the screen before? Wasn’t it the same way she had looked in “Indo I Do?”

She was holding his eyes with hers.

“Yes, Dick,” she said softly, “what is it?”

He fought with himself, his instincts telling him that he knew the answer, where you find it; that it made no difference whether his meeting with this woman had been unconventional, or whether he had known her for only a short time.

He realized only that she was a woman, that he was looking deep into her soul and what he saw in her eyes was making the blood pour through his arteries. But her mind clamped an icy mold upon his instincts, chilled his emotions as the frosty breath of a north wind from the icy slopes of the mountains chilled the orange blossoms. She was an actress! She could assume any facial expression, will! Was she deliberately vamping him to bend him to her will? She had been involved in a murder, and she had thwarted his every effort to secure an explanation.

His mind seemed to thunder that word into his brain as though some loud speaker had been insistently beating upon his consciousness—actress! actress! actress!

Was she making a fool of him? Was she deliberately offering herself as bait? Was she turning on, for his benefit, expression number 51, or was it—perhaps—expression number 92? At that rate, it was the same expression with which she tried to charm Robert Valore in “Indo I Do.” He remembered now that final expression before the fade-out . . .

“Miss Fenton. Miss Fenton. Miss Fenton!”

The impatient voice of the director reached their ears. Slowly the radiance faded from her face. She turned to the director.

“Yes.”

His tone was that of one who fights to control his nerves. “If you’re quite ready,” he said sarcastically.

She gave Dick a quick pressure with her hand, then turned to the stage. Her stand-in stepped out, and the star took her place under the beating, engraving white lights.

“Now, Miss Fenton,” the director said, “remember you’re in the hotel, running away from Valore. You had followed him, and bribed the clerk to put him in the adjoining room. As you’re removing the stains of travel from your skin, he whistles that tune which you helped him compose, the tune which was to make him the king of Tin Pan Alley.

“You turn in puzzled perplexity toward the door of the connecting room, wondering if someone else can possibly lift that melody.

“You’ve gone five hundred miles to be free from the man to whom you have given your

| NEW YORK’S BEST HOTEL VALUE |
| PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH |
| $5.00 PER DAY |
| 1 or 2 PERSONS |
| LARGEST SINGLE ROOMS |
| with bath |
| $3.50 up per day |
| Radio, combination tub and shower, circulating ice water, swimming pool and gymnasium free to guests. |

Dining—Dancing—Smart Entertainment

Cocoonat Grove
NEW YORK’S FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS

The Park Central
56th Street at 7th Avenue

You can Regain Perfect Speech if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled

"DON'T STAMMER," which describes the unique method of curbing stammering and stammerers. Method successfully taught at the unique Colton Institute for 25 years—over 10,000 cured of stammering sent free. Nonobligation. Benjamin B. Goetz, Dept. 650, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

"Remembrance" | A NEW PERFUME—thrilling, exciting, lasting!

$5.00 an ounce—50c bottle in the Redwood Treasure Chest. Also 50c bottle Persian Night $1.00 an ounce Hollywood $2.00 an ounce Monte Carlo $2.50 an ounce Chest Linen in 5 Scented Eau de Cologne, made from the Grant Redwoods of California. Send only $1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c, 5c, 3c, or 1c. Ask for Paul Rieger, 168 Davis St., San Francisco

PAUL RIEGER (EST. 1873) 168 Davis St. San Francisco
woman who opens her soul to the man she loves. Remember, now, don't look toward him look toward the camera. I want your face and his profile. Are you ready? Silence.

The great studio became silent.

'Ve got to get the two of them together.' the director announced.

A voice said, "Speed!" An assistant camera man held up the slate showing the number of the take.

The director gave a signal. Vilma Fenton, seated in front of the mirror, unscrewed the cap from a cream jar. The director raised his hand. A phonograph played a record of muted whistling, as though coming through the door of the connecting room.

Vilma Fenton froze into immobility. Her face showed dazed incredulity, and Dick Brent, watching her features, realized suddenly how perfectly she was mistress of her emotions, realized it with cold disillusion.

As in a dream, he saw Vilma Fenton arise, go toward the door, saw her twist the bolt. Then the door opened. Robert Valore, the devastating heart-wrecker of the screen, stood in the doorway, turned upon her that devastating smile, extended his arms.

She touched his arms with her hands, lowered her eyes, backed away for a few steps until her feet rested in a chalked square on the floor. Then she raised her face, turned toward the camera.

The microphone was above their heads. Bright lights blazed. The camera whirled off its footage. Vilma turned so that her eyes stared at the director, who was standing slightly behind and to one side of the camera. Robert Valore's perfect profile, lighted so as to show it to the best advantage, was close to her cheek.

"My dearest," he said, in a low, throbbing tone, his lips half parted, what do I care about being the king of Tin Pan Alley? Let me be the king of your heart.

Her eyes widened, her lips half parted. Slowly her eyes softened into a dreamy expression.

The director turned away.

"Lousy!" he said.

A vast sigh went up from the actors and actresses who had been staring in fascinated silence. A tired voice said, "Save 'em."

A bank of lights clicked out.

The director said, "Miss Fenton, that scene would have been a knockout with any other actress, but remember that you are the great heart-throb of the nation. When you look love, I want you to looove. Any other actress would have been proud of what you have just accomplished, but it's not up to your standard. For some reason you seem to be acting. Bob Valore's tender voice in your ear means nothing to you. Now, be more conscious of him, thrill to his touch. Don't act as though he was a prop. We've got to take that scene over again. I am going to try an experiment. Rest hasn't helped you. Go back to your place in front of the dressing table. You won't have a stand-in this time. Just a second and then we'll try it once more."

Bob Valore, a great actor, was looking at the director with a critical eye. He felt as if he were behaving like a child. "Let's try it this way."

Vilma Fenton walked back to the dressing table, wearily replaced the screw cap on the jar of cream, and sat perfectly motionless while switchers clicked, lights focused their white brilliance upon her, and weary technicians went through the business of measuring distances, dragging up the huge crane which carried the camera, and setting the microphone.

The director said, "Remember to start that phonograph when I raise my right hand. Then bring it on with increased volume, as through a door opened, when I raise my left hand. Shut it off when Valore registers in the frame . . . Ready. Silence, please . . . Turn 'em."

Once more a voice said, "Speed." A man dashed in front of the camera, held up a record to be photographed, then stepped to one side. Vilma Fenton unscrewed the top from a cream jar. The director raised his hand. The phonograph record gave forth the muffled whistling of a haunting melody which tugged at the heart strings. Vilma Fenton stiffened into incredulous attention, arose, came slowly toward the door of the connecting room, twisted the bolt, opened it, stared at Robert Valore's impassioned eyes, fell back as he came toward her with hungry arms with hands which seemed to be only half-heartedly doing their duty, until her feet were within the chalk square. She raised her eyes, her lips half parted. She was staring at the director . . . and then suddenly she was not staring at the director . . . Dick Brent, vitally interested in that which was taking place, had slowly, unconsciously moved up until he was standing close behind the director, and suddenly he realized that Vilma Fenton was looking, not at the camera, not at the director, but at him. He saw her eyes grow stary, saw her lips slowly part until it seemed that the very fragrance of her soul lay there on her mouth, like dew on a rosebud, waiting to be captured. He did not realize that he, himself, was meeting her stare, leaning forward, separated from her by some ten or twelve feet, and yet closer to her than was the star who was holding her in his arms, his perfect profile against her cheek, his lips murmuring terms of endearment into her delicate ear.

He heard the director give a sigh of satisfaction and then, after a moment, in a voice that was choked with emotion, he said, "Perfect! My God, perfect!"

Dick Brent felt the tension relax. A voice said, "Save 'em."


In that moment, so loud that it could not have been from any human throat, coming from some mechanical device which seemed to boffle the ear, its volume so increased that the entire stage was filled with sound, a voice said, "Vilma, you have denied me, and now I take my revenge!"
Vilma Fenton screamed.
From the dark, gloomy cat-walk which ran high above the stage, there was the faintest perceptible flicker of motion, then something which glinted like a falling meteor catapulted downward.

Dick Brent was the only one in all that room who was not frozen into horrified immobility.
He went forward with the charging thrust of a football player carrying the ball in a last mad charge against the enemy's line.

The fat director was in his way and as his shoulder struck the paunchy sides, the big man span half around, staggered for two steps and dropped. Dick, racing against that glittering object which hurtled downward, screamed warning.

His fingers touched the silken negligee, his arms circled the pliant waist. He swept the actress from her feet.

Inches above her head was a falling spotlight, a huge balloon of black iron, silvered reflector and polished glass.

Evidently it had been centered, with diabolical ingenuity, directly over the chalk square where Vilma Fenton was to stand in her final love scene.

Dick, dazed, jinked Vilma Fenton's head out of the way, but not in time. The rounded surface of the falling spotlight streaked past her hair, seemed to give her only a light caress, as innocuous as the touch of a summer zephyr on a rose petal. But he felt her grow limp in his arms.

A split fraction of a second later, with a terrific crash, the big spot struck the floor of the stage and exploded into fragments. Broken glass scattered over the stage.
The silvered reflector was sprung from its shield. It sliced through the air to hit the stage, where it span whirling, like some drunken top.

Abruptly every light in the place went out.

From the roof came the sound of demonic laughter.

It was a mocking sound of insane rage, of gloating triumph.

"Lights!" a voice yelled. "For God's sake, what's happened to those lights?"
There followed tumultuous seconds during which, somewhere back of the stage, a woman was screaming. A technician struggling with his equipment, muttered curses under his breath. The director, still stretched on the floor, groaned in flaccid agony.

Once more that laughter sounded from the darkness of the studio, this time in a different position, as though the man had moved along the cat-walk with the sure-footed silence of some nocturnal beast of prey.

A light came into brilliance—another. A voice yelled "Plug in that connection," and then, suddenly, a whole bank of spotlight that had not been used in the taking of the picture clicked into brilliance. Dick Brent stared down at the face of the unconscious woman, fell for her pulse.

"Dearest," he said, heedless of those who might hear him, "it wasn't acting, was it?"

An authoritative voice said, "Make way, please."

Dick Brent looked up to see two men, one a hatchet-faced individual with gimlet eyes peering out from behind horn rimmed spectacles, the other beady and bullheaded, pressing forward.

It was the gimlet-eyed individual who spoke, and his voice had a peculiar unpleasant rasping sound.

Brent stared at him.
"From the district attorney's office," he said. "The district attorney wants Vilma Fenton to come to his office at once."

SOMEONE said, "On what grounds?" and it was not until a full second later that Dick Brent realized his own voice had meant that question.

"To explain what she knows of the murder of Doctor Granville Copeland," said the beady individual, belligerently.

(Why was Vilma Fenton pursued by the mysterious, mad figure? Will she, too, die? What is the mad man's part in the ghastly mix-up? Read the next installment in February PlayStory.)
headlight nor the squawk of a horn. Nothing to jerk a thumb at.

Montgomery: Do you suppose they could have been warned that I was here?
Garageman: Oh 'ardly sir. Funny, they was comin' by regular before you came.
Montgomery: Somebody told them. Is there a railroad station here?
Garageman: Oh, yes sir, cross the second square, sir.
Montgomery: Arouse Southpoint, my good

Stationmaster: It gathers the milk, sir. Montgomery: Milk!
Stationmaster (brightly): You could ride in with the milk, sir.
Montgomery: Thanks, but I've got to be in London tonight at ten.
Stationmaster: Then I guess you won't be waitin' for the milk train, sir.
Montgomery: I never cared that much for milk. God save the King!
Stationmaster: God save the King, sir!

Seventh Villager (scornfully): 'Ollywood!
I was discovered (continued Mr. Montgomery) and I realized that I was only bearing out what the good villagers had read before—
that Hollywood was scathing with dangerous maniacs.

By now, I realized by a glance at my watch, that only a pursuit plane could get me to London in time for my date, but getting there had become an issue. To turn back would be disgrace. Besides, there was nothing I could turn back in. I must forge onwards, if I had to walk. So I put it up to them.

Montgomery: How can I get to London?
Villager: Well, sir, there's a chap as a bike Montgomery: A bike?
Villager: A motor bike.
Montgomery: A motorbike? Who has it?
Bike Owner: It's a motorbike I 'ave sir, if I may say so.
Montgomery: You may say so. Got it.

BIKE OWNER: 'Ere it is, sir. Five quid to London.
Montgomery: Five quid it is.
Bike Owner: 'Op on, sir.
Montgomery: Where?
Bike Owner: Back there, sir. On the fender. You'll find it quite safe, sir, and—'ere—this cou'll make it comfy.

And so (explained Mr. Montgomery with a slight wince at the memory) with a final "God save the King" we were off into the night.

I would like in deference to a tender memory to skip as much of that part of Montgomery's Ride as possible. I can only say that there was a slim rill of tin between me and the skimming pavement. At least when Napoleon marched on Paris and Sheridan galloped to Winchester they had saddles to sit on and stirrups to keep their feet off the ground.

And all I had was the exhaust pipe which was fine until a strange odor of burning shoe leather immediately preceded an acute case of "hot-foot," as my driver warmed to his business.

For the rest of the trip, if you can conjure up such a delicate picture, think of me balancing awkwardly on my spine with my nose too short and graceful limbs pointed akimbo into the clamorous, chilling fog through which for 70 miles we whizzed at a perilous pace.

I remember my chauffeur, secure in his saddle leering back at me.

"Cold, sir," he shouted.
"No," I yelled. Then he saw my feet.
"'Ot, sir?" he howled.
"'No," I yelled back with some spirit, "'Ot and cold."

And that (concluded Mr. Montgomery) was how I returned from Portsmouth. I arrived in London at 4:15 A. M. Greenwich Time. I don't remember how long it was before I could either stand up or sit down.

And while I consider the Return from Portsmouth one of the outstanding episodes of the Jubilee year, I feel sure that if anytime in the future a little Montgomery should climb upon my knee and say,

"Father, what did you do in the great Jubilee?"

I shall answer, "Did you ever hear of the Return from Portsmouth?"

And when he says "No," I shall say with a sigh of relief,

"Then that is just as well, my boy."
Address of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Paramount Studios

Benny Baker
George Barbier
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Matthew Buxton
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Chad Everett Colbert
Gary Cooper
Humphrey Bogart
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Frances Drake
Mary Elizabeth
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
The Three Stooges
Jon Hall
Sidney Howard
Martin House
Helena Hupila
Roscoe Ates
Randolph Scott
Walter C. Kelly
Jan Lagniapa
Baby LeRoy

20th Century Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Astor Astrov
George Arliss
Mona Barrie
Grosvenor Baxter
Thomas Beck
William Bendix
Barbara Blanc
Jean Boles
Rita Cansino
Donald Colman
Jane Darwell
Alan Dinehart
James Dunn
Jack Duntau
Alice Faye
Stegon Feetich
Jean GOlitz
Istet Gaynor
Frances Grant
Mary Green
Jack Haley
Lawrence Everett Horton
Rochelle Hudson
Aline Jahn

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Walter Abel
Fred Astaire
Laurel Hall
James Barton
John Craven
Willie Best
Eric Blore
Helen Broderick
Margaret Callahan
Richard Dix
Sheil Dunne
Irma Dumb
Hazel Forbes
Ford Frizzel
Helen Gahagen
Wynee Gibson
Alice Goodwin
Betty Grable
Monte Gomel
Alan Hale
James Hampton
Margaret Hamilton
Alice Hardy

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allan
Jean Arthur
Michael Barrett
Vera Birch
Tala Birell
Nina Bryant
L. Carroll
Nancy Carroll
Grace Clyde
Wallace Connelly
Douglas Dumbrille
Leon Errol
Thurston Hall
Arthur Hohl
Victor Jory

Walter Wanger Productions, 1040 North Las Palmas

Phillip Baker
Alan Baxter
Jean Bradin
Charles Boyer
Madeleine Carroll

Address of the Stars

CULVER CITY, CALIF.
Hal Roach Studios

Don Barcay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
Carroll Baker
William Beaumont
Robert Benchley
Constance Bennett
Virginia Bruce
John Bowers
Ralph Bushman
Charles Butterworth
Bruce Cabot
Mary Carlyle
Constance Collier
Cecilia Courturier
Charlotte Court
Live de Magret
Dolphy Diggers
Don Edwards
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Maidie Evans
Louise Fazenda
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Jutta Gens
Gladya George
Ivan Garm
Frank Hayes
Helen Hayes
Louis Hayward
Sean Hewitt
William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
William Hopper
Allan Jones
June Knight
Otto Kruger

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.
Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Ranma Barnes
Willy Castle
June Clayworth
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Eggerth
Sally Elly
Valerie Hobson
Marilyn Monroe
Donna Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Paul de Revere
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Robert Donat
Maxine Doyle
Ann Doran
John Eldredge
Gordon Cott
Patricia Ellis
Helen Garcia
Florence Gehrke
Gaela Gember
Erol Flynn
Kay Francis
William Gargan
Virginia Grey
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Walter Huston
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson

Syd Jason
Allen Jenkins
Allan Jones
Ruby Keeler
Anita Metal
Guy Kibbee
Joseph King
Martha Lindsay
Anita Louise
Helen Lowell
Burton MacLane
Evelyn Keyes
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Mariana Merrill
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Dick Powell
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Mary Rose
Joseph Saiter
Louise Sedg
Winfred Shaw
Eddie Shalberg
Lytis Talbot
Verde Trask
Martin Tibbets
Genevieve Tobin
June Truett
Mary Travers
Vally Vallis
Warren William
Donald Woods

Lloyd Handley, 610 Taft Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 381 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Fred Sklar, 7165 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood.

Address of the Stars

LITTLE JACK HARMER SIT IN A CORNER
AFTER EATING A LARGE PIE OF PIE...HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB, AND PULLED OUT A TUM
(WHICH HE ALWAYS KEPT IN HIS VEST)

Address of the Stars

WHY MILLIONS CARRY TUMS?

Millions now know the smart thing to do—carry a roll of Tums, always. Heartburn, gas, and other symptoms of acid indigestion have a habit of occurring at unexpected times. You don’t have to drench your stomach with harsh alkalies which physicians have warned long may warn the tendency towards acid indigestion worse. Tums, a real scientific advancement, contain no soda or other alkalies, and a wonderful antacid that simply neutralizes stomach acidity, the balance passing out of the body inert. Please to eat as candy, only 10¢ a roll. A roll in your pocket now.

Address of the Stars

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

Address of the Stars

Women! Keep Your Hair!

1. Your hair is graying prematurely, or if it is losing its inheritable quality and shiny sheen, you need not despair. Follow the simple methods taught by Bertha MacFadden in a new book, “Hair Culture,” price $2.50.

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars

Address of the Stars
The Awakening of Joan Blondell

[continued from page 45]

she didn't want any detours on the way. Joan caught on right away. Her contract calls for only forty working weeks out of the year, but she never had any layoffs.

Joan made thirty-two pictures in twenty-seven months!

Maybe you don't know what that means, in the language of a studio working girl. Maybe it'll help to explain that when Joan is working, which is practically all the time, she arises at 5:30, plays a half hour with her baby, eats breakfast and rolls in the studio gates at 6:45. There's a tedious hour's session on the make-up chair, an hour waving and drying her hair, costuming and all—that and from nine o'clock until the day ends at about six a never ending succession of hot lights, loud noises, forty to fifty nerve-sapping scenes.

Day in and day out for twenty-seven months.

In the welter of one-after-another gold digging toughie roles, the ambition, the self confidence, the energy drained itself. In its place a desperate, driving hysteria gripped Joan, allowing her no time for looking at herself to see what was happening to her. No time for anything.

In the middle of "I've Got Your Number" they rushed her to the hospital for an appendicitis operation.

While she was still in bed, the picture crew came to her house, set up and shot scenes to finish the picture.

She got married, but there wasn't time for a honeymoon.

She had her baby, and worked in "Traveling Saleslady" up until three months before he arrived. Six weeks after the event, which was a particularly exhausting ordeal for Joan, she was back making a picture.

In all this time any attention to herself seemed to her harassed spirit out of the question. She couldn't be still long enough to read a book or even look at a magazine. The mere thought of sitting down, or beauty or clothes or social gathering outside of the studio seemed out of the question. Sometimes a special social event would rout her out of her evening-home-exhaustion. Then she would be terrified.

"Good heavens," she would wail to herself, "I look awful. I haven't anything to wear." Then she'd rush down to some store and buy the first thing the salesgirl brought out, eager, nervous—anything to get it over with.

"Of course," admits Joan now, "I always looked like the maid on her night out. I couldn't waste the time to have my hair done for a mere party. The dress was usually so hastily bought, that when I looked at myself in it, I never wore it again."

Finally her taut nerves cried out against the state she had worked herself into. She was seized with inordinate worry. She worried about her sister, her father, and her mother and her baby. She would be seized by the conviction that something had happened to one of them, and would rush to the telephone, shaking, to learn the worst, which, of course, never existed.

All the symptoms of nervous exhaustion swooped down on her suddenly. She couldn't eat without a lump in her throat. She would burst into tears for no reason at all and cry far into the night, unable to stop. She tossed wide awake at night, even after an exhausting day. Sedatives made her feel worse.

But she kept on, convinced by that strange and peculiar to Hollywood phobia that she didn't dare stop. Besides, outwardly, she seemed all right to everyone, even to her closest friends.

One of her doctors told her that after seeing her on the screen she would be the last person in the world he would ever suspect to be a nerve case.

So she kept on being the gay and giddy gold digger who would never a mental tremor shake the screen. While beneath it all she was tearing herself to pieces.

One day she collapsed and they took her to a quiet rest home away from Hollywood. She couldn't stay there long. She had to be back to work, and she came back.

And all of this no one knew—except Joan Blondell. No one saw what was happening to her—except perhaps one other person—her sister, Gloria.

And so it was one morning not long after all the unpleasantness and publicity of her divorce from George Barnes had battered her further down in the depressed dip of her being, that Gloria called up.

"What are you doing, Joanie?" she said.

"Nothing."

"Then you're coming over here," said Gloria, and hung up.

Joan went over.

"Sit down," said her sister, with a firm glance. "I've got a whole lot of things I want to talk to you about."

Joan sat down. She sat from that morning until late at night. She didn't say much. Gloria did most of the talking.

She talked about herself first. She told Joan of the things she did, the people she knew, the books she read, the thoughts she held. She brought out long typed written pages of her own philosophy of living. Joan found herself astounded at her own sister's depth and perception. Gloria had always been the "kid," and here was the eighteen year old miss surprising her with a revelation of a person she hadn't had time to become acquainted with!

Well, that's what I'm like and what I think," said Gloria, and now I'm going to start on you."

I wish I could bring you the picture of those two girls in one kind of a sister act that you'll never see on a stage or a screen.

Gloria didn't mince words. And she talked four hours in plain talk brightened with a sense of keen humor.

"You've got to get on to yourself," she said. "You're twenty-five now. In five years you'll be thirty. The next five years in your life can either be a nightmare or else the best five years of fun you ever knew. It's up to you."

"I'm afraid I'm not a complete mental and physical mess. You've got to snap out of it right now. You're a bundle of nerves carrying the worries of the world on your shoulders. You worry whether I have a job, you worry about mother and dad and the baby and you yourself. You worry about how long you'll last on the screen. Somebody told you an actress only has five years in pictures and you're worrying about that.

"You're in such an aimless stew all the time
that you never do anything at all. You never see anybody, you never even talk to anybody. You never read anything, you never smile, you never have any fun.

"You look like a scarecrow in your clothes. Your figure's too big. You haven't seen a manicure in months. Your hair's about three shades too blonde. Your skin needs attention, your eyebrows are too bushy, and your nose shines like an airport beacon."

"You never act human with anyone. People like you, but you won't give them a chance. You never look at a man as if he were a man. You've lost all your grand sense of humor."

"You're getting to be an old cynical hag, and if you keep on like this when you're thirty you'll be a natty tempered neurotic old belle, instead of the attractive girl you ought to be."

And so on. And so on. And as Gloria talked, Joan stared wide eyed, mouth agape. She knew it was all true. . . But she never thought anyone else knew — or cared. And suddenly there was a lump in her throat and she felt very small and stupid before her younger sister, like a child who has been naughty.

"Shy," Gloria was saying. "I'm going to help you snap out of it — if you'll let me. I've worked out a program — will you do it?"

And Joan was thinking. "Here she is figuring myself out for me, when I can't figure out myself — she's living for me now. If I don't do what she wants I'll be just no good, no good at all. I've got to."

"Okay," she said out loud, "I'll do anything you say."

"Fine," said Gloria, "I'm all packed. I'm moving in with you for a while. Gee, it's dark already — what do you think of that?"

"We'll start by getting thin," announced Gloria the next day. "Here's the diet — and it hurts me more than it does you."

For three days they lived on nothing but warm water. Then for eight days the following menu:

Breakfast: coffee and an orange.

Luncheon: lamb chop, sliced tomato, grapefruit and tea.

Dinner: a quarter pound of steak, sliced cucumber, sliced orange and coffee. Joan doesn't risk recommending it to everyone. But it took eleven pounds off of her with no ill results.

Every night Gloria massaged beauty cream into Joan's protesting face.

Gloria would get Joan down on the floor and sit on her chest while she plucked the eyebrows into a perfect arch.


"These go to the Good Will," said Gloria, "now we're going shopping, and it might take weeks."

They made the rounds of all the swank shops and couturiers in Los Angeles. Bullocks-Wilshire, Magasin's, Robinson's, all the smart specialty places. They shopped for hours and then for days picking out the right frocks and gowns and ensembles and what not.

Gloria had the final say on everything, and Gloria came home loaded with the latest books and smart magazines. And Joan took time out to read them.

"Now," said Gloria one day, with a sigh, "you look human again, in fact you're a knockout. Let's get back into circulation. I'll bet you've forgotten what the Troc looks like inside. Hand me that telephone, and look, Joanie, when it rings and a nice man's voice answers, try saying 'yes' for a change instead of 'no.' You'll be surprised what it does."

Joan tried it.

And the first night she went dancing with Dick Powell, a local newspaperman who knows everyone in Hollywood by sight, wrote:

"Dick Powell dancing with a gorgeous new blonde."

He didn't recognize the new beauty as his old friend Joan Blondell! But who would?

For the really miraculous transformation has changed Joan in many more ways than her looks. She told me she felt like a completely new person, with a laugh for life instead of a sadly puckered brow.

The whole business of making herself over has snapped her out of the black mood which smothered her physically and mentally. She feels good and human and worth something to herself once more.

As she laughed: "I used to sign autographs with my face to the ground. Now I can look an autograph hunter right in the eye and believe he won't be too disappointed."

There were even some who wondered if Joan's new charm had prompted her former husband to court her again, when she appeared with George Barnes at the recent premiere of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and started the tongues wagging about a reconciliation.

But Joan won't talk about that.

Meanwhile, Gloria, who was called away to New York for a part in "Three Men On a Horse," is unrelenting in her zeal for the good life.

She writes Joan almost every day, and her letters go something like this. "Frank was over today and asked about you and the baby — look down at your nails, are they polished? — I'm having a grand time in New York — don't forget your face cream and massage tonight."

"So you see," laughed Joan Blondell, "I can't backslide, even if I want to do so."

"Gloria won't let me."
LOVE, FAME and the CLARK GABLES

The poignant story behind their separation • By Adela Rogers St. Johns
COLDs are dangerous infections—give them Antiseptic Treatment!

- Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ- killing action in mouth and throat.

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

Fewer, Milder Colds
People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

Kills germs on membranes
Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

See for yourself
Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine
- at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat
Her Greatest Role... as tender as "Little Women"... as irrepressibly gay as "Little Minister"... as glamorous as "Morning Glory"... as dramatic as "Christopher Strong"

HEPBURN

in "SYLVIA SCARLETT"

with CARY GRANT
BRIAN AHERNE
EDMUND GWENN

A Pandro S. Berman Production
HUMANITY'S GREATEST LOVE STORY!

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

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

RONALD COLMAN
A TALE OF TWO CITIES


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

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Love, Fame and the Clark Gables ........................................ Adela Rogers St. Johns 14
Don't Argue with Donat .................................................... William Boehnel 21
This Time It's No Modern Marriage ........................................ Mary Stevens 22
Now—It's Horses ................................................................. Kirtley Baskette 24
Those Mad Marx Hares—as revealed by the Fifth Marx Brother ...

The Private Life of a Talking Picture .................................... Howard Sharpe 32
Dolores Costello—Gallant Lady ............................................. Elizabeth R. Freund 34
The Secret Behind Laughton's Acting .................................... Anthony McAllister 36
We Cover the Studios ............................................................ Michael Jackson 45
Photoplay's Memory Album .................................................. Edited by Frederick L. Collins 47
"She's One in a Million" ..................................................... Warren Reeve 51
Into the Lonely Valley ............................................................ Dorothy Lawlor 56
Hollywood at the Mike ......................................................... Dan Wheeler 57
Perfect Camera Face (Conclusion) .......................................... Dorothy Speare 58
Pick the Best Picture of 1935 ................................................ Kathleen Howard 61
Face Down (Hollywood Murder Mystery—Fifth Installment) Charles J. Kenny 72
"In Sickness and in Health" .................................................... Walter Ramsey 76

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets ................................................................ 4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures ........................................... 6
Close Ups and Long Shots ...................................................... 11
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood ............................................. 28
The Shadow Stage .................................................................. 52
Luncheon at Dolores Del Rio's ............................................... 74
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop ....................................... 78
A Word to the Fashion Wise ................................................... 105
Ask the Answer Man ............................................................... 86
The Facts of Hollywood Life ................................................... 105
On the Spot News .................................................................. 100
Addresses of the Stars ............................................................ 118
All Hollywood's Playing This Game ........................................ 120

On the Cover—Ginger Rogers, Natural Color Portrait by James N. Doolittle

Boos & Bouquets

All Photoplay readers’ opinions have merit, but the best eight win prizes. Read below

SECOND PRIZE—$10
MOVIES PRESERVE IDEALS

One of my favorite film actors is William Powell. I like him particularly in detective stories, whether the humorous entertaining type or the more serious portrayal. Powell can really act. He undoubtedly can play the crook as well as the detective, but we like him so well, we want him on the side of right. I like detective pictures. If they are good, they give you a chance to use your analytical and reasoning powers, solving the mystery before the end of the picture. Also they can put over the message more subtly than any other way that “Crime doesn’t pay.” The motion picture is the finest medium today for bringing back the ideals of home, marriage, education and government by portraying what the result is when they are disregarded.

F. B. Kellogg, Chicago, Ill.

THIRD PRIZE—$5
“BOUNDY” A NEW STANDARD?

Ship Ahoy! Hurrah! And a couple of whooprees! A new high has been reached in the ever widening field of cinema! For those whose inards have been yearning for some genuine stiff film fare, “Mutiny on the Bounty” will more than appease that desire! In this vehicle we have emoting that is good, so good, we almost taste the salt of the sea whipping at the sides of the Bounty! To see Gable’s bare feet and hear his voice ringing vibrantly across the sea-going hulk would seem quite enough, but we have more, much more. We have a Laughton who is even more vicious than his most vicious, and a Tone who excels without benefit of a Crawford! With only a native maiden for ornament, here is a picture which will set a new standard in film photography. Ship Ahoy! We’re off on the Bounty!

Rubye M. Chapman, Montgomery, Ala.

FIRST PRIZE—$15
THE WINNAH!

EVERY so often the old argument of the stage vs. movie is dragged out of camphor. I am often amazed that intelligent people can compare the two. They are distinct arts. The moving picture is a photographic art and in its better moments, it gives us pictures of rare beauty. For instance, could the stage produce anything equal to the island scenes in “Mutiny on the Bounty,” or the rural scenes in “Way Down East,” particularly the one where Henry Fonda gives Rochelle Hudson a drink of water from a battered cup? Remember the thresher’s dinner in “Stranger’s Return,” the strange beauty of “The Bitter Tea of General Yen,” and scenes of the early West in “Cimmaron”? The stage has its moments but “movies” have just begun to show us their future.


Photoplay Magazine awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second prize, $5 third prize and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players. Photoplay Magazine reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part.

S1 PRIZE
MOVIES DO THEIR BIT

It seems to me that motion pictures are playing an important part in pulling the country out of the depression! I mean especially such pictures as “Top Hat” and “Broadway Melody of 1936.”

Pictures like these definitely pick you up, and there’s no letdown afterwards. The lilting rhythms and captivating dance steps crowd the doldrums right out of your system. They make your spirits zoom, and give you [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE $5]
Eddie Cantor gives you the time of your lives in this roaring comedy of a timid tailor who became a titan among men... He'll strike you pink with gleeful excitement as this great production winds up in the wildest climax ever brought to the screen.
BRIEF REVIEWS
OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS NAMED AS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH IT WAS REVIEWED

★ AGENT ON YOUTH—Paramount. - A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his forties devotedly but unknowingly loved by his young secretary, Sylvia Sidney. Philip Reed is the other man. Excellently acted. (Sept.)

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal. - Only the dull humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connel succeed in making this comedy of two 'lonely hearts' who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

AGE OF INDISCRETION—M-G-M. - The old divorce question all over again, with David Jack Holt stealing the picture as the child victim. Paul Lukas, Madge Evans, Helen Vinson, May Robson. (Aug.)

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont-British. - Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

ALIAS MARY DOW—Universal. - A clean and amusing little picture with Sally Eilers at her best as a tough babe suddenly dropped into the midst of riches when she impersonates a kidnapped daughter. Ray Milland. (Aug.)

ALIBI IKE—Warners. - Ring Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Oliva de Havilland, Roscoe Karns. (Oct.)

ALICE ADAMS—RKO-Radio. - A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (Sept.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M. - The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sept.)

ANNALES FAREWELL—Paramount. - A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Sanopoli and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

ANNIE OAKLEY—RKO-Radio. - With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-eye Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cupid outshoots her. A hit. (Aug.)

ARIZONIAN, THE—RKO-Radio. - A perfectly swell Western, with all the trimmings and Richard Dix a real villain-scaring he-man. Margot Grahame is lovely as the leading lady. Preston Foster, Louis Calhern. (Aug.)

BARBARY COAST—Samuel Goldwyn. - The story of San Francisco's insuperable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as Old Arosy. (Dec.)

BECKY SHARP—Pioneer-RKO Release. - In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy drama has been drawn from Thackeray's leading character in 'Vanity Fair,' and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sept.)

BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount. - An inoffensive story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M. - A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who meets in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a downtrodden American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Sept.)


BLACK SHEEP—Fox. - A cleverly concocted story, with Edmund Lowe in top form as a shipboard card-sharp who tries to save his son, Tom Brown, from the fangs of Lady thief Adrienne Ames and loses his own heart to Claire Trevor. Nice direction by Allan Dwan. (Aug.)

BONNIE SCOTLAND—Roach-MGM. - Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont-British. - A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Balfour and Barry Mackay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

BREAK OF HEARTS—RKO-Radio. - Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the 'Don't Miss It' list in spite of a rather than modern Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National. - Joe E. Brown in a breezy role as a radio starlet who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners. - Laughter and sweet music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who gondolas his way to radio fame, and Joan Blondell, Louise Fazenda, Adolphe Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M. - A good cast in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad-man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Madge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with them. (Sept.)

CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic. - Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and amusing entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE—First National. - Warren Williams, superably sappy and witty, gallantly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the murderer. (Dec.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century-Fox. - Murder at a dinner table gives Charlie Chan another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]
No Wonder Franchot Tone calls BETTE DAVIS

"DANGEROUS"

Look what she says, in her latest picture, about life, love, men!

“I’m not lady enough to lie! Loving me is like shaking hands with the devil—the worst kind of luck. But you’ll find I’m the woman you’ll always come back to!”

“I’ve never had any pity for men like you. You with your fat little soul and smug face! Why I’ve lived more in a day than you ever dare live.”

“It’s going to be your life or mine! If you’re killed, I’ll be free... If I’m killed, it won’t matter any longer... and if we both die—good riddance.”

Yes sir, “Dangerous” is the label Franchot tags on the screen’s famous blonde temptress. And that’s the title Warner Bros. have selected for their first picture together! If you thought Bette gave men a piece of her mind in “Of Human Bondage”, “Bordertown”, and “Front Page Woman”, wait ‘til you hear her cut loose as “the woman men always come back to”, in “Dangerous”.

The way she talks about them—particularly about Mr. Tone—is going to be the talk of movie-fan gatherings. Maybe you’ll say she’s right when you see what men did to her life. But you’ll certainly agree that this story of a woman whose love was a jinx to men, is the surprise package of the New Year.

Besides Bette and Franchot, Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth, John Eldredge, and Dick Foran are smartly spotted in a big cast directed by Alfred E. Green. There’s no use telling you you must see “Dangerous”. Because you may not be able to get through the crowds to the box-office when the news of this daring drama gets around town!
PICTURES

Reviewed in the Shadow Stage

This Issue

Save this magazine, and refer to the criticisms of the films before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story is a good one, and finds its audience not only with the dollars and cents it returns, but with a formal of a less confusing and
 ineffective movie. Russell Hopton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

CHINA SEAS—M.G.M.—The combination of murder and romance doesn't make for a very fast moving story, and the pace is not very fast. Harley and Deanna is a more

CHINATOWN SQUAD—Universal.—A typical action picture, the camera is used to show the emotions inherent in this mystery wherein Lyle Talbot, who is a sinner, is brought to his knees. Chinatown's, solves two murders and wins Valentine Hobson. (Aug.)

CLAIRVOYANT, THE—GR.—An absorbing film with an excellent cast, a very effective story and first rate humor. However, the humor is rather too much when in the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife.

COLLEGE SCANDAL—Paramount.—A clever double murder mystery played against a breezy college background, but this backdrop makes thin a great evening's
entertainment. Arline Judge, Kent Taylor, Wendy Barrie, Eddie Nugent, Mary Nash. (Aug.)

CONFIDENTIAL—M-G-M.—Donald Cook is the co-star of this interesting murder mystery, and he does a fine job of being the killer who so far is a big "numbness" racketeer. Pretty Evalyn Knapp good as his wife. This is a very

CRIME OF DOCTOR CREPI, THE—Republic.—Eric Von Straten as the revengeful German in the screen version of one of the eeriest and most gruesome of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, "The Premature Burial." So keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

CRUSADES, THE—Paramount.—A colorful historical picture directed by Portnoy, the master of spectacles. Cecil B. de Mille, is again in his stride. An ordinary story is still able to supply the love interest, but you will enjoy the colorful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young, Herbert Marshall, and Cedric Hardwicke. (Jan.)

DANCER'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy is an unscrupulous amasement king tries his hand at matrimony, but finds it is a game won by those who play to win. (Feb.) There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this species of wonderland story are colossal.

DARK ANGEL, THE—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Eric Linden and Joan Bennett give excellent and performed performances. Fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

DIAMOND JIL—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broadway’s most colorful female impersonator, "Violettes." Diamond Jim Brady, Bonnie Barnes plays an effectual Lilian Russell. Jean Arthur beautiful with a superb supporting cast.

DON'T BET ON BLONDEST—Warner.—Guy Kibbee loses the audience Warren William to sell him a fraudulent marriage against his will. (Chic Dobb) marrying within three years. A good comedy situation hampered by leaps of logic.

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite tawny staging, the story of the little French maquerelle who loses her lover, Clive Brook, only to be deserted by him in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing but Tutta Rold is charming in her American picture debut. (Oct.)

ESCAPADE—M.G.M.—Miss as a lady-baby artist, William Powell is sacrificed to the American film debut of Luise Rainer. Rainer is very interesting. This is a new in the personality and only make you see the sex-romanticism of the weak story. (Sept.)

EN CAGE ME NEVER—British & Dominions.—This film is a significant step in the staging of a stage success, with Elizabeth Bergin giving a performance which makes us wish that the wail is "adopted" by a young madr- mup’s musical genius. Excellent support by Hugh Sinclair and Donald Peers. (Oct.)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant songs. Produced by Stanley Smith, directed by the Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Patsy Kelly. (Nov.)

FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE—Fox.—It is always a delight to see Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but she is not quite the part. A very poor picture. Directed and produced by Charles Bickford. The setting faithfully reproduced on the very early Canal days. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal.—A handful of radical students upset college routine in this unconvincing film about college life. Charles Farrell is unimpressive as the football hero. (Dec.)

FRECKLES—RKO-Radio.—A pleasant, though unexciting little story of the Lumberjack, affords Tom Brown a new opportunity of making love to Carol Stone, but it affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

FRISCO KID—Warner.—James Cagney in fine fighting form as a sailor who tries to rule the seamy side of San Francisco. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Ricardo Cortez and George E. Stone are splendid. Lots of action. (Jan.)

GLASS KEY, THE—Paramount.—A murder mystery directed by George Fitzmaurice and stars Frank Maxwell of political boss Edward Arnold, solving the murder of the suave but exciting manner. Capable cast including Maxwell, Donald Meek, Robert Armstrong. (Nov.)

GOOSE AND THE GANDER, THE—Warner.—One of those overnight, marital-infidelity comedies, a story which is written and directed by Robert炮r and is a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Directed by Rowland Ticon, Arthur Rank Whelan. (Nov.)

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a couple who is married and to see how they live in a new funny and winning way. Extras are ample. Directed by Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley Evelyn Venable. Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

HARMONY LANE—M-G-M.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Directed by Muggerud, who is working on the Foster with sincerity and feeling. William Frawley Evelyn Venable. Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Gracie Allen and to see how you are doing it. George Barber plays pap. (Nov.)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M.G.M.—A new type of screen comedy with George Cukor as the director and G. B. Brown as the producer, the ambition, the musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusing in spite of the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Finley. (Nov.)

HERE IS ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox.—A terrifically amusing, witty, and smart picture that introduces Nina Meinert and Madame Schumann-Heink to the screen. See it for its fun and the thrill of watching love. (Nov.)

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio.—Even James Barton's excellent acting is unable to save this poor stock story of a man who is a failure, based upon the changing of the character's name from Murphy to Murfee. (Dec.)

HIS NIGHT OUT—Universal.—An exceedingly hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton as a Russian who is a failure. But he has a splendid adventure with Irene Hervey and Jack LaRue. Lots of laughter. (Nov.)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright binder may amuse you, but other than a well made adventure film, nothing. Lloyd Hughes helping thicken the plot, falls to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Sept.)

HOW FARE YOU—19th Century-Fox.—A funny, facetious, colorful story of the original "3rd Street" form of musicals. Ann Sothern and Gene Raymond carry out their roles superbly. Bill Robinson, colored and "Pats" Weller top the talent in a Harlem song and dance. (Nov.)

HOP-A LONG CASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square-dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mulford's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (Nov.)

HOT TIP—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zany’s, are at it again in a fun-tinged little film that will be the hit of the season and his non-betting wife. Abounding in humor and wit. (Nov.)

I FOUND STELLA PARDI—Warner.—Kav Francis and a good cast in a weak story of a actress who tries to protect her child from the clutches of the prison berth. Ian Hunter and Jesse Ralph. (Jan.)

I LIVE MY LIFE—M.G.M.—Joan Crawford is the "Great White Hope" of boxing, and her performance is a splendid one. "In the Ring" is the story of the story of the story of the story of the story of American life that has gone into the making of a champion. (Dec.)

IN CALIENTE—First National.—Musical comedy in a Mexican setting with Don Ameche, Doris Nolan, Ruby Keeler, Lida Baarova. Lots of laughs, good dancing. A bright evening's entertainment. (Nov.)

IN OLD KENTUCKY—Fox.—Will Rogers is one of his best films to date. A wnderful, square, amiable story of Arizona. Dorothy Wilson, Louise Henry, Russell Hardy top the cast. Bill Robinson the dancing star. (Nov.)

PICTURE PLEA TO PAGE 111
YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

"Something" will happen to you when you see this enduring picture—just as it did to the countless millions of people who read the strange love story from which it was filmed...For it fathoms that precious thing called "a woman's soul", holds it up as a blazing emblem to all humanity—for the admiration of men, for the inspiration of women!

IRENE DUNNE • ROBERT TAYLOR

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

A JOHN M. STAHL PRODUCTION

For greater than his famous "Back Street", than his memorable "Only Yesterday", or his immortal "Imitation of Life"...With

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH • BETTY FURNESS

Arthur Treacher • Ralph Morgan • Henry Armetta • Sara Haden

From the phenomenal best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas

A Universal Picture presented by Carl Laemmle
THE KING OF CASTS in the picture that's
THE KING OF LAUGHTER...DRAMA...SONG!

KING OF BURLESQUE

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

WARNER BAXTER

ALICE FAYE

JACK OAKIE

ARLINE JUDGE • MONA BARRIE

GREGORY RATOFF • DIXIE DUNBAR

FATS WALLER • NICK LONG, Jr.

KENNY BAKER

A Fox Picture

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Directed
by Sidney Lanfield • From a story by Vina Delmar
GOD cost Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer $800,000 but thereby Irving Thalberg got an artistic triumph.

It was all because when "the boy genius" wanted a rolling sea, he wanted a rolling sea, and not a couple of dozen sweating stage hands pulling a studio boat around.

So Mr. Thalberg added hundreds of thousands to his already $1,000,000 budget for "Mutiny on the Bounty" and waited for the sea to act for him.

But the Pacific wouldn't oblige; it chose to roll on the nights when it couldn't be photographed; on the few days it ran high, it hid behind fog. The company did $800,000 worth of waiting to get the shots wanted.

Right now, nobody in the home office cares, for in relation to the number of theaters it has played, "Mutiny on the Bounty" is terrific. If it keeps up, it will become the most successful picture ever made.

Which only goes to make the Thalberg record more impressive. A year and a half ago Metro was full of political factions. Thalberg as a producer was given Chevalier for a picture. In the shifting kaleidoscope of Hollywood, Chevalier wasn't as bright as he had been at the box office. Thalberg was also told to make a film with the Marx Brothers, whose preceding picture had disappointed. His own health wasn't at its best.

The will to succeed in the man, however, wasn't in the least downed. He made "The Merry Widow" with Chevalier and MacDonald, which, while it was only a slender success in this country, made millions in Europe. He took the Marx Brothers and turned out one of the funniest pictures ever made, "A Night at the Opera," and along back last February he decided upon filming that tale of brutality, loyalty and the sea, "Mutiny on the Bounty." He had to force through the appropriation on the picture practically alone, for there wasn't much faith in it at the beginning. Now, he is winning the highest accolades for his good judgment.

See Irving Thalberg slender and boyish seated behind his great desk, and you find it incredible that he is the dynamic genius his work proves him to be. Outside, corps of secretaries keep impatient visitors at bay: writers must see Thalberg, directors must see Thalberg, actors simply must see him—they all do eventually.

Yet his office is quiet, and he the quietest thing in it. Behind his head is a long telephone switchboard, with some fifty odd stations flashing their red lights. He takes the calls, one after the other, with no sense of strain; there is no flurry of papers on his desk, merely one or two folders and a big photograph of his quite new daughter, Katrina; on a table nearby there is a photograph of his son, Irving, Jr.

His credo is that the public should be served with amusement, adventure, beauty and good taste. He feels that it should never be educated deliberately since he believes that it already knows when it is given the best, and that it responds in kind.

OVER at Paramount Ernst Lubitsch is just hitting his own production stride. The jolly little Teuton, with his inevitable cigar, has changed since the days when he produced saucy comedies. The cares of administration he finds more demanding than the gay dishing of sex, but the pictures are beginning to show the master's touch. Two of his recent pictures are "So Red the Rose" and "Hands Across the Table." Lovely pictures, both of them. You will do well not to miss them.

DO you like our color insert photograph on Page 61 of this issue? It cost a lot of money, but we are going to have a new color fashion every month hereafter, the most alluring and chic fashion pictures we can bring you from Hollywood.

I SHOULD like to make each month's Photoplay completely representative of the entire movie industry with its myriad facets of interest, but sometimes one star or one company will dominate an issue.

That Colbert girl dominates this issue. It started with the fashions, then came those gay photographs of her and Fred MacMurray and Robert Young. Later she was bubbling over with the story of her forthcoming marriage (see Page 22), and finally, came the showing of her best picture to date, "The Bride Comes Home." That was shown so close to press time we had to telephone the review to New York just to serve you, but that is just what makes this kind of editing so exciting. You are always dealing with the human element.
The Bicycle Isn't in the Picture... but we don't need any bicycle to make "The Bride Comes Home" the fastest moving picture comedy you've ever seen.

What's Wrong with this Photograph?... We'll tell you. It's too peaceful! There's not a moment as quiet as this in the whole rip-roaring comedy of "The Bride Comes Home," a Paramount Picture directed by Wesley Ruggles.

Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, with Robert Young. Story by Claude Binyon and directed by Wesley Ruggles, the same lads who did the "Gilded Lily" for Claudette and Fred. A rip-roaring comedy of a pair of Chicago youngsters who battle their way to the altar. Our nomination for the 1936 Academy Award.

Clever These Chinese... they know this old Mandarin is Public Enemy No. 13 (Charlie Ruggles to you), the ace laugh-getter of "Anything Goes."

Shots of the Month!


Only the Beginning... of one of those grand chorus numbers Dance Director Leroy Prinz has worked out for you with those gorgeous gals of his in "Anything Goes," a Paramount Picture directed by Lewis Milestone.

Not a Cigarette Ad... but a glimpse of those two badmen—Bing Crosby and Charlie Ruggles—in the ship's jail...one of the hundreds of laughs in "Anything Goes."
LOVE, FAME and

The Poignant Story Behind Their Separation

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

Intense publicity which made Clark Gable’s home
life with his wife a glorified fish bowl helped to part
them, but what is this virile, dynamic, intensely am-
bitious man going to substitute for the affection, un-
derstanding and loyalty of a woman he still loves?

The parting of the Gables makes my heart ache a little.
I think it does yours, too.

Because they were in love with each other, those two.
And I know that they expected to live out their years side by
side, with love and laughter and courage. I’ve listened to
them, in the serene and lovely home Rhea Gable had created,
planning things they were going to do, places they were going
to see, books they were going to read—always together.

Now they are planning to go separate ways and you can see
the heartbreak in Clark’s eyes. Because even with all the
other women there are in the world, even if a man were the
screen’s great lover, it would be dreadful to wake up in the
morning and think you’d lost Rhea—because there aren’t any
other women like Rhea, at least none I’ve ever met.

Why?

Why did it have to happen?

Why did two such swell people, both of them real, both of
them fine, both of them deserving of happiness, have to come
to the end of what seemed to all of us who knew them well, all
of us who’d been close friends, an ideal marriage?

I’ve been sitting here looking out at trees that are bare, but
that will be green again in the spring, at lilac bushes that today
are brown twigs but that in April will be fragrance and beauty
and color once more, and trying to figure it out.

You see, it was like this with the Gables—you felt a whole-
ness of self when they were together. You felt that they
presented a united front to the world and therefore they were
safe. I’ve so often noticed them at parties. Maybe they’d be
separated the length of a room, the length of a dinner table.
Maybe Rhea, stately and elegant in black, would be playing
bridge and Clark would be spinning yarns with a gang of men.
But every once in a while their eyes would meet in an exchange
of sweet understanding, a moment’s greeting, that said, “I’m
having such a good time because I know you’re here, in
the same room, that we see little things, and laugh over little jokes
that belong just to us, and that when the party is over, we’ll go
home together to our own home. That’s what really makes
everything so nice.”

They weren’t sentimental or gushing. They were too modern
for that, too casual, as is the fashion nowadays. But your
heart felt a little warmer because they were joined in their own
way, and the world is often a lonely place and men and women
were meant to be one, so that loneliness would roll back like
a wave and stand trembling at the command of love.

Now the Gables are parted, there’s going to be a divorce.
Fame helped to separate them. Fame and the terribly in-
creased wear and tear of every day living that fame brings and
which I sometimes think has to be seen to be believed. The old
and desperate problem of two temperamental people attempting
the most delicate of all human relationships in a sort of glorified
gold-fish bowl. The thousand and one little added problems
that come with the sort of fame which descended so unex-
pectedly upon Mr. Gable and the natural changes of character
and outlook which such things bring

A strange fatality has followed the screen’s great lovers.
Rudolph Valentinio, the greatest of all matinee idols, loved
only one woman in his whole life—the strange, exotic Natascha
Rambova—loved her and lost her after a brief marriage
Jack Gilbert never really loved anyone but Garbo—and they parted.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey were as madly in love as any two people I ever saw. But Estelle couldn’t take the punishment that went with being the champion’s wife, and finally left the most popular ring idol of our generation.

Everyone knows how heartbroken Rudy Vallee, whose voice on the air made feminine hearts flutter and still does, was to give up Fay Webb, and he hasn’t yet found anyone to take her place.

In every case, it has been the woman who has made the break.

It was Rhea Gable who broke with Clark. That I know and know positively. Once before, several years ago, she left him, and he begged her to come back and try it once more, and she did. This time it looks as though the break wouldn’t heal. And strangely enough I am sure, that it is Clark who is suffering and will suffer the most.

And I think maybe I can tell you why. It’s because Clark needs Rhea a great deal more than she needs him, because he hasn’t the resources within himself that she has, because he is going to find the things which he tries to substitute for her love and understanding and companionship will wear pretty thin. Clark’s been lucky enough for quite a long time to have his cake and eat it too, and that because Rhea’s sweetness and fineness permitted him to do it, and when he comes face to face with the fact that he hasn’t that lucky break any more he’s going to be pretty miserable.

I remember one time only a few months ago when Rhea and I were lunching together in Hollywood. I am not, I think, given to over-estimating my friends. Try to love ‘em in spite of their faults, as I hope they’ll try to love me in spite of mine.

But I see those faults plainly enough. So when I tell you that I’ve never seen any in Rhea Gable, I mean it. She has tolerance, and humor, and courage, and incredible loyalty. She knows life and men and human nature. More men have been in love with her than with most screen beauties. When my men friends come out from New York—editors and writers and newspapermen—they always fall in love with Rhea Gable instead of any of the pretty gals from the screen to whom I present them.

As we sat over our melon and eggs, Rhea talked about Clark. I know now that she was afraid then this break might come. Her fine brown eyes were steady and her sweet mouth held its upward curve. She said, very quietly, “I sometimes think Clark ought to be free. You see, we were married before he had his great success. Perhaps he’s never really had the benefit of it as he would have done if he hadn’t been married. Clark is definitely a man’s man, he’s not domestic, he doesn’t like conforming to social obligations and things like that. He works very hard and no matter how hard I try, I cannot give him complete freedom. It can’t be done, in marriage. Sometimes I think he would be happier on his own.”

And Clark once told me that the only thing he always wanted was to be free to roam when he felt like roaming, to turn down jobs without any sense of cheating somebody else, to be a sort of soldier of fortune between pictures.

Let’s go back to the beginning of their romance, for it was a
romance and a lovely one. I think they'll always remember it.

They met in New York when Clark was a struggling young leading man and Rhea Langham was a much courted and fashionable young Park Avenue divorcee, with a son and daughter in their teens. She was almost as beautiful as Florence Vidor and very much the same type. Clark was a virile, intense, ambitious young man who needed a good deal of polishing on the rough edges. The hand of fate intervened.

They fell in love, much to everyone’s surprise, and married.

And then, after they were married, after they were happy together, after they had adjusted themselves to a life of hard work and struggle, with the hope that in time Clark Gable would be a successful actor, the wheels of the gods turned and—success descended in a rain of light.

Rhea found herself married to the man every woman in America was in love with, the dream prince of the feminine world. She found herself the wife of a screen star and therefore married to all the problems that such a life entails.

Socially perfectly at home everywhere, or anywhere, used to luxury and money, cultured and highly educated, Rhea Gable had never known anything about professional life, the theater, Hollywood, nor the spotlight. It was all new to her. But, as Clark said to me the other day, “She didn’t like it at first. She’s naturally very shy. But no woman ever did a better job of it. You know that. I want to say now, to go on record for all time, that she was pretty close to being the perfect wife.”

I think Rhea made a tragic mistake. But I think—I know—she did it with every good intention. She oriented herself to the new situation as quickly as she could. Then she decided Clark must have the best of everything. A charming home, such as other screen stars had. A wife who was ready to entertain important people for him, so that he might take his place in the best Hollywood had to offer socially. He must be made to take care of his money, so that in time he’d have financial independence, the independence he had always wanted.

So Rhea Gable, tall and slim and dark, put her whole soul into being the kind of wife she thought Clark Gable, the world’s new matinee idol, the screen star who was flaring brightest upon the horizon, ought to have. Being a lady, she remained a lady, and she ran an exquisite home and everybody fell in love with her and she gave the most delightful parties with the best food you ever tasted. But she went much further than that. She understood Clark’s position, understood the pressure and the temptations of being adored by women everywhere. Her tact and discretion were perfect. She neither saw nor heard nor spoke evil. If gossip linked Clark’s name with that of Joan Crawford, Rhea went to Clark’s rescue by becoming friends with Joan. If Clark got tempestuous and yelled at his boss, Rhea used her great social ability to straighten it all out.

Every gift she had as a woman, every social grace, all her beauty and fineness, were thrown into the job of being Mrs. Clark Gable, and it wasn’t an easy job, believe me.

And the tragedy of it all—I think—is that while everything she did seemed right, seemed perfect, everything she did was wrong, because that wasn’t what Clark wanted. There isn’t any use giving a man squab if he prefers corned beef and cabbage.

Clark’s a natural roughneck. He’s one of the grandest guys who ever lived, he’s decent and honest and I defy anyone to know him and not love him. He’s got a sense of humor that lights life for him every day and every hour. He’s got a straight, dynamic, fascinating sort of mind, if it is untrained. His charm is as natural as the charm of a forest of redwood trees at sunset. But he’s a roughneck, even if he does wear the best cut dinner clothes in New York. And he always will be.

He loved Rhea desperately. He still does. He told me the other day that he would always love her, and he means it. In his heart is a deathless gratitude for all she did for him, all the devotion and loyalty she gave him.

But it wasn’t what he wanted. He wouldn’t have given a damn if dinner hadn’t ever been on time—because then he wouldn’t have worried if he didn’t get home for a couple of nights when he got to yarning with a gang of electricians. He wouldn’t have minded a bit if Rhea had busted a vase over his head some night if she caught him making eyes at some beauty who’d been pursuing him for days. I think it would have amused him. He talks a lot about saving money and independence, but he’ll probably never have a dime he doesn’t earn and he won’t care if he ends up broke. I don’t mean Clark doesn’t know how to behave in Buckingham Palace if Queen Mary should have invited him there, but I don’t think he was ever perfectly comfortable in the perfect, shining, white and silver home in Brentwood. Maybe I’m wrong. But I got that impression.

The only time I ever saw Clark and Rhea Gable even verge on a quarrel—and that’s more than I can say for most of my married friends—was one night when Clark came home tired and had to go to a dinner party. Rhea looked so beautiful that night, like a duchess, she was so gentle and so swell and so sorry, but—they had to go.

I don’t mean to be unkind, for Rhea Gable surrounded Clark with the most interesting people in Hollywood. Dorothy Parker came there for dinner and made Clark roar at her gentle, biting wit. Charlie MacArthur and Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Dick and Jessica Barthelmess—all the fascinating people of the screen world adored Rhea and came to her home.

But I still think you could encompass the whole trouble in that popular household in the same paraphrase Dotty Parker used to describe Edith Wharton’s slightly dull autobiography. Dotty said “Edie was a lady.”
Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie," M-G-M's timely response to the universal outburst of acclaim (still resounding, by the way) for Eddy's and Miss MacDonald's vocalizing in "Naughty Marietta"
Profile of the Loy lady: not too proud to fight, nor too womanly to win; leaps from melodrama in “Whipsaw” to romance in “The Great Ziegfeld”; prepares inscrutably for marriage.
Her eyelashes are as light and charming as her conversation. You meet her, recall your most gay, least troubled moments. But in “Petrified Forest” you will find quite a different Davis!
Irene Dunne just can't say no to the innumerable requests for more tune-full films from her, so now that she has finished "Magnificent Obsession," she has gone into that musical delight, "Show Boat!"
Don't Argue With Donat!

At once the delight and despair of producers, Robert Donat knows what he wants—and he gets it!

By William Boehnel

ROBERT Donat, whom you may now see in Rene Clair’s first English-speaking film, “The Ghost Goes West,” is at once the delight and despair of motion picture producers in London and Hollywood. The delight because he now ranks with Gary Cooper and Clark Gable as the most popular actors on the screen and they would like to sign him to a long-term contract; the despair because since he achieved stardom and with it financial security, he has steadfastly refused to accept their offers unless he was convinced that the roles they offered him were suitable for him.

As a result, he has caused many a headache not only to producers, who naturally realize that this new, vital personality who can also act, is one of the biggest box-office attractions in the world, but to his friends as well who are wondering if Robert isn’t a little too “cocky” in refusing so many tempting offers. But to Robert’s credit he knows what he wants and he intends to get it. He has known failure too often in the past not to be careful now that success is his.

It will also probably surprise, as well as amuse, Mr. Donat to learn that one of the chief reasons why he is the most sought-after of all the British male stars on the screen today with the possible exception of Charles Laughton, is because to British producers in particular, he is that rarity of rarities, an Englishman who acts, speaks and looks like an Englishman, but is not an Englishman. Lest one become confused by what sounds like a “paradox, a most startling paradox,” let me explain.

Among other major problems that confront the British film producers at the moment—and there are many, I can assure you—is the question of leading men. If the British producers are to continue to be a threat to Hollywood, they must have something more than just money to make that threat effective. Except for capital, they are sorely in need of almost everything—directors, scenario writers, technicians, cameramen and actors—necessary to make large and successful films. And not the least important of these items is the problem of leading men. Not that there is a dearth of actors in London, but rather that they do not possess the qualities that make for world-wide success on the screen. For one thing, most of them lack the virile, rugged appearance that audiences everywhere seem to demand in their screen heroes.

While in London last autumn, a prominent British motion picture producer, who at that time had to postpone work on a very important film because he could not find a suitable leading man from all the stage and screen actors available in the British capital, told me that he would give anything in the world for an actor like Clark Gable or Gary Cooper.

“The trouble with most of our leading men,” he said, “is that they look and act effeminate. Don’t misunderstand me,” he added hurriedly. “I don’t mean that they are effeminate. It just happens that most of them seem to lack vitality on the stage and screen. We have no one here like Cooper or Gable.”

“What about Donat?” I asked.

“Donat, of course. I’d give anything to get his name on a contract even for one picture. But Donat will not play any part unless he feels it is exactly right for him. What’s more he has threatened to go back on the stage if he doesn’t find the screen role he wants.”

“Why don’t you start training some good, husky leading men?” I asked.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]
I HAVE just talked to one of the happiest women in Hollywood! Not the most glamorous, or the most seductive, or the most successful, or the cleverest (though there are times when I have believed her to be all these things) but the happiest!—Well, I'll go the whole way and say: the very happiest!

No, I am afraid that Fanny Hurst, and the other banner-bearers for the two-roofs-for-one-marriage theory, will take their stand minus the support of their leading stellar advocate when Claudette Colbert becomes the bride of the young and successful Dr. Joel Pressman the first of the year.

"I don't want a smart marriage, or a clever marriage, or a wise marriage for the professional woman," Claudette poked fun at herself as she curled deep into the white chair that faced the fire, "I just want a marriage. I believe now that any marriage must be lived by the rules marriages have been ruled by since the institution started.

"I believe today that one of the troubles with a 'modern marriage' is that it does away with the small intimacies of daily living—the problems over the furnace that doesn’t work, or the ills of the cook, and such silly things which really mean a bond of common interest.

"I know now I don't want a marriage plan." Claudette laughed a little breathlessly. "That sounds a little strange coming from me." But this shift in attitude didn't strike me as strange as I watched this glowing Claudette in her vivid green sports suit with the yellow blouse. She is wiser now, and more sure of herself than at any time over the period of years I have known her. She has not the attitude of having tried one theory, found it wanting, and immediately jumped to the opposite.

The two marriages in her life have not happened to the same person!

The same rules cannot possibly apply to the clear-thinking young woman she has evolved into today, who has found what she wants and means to preserve it, and to the bewildered girl she was, who found happiness eluding her in spite of every experiment she made to salvage it. For six years she made a sincere effort to adapt the individual problems of her marriage to what she believed to be the sensible solution for two people
The future Mrs. Joel Pressman—Claudette Colbert—no longer believes in marriage on the modern plan

By MARY STEVENS

struggling with the hurdles of a career. She was growing up then, facing the problems of her work, of contracts, of overcoming a lack of money, of creating a new home, of supporting her mother—all this plus trying to attain mental maturity. Then she fell in love, and a headstrong young love it was too. She wanted very much to do the right thing. She honestly believed that the woman in the throes of ambition could not pattern her married life like other women. Perhaps, what Claudette and Norman did not realize was that they were not two young people in love struggling with marriage, but two actors in love struggling with two separate careers.

Today she stands as one of the five leading feminine personalities of Hollywood stardom, with her contract with Paramount one of the best in the business. Fame and fortune didn’t fail to her by an accident. There have been slack spots in her career when her particular star was on the verge of waning in obscurity, but never for a moment did she ever conduct her life on any other terms but intelligence and honesty, with constant development of her personality. It was bound to show in her work. And it did. She began getting better parts. She was better in them, and just as everything was coming along nicely, her earnest attempts at a modern marriage turned out to be a failure.

Claudette has never discussed that failure very much, but her first friends were aware, nevertheless, of her loneliness and her sense of hurt. Her health, always delicate became even more delicate. Then about a year ago, she got one of her more annoying sinus attacks. A friend told her that Dr. Joel Pressman was the best specialist on the Coast for her particular ailment, and she went to him...
Now—It's Horses

"They're off!" Who's off, mister? The horses or the movie stars? Well, it's the latest enthusiasm

By Kirtley Baskette

"THEY'RE off!" blares the loudspeaker.

It is Christmas Day at Santa Anita and across the purple velvet of the Sierra Madres the afternoon pennons of a California sun slant on the taut tendons and slick sides of a bunch of bobtailed nags.

"They're off!" echo the jam-packed stands where the rays proceed to highlight hundreds of faces any moviegoer could pick out of the crowd with no trouble at all.

It is Christmas Day at Santa Anita, and if you could rise above the color and excitement of this auspicious opening of Hollywood's second big racing season, you might calmly and reasonably question, "Who's off, mister? The horses or the movie stars?"

For that fevered babble you hear of "selling piaters," and "speed burners," "morning glories" and "mudders;" that hectic glow that reddens a famous face when the jockeys boot 'em home—they are merely symptoms of a seasonal madness, a delirium into which Hollywood has gradually been whipped, en masse, by the mighty virus equus, or "horse bug" to you.

They get a new enthusiasm every season
or so, these movie stars. They’ve had it for cars. They’ve had it for yachts. They went crazy for tennis, for badminton, for the desert, for bicycles. But horses are killing them.

Last year the siege was comparatively mild, but this year it’s an epidemic, fanned into fury by stacks of Hollywood greenbacks invested in thoroughbred horseflesh, by records of betting clean-ups (and clean-outs), by pages of systems, dopesheets and rival hometown riding silks.

Last year horseracing was new and a little frightening to most of the stars. They stood on the side like a country boy taking his first spring swim, and tested gingerly the exhilarating current—but this year beginners’ luck has all run out and practically everyone you know or ever heard of—it—at least in his own estimation—a wise and experienced old raider, set to plunge ahead on into the Sport of Kings.

And that “plunge” is more than a figure of speech. It signifies a deep dive into stellar pockets for the stuff that makes a horse race interesting. They didn’t name it the Sport of Kings because a jockey happened to wear a purple shirt. “They’re off!” also means the lids are off the Hollywood coffers as they have never before been off for purely sporting purposes. Even those investments for a comfortable old age which have been concerning the heavy sugar makers of late, will have to wait while the ponies run.

Last season fifteen million dollars poured through the betting machines of Santa Anita. It wasn’t all from the wallets of the colony, of course, but they did their bit. This season much more than a wagering interest gules Hollywood to the track.

Well over a hundred thousand dollars worth of star-owned racing horseflesh, bought, trained and groomed for the past year with Santa Anita in mind faces the barriers this year carrying the silks of sports minded stars.

Last year Clark Gable created something of a mild sensation by actually buying a racehorse, one Beverly Hills, of whom there is more to tell later on. Connie Bennett, not to be outdone, responded with Rattlebrain. And after consistently backing a nondescript nag named Bing Crosby, who had a forlorn habit of eating dust, the real Bing decided to toss sentiment to the winds and risk his roll on horses he could keep an eye on. Whereupon he claimed one Zombie after a claiming race and started the most famous movie stable to date, one in fact, which may someday give the Whitneys and the Bradleys and the Dodge-Sloans and the Vanderbilts a respectable run for their money, if Bing’s dream comes true.

For from Zombie, whose sinister name somehow seemed to scare the rest of the horses into running right away from him, the Crosby stables have grown to impressive proportions.

Before the season closed last year, Bing had gathered seven bangtails under his blue and gold colors, picked, you know, from his former radio theme song, “When The Blue Of The Night Meets The Gold Of The Day.” Like Zombie they were no Man O’ Wars. They set him back around $1500 apiece, the original price tag on Zombie.

Today Bing counts sixteen horses in his rapidly multiplying thoroughbred family. They represent an investment of around eighteen thousand dollars, and Bing figures that each horse costs him roughly $100 a month to keep. $1600 a month is an item if you call it a hobby. But
Editor's Note: With everyone going around saying, "Did you hear that one the Marx Brothers pulled in 'A Night at the Opera'?", we felt we just had to have a story on the Mad Marx Hares. Knowing from bitter experience that it was practically impossible to get any of them to remain in one place long enough to talk for publication, we sent our reporter to ferret out the fifth Marx Brother, Gummo Marx, who used to be in the act years ago, and is now associated with Brother Zeppo in his talent agency. Gummo's intimate revelations of the private life of the Marx Brothers follow.

WHY is it," I demanded, coming straight to the bush instead of beating around the point, "that you Marx Brothers are nearly always together lately, except when you're apart?"

It was Gummo Marx to whom I put the question. Probably you have never heard of Gummo. You have never seen him on the screen and you never will unless he loses his reason. (Gummo has forgotten what his reason was, but he sticks to it just the same.)

Gummo is known far and wide, or at least wide, as the same Marx Brother. In fact, Gummo is so sane that he quit the act fourteen years ago and went into the clothing business.

I had been told that Gummo was one Marx Brother to whom you could put an uncivil question and expect a civil answer. So here I stood in his Broadway office. The only catch was that Gummo didn't seem to be listening.

"Why is it?" I began again. But he checked me with a gesture.

Gummo remained silent while the cigar he was slowly swallowing traveled from just under the lobe of his right ear to just under the lobe of his left ear and back again.

Then he faced me without flinching, and answered fearlessly:

"Yes and no."

A moment later he was pacing the floor.

"Do you want to know why the Marx Brothers are always together?" he said, "I'll tell you why. Suspicion—intrigue—collusion! That's why. What has the career of the Marx Brothers become? An elimination contest!

"It's this way: I left the act and business immediately began to pick up. Zeppo left, and the new picture 'A Night At the Opera' is terrific. Now the suspense is terrific. Who will be next?" "That's what the boys started asking each other right after the preview. In fact, they all drew lots. Chico claimed his lots were under water, so he called the deal off. What Groucho called it is nobody's business.

"But someone's got to go. That's progress. Why, I can foresee the day when their pictures will be billed, "Absolutely no Marx Brothers Whatever Positively!" And then won't they pack them in?"

"And what," I asked "are these brothers of yours really like?"

"So you want to know about father," said Gummo, reflectively.

I did not say I wanted to know anything about father, so Gummo began:

"It seems that one day he was sitting up in the balcony watching the boys down on the stage when two men in front
of him got to arguing about whether Harpo was really dumb or whether he could talk.

"The old man reached over and tapped one of them on the shoulder and said,

"'He can talk all right.'

"'The man turned around incensed.

"'All right,' he said to the old man, 'I'll bet you ten dollars he can't.'

"'My father looked at him with a gleam in his eye and said,

"'What odds will you give me?'

Gummo flicked six inches of ash from his cigar and continued:

"You see how it was. We never had a chance to make an honest living. So there was nothing left for us to do but go on the stage. We started out as acrobats, building a human pyramid, but somehow we got off on the wrong foot, and our house of cards, (we never could decide who was the greatest card) came tumbling down."

"Very interesting," I said, "but what are these brothers of yours really — —"

"So you want to know how Groucho got his moustache," chuckled Gummo. "Well, that's quite a story. It seems that Groucho used to make up a moustache of crepe hair for every show. Then, one day, Harpo found a bald spot in his wig, just before curtain time. And he stole all of Groucho's crepe hair to patch it up. So Groucho had to go on with a moustache of burnt cork. But he made a tremendous discovery. Burnt cork didn't tickle like crepe hair. It changed Groucho's whole nature. He used to be gruff, glum and surly. Now he's impossible."

"True, no doubt true," I interrupted, "but what are these brothers of yours — —"

"I knew you'd ask that one," laughed Gummo. "Everyone does. Well, the way we got our names was this. When we were in vaudeville, there was a cartoonist, Art Fisher, playing on the same bill with us, who gave us those names.

"Where he got them, heaven knows. Of course, Harpo was playing the harp, but I'm sure that had nothing to do with it. Chico was a cheeky sort of guy — so what? Zeppo was playing a rube named Zep — pure coincidence. I, Gummo, was always gum-shoeing around — a happenstance. And then there was Groucho. He couldn't have been named for his disposition Groucho isn't really like that. He's worse.

"Authentic, undoubtedly authentic," I nodded. "But tell me, what are these — —"

"Why did I quit the act?"

Those zestful zanies, Groucho, Chico and Harpo started life as acrobats and ended up in pandemonium. This three ring circus offers a brand new Marxian theory in the rakish hilarious "One Night at the Opera"
YOU probably have your own definitions of Hollywood but here are some coined by some of its sons and daughters!

Fred Allen: “Hollywood is a city of orange trees surrounded by unemployed actors.”

Warner Baxter: “Hollywood is a bit of Heaven dropped near the studios for retakes.”

Ronald Colman: “Hollywood is a city of dreams come true. Nowhere else in the world can you earn so much money and respect for the little you must give in return.”

Jack Oakie: “It’s a place where you spend twice as much as you have to and wish you made twice as much as you do.”

Rochelle Hudson: “It’s the only place in the world where a girl can earn as much money as a man.”

Loretta Young: “It’s the most informal city in the world.”

Fredric March: “Hollywood is the Riviera, Bagdad, Chinatown, Addis Ababa, a cowtown and Broadway rolled into one.”

Mae West: “It’s the only city where a girl can say ‘come up and see me sometime’ without someone taking her up on the invitation.”

Shirley Temple: “It’s the place where it doesn’t snow.”

MARY Pickford’s helpfulness in all charitable activities is well known. She is shown at the right, speaking to Bob Taylor at a polo match for the benefit of crippled children.

For once a real dog is in the doghouse. His name is Captain and he’s Jeanette MacDonald’s wind-blown pride and joy. English sheep mutt. Captain is going to lose his happy home, however, because he gets cross and fretful and is likely to take a piece out of your pants if he takes a notion. So Jeanette will let you have him if you promise to run off his bad humor, and if you live close enough to her so she can see him every now and then.

It might be worth having the crotchety “Cap” around just to have Jeanette come out to see you sometime—hey?

ONE actress we never tire of looking at is Shirley Temple. She always does something not in the script, and something as cute as Christmas.

They were shooting a scene in “Captain January” the last time I was on her set. Shirley was trying to sing “Asleep In The Deep.” You try it some time. She wasn’t having much success. Finally, in one take, after cracking the low notes, Shirley cried, “Oh—how can anybody sleep in the deep anyways?” They left it in the picture.

OTTO Kruger was being interviewed by a feminine fan magazine writer. They were discussing types of women.

“I wish I could find an old-fashioned girl around Hollywood,” Kruger said.

The writer blushed coyly.

“You’re looking at one now,” she vouchedsafed.

Three minutes later she was blithely relating the unusually large number of cocktails she had drunk at a recent party “without turning a hair.”

KATHARINE Hepburn and Leland Hayward took a plane to New York together recently, reviving the old insistent rumors that she and the tall, clever and successful agent are really man and wife.

Before she changed her mind and winged it East, Katie had secretly planned to motor the nation under an assumed name and partly in disguise—just like the gal. What would have happened if she had is hard to guess. But it might have been on the front page for days, and maybe Leland Hayward was smart enough to talk her out of it.

Incidentally, the day they hit Katharine’s Connecticut home town, Hartford, Leland went right into the hospital for an operation.
HAVE you ever noticed that odd little mannerism of Arline Judge on the screen? She never walks forward without first taking two funny little steps backward. Mabel Normand did the same thing.

It is a smart trick. It may be a good luck superstition but it means added footage on the screen too. Footage, you may well know, is one of the great gods of moviemaking.

FOR some months now Gloria Stuart has been wanting to move in from Brentwood Heights to Beverly Hills.

But she's been putting it off because of her little daughter Sylvia's nurserymaid. It seems that the maid has worked up a nice romance with the milkman, who leaves her nice fresh gardenias every morning on the milk bottle.

Gloria hated to break up the romance by moving away from his route!

WHAT will probably be Bill Powell's most popular comedy of the season, "Rendezvous," has completely baffled him by insisting upon becoming a hit picture.

Bill was convinced he had done a terrible job in the smart, sophisticated spy yarn. Came the night for the preview and he didn't have the heart to go — Friends told him it was a howler but Bill merely groaned.

Finally he saw it himself, and at the same time read the critical raves all over the country.

"I still can't believe it," he declared.

Which only goes to show, an actor is his own worst critic.

THE Freddie Bartholomew-Victor McLaglen palship is on a firm basis.

Victor gave Freddie a horse the other day and a swell new uniform to wear. It's a major's uniform, pint-sized, of course, in Vic's Lighthorse troop.

"I'm awfully glad it's a major's uniform," thanked Freddie in his precise, clipped English. "I'm glad it's not a general's, I mean... Now I can be promoted later on."

CHARLIE Chaplin needn't worry about the gentlemanly upbringing of his two sons. They're very gallant and mannerly. Shirley Temple can tell you that.

No long ago Mrs. Temple had Shirley down at Palm Springs. Next door in another bungalow of the fashionable hotel, the two young Chaplin hopes, Charles, Jr. and Sidney, held forth.

They wanted very badly to come over and play with Shirley, but you know just bustling in on a girl you've never met isn't done. So they hung over the fence in between and looked longingly.

Shirley asked her mother if she could invite them over to play.

They came, bowed gravely, placed Shirley's chair properly, sat very mannerly with their hands folded. Then Shirley gave them that dimpled grin. From then on it was okay. They were all over the hotel grounds.

I DO not believe in marriage for two people living in Hollywood.

"I do not think it is fair for a woman who wants a career as much as I do to marry."

"There is only one possible way that I could ever consider marrying again and still have my interests in Hollywood."

"I would insist that a clause be inserted in my contract whereby I was allowed six months of the year to get as far away from this place as possible."


Joan's contract at M-G-M still doesn't permit her that six months of freedom every year. She still wants a career and she and Franchot certainly are living in Hollywood. But what about the back, this proves love or something, doesn't it?

The honey-colored Madge Evans' recent trip to England made no difference in her long friendship with Tom Gallery and this familiar duet are seen again at the night spots.

Charles Brackett, l e f t , took Ruth Chatterton to lunch at Cafe Lamaze to hear about her recent trip to the Coast when she piloted her own plane. Isn't her fur hat cute?
LITTLE Arline Judge isn’t sure whether to be flattered or dismayed at her new job. She’s mother-confessor, chaperon and general advice-giver for three actresses, all under eighteen, just placed under contract by 20th Century-Fox.

She was chosen by the girls, Dixie Dunbar, Shirley Deane and Maxine Reiner, because she is married and the mother of a child, knows all the angles of studio life, and is “one of the girls” herself and hence will be sympathetic to their problems.

Her job consists of supervising the girls’ dates, okaying their boy friends, keeping check on their hours and listening to their troubles.

OH yes, it does get cold in California—and if you don’t believe it, you should have seen Jeanette MacDonald recording the beautiful songs of “Rose Marie” with two gas heaters keeping her tootsies warm, and Nelson Eddy warbling with a hat and coat on.

MARLENE Dietrich turned thumbs down on Lewis Milestone, so they say, as her next director. Instead, she wants Fritz Lang to guide her destiny in “Invitation to Happiness.” Mr. Lang is a very able director. Besides, he is a charming gentleman, and a very good friend of Marlene’s. They run around together of nights often.

The distinguished looking couple above are Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown at Cafe Lamaze. Mr. Brown directed “Ah Wilderness” and the former Alice Joyce is renowned for her perfect taste in dress designs.

NOTHING is so much fun as a good one on the boss, and it’s even more fun when the boss takes it with a smile.

SUNNY O’Day was doing a dance number on the “Shoot the Chutes” set. A lock of hair kept falling in her eyes. Greatly disturbed, Sam Goldwyn stepped out and in explaining about it to Sunny used the Goldwyn pate to illustrate his point.

There was a giggle that grew to a roar, and after a startled moment, Sam joined in. The Goldwyn pate, you see, is quite barren of hair.

Since the death of Will Rogers the most universally popular actor in Hollywood must be W.C. Fields.

Bill has a place in the heart of everyone who has ever known him. The other day, when he returned to Paramount studios after being away several months with a prolonged illness, his reception was so enthusiastic that Bill had to go back home and rest up again for a week.

LEAVE it to Joan Crawford Tone! Nothing but the best for her, you know.

Several times in the past she has been approached and offered the gold-sealed papers which signified a commission in the none-too-exclusive ranks of the Kentucky Colonels. Each time she snuffed them away with “I’ll be a general or nothing!”

A few days ago another gold-sealed parchment was offered for her inspection and acceptance. It commissioned her a full-fledged Kentucky General!

ILLUSIONS vanish every day in Hollywood. Now for instance, you’d think that people like Boris Karloff, monsters and ghouls and walking corpses and all that—you’d think, wouldn’t you that the care and feeding of such macabre souls would be a little—shall we say outside?

Well, the other day Mrs. Karloff held a big birthday set-to for Boris. She announced to her guests the refreshments would be her husband’s favorite dish. Everyone expected black bats’ hearts or tomcats’ tails or something equally sinister.

The steaming dish came in. It was—corned beef and cabbage! Dear Juges!
REALISM is rampant among the younger set in Hollywood. At least, there will be no phony chopper for Spanky MacFarlane, the dumpling kid of the Roach comedies. Spanky lost a front tooth right in the middle of a picture. They wanted to have a false one set in, a la Shirley Temple. Spanky squabbled. The director saw the light.

"He’ll be cuter without it!” he cried. And he is—wait ‘till you see him.

A WISTFUL twinge of sentiment plucked this old heart when the news came out the other day that Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers were to make a picture together again. Jimmy and Sally, almost as much as Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell, crept right into the hearts of the world with “Bad Girl” and “Dance Team.” Since they’ve parted things haven’t been the same—for either of them. Jimmy hasn’t done what he might. Sally has been just another actress. It wasn’t like that when they were together. Maybe what has been lacking will show up again. Anyway, here’s one who hopes so.

BING Crosby is the latest guy to protest about the autograph mania which is getting the stars up on their million dollar ears. And Bing has darned good reason, if you ask Cal.

The other day at a northern race track Bingo rushed to the betting window to lay a respectable bet on a long shot. It was about time for the race to start. On his way an autograph hound tugged at his sleeve and extended pen and pencil. Bing paused to sign. The window slammed in his face. The race came in at twenty to one.

And all because of an autograph book!

AGAIN Marlene Dietrich says she is bidding Hollywood farewell. After her next picture, to start immediately, called “Invitation to Happiness,” Marlene plans to go to Europe, and she’s signing no contract in Hollywood before she leaves.

Incidentally, Marlene is to draw down a neat $300,000 for her first foreign-made film—which will set a record for salary in jolly old London.

Above, meet Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, alias Joan Crawford and the ubiquitous Franchot Tone at the Trocadero. After a hectic honeymoon in New York playing hide and seek with the ever-industrious news hounds.

At the Trocadero the camera man amuses the very attractive Margot Grahame, she of “The Informer” fame, and Ivor McLaren who are twosomaniacs a lot these days. Margot and Francis Lierer were recently divorced.

Hollywood is no exception to the “Thursday is the maid’s night out” rule of the rest of the country. Right here and Mrs. Ricardo Cories at the Brown Derby. They just returned from a trip to New York.

PRACTICALLY the entire country had viewed Joan Crawford’s recent hit, “I Live My Life,” and Joan had gone to New York, brought back Franchot Tone as a husband and everything, before the studio decided that the picture needed retakes!

So Brian Aherne and Joan reported at the studio to do the final scenes over again—after the picture had played every big city in America! Reason—in England, it seems, they consider it sacrilegious to show the interior of a church on the screen, and as that’s just where “I Live My Life” ended—at the altar so, something had to be done about it for the British chappies.

O h, oh—why didn’t we think of this before? For years Hollywood has been bothered by that irrepressible animal the gate crasher. No party has ever ended up with only the invited guests present. That is, no big party.

Well, Grace Bradley, who thought up the grand idea of a big barn dance—so grand an idea, in fact, that the next day she was offered five hundred dollars cash to sell it—also thought up a perfect way to deal with the uninvited guest problem.

In the middle of the party, she held a summary court, weeded out the crashers and sentenced them to kitchen police, wrestling with the dirty dishes!
The PRIVATE LIFE of a TALKING PICTURE

THREE months ago your enterprising correspondent began a tour of the Hollywood neighborhood, ringing bells in apartment buildings, knocking on mansion doors, stepping perturbed but insistent into beauty shoppes, cornering housewives as they hung up the Monday wash. I had one question to ask: "Do you know how a talking motion picture is made?"

Out of 200 people who live in cinema-land's vestibule 178 were honest. They answered, "No." The rest mumbled vaguely of hidden 'mikes,' cameras, directors, extras. They didn't know either.

Poring over these findings your editor and I came to a number of conclusions. (1) If this is Hollywood's crying shame, what about Idaho, Nebraska, Maine? (2) Something ought to be done; and (3) something shall be done!

So began three months of exhaustive but fascinating research. In order to get the inside stuff I worked for those three months in the world's largest and best-equipped studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; I followed a current motion picture from its inception in a scenarist's brain to its preview; I ran errands and made up extras and lugged props and snipped film. And I feel like Ulysses returned.

When you have finished with this series of articles you'll have a speaking acquaintance with the forgotten unsung Hollywood that makes your movies. You'll have visited a small city of 5000 inhabitants, run by its own civic unit, watched by its own police, governed by one purpose. It's the richest city on earth and the people in it are the most amazing.

Are you in the mood for a sort of Ripley interlude? Here is a long-shot of the great set on which my story is told:

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer sprawls its bulk over two great
Beginning the first complete inside story of how modern movies are made. A behind-the-scenes chronicle of never-before published information and details. This month — finding the story

By Howard Sharpe

pieces of California ground; they are known simply as Lot I, and Lot II. Lot I is the city, Lot II its backyard—and it is this backyard which the public in general knows most about. There, of course, are the towering unstable faces of buildings, the streets lined with façades. There are the pieces of great liners, sailing the bounding mud-puddle. There are the Brazilian jungles next door to the formal Italian gardens.

But this asylum of imitation is relatively unimportant. To the initiate, M-G-M is Lot I: 75 big white buildings closely huddled onto 72 regulation acres. There is nothing romantic-looking about these buildings, nor about the paved streets nor the great warehouses. But your talkies are made here...

When you have stepped through the guarded gates of Metro you are within a few yards of sanctum sanctorum: the producers' offices, hidden in the administration structures on either side. Here is the Brain, the Control; six men who are the key-links of the studio. There is an aura of Too Much Greatness here, a sort of breathless infinity. It is better to hurry down the limousine-lined street, jostling the made-up characters from many books and many nations, until the buildings begin to settle back with a more sympathetic air.

HERE, then, are the houses of the departments and it is when you step through their doors that the business-like exterior is belied by a pinch-me-to-see-if-I'm-awake atmosphere inside. You are shown and told things you couldn't believe if you tried—and then they are proved to you. You learn a great many things, all magnificent, superb, astounding, terrific: movie superlatives for once with a genuine meaning.

You are told and are forced to believe that this casting office can put its well trained hands on 25,000 human beings almost at once if need be; that that wardrobe department houses enough clothes to dress 15,000 men [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 101]
Never lovelier, Dolores Costello returns to the screen as Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for Selznick-International. Of her tragic marriage she says sincerely and warmly: "At least I've had five years of happiness"
DOLORES COSTELLO—GALLANT LADY

She was warned against her marriage. She believed love could win. Love lost. But, she is going to win

By Elizabeth R. Freund

DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE is talking about it for the first time. With her divorce granted and the relief that is here now that the nervous strain of these many months is over she has this to say:

"Yes, I'm happy. I'm happy that the tension is all over; that the nasty and ugly talk that surrounds such a divorce may be forgotten now. I'm thankful for the five years of happiness I've had and"—and here she points to her two children—"I have them as the monuments to my married years of happiness. For a long time, through my married years, I could never have believed that the sordidness that has clouded the marriage of too many people would ever come to me. But it did. However, that's all behind me now. I consider myself lucky in several ways. I have two darling children. I'm going back to work in pictures and the future looks bright and promising. No, I haven't any regrets about anything. I don't think you can call anything a mistake as long as you've had some happiness out of it. And I'm one of the fortunate people in this world who has had that."

And when you read a statement like that you know she justly and honestly merits the title of Gallant Lady. Where other women, with their pride, their vanity terribly hurt and their seeming failure exposed to a curious and snooping world would, through emotional weakness and for egotistical relief, air their woes this patrician was silent. Her self respect, her dignity and her courage, her feeling for her children and her natural shyness before a prying crowd made her determine to fight her battle alone.

Tragedy, sorrow and disappointment weren't new experiences to her. She had grown up with them. Her mother had suffered through them. Here, although she could hardly comprehend it at first was the incredible recurrence of what she had been born into.

The daughters of Maurice Costello—Dolores and Helene—were born in Pittsburgh of Irish, Alsatian and English extraction. Their father, the idol of his day, was a man of fierce, violent temper, diabolic moods and a completely unnatural husband and parent. As the girls grew up and saw their mother's unhappiness and themselves felt the pinch of hunger and utter lack of fatherly love through the man's complete irresponsibility they should have hated any male who suggested age or was a contemporary of their father's. Strange enough they both married men old enough to be their father with Helene marrying, as her second husband. Lowell Sherman.

This early period of misery, worry and continuous insecurity which haunted them through their adolescent years might account for the tragic beauty that is Dolores'. When you say so glibly that a girl is blonde, blue-eyed, fair-skinned with a nose that tilts and a mouth lusciously lovely your first thought is of a shallow little heroine, brittle and artificial. It's hard to believe that trouble stalks beauty. Dolores' face, however, in its loveliness, is not a happy one in repose. There is unmistakable sadness there. The girl, you see an almost hunted, questioning look that seems to ask an explanation for so much disappointment and unhappiness.

But she won't talk about herself. She isn't a self-pitying woman nor does she play the tragic role for one minute ever. She has a fine kind of courage, a fighting spirit and a will that is strong once her mind is made up.

She had been advised, long before she started grounds for divorce, to end her marriage. She refused that advice because, in her own heart, she wasn't yet sure that the man she loved, the man she had given herself to with a loyalty and devotion rare in the glamorous or workaday world wasn't being too hastily condemned. It wasn't until the rumors became unmistakable pieces of evidence, until she realized with her eyes open, that the father of her two children didn't care about the ugliness he was exposing them to that she knew, for her self-respect and for the future of her children who are her entire life, that she had to make a

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 83]
The Secret Behind

LAUGHTON'S ACTING

The reason you hate him more than anyone you've ever known!

By Anthony McAllister

On the morning of our conversation no sun had popped over the hill to shine on the *Bounty* which rode at anchor in the bay at Catalina Isthmus; and from the Hollywood standpoint you couldn't have a "Mutiny On the Bounty" without any sun. So Captain Bligh, venomous and evil ship's master, was free to become Charles Laughton again for a time. In 1935 clothes, smiling blandly at everyone, he outraged the tradition of villainy that is his aura.

We talked at Banning House, which squats on one of the high knolls and which sheltered the stars of two location companies that week. Laughton had been clowning all morning, his subtle scolding comedy an antidote for the weather, but over coffee in the dining room his mood changed and he began to talk seriously of his profession.

"In the first place, I try hard to be a good actor because I feel I owe the audience something," he told me. "They drive to the theater after a humdrum day, they pay their money and in return they must be given two hours of emphasized emotions. These are my wares, these emotions, and I must sell them as a peddler sells his brushes or his vegetables. You can't afford to cheat the public—and I wouldn't want to."

He reached for the cream-pitcher and I watched his coffee turn from clear amber to muddy brown to beige.

"Acting," he said finally in his hurried British voice, "is really over-acting, I suppose. A great actor, faced with the problem of suggesting an emotion, cannot possibly depict just what a character would really do under a certain circumstance. It wouldn't get over, because in ordinary life we don't portray our feelings very much through our actions. Instead, we try to cover those feelings up, we hide them because we don't want pity or sympathy from our friends, and we don't want to be laughed at."

I looked vaguely into my cup.

"For example," he explained, "I slipped yesterday and banged my knee. Some friends rushed up, clustered around, asked if I were hurt. I was, but I deprecated the incident— I said, 'No, not at all, thank you. It's nothing.' You'd have done the same thing."

He dropped lump after lump of sugar into his coffee. "So an actor must take that into account."
Hear ye! Hear ye! the sturdy little voice of bonny Shirley Temple as she peddles her lobsters in the market place. She plays the granddaughter in "Captain January," the screen version of Laura E. Richards' famous tale of the Maine coast. Guy Kibbee is the old salt
Piquant Claudette Colbert has two handsome leading men, Fred MacMurray and Robert Young, in her scintillating Paramount film, "The Bride Comes Home," directed by Wesley Ruggles.

Clowning Claudette's pals turn out to be a couple of kibitzers when she tries to order afternoon tea over the phone so this hard-working happy trio had to concentrate on drinking lots of soda.
Fred, Claudette and Bob, three dizzy Thespians, work up an appetite and scamper off the Paramount set with but a single thought—plenty of hot dogs!
Paul Muni the versatile. One of the greatest character actors of his day, he portrays an illiterate miner (in "Black Fury") with as much ease as he plays the complex genius of science in Warner's brilliant production, "The Life of Dr. Louis Pasteur"
Playmate Gene Raymond. This very serious appearing young RKO Adonis is actually one of the gayest of companions, as Jeanette MacDonald will testify. They pal around, enjoying each other's company for the sheer fun of it. Nothing serious
When Ziegfeld produced his lavish gilded girl shows, the Follies, he combed the country for perfect faces and figures such as these to entertain a pre-War generation. M-G-M will present "The Great Ziegfeld" with Bill Powell and Myrna Loy (left, above, dancing) as Ziegfeld and Billie Burke. Just above are Fannie Brice (arms folded) and Ann Pennington who will play their original Follies parts for which they are famous.
Luise Rainer (above, right, with Bill Powell) plays the part of Anna Held whose famous Follies song “I Just Can’t Make My Eyes Behave” became the theme song of tired business men who considered the glorification of the American girl the “tops” in entertainment. “The Great Ziegfeld” will be enlivened by Gilda Grey’s original Hula, Leon Errol, Virginia Bruce, Frank Morgan and many others from the former Follies.
Graceful Anita Louise cuts a figure in the enchanting guise of Peter Pan. Under contract to Warners, she is currently in “Red Apples” and will soon appear in “The Life of Dr. Louis Pasteur”
On the floor next to Leslie Howard is Bette Davis, who cringes as the bullets fly. The "Petrified Forest" company, like an army, moves on its stomach.

We Cover the STUDIOS

The "tops" in topics. What big and little stars are doing on the Hollywood lots

By Michael Jackson

SHORT, volatile, Darryl Zanuck is the man responsible for the greatest change in working Hollywood. He is the head of 20th Century-Fox pictures and when his company merged with Fox, all the wise boys said he was getting a white elephant. But Zanuck has taken the sprawling, debt-ridden Fox Hills studio and whipped it into a dynamic, exciting producing center.

Typical of its fresh and intelligently guided enthusiasm are the colorful pictures in production. "A Message To Garcia," "A Military Melodrama," "Captain January," the Shirley Temple film, and "Shark Island," a poignant history of a tragic man. The Fox lot was always pleasant to visit, for its commissary, called The Cafe de Paris, serves the best food of any of the studio cafes. Now that its pictures are on par with its cuisine, this lot is one of the most interesting centers in the community.

Just beyond the newly erected Will Rogers memorial stage, Wallace Beery and John Boles were enacting on the day of our visit a tensely dramatic moment from "A Message To Garcia." The scene is a rather bare hut in the interior of Cuba. The red light (meaning cameras grinding) was glowing at the stage door, so we couldn't get on the set right away. But at 20th Century-Fox the doors have glass panels, so you can see what is happening even if you can't hear it.

What we saw was this: Beery, wearing a faded pongee shirt, dirty linen trousers and aged straw hat, is seated at a rickety

In her second musical, Gladys Swarthout appears opposite Ian Kiepura, the Continental song bird, in "Give Us This Night"

Ian Kiepura's enthusiasm on the set of his first American picture, "Give Us This Night," is boundless. Left, with Phillip Merivale

45
could press toward the Americans, thus attacking the trapped Spanish from two sides.

In this picture, John Boles plays the dauntless Lieutenant Rowan. His encounter with Beery is but one of the many adventures that beset him on his harrowing trip. When Beery and Boles have rested a bit, the important scene is re-shot. Wally, finding a brand new use for rum, starts pouring the liquor over the envelope, which he plans to re-seal, when the contents are discovered. But he needn’t have taken these precautions, for before he can get any place Boles is upon him. Flustered at first, Beery starts turning on the oil. He promises that he will tell the soldier where he can find Garcia.

But Boles, who, like Charlie Chaplin, is left-handed, seems unimpressed and keeps waving the revolver about. Since you never can tell what a southpaw will do, the scene has a lot of suspense. Any moment you expect the gun to go off. Beery, fighting for his life, keeps trying to alibi his way out of what is an almost hopeless snarl. And, at last, Boles relents a bit—but not much. “Talk,” he says. “And talk fast.”

Then, with the revolver still swaying in front of his nose, Mr. Beery really talks. Cowering against the wall, he gives a beautiful portrayal of frenzied fear. The words—obvious lies—pour out. He breaks under the strain, admitting that he doesn’t know where Garcia is. Then he quickly claims that a friend of his does, though. Since the take ends there, we don’t know if Beery gets killed or not. But we do know that he has just given one of the best bits of his career.

Barbara Stanwyck is the girl in the picture. On our way over to the next stage to watch Shirley Temple, we pass Miss Stanwyck, who is getting prettier every day. Shirley, who so far has dodged all marital complications, was in her new dressing room when we arrived. She was cutting squares and circles out of a folded paper, then unfoldng it to surprise herself with the design. Her portable dressing room is just like those of the grown-up stars except that everything is scaled down. It is done in light blue and white, of faintly nautical motif, with two amusing water colors on the wall. There is a couch, a chair and a desk. Hanging on a long rack are about ten dresses, the smallest things you ever saw.

Shirley has to do a bit of studying with the studio teacher and, that finished, she toddles to the set which is a school room, too. This is the interior of a little school on the Maine coast and on the blackboard are drawings of ships, testifying to the locale’s sea-going environment. Above the blackboard are crayon drawings, supposedly done by the children, but actually turned out, we learned, by a gent in the art department who evidently had a lot of fun kidding the modernists. While director David Butler got the camera set, we squeezed into one of the tiny desks, all ready for what might happen.

Shirley, bright and beaming in her little dimity dress, would have no rest while the crew busied itself about the set. Pushing herself into the air, she swung precariously back and forth between a row of desks."

"Shirley, dear," Mrs. Temple [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
PHOTOPLAY'S
Memory Album

Edited By Frederick L. Collins
THE EIGHT MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS OF 1924

Above, beloved Mary Pickford, in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," the schoolgirl heroine, model of modesty and virtue.

Right, Norma Talmadge. Rumors of divorce from Mr. Schenck were looming. But ten years passed before there was a split.

Above, in center, Marion Davies, then in "When Knighthood was in Flower." To her left, Alice Terry. Valentino’s "lead"

Left, Gloria Swanson. It was reported "Whether she is taking the Marquis de la Falaise seriously, only she can say."

Pola Negri, when her romance with Chaplin cooled. She did not want to halt his "career"! He said he had no money to wed.

Corinne Griffith married Walter Morosco, director, and induced him to give up movies to sell a new-type gas heater.

Madge Bellamy had just finished a triumphal tour, and had been entertained by President and Mrs. Warren Harding.
Gilda Gray was the center of a storm of controversy with her introduction of the "shimmy"—a la Hawaiian grass skirt.


Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey (still champ) were engaged. He said he'd give up his title, settle down and become a hotel manager!

Maurice Stiller arrived from Sweden with his very shy pupil, Greta Gustafsson. When he died four years later, she wept that without his guidance her career was over.

Hal Roach's "Our Gang" films were the Mickey Mouse sensation of the time. Hal was acclaimed a genius of comedy.

Syd Chaplin as Old Bill brought Bainsfather's war character of that name to life in "The Better 'Ole".

Shy Greta Gustafsson became Garbo, and with Gilbert, set all pulses racing in "Flesh and the Devil"

"The Big Parade," starring the paragon of matinee idols, John Gilbert, with Renee Adoree, was the great film of 1925.

Left, the good Conrad Nagel made tiger love to Aileen Pringle in the film from Mrs. Glynn’s daring "Three Weeks".

Above, Victor McLaglen and Dolores Del Rio in the mild version (silent, you see) of the shocking "What Price Glory?"
In this period lived the greatest character actor of all time—Lon Chaney. Above, he's seen as the legless fiend in "The Penalty."

Above, "the man of a thousand faces" as Singapore Joe in "The Road to Mandalay." To achieve more horror, Chaney made a sightless false eye.

Above, one of Chaney's most unusual make-ups, that of Mr. Wu. The secrets of many of his make-ups died with him.

Left, one of the less complex make-ups was that of "The Hypnotist."

Right, the next to the last picture Chaney was to make, "The Phantom of the Opera." completed just five months before his death.

Many still consider Chaney's own masterpiece was his characterization of the grotesque "Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Loretta Young came to the fore with her part as the ward of Chaney in the very weep-y, "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Above, Chaney as The Frog in the masterpiece, "The Miracle Man," with Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Joseph Dowling

Above, Chaney as the sinister Dead Legs in "West of Zanzibar."

Next month! The last days of the "Silents."
"She's One in a Million"

For Olivia de Havilland those glorious, impossible dreams came true!

By Warren Reeve

Behind the palm of his hand, the director who had seen too many young hopefuls to be easily impressed whispered somewhat incredulously, "She's one in a million!"

Mr. Bacon's strictly professional observation was, of course, not too original. Max Reinhardt, the Warner Brothers and several others held something of the same opinion. But his words tapped another truth squarely on the button.

Olivia de Havilland, the youngest, freshest, the most promising of all Hollywood's young...
ROMANTIC, frolicsome, and even poignant at times, this picture is the best Claudette Colbert has had since "It Happened One Night." On it, the star lavishes her most ingratiating performance.

Claudette is an heiress who discovers her father hasn't a dime and goes to work to support them both. The only way she can get a job is to beg one from Robert Young, a lad with millions who is in love with her. Bob turns her over as an assistant to Fred MacMurray who is editing a magazine Bob is financing. Fred doesn't like the idea or Claudette. The way love tangles these three lives provides the comedy.

Performance, direction, Claudette's clothes—all are delightful. This is grand fun.

THE BRIDE COMES HOME—Paramount

THE magnificent power and artistry of this tale of a fugitive conscience plants it firmly in the screen's top bracket. The somber mood of the famous Dostoevsky novel and its unleavened tragedy may not entertain you, but you'll certainly thrill in its realistic grip.

Peter Lorre reaches the heights of his promise in "M" as the scientific murderer who can escape the technical talons of the police but not the harassing clamor of his soul. Moving, dramatic and individual are the characters woven about his grim plight as presented by Edward Arnold, Tala Birell and Elizabeth Risdon. Marian Marsh uncannily resembles Dietrich in her sympathetic Magdalen rôle.

Von Sternberg's treatment makes this a triumph in serious drama. You should see it.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—Columbia

THE SHADOW STAGE

A Review of the New Pictures

THE STORY OF DR. LOUIS PASTEUR— Warners

This picture is unusually strong drama. While it deviates considerably from the general Hollywood formula for making pictures, it will appeal to every conscientious movie-goer.

The story is an honest biography of the hopes, struggles, disappointments and achievements of the great French medical genius of the past century, F. Louis Pasteur.

It pointedly portrays the background of prejudice, superstition, and filth in the medical profession of his time.

Pasteur devoted his life to the teaching of cleanliness and the importance of serums in checking disease. We of the laity best know his name in connection with milk—pasteurized milk.

The story, briefly, is of Pasteur, handicapped by obstacles at every turn, exiled, triumphs to see proved and heed his theory that germs were the actual cause of infection.

His findings in bacteriology revolutionized the entire field of medical science.

Paul Muni is excellent as Pasteur. Anita Louise as his daughter Annette and Donald Woods as Dr. Jean Martin furnish the small love interest. Josephine Hutchinson is Madame Pasteur. Every member of the supporting cast turns in a meritorious performance. William Dieterle was the director.
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH
THE STORY OF DR. LOUIS PASTEUR  AH. WILDERNESS
THE BRIDE COMES HOME  A TALE OF TWO CITIES
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT  THE LITTLEST REBEL
I DREAM TOO MUCH  MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH
Paul Muni in "The Story of Dr. Louis Pasteur"
Lionel Barrymore in "Ah. Wilderness"
Eric Linden in "Ah. Wilderness"
Claudette Colbert in "The Bride Comes Home"
Fred MacMurray in "The Bride Comes Home"
Robert Young in "The Bride Comes Home"
Ronald Colman in "A Tale of Two Cities"
Peter Lorre in "Crime and Punishment"
Shirley Temple in "The Littlest Rebel"
John Boles in "The Littlest Rebel"
Bill Robinson in "The Littlest Rebel"
Lily Pons in "I Dream Too Much"
Henry Fonda in "I Dream Too Much"
Cary Grant in "Sylvia Scarlett"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 117

☆ A TALE OF TWO CITIES—M-G-M

If you enjoy costume pictures, rich in historic glamour and power, you will thrill to this fine presentation of Charles Dickens' immortal story of the French Revolution. Ronald Colman gives us another superior performance with his portrayal of Sydney Carton, the brilliant young lawyer with a passion for drink. Falling hopelessly in love with Elizabeth Allan, as the daughter of Henry B. Walthall, Colman is drawn into the maelstrom of the Revolution. His sacrifice to the guillotine, thereby saving the husband of his beloved, brings self-redeemption for his misspent life. Alive with interest and spectacular beauty, this film permits the splendid acting of a talented cast to stand out in the mass movement of such a tremendous production.
Very much worth while.

☆ THE LITTLEST REBEL—20th Century-Fox

In this stirring picture of life in the war-torn South, Shirley Temple will as easily win all hearts in the audiences seeing this picture, for never did the darling of the screen give a more talented and entertaining performance, as the daughter of a Confederate Army captain, John Boles.
When war comes to separate Shirley from her father, cause her mother's death and bring poverty and hardship into her young life, it cannot break her staunch little spirit. She sings, weeps and dances. She makes you laugh and tugs at your heart-strings. Singing a lullaby to her weary daddy, sidewalk dancing with Bill Robinson to raise money for a trip to Washington to plead for her father's life, and eating an apple with the President are high-light scenes you will long remember. Don't miss it.

THE HONEST REALISM, SIMPLE CHARM AND WOLESOMENESS OF THIS NOSTALGIC FILM WILL SEND YOU AWAY SINGING ITS PRAISE. IT IS SO TRULY AMERICAN, SO HONESTLY UNDERSTANDABLE TO EVERYONE THAT IT WILL SEND YOUR MEMORY SCURRYING BACK TO PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS OF OTHER YEARS.

THE STORY DEALS WITH THE EVERYDAY LIFE OF AN AVERAGE CONNECTICUT FAMILY ABOUT 1906. ERIC LINDEN, SON OF LIONEL BARRYMORE, SUFFERS THE PANGS OF SCHOOLBOY LOVE. TO SOOTHE A TEMPORARY ROMANTIC DISILLUSIONMENT, HE ENGAGES IN A REBELLIOUS NIGHT OF HIGH LIVING, BUT STRONG FAMILY INFLUENCE AND THE GUIDING HAND OF HIS FATHER STEER HIM BACK TO YOUTHFUL PATHS.

LIONEL BARRYMORE GIVES ONE OF HIS GREATEST PERFORMANCES AS THE KINDLY FATHER. LINDEN'S PORTRAYAL OF THE SENSITIVE YOUTH IS AN INSPIRED PIECE OF ACTING. WALLACE BEERY IS GOOD AS THE SHIFTLESS RELATIVE IN LOVE WITH ALINE MACMAHON, A FAMILY BOARDER. MICKEY ROONEY, FRANK ALBERTSON AND CECILIA PARKER HANDLE MINOR FAMILY RÔLES OF IMPORTANCE IN SPLENDID FASHION. CHARLES GRAPEWIN IS CONVINcing AS THE GROUCHY NEIGHBOR. SPRING BYINGTON MAKES AN EXCELLENT MOTHER.

MUCH CREDIT IS DUE HUNT STROMBERG, PRODUCER, AND DIRECTOR CLARENCE BROWN FOR MAKING THE SCREEN VERSION OF O'NEILL'S PLAY SUCH A STRONG, EXCELLENT PICTURE. SEE IT BY ALL MEANS.
ILY PONS makes an auspicious movie debut in this thoroughly delightful picture. An American composer, cocksure of his talent, marries a French singer. He believes himself to be the discoverer of her voice and exploits it. When he finds himself swamped in her fame, he refuses to believe she prefers his love to success and he deserts her. But—

SYLVIA SCARLETT—RKO-Radio

THREE fourths of this amazing film is probably the most different and merrily mad of any you've seen lately. The picture hops the high hurdle of a meandering pointless story with scenes of incomparable charm. It presents Cary Grant in a comedy cockney crook role which filches the picture right from under Katharine Hepburn's close cropped crown.

SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—RKO-Radio

THE perennial thriller is with us again, dressed up with modern wisecracks but still playing Money, Money, who's got the money at lonely Baldpate Inn. The ending has been changed to make fact out of the make-believe of the original plot. Gene Raymond heads a cast which sparkles with Eric Blore, Henry Travers, Moroni Olsen, Margaret Callahan et al.

MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE—Walter Wanger—Paramount

A DRAMATICALLY strong story, carefully produced, which abounds in excellent performances throughout. Mary Burns (Sylvia Sidney), unjustly sentenced to prison as an accomplice of the sweetheart she did not know was a hunted criminal, escapes and starts a new life. She is hunted down and made the bait in catching her ex-sweetheart.

WHIPSAW—M-G-M

SATISFYING movie fare in this story, notable chiefly because it brings lovely Myrna Loy back to the screen and co-features her with capable Spencer Tracy. Tracy, a federal agent, strings along with Loy, accomplice of jewel thieves, hoping she will lead him to gang headquarters. She does, but love, meantime, has got things all mixed up.

KIND LADY—M-G-M

A BRUTAL British crook melodrama works up plenty of suspense in this one on a kidnapping-in-the-home idea. But it's not very entertaining, and too cruel for the kiddies. Aline MacMahon deeply regrets her kindness to hungry Basil Rathbone when he brings his gang to imprison her while he tries to sell her valuable paintings.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK—
Columbia

ONE of those charmingly preposterous little Cinderella masquerade tales with Herbert Marshall's disarming manner and Jean Arthur's honest art to make it delightful watching. Seeking true romance on the eve of his bluebook wedding, wealthy Mr. Marshall pursues it incognito into the Butler's pantry of a racketeer's mansion.

SPLENDOR—
Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

WHILE you may not get excited about the woes of the ex-wealthy, you can enjoy and be entertained by the performances of Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Paul Cavanagh, Helen Westley, Billie Burke, Ruth Weston and David Niven in this story of the enforced sacrifice of a wife's honor for her husband's success.

ANOTHER FACE—RKO-Radio

THIS exciting mystery film contains some of the best comedy of the month. It will also add to Brian Donlevy’s growing popularity. As Public Enemy No. 1, Donlevy has his face remade and hides out in a Hollywood studio until publicity director Wallace Ford and studio manager Alan Hale learn his identity and attempt his capture for publicity purposes.

MILLIONS IN THE AIR—
Paramount

WENDY BARRIE and John Howard make an appealing team of young sweethearts in this feather-weight comedy which capitalizes on the current amateur radio hour craze. He's an icecream salesman and she, unbeknownst to him, is the daughter of the soap magnate on whose radio program they are trying to win the prize to set him up in business.

EAST OF JAVA—
Universal

THIS has Charles Bickford's famous screen scrap with a lion to recommend it—but that's about all. You've seen the rest of it before, and better told. Bickford, as a fugitive from justice meanie, messes things up when a small group is shipwrecked on a jungle island. Then the beasts close in. Leslie Fenton, Elizabeth Young, Frank Albertson help.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN—M-G-M

A SLIGHT, foolish affair with Frank Morgan as a garrulous ex-Army officer whose brashness makes him a music-hall favorite with comedienne Cicely Courtneidge. Morgan's son, however, is a preacher and the more popular the father becomes, the less chance the son has in his career.

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106 ]
HOLLYWOOD is still reeling from the shock of the sudden and mystifying death of one of its best known actresses, lovely blonde Thelma Todd, whose body was found slumped over the wheel of her car in the garage of her home on a deserted beach road.

Several years ago, Thelma said: "It's tragic to be beautiful." Did she have a premonition of this terrible fate? Truly a lonely and tragic death for anyone, but its suddenness was terrifying to those who knew Thelma so full of the joy of living, carrying sunshine in her hair. This one-time New England school teacher seemed to belong to a race of goddesses. Tall, balanced, rounded, serene—golden, white, sky-blue eyed, her beauty was practically flawless. Even Death respected this beauty, for when they found her in her silver and violet gown, wrapped in her magnificent mink coat, not a strand of her golden hair was rumpled, her face as lovely as ever her friends remembered it.

Thelma Todd had won a beauty-contest as Miss Massachusetts when she was signed by Jesse Lasky in 1926, and then she appeared in many rôles as a vamp, and then a comedienne. When she wanted to get away from comedy parts, she changed her name to Allison Lloyd and played in "Corsair" under this name. But then she returned to her old name, and in recent years has been one of the hardest worked young actresses on the screen; her comedy rôles have been notably successful.

Under the sweet serenity of her perfect features, Thelma might have been a lonely person... she had a far-away look. She was very simple hearted, loved violets and all garden flowers. Perhaps she never got over the real love of her life, Pat de Cicco—the man she married in 1932 and divorced in 1934. That Saturday night—the night of the party—it was rumored about Hollywood Pat and Margaret Lindsay were married, or about to be. Coincidence? Who knows? She has never been wholly happy since. Contrary to the idea that women don't trust beauty, they trusted Thelma... she was such a swell person. Hollywood will miss her special brand of charm—warm, sweet, friendly, humorous... Why did this radiant, lovely, trusting soul who loved the bright high sun of noontime, have to die alone in the dark and ugly hours between midnight and a dim grey dawn... perhaps we will never know... Why...?
Hollywood at the Mike

By Dan Wheeler

WHEN a movie star makes an appearance on the air these days, somebody pays and pays well. Not so long ago, it was the practice for guest star prominent Hollywood people without remuneration. Now, that pay checks are in order, you can't turn on your radio of a winter night without hearing some film personality.

Two programs, though, have had their payers burned trying to present film stars. The General Motors Symphony Hour and the Ford Symphonic Hour made elaborate preparations to get Jeanette MacDonald and Gladys Swarthout at the mike. At the last minute both were forced to cancel their arrangements because picture schedules were behind time.

The big news of the month, of course, is the possibility that Mary Pickford will again be broadcasting—some time in February, the columnists promise. The idea is to have her programs come direct from the lovely Pickfair estate, a series of house parties on the air.

Mary Pickford was the guest of Louella Parsons on the Hollywood Hotel program

A national association of ice dealers want to foot the bill.

Wally Beery finished his job as master of ceremonies on the Shell Chateau program right after the first of the year and Al Jolson resumed his work which he interrupted to make some more pictures for Warner Brothers. But Wally stayed long enough to get Carol Ann, his adopted daughter, on the Christmas program. Confidentially, it was all part of a grand scheme to give Carol Ann all the experience he can. She wants to be an actress and Wally approves.

It looked for a while back in December as though Leslie Howard were going to discontinue his Sunday-night shows. The sponsor (Hind's Honey and Almond Cream) wasn't very pleased over the results of the serial Leslie was presenting, "The Amateur Gentleman." But now he's giving a different dramatization every week and the sponsor is happy.

Some contract renewals will insure your hearing more stars on the air throughout the winter months. Eddie Cantor, sponsored by Pebeco, has gone to New York to broadcast... Igor Gorin, MGM's operatic singer, stays on Campbell Soup's Hollywood Hotel Friday nights... Eleanor Powell, after her sensational success in "Broadway Melody of 1936" has a permanent place on another Friday night program, Socony Oil's it's so good it's worth the space. When Clark Gable was in New York to appear in a Lux Theater play, the production department, after careful thought, picked out a young lady who was rehearsing for a Broadway play to take the role opposite him. The young woman had already appeared on several Lux programs, and had given excellent performances. They sent a special messenger with the good news. He found her backstage, told her, and she promptly fainted dead away.

Clark Gable is in frequent demand as guest star for big programs

Jimmy Durante was never a real radio hit till he made the "Jumbo" broadcasts

"Flying Red Horse Tavern," on the Columbia network. She was sick for a short time, but now she's back for keeps, or for as keeps as radio ever is.

Not so long ago the New York columnists got busy and reported that Helen Hayes and Charlie MacArthur weren't living together. But judging from the way Husband Charlie religiously attends every one of Helen's broadcasts in "The New Penny" for Sanka Coffee, the rumors were considerably exaggerated.

Lily Pons, who is such a box-office success in her picture, "I Dream Too Much," has consistently denied rumors that she and her orchestra director on the Chesterfield air program, Andre Kostelanetz, are married. And she gets madder every time she's asked to deny it. Mr. Kostelanetz won't say anything. He just grows and walks away.

This happened a while ago, but
GEOFF had taken it very quietly. "Another amicable divorce," the fan magazines said. She did wince a little when she read that phrase. She saw Geoff again standing as he had stood when she told him, at attention, with a quality of true terror frozen into his rigidity, like a soldier waiting for a court-martial.

"Janie—you're sure?" he had said. "You're sure that he can make you happy—happier than we've been?"

"You know we haven't been happy," she cried; "not for years!"

The rigidity went out of him on that. "I—thought we had," he said.

"You're just being chivalrous, Geoff—as you've always been—" she cried. "This way you'll be free to be happy with some girl—the road we lost!"

He had gone to the window and stood with his back to her, looking out. "We didn't lose the road," he said. "We just hadn't found it yet."

As her memory for words was theatrically photographic she registered his speech without its meaning, busy flooding herself with solace that he accepted the blame for their ruin. She went on swiftly to talk of practical things. Jimmy wanted her to live on his salary and she intended to sell Herndon Hill.

Geoff had grown paler. Maybe she shouldn't have said that about living on Jimmy's salary. She was trying so hard not to speak of Jimmy, but it would burst through.

"I'm ready to move out—now—any time," Geoff said.

"But what will you do? Where will you go?"

"Oh! I'll manage. I'm going to try to do something on my own hook for a change."

"You've said that thousands of times," she cried, "and you've never done anything! You'd better let me give you some money, so I won't have to worry about whether you eat!"

"Why, Jane!" he said. "Not Janie any more. As soon as this. "What a load you've been carrying around against me. No, you don't need to worry; I'll eat all right."

"Geoff," she gasped, "you won't go away from me as a friend—will you?"

"People don't go away from us, Jane," he said. "We go away from them."

"When I start my new picture and everything—you'll come to see the rushes every day just the same, won't you?"

He blinked. Then he said: "If you want me to."

"I'm pretty dependent on it. You know that."

He looked happier somehow. But he said: "You may find you're not. Just like you found—a lot of other things. Well, good-bye, Jane."

"Can't you say good-bye, Jane—just so it seems we go out smiling?"

He took the crystal jar away from her. "If that's what you

"We've been phony enough times, Jane. Good-bye—and better luck!"

"Good-bye, Geoff—good-bye!"

Amicable divorce!

JANE and Jimmy had no time for a honeymoon. Jimmy had scored in "Never Believe Me" and had been rushed into another picture. The studio wanted to show Jimmy opposite another leading lady as soon as possible after the announce-

ment of his marriage to Jane Herndon, a policy Jane readily understood. Not that Jimmy asked her to understand it. 
think," she cried. "I don't care if I never see you again!"

He didn't talk things over with her; he just told her. It was exciting to be told. When she had said: "That's all right for one picture, but after this I'm going to tell Reuben I want you with me," he had retorted:

"Listen, the set is one place where I'm not going to be with you. I do my job as Jim Grey and not Jane Herndon's husband!"

"Oh. All right, fine, Jimmy," she had recovered. "That's maybe better, because then, if you do well, we can co-starred."

"There's no 'if' about my doing well," said Jimmy, "and we will not be co-starred. Get that into your lovely nut right now. I stick to my pictures and you to yours!"

It was exciting. She found herself murmuring, "All right, fine," again, as she had heard Geoff murmur so often to her. A woman wanted to be told. For years, she saw now, she had been cherishing a grudge against Geoff because he had let her tell him.

That was why she had not been able to keep herself from saying, "Jimmy wants me to live on his salary." Jimmy had told her there too.

"Save your money, or throw it in the Pacific," he said. "I'm going to buy everything for you. There's not going to be any part of your lure that isn't paid for by me, or it might want to stray!"

Thrilling to be a stray-suspect after years of perfect faith, or perfect indifference, from Geoff. Jimmy didn't even want her to smile at the cameraman. As for the Tonys and Andy's and Vergils, they were, as Jimmy said, "out." She didn't miss them. She didn't even have time to look in the mirror and miss herself.

Jimmy couldn't afford Beverly Hills and he wouldn't have let her stay there anyway. "Your social career is over, see?" he told her. They found a pretty pink stucco house built like a chalet in the Hollywood hills.

They went to the movies in the evenings, sitting in the balcony and holding hands along with all the other lovers. They went to prize-fights twice a week. Jane learned the technique of boxing and the names and points of all the contenders; she sat beside Jimmy and felt him tremble as his body followed the fighters' moves, his muscles darting and twitching like a dog who is dreaming of battle; she breathed the air panting with smoke and sweat and the violent perfume of the girls men took to fights and felt that she was part of something elemental and real at last, after years of brittle drawing-room endeavor to touch emotion in art because she had found it nowhere else.

Coming home afterwards they would take long winding rides, parking on lonely hilltops like any homeless couple that must snatch romance al fresco; they gazed at the lights of Los Angeles that spread below them like stars on a mammoth jet fan and talked like any lovers who had never been anywhere or seen anything except themselves.

He never really cared how late they got home although he had to be on the set at seven every morning. She marvelled at his vitality and was dimly apprehensive of how their hours might conflict when they started work on her new picture. It was not possible for her to look young and radiant in front of the camera unless she was in bed every night before ten,
and often after an especially taxing day she needed to go to bed immediately on reaching home. But perhaps now she would be strong enough not to require all that rest. She felt stronger than she had been since the New York days. Everyone told her how young she was looking, and how beautiful. Sales-girls in shops and casual acquaintances hardly knew her.

One reason for this was that Jimmy had made her doff her hallmark of always wearing white. He wanted her in colors. He took her to gay shops along Wilshire Boulevard and bought her a bright blue tweed suit, a red wool dress, a sport suit of soft green flannel, and four in-between gowns in pastel shades. There was no need for evening dresses, as they weren't, he told her, going to any parties.

She did mind this a little. She knew that she looked best in white, beyond the fact that it had become a part of her public social personality. She could not make him see that colors blocked out her face and made her feel less dramatic about herself.

Of course, she knew that she could not expect to look like a prim gardenia any more, but a tiny nostalgia after unfurled petals made her realize that she had enjoyed that picture of herself, white and ethereally wistful and unfulfilled. And now she must conform to Jimmy's picture of her, which she did not, after all, have time to decide whether she enjoyed it.

She was still accustoming herself to colors when the machinery of her new screen play started to turn and she was forced to concentrate upon her camera self, which was distinctly menaced, she felt at once, by the script that the writer faintly delivered into her clutches.

The story, in her Reno absence, was completed with its defects firmly built into it, and all she could do was bang the script up and down on Reuben's desk and say:

"It misses, I tell you. It just misses somehow. That's all I know—it simply absolutely misses!"

"If you can tell me where it 'simply absolutely' misses," said Reuben, "then we can fight about it. Otherwise, Jane, we start shooting on Monday. You can't afford to stay one more day off the screen."

She couldn't tell where it missed. She had asked Jimmy to read it, which he had done rather breezily.

"Don't worry, it'll go all right," he had told her. "It always has, hasn't it?"

"Yes, it's always gone all right because I have worried," she had retorted.

She could not help feeling that if this were Jimmy's own script he would not have been quite so care-free about it. Her mind, which was literal and retentive if not developed in logical reasoning, could not banish the memory of certain combats she had heard Jimmy wage over the telephone with the front office in which Jimmy had refused to go through with a flowery passage in a love scene.

"Oh, Geoff, you're an angel!" she gasped. "Are you sure it won't interfere with anything you're trying to do?"

"I'm doing nothing, as usual," said Geoff. "This will be a nice break."

"Oh," she said. "Geoff—how are you about money?"

"I'm very shy," he said. "I may be holding you up at any time."

"Oh," she said. "Well, Geoff—why wait? Let me send some over with the script—"

"No," he said. "I'm still eating. Let's get the script settled first. I'll call you as soon as I finish it."

There was a pause. "Jane," he said, "how are you?"

"Oh, I'm just fine," she said.

"That's fine," he said. "Well—I'll call you back."

He called toward the close of the afternoon. "I know what's wrong," he said. "The climax sounds all right on paper but it won't stand up on the screen."

He had put his finger on the thing that had been troubling her. He told her that he would send her a copy of the scene as soon as Reuben approved it. She thanked him as courteously as they had always thanked each other for everything, mechanically said, "Good-by, darling!" and turned to see Jimmy staring at her from the door.

"Who were you talking to?" he said.

"Why, darling," she said; "only Geoff."

"Only Geoff, huh?" He came into the room. "You called him darling. Now you call me darling. Quite a little quick-switch champion, aren't you?"

"Why, Jimmy," she said, "Arch Hammer calls me darling, so does everybody on the lot, and so do I to them whenever it seems in. I'd hate to say how often Geoff must have heard me use that word just on a telephone!"

Jimmy's face grew white. He looked exactly as he had looked in a rage scene in "Never Believe Me." His voice, too, was the same one he had used in that scene, quiet and deadly.

"And he lost you, didn't he?" he said. "I'm not going to be such a heel."

"He's not a heel!" she cried.

"And he didn't lose me—any more than my father or brother would lose me—if I had had a father or brother and then married someone!"

She explained about the script. Jimmy listened, his face going into Shift One of the rage scene. She could not help likening it, because her mind was on technical shifts and scenes anyway. She was still too absorbed with her problem to take him seriously.

"All right," he said. "He can fix the thing this time. But you're not to see him or talk to him on the phone again."

It was her turn to stare now. He didn't look like a rage scene any more. He looked real. She began to be frightened. "Why, Jimmy—" she stammered, "that's incredible. Civilized people don't do things that way nowadays—"

"Then I'm not civilized," said Jimmy, "and I don't believe that anyone in love is civilized either. I don't want you even to have any memories, do you hear?" [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
Claudette Colbert, caught by our color cameraman, James N. Doolittle, on her way to the races at Santa Anita, in a sports outfit designed by Irene of Bullocks Wilshire. Her coat is a vibrant green with red-brown flared skirt and lumber jacket blouse of dull raspberry. A pheasant's feather trims her smart hat poised above her burnished curls.
Oriental Allure

Sinuous in marine blue crinkly satin, Marguerite Churchill, newly signed by Warner Bros., suggests the splendor of the Orient. Note the conical Hindu turban of silver and metal cloth, the corded silver girdle and the silver dancing-girl bracelet.
Marian Marsh, soon to be seen in "No More Yesterdays," contemplates the sweep of the Los Angeles Coliseum in a suit of navy wool and grey tweed. Her cape swishes back. Red velvet ascot, navy hat. Costume here, and on next two pages, from Bebe Daniels.
Buy a toy, lady! Hollywood’s parade of stuffed toys tempts Marian to pause in her dress of emerald green velveteen. Brown leather buttons match her leather belt. Green felt hat

Marian hunts for first editions in a dusty pink woolen suit with brown wooden fastenings closing her jacket. With it she wears a brown felt hat with a pompom, suede gloves and pumps.
As the sun sets, Marian waves farewell in a coat dress of white gabardine. A brown silk tailored shirt matches her brown shoes. Her white felt hat is softly turned up in back to show her curls.

Slacks for scrambling, says Marian. The view is no lovelier than she is in natural color silk gabardine buttoned to a pointed collar. Accents, brown grosgrain hat-band, gloves and shoes.
Fashion Snaps of Life

Carole Lombard, dressed in a brown and gold lamé jacket worn over a draped skirt of brown crêpe, passes judgment on the juicy barbecued steaks at Mitchell Leisen's party.

Ida Lupino starts off with a stride after a fruit luncheon at Paramount. Back to the set in a fur coat over her good-looking pajamas.

Ann Sothern goes to sea in a tuna clipper. She exposes her mink coat to the salt water test, but protects her eyes from sun glare.

Madge Evans and Una Merkel at a dude ranch. Red, white and blue blouses and scarfs, blue jeans, and gallon hat.
Here is Jean at the races in a tweed suit with patch pockets. The coat lining is of brown linen to match her tailored blouse.

Badminton at Palm Springs. Una, in shorts of blue with sailor stripes. Madge is ready to go in tan pongee, with brown.

Hush! Jean Arthur in a trouser-skirt dress of salt and pepper tweed selects a juicy ripe pineapple. Her hat is black.
Smiling Snug in Sealskin

A last glimpse of Norma Shearer before she becomes Juliet of Verona. Her coat is of Safari seal, designed by Adrian and executed by Willard George. The sandals are for sunny climes.
Miss Shearer embodies a rare and lovely quality of distinction in a trailing chiffon gown of soft moss green. The hooded cape is of velvet, and is richly trimmed with Russian sables.
Blue Eyes in Golden Setting

Exactly matching creamy coffee in tone, Miriam Hopkins' enchanting dress blends with her skin and gleaming golden hair. Jeweled clips allow just a glimpse of her throat.
Pick the Best Picture of 1935

Once again, Photoplay asks you to decide the eagerly awaited winner of its annual Gold Medal award. Vote now!

Fifty Outstanding Pictures of 1935

Accent on Youth
Alice Adams
Anna Karenina
Annapolis Farewell
Black Fury
Broadway Gondolier
Becky Sharp
Bright Lights
Barbary Coast
Olive of India
Call of the Wild
Case of the Curious
Bride, The
Crusades, The
China Seas
David Copperfield
Doubling Thomas
Escape Me Never
Farmer Takes a Wife, The
G Men
Gay Deception, The
Hanna Across the Table
Here's to Romance
Informer, The
I Live My Life
Little Minister, The
Les Miserables
Love Me Forever
Last Days of Pompeii
Midsummer Night's Dream, A
Mutiny on the Bounty
Naughty Marietta
No More Ladies
Oil for the Lamps of China
Old Curiosity Shop, The
Private Worlds
Public Hero No. 1
Ruggles of Red Gap
Roberta
Scarlet Pimpernel, The
Scondrel, The
Steamboat Round the Bend
She Married Her Boss
39 Steps
Top Hat
Three Musketeer, The
Vanessa - Her Love
Story
Wedding Night, The
Woman Wanted

What motion picture do you think "tops" them all for 1935?
Did you like adventure, mystery, horror, romance, realism, trick photography, musical shows, costume pictures, sea sagas, westerns, comedies, or grand opera stories? Did you like the picturization of your childhood classics? Did you like to laugh or cry? In your judgment, which was the best picture as to story, cast and presentation?
Each year Hollywood and the motion picture world watch for Photoplay's Gold Medal Award. This award is made by YOU, the readers of Photoplay. You are the jury in this trial. When your vote for the best picture of the year is counted, the majority rules. It is the only decision of its kind in which the public absolutely has the whole say.
Not only does this contest give you the chance to express your views on what you thought was the best picture for 1935, but your vote will influence the type of picture produced next year.
Think over very carefully the pictures you liked in 1935; your family and friends liked. As we realize you probably can't remember all the good ones you saw, we list fifty in the left-hand column of this page to refresh your memory. You may think some other picture not on this list should be the winner. That's all right, too. You are not limited in any way to the ones printed here.
At the bottom of the page, Photoplay has printed a convenient form of ballot which you may use; or you may print or write your choice on a slip of paper, or card, with your name and address, and send it to the Editor of Photoplay Magazine, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y. No matter how it gets here, we want your vote.
After you have carefully come to an opinion, send in your vote as soon as possible. Doing so will help in a speeded count. Don't forget producers and public eagerly await your verdict.
Photoplay Magazine is very proud of the previous decisions made by its readers. A list of these decisions is on this page for other years, and you will note the outstanding distinction and merit of the pictures chosen.
The Photoplay Medal is solid gold, weighing 12½ pennyweights, and is two and a half inches in diameter. It is designed and executed by Tiffany & Company, New York. Photoplay acting as the representative of thousands of its readers and picture goes the world over will bestow this distinguished award to the studio which made the picture which wins the most votes. Send YOUR vote now.

Previous Winners from 1920 to Now

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7TH HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"
1933
"LITTLE WOMEN"
1934
"THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET"

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT
EDITOR, PHOTOCPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1935

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME
ADDRESS
Dick Brent felt Peters' elbow in his ribs.

Vilma Fenton opened her eyes, stirred uneasily, met Dick's gaze and smiled. The husky individual leaned over her and said, "Miss Fenton, the D. A. wants to talk with you."

She sat up, looking slightly dazed and punch-groggy.

Someone said, "If you're from the district attorney's office, you'd better investigate what's happening here. Miss Fenton was almost killed. Someone tried to murder her."

Brent's voice was vibrant with cold fury. "Haven't you enough decency to be tactful? Miss Fenton has just had a severe shock, and you..."

The two men paid no attention to Dick's angry expostulation. One of them slipped his hand under Vilma Fenton's arm and said, interrupting, "Come on, sister, the D. A.'s waiting."

Brent braced himself, picked the exact spot on the man's jaw where he intended to plant his fist. Dead-Pan Peters unostentatiously grabbed Brent's wrist, holding Dick's fist down at his side. "Don't be a f-f-f-fool," he said in a low voice. "The only way you can help her is by keeping on the outside. It won't do any good for us to get in too."

One of the men from the district attorney's office, still holding Vilma Fenton's arm, said, "We're looking for a man named Brent. Any of you folks know him?"

Peters, grabbing Brent by the arm, said, "S-s-s-step this way, Mr. J-J-J-Jones. J-J-J-Jack Warner wants to see you in his office right away."

Vilma Fenton turned a politely impersonal smile upon Dick and said, "I'm quite all right now. Thank you so much, Mr. Jones. Please don't keep Jack Warner waiting." Then, as Dick still hesitated, she added, "I'm quite certain you can do so much more for me by going at once to see Mr. Warner... That's a darling."

Dick realized the expression of endearment was no casual matter. Her eyes as well as her voice told him she was pleading her heart.

"But I want to stay with Vilma. I want to see just how much they know, and then I can back her play."

"You s-s-s-stand as much ch-ch-chance as a Ch-Ch-Ch-Chinaman. My God, do you think the district attorney's so d-d-d-dumb he'd let you talk to Vilma Fenton? He'd put her in one room and you in another. You're c-c-crazy. The only way you can help her is by keeping out and being f-f-f-free to do things."

Dick, forced to admit the logic of Peters' statement, slowly nodded.

"You w-w-wait here," Peters said. "I'll f-f-figure how to g-g-get us out."

He led Dick to a hut which had evidently done duty in a South Seas picture, a hut thatched with cocoanut palm and surrounded by half a dozen stately imitation palms which reared their fronds against the blue-black of the Southern California sky.

"St-st-stay right there. I'll be b-b-back," he said, and slipped away without waiting for an answer.

The interior of the hut was a replica of that of some South
She grabbed at the edges of the kimono and pulled it together. Dick turned to Peters: "Ring up the cops, Bill, and tell them we've got the man who murdered Frank Alter." The man cried, "Ruth. If you sell out on me, I'll..."

She's of startling. She's had seen her, and even before that, when he had watched her performances on the screen. At the time, he had told himself he was appreciating her remarkable qualities as an actress. Now he realized that his emotions had been far more personal and far more powerful than he had ever dreamed was the case.

Brent's thoughts were interrupted by the return of Peters.

"I g-g-got 'em," he said, dropping bundles on the hard-packed ground. "They're having a circus scene, and these are a couple of clown costumes I snitched. Put them on, and make it snappy. We've got to g-g-get out of here right now."

Seas savage. There were fish spears and war clubs on the wall, a Kula bowl on the hard-packed dirt floor. Drinking cups of cocoanut shells, ground thin and polished, were scattered about.

Long as he had been accustomed to the Hollywood environment, Dick could never quite adjust himself to the startling changes of locale within the studio grounds.

Pacing the packed dirt floor of a cannibal hut, the problem of Dr. Copeland's murder seemed rather vague and remote. He wanted most desperately to grab one of the war clubs, sally forth from the hut, force his way to Vilma Fenton's side, and protect her against those who would add to her harrowing experiences that of a third-degree in the district attorney's office. However, he realized the logic of Peters' remarks. He would necessarily have to be free if he were going to give the woman he loved any real assistance.

The woman he loved!

The realization of his true feelings for Vilma Fenton had crashed home to him with the shock of some violent blow. He knew now that he had loved her, ever since that first time he

DICK telephoned his office and said to the girl who answered the telephone, "What reports on Merla Smith?"

"Stan Whiting just telephoned," she said. "Merla gave him the slip."

Brent cursed into the transmitter. "How'd it happen?" he asked.

"She was wise she was being tailed, according to what Stan said. She gave him a run-around, ducked into a ladies' restroom with an outside exit and beat it."

"How long ago?"

"About half an hour."

"You tell Stan to go to that Beachwood address where we located Ruth Gelder," Dick said. "That's where she'd hear for as soon as she ditched him."

"We've got a report on the Gelder woman, she's keeping someone in the apartment."

"Spill it."

"It's a bachelor apartment. She can't cook in it. She's taking her meals at a restaurant and she's bringing trays into the place."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]
Luncheon at Dolores Del Rio's

- Flower Bowl—hand-made antique Mexican
- Service Plates and Bread and Butter Plates—Sterling, hand-made by Sojihe in Mexico
- Flat Silver—Spanish Borocco
- Crystal—Modernistic, from Bullocks
- China—Wedgwood's "Patrician"
- Napkins—Irish damask
- Furniture—Designed by Cedric Gibbons
When Joseph, a suave Frenchman, releases the electric lock on the unique chromium gates guarding the Dolores Del Rio-Cedric Gibbons estate near Santa Monica and then swings wide the enormous front portal of solid chromium, you, as guest, step into a house as vastly different from the norm as the fascinating Wonderland Little Alice found so long ago.

Not that it is bizarre, exaggerated, unbelievable or even uncomfortable. No, not that. It is just that it is the modern mode at its most modern yet controlled, good-taste best.

For instance, the walls of your house probably are of solid plaster and wood; here are walls of mirrors. You probably have floors of polished wood or carpeted; these are of gleaming linoleum. You have chairs about the room; here three huge built-in divans four feet deep serve instead. Dividing the room in a horizontal half, you place your flowers and greens in the lower half; Miss Del Rio's are in the upper, part of them well nigh touching the ceiling. You may have a fire screen in front of your fireplace; Mr. Gibbons has drawn curtains of linked chain.

It's modern as tomorrow's newspaper, and yet in that whole, there's not one false item.

Nor should there be. Every line, every detail, every stick of furnishings were worked out in the brain of that ace interior decorator and master of the household, Cedric Gibbons, as the perfect background for his exotic and darkly lovely wife.

In this setting, Miss Del Rio recently gave a formal luncheon which may well serve as the perfect pattern for the hostess in the modern mode.

Eight guests, close friends of Miss Del Rio, were bidden for the one-thirty hour on that brilliantly sunny California day. While anywhere from three to thirty often join her at her justly famous informal buffets and afterwards repair to the well-kept Gibbons courts for strenuous tilts of tennis, eight is the number she prefers for her rare formal moods.

Marlene Dietrich, Maureen O'Sullivan, Virginia Bruce, Anita Louise, Lili Damita, Mrs. Gary Cooper and the Countess D'Maigret, a visiting social favorite of the season, comprised this list.

Ensclosed in the deep, Roman-like divans of pale lemon velvet corduroy, two of which face each other at right angles to the fireplace, (the third is flush with a fourth wall which forms part of a wide staircase) the guests sipped aperitifs of Dubonnet.

The guests then adjourned to the dining room with its unexpected angles, mirror insets in the ceiling, built-in buffet some six feet in length and backed by mirror, table top of pure crystal, and white chairs of unique design with bands of chromium and upholstered in white grosgrain. Wide ceiling-to-floor windows occupy one entire corner, and bordering them are draw-drapes of heavy topaz velvet. Black inlaid linoleum covers the floor and a white rug of deep pile carries a modernistic design in rust and blonde.

The long oblong table was almost austere in its simplicity. The crystal top was barren of any covering. Fragrant gardenias were massed in an antique Mexican silver bowl and individual mums in silver dishes stood at either end. Silver pheasants on either side of the center floral piece lent a decorative note.

Before each place were chaste sterling service plates, handmade in Mexico by the famed silver artisan, Sojihe. The flat service was Spanish Borocco. At the tips of the forks were matching silver bread and butter plates, by Sojihe, and at the tips of the knives stood two crystal goblets with silvered crystal bases. One was for water, the other for the Rosenheim Haut Sauterne, 1928.

At the left of the forks lay the beautifully monogrammed Irish damask napkins and before each place were individual ash trays and match boxes in sterling. They bore the hostess' monogram reproduced from her distinctive handwriting.

Luncheon, prepared by Miss Del Rio's prized cook, Ann, was served by Joseph. It was a leisurely affair beginning with Soup Madrilene. Then came Sweetbreads Saute on Toast, Petit Pois au Hure (green peas in butter) and String Beans au Jils. Dessert was the extremely rich Strawberry Bavarois. Steaming cups of fine black coffee topped off the meal.

From the menu Miss Del Rio gave Ann permission to part with three recipes, the soup, sweetbreads and bavaroise. As they stand they will serve eight.

For the Soup Madrilene have ready 1 1/2 quarts of meat stock; 1 carrot, 1 onion, celery and greens, all chopped; 3 egg whites, 8 tomatoes and 1 1/2 pound chopped lean meat. Beat the chopped vegetables, chopped meat and egg whites together. Add the tomatoes after they have been put through a sieve, and then the meat stock. Mix well. Place over fire, add salt, pepper, bay leaf and a few cloves. Stir until it boils and then simmer for 1 1/2 hours. Remove from fire, strain, add a little red vegetable coloring, and serve.

For the Sweetbreads Saute on Toast, blanch the sweetbreads, and, as soon as they are cold, form into firm cutlets.

Saute in butter or bacon fat and serve on toast with Hollandaise sauce. Garnish with broiled mushrooms.

For the Hollandaise sauce beat 4 eggs until thick, slowly add 1 1/2 cup cold water, cook in double boiler beating constantly and adding, a little at a time, 1/2 cup butter, creamed. When thick, slowly add 1 1/2 cup boiling water and seasoning.

The seasoning Miss Del Rio uses includes 2 tsps. tarragon vinegar or lemon juice, 1/2 tsp grated onion, 1 tsp. minced parsley, a small blade of mace, 1/2 tsp. salt and 1/2 tsp. paprika.

Cook together until reduced one-half in quantity, then strain through cloth.

To make the Strawberry Bavaroise, soak 1 1/2 tsps. gelatine in 1 1/2 cup cold water. Scald 1 1/2 cups of milk, pour on the yolks of 3 eggs into which 3/4 cup sugar has been beaten. Return to the double boiler, add 1 tsp. butter, a little salt, and the gelatine. Cook until the mixture coats a spoon. Strain, beat and cool. When cooled, add egg whites beaten stiff, 1 cup of whipped cream and 1 cup crushed strawberries. Let stand in ice box for 3 hours. Serve with whipped cream.
"In Sickness and In Health"

To people like Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, those are sacred words—but what will be the outcome of the new crisis in this strange saga of devotion?

By Walter Ramsey

But there was an ironic and rather fascinating connection. For Ann is in the process of living the story that Barbara has just decided to end—an existence wrapped round and round the figure of a man who is everything in the world to her, Leslie Fenton.

The circumstances of the two stories differ chiefly where the personalities of the two men are different. Frank Fay and Leslie Fenton are as dissimilar as men ever come. One is the extrovert, the hail-fellow-well-met, the laughing clown of the spotlight. The other is a moody dreamer and idealist who counts the world well lost in return for solitude, silence and contemplation. But in one quality they are alike; they have drawn the women who love them away from the world and surrounded them with such a barricade of their love as to keep out the normal contacts of life with friends and other interests.

The private paradise of Barbara and Frank has just ended after long years.

For Ann and Leslie, a similar yet strange love is being put to the first test in the fire of a long illness.

When one thinks of Ann as ill, one doesn’t think of the average movie queen surrounded by flowers and friends. Rather, one thinks of her in that lonely Fenton ranch house in the valley.

To the casual reader, I suppose there is little connection between the two stories: Barbara’s plan for a divorce after years and years of slavish devotion to the man she loved, and Ann Dvorak’s illness. I doubt if Ann and Barbara would have seen it; they were barely acquainted with one another.
It had taken me almost two hours to locate the Fenton ranch. It is hidden on a dark road, about a mile from the main highway. The streets are badly marked. When at last I did discover the correct turn-off and drove into the gate and around to the patio entrance, I was quite ready to believe the stories of their desire for privacy and the ends they had gone to insure it.

"Have any trouble finding the place?" they asked in unison as I walked toward the opened door. Their voices left no reason to apologize for my late arrival; they seemed to have expected it.

"It was a bit hard to find," I said. Their smiles were of such obvious satisfaction that I didn’t ever mention the badly-lighted streets. As we lighted our cigarettes, a dog jumped into my chair and lay quietly, his head on my knee. Mr. Fenton’s look of hurt surprise advised me that the dog Hans had been expected to be quite vicious. I patted his head to point the mistake.

The glass of excellent wine and the roaring fire added to the atmosphere of the room and Leslie’s brilliant conversation made the time pass swiftly. But this was not the story. The story came from the few remarks Ann made and the many things that were left unsaid by both of them. It painted the true facts of the strangest love story in Hollywood.

I think the first drift in that direction came after I had jokingly suggested that their friends must have a devil of a fine time getting to them. Leslie, filling my wine glass to the brim, said:

"We have no friends."

He might, for all the seriousness and emotional consciousness behind the statement, have been remarking on the weather or the deplorable fact that we were out of tobacco. Ann, who was wearing a red sports dress and knitting on something as yet indefinable, sat in a deep, masculine-type chair with her feet curled under, her dark, unruly hair tumbling about her face. She continued to knit as though the remark held no particular meaning for her, either.

"Look here," I said, "I’ve heard all about this isolated, famous Hollywood people whose mania for having many friends near them amounted to a fetish. There were some who couldn’t endure a dinner, the theater or an evening at home unless they were surrounded with crowds. I have always pitied a famous person with such a dependency upon other people; some day, when their fame was gone, they would have nothing with which to attract their audience. Where would they turn then? Yes, I could understand and sympathize with that type."

But I couldn’t understand Ann and Leslie at all.

"This bewilders me," I said aloud. "Let us suppose you are able to keep this up for, shall we say, ten years. Each year of your self-enforced solitary freedom should make you more and more dependent upon each other. What would happen, then, should one or the other of you die? What would become of the other—the one who, after twelve years of single love, is left alone?"

Ann straightened in her big chair and answered my question with her frank manner:
A BEAUTIFUL neck and graceful expressive hands are attributes of beauty that you may more fully appreciate at fifty than you do at fifteen—or more. But if you are wise you will give them the same fastidious care that you give your face, for they show the first tell-tale lines. The well-poised woman carries her head high, ready to meet any situation that may arise. And with that posture she is adding materially to the beauty of her throat, keeping it rounded and free from lines. There's good sound reasoning back of it, even if she isn't conscious of it. Correct posture permits free circulation of the blood, which keeps the tissue constantly nourished and the muscles strengthened.

Lovely Gloria Stuart and Rochelle Hudson both say to "stand tall." Let the muscles of your neck rather than the top of your spine support your head. Flatten your shoulder blades, up with your chin, don't thrust it forward turtle-fashion. If you wish to prove that you are really standing correctly, try your grandmother's remedy for poor posture,—walk around the room with a couple of books balanced on your head. It's a grand preventive for the bookworm's bump. If you already have that fatty bump on the back of your neck, I've just learned some new exercises that will remove it in record time. If you write me, they shall be sent to you at once.

With winter and fur collars arriving simultaneously, even the most swan-like neck shows slight discoloration now and then. Perhaps it needs further stimulation,—brisk application
YOUR NECK AND HANDS
Tell Tales

Molly Lamont, RKO-Radio featured player, combats brittle nails and dry cuticle with a special oil nail conditioner

Meticulously groomed fingertips distinguish Carole Lombard's hands. She's in "Spinster Dinner." for Universal

of a complexion brush with your soap and water cleansing. And don't forget to slap on plenty of cold water. All necks and chins need that. At night, a nourishing cream, molded in with your four fingers, from shoulders to chin, will work wonders. Don't forget the hollows back of your ears and use both hands on the back of your neck. Remove the cream with a mild tonic. If your neck is darker than your face, use one of the new powder foundations and a lighter shade of powder than you use on your face.

Now for a word about hands. They sometimes appear older than your face because they lack attention. Princess Paley has such beautiful hands that I asked her how she kept them so smooth and white. She says that she always applies a hand lotion or cream after she bathes them with warm water and a bland soap. And she suggested a very good way to keep hands well nourished. When you are creaming your face, massage your hands with the cream that remains on your fingertips.

If your hands become red or "clammy" the cause is faulty circulation. This may be alleviated by massage. Starting at the tips of the fingers, massage with long firm strokes to the wrist. Massage them, finger by finger and then the whole hand, using a good nourishing cream made especially for this purpose.

In between manicures, your nails should have daily nourishment with a good oil to prevent brittleness, breaking and peeling. Massage the oil well into the cuticle with the cushions of your fingers. Healthy nails will result.

Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck
Golden Halos

For evening, a wispy fringe on your brow or a flower filet for your curls

Another view of Ida's new hair do illustrates its simple and unsophisticated arrangement. The soft curled fringe on her forehead is entrancing, but is not becoming to all and may be omitted.

Casualness is the keynote of formal coiffures for the young idea so enchantingly expressed by Ida Lupino in "Anything Goes." From a short center part, her blonde hair is loosely waved at the sides and swirled at the back into brushed-out ringlets at the nape of her neck.

Two views of the lovely Anita Louise, who will be seen shortly in "Anthony Adverse," show a shining crown surrounded by a diadem of curls. Across the top they are brushed in soft flat ringlets, to evolve into puffs at the nape of her neck. Sprays of roses and sweet peas add the formal touch.
Glowing Skin

Eleanor Powell's outward radiance—the secret of half her charm

Eleanor Powell uses two shades of powder to give her skin a translucent glow. Below, she is seen applying first the darker, then the light powder. Above, a camel's hair brush dusts off the excess.

Eleanor carefully smooths her lip rouge with her little finger, after applying the make-up along the natural outline of her lips. A red make-up pencil may be used to define the outline. If her rouge "smudges" she straightens her lip-line with an orangewood stick first dipped in peroxide.

Eleanor's rouge gives her cheeks a suffused glow in perfect color harmony with her lip rouge and powder. She pats it on before powdering, then blends it by smoothing the edges with her fingertips. You will soon see Eleanor in "Hats In the Air," her next for M G M.
“Skin Radiance,” our newest beauty leaflet has a brand new “make-up!” Useful and attractive as never before, it tells you the latest news in make-up and skin care. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Jane Froman, Warner Brother's new discovery, while on a shopping jaunt in New York, made a few discoveries, hersel. She found new beauty in the loveliest packages. One, a white plaster box, holds powder, delicate in texture and fragrance to match her perfume.

In exquisite containers of black and gold, the promise of a skin as radiant as Jane's. These two creams are blended with pure gold which has been found beneficial in toning and clarifying the tissues of the skin.

In a new line which advocates emulsions, Jane found a marvelous lotion which she uses as a powder base or for her hands. It dries quickly leaving a transparent film. And isn't it the most unusual powder box!
Dolores Costello—Gallant Lady

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

decision. The same day she started suit for divorce.

It was this resolute spirit that made her
defy her mother's warning against going on the
stage back in 1926 when she was nineteen that
took her to George White unannounced and
unknown. She was hired immediately for
the chorus of the "Scandals." Although the road
ahead from then on was comparatively easy and
a short one to success, Dolores Costello
Barrymore never cared about that success
with its accompanying glamour that came, al-
most over night.

She had a cherished, romantic dream about
love, children, a home. Her early home had
been one of turmoil. She wanted peace. She
wanted children who would know the loving
and devoted care of both parents. She wanted
love.

It all seemed God-made when John Barry-
more, the idol of her youth, suddenly saw her, insisted
she become his leading lady, promptly forgot every other
woman he knew and fell madly in love with her. He
was still married to Michael Strange at the time, his then
second wife.

For Dolores now, every dream, every hope, crystal-
ized itself in the figure of John Barrymore and her life
ahead with him. Her star was rising high and brilliant although, financially, for
some time she was forced to work for the ridiculous salary
—in movie circles—of seventy-five dollars a week. And this was her salary while her
name was featured under John Barrymore's in lights on a
Broadway marquee. Fan mail started pouring in. De-
mands from other studios made Warner Bros., who gave
her chance, realize what a find she was. However,
this didn't make them raise her salary; merely her quota of
work.

After three pictures at this incredibly small figure, with
love crowding her thoughts
and stimulating her emotions, with the dis-
comforting knowledge that John Barrymore
hadn't yet been given his divorce and marriage for
her had to wait, she suddenly became tired. Fan mail was often hurt her. Studios
wanted her. Her admirers gaped and praised.
This meant nothing now, she wanted marriage.

Because she had been made to work for
eighteen hours a day on the set at seventy-five dollars a week she refused to go on working.
Warner Bros. finally realized the lighting,
strong person they were working with and she
was coaxed back and within the next three years her salary rose to $3500 a week.
She became one of the leading stars in the industry.
Some of the most important roles were pre-
pared for her. From the "Sea Beast," her
first as a featured player and her first with
John Barrymore she went on to play leads for Paramount on loan and then back to
Warner Bros. for "When a Man Loves,"
whom she adored. Her mother's experience
wasn't to dissuade her even though, as a
daughter, she too had suffered from an irascible,
bad-tempered actor around the house.

Dolores loved and there is no fathoming love
After a long, adventurous honeymoon spent on
a yacht smaller than the one John Barry-
more now owns which took them from the
Galapagos Isles to New York, Dolores heard the
news that added the fillip to the full if only
temporary happiness. She and her husband
had just come out of a doctor's office when a
girl, passing them, said: "Oh, look, there's
Dolores Costello and John Barrymore." Glowing, Dolores turned to her husband and
whispered: "But she doesn't know that now
there are three of us!"

They came back to Hollywood to buy a
home. They found a six room house high on a
hill in Beverly Hills far removed from any
neighbor or building. It took ten minutes just

During all this time she was never known to
strike an attitude, assume a pose nor seem the
least bit aware of her beauty or fame. It was
work. She doesn't like work. She wanted to
get away from work.

She proved this by marrying John Barry-
more as soon as he was divorced and thus
gave up a salary of $3500 a week and a full
rich and startling career.

The day of her marriage she was radiant.
If you were to see the lovely miniature which
was painted on her wedding day and which
she still has standing on her vanity dresser
you'd know that John Barrymore too was
never so happy, so full of the joy of living, so
young. Certainly that should be easy to
believe. Too, she had refused to listen to
admonitions and warnings. She was told to
consider what she was doing. She defied
stem, parental objection from the mother
to drive down to the main road from this
house. Soon after they married in they felt
their space confined and limited. So John
Barrymore decided to add to it. Without
plan or practicability building began and by
the time Dolores Ethel Barrymore, their first
child, arrived several houses had been added.
These had little relation and less proximity
to the main house. They had so much
acreage that they spread their home and the
struggling, scrumbled mansion soon began to
be the butt of jokes. The Mud House on the
Hill and Barrymore's Folly were the favorite
names used to describe the place.

Dolores Barrymore laughed happily and
confidently at possible discomforts, unkind
remarks and an evident growing restlessness
although at infrequent intervals. What
mattered it if a weakness asserted itself now
and then. Dolores knew her love and she had
faith in her husband's love. Tolerance and understanding
made for happier homes than naggng and caution. She
continued to live in a world of her own and, forgetful of
herself, to grow too stout and her complexion to be sup-
planted by a careless un-
becoming her beauty.

But she was thinking only
of a second child now. Dolores
Ethel (now called Decda be-
cause her little brother can't
say her name) had passed
her infancy and was showing
the unpleasant side of an only
child. She was pettish and
surly and needed a playmate.

Then Warner Brothers sud-
denly asked Dolores to do a
picture for them. She turned
down only to hear her-
selves ridiculed, called snobbish.
True, she had never been friendly with picture people in general. If their intimate friends happened to be in the
industry they came to the
house on the hill but they
were friends first. Dolores
was unhappy at the unfair
criticism that followed her
honest lack of desire to work
and she appealed to her hus-
band. He told her to go ahead and take the offer. Thus she did and she's regretted it ever
since. She wasn't pretty in that picture. Her
heart wasn't in it. She felt that her career
was definitely behind her. Soon she was to have her second child.
Neither she nor her husband would admit to
the other that they wanted a son, but when
John Barrymore, Jr. arrived the infant's
father, standing at his wife's bedside, said:
"Well, I guess now we can be honest with
ourselves. We wanted a son. I'm so happy we
have him."

Then something unexplainable happened.
John Barrymore became restless and slowly
seemed to forget his wife and family. He
became more and more of a friend
of John Barrymore's, many of them only
remotely connected with the theater but of
excellent connections, began to veer from the
side of their lifelong friend to the side of his

83

Director John Cromwell discusses with Dolores Costello her
role of Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." With this picture
Miss Costello once more returns to her movie public
puzzled, worried, courageous young wife. Advice was plentiful and cheap now. But she didn't want it. She had already fought out her problems alone.

She knew her husband had been working at a terrific pace. She knew what it was to stand before the camera days on end. Perhaps he needed a rest from his home, his children, the studio.

On their yacht, the "Infanta," which Dolores named, in its grandeur and splendor of equipment, she took him away from Hollywood for a long vacation in Alaska where they might hunt, fish and have quiet and peace.

But the trouble was deep within the man. There was no explanation, no decision. They came back from their trip which proved a failure in its purpose and John Barrymore left his wife, children and home—and didn't come back.

With no sense of outrage and with no false vanity, Dolores decided to wait and see. All her husband's friends and their friends became her friends now. It was a scandal and a shock to them all that this could happen to such a wife and such a woman. And still they saw no bitterness; they heard no ugly confidences. Dolores had her children and she devoted herself wholly to them now.

Thus she waited but only silence greeted her patience. There was still, however, no warning that that silence meant anything ugly and final. Slowly nasty rumors buzzed their way to her. So much in the public eye herself she knew when rumors could be and she continued her silence.

One bleak day when the proof reached her ears, she took action.

First she moved away from the mad house on the hill and took a sturdy, comfortable English house down in Los Angeles.

Then she talked to her lawyers with emphasis and decision. She wanted a divorce. She wanted her children. She wanted support and security only for her children. She hated work but she was going back to work so that come what may little Dolores and John would never know want.

During these months which piled on to a year she lost all the excess weight she had accumulated through marriage and having children. Today she is slender, with her figure subtly rounded, while her face, not full and still not thin, is even more beautiful than it was when she suddenly captured Hollywood, the imagination of the fans and John Barrymore—all over night.

She has already taken a test at Sezick-International and so thrilled and startled the executives there who saw her photographs and her work that she was given a contract immediately and the role of Doreet in "Little Lorl Faumieroy." The day the divorce decree became final and absolute she signed that contract. She is now ready to work hard for the rest of her screen life.

And she will because here is a lady bound by inborn fidelity to her job:—a trooper when she works, a wife in marriage and a tireless and omnipresent mother.

There is a haunting shadow of tragedy about Dolores but she feels she is a winner in her failure.

When she tells you, sincerely and warmly: "But at least I've had five years of happiness," you believe she is the winner.

"In Sickness and In Health"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

"I suppose you mean we are living foolishly, dangerously. We aren't supposed to wrap so much of ourselves into one person, are we? Marriage isn't supposed to stand such a strain. Hollywood has always said: 'It won't work. It never has.'"

"Well, we know we are digging our own emotional graves with the love we have found! I know it. Leslie knows it. We are binding our lives more closely around one another every day we live. But that is the kind of love we know and I wouldn't want anything else in the world in trade for this completeness."

DON'T think for a minute that we haven't spent long hours in discussions about ourselves. We know what would happen if one of us should suddenly lose the other: nothing. That's the very penalty of our love. But it is a penalty we accept freely and willingly.

"All we really want in the world is to be left alone. We don't want the things others want from life. We don't see things with the same eyes. All the time we were traveling through Europe we used to think our lucky stars that we weren't so fame-splashed that we couldn't sink into the background, tramp about in old clothes . . . yes, even sit in the pouring rain in the ruins of the Coliseum at Rome without landing on the front pages of the newspapers as movie stars indulging temperance gags. It made us so completely ourselves. Even Hollywood and the work we've done couldn't cheat us of our grand inconspicuousness. We just didn't matter, except to ourselves.

"Maybe ours is a selfish love. We don't share it, even with those who might become our friends. We have been rude to people we might have learned to like. Some of them have come here to see us and we haven't let them in. It is a simple matter to shake your head at the house-boy when you hear a name announced through the door. Nor have we ever cared whether our almost-guest realized our attitude, or not."

The vivid girl arose and stood with her straight, slender back to the fireplace. There was an intangible defiance in her manner. Her voice revealed it:

"I haven't much patience with loves that are compromised with a hundred other diverting interests—bridge clubs, cocktail parties, casual telephone friends, guests for dinner every night—all fed by the overwhelming fear of boredom from spending one short hour together and alone. When I was a little girl, I dreamed of the very sort of love I've found. Now that we have found one another, why should we make the usual concessions made by people who have found so much less in life and love than we have found? I'm not ashamed of having a love that fills my life to the exclusion of everything else. I'm happy it is that way."

But it wasn't that way once with Ann. Her mother said to me at the time of her surprise elopement: "The stories of my dislike for Leslie and of my objection to him as Ann's husband are not true. I know the boy but little; I've only seen him a few times. But each time we have met, I have been deeply impressed with his unusual fascination. The real point that concerns me is: what will they do to each other? My Ann is so deeply, unendogingly in love for the first time and with the very first man in her life. Ann has never even played at romance. Most girls do, particularly the girls in Hollywood. But she's always liked people, been a friendly, approachable girl. Now, in the short time they've been married, I can notice the change in her personality. She talks with Leslie’s tongue and sees things through Leslie’s eyes. There was a time when her work and career were the most important things in her life. Now there isn't anything important but Leslie who has never cared anything about the things that matter to most people. I wonder where their love will lead them?"

MORE than two years had elapsed since that hateful question was asked and many of the answers were obviously:

Ann’s love for Leslie had led her completely out of the social life of Hollywood. Ann’s love for Leslie had taken her away from two of the biggest professional breaks of her career and somehow, those breaks never materialized when she returned from her run-away honeymoon. Leslie, who had been所謂 Karen Morley and giggle with almost school-girlish excitement over the dates she had broken with Howard Hughes; who loved to play, to shop, to buy pretty things for herself and plan and dream of her career, has found in her love for Leslie a world devoid of friendships, girls talk about dates and clothes and careers! I looked at Ann as she stood in that red dress against the glowing fire. I shall never forget her and her flaming sincerity. As I left them, I realized that Ann had done most of the talking but I was forced to admit a sort of unity with Leslie—as though they had been talking in duet.

A number of months have gone by since that evening at the Fenton ranch. I never wrote the story of Ann Dvorak’s challenge to love! It didn’t seem to fit into the routine pattern concerning the private lives of the Hollywood gilded. It slipped back into a corner of my memory and might not have been recalled here had it not been for the paper that carried the announcement of Barbara Stanwyck’s divorce and Ann’s illness.

Hollywood, being Hollywood, one heard: "Well, the greatest love story in the world has ended for Barbara . . . too bad about Ann Dvorak, isn’t it? Funny life she and Leslie lead. Wouldn’t you think they’d want friends? Especially when Leslie’s come? I don’t believe in this business of building everything in your life around one person . . ."

But somehow I can’t forget Ann as she stood, just a little defiantly, before the huge fireplace that night many months ago. I can’t forget her words: " . . . all we want in the world is to be let alone . . . we have no friends . . . I’m happy it’s that way . . ."

Is love going to be enough for Ann?
a new zest for your job. May there be more
of these sprightly musicals. And may there
be more of Eleanor Powell's fascinating danc-
ing. She was the tops in "Broadway Melody."
L. R. Lindgren, Camp Hill, Pa.

$1 PRIZE
LIFE A LA FILMS
The movies have played an important part
in my eleven-year-old son's education. He's
ten times as smart as I was at the same age.
A child learns from the movies history, geography, good English, good manners, a
knowledge of good literature, good music,
current events, and good morals. If he learns
a few of the bad things in life, so much the
better. They exist; and he has to know about
them in order to be prepared to live life as it
is. I am a strong advocate for educating a
child via the movies.
Mrs. James S. Golden, Pineville, Ky.

$1 PRIZE
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
A little fairy in every day clothes,
Carved from marble
And the petals of a rose,
With a bit of the sun
Caught in her hair,
As if the light of Heaven
Were reflected there.
And some of the blue
From God's own skies
Must have dropped into
Her bright shining eyes.
A little fairy
Half imp, half elf
Must have gone into the
Making of Shirley herself.
Ruth Whitman Bowers, Childress, Tex.

$1 PRIZE
DETERMINATION PAYS
The story about Eleanor Powell in Photo-
play was splendid. It shows just how far
grit and determination can carry even the
most unfortunate person. It is this character-
istic of so many movie stars that makes
Hollywood such a fascinating place. After
all, nothing is valuable unless it is hard to
get. Here's hoping Eleanor Powell will reach
the top in moving pictures. She deserves it.
Lucy Anne Claxton, Somerville, Tenn.

$1 PRIZE
MAUREEN REFRESHING
In this age of exotism and affectation, it is
certainly refreshing to see a Maureen O'Sulli-
van picture. This little actress never fails to
entertain. She's pretty, unaffected, a good
actress, and though she may never be a star,
she will go on forever giving her sterling per-
formances long after Garbo and Crawford
have vanished from the Hollywood scene. It
was nice to see Maureen get more footage in
"Woman Wanted" than is her usual lot in
the films. I hope M-G-M keeps this little
Irish sparkler under contract for life.
Lloyd C. Armour, Chicago, Ill.

June Travis's latest part is in
"Ceiling Zero," but we wouldn't
say "ceiling" after one glance
at the above. Yet she's smiling

Jeanette MacDonald has taken up
swimming in a serious way. It's
so serious she just won't start
the day without a plunge

"Want to poke each other in the nose"?
Does the public think this is cute?
Glady's P. Carpenter, White Bear Lake, Minn.

WANTS FAVORITES BACK
Perhaps I'm wrong, but I have a feeling—and
so have my friends—that the "Powers that
be" at the studios remove players from the
public and thrust new ones upon us by the car
load, claiming that is what John Public wants.
We like to see a new player, especially if he
is a Bob Taylor—but we don't like our John
Gilberts and Ruth Chattertons taken away from
us—and then come across statements that "they are shipping with the public."
Players like Chatterton and Gilbert are
never deserted by us. We're loyal and excuse
a bad picture every so often. John Gilbert
is the same fine actor that he was a few years
ago and so is Ruth Chatterton.
I've a feeling that for every "builder-upper"
there is a "breaker-upper," some one who
breaks down a player and then puts the blame
on John Public. Give us back Gilbert and
Chatterton.
Theresa Ross, Brooklyn, N. Y.
GEOGE BRENT’S background is more exciting than fiction. Born in Dublin, March 15, 1906, left an orphan at the age of eleven, he worked his way through Dublin University. He then joined the Irish revolutionists, becoming confidential dispatch bearer for Michael Collins, the Irish patriot. His life was constantly in danger and he fled to New York, penniless. After being a stoker and working in African diamond mines he decided to utilize the training he received in the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin and become an actor. He played in stock companies and finally on Broadway with Alice Brady in “Love, Honor and Betray.” His first screen appearance was in “So Big,” and then he played opposite Ruth Chatterton in “The Rich Are Always With Us.” He married Miss Chatterton, but they were divorced in 1934.

Tall, dark, powerfully built (he is six feet one, and weighs 165 pounds), he lives in Toluca Lake in Hollywood. He loves plain cooking and never uses salt, pepper, cream or sugar on anything. The studio made him sell his ponies after a fall on the polo field, but he became a fervent air enthusiast and has a fast little plane which he pilots himself. He likes women feminine—but brainy.

A splendid actor, he prefers the light comedy roles such as he played in “In Person” to straight romantic leads and is one of the best bets in Hollywood today. His new pictures will be “God’s County and the Women” and “Snowed Under.”

GLADYS, COLCHESTER, CONN.—Ruby Keeler was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia on Aug. 25, 1909. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 104 pounds, has brown hair, blue eyes. She attended Professional Children’s School in New York and was on the legitimate stage before going on the screen in 1932 at which time she signed a contract with Warners which still holds good. She is married to Al Jolson and they have adopted a baby, Albert, Jr. Her latest picture is “Shiplmates Forever.” We have no information on the serial “The Roaring West.”

A. B., PASSaic, N. J.—Rosemary Ames’ and Mary Carlisle’s names are their own. Patricia Ellis’ name is Patricia Leftwich.

DOROTHY YOUNG, LIVINGSTON, MONT.—The name of the sophisticated, philandering publisher played by Noel Coward in “The Sound of Music” was Anthony Mallare.

M. LEWIS, BOSTON, MASS.—Robert Young did not play in “David Copperfield.” Roland Young played Uriah Heep and the part of David’s friend, Steerforth, was played by Hugh Williams.

 VIRGINIA HALL, STEUBENVILLE, OHIO—Donald Woods was born in Brandon, Manitoba, Canada, on Dec. 2, 1906. He weighs 165 pounds, is six feet, four. He was six years on the stage and entered pictures in 1933. His new picture will be “Prison Farm.”

PHYLLIS & WILLIE, OTTAWA, CANADA.—Your favorite John Boles’ last two pictures were “Orchids to You!” and “Redheads on Parade.” His new one is “Rose of the Rancho” with Gladys Swarthout. Do see it and hear some grand singing.

BRUCE KRAMER, OLDEON, N. Y.—Jean Arthur is twenty-seven years old, weighs 167 pounds, is five feet three. Her real name is Gladys Greene, and she is not related to George K. Arthur who was born in Scotland. The December Photoplay had an article about Jean.

BETTE MACPEAK, DETROIT, MICH.—Joseph Calleia received a film contract as a result of his portrayal of the gunman in the play “Small Miracle.” He is five feet eleven, weighs 160 pounds, is single and is about twenty-eight years old. He will be seen in Jean Harlow’s picture “If I Were Free.”

FRANCES MILLER, LEXINGTON, KY.—John Howard who played in “Annapolis Farewell” was born in Cleveland, Ohio, on April 14, 1913, was educated in the public schools where he won a scholarship to Western Reserve University in Cleveland and became interested in dramatics. He signed a contract with Paramount in 1934. He weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. His next picture will be “Soak the Rich.”

BETTY HELM, WILMINGTON, CALIFORNIA.—I hope the above information about John answers your questions too.

GRACE RUSSELL, NEW YORK.—I’m sorry your answer was delayed. All your questions about John Howard are answered above. He seems to be a very popular young man.

KIT KAT, CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO.—The silent picture “The Knife” was shown in 1918. Louise Dresser was born Sept. 1, 1883, and went on the stage at seventeen, playing in vaudeville and musical comedy. She married Jack Gardner, now casting director at both Century-Fox, in 1908. Miss Dresser is now free-lancing, but you might address her c/o Century-Fox Studio, 1401 Western Ave., Hollywood.

GERRY SMITH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Charles (Buddy) Rogers was born Aug. 21, 1904, in Olathe, Kansas. He is six feet, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and eyes. He entered pictures through the Paramount School in 1925. He plays the trombone and every instrument in the orchestra and at present has an orchestra of his own touring the country. He is not married—yet. He and Mary Brian say “soon.”

ELSA B. MILES, URBANA, ILLINOIS.—Charles Boyer was born in Figac, France, August 28, 1901. He weighs 184 pounds, is five feet eleven, has black hair and brown eyes. You can address him at The Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

E. RICHARDS, MCAFEE, N. J.—The above answers your questions too. December Photoplay had a picture of your favorite.

ANNE F. HARRIS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Robert Taylor was born Aug. 8, 1911, in Filley, Nebraska. He is not married, has brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 165 pounds and is six feet one.

Your questions about Ross Alexander were answered by the Answer Man in the January Photoplay.

THE INQUIRING FOUR, BARLETTSVILLE, OKLA.—We do not know the exact words ending the film “No More Ladies,” but perhaps if you wrote to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., they would supply the information.
Those Mad Marx Hares

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

Gummo resumed. "I'll tell you why I quit the act. I went to war to get a little peace. When I returned I went into the clothing business. "The boys tried to even up old scores by getting me back into the act. I retaliated by trying to get them into the clothing business. But there wasn't a chance. They didn't like my taste. "When we were all playing together they used to steal each other's clothes. They wouldn't even steal mine."

"Quite," I said, "but tell me what are — — "

"So I stayed in the business, thinking that

"When I got there I found they'd flown to New York."

"The only word they'd left for me was a note saying 'April Fool.' But I didn't get the point because it was in July."

"So I took another plane to New York, and bought my business back for twice what I sold it for."

"A few weeks later the boys walked into my office and tried to get me to go to Hollywood with them. But I was smart this time. It took them six months to persuade me they weren't kidding."

"So I joined Zeppo in the agency business."

A N absorbing narrative," I observed, "but tell me what are your brothers really like? Take Groucho first."

"You take Groucho. Goodness knows I've tried to take him often enough. But he always takes me—for plenty."

"Speaking of Harpo—" I prompted.

"Who's speaking of Harpo?" he retorted. "Nobody's said a word about him. But since you've brought up an unpleasant subject, have you noticed that Harpo is more winsome, more appealing in the new picture?"

I said I hadn't noticed it.

"Well, they can't blame me for that," he said, "I thought of it years ago. I must have written them a hundred letters urging them to play up that boyish quality of his. But I know they never read my letters. So they needn't go around blaming me for it."

"Let them blame Thalberg. It's probably his idea."

"Say," said Gummo suddenly, "there's one thing you haven't asked me. You haven't asked me what the boys are really like. Well, since you haven't displayed any interest whatever, I'll tell you."

"Look at Groucho, if you can stand it. I can't. Groucho is the family man. Likes to sit around home and smoke my cigars or play with his kids."

"Harpo is a family man, too. Any family that's handy. You'd better keep yours under lock and key."

"Chico, now, is a crack bridge player. He's so good he's almost half as good as he says he is. I'm telling you that for nothing although I'd hate to tell you how much it cost me to find it out."

"And Harpo? Who mentioned Harpo? Well, Harpo's hobby is collecting old hares, only he hasn't started yet."

"Outside of that he plays croquet. He won't be happy until he beats Woolcott, and I doubt if he'll be happy then."

"YOU have to be careful what you say to Harpo. I told him once he'd go a long ways before he found an audience which would appreciate him. So he went to Russia."

"Now he's always talking about going to Budapest."

"In the picture, where his lips are moving and you can't hear a word he's saying, he's talking about going to Budapest."

"I didn't see the picture, but I understand it was so funny even the audience laughed. I stayed home instead and wrote a six page criticism of it."

"It proved a great help to the boys. They tore it up without reading it."

"Right now we're all trying to find a story for their next picture."

"Hundreds of people are working on stories for them."

"The only trouble is the stories all have plots. They'll go right into production as soon as they can find a story without a plot."

"I'm working on one myself. Only I'm having trouble getting the story long enough to make it worth their while to tear up."

"I can see," I observed, "that it must be quite a responsibility being the only sane Marx Brother."

"I'll say it is!" he snorted. "In fact, it's driving me nuts!"

England's movie fans expect every man to do his duty—that means hand some stars like Douglass Montgomery must sign on the dotted line for the autograph hunters. He is at the Paddington Station in London.
His face was terrible. She was really frightened now. "You can't take away memories!" she cried. "They're part of life, they're part of me, they're part of everything you tell in a novel—and besides, I need him to come and see my rushes!"

To her amazement Jimmy began to laugh. He stalked across the room and took her in his arms and he smelled fresh and foreign to their turgid scene. "My God, you're spoiled," he said. "Listen, give that poor guy a break, will you? Let him alone. You've used him for years—give him a chance to use himself, will you?"

Nothing more was said about Geoff, but she knew quite definitely that she could not see him. She was chagrined, and a little nervous at the thought that she would not have his help in the rushes, but the recollection of Jimmy's face when it had passed from rage-scene to reality kept her from even arguing the point. She had not understood those wild things Jimmy had said about her using Geoff, when everyone knew it had been the other way around and here she was nobly planning to send Geoff money again too.

The next day when Jimmy was at the studio she called Geoff. He sounded pretty cheerful, and very detached. He'd fixed the preparation scene and sold the idea to Reuben, who was sending Geoff's script to Jane by Supertar messenger.

"I told him that even with this fix it's still the same story you've been doing for years, and I said I wished for once he'd change before the fans got wise, not after," Geoff said. "What did he say?"

"He told me to try writing a Herndon flacker myself and I'd appreciate the difficulties, and that lots of time had been saved waiting for fans to get wise, so we might as well save some more."

"This must have been a snappy dialogue; anyway, I can see you thought so. Why don't you try writing a picture in your, ho-hum, leisure moments?"

"I will if all else fails. Oh, I'll probably be living on you again soon!"

"Why not now? Anyway I ought to pay you for fixing the scene, if I like it."

"You ought to pay me for my time whether you like it or not," was the cool response.

"Think of the terrible writers that get paid by the week for scripts that go into wastebaskets!"

She was stunned. She had been all ready to help him out with a little charity, just as she'd always done, but the thought of paying for his time, which had no market value established such as Tony's and Andy's, for instance, was disconcerting. She gagged a bit and said, nobly, as always—

"Why—of course—certainly, Geoff—how much does it pay?"

"One thousand," said Geoff promptly. "I've written enough key-scenes in Jane Herndon pictures to be up in that class—even though I never did get paid for them. Yes, one grand is a fair price, and Reuben agreed with me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" said Jane rather coldly. "Then why doesn't he pay it? After all, it's up to Supertar to pay their writers, and if it's true that he really thinks you are one—"

"He does," said Geoff, "but Supertar pays you only once a week, on Wednesdays.

REX CROFT returned her thousand promptly on the next Supertar pay-day, and she found herself more annoyed than she had been when he gouged it out of her. Why wouldn't he let her help him?

And then all at once she had no more time to wonder or be irritated or to be anything but, as she told herself tragically, a small helpless spider in a great relentless web of costumes, coil—remember? and I need the money now, so I thought you could advance it to me until then."

If she was stung before, now she was staggered. She managed to say faintly that she would send a check over immediately, and rang off.

She had not realized that what Jimmy had called her highbrow racket had done all that for her until one day on the set when she was resting in her portable dressing-room between takes and suddenly, through the scramble outside, heard the faint, exquisite line of Bach being played upon a violin. It was a musician who had been engaged to play a saccharine Italian love-song for the restaurant scene that Arch had just finished shooting, while Jane and Dick Beverley gazed into each other's eyes for inch-long takes.

She came to the door of her house on wheels that stood just beyond the restaurant set and listened, uplifted by the rigid beauty of measure and line which were as definite as little isosceles triangles trippling from the earnest bow. "Oh, so definite—" she thought. "Jimmy loves it if he hears—she's so definite—"

She knew that she was good in her afternoon's work after that. She felt rested and dynamic and able to gaze into Dick Beverley's eyes and be sultry and passionate an inch at a time for more hours without sagging once. She was told she was beautiful—

She'd become a magnet when she met Jimmy and told him all in one breath about the violinist, and how well she had done after hearing him, and her longing for some good music instead of just always singing. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]
"YOU CAN'T BE LOVELY WITHOUT A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN"

Merle Oberon

Does Merle Oberon use cosmetics? Yes, like most other modern women, she does! "But," says this charming star, "I'm not afraid of Cosmetic Skin. I remove make-up thoroughly — the Hollywood way. I use Lux Toilet Soap!"

No girl wants to risk the dullness, enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, that mean Cosmetic Skin has developed. No wise girl will neglect Merle Oberon's advice!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes every trace of dust and dirt, stale rouge and powder so they won't choke your pores. Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin lovely — the way you want yours to be!

Why don't you use it — before you renew your make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night.

MERLE OBERON, charming star of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, never takes chances with unattractive Cosmetic Skin! Here she tells you how to guard against this danger.
Perfect Camera Face

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90]

"Smoke in Your Eyes," and would Jimmy take her to one of the open-air symphonies in the Hollywood Bowl where he could listen so nice and casually under the stars?

JIMMY was amused by her run-together sentences. Sure, he said, he'd give it a whirl. She looked up the next Symphony program and found that they were going to play Cesar Franck; this was too much good luck, she cried, and began to explain to Jimmy how thrilled he would be when he heard it. After a while she saw that he was a little bored and so she stopped and nobly suggested a movie. It was enough for the moment that he had consented to listen to great music under the stars with her; she could sacrifice herself in return for his concession, although she knew suddenly that she still time for someone else to use your ticket!"

"I thought that was all you cared," he said. "Someone else, huh? You haven't thought of me once since you started thinking about that damn symphony. I lied when I said just now I couldn't go. I wanted to see how much you'd care—and I found out all right!"

She stared at him. "Do you mean you deliberately lied to me—to trick me—just to see how I'd take it?"

"First the violinist and then the symphony," said Jimmy. "All you've talked about for days. Oh no, you don't need me along. Jane Herndon. I thought all that culture stuff was just a substitute with you, but I thought wrong. Maybe it's your love. Maybe it's your only love you'll ever find—that and yourself in a mirror, in a nice white dress."

Cake for the crew. Pat O'Brien has a birthday celebration on the Warner set for "Ceiling Zero." On his right, is James Cagney, his team-mate in the picture, and facing him is Director Howard Hawks.

wouldn't care if she never saw another picture, other than her own, as long as she lived.

On the Symphony evening she came down to dinner in the most lovely of her white evening dresses. After all, Jimmy hadn't bought her any evening gowns, so what else could she do? As she told him radiantly, for she knew that she looked wonderful, and she had seen the flare in his eyes before the white-dress scowl came in.

As the hour of the Cesar Franck drew near she became more exhilarated; she told Jimmy the things for which he must listen and sang the great phrase of the symphony to him, unconsciously, in the sweep of her fury, calling it la grande phrase. She did not have time to notice that he grew silent, watching her with narrowed eyes. When she tripped up to her room for her ermine wrap, he disappeared and came to her door a few minutes later.

"I told you wrong about tonight," he said. "I can't go with you; they're calling everybody back to the studio."

She could not move nor speak for a moment; she stood looking at him, clasping her two tickets so tightly that they bit into her palm. "Then—then why did you tell me you could come?" she stammered. "While there was

hands so closely that Jane heard the rhythm of the music from a great roaring distance, as if they were in a high place listening to the roll of a far-off, mysterious sea. She did not hear the grande phrase of the Cesar Franck; it was lost in that distant roar, which did not beat as loud as her own heart.

She did not know that the concert was over until someone stepped on her white satin slippers.

But the next morning when she was alone in her bungalow dressing-room she looked at her face for a long time in the round mirror set with electric-light bulbs which threw a stark, blazing light upon Jane Herndon's big grey eyes seeking with frenzy for something that they could not find.

"Can this be—I—Jane Herndon?" she mourned. "My identity is going—my identity—and what is filling its place?"

Then her picture was ready to be run off in the projection-room for the executives and Jane to see before it went to its first preview. Jane was in a bad mood when it began because Reuben had insisted upon the title "Frightened Lady," which had nothing to do with the story, which didn't matter, Reuben said, as long as it had sales appeal.

"But," she had said, "there's nothing I'm frightened about in the picture!"

"There may be," Reuben had said grimly; "wait till the preview."

After the picture was over, she and Reuben were left alone looking at each other.

"Well, Jane," he said, "what do you think?"

"It's too much like all my other pictures," she snapped. "I don't enjoy the story like I used to and I don't think I look like I was enjoying it either. If we can't get a new one next time I'll write it myself."

"Listen, Jane," said Reuben, "you don't change a success. Maybe the man that makes soap gets tired putting out the same old formula, but he goes right on, with new exploitations, maybe, like we got Arch's new camera angles. You'll see at the preview; it'll go fine like it always does."

"I never heard you say it would go fine before," said Jane, "which means you're nervous too!"

"Well, Jane," said Reuben, "only because I want you to click this time, because you need to, after the way Jimmy stole your last picture."

"Jimmy?" she said, "Stole my last picture?"

"He blocked you out," said Reuben. "That's why we split you two, not on account of the marriage. He's crowded Bessie Blythe out the screen in his new one. That boy, Jane, is going to be colossal. "Go in and look at his fan mail. Got more this last month than anybody on the lot!"

"More than anybody—" said Jane. She had led the Superfan fan mail since she had been a star. "Well," she said, "the wife is always the last to know."

"See you at the preview," said Reuben.

That was all he cared. She had seen what happened to other stars when Reuben started to look at them with those glassy eyes, and move away from interviews that had not terminated, saying, "See you later."

When Jimmy came home that night he found her writing at the desk in their living-room. He came up behind her quietly; for

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
Don't let Adolescent Pimples make YOU feel left out!

Between the ages 13 and 25, important glands develop. This causes disturbances throughout the body. Waste poisons in the blood irritate the skin. It breaks out in pimples.

But even bad cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected—by Fleischmann's Yeast. Fleischmann's Yeast clears the skin irritants out of the blood. And when the cause of the skin eruption is removed, the pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals, until skin clears. Start today!
It was morning, and Jimmy had not yet come back, when she went to bed and fell asleep. She opened her eyes to find him standing by her bed, looking, she thought confusedly as she swam up from slumber, like the knight in "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"—alone and palely lottering. His face was drawn, the bright crest of his hair disarranged beneath the hat pushed to the back of his head; his beautiful suit stole in the fresh morning sun.

"Been driving all night," she said. "I see you didn't worry."

She gazed at him sadly for a moment, sad because she felt so gentle toward him, and a fleeting pain stung her for violence that had departed. He had loved it so when she had broken the perfume bottles.

"I don't know what I was trying to tell you," she said, "so it might as well be that."

His hand imprisoning hers became electrical, following the relief on his face with another message, but she took her hand away. "Now go and get some sleep," she said.

"All right," he grinned, "I'm tired anyway."

He went out like a conquering hero, blind to everything but local victory. She buried her face in the pillow, shivering with the discovery that Jimmy had stranger's skin.

Outside the little Santa Monica theater that Reuben had selected for the tryout of Frightened Lady there was no announcement beyond a ferry sign, "Studio Preview Tonite," purposely obscured beneath the regular billing. Preview dates and locations were always secret, guarded not only from other companies but even from most of the members of the studio whose picture was to be sprung.

In the middle aisle of the theater there were two roped-off rows of seats reserved for super-art executives. Jane and Jimmy slid into a back row where Jane could watch the round globe that was Reuben Goldmark's head. She could see Reuben's hands, too, applauding when "JANE HERNDON in FRIGHTENED LADY" flashed upon the screen—applauding his own title, she thought bitterly; Reuben's face had been very blank today at that conference. But the rest of the crowded house was not merely applauding the title. A satisfactory murmur repeating her name waivered through the audience like a little earthquake shock, picked up immediately by the welcome of many hands. She could feel, with her troupers' sense, the tightening of interest all about her; not yet, however, she was quite forgotten. She was comfortable for a moment's warm flurry which passed as her face, leapt upon by one of Arch's new camera-angles, shot at her from the screen—"Frightened Lady" had started to run.

ALL around her that friendly interest held through the first sequence while she sat on the edge of her seat and watched Reuben's head. The picture hadn't begin her mind. Gold always said, "Oh, how lovely a play can be, until the poison of the plot creeps in."

"You see?" Jimmy whispered. "It's going swell!"

Because it hasn't started yet!" she snarled back. That was just like a ham actor. Full of hooey at the slightest encouragement. She knew that no player could withstand the slings and arrows of his perilous trade without that armor of egotism; but at a moment like this one wanted a grim, scientific mind. One wanted a heart better as a seat for Reuben's head.

She didn't need to watch the screen to know when the poison of the plot began to creep in. She could tell to a split second when the interest around her broke, when the friendly people eager to enjoy the new Jane Herndon picture realized it themselves, while Jimmy went on holding her hand as if they were one of their own movie dates.

She watched Reuben's head slump until only the bald top shone over the rim of his seat like a crescent moon. Dreadfully soon after that the house started to walk. They started drifting out two and threes. Then they got really going.

It was the worst disaster Jane had experienced.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]
Lovely TO LOOK AT...thriUing TO HOLD

There's no denying the fact that lovely hands hold romance in their grasp... hands say things that words cannot express.

Next in importance to graceful, supple hands is the choice of the nail polish that adorns them. PLAT-NUM nail polish has solved this problem for millions of fascinating women everywhere. PLAT-NUM is a better blend of polish — applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously, lasts longer — and will not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

Whether you prefer a creme or a transparent polish, you may choose from twelve different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend perfectly with gown, complexion and your make-up. Try PLAT-NUM without delay. On sale at 5 and 10 cent stores everywhere. It's soft, shimmering, satin-like finish completes the perfection of careful grooming — the lovely complement to a lovely hand.

PLAT-NUM
Nail Polish

PhLOotoPlAy Magazine for FEBRUARY, 1936
As she looked at him she was stabbed by a pang for her youth, gone forever, together with the violence of the scene he was expecting her to play; she could not tremble any longer when he looked at her; the water had gone out, leaving her and Jimmy stranded, staring at each other from alien shores. There was a tall, handsome actor who expected her to go home with him, in the midst of this turmoil in her life and the greater in her soul; and she knew now that she could not go home with a stranger; for it was true that they had never known each other, and perhaps were not destined to do so. Time must decide that, when she could be alone; time and a new Jane Herndon who might be worthy of knowing. And she must face the fact that by then Jimmy would have gone on, because, as he had so rightly told her, it was so much more her fault than his.

There were beads of perspiration on her upper lip. Geoff gave her his handkerchief and she wiped them off.

"Jimmy," she said, "I won't be home either. I'll be at the Ambassador. You can get me there—any time you want to see me."

"Oh, any time I want to see you?" repeated Jimmy. "Just cut yourself a great big slice of Never, Lady Jane!"

Some fans stopped him in the street for autographs. She watched him smile easily at them and sign and drift beyond the calcium-ruled horizon. Her hands fell apart, and she saw that she had torn Geoff's handkerchief in two.

"You can catch him at the parking station," said Geoff.

"Oh, no, Geoff," she said, "I can't ever catch him. Some other girl will some day—she'll really know—all that I missed—"

And at the thought of that other girl whom Jimmy would know some day as Geoff knew her now she had a stab of jealousy as sharp as the pain for lost violence; and she knew that violence was not wholly gone. She looked at Geoff and smiled; and the pain went away a little. He was looking at the torn pieces of linen in her hands.

A round shadow fell between them and Reuben said, "Well, Jane, not so much fun tonight, eh?"

"Oh, the preview," she said. "You mean the preview?"

"I remember how much she had cared about the preview a few minutes ago. It had rolled away somewhere now, perhaps more selfishness departing, as it would have to go, little by little. Reuben was not looking as glassy as she had thought he would.

"Well, Jane. I guess you were right about the story," he said. "Geoff here was always telling me the same thing. So now we got a picture that we know is bad and has to be in the Middle Western first-run houses by next Monday, so it's lucky for you, Jane, that this boy has written a new show for you which is a hony, because after next Monday, Jane, you'll need a hony." "What are you saying, Reuben?" she cried.

"Who wrote a picture for me?"

"Didn't you tell her?" Reuben asked Geoff.

"Jane, this boy here has written a great picture for you which he says if we buy we got to let him direct you in it, and after tonight I guess we can see you need him on the set."

Jane gaped at Geoff. "You wrote a picture—all the way through—"

"He said you needed a new story," said Reuben, "and after tonight I believe him. Geoff, you come around in the morning and we'll sign, if you're not too tough about the money, because you got to remember that after tonight I'm a sick man."

"We can patch up the 'Frightened Lady' quite a bit, too," said Geoff.

"Except the title," said Reuben, "which has got to be changed, it's turning out too true to be good. Jane, you might stop gawping at the boy long enough to say goodnight to an old man who, if not possessing a heart of gold, has got anyway a mind that can see where gold still is, even if hidden by his own mistakes."

"I suppose that's one reason why you're a great man, Reuben," said Jane, "because you do go on from your mistakes. I'm going to try to. I wish you'd call this picture 'Enlightened Lady'."

Reuben made a rude face and rushed sparring away to the group of smart people who were waiting for him on the sidewalk.

"No sales appeal—no sex appeal—no story interest?" he shouted back at them. "Nobody wants ladies to get enlightened—not their husbands or their children or their sweethearts! Gnight, kids!"

There was enough light from the street for Jane and Geoff to go on looking at each other.

"Is that true?" said Jane. "Don't men like enlightened ladies?"

"Well," said Geoff, "Jimmy didn't."

"So you wrote me a picture," she said. "Good enough for Reuben to buy. You could do all that, when you got away from me."

"I lived on your thousands while I wrote it,"

In the quaint dress she wears in "The Littlest Rebel," dainty little Shirley Temple performs for a sadly missed old friend of hers at the Will Rogers Benelli. She is with her dad and mother—Mr. & Mrs. George Temple.

"Sure, you're terrible. You weigh a ton in the love-scene. But it all goes together. He's shooting you from the wrong side all through there and he's kept your voice on one tone for six minutes—"

"Jane," said Jimmy, "are you coming?"
Love, Fame and the Clark Gables

I'm afraid that's the only criticism of Clark's lovely wife, Rhea was a lady. I think it smothered Clark. I felt it a long time ago.

Once I even dared to say something about it. But you see—Rhea was a lady and I don't think she could understand. I don't expect she does now.

But in time—the glamour wore off. Clark grew restless. And Rhea I imagine just didn't think the job worth doing if she couldn't make him completely happy.

So the world, and fame, and all its petty trials and tribulations caught up with them. The very virility that had won Rhea in the beginning tortured her. The very elegance and dignity and charm that had won Clark began to smother him.

And beauty drifted away and left hunger on both sides—a hunger that has sent them out to begin all over again.

Edna Millay once wrote, "Tis not love's going dims my days, but that it died in little ways." I think we could write that as an epitaph above the love story of Clark and Rhea Gable. And drop a little wreath because— they were such swell people, and I wish so that they might have gone on being happy, and because I know Rhea will weep in secret for the boy she so loved, and because I am just a little afraid for Clark without her.

The travelers talk it over. Pretty Jean Parker has been to England; Clark Gable to South America. They were together at the Will Rogers Benefit.
“Perhaps she eats in between meals,” Dick suggested with a chuckle.

“If she does, she eats a lot. She’ll eat a steak dinner and then take home a bowl of chili-beans, a thermos bottle of coffee and a carton of salad. She told me what she was taking to a sick friend in an apartment across the hall. But the stuff all goes into her apartment.”

Mr. Ralston said thoughtfully, “I’m going to pay Ruth Gelder a visit. What else do we have on her?”

“She’s been a narcotic user and she has a jail record.”

“Straight goods?” Brent asked, surprised in his voice.

“Absolutely on the up and up. She went up for forgery, did nursing for the prison physician in the Big House. When she came out, she got a job in a hospital. Dr. Copeland met her there. He fell for her and gave her a job in his office.”

“How about the narcotics?”

“She was an addict before she was sent up. She may have been hitting it while she was with Copeland. She broke away from him and wished to hide. He asked lots of questions trying to find her.”

“She didn’t change her name?” Brent asked suspiciously.

“She did for a while, that was while Copeland was looking for her. She’s been in this apartment for about a week. When she took it she went back to using her own name.”

“The telephone?” Brent asked.

“A private unlisted number, put in when she moved into the apartment.”

“Okay,” Brent said. “Tell Stan to beat it down to that Beachwood address and wait for me there.”

He hung up the telephone, searched through the directory until he found the residence address of Rabston Chadburr, the district attorney. He then looked up the address and telephone number of J. Fenton Smith. Armed with this information, he dialed Western Union and said, “I wish to send a message, please.”

“To whom is your message going?”

“To SONIA CHADBURG,” Brent said, and then gave the address and telephone number of the district attorney’s residence. “The message is to go as a straight telegram, and is as follows: VILMA FENTON PICTURES BEING INTERROGATED CONCERNING FINGERPRINTS ON DRINKING GLASS IN OFFICE YOU FREQUENTED WITHOUT FATHERS KNOWLEDGE STOP GET ACCESS TO FINGERPRINTS COMPARE WITH YOURS AND KILL INQUIRY.” The telegram, Brent said, “will be billed to MERLA SMITH.”

“Who is this talking, please?”

“J. Fenton Smith,” and Brent gave the address and telephone number of the millionaire’s residence.

“You’re related to Merla Smith?” the operator asked.

“It’s my daughter,” Brent said gruffly. “You rush that telegram, charge it to my telephone, and don’t ask so damn many questions.”

He hung the receiver back on the hook, left the telephone booth and went to the car where Dead-Pan Peters was waiting for him.

“What’s it?” Peters asked.

“The Gelder woman’s keeping someone in her apartment. What does that mean to you?”

“Aw, you said depart, catifying, ‘you go, go and tell,’ or something. You’ve had bigger to think over it than I have. I don’t mind playing Dr. W-W-W-Watson when there’s an audience present, but when there’s just the two of us, it’s the b-b-b-bunk.”

Brent grinned.

“Well, she moved into a bachelor apartment about a week ago,” he said.

“She’s an addict.”

“What a scream. Merla runs in. ‘It tried to choke me!’ she cries. ‘They find Aler’s body—face down—with a knife in his back. Merla at first denies the murder. But she’s a blackmailer and suggests Ruth Gelder a nurse knows something. Brent proves Aler’s murderer was barefaced.”

Vilma confesses two people “Fahey” and “Nixon” connected with Copeland. Brent watches her work on the movie set, hoping she is in love with him. Demoniacal la g e s e c e d, a voice screams ‘Reversed!’ and a huge steel spotlight shoots downward from the roof at the exact spot V.lma stands. Brent sweeps her aside just in time. As she revives, the District Attorney’s men come to take her for questioning on Dr. Copeland’s murder. On what grounds?

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

DETECTIVE Dick Brent was engaged by Lawyer Frank Alter to help lovely Vilma Fen

"Detective Dick Brent was engaged by Lawyer Frank Alter to help lovely Vilma Fen..."

"Detective Dick Brent was engaged by Lawyer Frank Alter to help lovely Vilma Fen..."

"Detective Dick Brent was engaged by Lawyer Frank Alter to help lovely Vilma Fen..."

"Detective Dick Brent was engaged by Lawyer Frank Alter to help lovely Vilma Fen..."
resignation in his voice, "I suppose you're g-g-g-going up there."
"Sure I am."
"And take me."
"You guessed it, Peters."
"What'll you b-b-b-believe this g-g-g-guy? He's hiding isn't the good with bare feet?"
Brent stared at him and said, "Now, that's a thought."
He turned to Whiting. "Watch the back, Stan. Have Hoppy cover the front. If you hear guns popping, come on up. If I toss a chair out the window, call the cops. If I don't come to the window and give you some sort of a signal within five minutes, come up anyway. Let's go, Peters."
They climbed two flights of stairs in silence.
Peters said in an undertone, "They t-t-t-tell me these c-c-crazy guys have the strength of t-t-t-t-teen men."
"In that case," Brent told him, "you'd have the strength of fifteen men. How do you feel?"
"N-n-n-not so hot," Peters admitted.
"Perhaps I'm an intellectual after all."

They walked from the stairs, toward the front of the building. Brent raised his hand, knocked on the door of the front apartment. A woman's voice on the other side of the door inquired, "Who is it?"
"Telephone Company," Brent said. "There's a mix-up on your telephone. We'll have to change the number."
"You can't come in now, I'm dressing."
"Okay, lady," Brent said, "but remember that if anyone calls you, parties on the other line can hear every word that's said."
There was silence, broken at length by the sound of rustling motion. Brent's ears caught the hissing, sibilant sound of whispers.
"What's the number you were sent to service?" the woman on the other side of the door asked.
"Just a minute," Brent said, "I've got to consult my work-sheets." He pulled his notebook from his pocket and read off the number which he had received from Peters.
The bell snapped back, the door opened and a woman started to say something. The words froze on her lips. Her eyes wide with panic, she stared into the purposeful faces of the two men. Dick lowered his shoulder as she tried to slam the door. Peters dodged through the opening like a football player, squeezing through a gap in an opposing line. Brent followed Peters, kicked the door shut behind him and twisted the bolt.
The woman who had opened the door was attired in pink silk underwear. She had a kimono thrown half over her shoulders. She grabbed at the edges of the kimono and pulled it together. Merla Smith, standing slightly behind her, came indignantly forward. Recognizing Brent, she stood speechless.
"Well," Brent said, "you found Miss Gelder, I see."

Merla Smith surreptitiously nudged the girl in the ribs and said, "This isn't Ruth Gelder. You've made a mistake. This is Frances Moffet, an old friend of mine."
"Snap out of it," Brent told her. "Be your age."
"I'm telling you the truth."
"You wouldn't kid me, would you?"
"I wouldn't even try."
"And what's Miss Moffet got to do with the case?"

Merla Smith tried sarcasm. "Oh," she said, "haven't you heard. She's the little Miss Moffet who sat in a corner, eating pumpkin pie."

WARM HEARTS NEED KOOLS—Mounting sales tell us we hit the mark by offering a smoke that cools your throat while pleasing your palate. We've cork-tipped KOOLS to save lips and added a valuable B & W coupon in each pack good for handsome articles (offer good in U. S. A., only). Get a pack of KOOLS today. Cross our hearts, you'll love 'em! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.
"That wasn't Miss Moffet, that was Jack Horner," Brent said. "Miss Moffet did something else."

Merla Smith changed her tactics. "You've a crust," she said, "barging in here this way and bellowing a telephone man. You might get in serious trouble doing that. Look at Miss Moffet. Look at the way she's dressed."

Dead-Pan Peters, standing slightly behind Brent, said, "You don't have to t-t-tell me that, Dick."

"Shut up, Bill," Dick said.

Merla Smith stepped in front of the other woman, pulled the kimono down over her shoulders. "You big brutes," she said. "Get out of here."

"We want to talk with Miss Moffet."

She hesitated a moment, apparently thinking against time, then said, "Go on into the bathroom, dear. You can dress in there. You've got some clothes on the hook behind the door."

She gestured significantly toward the bathroom. "I'll entertain these gentleman out here."

The other woman nodded, walked rapidly to the edge of the doorway, stood in front of it for a moment and, raising her voice, said "I'll go in here and change my clothes."

Merla stepped back a few inches, slipped through the opening and slammed the door shut. She twisted a bolt and a moment later there was a sound of a window sliding open, the noise of scraping motion coming from the bathroom. Merla Smith started a rapid patter of half hysterical conversation. Brent pushed her to one side, sent his shoulder against the bathroom door. Wood splintered as the lock gave way. The door banged against the edge of a washstand and recoiled, shivering on its hinges.

A man with one bare foot propped against the kitchen table, the washbowl was half way through an open window which opened on the fire escape. He was about thirty-five, was dressed in trousers, belt and undershirt. A growth of black stubble covered his face, giving to his eyes a wild, staring appearance. Brent had just reached him by the ankle, pulled him back into the room.

"Damn you!" the man said. He kicked with his bare foot, missed, and swung a haymaker.

Dick, stepping inside the swing, sent out his right in a short-arm jab. The fist caught the man on the jaw, sent him staggering off-balance. The edge of the bathtub struck him just back of the knees. He fell back-wards. Flinging out his arms, he kept from striking his head by catching the sides of the bathtub.

The man eased himself down in the bathtub, lay there motionless, staring up at Brent, vicious hatred in his eyes.

"Cop, eh?"

"Not exactly," Brent said.

"A dick?"

"Private."

The man, without taking his eyes from Brent, raised his voice and called, "It's okay, Ruth. He'll listen to reason. Dig into the war chest and pull out some sugar."

"Get up," Dick told him. "Come on in and join the family circle, but don't get funny."

"Who's getting funny," the man asked, climbing from the bathtub, his eyes warily watching Dick. "I'm talking sense."

Dick pushed him through the door.

"Who's going to do the talking?" Dick asked, looking from Ruth Gelder to Merla Smith.

"I am," the man said. "I have five nice new hundred-dollar bills for you." He jabbed his finger at Dick, then turned to Peters and said, "And five hundred for you."

Brent said, "That isn't the kind of talk I want. I want facts."

"Make it seven-fifty each," the man said, "and that's my limit."

Dick turned to Merla Smith.

"You're in deep enough," he said. "In your position, you can't afford to ride. It's time for you to start walking back."

"When I need some advice from you," she snapped, "I'll ask for it. You're not in such a sweet spot yourself."

Dick turned to Peters. "Ring up the cops, Bill, and tell them we've got the man who murdered Frank Alter."

"You're crazy!" Merla Smith screamed. Ruth Gelder, who had been pulling the torn kimono about her bare legs, said dejectedly, "Oh, what the hell's the use?"

Brent swung to face her. "You," he said, "have a record. You play this thing through and you'll go up as an habitual criminal."

The man raised an angry voice in which there was panic. "Ruth, if you sell out on me, I'll . . ."

"Go on," Brent told Ruth Gelder. "Spill it."

"Ruth, do you know what you're doing?" Merla Smith asked.

"Shut up," Brent said, without taking his eyes from Ruth Gelder. "She knows what she's doing. You don't know what you're doing."

Ruth Gelder said in a voice of utter weariness, "I'm through. I told him I was finished. He didn't kill Alter, but he did bump Dr. Copeland."

A spasm of emotion crossed the man's unshaven countenance. "You rat!" he growled.

He started toward her. Peters caught him about the waist, whirled him back to the studio couch. The man slammed down on the springs, jumped back up, sprawled head-long and grabbed at a table as though to steady himself.

"Jerry!" Ruth Gelder screamed.

His hands, moving with the swiftness of a striking snake, jerked open a drawer in the table.

Peters had his gun only half drawn when Jerry whipped blue steel from the drawer and turned the ominous black hole in the barrel toward the detectives.

"Stick 'em up, you rats!" he said.

Peters jerked up his hands, palms outward, his gun sagged downward. The barrel caught in the lining of his pocket, then dropped to the floor. Brent didn't so much as move. "Come on, Wise Guy," the man said, "stick 'em up."

"I can't get away with it, Jerry," he said. "My men have the place covered front and back."

Then he went on, speaking to Merla, "A sweet bunch of playmates you've got! Do you know the spot you'll be in if this goof pulls the trigger?"

"Drop it, Jerry!" Ruth Gelder commanded.

The man backed toward the bathroom. Knuckles pounded on the panels of the door. The knob turned, Stan Whiting shouted, "Open up in there!"

Dick Brent turned toward the door.

"Touch that knob and you're a dead man," the man with the gun half screamed.

Dick paid no attention to him. Moving with the unhurried calm of one who is absolutely certain of himself, he twisted the knob on the door.

"You asked for it," the man with the gun half screamed, and braced his shoulder against the gun's recoil.

(The gripping drama and suspense of this thrilling story go on to a smashing conclusion in next month's PHOTODAY with, at last, the solution of the mystery.)

On the Spot News

Fred Astaire is delighted that the lovely Adele, his sister, is talking of coming over to dance with him in pictures. He thinks she is the greatest girl dancer in the world. She is Lady Cavendish you know.

Jean Harlow is going up to Big Bear for the winter sports.

Hollywood is happy that Victor Jory and his wife are recovering nicely from the automobile accident they had some weeks ago.

John Barrymore is "not" seeing Elaine Barrie, regardless of the gossip. A new young romance is Johnny Downs and Anne Shirley.

Gary and Sandra Cooper celebrated their second wedding anniversary last Sunday. Gary is expected to sign a new Paramount contract soon, and then they will leave for three months alone together in Bermuda — foiling all the gossips.

Handsome Bob Taylor has just received an envious new contract.

Lillian Lamont, Fred MacMurray's fiancée is recovering from a throat operation. She is so pretty, she really ought to be in pictures.

Bennett Cerf and Sylvia Sydney will spend all the holidays in New York together.

Grace Moore and her husband, Vincent Parera are entertaining Elsie de Wolfe (Lady Mendl). It's getting to be quite gay, with all the titles around town.

Francis Marion has Lady Victoria Paget visiting her. Countess Di Frasso has lovely little Mary Taylor for the holidays.

Joan Crawford is working terrifically hard with Bill Robinson on new tap dances; also with the well known Wolf Holm. The fans have been bowling for another "Dancing Lady" from Joan.

There is no truth in the rumors of a reconciliation between Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor.

Ginger Rogers is a blonde now . . . and going to stay one.

Eric Linden is back with his real heartbreak . . . Pasauloma débütante now that the rumors of his romance with Cecilia Parker are exposed as so much publicity.
and 8,000 women; that this properties warehouse shelters chairs and sofas and beds and kitchen paraphernalia in sufficient quantities to furnish 3,000 moderate-sized homes; that that developing laboratory handles 600,000 feet of film every day of the year.

You discover things in terms of multiple digits: 28,000 yards of cloth, 20,000 books and plays, a half-million this, a million that.

You understand there are 117 different trades and professions practiced here, and that there are 176 types of jobs listed on the official studio application blank. You stand helpless in a rain of departments—accounting, air-conditioning, art, camera, carpenter, casting, commissary, cutting, drafting, electrical and machinery, first aid, garage, make-up, wardrobe, miniature, music, paint, police, projection, script, still, transportation. There are more.

There is the barber shop. There is the railroad station. There is the schoolhouse . . . "Yes, indeed," you say brightly. "Astounding. But where do you make the movies? I want to see cameras turning, actors emoting, directors directing." And so you are guided tolerantly to 24 cement sound-stages, informed they are each large enough to hold a full-sized football field and grandstand, told that three-fourths of all production is accomplished here—and allowed to watch the stars go endlessly through their paces.

But as you watch, thinking of your motion pictures in terms of these people, considering a feature talkie as consisting only of scenery and the Big Names laughing and talking and moving across it—"remember one thing" that those actors and actresses comprise only 0.75 of the whole production; that it takes 2100 human beings to work out one unit, one talkie; and that for every Joan Crawford and every Clark Gable and every Garbo there are 15 unseen but absolutely essential personalities working day and night.

People are the important things in this wonderful city. It is the 5,000 people working as one machine, specialized, capable, who make the movies. Said famous Director Richard Boleslawski to me, "In motion pictures we are dealing with intangibles; horror on a man's face, a woman's kiss, the cry of a child in trouble. We use some machines—the camera, the sound recorder—but to produce the abstract, the intangible, man's trained hands and brains are far more important."

"Before Garbo kissed Fredric March in "Anna Karenina" 12 studio research men had to find out the appearance of a Russian railroad station during the days of the Czar. Architects drew plans. Three hundred carpenters built the setting. Experts produced authentic signs and back-ground props. The faces of the actors were made-up by authorities who knew just exactly what degree of charm would pass from that make-up to the film. Sound engineers caught the level of voice-tone that sounds best in a theater. Electricians trained lights for correct photographic illumination. The director discussed exact tempo, psychological effects with the cast. Cameramen judged light, opened lens correctly."
He banged the table for emphasis. "A camera may break, to be repaired in ten minutes by technicians who can cut a human hair lengthwise into thirty parts, who can correct a fault to one ten-thousandth of an inch. But if one brain is checked off for illness—there is cause for worry!"

Thus it is with these 3,000 people and their jobs that this series of articles must deal. You must know, when you have finished, something about the exciting intricacies of their daily lives, as contrasted with ordinary workers of the outside world. You must understand why a studio carpenter holds himself ready at any moment to build a ship, a French apartment, a native hut or the Parthenon, whereas any other carpenter in the world spends his life putting together replicas of the 

A friend in need. Frank Albertson renders emergency treatment to lily-hair Mary Carlisle between scenes in the M-G-M production. "Kind Lady." from the play based on the story by Hugh Walpole

eternal cottage and office-building. You must see the difference between film developers who work with snap-shots taken by the great American public on its vacation, and film developers who bring to light the expensive expressions on Robert Montgomery's face.

AND at the end you will have followed the steps taken by this legion of 3,000 in the making of sixty features and sixty-five shorts every year. You can say to your friends, "Did you know that when a story is purchased by a studio, a supervisor is first assigned to its production? Then writers re-create it in terms of continuity and dialogue; the director, supervisor and casting director select the players; the music department arranges songs and background music; sets are designed, built by the construction department, and furnished by prop boys. Electricians and cameramen set up equipment directed by a business manager who has a budget. "And gowns are designed, made by the wardrobe department. And there are months of research. And the director is in absolute charge but still responsible to his supervisor. And the average film takes two months to complete. And . . ."

LIFE and a movie begin with an idea, a plot—and M-G-M spends annual millions, maintains an entire department, for the development of "story."

"Story House" like a great windowed colonn sits defectly hidden behind less important buildings, and has two floors. Upstairs is a bare silent room in which twelve men and women sit all day, reading. The chairs in which they lounge are comfortable ones, and over each shoulder the green neck of a light chases curiously. There is no noise. These people are all college graduates, ex-
suitability is sent downstairs—and a new volume in a fresh unwrinkled jacket waits beside the chair.

"Downstairs" sounds like a bedlam, looks like a madhouse, but is actually the most civilized hearth in all of the studio. Here, within two minutes, a secretary can hand to a producer any story ever written. Here, in this story library, are filed one half million synopses and the records of every great author, past or present, who has dropped his pen in the history of genius since the early Greek period. These records are revealing things: they tell you everything a man has written; when he wrote it; to whom he sold it; and if, and when, and where it has been produced. Then are invaluable when there is copyright trouble. An amazing woman with a steel-cabinet brain—her name is Dorothy Pratt—is Custo-
dian Supreme of this library. She had worked out a cross-index system where suitable plots are listed under the names of the stars who might be able to play them: "Beery, Wallace—Treasure Island; Viva Villa; West Point of the Air," for example.

I took orders from Dorothy for one day.

"The public has a question," I said to her as, frowning and biting my tongue, I shuffled index-cards into their proper order. "You say eighty per cent of your pictures are made from best-sellers, and lately a lot have been done from well-known classics. But sometimes things are left out, scenes changed, others added. Why not give it to them intact?"

W E try to as much as possible," she told me. "When we secure a literary property of great traditional value, such as 'Copperfield' or any Dickens work, or 'Treasure Island,' it's only good business to show it in all faithful-
ness, comma for comma, period for period. But my Gosh, it would take five hours—thirty 
reels—to do that. And there isn't an audience in the world that can sit still before a screen longer than two hours. That's been tested.

So first we go through a session of pure condensation, cutting passages that may be beautifully done but that don't help the story along. Then our writers build up scenes to bridge the condensation gaps, transitions to smooth out the jerky effect caused by slashing and finally they add action to written pas-
sages literally lovely but dynamically slow.

"If they do their work well the public is acutely conscious of the scenes we saved and forgetful of portions discarded. Sometimes four or five scripts are written before the producer is satisfied. It all comes down to one trouble: we can't photograph the thoughts in a man's head—and it's the stream of consciousness that comprises two-thirds of any good book. But this is routine. It is only part of the living tractor-belt that carries a story from printing press to celluloid. After it is sent downstairs with its report from the reading room, Dorothy Pratt and her assistants classify it and send it at once to Sam Marx, head of the department. Sam Marx works out a good report he reads the original—and if his answer is "Yes," it is mimeographed and sent to all the producers. It is after they have decided to make the story that screenwriters take it over and wreck their havoc— their necessary havoc—so that the finished product will be smooth and seamless and fascinating.

I sat opposite Sam Marx in the small cool room of the high windows and low chairs he calls office. And I said, "Why can't just any-
body write a scenario? What about the man
in the street who comes out of a theater and says to his wife, 'If I couldn't write a good plot than that darn thing . . .'; or the wife: 'Do you remember what I told you Grace told me about George and Beatrice and the night at the inn? Well, don't you think that would make a swell movie?'

I wanted to know, 'Why wouldn't there sometimes be a good story, something real and fresh and simple, in the things those people think about? Why couldn't they just bat them out and send them in, and your writers could do the polishing?'

Marx laughed softly. 'Don't think they don't bat them out and send them in,' he said. 'We get hundreds every week. But we send them back unopened. We have to. You see former experience has taught us that only about one in every thousand of those home-span tales would ever be suitable for picture use; so we don't bother. If you had the lights go out in your house you'd send for an expert electrician, not an amateur with no experience at all, wouldn't you? So we go to professional writers for our stories.

"And there is no shortage of film material, even though most of the other studios have said that theirs do. We have 1,100 new synopses every year to our list, and half again that many in New York." He grinned. "Seems to me that's plenty to choose from.

"Of course," Marx went on, "our biggest worry is plagiarism. We triple-check in the filing rooms against that, and our copyright department is very careful, but even so— and you can imagine what trouble we'd have if we let in all the amateur literary borrowers too."

FROM this amiable young man I learned the Three Steps a story takes after it has been okayed for production.

Number one is "treatment". A scenarist, assigned always the type of story most suited to his personality and capability, transforms the original book into a running synopsis in which all scenes not susceptible to filming are eliminated; in which coherent passages are cut; and in which characterization is altered to fit screen limitations. Some scenarists do this in five typed pages—and some in a hundred.

Step two is the breaking of this "treatment" into scenes—dialogue and continuity. "And in the last few months," interjected Marx, "we've begun to do this without use of technical terms such as 'long shot', 'break into' and all the old script patter. The famous authors and playwrights we bring here talk at learning the slang, and as a result interpretation is left to the director. It's an improvement."

Step three is the high-finish polish, in which some noted scribner is called in to perfect the dialogue.

Sometimes one writer can do all three steps but this is seldom; the studios believe in specializing.

"Ben Hecht." Marx told me, "is one of those all-around wonders—in fact I'd call him the greatest screen writer living today."

When a script is completely finished and ready for the director, the blue cover is taken off and a yellow jacket tacked on; yellow signifies 'finis' for the story department.

Thus my story of 'story' is now invisibly encased in lemon-color. In the next article, while a third of the studio studies its script, we'll sneak behind the scenes of the next major phase of movie-making—with all its surprise and amazing detail: that of the players themselves, and their make-up and wardrobe.
The Secret Behind Laughton's Acting

He must show in his movements and on his face what is going on in the recesses of the character's heart—he must be that character without any inhibitions, defenses down. . . .

"My part in 'Les Miserables,' for instance, —when Javert was about to commit suicide. The depth of whose entire life was built around a single ideal: his belief in the law as an inviolable thing—as something more important than justice. When he found that this one premise of his life, this thing he had wasted so many years fighting for, was really wrong after all, then there was nothing left for him. And in real every-day affairs the man would probably have looked frightened or crazy or sorrowful or perhaps he would not have had any expression at all.

But subconsciously there would have been the presence of a great light in his heart—there would have been the exaltation and awe that dying men must feel at the approach of death.

"So I stood against the wall with my face raised to the sky, as if God were somewhere and I could see Him."

I remembered suddenly the night I had watched that scene from my seat at a preview; and next to me a woman had whispered to her companion, "Now after that I can forgive Javert for everything he did earlier in the picture. It was all worth it to see a man look like that. . . ."

Laughton had finished his coffee and he thoughtfully stirred the sugar in the bottom of the cup. "I've never told anyone these things before," he went on, "because I didn't think it possible to put it on paper. But if you want to try—"

"I'm going to try," I told him.

"In my own case then," he continued, "I don't act any one scene for the scene itself—I try to discover what mood is behind the entire story, what one definite impression the writer wanted to leave with the audience. Then every movement of mine, every word I speak, is working toward that impression."

"In 'Ruggles of Red Gap' the theme was that an English man-servant, steeped in the tradition of servility, should find his own individuality, a freedom of body and soul, in America. Thus there was not a moment during any part of the picture that my mind was not constantly on the climax, where Ruggles speaks the Gettysburg Address. Everything led up to that—the tones in my voice, the sissy walk, the servile attitudes—and when the Address came, it was my opportunity to thank America for what it has done for me. And I took it."

"You took it," I nodded. "It was more or less a gift to us, hearing that beautiful thing read like that."

We sat quiet for a time while he repeated softly random snatches of the speech, occasional sentences remembered. On the table before us was a great bowl of red poppies; and through the open windows, a finger of breeze moved in and touched them, catching light from the crinkled petals. From this circumstance, and with a sudden inflection in Laughton's voice, there came unconsciously to me one of his best portrayals.

I said, "Do you remember in the ending of 'Henry VIII' when you sat before a great joint of broiled meat and bore mouthful after mouthful from it? What were you thinking then . . . ?"

He tilted back in his chair and smiled. "You've hit on another instance of what I'm trying to get at today," he said. "I've always thought that the story of Henry was as much a saga of manners as a saga of wives—you see, in the matter of lusts, that particular Majesty was merely a temperamental child, the victim of conceit and his way of living."

"If Henry had lived decently, watched his diet, exercised himself, he might have been a clean-cut, civilized fellow with a clean-cut, civilized scale of values—he might have had a different attitude toward throne and bedroom. Then, too, when his story is told we have the advantage of seeing it through a retrospective glass; we can see his table-lack-o' manners from a grandstand built of knives and forks and serviettes."

Laughton touched his spoon with a manicured finger. "Therefore when I ate anything in 'Henry VIII' I was thinking always of the progress of etiquette since that day. My mind was busy with a study in contrasts between slabs of roast in the fingers and cubes of roast impaled on a silver fork. That was what I was thinking in the final scene while I gnawed my hunk of meat. . . ."

His voice paused as he looked through the tall windows and out over the bay. Just heading to sea, the Bounty, like a moment from the eighteenth century, moved proudly below us. "—swelling her white-bellied sails the wan- ton ship—" quoted Laughton softly. "What a magnificent sight that is! That boat—" he stood up and pointed—"is really the story of 'Mutiny On the Bounty.' Not a tale of men, nor of years, nor of purposes, but the moods of a ship as she leaves the port; as she breasts forward before the wind; as she twists and turns in a storm; as she arrives at her destination . . ."

When I give the 'Prayer To Be Used At Sea,' I must not think in terms of reverence so much as I must remember that the camera cuts to a long shot of the Bounty just as you see her now, pushing with her dignity and beauty over and on. I must catch the picture in my words—"O eternal Lord God who alone spreadest out the Heavens and rulest the raging of the sea, who has compassed the waters with bounds until day and night—"

As the prayer came swiftly in his low sonorous voice, I closed my eyes and let the individual words and intonations flow into a single colored mood through which a ship with white wings sailed proudly. And I thought, "This man, who can do this, has spoken in terms of wares, and brushes, and vehicles. . . ."

Then in an instant the mood and colors had changed; he was reading me the lines written for Captain Bligh on the arrival at Tahiti, and in the triumphant finality of the voice, in the clipped settling-down and completion of the tone quality, the end of a voyage was captured for me."

"—We're here—Tahiti at last! England to Cape Horn, Good Hope, Africa, New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land—" I saw the ship furling sail, dropping anchor, resting quiet.

And so for an hour we sat over our empty cups, while I learned of what stuff acting is made.

I began to realize that these things of which Laughton had been speaking were not included in any text-book on acting, that they were not merely the structure of a technique which any pseudo-thespian could imitate;

These were the abilities of a man with tremendous insight beyond that of human nature—these formed the web between talent and genius.

On the day that I talked with him we had stood on the Nantucket pier for an hour while he watched intently the movements of a fisherman below us. This was an Island character who, after many years, had come to be a part of his little boat; whose movements as he sculled and threw his spear were a sort of incarnate grace.

"I must learn to move like that in a scene that I shall do some day . . ." Laughton whispered to me . . .

It was not until we had finished our coffee at Banning House that I understood. Men who have worked with Charles Laughton say that in this business of portrayal he considers and talks about his contemporaries do not even know exist. They say he has spent days trying to catch for his own use a certain nautical gleam in the eye of the Bounty's bos'n's mate; that his posture as he stands on the deck is more important to the final effect than the lines others speak.

These men, stars in their own right, agree without any hint of jealousy that he is the foremost actor in America. But none of them could have told you why . . .
The Facts of Hollywood Life

FORSAKING ALL OTHERS

Ben Bernie led Dorothy Waley in a wedding march at Miami Beach, Florida. Forgot to kiss his new bride.

Peggy Watters, Lyle Talbot’s ex-girlfriend, teamed up with Millard (Dixie Howell) Rose for a Rose Bowl football phenom, in Mexico City, Mexico. Shirley Grey battled English customs officials to enter England and ved Arthur Marquis. British screen actor.

IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENTS

Polly Ann Young, sister of Loretta Young and Sally Blake, named mid-January for nuptials with Carter Hermann, Pasadena socialite.

Pola Negri made another of her mysterious announcements that she would wed an unnamed “British statesman” any day now.

Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers broke down abroad and admitted they were altar bound soon.

MADONNAS

Barbara Bennett Downey, wife of tenor Morton Downey, sister of Connie and Joan Bennett, raised the Downey family to six with a new baby boy.

Evelyn Venable presented hubby Hal Mohr with nine-and-a-half pound Dolores Venable. Warner Brothers employees got cigars.

Prosper Dee gave son Joel Dee McCrea a brand new baby brother. Name, David Thomas Papa Joel McCrea called off his new picture’s preview to hover around.

PARTED PATHS

Lina Basquette and Teddy Hayes, former trainer of Jack Dempsey, decided to call it a day.

The Facts of Hollywood Life

AT THE BAR

Betty Boyd paid a $10 contempt of court fine rather than spend a day in jail. She violated a judicial injunction in a complicated litigation.

Stephen Fetchit posted bond on a charge of disorderly conduct and assault in Baltimore. He was handy with a club, the sergeant said.

Mary Carlisle was legally blamed for tagging a man with her auto fender. Cost her $2700 damages.

Helene Costello was awarded $4655 from the estate of her late husband, Lowell Sherman, for trinkets and household articles she valued.

Hal Le Sear, brother of Joan Crawford, was held blameless for the death of a woman in an automobile accident.

Eleanor Boardman told the judge why she needed $943 a month for living expenses from her ex-husband, Director King Vidor.

Evelyn Brent must pay two former servants $724, the court decreed in a civil suit.

SICK LEAVE

Director Leo McCarey, who tells Mae West and Harold Lloyd how to act, weathered a critical siege of rare Malta fever, contracted on a location trip.

Lupe Velez kept quiet for a few days after her tonsils were snipped.

Adolphe Menjou left a long hospital stay for home. But his bad tummy won’t let him work for two more months.

ADIOS

To Countess Zanardi-Landi, mother of Elissa Landi.

A Word to the Fashion Wise

MUFFS seen recently include a huge flat pillow of seal skin, a fluffy luxx affair the size of a small barrel and a tiny black velvet cylinder for evening. Marian Marsh sponsors a new version in a quaint heart shaped muff of ermine and Adrian makes one of coque feathers for “The Great Ziegfeld” and tops off with a hat to match.

Remember the heavy gold watchchains our fathers wore, draped across their waistcoats? Una Merkel has made a necklace of one. She has had semi-precious stones mounted between the links and wears it in choker length. Individual and smart at the same time.

Hat felt for wear with tweeds and suits need no longer be snubbed by a mere ribbon or fancy leather trimming. Try a little bunch of white daisies, cornflowers and a scarlet poppy on a dark blue sailor and see how amusing the effect is when worn with a navy tailored suit. Tuck the same combination into your button-hole and go out to meet the sunshine.

For her private wardrobe Dolores Del Rio has ordered from Irene a formal evening gown of double faced black satin. Long sleeves cover the arms from shoulder edge to wrist. The decolletage is off-the-shoulder and the skirt hugs the hips and flares crisply to the floor.

Inspired by the pearl buttons of the London cooter Travis Banton uses a huge edition of them for a wide belt to be worn with white satin pajamas. They are set so close together that they overlap. Claudette Colbert wears this in “The Bride Comes Home.”

Time was when colored gloves were anathema. Now they may be used with discretion to accent a costume. Constance Collier wears them in elbow length Irish green suede with a black and white crepe evening frock. Match the glowing red of your carnation corsage to long velvet gloves and try them with a black evening gown.

Weed sandals of the same shade and make your entrance with authority.

Yellow is distinctly a happy color. Wendy Barrie knows this and loves to wear yellow blouses and sweaters with her gray or blue tailored suits. A beret of the same soft shade or a casual felt sports hat and yellow chamois gloves may carry out the color scheme.

You cannot separate a woman and her bag. Jeanette Mac Donald carries one which is certainly tops for usefulness. Shaped like an old fashioned saddle bag, made of brown kid and trimmed with copper banding, the long strip of kid which forms it is crushed in the center to provide a handle. One pocket houses a pen, checkbook, coin purse and all the odds and ends a woman needs, while the other contains a beauty kit.

lips must wear a lustre

Another evidence of Helena Rubinstein’s make-up genius! To her smart, colorful lipsticks she now adds a biological “youth” ingredient. An ingredient which lends the lips a lovely lustre ... an eager, youthful gleam, a warm glow and sparkle.

See how young and smooth these lipsticks make your lips — and keep them, even in the coldest weather. No creased, lined lips. No rough, chapped, untouched lips if you wear Helena Rubinstein’s glamorous lipsticks.

Each Helena Rubinstein lipstick shade is a color masterpiece. Dashing Red Poppy, gay Red Geranium, the famous Red Raspberry, and the new Terra Cotta-Light, 1.00, 50c. Rouges to match, 1.00. Flattering, clinging powders, 1.00. NEW Town & Country Make-up Film, the biological beauty foundation which preserves skin moisture, conceals imperfections and keeps your make-up fresh for hours, 1.50.

Ask for these preparations at Helena Rubinstein’s salon or at any smart store.
MISTER HOBÖ—GB

DONALD COOK, Erin O'Brien-Moore, and Ann Doran enact the leads in this story of the daughter of a wealthy publisher, who, to further her romantic cause with a reporter, has him fired and then proposes and marries him. The reporter’s true sweetheart marries the other man and the four lives all get tangled up. Sounds kind of complicated, but it works out into a creditable bit of entertainment.

LAST OF THE PAGANS—M-G-M

A GEM of tropic beauty, a charming idyll, brings with it a picture to take you away from yourself. Filmed in the South Seas with an authentic pantomime perfect native cast, it relates a mighty Polynesian hunter’s fight for the right to love. Ray Wise and Lotus Long, late of the frigid “Eskimo,” seem to belong in this lush South Sea setting.

MIDNIGHT PHANTOM—Reliable

MURDER stalks a darkened room in police headquarters during a show-up of criminals and the chief is slain. Suspicion points in many directions, but the odd assortment of witnesses at the show-up. Eventually Detective Reginald Denny solves the mystery. It’s fairuish entertainment with Denny unusually fine and Clauda Dell and Lloyd Hughes giving him competent help.

JUST MY LUCK—New Century

BAD luck seems to dog Charles Ray’s persistent and not unwanted come-back trail. The bad luck this time lies in the mediocrity of production, direction and photography.

BROADWAY HOSTESS—Warners

BIGGED down by a slow-moving and improbable plot, this struggles along to a weak, uninteresting end. An unknown torch singer (Wini Shaw) is skyrocketed to fame and riches, as is her manager (Lyle Talbot). He marries an heiress, Wini weds her piano player (Phil Regan) although she loves Talbot. Marie Wilson’s comedy bit is the sole bright spot.

THE GREAT IMPERSONATION—Universal

BARGAIN day here—four or five plots for the price of one. Edmund Lowe, a wastrel British peer, returns from an extended Africa drunk to his old home, impersonating himself, believe it or not. He mixes up in spy war plots, a man or ghost frame-up and all sorts of things until you’re thoroughly mixed up yourself. Valerie Hobson, Wera Engels and Henry Mollison strew in the melodramatic ragout.

RACING LUCK—Winchester

THERE’s plenty of comedy, several trick dance routines and a number of catchy tunes in this story of a song writer in a band (Eddie Duxin’s) who wins the love of a crooner-ess by the simple device of making her believe his poor but handsome Johnny Downs is the boy, Betty Burgess, the girl, and society spot Coroado the background. Skip the weak plot and enjoy yourself.

THE SHADOW STAGE

[Continued from page 51]

DANGEROUS—Warners

PLENTY strong is the dramatic fare in this story of a “jinx” actress who destroyed the lives of all who dared to love her. Bette Davis as the actress, Joyce Heath, bites deeply into her punchy role, but Franchot Tone as the architect whom she ensnares is the real surprise and strength of the film. Margaret Lindsay, John Eldredge, Alison Skipworth.

$1000 A MINUTE—Republic

If you’ve worried about how you’d spend a thousand a minute for twelve hours if you had the chance, then tag along with Roger Pryor, a busted reporter who falls into such an opulent job. But it’s not so easy, with everyone, including the police and your best girl, thinking you’re either a robber or a lunatic.

NEVADA—Paramount

ZANE GREY Western yarn is usually good reading, and this Zane Grey film is a little better than the average screen exploits of the sagebrush boys—but it’s still a Western. Buster Crabbe and Sid Saylor are suspected strangers who prove their mettle in a cattle rustling war. Monte Blue is the real bad man. Grand scenery, action and Kathleen Burke.

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—Warner

THE team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell again skitter through a lightweight comedy cut to a pattern which is rapidly becoming as monotonous as it is unworthy of their talents. This time the plot hangs on a popularity contest to elect a “Miss Pacific Fleet.” Hugh Herbert and Allen Jenkins clown through broad comedy.

MY MARRIAGE—20th Century-Fox

THE solid performances turned in by the players raise this weak and confusing picture to acceptable entertainment. Wealthy Claire Trevor is in society until her father’s murder reveals him as an underworld char-acter. Loyal lover Kent Taylor defies the schemes of his aristocratic mother, Pauline Frederick, by marrying and protecting Claire who, with the aid of friendly cop Paul Kelly, untangles several murders to clear the way.

RACING LUCK—Winchester

A COUPLE of novel twists save this unpre-tentious stock racing story from being absolutely colorless. William Boyd is honest Dan Morgan, ruled off the turf by the trickery of his rival, Hammon, (Ernest Hilliard.) George Ernest is splendid as little Jimmy Corbetti, husband Morgan, who buys one of his rival’s discarded horses and train it by making it, of all things, swim. Barbara Worth as Jimmy’s sister provides a mild love interest.

RING AROUND THE MOON—Chesterfield

HERE’S a plot heretofore untouched, no one knows why, by movie-makers—the arson racket. Developed as it is by Columbia writers and well enacted by Edmund Lowe and Ann Sothern, it’s chuck full of thrills and surprises. Worked into the plot of a sleuth’s discovery of responsibility for a series of costly incendiary fires is a pleasing portion of humor and romance. You’ll like this one.

CASE OF THE MISSING MAN—Columbia

THERE’s a neat twist to this mildly exciting murder mystery. A roving street photographer (Roger Pryor) accidentally photographs a hold-up man leaving the scene of his crime. To obliterote any trace, the criminal’s gang beat up Pryor, destroy his camera and so forth in a series of encounters. But they don’t get the original negative, so justice triumphs after all.

FREE SHIP—Columbia

BART, THE BAY—20th Century-Fox

A TOPNOTCH Western stuff is this third of the “Hop-Hop Cassidy” stories featuring William Boyd and Jimmy Ellison. This time Cassidy (Boyd) goes to the rescue of a neighbor who is suffering at the hands of a marauding band of cattle thieves. Ellison and Jean Rouverol take care of the romance end. Exciting fun and logical.

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—20th Century-Fox

RALLY round you Edward Everett Horton fans! Here’s his latest and one of his funniest hot off the griddle. It’s all about one of those civic-minded types who is so busy collecting up cups for promoting Eat More Cabbage, etc. weeks that his own paint business goes to wrack and ruin. Finally, with his back to the wall, the worm turns upon the unappreciative town and all ends well.

THE FIRE TRAP—Larry Darmour Prod.

HAVE a thrill on the fire department house by watching the exciting exploits of the laddies in the red tin hats in this well constructed story of a fire and insurance racket. Appraiser Norman Foster loves Evalyn Knapp only to discover her guardian uncle, Oscar Apeil, is in crooked cahoots with his, Foster’s, own boss, Sidney Blackmer.

CORONADO—Paramount

THE Shadow Stage
This Time It's No Modern Marriage

[continued from page 23]

several times with just about the same feeling of romance she'd have toward a dentist about to extract two teeth. The first two or three appointments he was so busy keeping her mouth open and making her say "ahhhhhhh!" she didn't get a very good look at him. Even when she did, it wasn't love at first sight, though she was interested in the fine way her sinus was looking up! With further appointments, she did learn, however, that he was on the staff of two of Los Angeles' finest hospitals; that he gave hours of his time to a clinic which he had established, and that he was more interested in research than in anything else.

One day Claudette arrived at Dr. Pressman's office so late that she was just in time to catch that busy gentleman on his way out to lunch. Now Claudette is a movie star, and even busy doctors and lawyers and merchants as well as movie directors have been known to change plans for the glamorous queens of the screen. Claudette made some pleasant little excuse about being detained, but if he would excuse her (and everyone always did) they could go right on with the treatment now.

Dr. Joel Pressman, who is a graduate of the University of Virginia and the Harvard Medical School, and who is thirty-four years old and a very good looking young man, to boot, just looked at the starrish Miss Colbert and made no effort to get back into his nice white apron. In fact, in just the same voice as he later told the girl he loved that he thought she'd have to let her eyebrows grow back in. He reminded Miss Colbert that he was on his way to lunch!

It was probably the first time in years that a man hadn't changed his mind to suit Claudette's. And you know what that does to a woman, even if she is a movie star—

The upshot of it was that he invited her to lunch with him at the corner drug store because he has another appointment in fifteen minutes, and that's more Claudette (who is very particular about her eating) went, and liked it!

After that, they began seeing each other without benefit of sinuses. They played golf and tennis together and Dr. Pressman beat her thoroughly and soundly without any concessions to her box-office standing in the world. Claudette was head over heels in love. And so was Jack Pressman.

AMUSING things began to happen to Claudette. As she started mastering impossible medical terms, she became less and less delicate in health. In fact, right now her health is practically perfect. She will explain, grinning at herself the while, that when she got around a decided medical man and found out how many germs it took, actually, to kill a person, she found she was no longer afraid of them. I know she found, too, a new fund of interest in Jack and his world.

It took her away from the petty exasperations in a star's career to listen to a man's story of the struggle between life and death. She discovered that dealing, as he was, with such truly great problems, he lost that wounded vanity and capriciousness that is natural to men in studios. And, as he introduced her to his world, she introduced him to hers, and both of them were made happy.

While she and Norman Foster had been separated for more than a year, I know she was delighted when she knew that he was falling in love again.

It was then that she got her divorce, and no one is more genuinely pleased that Norman's new marriage is happy than Claudette herself.

But it also gave her heart complete freedom.

When Claudette Colbert attended the opening of Max Factor's huge new Make-Up Studio in Hollywood, she was greeted by Miss Ruth Waterbury, the editor of PhoToPlay and Mr. Factor himself, dean of make-up artists.
Today she is going ahead with the plans for her new home. As soon as it is finished, she and Jack will be married. For sentimentally, she wants to enter it a Bride. The whole house, in fact, is full of sentimental touches, for actually this girl who prated so of modernity is as domestic as a tea kettle.

This will reveal her new spirit to you. The decorator brought her the room plans.

"Oh, now," said Claudette, "those won't do! The colors are lovely and the hangings, too, but they are too feminine, too much Colbert. Remember, there's going to be a man in this house. You must change this so he will feel comfortable here.

The reason why Mrs. Pressman doesn't expect to give up her career, but she believes that the difference in hers and her new husband's career will be a safeguard.

She has got another safeguard—that's the temperament of Dr. Pressman himself. First of all, he is intelligent, he has the detached mind of a scientist, he realizes that autograph fans and crowds are the annoying factors in Claudette's career; just as inevitable as annoying hysterical patients and indigant calls are in his. He does not like to be popped at by photographers, but he's getting used even to that. Besides, he is very, very much in love, and wants to make just as much of a go of this old-fashioned marriage as Claudette does.

Also, he's another of the reasons why Claudette wants this to be an old fashioned marriage. He is the kind of man who, I'm sure, wouldn't bother with any other kind.

She'll never persuade me that a woman, movie star or otherwise, doesn't like a man to display that type of male dominance.

Take, for example, the matter of eyebrows—Claudette hasn't had a smit of a one since "Cleopatra." Jack said, however, a month or so ago, he thought she'd look better with eye-brows. So the girl grew them, she who hated the darn things. And she thinks they are wonderful, now, so much more becoming to her than the lack of them ever was. They are, too, as a matter of fact.

But her growing them is an expression of love, that, and old fashioned wifely submission.

So, "The Bride Comes Home." And there's no girl in Hollywood who deserves her happiness more than Claudette does her.

---

We Cover the Studios

[Continued from page 46]

I dance collegiate," the wallflower answers. Wego on to Paramount. The first set we visit is "Give Us This Night," a musical starring Gladys Swarthout and the man who is upsetting all Hollywood, Jan Kiepura. Kiepura is the Polish tenor who started the current operatic vogue with his sensationnally successful "Love Me Tonight." Before you go on the set you are warned that you mustn't smoke because it bothers Mr. Kiepura's tuneful throat. You are told that he will not use his melodic voice in speech for two hours after he has sung.

You are informed that Mr. Kiepura sprays his lovely larnyx regularly after each bit of dialogue. So you walk on the stage prepared thoroughly to dislike Hollywood's latest eccentric.

But you don't. He's a medium blond, average height man with a great deal of a somehow silly charm. He's a walking exclamation point. He takes nothing casually. His "Aah!" and "Ooh!" if laid end to end would reach from here to Culver City. He's delighted with the script. He beaks on it. Walking about the set isn't enough for him, so he goes around in a nervous half-trot. He prances into the scene.

"We will do it this way," says director Al Hall, Lola Lane's husband.

"That's wonderful! Wonderful!" Kiepura throws his arms about Hall, who is getting used to him by now.

Then Kiepura's enthusiasm for the scene he is about to play grows so that he cannot contain himself. He starts to tell Edwin Mayer, the scenarist, all about it. But the new-fangled Englishman can't come fast enough. Hedda Hopper, hired by the studio to coach Kiepura with his speech, steps in and helps him out.

"Thank you! Ten thousand million thank you!"

Finally when they have all agreed with Kiepura that the scene will be wonderful, he changes his mind. "No!" He is now in the depths of despair. "It will not be so! Never, never should I stand by the door! It is by the window I should be! Look!" He dashed
to the window, all smiles again. "This will be marvelous!"

It takes some diplomatic maneuvering to persuade Kiepura that the first way is the best. It's sort of restful to hear a Southern drawl after all the "Give Us This Night" set. Gertrude Michael, still limping badly from the auto accident that happened on her way home from Lake Arrowhead, has a Southern accent in real life that she has trained herself to drop whenever a microphone is listening. In "The Petrified Forest," Michael's assistant, who, with George Murphy, gets kidnapped by Sidney Blackmer. A pleasant sort of kidnapper, Blackmer takes his people to a colorful Mexican bar, where things seem quite gay and where Mike wears the most fetching sort of native costume. One of the most talented pianists in Hollywood, whenever a student from two colleges, Gertrude Michael is a shapely retort to that axiom about being beautiful but dumb. A messenger, as out of breath as a Pony Express rider, came dashing onto the set with a package. Somebody in the scenario department had decided to change the dialogue for the next scene and this was it. Immediately, the company was in a turmoil. Like a bunch of students cramming for an exam, Murphy, Akim Tamiroff, Sidney Blackmer and Mike began a stretch of torrid concentration. They gathered around a table, forgot everything else, and wrote and revised and rewrote the new script. They were scheduled to know the new lines in fifteen minutes.

**THERE'S** music in the air over at the little Columbia bee hive lot. This tiny lot has been making so many fine pictures lately that it's no longer news that it has the Major studios worried. Now Columbia is shooting its most ambitious project, a musical under the knowing guidance of Victor Schertzinger who made "One Night Of Love." Harry Richman, who made a hit in the early days of talking with "Putting On The Ritz," and then vanished from Hollywood, is the star.

We watched him do a scene with that grand actor, Walter Connolly and Lionel Stander, the gravel-throated comedian of "The Scoundrel." The set—and incidentally Columbia is turning out some of the most striking-looking sets in Hollywood these days—is the interior of a handsome New York apartment. The picture is called "Rolling Along" and has Harry Richman, who with his hair newly straightened looks almost exactly like Max Baer, as a Broadway star who gets picked up by show boat owner Walter Connolly. Connolly doesn't know about Richman's fame, but sensing that he has talent, signs him up.

In this take, the small time Connolly is giving the big time Mr. Richman the Dickens for being late at an appointment. In the background grinning brightly, is Lionel Stander raps out poetry. This is a very laughable scene.

Over at Warners there's a script that's almost as big as one of Columbia's little stages. It's the treatment of "Anthony Adverse," the Peter Pan of 20th-Century-Fox, March, whom 20th-Century-Fox is loaning Warners in exchange for Dick Powell, is the vagabond adventurer. And ex-gagman Mervyn LeRoy is the director. Still a gagman at heart, LeRoy peddles to the set on a bike with a wire basket for carrying the script.

This is the first time we haven't space to give all credits. Just take Warners' word that "Anthony Adverse" will be super-colossal.

In the picture, March runs into Anita Louise, Claude Rains, Olivia de Havilland, Donald Woods, Edmund Gwenn, and Stefili Duna. There are, in fact, ninety-two speaking parts in this gigantic picture. So what you don't like you can skip, and what you don't see just ask for.

Everything is on a big scale out on the bustling Burbank lot. In "Colleen," one of the latest big screen stories that the Hay's office has been crying for, there are more stars than there are autograph hunters in front of the Vondome. Looking from left to right, you will find Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Hugh Herbert, Louise Fazenda and "Paul Draper," the dancer, all gathered to take part in this musical festival.

The set we wandered onto was a beautiful affair, all done in a gorgeous shade of yellow. We have noticed that the colors on sets are often beautiful, and always meticulously blended. All the sets are that seen. And there's a nifty gorilla and an honor student from two colleges, Gertrude Michael is a shapely retort to that axiom about being beautiful but dumb. A messenger, as out of breath as a Pony Express rider, came dashing onto the set with a package. Somebody in the scenario department had decided to change the dialogue for the next scene and this was it. Immediately, the company was in a turmoil. Like a bunch of students cramming for an exam, Murphy, Akim Tamiroff, Sidney Blackmer and Mike began a stretch of torrid concentration. They gathered around a table, forgot everything else, and wrote and revised and rewrote the new script. They were scheduled to know the new lines in fifteen minutes.

The set we wandered onto was a beautiful affair, all done in a gorgeous shade of yellow. We have noticed that the colors on sets are often beautiful, and always meticulously blended. All the sets are that seen. And there's a nifty gorilla and an honor student from two colleges, Gertrude Michael is a shapely retort to that axiom about being beautiful but dumb. A messenger, as out of breath as a Pony Express rider, came dashing onto the set with a package. Somebody in the scenario department had decided to change the dialogue for the next scene and this was it. Immediately, the company was in a turmoil. Like a bunch of students cramming for an exam, Murphy, Akim Tamiroff, Sidney Blackmer and Mike began a stretch of torrid concentration. They gathered around a table, forgot everything else, and wrote and revised and rewrote the new script. They were scheduled to know the new lines in fifteen minutes.

The set we wandered onto was a beautiful affair, all done in a gorgeous shade of yellow. We have noticed that the colors on sets are often beautiful, and always meticulously blended. All the sets are that seen. And there's a nifty gorilla and an honor student from two colleges, Gertrude Michael is a shapely retort to that axiom about being beautiful but dumb. A messenger, as out of breath as a Pony Express rider, came dashing onto the set with a package. Somebody in the scenario department had decided to change the dialogue for the next scene and this was it. Immediately, the company was in a turmoil. Like a bunch of students cramming for an exam, Murphy, Akim Tamiroff, Sidney Blackmer and Mike began a stretch of torrid concentration. They gathered around a table, forgot everything else, and wrote and revised and rewrote the new script. They were scheduled to know the new lines in fifteen minutes.

The set we wandered onto was a beautiful affair, all done in a gorgeous shade of yellow. We have noticed that the colors on sets are often beautiful, and always meticulously blended. All the sets are that seen. And there's a nifty gorilla and an honor student from two colleges, Gertrude Michael is a shapely retort to that axiom about being beautiful but dumb. A messenger, as out of breath as a Pony Express rider, came dashing onto the set with a package. Somebody in the scenario department had decided to change the dialogue for the next scene and this was it. Immediately, the company was in a turmoil. Like a bunch of students cramming for an exam, Murphy, Akim Tamiroff, Sidney Blackmer and Mike began a stretch of torrid concentration. They gathered around a table, forgot everything else, and wrote and revised and rewrote the new script. They were scheduled to know the new lines in fifteen minutes.

The set we wandered onto was a beautiful affair, all done in a gorgeous shade of yellow. We have noticed that the colors on sets are often beautiful, and always meticulously blended. All the sets are that seen. And there's a nifty gorilla and an honor student from two colleges, Gertrude Michael is a shapely retort to that axiom about being beautiful but dumb. A messenger, as out of breath as a Pony Express rider, came dashing onto the set with a package. Somebody in the scenario department had decided to change the dialogue for the next scene and this was it. Immediately, the company was in a turmoil. Like a bunch of students cramming for an exam, Murphy, Akim Tamiroff, Sidney Blackmer and Mike began a stretch of torrid concentration. They gathered around a table, forgot everything else, and wrote and revised and rewrote the new script. They were scheduled to know the new lines in fifteen minutes.
She's One In a Million

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

hopes, is indeed one in a million. She's one out of a million young girls, young movie fans, in small obscure towns all over this land who dream of the good old days with the magic wand and then suddenly feel the wonderful tap and find their glorious, impossible dreams of Hollywood come true—in the twinkling of a star.

Not very long ago they were celebrating Olivia de Havilland's nineteenth birthday in Saratoga. In the midst of the festivities, Olivia's eyes grew dewy and she suddenly blurted:

"I don't want to be nineteen."

"Why?" asked her mother, "why not, Olivia?"

"I want to be eighteen the rest of my life," breathed Olivia wistfully. "So many wonderful things have happened."

So many wonderful things.

SPRING before last she was graduating from Los Gatos High School which is the nearest high school to Saratoga, California, where Olivia grew up.

They didn't bet on horses in Saratoga, California. But anyone in town would have laid you ten to one to be completely off your nut if you had blandly stated before the year had rolled round the little de Havilland girl would be the sensation for the year's most sensational moving picture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the fastest arriving young actress on the screen and the particular protegé of the great dramatic maestro, Max Reinhardt.

"Reinhardt?" they would have said, "you've got your signals mixed. You mean Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, the Mills College prexy. That's where Olivia's going to college! She won a scholarship. Smart girl."

And in the anywhere near normal course of events that's where Olivia de Havilland should be right now—going to classes under Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt at Mills College, thrilled, proud and ambitious over her first year studies.

But that's just it—there's nothing at all normal about the whole thing. Little eighteen year old Olivia de Havilland didn't figure in such sudden success stories every day in the week. They have ambitions, hopes and incredible dreams, as Olivia had in Saratoga; they act in local productions before their friends, as Olivia did in Saratoga. But they don't pop from such amateur circles right into a big part in a Reinhardt pageant, such as Olivia did, in Hollywood. Not often. They don't win movie contracts. Not often.

It's so unbelievable, that up at Mills College they're still holding the scholarship open for Olivia. If this astounding babble bursts and she wants to use it. I don't think she will.

Still, if you saw her today, walking along the street with a book or a script tucked under her arm, her long curling brow (she calls it "mousy") hair falling over her slim young shoulders, usually covered with a bright hued pajama suit, you'd take a look at her bright eyes, easy grin and dimpled chin and heave a sigh for your lost youth. "Oh, for the halcyon days of high school," you'd mutter, without knowing that you were wasting your breath on a very earnest young career lady who has given text books, teachers, sororities and such sophomoric stuff the go-

by. An actress, if you please. Nineteen or not. And don't you sniff at Saratoga.

Because if there hadn't been a Saratoga there wouldn't have been a Hollywood for Olivia de Havilland. And if it hadn't been for her home town Puck's and Hermias in amateur Shakespearean plays, she might never have had a chance to let Reinhardt see what she could do.

She was playing the home folks with some outdoor Shakespeare right in Saratoga that summer when her local director took her up to Berkeley one day to watch Reinhardt's advance agents try out the Greek Theater there. The director knew Reinhardt's assistant. She introduced Olivia.

"Too bad you can't see Reinhardt himself rehearse in the Hollywood Bowl," said the assistant, "you'd enjoy that."

A famous grandmother starts a new career at 75! Read the inspiring story of the vigorous, beloved genius, Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink from the sympathetic pen of Adela Rogers St. Johns in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY

"Oh, I would," breathed Olivia.

"Then come down to Hollywood," he told her, "and I'll arrange it. Maybe," he added, "if you're as good as Miss Johnston here says you are, we can find a little place for you in the pageant. Or maybe you can help rehearse the lines—he be an understudy."


"It isn't far."

It wasn't far for Olivia—just to another world—that's all. Her travelling had stopped when she was two years old, when she came from Tokyo, Japan, her birthplace, to California. Since then she hadn't been cast of Lake Tahoe. Nor ever to Hollywood, which she still regarded in the typical awe of a terrific movie fan. To actually go there was something beyond the pale of imagination.

The night she saw her first real live movie stars, Ginger Rogers, Lew Ayres and Johnny Mack Brown, in a restaurant, Olivia couldn't lift her fork for excitement.

The story of Olivia's incredible break at the Hollywood Bowl production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is one of those things that just can't happen—but somehow did. They let her in to watch rehearsals, then made her a tree, then needling someone to help rehearse the lines for Hermia, she had an audition before Reinhardt. He nodded and her status was raised to the understudy of an under study.

The proudest boast of any actress for years has been, "I've worked with Reinhardt." Gloria Stuart, the Hermia Reinhardt had chosen, was practically ready to jump off a cliff when she reached the last minute she was called off the show. To a sudden role. Her understudy, Jean Rouveral, took ill. Olivia's number was up. It looked almost like a frame-up of Fate. She came in one morning from a horseback ride with Evelyn Venable. Reinhardt met her at the Bowl with an odd smile. "Well," he said quietly, "it looks as if you're going to play Hermia. What do you think about it?"

"I don't know what to think," gasped Olivia weakly.

But everyone else knew what to think. After Olivia naus eated the contract, had been literally pushed from the wings before that great terrifying amphitheater full of critical eyes into her big time debut.

They thought she was simply swell.

AND before Olivia left with the Reinhardt group on her first trip East of the Rockies to Chicago and snow and wonderful unseen things like that, the contract was signed and the part was all settled for the screen production of the "Dream"—where you are seeing her make a Shakespearean debut this time not only under Max Reinhardt but with him in his own screen debut.

Olivia de Havilland has been tagged, since the start, as "Max Reinhardt's protegé." It's only natural, of course, since Reinhardt was so instrumental in recognizing her as one in a million, in giving her her chance. But really she hardly knows the maestro. She is no more his protegé than any one of the actors in the large cast of the screen "Dream."

Actually, Olivia is Olive de Havilland's protegé.

"Midsummer Night's Dream" was only the beginning. Then little Miss de Havilland has been on her very own. And to point out that she is now playing the lead in Warners' next big special, "Captain Blood," shows that she has done all right. Besides that, she will be seen with Fredric March in "Anthony Adverse." At Warners', notorious as a studio not disposed to building feminine players, Olivia has had more attention and "build up" already than was ever before accorded a young bud.

She's cashing in on it with the same determination which won her the scholarship to Mills College. Her high school tactics of "no dates during school weeks" have been altered only slightly to "no dates during shooting weeks."

Even the temptations of never ending fun which Hollywood holds out to a nineteen-year-old miss who doesn't exactly scare off the boys are not enough to make her break the rule.

Saturday nights, of course, are something else. Then Olivia steps out with the eligible young men. To become eligible, it seems, you must first win over Mrs. de Havilland. It's a rather set procedure. After meeting Olivia, you come up some Sunday afternoon to tea. This is for mamma's inspection. If you pass, all right—you can take Olivia out.
Broad Reviews of Current Photoplays

[Continued from page 8]

**IN PERSON—RKO Radio.**—Fast-paced comedy depicting the delegated of a convicted movie queen. A film that will please those who enjoy humor, George Brent, Allan Mowbray and Joan Blondell are amusing. (Dec. 7)

**IRISH IN THE US—Warner.**—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, thoroughly entertaining picture by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer. The writing is good and the humor is thicker than water. Mary Gordon, as the mother of Jack, James Cagney and Frank McHugh steals the show. (Oct.)

**IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M.**—Jack Benny posing as a typist is only an excuse for him finding someone to vouchsafe his reputation by making up a strawplane flight, which he does successfully and smoothly—without humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from this. (Dec.)

**JALNA—RKO Radio.**—Mazo de la Roche's prize-winning and popular novel is here translated into the Wurlitzer and the result is a delightful oaks family faithfully screened with satisfying sincerity. John Barrymore, H. B. Warner, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

**JAVA HEAD—First Division.**—Joseph Hergesheimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna May Wong as the unhappy princess almost makes you forget that Elizabeth. (Nov.)

**KEEPER OF THE BEES, THE.**—Monogram.—A satisfactory screen version of the Gene Stratton-Porter story. A good cast adorns a good story and actor who takes a new lease on life among the bee hives. Claude Gillingwater, Anna May Wong, Robert Booth. For the family. (Sept.)

**KINGSOLOMONFROBDAY—Universal.**—Edna泳e as a night club proprietor has her hands full with her son George Brent, who has the low-down on the news reel cameraman. Norman Foster is the specific dreamer, Evelyn Knapp the girl. Never a dull moment. (Sept.)

**LADY TURBIS—Universal.**—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailor made for her, that of a railroad cook who inherits a fortune and poses as a lady. Dorothy Peterson, John Litel, Constance Collier and Minna Devan. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

**LA MATERNELLE—Metro.**—Reminiscence in plot and in some respects, of 'Marchen In Uniform,' with the happy results. Children in Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate theater goers. (Sept.)

**LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO Radio.**—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefited greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Balzer-Lipton play. Preston Foster gives a vivacious performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator when petty kills his wife and child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (Dec.)

**LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.**—The aged triangle crops up in India, this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the efforts of Claude Rains and Greer Garson, this only proves to be a fair picture. (Dec.)

**LET 'EM HAVE IT—Reliance-United Artists.**—All that jazz in this, the story of a New York street walker, is the musical number. Richard Arlen singing 'I Don't Care If The Weather's Hot' with Virginia Bruce and Alice Brady for sentiment and comedy. (Aug.)

**LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.**—The magnificient adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrds is not the same, but that was to be expected. The Byrds have been entirely captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Arthur Byrds playing a personable and likable hero. The world will be worth to see it. (Dec.)

**LITTLE BIG SHOT—Warner.**—Another child story related to the Three Little Bears, the Marx Brothers, start cartooving in Italy and wind up in a New York opera house. Starring Alan Jones and Kitty Carlisle are romantic. You'll love it. (Jan.)

**LOVE ME FOREVER—Columbia.**—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing the title song and Lenore Carillone as the glibber who loves the beautiful rising star, dirigible directed, photographed and acted. The music is superb. (Sept.)

**MAD LOVE—M-G-M.**—Toodlish stuff, with a touch of Jerry Lewis's excellent actor. Peter Lorre, wasted in the role of a mad super-surgeon who resorts to fiendish curiosities of Dr. Louis Corden. Ted Healy lightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

**MAKE A MILLION—Monogram.—Preposterous nonsense but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Starrett) who makes a million dollar chain letter move to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Buck, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

**MANHATTAN MOON—Universal.**——Richard Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with a mind to revolutionize the world, but who in the end marries the girl of his dreams. (Sept.)

**MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—Warner Bros.**—Another one of the man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to go with the wrestling matches, and gets in a peck of trouble with no story. (Sept.)

**MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—Reliance.**—A good cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and George Brent. (Sept.)

**MIDNIGHT MURDER—Warner Bros.—**The story of a woman who is the obvious feature of this impossible potpourri of old rusted cop melodramas. (Dec.)

**MEN WITHOUT NUMBER—Paramount.—Not** the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. John Craven, Macron, Merle Oberon, Irene Vernon, Madge Evans and David Holt. Leslie Fenton will enjoy the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

**METROPOLITAN—20th Century Fox.**—A man with a biography of Lawrence Tibbets' voice finer than ever. Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady and George Marion, Sr. are excellent. (Nov.)

**MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A—**Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable attention and interpretation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cost to afford entertainment to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. (Sept.)

**MURDER OF JULIO—Universal.**—An unbelievable yarn about one of Uncle Sam's battleships, with Robert Taylor, Jean Parker, Una Merkel and other stars. A shadow of a tragic comedy, wasted. (Dec.)

**MURDER, THE—M-G-M.**—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery that was set against a newspaper background with Spencer Tracy as the sleuth reporter and Virginia Bruce adding charm and loveliness. (Oct.)

**MURDER OF DOCTOR HARRIANG, THE—Warner Bros.—Richard Cortez gives the only acceptable performance in this unsatisfactory mystery which has some rather technical (ick) pas. (Dec.)

**MUSIC IS MAGIC—20th Century Fox.—Bebe Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age, steps out and shows some real troupings in a pleasant semi-musical headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, and embellished by minny ditties. (Dec.)

**MY MOTHER WENT ON A CRUISE—M-G-M.**—Magnificent sea saga cuffed from the Nordhoff-Whitney book by High Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutineers, and Frances Tom as Mischpman Ewan. Superb acting, directed, scenery and cast. Don't miss it. (Jan.)

**NAVY WIFE—20th Century Fox.**—Because of her unprejudiced attitude toward the navy, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually she marries John Bethany in this unexciting and flat film. (Dec.)

**NIGHT AT THE OPERA, A—M-G-M.**—Benny and the Washers move up in a murder case, at their funniest, Rowdy, hilarious, without a dull moment. Good supporting cast includes Betty Grable, Evelyn Brent, Hale Hamilton, Fred Keating and others. (Dec.)

---

Why did you buy the dress you're wearing? Because you like the design and color! Why did you select that rug—or that dinner set—or that vase—or that lamp? Because of design and color! What first attracted you to that toilet preparation? The beauty of the package or container!

Training that has Brought Results

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing organization, has trained many young artists now capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly as designers or illustrators. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Coroneting contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years of outstanding success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

Do You like to Draw?

If so, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our simple Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion, free, as to whether your talent is worth developing. With it you will receive our free book describing the training and outlining present opportunities in art. You may have real talent. Don't neglect it. Properly trained, it may bring you a good income and an easier, happier life.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
2106 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me your Free Art Test and Book.

Name.

Address.

Age. Occupation.
PHOTOPLAY

NO MORE LADIES—M-G-M.—A perfect dash of a film comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone. The wire-cocked, uncharacteristic triangle. Charlie Ruggles, Edna May Oliver, Arthur Treacher, Reginald Denny, and the rest of the brilliant cast, cooperate to give you a laugh a minute. (Aug.)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—B-W.—Relief, Intelligence, of 10c, It’s a fitting, entertaining version of the harried millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Elliott an opportunity to wage a battle of wits with Jean Batten. It love finally crushed through. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (Dec.)

SHE ISN’T A MYSTERIOUS LAD—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls into her role, Helen Twelvetrees. Lucile Littlefield. (Oct.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS—Columbia.—Chinese woman marries her boss; at the same time losing one of the perfect roles since “It Happened One Night,” plays the part of the perfect secretary to her difficult to be a perfect woman. Mynelis Douglas, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

SHIPMATES FOREVER—Warner—Cosmopolitan.—The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gaiety to their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—20th Century—Fox.—A fast moving, entertaining picture with Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson, and Hamilton. A prize portrayal by “Killer” Bruce Cabot. (Jan.)

SO RED THE ROSE—Paramount.—Star Vaugn’s artistry is truly enhanced in a raised Southern family, beautifully presented. Margaret Lockwood, Randolph Scott and Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (Jan.)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY—Republic.—A Crime wave thriller, exciting and well handled. Detective Donald Cook solves everything with Helen Twelvetrees’ help. Burton Churchill’s waggish humor helps. (Dec.)

SPECIAL AGENT—Cosmopolitan—Warners.—A fast moving, entertaining picture with Federal men on the track of a bank robber. Acted with the tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Dec.)

STARD OVER BROADWAY—Warners.—Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by James Melton. Good cast including Pat O’Brien, Jean Muir, and sopranoist Jean Flamin. (Nov.)

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND—Fox.—Elwood White Rogers, laudolade love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disintegrates his nephew, elopes with a woman, and is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, story is uninteresting. (Dec.)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of steamboat train create the basis of this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Dec.)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Fay Prod.—A sappy film with a cast of native African tribesmen, it does no much with the plot. (Dec.)

THANKS A MILLION—20th Century—Fox.—Sing along with grand song, Paul White¬man, Fred Allen, Paty Kelly’s skit, the Yacht Club Boys, Ann Dvorak’s dancing are all only a few of the things you’ll find in this swell fast-moving film. (Jan.)

39 STEPS, THE—G.B.—Exciting entertain¬ment when Robert Donat, as the accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to clear his name. Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grubbing, good comedy, suspense. You’ll like it. (Dec.)

THIS IS THE LIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Wilthers, a stage prodigy, is mistrusted and maltreated by her feudal family because of her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of murder. (Dec.)

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal.—This enlightening comedy of errors develops an acci¬dent which results in international trouble as the eccentric millionnaire and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (Dec.)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—RKO—Radio.—A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-fighting quartet to a dasher rescue of the Queen’s honor. (Dec.)

NO LADIES—M-G-M.—A perfect dash of a film comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone. The wire-

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—B-W.—Relief, Intelligence, of 10c, It’s a fitting, entertaining version of the harried millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Elliott an opportunity to wage a battle of wits with Jean Batten. It love finally crushed through. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (Dec.)

SHE ISN’T A MYSTERIOUS LAD—Universal.—ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour when she accidentally falls into her role, Helen Twelvetrees. Lucile Littlefield. (Oct.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS—Columbia.—Chinese woman marries her boss; at the same time losing one of the perfect roles since “It Happened One Night,” plays the part of the perfect secretary to her difficult to be a perfect woman. Mynelis Douglas, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

SHIPMATES FOREVER—Warner—Cosmopolitan.—The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gaiety to their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—20th Century—Fox.—A fast moving, entertaining picture with Edward Norris, Rochelle Hudson, and Hamilton. A prize portrayal by “Killer” Bruce Cabot. (Jan.)

SO RED THE ROSE—Paramount.—Star Vaugn’s artistry is truly enhanced in a raised Southern family, beautifully presented. Margaret Lockwood, Randolph Scott and Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (Jan.)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY—Republic.—A Crime wave thriller, exciting and well handled. Detective Donald Cook solves everything with Helen Twelvetrees’ help. Burton Churchill’s waggish humor helps. (Dec.)

SPECIAL AGENT—Cosmopolitan—Warners.—A fast moving, entertaining picture with Federal men on the track of a bank robber. Acted with the tax route. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Dec.)

STARD OVER BROADWAY—Warners.—Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by James Melton. Good cast including Pat O’Brien, Jean Muir, and sopranoist Jean Flamin. (Nov.)

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND—Fox.—Elwood White Rogers, laudolade love story of a travelling medicine show doctor who disintegrates his nephew, elopes with a woman, and is antagonistic to her work and its ideals. Direction good, story is uninteresting. (Dec.)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS—Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of steamboat train create the basis of this story. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Dec.)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE—Fay Prod.—A sappy film with a cast of native African tribesmen, it does no much with the plot. (Dec.)

THANKS A MILLION—20th Century—Fox.—Sing along with grand song, Paul White¬man, Fred Allen, Paty Kelly’s skit, the Yacht Club Boys, Ann Dvorak’s dancing are all only a few of the things you’ll find in this swell fast-moving film. (Jan.)

39 STEPS, THE—G.B.—Exciting entertain¬ment when Robert Donat, as the accused of murder, must uncover a treacherous spy ring in order to clear his name. Madeleine Carroll is forced to accompany him on the perilous adventure. Grubbing, good comedy, suspense. You’ll like it. (Dec.)

THIS IS THE LIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Wilthers, a stage prodigy, is mistrusted and maltreated by her feudal family because of her talents, forcing her to run away with a young man falsely accused of murder. (Dec.)

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal.—This enlightening comedy of errors develops an acci¬dent which results in international trouble as the eccentric millionnaire and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (Dec.)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE—RKO—Radio.—A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-fighting quartet to a dasher rescue of the Queen’s honor. (Dec.)

NO LADIES—M-G-M.—A perfect dash of a film comedy, with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Franchot Tone. The wire-
To Beat the Band — RKO-Radio. — Hugh Herbert struggles through this musical comedy-pilo
to inherit millions. Helen Brederick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor struggle for laughs. (Jan.)

Top Hat — RKO-Radio. — A sparkling and entertaining version of the popular Fred
Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and beautiful way four well-known music
and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, makes this one picture you should not over-
look. Helen Brederick, Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (Nov.)

Transatlantic Tunnel — G. — Richard
and Dix is the engineer who drives a trans-
atlantic tunnel in this well produced, graphically pho-
tographed melodrama. Madge Evans is his domestic problem. (Jan.)

Tumbling Tumbleweeds — Republic. — Gene
Autry directs the radio and comes to the screen together
with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-completed plot.
(Sep.) (Nov.)

Two Fisted — Paramount. — Lee Tracy and Re
Rose Kams battle and battle their way through par-
time plots with a million dollar mission to
ward a tart from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (Dec.)

Two for Tonight — Paramount. — Bing
Crosby croons and sings his way through this one,
disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not amusing up very favorably with his post films. Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (Nov.)

Two Sinners — Republic. — Otto Kruger and Martha
Shepperd are the two principals in this tedious feature which attempts to have a romantic's ascent to
rehabilitation, while little Cee Sue Collins as the brat adds some sentimental nonsense. (Oct.)

Under the Pampas Moon — Fox. — A fantastic
romantic comedy with Warner Baxter in Gauche gait searching for a stolen race horse and finding
lovely Ketti Gallian instead. Jack LaRue, John
Miljan, Rita Canino, Armida. (Aug.)

Virginia Judge, the. — Paramount. — Walter
C. Crowley in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this other-
wise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get
laughs from the colored hay-bones. William Farnum. (Dec.)

Welcome Home — Fox. — Jimmy Dunn is the
romantic grifter who feels the call of home, and pre-
tects the old home town from the hoaxes of his gift-
ed partners. Affline Judge is romantic prize.
Whimsical, sentimental and rather meager entertain-
ment. (Sep.)

We're in the Money — Warner. — Joan
Blondell and Glenn Farrow as sexy, blonde process
servers who mix Captains, judges and summonses and
with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty
laughter. Ross Alexander. (Aug.)

Westward Ho! — Republic. — A thrilling read
headed Western concerning a group of pioneers (the
Vigilantes) who aim to rule the West of its notorious
badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (Aug.)

Wings Over Ethiopia — Paramount. —
A chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and
comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely
importance to everyone. Henry King was given to
section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills,
chills and shocks. (Dec.)

Without Regret — Paramount. — Kent
Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of enter-
tainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man
who has but a short time to live and settle up a nasty
bit of blackmailing in that time. (Nov.)

Woman Wanted — M-G-M. — A swell
 coupling of a new generation thrill and mili-
 tary and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel
McCrea an opportunity to show their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics.
Lewis Stone, Robert Greg. (Nov.)

Forhan's goes deeper
CLEANS TEETH
Half way measures are power-
less against the real enemies of
your teeth. A stick, a sick, fail-
ing gums! Forhan's does both jobs
— cleans and polishes teeth while
adding gums to stay healthy,
firm, youthful! It gives your teeth a two-way protection yet
costs no more than most ordi-
nary tooth pastes.

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin today to use
Forhan's. Notice how much bet-
ter it makes your entire mouth
feel. You can't get a differ-
ce, too— whiter teeth, firm-
er gums. Forhan's was created
by one of the leading dental
surgeons in the country. There is
no substitute for its protection. Ask for its today.

Don't Argue with Donat!

That's not so easy as you think," the
producer replied. "In America the fans will accept
an actor if they like him whether he speaks
with a local accent or not. It doesn't matter if he has a Southern drawl or a New England
twang. If they like him, he's all set. Over here
we have to select an actor with any kind of an
accent different than the one English audiences
think of. Smart Londoners have, he would be
laughed off the screen. You see, our choice is
limited. We must use leading men who speak as
if they came from Mayfair. And most actors who speak as if they came from Mayfair have
nothing else but their accents. What we must
find is a British Galile or someone who can be
not only British enough for British audiences,
but also universal enough in appeal for audi-
ences everywhere."

And that is why at thirty-one, Robert Donat,
who has "appeal for audiences everywhere," is
able to break through the picture producers in his native land and make with rage
because he will not sign their fabulous con-
tracts. And that is why, too, Mr. Donat must
be laughing right up his sleeve. And why not?
For the most talked-about and sought-after leading man in England today started out in
life as a London school boy and he is of
talian-German-French-Polish ancestry.

Robert Donat was born in Manchester,
England, on March 18, 1905. His father was
Polish and his mother English. Originally
Robert's forebears were called Donatelli in Italy,
but after successive migrations to France,
Germany and Poland, the family name became
Donat. Coming to England from Poland forty-
one years ago, Robert's father married an
Englishwoman and settled in Manchester where
he was engaged in the shipping business.
The youngest of four sons, Robert was edu-
cated at two private schools in Manchester,
the first of which cost three pennies a week for
Donat toured with the Benson company for five years playing small bits. In the summer, when the troupe disbanded, he would get himself a job with some local stock company playing modern roles. It all comes under the heading of experience for Donat because during this apprenticeship period he earned practically nothing. In 1928 young Donat joined the Liverpool Repertory Company still dreaming of a brilliant stage career. By an odd stroke of irony, the company also had in its ranks at that time, another young hopeful, a young lady who was learning like Donat from bitter experience, that the road to success in the theater is a long and rocky one. Her name was Diana Wynyard. At about this time having nothing but confidence in his own ability to get ahead, Donat decided to get married. The girl he had chosen for his wife was Ella Voysey, whom he had known for more than nine years. The new Mrs. Donat had begun her professional career as a teacher of classical dancing, but later gave it up to become an actress. The only time the Donats have ever appeared on the stage together was shortly after they were married when they both joined the Cambridge Festival Theater company.

IN 1930, tired of touring around the country, Donat decided to go to London to seek his fame and fortune. With no prospects of work in view, they finally spent practically all of the $650 they had saved for a trip and bought an apartment and making themselves comfortable. Then Robert went out to look for a job. He got it almost immediately. It was the role of the poet in "The Knave and the Queen," with Mary Ellis and Basil Sydney in the leading roles. Later, this same play was presented in America as "Children of Darkness."

Young Donat was elated. He was only getting fifteen pounds a week, but it was more money than he had ever earned before. Moreover, it seemed like fifteen hundred pounds a week because at the time he was in desperate need of funds and the thought of being able to become a mother and there would be hospital and doctor bills. The play, however, was a dismal failure. It lasted only ten nights. BITTERLY disappointed and desperate, Donat put aside his dreams of theatrical success for the more immediate demands of the present. He secured work as an instructor in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, at $25 a week. When their daughter was born the Donat fortune consisted of exactly six shillings. They now have a son, too.

A year passed and still no stage engagement was forthcoming so the Donats decided to pass the Christmas holidays at Fox's Korda Studios in Hollywood. That Christmas is probably the happiest that Donat has ever known. On Christmas Eve he received his present in the form of a surprise long distance telephone call. It came from a London producer who offered him the leading role in a play called "Precious Bane." It was while appearing in this production that Donat had to make a decision that might have altered his entire career. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer scout, seeing his work in the play, offered Donat the lead opposite Norma Shearer in "Smiling Thru." Too thrilled at first to accept the offer and believing that it would be fatal to his career if he gave up the stage at that time, Donat turned his back on Hollywood and refused the offer. Although the decision was a wise one in the light of what has followed, it didn't seem so to young Donat a few weeks later. The play began to fail and closed in eight weeks. Of course, every one knows of the success of "Smiling Thru."

It is now that an up-and-coming film producer named Alexander Korda enters the scene. Having had a disastrous career in Hollywood, Korda by slow stages finally arrived in London, where at least this was not happening, to make a fair name for himself as a picture producer. He called up Donat on the telephone one day and said:

"I hear you are a pretty good actor. I hope to use you in one of my films some day. Good-bye.

Then he hung up.

Weeks passed. No word came from Korda.

More unhappy days followed. Donat went from one theatrical office to another and saw plenty of office assistants but no producers. At this time, too, he made several screen tests but was rejected after each because he looked "too romantic." It was the love ebb in his life. He became disconsolate and discouraged. Then, one day, Korda telephoned again and arranged for a screen test.

"It was the funniest screen test ever made," Donat says. "I muffed all my lines and fumbled around like an amateur. Finally, I burst out laughing and yelling, 'I'll do it.'"

The laugh got Donat the job because Korda decided then and there that Robert was a natural-born actor.

Donat's first screen role was in "Men of Tomorrow," opposite Merle Oberon. However, it lasted only until he played Calpepper in "Henry VIII." Then he began to attract the attention of motion picture producers the world over. His other picture appearances were in "That Night in London," which was directed by Rowland V. Lee, who later made "Monte Cristo," and in "Cashi," which was made by Zoltan Korda. Neither of them has been shown in America.

In the meantime, Donat had appeared in Shaw's "St. Joan," at the Malvern Festival Theater, and later in the title role of "The Sleeping Clergyman," which ran for more than seven months. It was after the run of "The Sleeping Clergyman," that an offer came to go to Hollywood and play the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Trying to enjoy a well-earned rest in the country, Donat received a telegram from Korda asking him to come up to London to see him. He refused. But Korda was persistent and Donat finally went. The result was the leading role in "Monte Cristo."

In 1936 Donat was in Hollywood making "Thru." Now, at the zenith of his screen career, with all Hollywood begging him to come back and with London film producers lying awake nights trying to think up ways to get his name on a contract, Donat latterly appearing with Jean Parker in G. B.'s "The Ghost Goes West," stands at the zenith of his career, a shining star, a true young ingenue, a real matinee idol, a fair name for himself as a picture producer. He called up Donat on the telephone one day and said:

"I hear you are a pretty good actor. I hope to use you in one of my films some day. Good-bye."
WE didn't know that mothers were ever shocked any more at their daughter's doings. But Frau Rainer, who is Luise Rainer's mama, arrived in Hollywood, took a look at her darling daughter dispensing herself in slacks, sweaters, shorts and such dowdy duds, threw up her hands and yelled, "Disgraceful!" or its equivalent in Austrian.

What's more, Luise, like a good child, tossed the informals into the closet and now is appearing at M-G-M well accoutered in chaste feminine attire.

Mama knows best still in the better European families.

HUGH Herbert felt sorry for Glenda Farrell and Joan Blondell. He had chased around with them so often on the screen, but it looked to him like in real life they never had any fun.

"I'm going to take you girls out," he promised, "and show you a real time. How about next Saturday?"

"Fine," chortled Joan and Glenda.

Next Saturday Hugh (with wildly permission) took Joan and Glenda to the football game, to dinner, to a show, to the Troc. 

"We're just starting," he would yelp between events, "don't weaken. You're with the man about town tonight."

Joan and Glenda said they'd try to keep up. Along about midnight or so Dick Powell happened in and Addison Randall ran into Glenda.

By this time Hughie looked like the pace was beginning to tell.

The girls he was going to reveal the mad pace to were whirling about on the floor, in the arms of Messrs. Powell and Randall. Hughie was nodding with droopy eyes.

"You youth," he muttered into his tux tie.

RAVEStick of the moonth comes from Frances Langford who halted a possible panic aboard an airliner when an electrical storm zipped all around it.

Frances up and called: "I've Got A Feelin' You're Fedin'" to keep the passengers away from panic. Finally they all joined in to drown out the thunder. Only some of them sang it a little differently.

They sang "Falling."

SUCH is fame, Shirley Temple already is the subject of 14 volumes concerning her life and three more are in the hands of the printers. More than 3,218,000 books have already been purchased by the public for children's use and publishers anticipate a Christmas sale of some 2,000,000.

These circulation figures exceed that of any author or personality in the country.

And it makes a nice tinkle in the family coffers as well.

THE long delayed reconciliation of Elizabeth Allan and William O'Brien may have taken place by the time you read this—despite unfounded newspaper rumors that she was the new love of Clark Gable's life.

Clark means nothing to Liz, and vice versa. Don't let anybody kid you.

Anyway, Liz and Bill plan a second honey-moon voyage during which they said they would try to straighten out the matrimonial difficulties that originally separated them.

DESPITE all you hear and read about Betty Grable being seriously interested in Jackie Coogan et al, no welding bells will ring for her for two years. Or so she says.

She tells how she's promised mama to wait that long.

COLUMBIA can't keep Ruth Chatterton on the ground, no matter what.

The skyways were made taboo during production. Flying around in her Stinson might result in an unhappy mix-up. But nothing was said about horses, so Ruth is a daily picture of loveliness, galloping full on the bridle paths of Griffiths Park astride her chestnut mare, Lady Pat.

No spills to date, but Harry Cohn's got his fingers crossed.

NO wonder they are so crazy about that Withers kid around the 20th Century-Fox lot. Here's a typical reason why:

"Poor mother?" Jane answered when some one congratulated her on her work in "Gentle Julia." "She does all the work and I get all the credit. I just follow Mother's suggestions."

REMEMBER dream-eyed little Phillippe de Lacey, the war orphan adopted by a Red Cross nurse, who was such a popular child actor years ago?

He's 18 now and has returned to Hollywood to continue his career. He's been on the New York stage these past years, supporting his benefactress who is no longer young and able to do for herself.

RUBY Keeler and Al Jolson, as you may or may not know, purchased the Bing Crosby home in Toluca Lake. Everything was hunky-dory but a small balcony, facing the living room, puzzeled them more than a bit. There didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason for it.

Finally Bing's father-in-law broke down and solved the mystery for them. It was there in the Bing wanted to sing for his friends, he said.

And was Al impressed!

A MOVIE star can get a lot of interesting and valuable presents from her fans, of course. But Shirley Temple has reached what she believes is a new high in valuable gifts, even if she did have to ask for it.

Shirley has always been one of President Roosevelt's staunchest admirers. She wanted an autograph photograph of him, so she wrote him a letter.

Yes—she got it—a beautiful, big portrait autographed with "For Shirley Temple from Franklin D. Roosevelt."

DIRECTOR Archie Mayo was meaning about the difficulty he was having in losing weight. A rigid diet, extensive exercise, rubs to the bone and massage and all the rest of his reducing routine has borne little result.

"You should do what I did," Sam Wood chirrped. "I lost seventeen pounds quicker than scat."

Mayo was all ears. "What did you do,"
he asked breathlessly.

Wood grinned. "I directed the Marx brothers in their last picture!" he cracked. "It's a sure-fire system."
LEARN TAP DANCING from Alan Christie

THES CHERS OF THE STARS

FOR ONLY $1!

Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, Paula Stone, Donald Wood, Rachel Taylor, and many other famous stars do tap dancing with Alan Christie, foremost tap dancing instructor. You, too, can capitalize on the modern methods now used by Alan Christie in his Hollywood studio. He can help you win individuality, thrilling popularity—a slend- er, alluring figure.

Although you can't dance a step today, Alan Christie will send you a complete course in one book containing beginner fundamentals plus professional top tips. Each step is carefully explained in both words and pictures that you begin doing and improving immediately. Dance today! Send only one dollar down. This imaginatively written text covers the complete day of publication.

SANDERSON, NORTH L. BREA, CALIFORNIA

"Heaven and Hell"...With a sketch of Sweden's life.

(Signed) Sweden, the myopic, philosophic, and serious-minded people...to whom so much of the literature of the life after death, sent forth from what his countrymen choose to call the Northland, is due.

SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, NO. 7 W. 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

A-B-C Shorthand

IN TWELVE EASY LESSONS

High school, college, or technical students who have at their command a practical, easy and effi- cient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over the one who must set down full notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered, but when examination time comes a review of a word or word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

Whereas it usually takes two years to learn conventional shorthand methods, A. B. C. Shorthand can be mastered in from twelve to fifteen months' study. Once you have learned the system you have only to practice to keep it up and your return on it will be wonderfully rewarding.

Send your order today with $1.00 Money back if not satisfactory.

ECONOMY EDUCATIONAL LEAGUE

Dept. P-2

1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1936

PATRICIA ELLIS

Addresses of the Stars

PHOTOFILM, Paramount Studios

Henry Arthur
Benny Baker
George Barker
Bennie Bartlett
Wendy Barrie
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Kynaston Bradda
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Ernest Coster
Larry Crabbe
Ring Crosby
Robert Cummings
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
John Dierkes
Frances Drake
Mary Ellis
Glen Erickson
Josephine Hopper
W. C. Fields
Robert Finch
William Frawley
Gary Grant
Helen Hayes
Sidney Haigood
Dorothy Holt
John Howard
Grace Hunt

Walter Wangler Productions, General Service Studios, 1040 North Los Palmas

Philip Barke
Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeleine Carroll

CULVER CITY, CALIF.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charlie Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Myrna Loy
Paul Lukas
Jeannette MacDonald
Mala
Mary Miles Minter
U. Merkell
Robert Montgomery
Frank Morgan
Chester Morris
Edna May Oliver
Martha O'Sullivan
Reginald Owen
Cecilia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Rosamond Scott
Eleanor Powell
William Powell
Luise Rainer
Mary Roberts
Dick Rooney
Shirley Ross
Romola Rupe
Norma Shearer
Frank Seder
Harve Stephens
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
William Tabbert
Robert Taylor
Francis Taylor
Spencer Tracy
Charles Terwilliger
Henry Wadsworth
Lucille Watson
Johnnie Walker
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studios

Baby Jane
Binnie Barnes
Willy Castle
Tristan Castle
Andy Devine
Jean Dixon
Irene Dunne
Marta Egert
Sally Edwards
Vivian Emmet
Jack Holt
Bart Howard
Boris Karloff
John King

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warners First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Rose Alexander
Robert Barrat
Joseph Badger
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Hobart Cavanaugh
Marguerite Churchill
Colin Clive
Richard Corbest
Joseph Crehan
Mae Clarke
Betty Davis
Olive de Havilland
Delores del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Gordon Elliott
Patricia Ellis
Glen时期的ook
Erol Flynn
Dooley Wilson
Kay Francis
William Frawley
Humphrey Bogart
Leatrice Joy
Harry Cording
(Continued on following page)
CASTS OF CURRENT PLAYPHOTOGRAPHS

THE "WILDERNESS"—M.-G.M.—From the play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Directed by Clarence Brown. The Cast: Sid Williams, Barry Fitzgerald, Nat Miller, Lionel Barrymore, Lily, Alice MacMahan; Richard, Ethel Waters; Nancy, Lucile Watson; Jim, Lee Eldridge; Al, Eugene Pallette; Roy, Thomas Meighan; Tilly, Ruth Donnelly; Spring Brining, Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas; Miss Faye, Jeff Lynn; Betty, Jack Jett; Captain, Edward Arnold; Harper, Margaret Jean; William, David Butler; John, Thomas Meighan; Jim, Nat Pendleton; Tom, Tom Brown; Doc, James Cagney; Will, Lon Chaney; Old Men, John Miljan; Old Women, Estelle Winwood.


"HALL OF FAME"—United Artists.—From the story by Samuel Taylor and directed by Sidney Franklin. The Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young, Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young.


"HALL OF FAME"—United Artists.—From the story by Samuel Taylor and directed by Sidney Franklin. The Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young, Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young.


"HALL OF FAME"—United Artists.—From the story by Samuel Taylor and directed by Sidney Franklin. The Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young, Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young.


"HALL OF FAME"—United Artists.—From the story by Samuel Taylor and directed by Sidney Franklin. The Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young, Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young.


"HALL OF FAME"—United Artists.—From the story by Samuel Taylor and directed by Sidney Franklin. The Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young, Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young.


"HALL OF FAME"—United Artists.—From the story by Samuel Taylor and directed by Sidney Franklin. The Cast: Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young, Walter Pidgeon, Tyrone Power, Roland Young, Pat O’Malley, Richard Dix, Leo Carrillo, Robert Young.

The image contains a page from a magazine article titled "PHOTOPLAY". The text is a mixture of advertising content and reviews of movies. The magazine features a variety of content including advertisements for beauty aids and reviews of recent films. The layout and design are typical of mid-20th century magazine pages, with a mix of text and occasional illustrations. The text is set in a style that is characteristic of the era, with a focus on typography and design elements common to periodical publishing.
Now It's Horses

[continued from page 25]

Bing optimistically calls it a business. He hopes to cash in later on.

Six of his thoroughbreds are yearlings, but a week after Santa Anita has opened, they'll be eligible to race. All horses celebrate their birthdays on the first of the year. Sadly remembering Zombie's ill-fated monicker, Bing has christened his string with less macabre surnames.

Friend Andy has Bing's close pal, Andy Devine, to thank for his title. Aunt Kitty was named after Kitty Lang, the widow of Bing's former guitarist player. The fuzzy habits of the Crosby legal adviser inspired Madame Attorney. Bing's favorite golf course was located in Lady Lakeside, and the famous twins are responsible for Double Trouble. Bing had his heart set on calling a new racer Jacqueline Oakie which he knew would barge Jack to a nice crisp, but the racing commission turned it down. They said it was too long, but they probably wanted to keep harmony in Hollywood.

Bing keeps his prancing pets down on his ranch at Rancho Santa Fe where they nibble their oats in brand new stables under the expert care of trainer Albert Johnson, who rode three Kentucky Derby winners to victory. Johnson and Bing hope that Khayam, a brand new yearling and son of the famous Omar Khayyam, will lead them home at Churchill Downs in a year or so.

But so far the Crosby colors have yet to adorn an important purse. Hopes don't keep red off the ledger—and the ink continues to flow freely—not only for Bing but for Clark Gable who still has his Beverly Hills and three new yearlings too young to race this season, for Spencer Tracy and Director J. Walter Ruben, also nursing along some infant prodigies, for David Butler and Leo McCarey of the B and M stables, for William LeBaron, Louis Lighton, Raoel Walsh, Leon Gordon and other big filmshots who are building up racing strings, and especially for Director Al Green who has a hungry horde of thirty racing thoroughbreds.

Joe E. Brown, in fact, is the only movie owner who has padded his bank balance substantially from flying hoofbeats. Joe E. risked a few hundred on a selling player called Strattjack last year at Santa Anita. But Strattjack tied up in the back stretch and Joe E. couldn't find a Houdini to ride him.

So he dug deeper to claim Captain Argo, a sprinter with a reputation, at Narragansett Park. The Captain dented the Brown bankroll for $4800, but the first time he heard Joe E. yelp he sprinted home to win a $5000 purse, the second time Joe hollered he galloped for $2500 and the third time it was worth $500. That's making money. Argo couldn't stand prosperity, however. He died before Joe E. could flash him at Santa Anita, so the Brown hopes will be carried by a brand new substitute, Captain Barnsley, who is said to have ears attuned to his master's raucous raillside voice.

If the horse never stopped with the stable owners, Hollywood would be comparatively normal, but that of course is far from the case. The sad truth is that the germ is more virulent when it attacks those with loose money to back their judgment of other people's horseflesh. There is where the wailing wall begins.

Most new movie owners have learned enough about the galloping colts to shun the bookies unless their horse has a more than even chance. Bing Crosby seldom backs his entries with large bets. Joe E. plays them heavily, but Joe doesn't have many horses, and he doesn't race often. When he does, he means business.

Last year most Hollywood bets were chump bets. Starting with a caution becoming green-horns, the Hollywood wagers became bolder and bolder until they bet on anything. Only a few seasoned old railbirds like Al Jolson—who once bet $75,000 on one horse in one race (and lost)—really had any idea what they were doing when they laid it on the line.

The average Hollywood bet was placed on whispered hunches, tips, the nice sound of a nag’s name, the color of his coat or the haircut of his jockey. A large percentage of wagers were inspired by sentiment. The old whizere: “When in doubt bet Bradley” was changed for a while to “When in doubt bet Crosby.”

Until Bing had to ask his friends please not to back his horses. They were dropping him. Bing gave out the following statement:

Clark Gable’s Beverly Hills went to the post in his maiden race at Agua Caliente backed to the withers with Hollywood gold. All of Clark’s pals tagged him purely out of sentiment. Beverly came in a winner and paid eight dollars for two. So everybody backed him from then on, without even glancing at the competition.

The winnings soon vanished and more, too, when Beverly got out of his class. And then, as if to point an object lesson, the bangtail, sent to Tanforan, the San Francisco racetrack, by Clark and forgotten, romped home in three successive starts to pay forty for twenty, thirty for two and twelve for two bucks!

Neither Clark nor any of his friends had a dime on him. Actors and actresses have always been good sports. And, of course, a horse race without bets is like poker without chips, or bridge without arguments.

There will be, however, two definite classes of movie gamblers.

One will wear the impasse mask of wagering experience. He will possibly have placed his bets before he came to the track, through

Be sure and read “God's Income Tax,” an astonishing article on the Law of Compensation in the lives of the screen's brightest luminaries, by the famous dramatic author and journalist, Channing Pollock, in the March issue.
his legally outlawed but irresistible bookmaker, as he has been doing all year, while they ran at Saratoga, Narragansett Park, Hialeah or Havre de New Grace. He is the dyed-in-the-wool, sadel-soap pony addict. A frayed tip of the latest Racing Form peeps from his pocket.

The other excited flush will betray the unconcealed joy both he and the whole business hands him (or her, of course. Every day is ladies’ day at Santa Anita. Kay Francis, Joan Bennett, Marion Davies were star boarders at Santa Anita last year.) He will slide his wager under the pari-mutual ticket, even as you and I, carefully avoiding, as a rule, the No Limit window in the exclusive Clubhouse, where he will, of course, be holding forth. Very possibly he will be clutching a sucker dope sheet, promising a sure winner in every race. He has just bought it for fifty cents to help him lose fifty to fifteen hundred coca nuts.

The cool and calloused type may emit a soft “Damn!” when his nag wills in the challenge stretch and then hurry to cover his system on the next race. He is used to the breaks. Pat O’Brien and Director Howard Hawks belong in this class. They keep a direct wire humming from the set to the tracks all during the filming of “Ceiling Zero.” In between scenes they telephoned their bets. A steady five hundred “across the board” was Hawks’ system. He is supposed to have cleaned up a cool $22,000 in the last few months.

But the more excitable movie raider may put on a bit of fireworks in the English. Such as Jimmie Durante’s nip-ups last year when he saw five hundred of the best come home on the nose of a long shot, and rushed to the pay-off window only to discover the horse had been disqualified!

O R like Bing Crosby who (before he had acquired his betting poise) relieved his emotions after losing a close one by tossing odd pieces of furniture across the Clubhouse lobby.

Bing, incidentally, has had plenty of luck backing his racing judgment—but it’s all been bad. Nevertheless, the tremendous publicity he has received from his race horse-activities causes him to be popularly tagged a turf authority, and this brings him loads of grief in the form of collect telegrams. Self-appointed touts and handicappers doth hang with unruly tips and track information via pay-and-you-can-read messages. Since they might be wires important on other matters, Bing pays the toll. It has been costing him around the sum of $200 a month. But the real proof that “horses break more hearts than women” in Hollywood as well as in the Bluegrass Belt comes from the sad story of Virginia Mack, a likely mare, who represented the racing resources of Claude Binyon, Bob Ives and Howard Green, three studio scenario scrubbies of note.

**All Hollywood’s Playing This Game**

Gather round, all you parlor game hounds—for that’s what you do play Hollywood’s current time-trittering favorite. It’s called “Words and Endings.”

Here’s what you do.

Take a letter—any letter. One of you starts by naming the letter. Say it’s “d.” The next one supplies another letter—any letter—say it’s “u.” “Du” isn’t any word—in English—so you go on around, the object being to keep from spelling a word.

Because the player who puts a letter on and ends a word has to toss a chip in the center.

Either a chip or a match or a beer cap, or whatever you are using for money.

Continuing the example we picked—say the next letter picked is “c.” Well “Duck” also is no word in English, so here we go again. Now the next player has to be careful. If he names the letter “i,” for instance, he pays—because “Duck” is a word. However, if he’s smart he’ll name, let’s say, “h.” That passes him safely, “Duch” doesn’t spell much—but it leads to “Duchy,” “Duchess” and a lot of things.

The problem of the rest of the charming circle is to keep away from letting the letter they give end the word—get it?

When you end one word, you start another.

Sometimes there’s a smarty in the crowd who knows a word no one else does.

If he claims the word ended on his predecessor and proves he’s right (better have a dictionary handy) that unlucky gent has to forfeit two chips.

But if he’s found to be bluffing or mistaken, it costs the caller two chips.

Everybody starts with the same pile of counters, and the first one who finds his all gone, automatically brings up the pay-off. The player with the biggest pile wins the chips in the center.

It’s a great game—and don’t regard it as too lowly. You’ll find, after a few sessions, that it’s something like chess, you have to ponder and think ahead, and you can take all the time you want in supplying your moves.

If you’re real clever at it, you can even arrange to stick the easy winner for a loss.

Virginia entered a county fair race at Pomona, near Hollywood, which danged a sizable purse. She won in a walk but when owners Binyon, Ives and Green extended their palms, the officials started with regret that Virginia Mack was officially dead. It seems her former owner, wishing to assure her of an old age in deep clover had declared her deceased to keep her off racetracks the rest of her days. Protests were of no avail. The judges couldn’t pay for a dead horse. Nobody likes to do that.

So the owner went into a huddle, registered the dead-alive Virginia Mack under the name of Reborn and entered her again. But reincarnation didn’t pan out. She hasn’t won a race since.

Smart money circulated freely in Hollywood last year, and does again this year—mainly because the innate ego of an actor makes him doubly sure he knows a good thing when he sees it.

But thinking yourself clever isn’t always being so smart—where racehorses are concerned—as Spencer Tracy found out only a few weeks ago.

Spencer’s groom for his hopefuls, April Folly and Wait For Me (Jean Harlow thought that one up while they were making "Riff Raff" together), had a horse of his own that looked good. Spencer himself had clocked the animal in amazing time on the training track. The horse was absolutely unknown. So Spencer conceived a fast one. They would enter the nag as a sleeper in a county fair with a bunch of dogs who had never won more than a dollar watch in their lives. They would back him with the bankroll and clean up. It was all very simple and very sure. He was to walk in at long odds without even breathing hard.

The plan worked through and the day arrived. The Tracys were on hand, en famille. The groom in his first striped suit, cane and spats. Spencer with all his spare cash on the line. Mrs. Tracy with the family silver practically in hand for a distant betting ticket.

The wire lifted and twelve horses tore out. A little later eleven horses—cripples, old soldiers, lame ducks and dogs—pounded by the finish line. But the Tracy surprise sleeper—the wonder horse—was still running. He came in some time the next morning.

**AND if it seems strange to you that Mrs. Tracy went and Spencer raved and the groom disappeared for a week, then you don’t realize yet just how seriously Hollywood is taking this horse racing season**.
TRAGIC TRUTH ABOUT JOHN GILBERT'S DEATH
by Adela Rogers St. Johns

GOD'S INCOME TAX ON HOLLYWOOD
By Channing Pollock

THE CONFIDENTIAL HISTORY
BILL POWELL
By Frederick L. Collins
Clinical experiments on actual people show value of antiseptic treatment in controlling colds

If you or any member of your family is troubled with colds read the following carefully. It suggests a remedy that may help you as it has helped others.

In the winters of 1930-31, 1931-32, and 1934, medical supervisors selected large numbers of people and divided them into two groups. One group gargled with Listerine. The other group did not. At the end of each winter, the number of colds contracted by each group was compared. This comforting result was noted:

Fewer Colds and Sore Throat
In a majority of the tests those who gargled Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than non-garglers.

When Listerine users did catch cold, their colds were milder in character and of shorter duration than colds of non-users. And note this: Users of Listerine had fewer cases of sore throats.

Listerine kills germs in throat
Why such gratifying results? Here is the answer: Germs associated with colds and sore throat are killed by millions when Listerine is used as a gargle. Nature is given a helping hand in resisting germ invasion.

Think of what the last cold you had cost you, in discomfort, inconvenience, and dollars and cents; then ask yourself if the twice-a-day Listerine treatment isn’t worth trying. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
AND why shouldn't she be... for she holds romance in her hands — hands that reflect the perfection of her grooming and the fastidiousness of her nature. For hands do express things that mere words can't say. If you would be irresistible (yes, hands can be irresistible) with graceful, tapering, satin-smooth nails, then use PLAT-NUM, the favorite nail polish of millions of lovely women. Whether you prefer a creme or transparent polish, you may choose from 12 different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend with gown, complexion, lipstick or rouge. PLAT-NUM is really a superior polish. It goes on smoothly, sets evenly and has a lasting quality. It conceals nail imperfections and does not crack, chip, peel or discolor. Give to your nails a soft, shimmering, shell-like surface. Try a generous oversize 10¢ bottle of your own particular shade today. PLAT-NUM is on sale at any 5 and 10 cent store. See the newest shades.
Again they thrill you with Glorious Melody!

"YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!"

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie"... The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky... How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with your love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"!

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy

"SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!"

300 rugged male voices led by Nelson Eddy in the most stirring song of our time!
THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR
ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

The Confidential History of Bill Powell .......... Frederick L. Collins 14
How They Got the Quints in Pictures ............. Charles E. Blake 21
God's Income Tax on Hollywood .................. Channing Pollock 24
Okay Francis! ...................................... Sara Hamilton 30
Runaway .......................................... Hagar Wilde 32
The Tragic Truth About John Gilbert's Death .... Adela Rogers St. Johns 34
Songbird in a Gilded Cage ........................ Josephine Le Sueur 45
Last Chance to Vote for the Best Picture of 1935 ...
.......
Photoplay's Memory Album ....................... Edited by Frederick L. Collins 47
The Private Life of a Talking Picture ............. Howard Sharpe 52
Face Down (Hollywood Murder Mystery—Conclusion) Charles J. Kenny 54
Life Begins for Eric Linden ....................... Kirtley Baskette 60
Photoplay Fashions ............................... Kathleen Howard 61
We Cover the Studios ............................. Michael Jackson 76

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures ................. 4
Boos and Bouquets ................................ 6
Close Ups and Long Shots .......................... 11
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood ................... 26
Photoplay's Cartoon of the Month ............... 51
The Shadow Stage ................................... 56
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop  .............. Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck 71
Dinner at Eight for Eight—Jeanette MacDonald Entertains ... 74
Hollywood at the Mike ............................ By Dan Wheeler 78
Ask the Answer Man ................................ 80
The Facts of Hollywood Life ...................... 111
A Word to the Fashion Wise ....................... 111
On the Spot News .................................. 113
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue ...
.......
On the Cover—Shirley Temple, Natural Color Portrait by Hurrell-CCarini

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 353 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernard Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Business Offices, 1926 Broadway, New York, N.Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. • Advertising Manager • Charles H. Stephuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 50 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 16, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $9.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $1.00 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $2.50
Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879 • Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications
ACCENT ON YOUTH—Paramount.—A most delightful comedy-romance, with Herbert Marshall the playwright in his second novel, but unknown to the public. The character is excellently acted. (Sep. 2)

AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal.—Only the droll humor of Zaza Pitts and Hugh O’Connel succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

ALI, WILDERNESS—M-G-M.—O’Neill’s great American comedy romance. Eric Linden suffer the pains of young love, is disillusioned and broken back to his family by Lionel Barrymore, superb, as the father. Whole-some, charming and delightful. See it by all means. (Feb.)

ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont.—A Gaumont British—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Rug Lardner’s famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Olivia de Havilland, Roscoe Karns, (Oct.)

ALICE ADAMS—RKO Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington’s story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, June Shoemaker. (Nov.)

ANNA KARENINA—M-G-M.—The persuasive genius of Greta Garbo raises this rather weak picture into the class of art. Fredric March is unconvincing as the lover for whom Greta sacrifices everything. Freddie Bartholomew delightful as her young son. (Sep.)

ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Paramount.—A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

ANNIE OAKLEY—RKO Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill’s show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-eye Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cupid outshoots her. A hit. (Jan.)

ANOTHER FACE—RKO Radio.—Exciting comedy mystery. Public enemy Brian Donlevy makes his face and hides in Hollywood studio. Wallace Ford and Allan Hale commendable. (Feb.)

BARRABY COAST—Sidney—Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco’s disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season’s noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as old Abe. (Feb.)

BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN—Paramount.—The third Hop-Mong-oso-ado story. Top-notch Western stuff with Bill Boyd rescuing a neighbor from cattle thieves. Amusing and logical. (Feb.)

BECKY SHARP—Pioneer—RKO—Release.—In this gorgeous symphony of color an excellent comedy-drama has been drawn from Thackeray’s leading character in “Vanity Fair,” and Miriam Hopkins gives a sparkling performance as the conniving flirt. Excellent cast. (Sep.)

BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount’s annual extravaganza. Jack Oakie deserves little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and dancing young American, using Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O’Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversions. (Dec.)

BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Boris Karloff in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dial rôles. Katherine De Mille. (Oct.)

BONNIE SCOTTLAND—RKO Roach—MGM.—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy tromp through their customary antics and nonsensical slapstick using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont—British.—A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Field and Barry MacKay, does a commendable piece of acting. (Oct.)

BREAK OF HEARTS—RKO Radio.—Performances of sterling merit by Katharine Hepburn and Charles Boyer place this on the “Don’t miss it” list in spite of a rather thin modern-Cinderella love story. Excellent support by John Beal, Jean Hersholt and others. (Aug.)

BRIDE COMES HOME, THE—Paramount.—Romantic and frolicsome, with Claudette Colbert as an heiress and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle. Grand fun. (Feb.)

BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, surpasses all of his previous attempts. Ann Dvorak, Patrics Ellis, William Gargan. (Dec.)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER—Warners.—Laugh and sing music, with Dick Powell a cabbie who goodkises his way to radio fame, and Jean Hersholt, Louise Fazenda, Adolph Menjou and Grant Mitchell to help him. (Sept.)

BROADWAY HOSTESS—Warners.—A slow-moving, improbable story of torch singer (Wini Shaw) and her manager (Lyce Talbot) sky-rocketing to fame. Uninteresting. (Feb.)

CALM YOURSELF—M-G-M.—A good case in a weak story, with Robert Young the enterprising ad man who gets mixed up in a lot of grief, and Nadge Evans, Betty Furness, Nat Pendleton and others struggling through the melodramatic situations with him. (Sept.)

CAPPY PERSHING—RKO—Release.—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne’s lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he bests his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florence McKinion. (Nov.)

CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE—Fris. of National.—Warren Williams, superbly saucy and witty, easily unravels a leg-contest promoter’s murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You’ll have a grand time finding the murder. (Dec.)

CASE OF THE MISSING MAN—Columbia.—Criminals go after Roger Pryor, a roving street photographer who accidentally stages a hold up. Justice triumphs. Mildly exciting. (Feb.)

CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th Century Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives Charlie Chan another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)
PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine, and refer to the criticisms of the films before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the bandbox man who finds ten thousand dollars and becomes a successful, yet not an unconvincing film. Russell Hookton, Irene Ware. (Oct.)

CHINA SEAS—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy (Gable, Harlow and Beery) in a fast moving and thrilling escapade and exciting situations of modern pirates in Orient. Paul Muni, Robert Benchley. (Oct.)

CLAROYANT, THE—GB.—An absorbing film with Claude Raines excellent as a false fortune teller who becomes a model for the presence of Jane Baxter. Fay Wray good as his wife. (Jan.)

CONFIDENTIAL—Mascot.—Donald Cook is the G-Man in this swiftly moving thriller who sees a trap for his "numbers" racketeer. Pretty Evelyn Knapp and Warren Hearn in a humor relieve the tension. You'll like it. (Jan.)

CORONADO—Paramount.—Cathy, catchy tunes, trick dances. A weak story but enjoyable. A bark of laughing dogs contributed to the cross-ner's, Betty Burgess, in Eddie Duchin's band. (Feb.)

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT—Columbia.—A moving and graphic presentation of Dostoevsky's novel. Peter Lorre is magnificent as the murderer haunted by his conscience. Edward Arnold, Tala Birell, Marian Marsh highlight a fine cast and should interest. (Oct.)

CRIME OF DR. CRESPI, THE—Republic.—Erie Von Sroheim as the revengeful surgeon in the screen version of one of the earliest and most thrilling of Poe's stories. "The Premature Burial," will keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

CRUSADES, THE—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the religious lore directed by the master of spectacles, Cecil B. De Mille, in the typical De Mille style. An ordinary story attempts to supply the love interest, but you'll enjoy the colorful pageantry and tear Jerko, Drucilla Young, Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

DANGEROUS—Warner's.—Strong dramatic fare of "Jinx actress," Bette Davis, who destroys all who love her. Alexander D'Arcy, the film's outstanding performance, gives Lindsay, Allyn Shirgour, and nice cast. (Feb.)

DANTE'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an Italian patriot who suffers in hell for the crimes of his nation. Materializing Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

DARK ANGEL, THE—United Artists.—A 20th Century-Fox production in which Merle Oberon, Fredric March and Herbert Marshall give excellent and finished performances. Fine supporting cast. (Oct.)

DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of a suave rake with a heart of gold. "The Real Charles Lindbergh, the plot of which was materialized Dante's verbal version of the inferno. There is also a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectacle's wandering story are colossal. (Oct.)

DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warner's.—Guy Kibbee does the nudge Warren William to sell him a freak policy insuring him against his daughter's (Jean Parker) marriage with a well dressed, well dressed, well dressed comedy situation hampered by old age. (Dec.)

DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French modiste who loses her love, Oliver Brooke, only to re-discover him in Paris when she is the toast of the Coty Opening. The story is thin and unconvincing but Rolf is charming in her American picture debut. (Oct.)

EAST OF JAVA—Universal.—A time worn ship- wreck story with the unlikeable, Kipling theme of a lion. Cast includes Leslie Fenton, Elizabeth Young and Frank Albertson. (Feb.)

ESCAPADE—M-G-M.—Miss cast as a lily-killer and lily-eater in a soap opera. The story is a familiar screen debut of Lupe Rainer. Rainer is very interesting, a new screen personality, and may make you forget the story. (Feb.)

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by George Kuit, Alan Faye, Frances Lanfram and Paty Kelly. (Oct.)

FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE—Fox.—It is the story of a life in the South, a life of love and marriage. Janet Gaynor off the canal boat to become his wife, but he eventually succeeds even against the opposition of his mother who is played by the charming Miriam Hopkins is a deliciously funny role. Russel Crowe and John A. Mulloy in the cast. (Feb.)

FIRE TRAP, THE—Larry Darmour Prod.—Exciting exploits of tin hat luddies in a fire and insurance story. Louis Calhern is the hero, Foster and Evelyn Knapp are the lovers. (Feb.)

FIRST A GIRL—GB.—Gay, tuneful with the characterizations of the Englishmatron and the young man in an unusual role of a false impersonator with hilarious results. Sonnie Hale helps her. (Feb.)

FRECKLES—RKO-Radio.—A pleasant, though ordinary, screen version of the Lilliboom, Gordon Brown an interesting make of an opportunity of making love to Carol Dempster, with it, but it affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

FRISCO KID—Warner's.—James Cagney in gay form as a sailor who falls for the gaudy romance of Mary Brian.ป Reed, John War- ino and George Stone are splendid. Lots of action. (Jan.)

HARMONY LANE—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Stephen Foster and the beloved American melodies that he wrote. Donatella Montgomery interprets the role of the composer, and Donald Meek, Edward Peil Sr., Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good chance to lose your mind with George Burns and Helen Menken. Helen is lovely and to laugh, when you're doing it. George Barbers plays papa. (Nov.)

HERE COMES THE BARON—M-G-M.—A new look at this old favorite. The story is about the confusing plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (Nov.)

HERE'S TO ROMANCE—Fox.—A gay blend of domestic comedy and operatic delight. The story is introduced by Shubert, the Schumann-Heink to the screen. See it for its fun and listen for the thrill of Martin's voice. (Nov.)

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKO-Radio.—Even James Cagney is brilliant acting as a small boy and an adult. A post-war story of a mayoralty campaign which is based upon the character of an industrial candidate's name from Murphy to Turrite. (Dec.)

HIS NIGHT OUT—Universal.—An exceedingly hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton as a funny wrestler who's his son in name and adventure with Irene Hervey and Jack La Rue. Lots of fun. (Jan.)

HONEYMOON LIMITED—Monogram.—Neil Hamilton's bright banker may amuse you, but otherwise this adventure story, with Irene Hervey and Lionel Atwill, goes along, and fails to rise above ordinary entertainment. (Dec.)

HOP-ALONG CASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-riding, square dealing young buck in his first picture for Warners. The story is a continuation of Hop- al- long's famous story. Filled with action from start to finish. (Feb.)

HOT-TIP—RKO-Radio.—Jimmy Gleason and ZaSu Pitts, the two lovable zanies, are at it again in a well constructed little story of a race-craded cove owner and wife. Abounding in humor and wiscracks. (Nov.)

I DREAM TOO MUCH—RKO-Radio.—Lilyan Tashman stars as a screen diva who takes all the dance lessons she can find to protect her child from the shame of a prison birth. Ian Hunter and Jessie Ralph. (Jan.)

IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK—Columbia.—Blonde from the Heerlen Variety, Jean Parker, as Miss Hefy, a conceited impersonator finds himself swamped in his wife's fame. Thrilling suspense. (Feb.)

IF YOU LIVED MY LIFE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford in the leading role. The obstacles to Turley's ultimate love and every little thing is sufficient to fulfill the expectations of all Crawford fans. (Dec.)

IN OLD KENTUCKY—Fox.—Will Rogers in one of his best films to date, handling a theme of divorce, again a problem. Dorothy Wilson, Luise, Henry, Russell Hardie top supporting cast. Good folk-singer and dance-dancer, does his stuff as only he can do it. (Feb.)

IN PERSON—RKO-Radio.—Fast-paced comedy depicting the deflection of a convoed character. Glenn Cramer's comeback. (Feb.)

IRISH IN US, THE—Warner's.—There are no hearts, rubs and chuckles in this simple, honest story that once again proves beauty to be a mechanism of life. Kay Francis and James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, and Frank McHugh, steals the show. (Oct.)

IT'S the AIR—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as an aviator is more action than is to be found. Yet the aviator invades a swash-buckler resort only to find himself having to vouchsafe his reputation by destroying a German submarine. Little dialogue but fully admirable humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from the characters. (Dec.)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—On sale de la Roche's picturesque novel of the loves and hates of the White-Agles family faithfully screened with satisfying results. J. Leslie Hunter, Nigel Bruce. Good supporting cast. (Oct.)

JEAH HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Her- gheims' famous story brought to the screen makes a good job of it. The chemistry between Joe Pasternak, Fred Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Astrid Allwyn con- tributes to the story. (Dec.)

HARD ROCK HARRIGAN—Fox.—A little pleasantly humorous drama with George O'Brien and Fred Kohler, rock tunnel drillers, slacking lats over a job and a girl, Irene Hervey. (Sept.)

JAMES CAGNEY—A toast to the greatest living American screen star. (Nov.)
**Boos & Bouquets**

An open forum for the exchange of opinions. The best eight win prizes

Richard Cromwell, Joel McCrea, and, of course, Dick Powell.

They are the boys who live next door; the boys we pass on the street; go to school with, and work with. They are the personification of American masculine youth. I am glad the directors realize that a leading man need not be a "tough egg" or a drawing room type to be popular. Most of the male stars in the past were actually beautiful, they were so feminine looking. The rough and ready type was a relief, but he didn't increase everybody's heartbeats.

Clean-cut, handsome boys are what we want—so more of them.

**SABINE SWICK, Zelienople, Pa.**

**THIRD PRIZE—$5**

TO CHILD ACTORS

One hears so many people say: "I don't like child actors." To my mind this is a very narrow-minded statement. I believe these people are afraid someone will think they are not sophisticated if they appear to like the talented youngsters we see today. To my mind they would be far more sophisticated and intelligent if they were willing to praise a good performance regardless of the age of the performer. Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholomew, Sybil Jason, Edith Fellows are, I think, actors of first rank. These children show perfect naturalness and at the same time a sense of knowing exactly what they are doing and why. I cannot say so much for many of our adult actors.

**ALICE LEE PERKINS, Nogodoches, Texas**

**$1 PRIZE**

A MOVIE FAN'S PRAYER

Lord, I would like to have:
The eyes of—Clauette Colbert
The lashes of—Joan Crawford
The hair of—Carole Lombard
The teeth of—Gail Patrick
The nose of—Jean Harlow
The style of—Kay Francis
The charm of—Alice Fayre

The poise of—Myrna Loy
The personality of—Ginger Rogers
The pep of—Patsy Kelly
The voice of—Kosalind Russell
The sweetness of—Loretta Young
The grace of—Norma Shearer

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]
The Desire of discriminating men and women today is for personal possessions that are out-of-the-ordinary. This is strikingly exemplified by the ever-growing popularity of the Auburn Super-Charged Models, with their outside exhaust pipes of polished stainless steel. Powered with a 150 H.P. Super-Charged Lycoming Engine, these smartly individual Auburns have become noted for their sparkling performance and tremendous reserve of power that is priceless in emergencies. We invite you to inspect and drive one of these New 1936 Eight-Cylinder Super-Charged Auburns.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Auburn, Indiana
Paul Muni's sensational new success throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.

What is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically in toto sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in The Story of Louis Pasteur.

For instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Ali-coate's Film Daily notifying the world that "The Story of Louis Pasteur is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros. have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about. William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's Motion Picture Advertisement
Magnificently Muni re-creates the famous hero of humanity who fought a jeering world that we might live

The Story of Pasteur

Herald simultaneously informed the industry that "in The Story of Louis Pasteur the screen makes a great departure from prosaic formula...There is not a single trace of theatrical artificiality...Expertly acted and directed, its power to create and hold interest immediately, gripped the preview audience and kept it in hushed silence all the way through. Here is a picture the worth of which is almost certain to impress both class and mass alike."

At the same moment Motion Picture Daily under the editorship of peppery, astute Maurice Kann was broadcasting the news that "the theme of The Story of Louis Pasteur is so absorbing that the film is sure to win terrific word-of-mouth endorsement."

The daily edition of youthful, aggressive Sid Silverman's famous Variety chimed in with the unqualified statement that "in The Story of Louis Pasteur Warner Bros. have made a truly great picture...It stands among the significant works of the screen....Told in such fashion as to grip every audience it will reach, The Story of Louis Pasteur is headed for big acclaim. Profoundly stirring as sheer drama, it will widen the range of picture venturings...Muni is superb...Seldom has a picture preview shown so strongly-shared interest of men and women. Men were openly in tears of emotional response throughout the audience."

And dynamic, hard-hitting "Chick" Lewis of the Showmen's Trade Review informed his followers that "this outstanding hit will send patrons away talking. A powerful production, impressive entertainment and a stand-out characterization by Paul Muni make this a prestige picture of importance with world-wide appeal. The sheer drama of the great scientist, Louis Pasteur's fight for recognition builds to a great climax."

These are strong words, dear listeners. But we subscribe to every one of them! And we've reprinted them here as the most impressive tip-off we can give you on the extraordinary importance of this brilliant Cosmopolitan production.

Naturally it's been the talk of film circles ever since these remarkable reviews appeared. And you're going to hear a lot more about it before it's released by First National late this month.
THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's story of rollicking and exciting adventure!

VICTOR MCLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMOWE

IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproarious and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!

with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Ray Garrett
NOW comes the most amazing in that long exciting line of new personalities, recently discovered, this young Errol Flynn of "Captain Blood." To my taste, of the whole lot of new faces, he is the most electrifying. He was Warner Brothers' Christmas present to the world and I'm sure many a woman wished Kriss Kringle had brought him down the chimney into her house.

Tall, handsome, he moves with such grace as makes your pulses pound; yet he is thoroughly masculine and a great actor. He himself should be grateful that he was discovered by Warners who know how to handle men stars.

There is no lot in Hollywood where you will hear such wailing from actors about casting stories or production as you hear at Warners. Yet the fact remains that Dick Powell, Jimmy Cagney, and Joe E. Brown have been put into pictures season after season which have kept them among the top box-office ten of the industry, and a record like that does not just happen.

It's Dick and Jimmy who do the kicking. Joe E. never says much; he's too happy a soul for important grumbling.

This Flynn lad has trod a serpentine path to dazzle the lights over theater doorways—out of Ireland to the South Seas, to pearl diving, to the London stage, to Hollywood, and to Lili Damita.

And Lili Damita, a star on Broadway, discovered by Goldwyn, sought after by millionaires and princes, capable herself of earning thousands, did, if the stories are to be believed, marry young Errol when he landed here without a dollar to bless himself with, just because she had fallen in love with him on sight.

I'm sure Warners won't mind my telling now that about all the real sea there is in "Captain Blood" is that which washes over Basil Rathbone's face as he lies dead on the rocks, the dastardly dog.

In fact, there could be no greater contrast in production methods than those used in "Captain Blood" and "Mutiny on the Bounty," two pictures that will be linked together from now on in unjust comparison.

"Mutiny" is the sea lust and life and even art, if you will, but "Captain Blood" is romance and make-believe and that ever-living story of the bold, brave lad and the lady in distress. Warners ran the whole thing up in the studio, but so artfully
is it directed by Michael Curtiz, so exquisitely is it photographed by Hal Mohr, that imagination has been made triumphant over reality. Deeply as I was moved by "Bounty," truly great as I know it to be, I find myself thinking this glamour-romance product, which isn't art at all, is still one of the finest films to be seen.

HOW do you, the readers of Photoplay, feel about double bills? Pictures like "Mutiny" and "Captain Blood" are the producers' attempt to try to give you bigger and better entertainment, all embodied in one picture an evening. Yet I have a letter from a reader who tells me that he and his wife went to the movies at five in the afternoon on New Year's Day and didn't leave until one-thirty at night, and yet never saw the same film twice. For their fifty cents they saw "Mutiny," "Charlie Chan in Egypt" or some place, a newsreel, a comic, "Rendezvous," and another newsreel.

In your opinion, is that a good bargain, or is it enough to drive you mad? For myself, I'm sure I wouldn't want to see another picture for two weeks, but I do wish you would write and let me know how you really feel about it.

THE continuance of the double bill means the continuance of class B pictures. Inevitably, companies make some pictures much better than others, but with double bills that's no accident, but a thought-out scheme.

It simply must be done to make the books balance and thus even major lots are driven to quickies. The same Metro that puts out "Mutiny" that takes months must do "Exclusive Story" which took eighteen days to unburden, or Warners toss off "Manhunt" to balance "Captain Blood." The only producer who can escape this type of juggling altogether is that lone wolf Samuel Goldwyn. He only makes three or four pictures a year, but those are as perfect as humanly possible.

I SAT in a preview house the other evening and remarked to a director sitting near me how the little blonde, who was playing the lead in the picture, had improved in appearance.

"Yes," said the director, "she certainly has. It was that love affair with ---," naming another leading director, "that did that for her. It broke her heart, but it certainly gave her sex appeal."

Ambitious Hollywood where all things are added up in terms of box-office! I wonder how the little blonde felt about it.

THE newest, most enthusiastic invasion of Hollywood is the English literary invasion. H. G. Wells in his hustling visit sang this sun-soaked little village's praise. Hugh Walpole, who remains here, is equally flattering. The newest recruit is James Hilton, he of "Good Bye, Mr. Chips," and "Lost Horizon." He is staying to write Camille for Garbo and his own report of what he thinks of Hollywood and Hollywood ways. Do read the enchanting article of his you will find soon in Photoplay.

WITH "Naughty Marietta" running high in the votes for the Photoplay gold medal award for 1935, it's grand to report that MacDonald and Eddy have done it again in their newest musical thrill, "Rose Marie." More good news is that Shirley Temple, who will be approaching her seventh birthday just about as you read this, and who was selected as number one box-office star of 1935 by the exhibitors of America, is doing twenty-five per cent better business with "The Little Rebel" than any film of hers has ever done.

I GOT all steamed up with pride when a youngster about Shirley's age came into my office the other day and asked for my autograph. Here certainly, after all these years, was fame. The only catch was she asked me if I minded signing my name twenty-five times.

"If I get twenty-five of yours I can exchange them for one of Betty Furness," she exclaimed. More fun!
- MARLENE DIETRICH, more alluring than ever, GARY COOPER, more casually exciting than ever, in their first picture together since Morocco... a yarn about a beautiful lady with a very bad habit of stealing very expensive jewels and a young American motor car engineer who steals the lady's heart.

Just an old European custom... but we'd like to be John Halliday, the gentleman who's doing the hand kissing.

Marlene seems to be going in for jewels in a big way... also note the pom-pom hat. It'll set a style.

This ought to be in color, for those star like spots in the crisp black taffeta jacket are a really ravishing shade of pink.

This shot is from the picture. Gary apparently has said something pretty tough, for that's a real handkerchief and those are real tears.

Marlene shows she's still loyal to the beret, this time, a novel black antelope affair, designed by Travis Banton Paramount's Fashion Expert.

Frank Borzage talks over a scene from "Desire" with Marlene and Gary.

(Advertisement)
BILL wanted to talk about "The Great Ziegfeld." I wanted to hear about "The Great Powell." So we compromised on "The Small Powell"—the very small Willie Powell, who, at a very early age, arose in his high chair and, with appropriate gestures, addressed the world.

"I suppose my 'career,'" allowed Bill modestly, "may be said to have dated from that moment. For I've been making speeches to someone or something ever since.

"The orating tendency came, I think, from my father's side of the family. Father was a public accountant, a profession which didn't give him much chance for eloquence, but in private life he tended to be rather expansive. I remember that it was father who always wanted his son to have a little bigger allowance than he should have had.

"Mother wanted me to have the allowance, too, but she wanted to make sure I kept on having it. Mother was the worrier of the family, the kind who peeks out the window looking for the wolf. The wolf was far from Father's mind."

"And you?" I ventured.

"I have spells of taking after both of them."

Obviously, Bill Powell liked to talk about his family, and, unlike some actors, he wasn't afraid to give names and dates. He was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on a very hot July 29th in the year 1892. His father and mother were both Pennsylvanians, but of different extractions: all English on the father's side; half Irish, quarter French and quarter German on the mother's. Bill was an only child.

"And still am," he added. "Mother was a little woman, and only twenty at the time. I was one of these premature babies, an eight-monther, I think. We just went along, the three of us, Father earning a fair salary and living comfortably up to it—a typical, white-collar family.

"I don't recall any especially high lights those first years, except the chair incident. Oh yes, I was found one day playing among a pile of empty beer bottles, and applying myself industriously to the dregs. And on another occasion, I bit my water spaniel in the ear, for the simple reason that he had previously bitten me! However, I refuse to admit either of these incidents as in any way significant!"

"Just dogs and beer—no girls?" I asked.

"It does seem to me that I was always girl-conscious. But I do remember one crush—a pretty heavy one, too—that I had on a tiny blonde girl of my own age, when I was fourteen. I remember I took her to the theater, a big event, and that I visited the Five-and-Ten before the performance to get as large a display of candy for the money I had (which was, no doubt, about ten cents). I bought the candy, got the girl, took her to the theater, opened the candy, held it, passed it over to her, holding it myself all the time. When the performance was over, I put the candy in my pocket and took it home. Coming
The ladies, law, Aunt Lizzie, loneliness—and love! That's the outline of this intimate history of the Thin Man—Hollywood's most debonair Don Juan

By Frederick L. Collins

At sixteen, a studious sophomore with a gift for elocution, and nicknamed "Shakespeare"

At the grammar-school age of eight, Bill admits he was girl-conscious. He preferred blondes even then.

At twelve, he was "the boy who spoke the piece" in school. He hoped to be another Daniel Webster

home and recounting to my mother, I pulled out the candy. Mother asked me about it. Yes, I bought the candy for the girl. It dawned on me then what I had done, what a breach of etiquette had been committed. I blushed for hours."

About this time—1907—the Powell family moved to Kansas City, and Bill attended the High School there with the aim of entering the University of Kansas to study law. The legend of the high chair was still pursuing him. Anybody who could talk as much and as loud as Bill could just had to be a lawyer.

"All through grammar school," explained Bill, "I was always the boy who spoke the piece. But secretly I had already begun to deviate from the idea of becoming a lawyer.

"I had never been quite good enough to make any of the athletic teams, but I suddenly developed an 'out-drop,' which gave me visions of becoming a famous 'southpaw' pitcher. I tried out the out-drop on the Kansas City boys, but they seemed to think that I would do better as a cheerleader—and I played that position for the balance of my scholastic career.

"In my freshman year at high school, I discovered I had always had some facility with a crayon so I decided to cash in on this ability by taking up cartooning and caricature. At the end of the first hour, I thought I was doing pretty well. Then I made the mistake of looking up.

"On my right was a chap named Ray Van Buren, who afterward became, and still is, a hugely successful illustrator, and on my left was the boy who was to become my closest friend—Ralph Barton, cartoonist and caricaturist extraordinary. Each had done a finished piece of work which I couldn't have duplicated in a week, or in a lifetime!"

His artistic and athletic bubbles having evaporated, the boy fell back on his acknowledged gift for elocution, and enrolled in a public speaking class conducted by one Professor Dillenbeck. The Professor turned out to be a discerning man, and suggested that his eloquent pupil try out for the Christmas play, "The
Rivals." He did so, won the part of Captain Jack Absolute, and was off on what did turn out to be his career.

Bill was sixteen or seventeen then, a gangling lad of almost six feet. He had always been a good student. But now everything else suffered as he threw himself into dramatic and musical work. He joined the Shakespeare Club—and, of course, the boys began calling him "Shakespeare." He delivered the class oration. It was, he recalls, "A Plea for Benedict Arnold." At graduation, he received what he refers to as a "courtesy diploma."

"I was still set to go to the University of Kansas, and become a lawyer," he reminisced. "I could recite every word the local paper dared print about the Harry Thaw trial, and followed all the other sensational cases of the day. But as the time approached for me to enroll at the University, I began to realize that it was only the dramatic phase of what I thought law to be that attracted me, and that I really wasn't interested at all in law for its own sake."

"As a matter of fact, I was probably just plain stage struck. I attended every performance of the traveling companies I could afford, and also the local stock, the O. D. Woodward Company. I even ushered for nothing at the Grand Opera House.

"At the end of five months, when I should have had two hundred and fifty saved up," continued Bill, "I had spent every cent I'd earned and owed my father thirty dollars additional."

"Of course you were in love."
After an absence of too many months due to a long siege of illness from an accident on the set, petite and winsome Janet Gaynor will return in "Small Town Girl." Loaned by 20th Century-Fox to star in the M-G-M film, she will be supported by Robert Taylor.
The refreshingly versatile Norma Shearer is about to add another jewel to her crown of screen glory with the portrayal of the world's best-known heroine, Shakespeare's tragic Juliet. What with Leslie Howard playing the impassioned Romeo, it's a treat to look forward to
There are more rumors to the square inch as to who Fred Astaire’s partner will be in his next picture, “I Won’t Dance,” than there are taps in one of his dances: One is, she will not be Ginger Rogers; others, she will be Harriet Hoctor, she will be his sister Adele Astaire.
Off screen, she's just an ordinary girl—and a very swell one—intent upon living a secluded life as Mrs. Willie Wyler; on screen, the extraordinary Miss Sullavan looks forward to new triumphs in Universal's "Next Time We Love"
How They Got the Quints in Pictures

The fascinating inside story of how the idea for "The Country Doctor" became an actuality

By the man who had the idea

Charles E. Blake

WHEN did you get the idea of writing a screen play around Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe and the Dionne Quintuplets?

This is one of the questions hurled at me by Miss Ruth Waterbury, the editor of Photoplay.

The answer is simple.

It was my good fortune to be assigned by the Chicago American to "cover" the Dionne quintuplets on the day following the miraculous birth to Elzire Dionne.

And it again was my good fortune to find the antiquated incubator in the Chicago warehouse of Sharp and Smith that became such an important factor in saving the lives of at least two of the unmentionable appearing bits of redness which human beings are at birth.

I went north, and through the last day of May and the entire month of June, 1934, I lived day and night with Dr. Dafoe. Watched him despair as his charges slipped to the brink of death. Saw his eyes sparkle after he had administered "two drops of rum" and new life returned to the babies which a wise medical world said could never live.

Anyone who ever spent more than seventeen seconds with that grand country doctor up in Callander, Ontario, would have to come out with some kind of an inspiration.

There probably is no greater personality in the world today. He radiates everything everybody is searching for in the way of human beings and humanity.

Night and day the editors of the Chicago American, also the New York Evening Journal, both my papers, were demanding hourly reports on the babies.

There was little or no time to think of anything else but the one question:

"Will they live?"

Now, Dr. Dafoe has answered that one amply, but then, we didn't know the answer.

Through many of these long hours the good doctor invited me to chin with him in his book-walled library. The friendship that began there is today my greatest possession.

With the babies well, happy, cherubic and installed in their own private hospital with competent nurses to watch over them, it was suggested that we give "doc" a vacation, a week in New York to see its many wonders.

That week added to the doctor's long list of loyal friends. Those people between the two rivers will never forget him. His presence in the Big Town was magnetic . . . police forced paths through crowds that he might swing an arm in a natural walk.

The vacation was over and the party had retired to their Pullmans for the return trip to Toronto and Callander.

The doctor asked me to join him in the club car for a few more words.

In my pocket I had a flattering offer for him from one of America's great magazines. An offer for his life story.

A nice piece of change accompanied the offer . . . as I recall it now the amount was $5,000 or near that figure.

And as he has always done— he just shook his head and said "No."

The talk then turned to his life. We went over a lot of it from his boyhood. Most of it I had written for my two papers during the early days of the Quints.

As we talked the thought first came to me that here was a new "country doctor" story with a great climax . . . in fact a quintupletted climax.

I outlined the story—a purely fictional life of a fictional country doctor—and shipped it to Hollywood—where it was shipped back—quick. Sometimes with thanks and sometimes in the same envelope in which it left Chicago.

Last summer Harry Brand, the press agent de luxe for 20th Century-Fox Studios wanted Dr. Dafoe to come to Hollywood to act as a technical director for one of their pictures. A handsome piece of change was offered plus the lure of a trip around North America by boat.

I passed the offer on to "doc" and he, as usual, said; "No thanks."

I reported Dr. Dafoe's refusal to Harry Brand in a letter and concluded it with my shop worn outline of the "country doctor" story.

"Try to sell the idea and I will work it out," I said.

I don't know whether Harry Brand did sell it or not, but I do know that Darryl Zanuck, the genius of the 20th Century-Fox Studios, did buy it.

I obtained a temporary release from my paper and went to Hollywood for the great adventure.
It was necessary to build a fence around the camera to keep the Quints from climbing the legs. Then they would scramble under their cribs and peer out, screaming with laughter!

A story "conference" was held with Zanuck, Nunnally Johnson and that grandest of grand writers, Sonya Levien.

Zanuck outlined the story and we went to work.

At that time it seemed impossible ever to have the Quints appear in the picture.

However, before a hundred words were put together, a report hit the newspapers that the world’s most famous babies might appear in a feature length film for Harold Lloyd or Mary Pickford.

We heard the report at four o’clock in the afternoon and at midnight I was flying towards Toronto for a conference with Ontario’s Minister of Welfare, David A. Croll, Dr. Dafoe and Joseph Sedgewick, deputy attorney general of Canada.

There would be a chance and just a chance... that the babes might be signed up... and the price? Plenty

ANY time Dave Croll makes up his mind the Quintuplets are entitled to something you can depend on it he will wring every last cent he can for their trust fund.

The meeting with Croll, Dr. Dafoe and Sedgewick started at noon on a Saturday and concluded at two the following afternoon.

The price was fixed, but complications with an exclusive contract held by Pathé for newreels and shorts made it impossible to go through with the deal at that time.

So back to Hollywood while Joseph Moskovitz of the New York office for 20th Century-Fox continued the negotiations.

For five weeks, Sonya Levien had
patience with me as we worked out the first "rough draft" of the "country doctor" story.

Zanuck seemed pleased with our efforts . . . at least his final check had most of the earmarks of being pleasant.

Still the Quints were not signed up.

Moskowitz kept after Croll, though, and the deal was finally made with a list of "don'ts" as long as the Zephyr.

And that is the birth of the quintuplet story. But that was only the beginning. Zanuck organized his company for the trek to Callander early in December.

I BOARDED the train in Chicago to meet the most nervous group of Hollywoodians that ever emerged from the shade of a palm tree.

Reporters, photographers boarded the train at every stop.

They counted the noses of the twenty-two people . . . they interviewed director Henry King, actor Jean Hersholt, actress Dorothy Peterson.

Reports sifted into the private car that the company would not be permitted to enter Canada; that Dr. Dafoe would not permit the babies to be photographed for at least ten days; that the baggage car of equipment would not be permitted to enter the Dominion; the babies were sick; a blizzard was raging . . .

On and on, deeper and deeper came the rumors and reports.

The first worry was dispelled at the border.

Canadian Immigration and Customs officials broke necks as they cooperated with the company in going through Customs.

The blizzard turned out to be a picturesque snow fall.

Dr. Dafoe spent a day with Miss Peterson, Hersholt and King. He did everything he could to set them at ease.

Fred Davis, photographer for the Toronto Star, who alone takes all "still" pictures of the babies, worked with the party and gave his efforts in bringing the company members closer to the doctor, nurses and others.

Instead of a first day of complications, it turned out to be a love feast.

But the second day was different.

Shooting of the Quints, the $50,000 starlettes was to begin the second morning.

Moskowitz, in his rush to get through to Callander, had forgotten to engage Canadian labor to assist in making the picture.

The labor union heads in Toronto demanded prompt action.

A meeting was called in Toronto and Minister Croll requested that I act as arbiter to settle the alleged differences.

Elimie was in the arms of Miss Peterson.

"So Annette climbed up on a chair and teetered back and forth as she tried to reach her sister.

"Each second it looked as though she would fall. Every member of the company was afraid to move. We were all petrified. She had us scared to death.

"But the little vixen seemed to enjoy our discomfort and screamed merrily until nurse Yvonne Leroux saw we were unable to move, came in and set Annette back on the floor where the script called for her to be at that time.

"We were a group of very stage struck, nervous, worried people while Annette was doing her balancing act.

"The entire operations during our one hour stay in the hospital room and their nursery were conducted under the personal supervision of Dr. Dafoe.

"At nine o'clock this morning, trucks and automobiles bearing cameras and other equipment were pulled up half a mile from the hospital. The equipment was then carried by the men to the hospital as quietly as possible so children would not be disturbed during their morning slumber on the open sleeping porch.

"Dr. Dafoe personally
A LONG time ago, I had a nodding acquaintance with a very young girl who had just "gone on the stage," Daniel Frohman told me about her. "She has a large family," he said; "all commonplace, hard-working people. They're surprisingly happy. Our little friend"—she had just left us—"is on the verge of a contract at an hundred and fifty dollars a week. That's a fortune to her, and she's worried about the income tax!"

We both laughed. As I recall it, the tax was very new then, and worrying seemed funny—especially when you hadn't the hundred and fifty a week yet. "No way of evading it, I guess," D. F. concluded. "You have to pay for success."

The girl got her contract, and made a big hit. A few years later, hers was one of the great names of Hollywood. Her brother went in for wine, woman and song in a large way. One of his successive wives killed herself. The next divorced him. All his sister's money and influence having failed to get him anywhere, the boy died pitifully. A large part of the girl's huge earnings went to her family, who gave her very little but trouble in return. Finally, her own "glamorous" marriage went on the rocks. God had collected His income tax.

What do I mean by that? Just what "D. F." said: "You've got to pay for success." Burdens have to rest somewhere, so inevitably they slip from weak shoulders to those that can bear them. Government taxes are assessed on this theory: the more you make, the more you must pay. If you work harder, save harder, have greater "luck" or ability than the other fellow, the Bureau of Internal Revenue penalizes you and lessens your lead. Some of the higher-salaried film stars are taxed four-fifths of their earnings, the amount being divided between the state of California and the United States. Those who happen to be English, yield an additional sum to Britain. That is the governmental method of keeping them from being too rich.

But there seems to be a higher law against being "too rich"—in money, or happiness, or anything. Envious people say: "Those who have, get." My observation, put coarsely, is that those who have get—soaked. Almost every family consists of a breadwinner surrounded by more-or-less no-good relatives. The more prosperous he is, the more no-good they are, and the more has to be done for them. I used to think this was outrageous; now I know it's God's income tax. There's a Celestial Levelling-off Department. The Head Accountant looks at his books. "God gave you capacity," he says. "God gave you industry, and thrift, and self respect. He wasn't so liberal with these other fellows, so you've got to divide. It's hard, of course, but—come across!"

Hollywood comes across—plenty. Joan Crawford, I am pretty reliably informed, supports five complete adult families. The same oracle tells me that Norma Shearer takes care of seven. Ann Sothern, who is young and fragile, and, until recently, earned a comparatively small salary, has some heavy responsibilities, and so, I imagine, has most of Hollywood, including the children who have won stardom. That's only natural. Screen money is easy money, most people think, and certainly big money. If Jessica's a star, why should any of Jessica's relatives ever work again? And, if Jessica's relatives have an income without working for it, why shouldn't their relatives be taken care of too?

Mary Astor had turned over to her parents about half a million dollars when they sued her for non-support. She had bought them a two-hundred-thousand-dollar house, given them a thousand dollars a month for expenses, and actually signed a contract to pay her father 50 per cent of what she earned, and to put in his hands 50 per cent of the remainder for investment. After the tragic death of her first husband, Kenneth Hawks, Miss Astor repudiated this con-
tract, contending, during the trial, that her salary had been cut because of parental meddling in her business affairs. The court decided in favor of the actress, who now is reputed to be paying an allowance of an hundred dollars a month. This probably would have seemed generosity itself in the days before success made her a shining mark.

Shining marks are many in filmdom, and such contracts as Miss Astor's are tucked away in a surprising number of maternal safe-deposit boxes. Years ago when—heaven help me!—I owned a small cruiser, I discovered that a sprocket-chain for a bicycle cost three dollars; for a motor car, thirty; and for a yacht, three hundred. Life assesses us on a sliding scale. If John Jones marries Bessie Smith, and they find living together disagreeable, Bessie asks for separate maintenance, and probably gets it. But Bessie's ideas of being maintained swell fantastically if and when John lands in Hollywood. How much they swell depends upon how hard he lands. What screen stars, male and female, have paid as the price of liberty would make a large hole in the national debt, or, placed dollar bill end-to-end with dollar bill, stretch several times around the navigable globe.

Nor is money the only part of this income tax. On one side or the other of every marital chasm are disappointment, disillusionment, and emotional devastation. "Charlie" Chaplin loves his work. If that had been his only love, he would have saved at least a million dollars. When Mildred Harris decided to go her own way in 1920, she is said to have taken with her a settlement of over $150,000. Then followed a couple of budding love affairs that never bloomed, but are supposed to have cost more than all the blooming orchids in the universe. When Chaplin and Lita Grey were divorced in 1924, the arrangement included $600,000 to Mrs. Chaplin, a trust fund of $200,000 for the children, and $1,000 a month for their support and education. John Barrymore's affectionate nature, too, has left him richer in experience but considerably poorer in legal tender. Barrymore has been married three times, and never with conspicuous success. All three wives were "glamorous"—Mildred Harris, Blanche Oelrich (Michael Strange) and Dolores Costello. "Glamour" is taxable. Believe it or not, girls, your chances of nunnial felicity are better in the glow of the kitchen fire.

LOVE is taxable in Hollywood. Make whatever allowances your convictions dictate for "temperament," spoiled children, and the influence of sudden transition, Cupid's record isn't any too good around Los Angeles. There are quite a lot of sad little stories that belong under our heading. In "The Fool," Daniel Gilchrist told Jerry Goodkind, "God says, 'Here is the world; take what you want—and pay for it!'" If what you want is career—a film career, anyway—you seem rather likely to pay for it in the wreckage of other dreams. "You can't have everything," thunders Fate—or that Head Accountant "You want your picture on the screen, and in the newspapers and magazines. You want to be followed in the streets, and recognized in the shops, and you want a big house, and servants, and, perhaps, a yacht, and certainly 'glamour,' and romance, and love. That's a large order. Suppose we leave out the last item."

So much Hollywood "glamour" has been tinsel, so much Hollywood romance has been tawdry, and so many Hollywood loves have proved not very durable. People have paid careers for them, too; "falling between two stools," as our grandmothers used to say, and finding themselves without either love or career. John Barrymore's peripatetic association with Elaine Barrie must have cost him a fair share of his popularity. But many of filmdom's heart-stories are more serious, and far more

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
L E E T R A C Y likes his shut eye. Edward Arnold knows it. The pair were on one of those early morning call locations for "Sutter’s Gold." And Lee has been wondering who has been sending him those telegrams which arrived about four in the morning to roust him out of the downy.

"You have one more hour of sleep," they read, "Universal Pictures Corporation."

T H E S O F FICE phone rings and it’s Carole Lombard in the eye—please choose the proper eye. They had to change a movie script and buy a new hat the other day because Carole got in the way of a "door" with the wrong peeper.

It was a fight scene (as far as Cal can gather, "Love Before Breakfast" from the very start has been one big fight scene) and Carole was supposed to emerge with the left eye shaded. But someone couldn’t resist the temptation and let her have it for keeps—but in the right one. So—when it became the hue of a Scandinavian sunset, they had to change the script around, alter her makeup and fix her a new hat. The old one was to dip over her left shiner—but she went and got one in the right!

Sounds like a gag—eh? Well, it happened. Honest.

T H E R E are some cruel people in Hollywood who will still tell you the very unwarranted fact that Fred Stone is casing in on his friendship with Will Rogers.

Cal doesn’t often get all burned up—but this one stirs the old blood of resentment. As a matter of fact, Fred Stone has turned down a fortune—yessir—a fortune in offers to do just the things those people say he is doing.

It would amount to about $150,000 anyway. There was a picture part at Fox, bought for Will and offered to Fred. He refused.

There was an offer for a weekly national radio broadcast.

There was a $25,000 check waiting him to do a national magazine story on Will’s life. And there was a syndicated column offer for which he was asked to name his own price. He wouldn’t listen to any of them.

Yet the silly and odd belief exists in some circles that Fred is capitalizing on his best friend’s passing. There’s nothing more untrue.

If you put down all the good fairy acts of the stars here—there wouldn’t be much room for anything else—but Cal has to tell you about this one.

It’s about Barbara Stanwyck—a big hearted
of hollywood...

They both faced the camera. Apologizing later to the cameraman for her action, Miss Oberon whispered that Miss Childers had whispered that profile views showed the sag of her chin.

To the victor belongs the spoils.

Ann Harding was riding in an elevator in a Hollywood building en route to her dentist when the elevator suddenly stopped between floors. After a moment, being the only passenger, she said nervously: "Something broken?"

The elevator girl flushed and took a small black book and pencil from her pocket.

"No," she said, passing them to Ann: "I've been trying to get your autograph for two years. I'm going to get it now if I lose my job for it!"

Ann was a good sport about it. She signed the book and added: "To a courageous youngster who will get places in the world."

Above Joe E. Brown, world's widest smile is a horse owner too. He is saying a mouthful to his wife and had to talk fast as he lost this particular race at Santa Anita.

Above at Santa Anita before the old cry, "They're off!" two gay blades, Ricardo Cortez and Al Jolson look over their racing sheet. Mr. Jolson seems skeptical of any "inside dope."

They both faced the camera. Apologizing later to the cameraman for her action, Miss Oberon whispered that Miss Childers had whispered that profile views showed the sag of her chin.

To the victor belongs the spoils.

Ann Harding was riding in an elevator in a Hollywood building en route to her dentist when the elevator suddenly stopped between floors. After a moment, being the only passenger, she said nervously: "Something broken?"

The elevator girl flushed and took a small black book and pencil from her pocket.

"No," she said, passing them to Ann: "I've been trying to get your autograph for two years. I'm going to get it now if I lose my job for it!"

Ann was a good sport about it. She signed the book and added: "To a courageous youngster who will get places in the world."

BE-RUFFLED furbelows may add to the mystery of a woman but they certainly play hob with walking.

Irene Dunne, clad in the voluminous ruffled, long-legged panties, petticoats and skirts of the bridal costume she wears in "Show Boat," was hobbling along a walk at Universal.

A studio employee asked solicitously if she had hurt her foot.

"No," Irene said forthrightly. "It's the darned pants I have to wear. They impede my locomotion by making me practically knock-kneed."

OR all he may still be "Caliban" to laughing America, John Barrymore is just "Brother Jack" to Lionel.

John's status at MGM where he is working in "Romeo and Juliet" entitles him to a star dressing room, but John and Lionel have elected to bunk together in Lionel's. And rather nice, Cal calls it.

A sweet bit of the milk of human kindness flowed over at Sam Goldwyn's studio the other day as Hollywood has seen in many a moon.

Naomi Childers, a Goldwyn $3,500-a-week star fifteen years ago, was discovered working as an extra on the "These Three" set. She was introduced to Merle Oberon and was asked to pose for a picture with her. The cameraman suggested they face each other. Miss Childers was seen to whisper in Miss Oberon's ear.

"No," Merle spoke up firmly to the photographer then, "we'll both face the camera."

"But Miss Oberon," he protested, "that isn't the pose I want."

The usually tractable Merle flabbergasted everyone within hearing distance by her determination. "No," she said again, "we'll both face the camera—or we won't have the picture. That's final!"

We live in a great motorized age. Yep—you'd know it if you saw Warren William roll into the gates of the Warner Brothers movie factory in his dressing room trailer.

The darned thing hauled him from his Encino ranch—twelve miles away—every morning he works. He parks it right next to the set and goes to work without taking an unnecessary step. You ought to see it—all the makeup business, of course, a radio, books, running water, telephone—all the comforts of home.

Oh yes—and a sign—"No Riders."

gal if there ever was one. She saw a gloomy face on her set and asked the wearer what made him sad.

"My mother just died," he said, "and I can't go back."

"Why?" asked Barbara.

The man shrugged a sad smile and poked his pockets.

After lunch Barbara came on the set with a package. She slipped it in his hand before quitting time. It was three hundred dollars cash money.

"Awww—don't take that," protested the man.

"Why not?" said Barbara, "that's what I make it for."

For he may still be "Caliban" to laughing America, John Barrymore is just "Brother Jack" to Lionel.

John's status at MGM where he is working in "Romeo and Juliet" entitles him to a star dressing room, but John and Lionel have elected to bunk together in Lionel's. And rather nice, Cal calls it.
On these pages:
Clifton Webb's party, exclusively photographed for PHOTOPLAY

Some fun Bess Meredyth and Gene Fowler swang out of each other. Fowler is one up on the string of practical jokes they insist on perpetrating on each other as result of his coup the other day.

Bess sat down at her typewriter to work on the script on which Gene is collaborating with her. As she struck the first key, amazed eye-witnesses said, a stirring blast of "The Washington Post March" blared forth from her desk, followed by the opening of her office door through which marched, in single file, a string of trained Pekineses.

Herbert Marshall is casting an evil eye in Ann Harding's direction these days. Unwittingly she unmasked one of his pet foibles and proved it a phoney.

Seems as how Bart 'flowed' he could smoke one brand of cigarettes only, that all others made him ill, and in view of this, must be supplied with that brand for the scenes in his new picture which calls for smoking.

Believing him, Ann wagered a dollar with Stephen Roberts, the director, that a substitution of cigarettes of another brand would not go undetected by Marshall. His sensitive taste would revolt at the first puff, said Ann.

The substitution was made secretly—and Bart puffed happily away with his health remaining unaffected! Roberts insisted on collecting.

Take a lesson from Rosalind Russell—and never dispout yourself incognito. You never can tell.

Rosalind, bored with Hollywood, slipped off one week-end not long ago and took a tour of the mining camps up in the Mojave desert. In a dance hall, she and her adventurous girl friend saw life in the rough and ready and even took a turn around the floor with a couple of picturesque pick and shovel gents.

A week later the boasted and bewiskered partner showed up in Hollywood and wanted to see Rosalind. He had seen her picture in a magazine and recognized her. At the studio gate he complained, "She danced with me, didn't she? She musta fell for me!" The code of the desert, no doubt.

Bill Powell was uncovered, gentle reader, doing a Garbo the other day. He finished "The Great Ziegfeld" and announced to his bosom pals that he was off for an unknown spot miles away to get away from it all.

Not even Jean Harlow knew where her boy friend was. And then someone did some sleuthing. Bill was unmasked, the trickster, reposing in his own mansion in Beverly Hills, with the phone disconnected and the door barred.

That's what the tear and wear does to you.

There is little doubt but that Shirley Temple is already revealing a maternal instinct.

She has a quintuplet complex. When the "Country Doctor" company came back from Callander with the Dionne darlings safely registered on celluloid, Shirley started pestering every Twentieth Century-Fox biggie she saw for a peek at the picture. They said she'd be first in line—and she was.

Coming away from the big peek Shirley gloved.

"Darling babies," she decreed with motherly warmth, "just darling!"

There was a super salesman who wanted to sell Clark Gable a new car. Clark couldn't be reached and when he could he wouldn't listen. So the auto peddler used a little psychology. He parked the shiny wagon right outside the gate at M-G-M for nights on end. When Clark came out he tooled the horn. After a couple of weeks of this, Clark drove it home one night. Yep—he's only human. The car's really something to dream about nights. So he bought it.
DON'T know whether or not you ever knew it before, but your old friend, Joe E. Brown, is one of those teetotaler fellows. Never touches a drop. Doesn't have it around the place. Doesn't serve it.

Therefore, his close pals were a bit amazed when the word seeped out that Joe E. was building a bar in his Beverly Hills place. Even more surprised were they when they were asked in to christen it. "The old boy has slipped at last," everyone thought, "it's the fast pace of this age. Too bad."

They arrived. There was the bar all right. "What'll it be, boys?" yelped Joe, "Chocolate, pineapple, or strawberry ice cream soda?"

And darned if it wasn't—of all things—a fountain! Probably the only soda fountain that ever was or ever will be found behind a bar in Hollywood.

YOU won't ever see George Raft hoofing in on the screen again. Fred Astaire has scared him off.

George used to be known as "the fastest dancer on Broadway," you know. When he came to Hollywood, he always managed to run a little of the old flying feet stuff into his pictures. Then he started glorifying the dance side of his personality with "Bolero" and "Rumba."

But never again. George says Fred makes him look silly, and he doesn't like to look silly.

If you're still superstitious about that "death always comes in threes" which uncannily proves out in Hollywood, you might notice that Thelma Todd's strange passing completed the shadowy trio. First Sam Hardy, then Gordon Westcott, and then Thelma. Not very far apart, either.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]
B E H I N D the trappings and the frou-frou of Hollywood—there lives a woman, who, if I chose to be slightly melodramatic, I might term the least understood woman in Hollywood.

Kay Francis is a woman so simple of taste, orderly of mind and habit, honest in emotion, human in mistakes, that people completely miss the pattern of her altogether. Deluded by a throatiness of voice, a bittishness of promise, a mysterious something that seems to beckon and call, they fail to pierce to the woman beneath these enchanting veils created by their own imaginations.

For instance, a woman, neat and orderly to the point of driving strong men to drink or to Harlow, somehow doesn’t fit in with a pair of dark, slumberous eyes, full red lips, midnight hair against a creamy skin.

Yet, I swear to you that a match box placed one-tenth of an inch from an ash tray by Kay on her dresser on a Monday late in January, is exactly one-tenth of an inch from the same old ash tray on a Tuesday in March, in the heat of an August afternoon at four o’clock and on a rainy midnight in December. Expect no deviations, no gladsome change however little. No slightest break in the monotony of the match box world for none there will be.

M U L T I P L Y, now, the match box incident by her every possession, large or small, from slipper to davenport, and you have some idea of a soul devoted to orderliness. And a face like that!

What, for another instance, has a long slim leg, a graceful body, a swinging step got to do with exact promptness? None you say, and none is right. Yet here she goes to that seven o’clock appointment—seven in the morning, remember—and arriving there not at five minutes to seven or five minutes after, but seven.

The house in which she lives speaks more eloquently of the woman than all the words that one can pen. She is one of the few stars who still live in Hollywood and she likes it. The Beverly Hills movement, the Brentwood Heights Ho-Ho (twice as smart) trek, and even the Santa Monica ocean front transitional haunted her not at all.

In fact, the rise of most stars can be traced step by step from the little gray, framed bungalow in the modest section of Hollywood to the mansions far beyond.

Kay Francis is still in her little gray, framed bungalow. In fact, if you live in anything more elaborate than a tiny six-room gray house all on one floor with the grass not so hot in the front, you live more elegantly than Kay Francis. If you sleep in a room larger than 9x12, if you entertain in a living room no larger than the average, if you drive a more elaborate car than a Ford in need of paint, you’ve got it all over Kay Francis.

Which is all right if only she didn’t look that exotic way.

No trains flow out behind her expensive hostess gowns. No vulgar possessions, no trappings of the nouveau riche, no anything at all in white to clutter up the orderly mind of a really simple soul.

Going on the theory that no man is a hero to his valet, and therefore no woman could remain a heroine to her hairdresser, we went to see Perc Westmore who has coiffed and made up the beauteous Kay, lo, these many years.
FRANCIS!
The story of a little-understood First

By Sara Hamilton

She's the best friend he ever had. He spoke first of her loyalty. I had heard about that from other sources.

Loyalty! How few of us know the true meaning of the word. Kay Francis does. She's loyal to those she loves or just likes, until—well, people are compelled to turn their faces from the sight of this woman whose trust has been betrayed over and over.

"I can see the other fellow's side," she cries.

"I can understand a slighting remark made on the spur of the moment, or a slighting deed on the spur of another moment." And so she goes on understanding, taking back, believing, until she has to turn her back forever.

And then she is heart-broken over some nincompoop who isn't worth two lima beans.

LET me lay bare for you, if you please, a section of the lady's heart for your inspection.

Ida, her colored maid and secretary who has been with her for many years, was taken ill, and Kay was frantic. There were no mere phone calls to a doctor to look after her. Instead, Kay sat by her side with cold towels. In the ambulance to the hospital, a faithful colored maid lay on a cot of pain, while beside her, soothing and comforting, knelt Kay Francis.

And then the operation. Outside the door, waiting, handkerchief torn to shreds, eyes wide with suffering, stood Kay Francis.

Five o'clock of a cold rainy morning. The studio gate man dropped back at the sight of a white strained face. Pacing Perc Westmore's office 'til he came at seven.

"Look, Perc, I—I just want to talk about Ida. You think she's going to be all right? Talk to me about her, Perc. Should I call in any other doctor?"

This was at five in the morning, remember. To talk about her maid. Oh, I could tell you about that woman, Kay Francis, so I could.

"Look, Perc," the look of worried abstraction noted all day on the set, growing even more so as evening came on.

"About that poor woman and the baby. How much do you think we will need?"

"We'll need, you notice, only it's Kay Francis' name that goes on the check.

I could tell about trips to San Bernardino, miles away, where one of the girls from the publicity office lay ill—a girl Kay knows but slightly. Time out of Kay's busy life to drive there.

"A glamorous, unapproachable woman with all the sophistication of the world behind her." And yet, in the next moment—

To be a comforting presence. Her love life?

Well, she was married to an artist and then to an actor and now she has a new beau, Delmar Daves. He writes pieces for the screen and seems grand.

We spoke to Perc Westmore about that appeal to men Kay flings forth like a magnet from the screen.

"The reason," he explained, "is that sub-consciously men always respond to the real article. It's the mother—wife—sister complex that can't be downed in the shimmer of bleached hair, cupid lips, arched brows. The blonde may dazzle and even catch, but something in the deep heart of every man applauds the real in every woman.

That's Kay's appeal analyzed. Let's study that face for a moment. Note the clear, direct...
That "extraordinary child." Corinne Bolton, preferred jackstones to diamonds, but she would never have had such an adventure if she thought they'd call her a—

**Runaway**

By Hagar Wilde

By the time the clock had struck eleven, thirteen people had said, "Extraordinary child," five had kissed her with care, on the cheek, at least a dozen of the eighteen had jounced one of her black curls saying, "Lovely, too lovely," pictures had been taken of her unwrapping her presents, pictures had been taken of her hugging the life-size doll fashioned to look like herself (a gift from Monumental Studios), her mother had prompted her through four interviews and Corinne was tired.

It was her birthday and she'd wanted, more than anything, to go on a picnic.

Two interviewers were plying her mother with questions about how she managed to have a picture career of her own and still, so capably, manage to give as much time as she did to Corinne's career. Her mother was Alyce Bolton and very popular in pictures too.

Alyce Bolton was delicate and fragile, but she had the energy of a new coil spring. She was saying now in her sweetest and most hell-like tones that she had always maintained if a woman decided to have a child, she must decide as well that nothing can be left undone, no stone unturned to give the child every chance in life.

And now, proudly, Corinne's yearly income exceeded her own. In a trust fund, but of course Corinne would never want for anything.

Jane Carroll, Corinne's governess, standing in the doorway, thought: "Never anything but a childhood. Against a couple of million dollars, what's a childhood?" She signalled with her eyes to Alyce Bolton that the house would have to be cleared if everything else planned for the day were to be accomplished. Alyce flickered her eyelids, rose and smiled enchantingly at her guests. Wouldn't they drop in for tea later in the week? She was so sorry, but . . . a helpless little gesture of her long, almost transparent hands . . . she'd promised faithfully to read Corinne a story before she kept her afternoon appointments and if she was to do so and have lunch . . .

As the front door closed behind the last of their callers,
The brute might lunge at her when she identified him. Softly, he prompted the little girl: "Corinne, is this Bobby?"

Illustrated by Edgar McGraw

Corinne jumped up and tugged at her mother's sleeve. "What story, mother? What story?"

"Hush, Corinne," Alyce said. "Miss Carroll, I'm completely worn out. I'll have my luncheon in my room and see that I'm not disturbed until one, will you? I'll go over my part during lunch."

Corinne wailed, "Mother!"

"Darling," Alyce said, "don't make things harder for mother. She's so tired. Now what is it you want, darling? Don't bob about that way."

"Miss Carroll will read you a story, won't you, Miss Carroll?"

"Yes," Jane Carroll said.

Alyce Bolton started from the room, then turned back and said, "By the way ... I had another of those letters this morning, Miss Carroll."

Jane's hand closed over the small hand that crept up and clutched hers. "The same as the others?" she said.

On the same order. I think perhaps you'd better get in touch with somebody and see that there's a guard around the house. Inconspicuously, of course. Kidnapping should really carry a worse penalty than it does. Death is too merciful considering what those people put parents through, really." She went on out and up the stairs.

Corinne tore her hand loose from Jane's and ran out to the foot of the stairs, stood there looking up. She said loudly. "Happy birthday, mother."

Alyce Bolton turned. "It's your birthday, Corinne," she said, "not mine. You have it wrong."

Corinne went back in and Jane Carroll took her her lap. Jane said softly, "Happy birthday, darling."

Corinne touched the white organdy collar of Jane's dress lingeringly. Jane always looked so soft. She wasn't as beautiful as mother, but she said things in such a nice way. Corinne said, "What is kidnappers, Jane?"

Jane's arm tightened around Corinne's waist. "You mustn't think about kidnappers."

"But what are they?"
The Tragic Truth about

He will be remembered as the boy of "The Big Parade" and for those tender love scenes with Renee Adoree

If John Gilbert had known what it was to lose Garbo, he later discovered, he would have made any sacrifice to continue this great love of his life. Why did they part?

The boy of "The Big Parade" has gone West.

And in your heart, and mine, we sound taps for Jack Gilbert, because we loved that boy, and because he brought glamour and romance and adventure into our lives.

Thirty-eight is young to die.

Thirty-eight is so very young to lay down the glory and the burden of living.

But into those thirty-eight years Jack Gilbert had packed more living and loving and fighting and working than most people ever know in three score years and ten. And I think he rests quietly and if, somewhere, he hears an echo of the taps we sound for him, the music of it will be pleasant to his soul, for life without the woman he loved and without the work he loved, had ceased to be worth living.

It is hard to write of Jack Gilbert as dead. There is an emptiness in the very words. He was my friend. To him, the word

was vital, and beautiful, and not to be used lightly. He was one of those friends that are always there in the background of your life, an anchor to windward, a port in a storm. Maybe you didn't see him for months, or think of him for weeks. But you knew he was there. If you were in trouble, Jack would be in your corner—and he was a great guy to have in your corner. If you needed something and Jack had it, you could have it. Whatever you did, he'd understand.

That kind of a guy, part of your life, something to be counted upon.

It is hard, in this little crowded difficult life, to sound taps over a friend like that.

I am poorer today than I was yesterday, because Jack Gilbert is dead, dead in his prime, and maybe glad to be dead.

Doesn't matter much to you or to me where he was born or where he went to school or how he happened to get into pictures. He used to say he was born in a theater dressing room somewhere in Utah and cradled in a wardrobe trunk and that he made his first stage appearance at the age of one year. He was married four times and he was one of the really great stars of the screen and one of the three or four great screen lovers—Wally Reid, Valentino, Jack Gilbert, Clark Gable.

But those things aren't the measure of the man.

It's cold outside today. There's snow piled

Slim young Virginia Bruce tried her best to make the moody artist happy the few years they had together.
John Gilbert's Death

One of his dearest friends tells you the heartbreaking facts

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

In the last days, John Gilbert was seen everywhere with Marlene Dietrich. What did it mean to him? Was it an echo of the one great love?

up and the trees are black against it. I would like to keep my own little memorial service for Jack here beside my fire—he so loved an open fire—and I think he would want me to, talking about him to you who loved him for his triumphs and his failures, his strength and his weakness, the boy and the man who came through to you on the screen.

Times I’ve cried over him.

Times I’ve cheered for him.

Times I’ve wanted to break his neck.

"There is only one code I have, only one creed I know," he said to me once. We were walking along beside the ocean, and the wind was strong with salt from the sea, and he flung his head back as though he challenged it.

"Honesty. What good is anything if it isn’t honest? My faults, my frailties, my virtues—if I’ve got any—they’ve got to be honest or don’t exist at all." And once he himself wrote—he loved to write—he was always full of plots and ideas for stories, bubbling over with them, he loved the company of writers—with somewhere, latent perhaps, but ever present, a determination to struggle on, and upward toward honesty.

Well, he did. It landed him in jail a couple of times. It got him into jams at his studio—for speak his honest mind to the powers-that-be he would!—it cost him friends and got him in the headlines—but he was honest.

And right or wrong he lived to the top of his bent; loved hotly, drank deep, suffered more than he needed to suffer. And died young, as such men often do.

"He was one of those friends that are always there in the background of your life, a port in the storm"
He married Olive Burwell from Mississippi in 1917 when he was making eighteen dollars a week as an extra.

When his love of life died, that was the end of Jack Gilbert. For that was all of him, the thing we loved him for. That began to fade when he lost Garbo.

How can you write or think or speak of Jack without Garbo?

I cannot. Nor would he wish it. For she was all of life and love and work to him from the day he first saw her on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot to the day his heart stopped beating. He told me this less than a year ago!

"There may be many women in a man's life," he said. "I have cared for—many women. But a man loves but once, with all of himself and to the top of everything in him. Just once. It's worth any price you have to pay to have known that one great love. Lots of people live and die without knowing it. Thank whatever gods there be—I didn't. But there's never been a day since Fleka" (that was his pet name for Garbo, the name he always used, the name he must have used when they were together) "and I parted that I haven't been lonely for her. And I think she has always been lonely for me."

As you go through life, you wonder about love. Is there such a thing, as the poets sang it?

The greatest love I ever knew a man to have for a woman was Jack Gilbert's for Garbo.

The heart that stopped beating the other day broke long ago. For that's the kind of a man Jack Gilbert was.

Not a happy love. But a magnificent one. Heartbreak at the end of it. But that was Jack Gilbert. There were no safe and sane middle grounds for him. Crash if you must, but fly toward the moon and the stars while you can.

I said, watching his face very intently.

He turned on me swiftly and then that shout of laughter that I can still hear, above the taps sounding in my heart, rang through the room.

"You're right," he said. "I'd rather have one hour with Fleka than a lifetime with any other woman."

It was Garbo he loved. The glamour of her, the strangeness of her, the very things he couldn't possess nor understand. The mystery of her that he could never solve. Yet there was nothing between them but love—and in time they parted. I asked Jack once if he really knew why, since they had loved each other so much, since they were both free, since there was nothing outside themselves to separate them.

He told me. It took him all...
A breath-taking scene—eight thousand feet up in the Sierras! Here Paramount is filming "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," the first all-color picture made in a natural setting. Sylvia Sidney plays June and Henry Fonda is Dave.
An expert actor, Leslie Howard best typifies the wistfully romantic. As the dreamer-poet in "The Petrified Forest" he is more satiny, disarming, and magnetic than ever. He is also to play Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet.
Fredric March as Anthony Adverse. Equally at ease in the gilt tailoring of other days, or as modern as they come, Freddie has given the screen some of its best drama. He will next appear in "Wooden Crosses," a French war story
Immense charm emanates from this quaint picture of our "horse and buggy" days. Warner Baxter and Gloria Stuart, in "The Prisoner of Shark Island," an American saga of the aftermath of the Civil War.
As a contrast to the opposite page, the electrical George Raft and Rosalind Russell are the ultra in sophistication in their smart modern comedy roles in "It Had to Happen." 20th Century-Fox film
The exceptionally talented little Southern star, Gertrude Michael, was pianist for the Cincinnati Symphony before she went on the stage. In Paramount's "Woman Trap," she is an American girl kidnapped and taken to Mexico—hence the Spanish costume.
Fast-stepping, effervescent Ginger Rogers in the unusual pose of a clinging vine. She adores her dog, and the feeling is mutual. Made a real Admiral in the Texas Navy by the Governor, she is to be seen in "Follow the Fleet" with Fred Astaire for RKO-Radio.
Figure, features and flair are judiciously mingled in this blonde Thais, Virginia Bruce. Energetically she has carved a name for herself in films. An original Follies girl, she plays one of the glorious glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld"
EVERYBODY everywhere is drinking a toast to Hollywood's latest discovery, a great soprano, an excellent actress, an adorable childlike personality, all rolled into one—Lily Pons!

As for the bare facts—the tiny singer was born in Cannes, France, on April 13, 1905, is exactly five feet tall, weighs one hundred and four pounds when she is "fat," and has sung and romped her way into countless hearts since her first picture, "I Dream Too Much," was released.

But a lot has happened to Lily Pons since she discovered, in 1928, that her voice wasn't the sort with which it is possible to live quietly at home, a voice that must be her master and control every moment of her life. Except for brief interludes in the theater she lived the normal life of a sheltered French girl until she was twenty-three and married. She is today entirely without affectation—as simple, natural and affectionate a person as you could find anywhere.

Lily's father, who died in 1925, was an engineer whose work kept him away from his family for months at a time. Maria Pons, his Italian wife, brought up her three little girls in a high white house at the edge of Cannes and overlooking the blue Mediterranean. She brought them up strictly, but well. To this day when Maria says: "Lily!" her daughter's quick "Maman!" is like an instant echo, and it is no famous diva but a properly trained French daughter who rises automatically when her mother enters the room.

Last fall, Lily's mother joined her in New York when she returned from Hollywood, and remained with her for her first appearance at the Metropolitan on December 23. The day after Christmas she sailed for Paris to the home she maintains there for Kiki, Lily's younger sister, who teaches dancing and physical education in a school. The older sister, Nanette, married and living nearby, also receives her fair share of maternal attention. One daughter is not favored to the exclusion of the others simply because that one happens to be known and loved around the world.

When Lily was nine, the family left Cannes, where the children had been attending L'Ecole Normal, and removed to Paris, but they kept the high white house on the Riviera and every year, during the three coldest months, they returned there. Soon, in Paris, Lily began studying piano at the Conservatoire, for she had inherited a decided talent from her mother and was to be prepared for the concert stage. She would have finished at the Conservatoire at fifteen and the world might have known her today as a great pianist had not something happened to change completely the whole course of her life.

At thirteen and a half Lily

The tiny nightingale, Lily Pons, must always heed the commands of her magnificent voice

By Josephine LeSueur

Above, an unusual and rare photo of Lily Pons and her family taken two years ago in Paris. In front is Nanette, Lily's married sister; in back, with Lily: her mother and sister "Kiki" who teaches dancing and gymnastics. Left, the characteristic Pons pose of hand was a habit even at nine; right, at fifteen, after her recovery from her long and serious illness of a year
LAST CHANCE

To Vote for the Best Picture of 1935

Fifty Outstanding Pictures of 1935

Accent on Youth
Alice Adams
Anna Karenina
Annapolis Farewell
Black Fury
Broadway Melody of 1936
Becky Sharp
Bright Lights
Barbary Coast
Clive of India
Call of the Wild
Case of the Curious Bride
The Crusades, The
China Seas
David Copperfield
Diamond Jim
Escape Me Never
Farmer Takes a Wife, The
G Men
Gay Deception, The
Heads Across the Table
Three Musketeers, The
I Dream Too Much
I Live My Life
Infommer, The
Little Minister, The
Les Miserables
Love Me Forever
Last Days of Pompeii
Midsummer Night's Dream, A
Muliny on the Bounty
Naughty Marietta
No More Ladies
Oil for the Lamps of China
Old Curiosity Shop, The
Public Hero No. 1
Rendevrous
Ruggles of Red Gap
Roberta
Scarlet Pimpernel, The
Scoundrel, The
Steamboat Round the Bend
She Married Her Boss
A Tale of Two Cities
39 Steps
Top Hat
Vanessa—Her Love Story
Wedding Night, The
Woman Wanted

PHOTOPLAY MEDAL OF HONOR BALLOT
EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
CHANIN BUILDING, 122 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1935.

NAME OF PICTURE

NAME

ADDRESS

46
Above, the Farrell-Gaynor team scored again in "Street Angel." But within a year came a new order—the talkies.

Garbo had the movie world in stitches when she sprang her first "I tank I go home." Above, when she returned.

Lawrence Tibbet's "The Rogue Song" raised the cry of "The movie-going public wants no hi-lalu-lin' music!"

Above, Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor became the leading screen lovers in the film "Seventh Heaven."

Jeanette MacDonald, darling of the musical comedy stage, became Chevalier's partner.

 Warners set the world agog with talkies. Al Jolson and May McAvoy in "The Jazz Singer."

Probably the most popular screen pair of the day was Mr. Rin Tin Tin and his very comely spouse, named Nanette.

Eddie Cantor, with the "It" girl, Clara Bow, in his first movie, "Kid Boots." Critics saw him as "promising material."

Harry Carey and Edwina Booth in "Trader Horn," the film which sent Miss Booth on her daring adventure to Darkest Africa.

The prize picture of 1931 was the great epic "Cimarron," with Richard Dix in the leading role of Yancey Cravat.

"Hell's Angels" introduced a sensation. Jean Harlow (with Ben Lyon) and platinum as a shade of hair.

"The Tower of Lies" had in it the new star, Norma Shearer (with Bill Haines), and Lon Chaney without make-up.

Left, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Edward G. Robinson from the classic "Little Caesar." It made movie history.

Ruth Chatterton (above with Ulrich Haupt) in "Madame X." No less a personage than Lionel Barrymore directed her.
Although the movies had become articulate, Chaplin stuck to silence. With Myrna Kennedy in "The Circus"

Von Sternberg brought his "find," Marlene Dietrich, to America, in "Morocco" with Gary Cooper

Marlene Dietrich and her famed legs were seen in America for the first time in "Blue Angel," a German picture

Nils Asther and the ill-starred Mary Nolan between scenes of "Sorrel and Son," which was photographed in England

Charles Rogers was Mary Pickford's leading man in "My Best Girl." Recent rumors link them romantically

Left, Marian Marsh, looking like Dolores Costello, was Trilby to John Barrymore's sinister Svengali
Lowell Sherman and Constance Bennett in "What Price Hollywood?"—a title strangely significant

Louis Wolheim, after a two-year absence, came back in "Two Arabian Knights" with Mary Astor

The new talkies turned to the stage for "voices." Miriam Hopkins was a talented acquisition

F. W. Murnau (of "Tabu" fame) was a master of Art. He produced "4 Devils"—Janet Gaynor, Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton and Barry Norton in 1927

"Anna Christie" introduced beloved Marie Dressler. She stole the picture from the great Garbo

In "Grand Hotel," with Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery showed the world that he was a great dramatic actor

From the great stage hit, "Lilac Time," came a great film, with Gary Cooper and Colleen Moore

One of the first and greatest of its kind, "Scarface," with Paul Muni and lovely Ann Dvorak
"... and be it resolved that Robert Taylor will inevitably supplant Clark Gable in our hearts ..."
The Private Life of a Talking Picture

If you read the first of this series you know that Photooplay is telling you in detail how the modern talking movie is made because it found out, through questionnaires, that almost no one at all knows what actually goes on behind the walls of a Hollywood studio.

If you read the first of these stories you know that they deal with the 5,000 unheralded employees of just one concern whose daily lives are spent making the motion pictures you see at your theaters; that they glorify the carpenters who build the sets, the technicians who mix the sound, the needle-women who sew the gowns, the painters, the prop boys, the make-up artists.

You were told that this writer spent three months, working one day each in every department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the world's biggest studio, in order to learn at first hand the facts you read here. And you were shown a verbal map of M-G-M—a city governed, policed, fed and sheltered within itself.

Foilia! We dealt roundly with "story," probing its progress through selection by readers from the great books of all time; through treatment which turned it from novel-form into a script with dialogue and continuity; through polishing and a final okay. Now regard the people who will read that script—the stars, the extras, the bit-players—and watch the titanic machinery of Metro clothe them, make them beautiful, in preparation for immortality on film.

There is no need to write in detail about the individual stars, themselves. You who read this magazine and others of its ilk already know an incredible number of personal facts about M-G-M's roster of famous names: Garbo, Barrymore, Beery, Crawford, Montgomery, Gable, Bennett, MacDonald, Shearer, Tone, Swanson . . .

But there is one story about them that you do not know. It comes under the head of "how and why" in the making of movies, and is therefore fair meat for this article. It is about another department—the department that makes the stars!

How do they get where they are? How are they trained? Where does the species grow? Why and what and who?

You've heard of talent scouts and you've been led to believe that these legendary shadows slip incognito down the streets, reach into crowds, and toss the best-looking specimens onto the screen from the pavement. You've been led to believe that that's all there is.

There are talent scouts—true; and they do play a very important part in the discovery of great actors. But they're only the first pawns in a game that in the last few years has become systematized, scientific. They bring in the raw
The second of a series of brilliant and revealing articles covering the inside workings of a titanic machine, the modern moving picture studio

By Howard Sharpe

Above, Jack Dawn, head of 52 make-up experts. This phase of the movies demands scientific and artistic skill. He is giving finishing touches to Reginald Denny

Right, Joe Rapf, head of the Women’s Wardrobe Department, inspect a new creation for “Queen Christina.” 2,600 dresses are made a year, using 28,000 yards of cloth

material, and Metro’s drama shop, directed by Oliver Hinsdell, does the rest.

As a matter of fact most of tomorrow’s stars are recruited from college-play casts and from small time theatricals. Unused to the complicated processes of motion picture acting, these embryo dramatists—no matter how talented, no matter how charming and attractive—could not possibly step suddenly into stardom. Until recent times they got their experience before the camera in small parts, gradually gaining fame with polish. But the heartbreak and error of that system is lost in a better one. Hinsdell teaches them first, and thus when they reach the screen they are ready at once for big roles—for greatness, if the public sees fit. That’s why there are more overnight stars today than ever before.

Robert Young, Virginia Bruce, Irene Hervey, Jean Parker are some of the new luminaries hatched in Hinsdell’s efficient actor-incubator. Robert Taylor has just emerged, Russell Hardie, Henry Wadsworth, and Bob Livingston are scheduled for early maturity.

The process depends mostly upon the students themselves. In the first place, they’ve got to be first class subjects replete with talent, intelligence, vitality, poise, a natural dramatic spark, and individuality. They must have good taste, or develop it. They must have a good cultural background, or develop one. They must want very much to be good actors.

Training stars immediately after the screen test, and includes everything from actual work in small plays to the study of lighting. There are rehearsal halls and in them the young starlets do exercises in voice, recite poems, read their favorite plays. They are allowed to get over “nike fright.” They learn details of a “take” so that when the time comes they can know how to stand for the best camera angles.

Each student is handled separately, of course, since any hint of routine would produce a brand of actors alike as cookies; but it is hard work. When they have finished the training they know as much about screen work as the most seasoned veterans—and to this knowledge they can add the freshness, the vital enthusiasm of new blood.

Thus the stars and featured players. You must know, too, the Story of the Extra—casting.

You’ve been told enough in novels and short tales the melodramatic situation of the pretty extra girl starving in Hollywood; let’s review, instead, the problem of atmosphere players from the studio’s standpoint.

If you’ve got a sense of humor, you’d have a good time at the filing cabinets where 17,000 individuals are listed as to type and capability. There’s a good
MERLA SMITH screamed and jumped forward. Her fingers clawed at the gun, deflected the muzzle of the weapon. Dead-Fan Peters stepped in and crossed his right fist in a thudding impact to the jaw. Jerry staggered backwards. Peters grabbed the gun from the limp hand. Dick Brent jerked the door open. Stanley Whiting stood in the doorway, a gun in his right hand. Behind him, Hoppy Dixon held a .45 automatic level with his shoulder.

"Sorry, Jerry," Brent said, "but the party's over."

Peters inspected Jerry's gun. "I wish you wouldn't b-b-b-be so im-p-p-p-pulsive," he said to Dick Brent. "Why didn't you let him g-g-g-go? We could have n-n-nabbed him on the fire escape."

Brent caught Jerry by the necktie, jerked his head forward and said, "Start talking."

"Nix on the rough stuff," Ruth Gelder said warily. "You won't need it. I'm finished with the big cheese. Look at the way he tried to smoke his way out. Shows what a goof he is. He didn't care whether he got Merla's neck in a noose or not, and she's been dead square with us."

Dick backed Jerry to a chair, slammed him down into it and said, "When I get tired waiting I'm going to really get rough."

Ruth Gelder's voice was a dreary monotone: "Jerry Edwards is the guy I took my first rap for. I was nuts about him. He took a rap after I did. He was in when I got out. Doc Copeland picked me up. He had a big front but after he lost his wad in the stock market he started a line of blackmail. I did his dirty work. A girl with a record can't be choosy. Jerry was still in stir."

"I was handy with a pen. Doc Copeland came to me one day and told me I had to marry a man by the name of Carter Nixon. He told me I was to get a license under the name of Margaret Fahey. He gave me Margaret Fahey's signature to practice on up. We slipped across to Yuma and went through the ceremony. I was coached what answers to make to questions about my parents. I was told to take Nixon to a hotel and give him the slip."

"I don't know what it was all about. I never did know. It was a crooked game, that's all I know. I took Nixon to a hotel, bribed the bellboy to open the door from the bedroom into the connecting room. I went into the bathroom and twisted the lock in the door. So far as I know, Nixon's still in that hotel bedroom, waiting for me to come out of that bathroom. I came back to Copeland's office. He gave me some money and told me to take a trip to South America for a couple of months. When I came back I went to work for him again. He tried some blackmail on Merla Smith. It was too low and I wouldn't stand for it. I helped Merla out. She's never forgotten it."

"Jerry got out of stir and went nuts. I wanted to get away from him. He was going to kill me and he was going to kill Copeland. I hid from both of them. Last week I heard Jerry had sailed for China, so I got this place, and was foolish enough to get it under my own name. Then Jerry managed to bump Copeland off and came here. He was hot and I couldn't turn
BRENT motioned to Peters, drew him over to the corner of the room. “Listen, Bill,” he whispered, “I’m going to give this bird a chance for a get-away. You go downstairs, drive your car up in front of the lobby and leave it with the door open and the motor running. Hide under the blanket in the back. When this bird comes down it’s a cinch he’ll grab the car as a heaven-sent opportunity. When he gets to a nice quiet side street, throw off the blanket, stick a rod in the back of his neck and put him under your wing.”

“Then what?”

“Then hide him someplace.”

“K-k-k-kidnapping?” Peters asked.

“Probably,” Brent said laconically. “After the stuff you’ve pulled, you couldn’t get in any deeper with a steam shovel.”

“I ain’t k-k-kidding,” Peters said. “I just w-w-wanted to k-k-keep a list of the c-c-c-crimes I c-c-c-commit. S-S-Say, that P-P-Pixley P-P-Paper P-P-Products outfit was one of Alter’s p-p-p-pets. I saw the p-p-papers when I was going through his f-f-files. He was the whole b-b-b-business—owned all the s-s-stocks.”

Brent frowned thoughtfully. “That’ll fit in someplace and make sense,” he said. “I’ll think it over after we get this thing straightened out.”

He strode to the center of the room, raised his voice and said, “If I give you a chance, Ruth, to turn this guy up, thereby squaring yourself on the charge...”
ANYTHING GOES—Paramount

ANYTHING goes in recommending this smartly insane musicomedy. It's a paralyzing pippin of sparkling songs, and what makes a good show—good talent.

With Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter's sophisticated lyrics, Charlie Ruggles and Arthur Lupino leading a parade of clever clowns, and Ida Lupino for an eye-full, it's a full course entertainment blowout.

Imagine playboy Bing's plight when he stows away in tails aboard ship to rescue a damsel in distress, borrows Public Enemy Number One's passport and falls in with a gangster gunman disguised as a bishop. Such embarrassments—and such fun!

Bing surprises with a delightfully impudent comedy performance. The whole picture has a charming pace.

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—Universal

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION" is directed by John Stahl so quietly that you are led into its provocative drama and the sweep of its love story in such a mood that you accept gladly its semi-religious atmosphere.

It concerns Bobbie Merrick, Robert Taylor, a rich boy who has never had a serious thought until he meets Irene Dunne, the widow of a Doctor, whose life had been lost in the same drowning accident when Bob's life had been saved. Trying to woo the young widow, the boy drives her to the country where she is struck by another car and blinded. From then on, Bob devotes his life to surgery, hoping to help the woman he loves.

The whole cast is very fine in this tender story. Don't miss it.

ROSE MARIE—M-G-M

VIGOROUS, tender, melodic, and polished as you expect it, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Under W. S. Van Dyke's guidance, this lovely seasoned operetta has the satisfying flavor that distinguished "Naughty Marietta."

Striking scenery, Indian dances, an effectively told story, plus operatic snatches from "Romeo and Juliet" and "La Tosca," give it a production which is well worthy of the haunting Rudolph Friml score.

This is one motion picture that's on the bargain list for everybody.

The story takes an opera star into the Canadian wilds to aid her brother, a fugitive from justice. There her love for a handsome mountie forces him to choose between love and duty.

But it's not as tragic as it sounds, with pleasantly injected humor and exquisite song.

Jeanette, as the opera star, and Nelson as the Royal Mounted policeman, will be as satisfying to their host of admirers as they were in "Naughty Marietta." They're not only delightful to watch in their romantic scenes, but are both in perfect voice throughout.

Reginald Owen and Allan Jones and others of the cast contribute to the first rate entertainment.
**SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY**

**THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH**

ROSE MARIE
ANYTHING GOES
MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION
CAPTAIN BLOOD
THE PETRIFIED FOREST
STRIKE ME PINK

**THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH**

Leslie Howard in "The Petrified Forest"
Bette Davis in "The Petrified Forest"
Humphrey Bogart in "The Petrified Forest"
Nelson Eddy in "Rose Marie"
Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie"
Bing Crosby in "Anything Goes"
Ethel Merman in "Anything Goes"
Eddie Cantor in "Strike Me Pink"
Sally Eilers in "Strike Me Pink"
Ethel Merman in "Strike Me Pink"
Robert Taylor in "Magnificent Obsession"
Irene Dunne in "Magnificent Obsession"
Errol Flynn in "Captain Blood"
Basil Rathbone in "Captain Blood"
Conrad Veidt in "The King of the Damned"

* Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 118

**CAPTAIN BLOOD—Cosmopolitan-Warners**

**GREAT** than any of its stars, although it boasts a brilliant cast and introduces a new screen lover destined to sit firmly on the box-office heights, is this smash epic of 17th century piracy.

Crammed to the hilt with he-man action through which is threaded a beautifully tender love story, the picture is magnificently photographed, lavishly produced and directed with consummate skill.

Sabatini’s story of Dr. Peter Blood, the English physician, sold into slavery during a political rebellion, who escapes and becomes the most daring buccaneer of the Caribbean, is faithfully followed.

Errol Flynn is in the title rôle. You who have yearned for a new movie hero with dash, charm, good looks and outstanding ability have your answer in this tall, slim, whimsical Irishman.

Proof positive of his tremendous personal appeal lies in the sublime way he rises above his wigs and elaborate costumes.

Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Atwill, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee, Basil Rathbone, to mention but a few, were outstanding, but each of the 29 major players well merits a salvo of applause.

For grand excitement and adventure, don’t miss “Captain Blood!”

**STRIKE ME PINK—Goldwyn-United Artists**

NOT since “Whooppee” has an Eddie Cantor extravaganza, dressed up as they always are with the Goldwyn trimmings of beautiful girls, lavish costuming and magnificent sets had the full-bodied plot of “Strike Me Pink.”

It concerns a timid tailor Eddie Pink (Cantor) who begets himself a thriving amusement park, Dreamland. With Dreamland, goes the comely secretary, Clarabella (Sally Eilers). Gangsters try to muscle in using Joyce, a night club entertainer (Ethel Merman) for Cantor’s bait. Eddie is driven from tidiness and gives battle royal.

The “Rhythm” number with tapper Sunny O’Dea, Mer- man torching, and the famed Goldwyn beauties strutting is supreme. Its hit tunes, with Merman and Cantor romancing, you’ll long remember.
SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

KING OF BURLESQUE—20th Century-Fox

Darryl Zanuck hasn't missed one bet with this knock-out show, crammed with mirth, clever dances and a slick sliding story. Warner Baxter, a sharp burlesque producer wows Broadway with his gorgeousities, and then fails with his avaricious wife, Mona Barrie. It's Alice Faye and pal Jack Oakie to the rescue, with Gregory Ratoff's hilarious help.

CHATTER-BOX—RKO-Radio

As charming and disarming as Anne Shirley's smile, this story of a stage struck country girl's heart-break forces a tear then deftly dries it with a chuckle. Anne is superbly appealing as the romantic lass with Nineteenth Century ideas who hears the city's laughter in her big acting moment. But Phillips Holmes is around to comfort her.

RIFFRAFF—M-G-M

You may not like your glamorous Jean Harlow surrounded by fish canneries, labor uprisings and penitentiaries, but with Spencer Tracy around it's not so bad. Jean can't help loving that man of hers, even though he's an incurable trouble maker. Many battles and tender moments, too, before Tracy sees the light. Joseph Calleia great and Una Merkel is in form.

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK—GB

This once famous play is an enthralling modern allegory which drives home the lesson that selfishness is "the root of all evil." The production is handled with great skill and Conrad Veidt gives a moving performance as "The Stranger" who rents a room in a boarding-house, and after some exciting action, including a murder, all ends well.

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER—20th-Century-Fox

A BOY king, a Graustarkian revolution and a tough soldier of fortune—mix and season with the talent of Victor McLaglen and Freddie Bartholomew—and the result is both charming and amusing. Victor kidnaps his young majesty for plotter's gold. Freddie loves adventure and proves a regular guy. The melodramatics are old, but you will like it.

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE—Republic

The germ of a unique angle in this murder mystery concerning the doing-away with one Mr. Leavenworth on the eve of his giving his millions to charity instead of his none too deserving relatives was ruined by making everything pretty obvious. Norman Foster is weak as the detective and even Donald Duck could have spotted Donald Cook for the villain.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

ROSE OF THE RANCHO—Paramount

The perfection of Gladys Swarthout's voice, looks and acting hold this slightly creaky old-timer together. As a daughter of Spanish California she rides with a Vigilante troupe to protect her property from landgrabber Charles Bickford. John Boles as a disguised Federal Agent, helps her. Willie Howard and Herb Williams provide the merriment.

EXCLUSIVE STORY—M-G-M

This mildly exciting film of a metropolitan newspaper fight on racketeering is interesting because of Franchot Tone, Madge Evans, and Stuart Erwin. Stu as a crusading reporter gets the goods on the crooks but legal adviser, Tone, spoils the catch until Madge Evans and her mistreated merchant father enter the picture. Joseph Calleia is No. 1 gangster.

TWO IN THE DARK—RKO-Radio

Adapted from the best-seller mystery novel "Two O'Clock Courage," this plot is as clean-cut and easy to follow as it is novel and fast moving, the perfect score for this kind of thing. Walter Abel, suffering from amnesia, finds himself deeply embroiled in a murder without knowing who he is. Margot Grahame, an actress, helps him solve it happily.

COLLEGIATE— Paramount

Combine the antics of Funnymen Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, Ned Sparks and Lynne Overman with their assorted brands of humor and you're bound to get a generous helping of laughs. That's what happens in "Collegiate" which is the 1936 version of Alice Duer Miller's "The Charm School" in which a gay young man inherits a girls' school.

THE WIDOW FROM MONTE CARLO— Warners

Dolores del Rio, Warren William, Louise Fazenda and Warren Hymer act their parts bravely in this tedious picture to try and lift it to acceptable screen fare. The mixed-up story concerns a widowed duchess who seeks escape from her boredom in a flirtation which ends in true love. Warren Hymer, as the gangster, steals acting honors.

YOU'LL be tickled rather than thrilled by this rustic criminal hunt. William Gargan, a hick reporter, and schoolmarm Marguerite Churchill plan to tackle the Big City when escaped bad man Ricardo Cortez draws the G-Men and crack city newshawks to their town. Chic Sale gets the bad man.

MAN HUNT— Warners

Please turn to page 109
Life Begins for Eric Linden

New paths to glory have opened for the tortured boy who fled from himself

By Kirtley Baskette

ERIC LINDEN is twenty-four now and already he is starting his second sensational Hollywood career.

Out of the limbo of forgotten Hollywood flashes—from that sad and lonely land into which so many young screen sensations disappear to be lost forever—this startling boy looms up again, twice as shining, to picture poignantly youth's eternal anguish as the son in Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness."

He moved in on this prize juvenile part of the year facing the wild bids of the best young actors in the world. He took it without the aid of any influential connections, a lone wolf of the Lost Legion, an orphan of the past.

He battled a Barrymore, playing one of the ripest rôles ever to come from O'Neill's pen, to a draw. Some even say Eric Linden sweeps the picture into his pocket. Whatever he does, he brings Hollywood its greatest young thrill in years—and it can't stop talking about him.

Behind all of this is a story you may not believe.

When Eric Linden ran out on Hollywood two years ago, some people said it only proved what they had thought privately for a long time—that the boy was a little odd. Others smiled, sighed for their lost youth, and chose to voice a much more engaging theory—that he had loved Frances Dee and lost, and couldn't stand to stick around.

This was a shame, they said, even if it was amusing in an adolescent way—because there was no tragedy like the tragedy of young love, especially when a boy was as romantic and high strung as Eric Linden and the girl as lovely as Frances Dee.

Everyone had said, when he first shocked his way into Hollywood's consciousness, that Eric Linden was a great young actor.

Later, when he had been here a while and they thought they understood him, they agreed that he was a hyper-sensitive young genius working his life into an unnecessary fury—a poet out of place—and that it was too bad.

They said all these things about Eric Linden because they were the obvious things to say, and because no one knew him, because he never let anyone know him.

And everything they said was wrong.

I talked to him the other day; that's why I know they were wrong. They overestimated what he was and they never even faintly guessed what he was going through. I saw then why no one had ever got beneath the skin of the boy, whose eyes, soft as a setter's, and whose brow, wide as a dreamer's, oddly betrayed the go-to-Hell challenge of his desperate-generation rôles on the screen. I saw why he couldn't let them get him right. Why he couldn't let them know him or what was going on inside him. Why he couldn't tell them then what he could tell me now sitting easily in a canvas backed chair on the set of "The Voice of Bugle Ann" and grinning as he told me.

It is hard to grin at yourself at twenty-one. It is easier when you're a little older.

"I was blustering," he said. "I was acting on my nerve—and it was tearing me to pieces."

Eric Linden ran from Hollywood because Hollywood had put him in a helpless, hopeless, punishing spot and he had to flee to save himself from despair.
Adapting Hollywood Fashions To Your Own Needs

If you are to be a bride this spring you may find ideas in the photographs of Ilka Chase and Gail Patrick. Metal cloth, of course, is particularly lovely for screen purposes, but either of these gowns would be perfect in simpler fabrics. Gail wears the rather severe veil to advantage because of the beautiful oval of her head and I think the absence of bunchiness in its draping may well be studied.

Picture this gown in motion, in stately progress up the aisle and you will agree that its classic silhouette has been carefully planned.

Ilka Chase's evening coat might also be made in other fabrics. I saw one recently in woolen material, the hood outlined in black fox.

These hoods, while no longer absolutely new, are finding more and more acceptance.

At a party the other evening, Heilda Hopper wore a frock of black crépe with a cowl-like drapery round the neck which was studded with tiny copper stars.

Heilda made her entrance with this cowl pulled over her head like a hood: a charming effect.

No matter what climate you may live in, tweeds are always good. Ann Sothern gives you a variety of models to choose from.

It is no longer smart to turn up at a cocktail party in a tweed suit, unless of course you have come straight from the country, but otherwise a suit of this sort may carry you right through the day. And how they wear and wear! It is particularly easy to give them accent this season with colored gloves and scarfs and a hat to match.

I saw one suit in gray English flannel, worn with a gray hat and vivid scarlet gloves.

Another was in leaf brown with a dull green sweater, green scarf and hat and matching suède gauntlets. Bright yellow gloves are good with black suits and perhaps a yellow blouse, if you wear that color well.

Marlene Dietrich knows nothing is more distinguishing than pale gray. In the chiffon costume she is wearing on this page you may notice that her hair is dressed in a new way, with the curls much flatter to her head than she has recently worn them. She has also ordered a pale gray soufflé dress from Irene for her private wardrobe, which she will wear with yellow velvet violets.

Tiny hats seem indicated.

I had tea with Mary Ellis the other day, newly arrived to work in "Brazen." She showed me two minute hats, each curving over one half of her head only. Both were in black felt and one had gray-pink silk roses in a row above one eye, while the other showed long blue tendrils of ostrich feathers in, as Mary said, exactly the wrong place, directly in front.

The result was an extreme perkiness and freshness entirely suited to Mary.

Marlene Dietrich Loves Misty Gray

For a formal afternoon costume Travis Banton of Paramount has chosen gray chiffon lavishly trimmed in platinum fox. The clever drapery preserves the slim silhouette. Lily Dache hat. Note Marlene's beautifully coiffed head
Black and white tweed in great squares, used on the bias, makes this swagger coat fastened with square buttons of black leather. Ann adds heavy white pull-on gloves and a rakish hat of black felt.

In a man-tailored storm coat of bold herringbone tweed, in brown and white, brown felt hat and wrist-length chamois gloves. Ann Sothern is ready for any surprises that the weather may have in the offing.
Presenting an exceptionally smart four-piece ensemble. The sweater is of turquoise blue and brown lacings. The coats of reversible tweed in turquoise and brown. The skirt is made with the brown side out.

Ann loves color, so she adds a brown and orange scarf to her rough and ready suit of brown and beige tweed. Have you seen Ann in her latest picture, "Hellship Morgan," produced by Columbia Pictures?
A cleverly cut blue angora vest is worn over a white crêpe frock. Gail Patrick adds a deep blue gob hat.

Loreta Young's three-buttoned jacket suit is of white sharkskin. Her blouse is of soft blue crêpe.

On the edge of her own tennis court, Dolores Del Rio in a burgundy sweater and white skirt. Anita Louise is snug in a natural suède coat, hand-laced in brown leather. Natural nail polish for both girls.
Fashion at the Santa Anita Race Opening

Edmund Lowe is sure of winning. And Rita Kaufman is sure her hat and scarf are correct.

Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons, Dolores Del Rio to you. Note, Dolores has adopted the short skirt.

Carole Lombard is hanging on to Bob Riskin's arm. Her fur-lined coat is short and sweet.

The sensational tap dancer, Eleanore Whitney, escorted by Luther B. Davis. Pretty, isn't she?
Ilka as Maid of Honor

Shimmering metal cloth makes this gown, designed for Miss Chase by Bernard Newman of RKO. The wide hat is of the same fabric and both are trimmed with sable. The clips are diamonds and emeralds and the spray a shower of white orchids.
The Beauty of Silver Simplicity

Travis Banton designs a bridal gown for Gail Patrick in silver lamé. The bold leaf pattern inspires the use of silver leaves to edge the severe simplicity of the veil, which is notable for its lack of drape.
Ilka Chase Personifies Chic

White metal moiré makes this sumptuous evening wrap. Gloves and muff are of the same fabric. Bands of sable as hood and muff trimming. Ilka’s jewels are precious diamonds and emeralds
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop Conducted By Carolyn Van Wyck

Achieve beauty by following the very latest trends in make-up

Gladys Swarthout, the brilliant star of opera, radio and now to be seen on the screen in "Rose of the Rancho," has a radiant smile essential to beauty.

If you have the type of blonde beauty such as Ann Sothern's, appearing in "You May Be Next" you will make the most of your eyes. Emphasize them by one of the exciting new eye shadows and shape your brows to a natural line. Her new coiffure is swept back to cluster ringlets, softly curled.

Anita Louise, to appear next in "Brides Are Like That," expresses the young idea. Her eyes are brown and her hair like honey. She wears a lipstick of warm rose tone and a subtle eyeshadow.

You may wish to study another star of brown-eyed blonde appeal. Astid Allwyn in "It Had to Happen" has a gardenia-like complexion which you may acquire by smoothing on one of the new powder foundations, to give a warm glow to your skin and a smooth translucency.
New Lines for Old

Acquire a Spring, 1936, silhouette. You can by following the routine corrective exercises of the Hollywood stars.

Rita Cansino, who just completed her first leading role in "Paddy O'Day," is shown exercising to eliminate another type of "roll!"

At the right, Rita practices a metatarsal roll which strengthens her arches and ankles. She is posed at the end of the routine.

Increasing the distance between the ribs and hips through stretching exercises, is Rita's method of maintaining her slender waistline.

H
OW are your contours lining up with the new fashions? Will you be able to wear the sleek, nipped-in-at-the-waistline mannish suits without bulging in the wrong places or being padded in others?

A lush new evening gown may give you a thrill, but unless you show it to advantage, where are the admiring glances that really make you and your costume a social triumph?

That's the question. Now what to do about it? Certainly don't sit back and moan. Corrective exercises are the answer. With a will to follow through a daily routine for a few weeks, there are few defects of your figure that can't be overcome, simply and joyously. But don't forget the "regular." There's where character plays its part.

Here are a few exercises which were given to me by a famous exercise authority in a New York salon, illustrated by Rita Cansino and Molly Lamont. I can give only a few of the routines here, but if you write to me of your particular problem, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope, I shall gladly send the proper corrective exercise for you.

To eliminate that unsightly roll that will appear, despite you, just above your waistline, try this. Place your feet well apart, stretching arms out horizontally from the shoulders at the same time. With feet and hips remaining stationary, swing your upper torso as far to the right as possible... Back to position; then to the left. Repeat.
Molly Lamont, soon to be seen in "The Green Shadow," is one player who exercises to gain weight. Above she is seen in the middle of a perfect "spinal roll".

At right, the "pectoral stretch" which Molly is doing is excellent for slender girls who may wish to enlarge their chest measurements and flatten shoulder blades that are conspicuous.

Extreme right, Molly is shown in perfect control of the difficult task of defeating gravity. This exercise is a builder-upper of relaxed "tummy" muscles, fine for the slim girls.

twenty times. Lift your chest, flatten your shoulder-blades and lower and relax your shoulders. Breathe rhythmically through all your exercises.

The reason that many of you have large waistlines (slim girls, too) is because few stand or sit correctly. You sit slumped down on the base of your spine. You stand like a question mark. Sit tall and stand tall. Give your vertebrae and spinal cord a chance to stretch. Pull up your ribs from your hip-bones and see how much slimmer your waistline becomes.

Try Rita's routine. With arms above your head, palms out, bend far to the right, from your waist. Keep your knees straight and feel the stretch from the tips of your fingers to the tips of your toes. No half measures.

Walk and dance or swim if you wish to add weight. Flex your knees to keep them limber. Wear sensible medium heels and strengthen your arches. More women develop prematurely lined faces from foot troubles than from worry.

Exercise for your arches. With feet apart, toes straight ahead, start on heel of right foot; roll along outside of foot to the ball; rest on ball of left foot and roll on outside of left foot to heel. Back to right and repeat.

The "spinal roll" releases nerve strain, loosens the vertebrae and stretches the spinal cord. It must be done slowly. Lie flat on your back; draw your knees up under your chin; straighten your knees and swing on over your head, until your toes touch the floor. Then reverse the roll, coming back to original position.

Molly shows you how at the top of the page.

For the "pectoral stretch" to develop your chest muscles, place your right hand at your right toe; stretch up and back with your left hand as far as it will go.

Repeat, with the left hand at left toe, stretch back with right hand. You'll be amazed at the splendid results in actual added inches.


• China—Ivory, Bavaria, by Rosenthal
• Crystal—Belgian cased
• Candelabra—Sheffield silver
• Service plates—Russian Imperial
• Cloth—Irish damask in conventional rose pattern
• Table—Duncan Phyfe
• Chairs—Chippendale Ladder-back
Jeanette MacDonald entertains

There is a quality of fresh, unspoiled gaiety about Jeanette MacDonald. That same quality characterizes her entertaining in her Brentwood home where an air of unstudied graciousness pervades throughout, the perfect complement for its early American period.

Recently, amid the low undertone of conversation and the tinkle of fine crystal touching in pleasant toasts, a small golden clock over the hearth chimed eight, one stroke for each of the guests seated before the tiled fireplace, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, and Robert Ritchie, and the final one for the hostess herself.

Lamplight and the blazing logs softened the colors of the pale blue walls, the ivory wainscoting, the glazed chintz draperies in rose and white floral pattern, the mulberry rug, and the soft, roomy furnishings in dull greens, golds and rose.

On a black onyx coffee table a gleaming silver platter held caviar, pate de fois gras, tiny pearl onions and crisp hors d'oeuvres biscuits. The men were drinking Martinis, the women fine Royal Amontillado sherry.

John, the MacDonald butler, silently appeared in the arched entrance to the room on the eighth stroke and announced dinner. Through the wide entrance hall with its panelled walls of knotty pine and chartreuse carpeting Miss MacDonald led her guests to a formal dinner table as beautiful as it was perfect in detail.

The MacDonald dining room is not a large room; rather it suggests intimacy. The carpeting is of the same mulberry hue as in the living room and the walls, with the same ivory wainscoting, are papered in silver, gray and white landscape wall paper. Glazed chintz drapes in dull gold and ivory hang from ceiling to floor and the wall lights are of shimmering crystal.

Centering the oblong Duncafé Phyle table, on which lay a spotless cloth of Irish damask in conventional rose design, was a long, low bowl of orchids, lilies of the valley and gardenias, the delicacy of their coloring throwing into bolder relief the brilliant cobalt blue Belgian cased crystal standing before each of the eight places.

Around the table were ladder-back Chippendale chairs upholstered in gold rep with the host and hostess chairs covered in an unusual gold, green and rose plaid.

Two three-branchied candelabra lighted tapers of ivory with warm gold tones, their polished silver complementing the flat silver lying at each place. The only other decorative note, aside from the magnificent service plates, were two cigarette boxes in cobalt blue crystal and silver and blue salt dishes and over-sized pepper shakers at opposite ends of the table.

The service plates are among Miss MacDonald's most cherished possessions and are priceless in value. They were, until the downfall of the imperial regime in Russia, the private dinner plates of Czar Nicholas I and his son, Alexander II, and bear, on the underside, the royal monograms. Of the finest porcelain, they have borders of cobalt blue and gold leaf floral bouquet and were made in the middle of the 18th century in the Russian Imperial factory organized under Catherine the Great. This factory sold none of its ware: the sole output was for the exclusive use of the royal family.

The dinner, carefully selected by Miss MacDonald who never leaves such details to her servants, was cooked by Hilda, a Finnish cook whose praises the lovely star sings most enthusiastically.

Tomato bouillon with crispy Melba toast came first, and then, in order, crabeau en coquille; roast duckling with mixed apple rings, wild rice with currants, and green peas; special mixed greens salad with Miss MacDonald's original French dressing; apricot mousse; and, in the drawing room, coffee and liqueurs.

The same discrimination was obvious in Miss MacDonald's choice of wines for the dinner. Chablis (T. Jouvet, 1928) was served with the fish, and burgundy (Pommard, 1928) with the fowl. Champagne cognac (Eug. Ballet, 1875) was the liqueur choice.

After leisurely coffee, Miss MacDonald and her guests adjourned to the "play" room in the basement of the home where the men played billiards and the women a few rubbers of contract. Then, in the drawing room again, Miss MacDonald sang, accompanying herself at the grand piano.

To make crabeau en coquille you may use the Brown Derby recipe as did Miss MacDonald, and the following proportions will serve eight:

Chop 3 shallots very fine and fry in butter until brown. Add 4 cups of rich pastray cream and boil slowly until the mixture is reduced by one-third. Add salt, cayenne pepper and chives to taste and 4 cups of shredded crabmeat. Combine all this with one-half cup Hollandaise sauce and heat the mixture again but do not boil. Fill small crab shells which have been thoroughly cleaned and border them with finely mashed white potatoes to which has been added the uncooked yolks of two eggs and a generous piece of butter. Sprinkle grated cheese on top of the crab mixture and dot with a piece of butter. Broil quickly under a hot flame for 5 minutes and serve garnished with greens.

For the salad Miss MacDonald combines as many greens as can be obtained on the market including chives, endive, water-cress and tomatoes cut in one-inch cubes. Toss together lightly and place on a deep lettuce leaf.

Her special French dressing, she revealed, is made as follows:

\[ \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup sugar, 1 cup catsup, 1 cup salad oil, } \frac{1}{2} \text{ cup vinegar, the juice of 1 lemon, 1 tsp. onion juice and 1 tsp. salt. Mix the dry ingredients thoroughly, then add the catsup and lemon and onion juices, and then the vinegar and oil alternately, stirring slowly.} \]

Some of these dishes are old—some new. All are delicious additions to any dinner, and go far to enhance Miss MacDonald's well-deserved reputation as a hostess.
OUT in Culver City, not far from the M-G-M glamour factory, is the loveliest of all the studios. As you drive up to the entrance, past a gracious expanse of neatly clipped lawn, it seems as though you are arriving at an old, but well kept, Colonial home. The building is frame, brilliantly white with green shuttered windows and tall, stately pillars supporting the front porch. This studio was built for Thomas Ince, formerly an independent producer, then it was taken over for a while by C. B. DeMille. Now it is owned by RKO, who rent it out.

The chief tenant these days is David Selznick, the brilliant young producer of "David Copperfield" and "A Tale of Two Cities." And here Mr. Selznick’s prize discovery, Freddie Bartholomew, is submerging his tiny self in a role that was once played by Mae West, who is not so tiny. Mary Pickford once played this part, too. It's Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mae did the perfect little gentleman on the Brooklyn stage when she was six years old, and Mary, as probably you remember, made a picture of it some years ago.

In this new version, the misty-eyed Dolores Costello plays Dear at, the long suffering mother. This is her first picture since her recently-terminated marriage to John Barrymore. Her face has the same sweet sadness, the same fragile beauty that made her once a great star. In this scene, she wears a quaintly picturesque costume of the period (1885) and while the lights are being adjusted she stands with her arms around Freddie. They have a genuine affection for each other. She's a bit lonesome for her two children, who don't quite understand why mother goes away every morning.

Freddie doesn't wear the traditional Lord Fauntleroy outfit of velvet knickers and sash that at one time set a style for little boys and probably caused more school-yard fights than anything else. He wears a rather natty and quite sporty grey-checked, long-trousered suit and carries a black sailor straw hat with black ribbons hanging from the brim. Nor does Freddie have the traditional blond curls.

This scene takes place in the Court Lodge, on the edge of the estate where Lord Fauntleroy is to become master. It is a scene of well-mannered cruelty. Because she is an American, the little Lord's mother has no claim to a title and is now being politely informed that she is not to occupy the main building.

This is a fairly simple take, yet because it involves an element
Do you remember your history? What did a man named Sutter do that set the world afire? Above are Montagu Love, Edward Arnold, Mitchell Lewis in "Sutter's Gold".

Housewives are going to sigh with envy over the "Wife vs Secretary" sets. It would seem. In the picture, Clark Gable double deals with Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy.

Housewives are going to sigh with envy over the "Wife vs Secretary" sets. It would seem. In the picture, Clark Gable double deals with Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy.

The Studios

'Round and around, o-ho-o, and we go in here and come out there

By Michael Jackson

timing, director John Cromwell, Kay Johnson's husband, is it reshot three or four times. The trouble comes from a cat. hile attorney Henry Stephenson is presenting the servants to miss Costello, Freddie's business is to walk as fast as he can, thou seeming to hurry, pick up the cat and call, "Look, carest!"

The reason you so seldom see cats in pictures is that, unlike gs, they refused to be trained. The only thing this one can its owner shamefacedly admitted, is to be still while the neras are shooting. A prop boy, hiding behind a chair, ads the cat to Freddie as he passes. It's a tricky business cause sometimes the cat scratches and sometimes Freddie giggles when he doesn't get a very good grip on it.

We left for "The Call Of Bugle Ann" set at M-G-M to see what the conversation on this extra-packed stage had to offer--also to see the dogs.

This is a courtroom in the Missouri hillbilly country where Lionel Barrymore is being tried for murder. He killed a man who killed a dog. There are about three hundred people on the set, all ages of rural types. In the first row of the courtroom is Maureen O'Sullivan, quietly crying. To help her cry, she sniffs a strong penetrating odor.

"This is fine," she says, "because I have a cold and it clears up my head and helps make tears at the same time."

Her father, Lionel Barrymore, is the one on trial. And if you think it is odd that a man should kill another man over a dog, then you know neither the men nor the dogs of this community.

These dogs are found only in a certain section of the Missouri Ozarks. They are bred for fox hunting, though the fox is never killed, just chased to his hole. Sometimes the same fox is chased year after year, and even gets so he knows it's all a game. They have a peculiar bark and while it's not exactly like a bugle, it's not like a bark, either. A funny

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 107 |
Hollywood at the Mike

EDDIE CANTOR threw Jimmy Wallington, Parlyakarkas, Ida, and the four girls into a trunk shortly after New Year’s and shoved off for New York, bursting with an important announcement. At a dinner at the Waldorf he told an assemblage of writers that he was contributing five thousand dollars to the winner of an essay contest he was sponsoring on his Pfection Toothpaste program. The subject: The Best Way to Keep America Out of the Next War. Later on, when no one was looking, Eddie added, “It’s good to be back in New York where the people are like the weather in Hollywood.” And vice versa, Eddie? Incidentally, Eddie has signed a young movie star, Bobby Breen, for his Sunday night radio program. He’ll join the cast as soon as he’s finished his newest picture, “The Show Goes On.”

Productions may forget, but you and I and radio keep on remembering. Mae Murray is on the verge of signing a contract for a

Lots of excitement recently when Eddie Cantor arrived at the Grand Central station, New York, with Ida and daughter.

Radio shows on which you’re likely to catch a movie star headlining as a guest artist almost any week:

- Bing Crosby’s Kraft Hour, at 10 Thursday nights.
- Shell Chateau, Al Jolson master of ceremonies, 9:30 P.M. Saturdays.
- Rudy Vallee’s Fleischmann’s program, 8 P.M. Thursdays.
- Hollywood Hotel, with Dick Powell, 9 P.M. Fridays.
- Lux Radio Theater, 9 P.M. Mondays.

Parties at Pickfair, a national ice association’s presentation, time not yet determined, but over a CBS network. The starting date is early in February, Mary Pickford is the permanent star.

(All time given is Eastern Standard)

By Dan Wheeler

thirteen week series of broadcasts. She’s asking $1500 per show, so it is said, and once that small item is agreed upon, she’ll start work.

The opening of Congress, marked by the sensational broadcast of Franklin Delano Roosevelt’s night message to both legislative branches, worked a hardship on a good many stalwart movie and radio fans. That same night, at nine o’clock, New York time, and in answer to a flood of requests, Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall were going to preview their newest film, “The Lady Contributes,” for Hollywood Hotel, Dick Powell’s Campbell’s Tomato Soup Show. This was the same hour the President picked, so no preview film talent has been going strong since then, though, with Lee Tracy and Binnie Barnes signed up for February 7th, as we went to press.

If you think radio sponsors are just being mean in not giving you more of your favorites from Hollywood, consider the case of Paul Muni. Programs like the Rudy Vallee Fleischmann Yeast Hour have been after Paul for months to guest star, but Paul is interested in a series of dramatic shows. So interested, that he’s turned down fat offers of one-shot salary checks.

Your comedian, Ernest Truex, was all set for a nice radio program, when divorce reared its ugly head. Originally, he was scheduled to go on the air in some kind of continued script called The Jones Family, the cast being made up principally of himself, his son, and Ruth Roland. Then, the script was rewritten to provide a part for his wife. Just about the time that was done, Ernest announced all plans were off. His wife, it seems, had decided to sue for divorce. As it stands now, her part is going to be taken by a radio veteran, Agnes Moorehead.

Jimmy Durante, whose first attempt at being a radio star wasn’t at all it might have been, has for some time now been on another sponsored show-The Texaco presentation of Jumbo. A short time ago, Jimmy announced to the press that acting in the stage version of Billy Rose’s mammoth circus was taking all his energies. So once more he’s off the air. When he’s going back to Hollywood, no one, not even Jimmy, knows. It seems that producer Rose has a contract with Durante good for eighteen months.
Don't let Cosmetic Skin steal away good looks—romance!

"Use all the cosmetics you wish," Margaret Sullavan advises. This charming star knows it's easy to guard against Cosmetic Skin if you remove cosmetics thoroughly.

It's when stale rouge and powder choke your pores that Cosmetic Skin develops... dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores. "I avoid Cosmetic Skin by removing make-up with Lux Toilet Soap," Margaret Sullavan says.

Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather goes pore-deep, removes every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics. It's made to keep skin lovely—and it does! That's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap.
PATSY (Sarah Rose Mary) Kelly opened her smiling Irish eyes in Brooklyn on January 12, 1910. Attending public school she exhibited such a remarkable proclivity for being banged around by all the trucks in the environs that her mother sent her to Jack Blue’s dancing school at the age of ten to keep her busy. Her first stage appearance was with Frank Fay in vaudeville at the Palace in New York. After that, she was launched as a comedienne in numerous successes, among them Al Jolson’s “Wonder Bar,” Earl Carroll’s “Sketch Book” and other revues.

She invaded the cinema through the modest gateway of the two reels in 1933 when she signed with Hal Roach to appear in skits as a foil for Thelma Todd. She was very fond of Thelma and they used to carry on their crazy antics even off the screen. Their pictures were very successful and Patsy has gotten bigger and better parts in “Page Miss Glory” and “Thanks a Million.”

This little feminine clown is five feet four inches tall, weighs 134 pounds and has reddish brown hair. She is generous, honest, intelligent and original; cares nothing for parties; refuses to wear hats on or off the screen, never fakes her falls in pictures, and her hobby is golf.

Under contract to Hal Roach, Patsy will soon be starred in a full length comedy, “Kelly the Second.”

E. Young, CLEVELAND, OHIO—Fay Wray was born September 15, 1907. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 111 pounds. She is married to John Monk Saunders.

JULIE ARDEN, BERKELEY, CALIF.—John Arledge was born March 12, 1907 in Crockett, Texas. He weighs 140 pounds, is six feet tall, has blonde wavy hair, and grey blue eyes. He attended the University of Texas and was a piano player in Paul Whiteman’s orchestra. He is married. His latest appearance is in “His Majesty Bunker Bean.”

M. D. J., NEW JERSEY.—Frank Lawton was born in London, Sept. 30, 1904, and made his stage debut in vaudeville. His first success was in “Cavalcade.” He will soon appear in “Romeo and Juliet,” Norma Shearer’s new starring picture.

MRS. CONRAD JOHNSTON, PILLSBURY, N. D.—We no longer publish “Stars of Photoplay.”

BETTE LONGSDORF, OMAHA, NEBRASKA—Jean Parker was born Aug. 11, 1913. Her real name is Mae Green. She is a brunet with hazel eyes, weighs 109 pounds, is five feet three. You may write to her in care of Universal Studio, Universal City, Calif. Tom Brown was born Jan. 6, 1913. His hair is brown, his eyes blue and he has freckles. He weighs 150 pounds, is five feet ten. He is not married.

His address is 20th Century-Fox Studio, Western Ave., Hollywood.

MARCELLA WORK, KY—The above will interest you, Marcella.

DOROTHY DILLEY, ALLENTOWN, PA.—Irene Duane was born in Louisville, KY., on Dec. 20, 1904. She weighs 120 pounds, is five feet four and a half inches tall, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. She does not have a double for her singing roles, as she has a lovely voice—she graduated from the Chicago Musical College. She was married to Satchel of New York in 1928 and entered pictures in 1930. She played the part of Magdalena on the stage as well as on the screen in “Show Boat.” She has also sung in “Robertta,” “Irene” and “Sweet Adeline.”

BETTY JANE FELIPE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—The above answers your questions, too, Betty.

MISS CURIOUS, NEW YORK CITY.—Lovely Vilma Banky is no longer in pictures. She was married once only—to Rod LaRoque. They have no children.

OCTAVIA McCABE, DAVENTPORT, IOWA—Billie Burke is no relation to the late Will Rogers. She was Florence Ziegfield’s wife Mary Rogers is Will Rogers’ daughter.

PHYLLIS MORGAN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The plaza of Florio is in “The Last Days of Pompeii” was played by John Beal. You may write to him in care of RKO-Radio Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

EVELYN WRIGHT, BATTLE CREEK, Mich.—May McCarthy has not been in pictures since 1927. She is married to Patrick Cleary and they have one child. Viola Dana occasionally plays small bits in pictures now. She is married to Jimmy Thompson, a golf professional. Anna Q. Nilsson appeared last year in “The Little Minister” starring Katharine Hepburn. Dorothy Jordan is married to Merian Cooper, the producer, and they have a small daughter. Rosalind Russell’s name is her own. William Haines is not married. Thank you for your compliments on the column.

RHEA WORDEN, SALMON, IDAHO.—Frankie Darro’s real name is Frankie Johnson. He was born Dec. 22, 1917, in Chicago, Ill. His first appearance was in vaudeville when he could barely walk. He weighs 111 pounds, is five feet three, with dark brown hair and eyes. His last pictures have been “Stranded” and “The Unwelcome Stranger.”

MAD, GARDINER, MAINE.—There were two William Boyds in pictures. The William Boyd who died last year from a gastric hemorrhage was better known for his stage career than in pictures. The other William (Bill) Boyd is the one playing in “Hop-A-Long Cassidy” pictures. He is married to Dorothy Sebastian.

FREDA STUART, BATAVIA, ANTRUM, N. E. IOWA.—It’s nice to hear from a reader so far away. Frances Dee is married to Joel McCrea. They have two small kids, one born in 1934, and the other one last November. Miss Dee’s latest picture is “The Gay Deception.” Richard Cromwell was born in Los Angeles on January 8, 1910.
I'M SURE
JIM LIKES ME—
yet he never takes
me out anymore

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—

I'D SO MUCH RATHER TAKE NAN—
BUT THOSE PIMPLES!! IT'S GOT
TO BE A SWELL-
LOOKING DAME FOR
THIS PARTY!

OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I
GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND
SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS
SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM—

THEN I'LL CALL FOR
YOU TONIGHT.
IT'S GOING TO BE A
SWELL PARTY

SOUNDS LIKE
FUN! WELL,
I'LL BE SEEING YOU

WE'LL GO STRAIGHT
TO THE
DOCTOR AND FIND
OUT

WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES. JUST
EAT 3 CAKES OF
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
EVERY DAY—BEFORE
MEALS—UNTIL YOUR
SKIN IS CLEARED
UP

Later

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES
KEEP YOUR BOY FRIEND AWAY

PIMPLES are all too common in the
years that follow the beginning of
adolescence—from about 13 to the age of
25, or even longer. Important glands de-
velop and final growth takes place during
this time. This causes disturbances through-
out the body. The skin becomes over-
sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood
irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with
Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast
clears the skin irritants out of your blood.
Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth
again . . .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day,
before meals—plain, or in a little water—
until your skin clears. Start today!
of harboring a fugitive from justice, will you keep me name out of it and keep Merla out of it?"

"Would I?" she exclaimed.

Peters unostentatiously slipped from the room. Jerry said sneeringly, "Don’t think I’m going to play fall guy in this thing, boys."

"You don’t count," Dick told him.

"I can prove I didn’t do the killing. That’s my gun there on the table. The bullets that killed Copeland didn’t come from that gun."

"I hope the judge who hears you pull that hasn’t got a cracked lip," Dick said.

"What’s wrong with that?"

Nothing, except every crook who makes a kill carries the two guns, ditches the murder gun and have the same sort of an alibi. With a rap in the big house back of you, you’d make that story sound swell—maybe!"

Brent strode to the telephone, called police headquarters, handed the phone to Ruth Gelder and said, "Do your stuff, Ruth."

"This is Ruth Gelder," she said to the desk sergeant in a firm, clear voice. "My address is number 3892 Beachwood Drive. I’ve just found out that a man who’s been visiting me in my apartment killed Dr. Granville Copeland. I’m holding him here."

Brent beckoned to Stan Whiting and Hoppy Dixon. "Come over here, boys," he said, "I want to give you the low-down."

The two operatives crossed the room to him. Dick put his hands on their shoulders, said, "Get your heads closer, boys, I want to whisper something I don’t want anyone to hear."

Ruth Gelder hung up the telephone. Merla Smith screamed, "Look out!" Jerry made a flying leap for the table. His hand closed on his gun.

A hot bunch of dicks!" he groated, backing totter toward the door. "I’ll drill the first guy who moves!

Dick Brent’s grip tightened about the shoulders of his two men. "Put ‘em up, boys," he said, "the guy’s nuts."

Their hands shot up into the air. Jerry jerked open the door, slammed it shut behind him and raced for the stairs.

Dick Brent turned a face filled with chagrin to Ruth Gelder. "Wouldn’t that stop the clock?" he said.

---

Merla Smith’s fist shot out. Knuckles thumbed against flesh and bone. Ruth Gelder staggered backwards.

Brent jerked open the door. "Come on, boys," he said.

The district attorney allowed Vilma Fenton to leave the building by a rear exit, thereby avoiding the newspaper reporters who had been patiently waiting for her to emerge from the regular exit. The night was clear and with a slight tang in the air. The stars blazed steadily down. There was a stir of motion in the shadows. Vilma Fenton drew back in momentary alarm as a man came toward her. Then, chin in the air, she tried to walk past him.

"Don’t you touch me step behind her.

"On your way, Johnny!" Vilma Fenton said, without looking around to see who it was.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

DETECTIVE DICK BRENT was engaged by Lawyer Frank Alter to keep Vilma Fenton, also known as Mary Smith, lovely film star out of the investigation of Dr. Copeland’s murder. Dick questions Vilma, goes to Alter’s house, sees detective Merla Smith run in screaming, "It’s choked me!" They find Alter’s body—face down—with a knife in his back. Merla denies the murder, says Copeland was a blackmailener, suggests nurse Ruth Gelder knows something. Brent says Alter’s murderer was barefooted. He falls in love with Vilma, saves her from death when an unknown shouting "Revenger!" but as a huge steel spotlighted down to murder her. She is questioned by the District Attorney’s office about Copeland. Brent learns Ruth Gelder is hiding someone in her home, forces his way in, finds Ruth, Merla Smith, and a man—barefooted—who tries to escape. Dick taunts Ruth as a dope addict. She insists the man "Jerry" killed Copeland.

The man savagely leaps for a hidden gun, yells "You asked for it." What happens to solve both mysteries?

Dead-Pan Peters said, "The b-b-boss sent me.

"Oh, it’s you," she exclaimed.

"Yes, Miss-W-W-wants you to g-g-g-go with me to a j-j-joint here and p-p-pick up and wait for him. I have my c-c-car parked around the c-c-c-corner."

"But I must get in touch with my director.

"You can d-d-do that. The boss said this was imp-p-portant."

"Why didn’t I meet me here himself?"

"He was b-b-busy."

"Tell me," she asked anxiously, "is he all right? They haven’t questioned him, have they?"

"Not yet."

"They’re looking for him. There’s a turn-moil in the district attorney’s office. They are all at sixes and sevens, and getting mixed up worse every minute. I picked that up from remarks I heard, and the district attorney seems to think Dick is responsible for it. The D. A.’s daughter telephoned and the D. A. having a fit over something she told him. They dropped me like a hot potato."

"S-S-Smart man, D-D-Dick," Peters said.

Here’s the c-c-car. Let’s g-g-go. Dick said to order him a champagne cocktail and have it ready on the table when he c-c-came.

Peters handed her into the car, drove her to a restaurant where he had engaged a private diningroom, ordered two champagne cocktails and instructed the waiter to bring them more at exactly eighty three. Vilma Fenton tossed off her champagne cocktail, nibbled at a cracker, waited.

Peters produced a folded newspaper from his pocket, showed her the headlines.

"EX-CONVICT KILLS DR. COPELAND."

"D-D-Dick did that," he said.

"What?"

Peters turned to his subject. His words flowed smoothly. "Fixed up these headlines," he said. "If it hadn’t been for this convict, your name would have been the big news on the front page. But Dick p-p-pinned the job on this ex-convict and then gave the con a chance to escape, which makes him twice as big news than if Dick had been in the cooler.

The waiter brought three more champagne cocktails. Peters looked at his watch and said, "That’s f-f-funny. Dick’s never late!"

He regarded the bubbles geysering up from the long-stemmed glasses.

"Well," he observed, "there’s no use letting these get i-f-f-flat. If Dick doesn’t come in a minute we might as well kill these and have the waiter k-k-k keep a watch and bring in some more as soon as D-D-Dick shows up.

"We can wait a minute," she suggested.

Peters shook his head. "No, we-w-we-can’t let those cocktails for eighty three on the d-d-dot. We’ll give him two m-m-minutes. That’s more than he’d g-g-give me under s-s-similar circumstances."

He looked at his wristwatch gravely for several seconds, then picked up one of the cocktail glasses, tipped its brim toward Vilma and said, "Let’s go."

She drained her own glass. Peters picked up the remaining full glass, dumped half of it in his glass, slid the remainder across to her.

"No use letting it go f-f-flat," he said.

She hesitated a moment, then turned the glass bottom up.

Peters kept looking at his wristwatch and frowning.

"C-C-C can’t understand it," he said.

"But here, Peters," she said, "you aren’t by any chance, trying to make me drunk, are you? And where’s my fur coat?"

Peter’s face showed an expression of synthetic innocence.

Abruptly she pushed her glass to one side, got to her feet. The alcohol had flushed her face. "You’re playing some game," she charged. "I’m going home."

She started for the curtained entrance.

"No, no," Peters pleaded, "you c-c-c-can’t g-g-g-go now."

"Try to stop me!" she challenged.

Dick Brent gave his make-up one last critical survey.

He had crowded his shoulders into Vilma Fenton’s Mink coat. The collar, turned up around his neck, nestled closely against the small brimmed hat which perched on his head. The wig and hat were excellent. The coat, across the shoulders, seemed to his critical eyes to be as tight as the skin of a sausage.

He lowered his eyes to survey his feet, incensed.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
"When choosing handbags
IT'S WISE TO STOP AND LOOK"

Says Rochelle Hudson

Famous screen star chooses only handbags featuring the security of the new top-lock Talon fastener

- It's an almost universal custom in Hollywood... picking handbags the Talon way! Screen stars refuse to bother with insecure models that make it easy to lose or drop valuables!

You, too, may enjoy the security of knowing that your handbag, once fastened, stays fast! The new decorative pull tabs, featured this year, make it easy for you to identify Talon-fastened models. Handbags featuring this fastener, with the top-lock, close swiftly and easily, and lock into place as they close! And when you choose Talon-fastened handbags for protection, you are bound to get a smarter, trimmer model, too.

And here's your protection—the top-lock feature! Tug at the side of your bag, drop it, turn it over—the fastener can't come open unless you pull the little slider.
in high-heeled shoes.

Dick dialed the number of Vilma Fenton's house. When he heard the butler's voice on the line, he said, "This is Dick Brent, the detective. Miss Fenton's been released from the district attorney's office. As soon as you see her call pull up in front of the house, open the front door so she can run in without the slightest delay. Slam the door shut and lock it. Do you have that straight?"

With mincing steps, Dick crossed to the cab, handed the driver a five dollar bill and a piece of paper on which he had written the number of Vilma Fenton's house.

The driver swung the car into a turn, braked the menacing body which had hurtled itself against him. He heard the swish of a knife and felt something strike his arm. Cloth ripped as the point of a dagger grazed down his arm. He freed his right hand, swung and missed.

He heard the street door open, Vilma Fenton's voice calling, "Arthur, Oh Arthur, where are you?"

At the sound of that voice, Dick sensed that the man with the knife stiffened for a moment. Dick lashed out with his left, taking advantage of that momentary opening. His fist struck the side of the man's face. He jerked his right into a savage pivot-blow, stomach high.

The man groaned once, jack-knifed forward. Dick shouted to Peters, "Get handcuffs on him, Bill."

He ran to Vilma, grabbed her arm as Bill Peters ran past the butler and snapped handcuffs on the sprawled figure.

"Miss Fenton hung her arms around Dick. "Oh," she cried, eyes wide open."

"Forget it," Dick told her. "Keep your head. ... Bill, the main feed wire's been tampered with. You and Arthur see if you can find the break. Telephone for the cops."

In the Jade Room a shaded candle furnished a soft glow, lighting Fenton's bandaging Dick's wounded arm.

"I wanted to keep you out of the way," he said. "I knew Nixon would realize his time was short and stake everything on one desperate attempt. With the cunning ingenuity of an insane man, he's built some hiding place here in the house... And now, young lady, suppose you tell me the truth. What hold did Copeland have on you?"

"He claimed I'd married Carter Nixon in Yuma several years ago. It certainly looked like my signature on the marriage license. My real name is Margaret Fahey. Nixon was violently insane. I couldn't have divorced him, yet the man's insanity didn't affect his general health. Think of what it would mean to an actress to go through life as the wife of a hopelessly insane man. And if I'd gone to court to prove the whole thing a fraud, a big percentage of my public would have thought I'd bought my way free."

He circled her with his good arm, drew her to him. Her half parted lips sought his. He crushed her in an embrace.

The door opened. The butler stood on the threshold.

"Oh My God!" he exclaimed in spontaneous dismay.

"Listen," Brent said, still holding Vilma Fenton closely. "Copeland was running a swell blackmail business. This marriage racket he ran on you was only one of his schemes.

"Jerry Edwards, Ruth Gelder's boy-friend, was going to bump Copeland off, but Frank Alter beat him to it. Alter rented offices under the name of Piley Paper Products Company. "Copeland was treating Nixon. He knew Nixon was incurably insane. He had his nurse pose as Margaret Fahey and go through a marriage ceremony with Nixon. Nixon had complex insane delusions, but he knew he'd married a Margaret Fahey. With the cunning of insane people, Nixon traced the real Margaret Fahey and found she was none other than you, Vilma Fenton, the motion picture actress. By that time, his disease had progressed so far that he thought you were his real wife who had denied him.

"Copeland was keeping Nixon in a private sanitarium. When you consulted Frank Alter, the lawyer recognized the possibilities of taking over Copeland's blackmail and double-crossing you. He got Nixon out of the sanitarium, held him a prisoner in his house. Nixon broke loose, killed Alter and kept trying to kill you."

Vilma Fenton laughed, that tender, throaty laughter which comes to a woman when she is supremely happy. "Let me finish bandaging that arm. You'll have to talk to the police. I'm half tight... And get that lipstick off your nose before the photo."

She dabbed at her cheek with a handkerchief, her eyes proudly possessive, softly tender.

Dick said, over his shoulder, "Show the police in, Arthur," and then to Vilma, "Wipe this off too, Sweetheart," and once more pulled her warm, yielding lips down to his.
"The best care for washables I have ever found," says glamorous Binnie Barnes.

Lux is like a fairy godmother," declares this lovely but intensely human British star, who has acquired a Texan drawl, and a store of American slang!

"Getting the breaks may be luck, but looking like a million dollars is a cinch with Lux. I've had so much experience pinching pennies, I know! My blouses and sweaters are wows after they're Luxed.

"And, boy, does Lux stymie ladders — runs, as you say. Lux saves the elasticity of stockings, so they last longer."

Binnie doesn't think cake-soap rubbing is "so hot." Rubbing, or using soaps with harmful alkali weakens threads, fades colors. Lux has no harmful alkali. As Binnie knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

"I take care of all washable costumes with Lux," says Vera West, wardrobe supervisor at Universal. "It cleanses even badly soiled fabrics like magic. Colors came out of their Lux bath as lovely as new."

Hollywood says — TRUST TO LUX
Top-knot Technique

Charming Helen Vinson keeps her lustrous golden hair in perfect condition by daily brushing with brisk upward and outward under-strokes.

IN between seasons is a good time to take inventory, to check your assets and liabilities.

Turn to your mirror and look yourself squarely in the face. Is your hair really doing you justice? Has it the sheen of good grooming and the aliveness of health? Is your coiffure in pleasing proportion to the rest of your figure? Does a close study of its lines make you lift your chin with proud assurance? If you can honestly answer "yes" to all these questions, go on your way rejoicing. The rest of you, please stand by.

Perhaps a new coiffure to suit your particular type is your immediate need. I'm sure we can find a flattering one. But if your hair is dull, drab and without sheen, not even the smartest coiffure can disguise that fact.

Let's divide this problem into two parts—what your hair should do for you and what you should do for your hair.

Your hair should give you individuality and charm. Blonde, brunette, auburn or in between, your hair should set you apart from the crowd. A few snips of the scissors, a soft permanent wave and a brand new hair style may alter your whole appearance, change your whole outlook on life. Isn't it worth trying?

A little reciprocity now. What should you do for your hair? Are you among the strong-minded minority who has kept grandmother's rule of brushing hair for five or ten minutes every day? If not, make an investment in a good brush and really brush your hair in sweeping strokes, upward and outward from the scalp, strand by strand until your hair is polished to a glistening sheen. If your hair is dry or oily, brushing is corrective, for it strengthens the tiny muscles at the side of each hair shaft, stimulates circulation, encourages lazy or over-active oil glands to function normally.
HOW THESE THREE HOLLYWOOD
Make-Up
Secrets
Can Give You Beauty

Of course you use powder, rouge and lipstick...every woman does...but did you ever use powder, rouge and lipstick created in color harmony for your type? Read how this new kind of make-up, originated for famous screen stars, can give you youthful loveliness, too.

Hollywood Powder Secret
Gives Skin New Beauty...
In creating make-up for Virginia Bruce and other stars, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius originated new color harmony shades which have proved by rigid camera tests to reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others. This amazing discovery has enabled screen stars to know which shades dramatize their individual loveliness. Now you, too, may know exactly which colors in make-up will give you the most beauty. In powder, Max Factor has created color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. Your color harmony shade of powder will instantly enliven your skin with youthful radiance, and give you a satiny-smooth finish that remains perfect for hours. Max Factor's Powder $1.

Rouge That Gives an
Exquisite Lifelike Color...
In Hollywood, where make-up is an art, rouge, like powder, is created by Max Factor in original colors that harmonize with the powder and dramatize the individual charm of blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes. When you use Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade, you will agree with Virginia Bruce who says, "The creamy-smooth texture makes the rouge look natural, and the color has a magic way of making the whole face beautiful." Max Factor's Rouge 50c.

Max Factor* Hollywood
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

For personal make-up advice...and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick...mail this coupon.

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.
Life Begins for Eric Linden

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

The history of Youth’s encounter with Hollywood runs through pages that are black and crimson, golden and gray by turns. And this is because there are all kinds of youths of a million makeups and because there are all kinds of ways for Hollywood to treat them.

Yet Hollywood’s eternal cry has been to Youth and Youth’s answer has been eternally eager.

Eric Linden stood stiffly in the roseate circle of a pink spotlight handing out programs to the patrons of Broadway’s Rivoli Theater as they shuffled to their seats. He stood thus when an acting career first crooked its fat beguiling finger at him.

He was young, impressionable, ambitious. He had worked at a dozen different jobs to scrape through two years at Columbia University. He was handy and apt, and down underneath he knew there gloved the small flame which anyone with any touch of the artist in him feels.

He didn’t know what to do about it. He had no trained talent, no skill, no flexibility of accomplished art. He had taken “education” at high school, and when his old teacher saw him in an usher’s buttons and told him he ought to try his voice over the radio, he listened, and tried, and got a job because he had an earnest, vibrant voice with something in it.

And later, after he had shouted around in a few scenes at the Theater Guild, another friend told him he ought to run over to the RKO office and try out for a part they were trying to fill in a modern youth picture. He listened and ran over although he knew that at acting he was as raw as a March rain.

Eric Linden was that way when he came to Hollywood—raw. In the test that won him his chance in “Are These Our Children?” the only thing he knew to read was the Lord’s Prayer. He was that artless in dramatic skill. He was that green.

Yet in Hollywood, when they saw him, they called him a great young actor. They said his power was polished, that he was a phenomenon of skillful ease. Ease! They didn’t know. And he couldn’t confess as he could now that he was terror struck when Hollywood applauded and cried for more of the same.

He couldn’t tell them that he was no actor at all, that he couldn’t simulate emotions without tugging at the roots of his soul, that he couldn’t paint a portrait except in his own life’s blood.

Naturally they fed him tragic, tense, persecuted parts. A dozen or more of them before he ran away. No other youngster could pull a hysterical, nerves-on-edge act like this young Eric Linden. The kid was something—a great young actor—you bet! Convincing.

Sure, he was convincing—why not? For everyone of the strident, desperate, tragic young bullies he played he reached down deep in his reserve of honest emotional strength and tore loose what he couldn’t put back with a good night’s rest.

“I had to live everything I did,” Eric Linden told me. “I didn’t know any other way. They said I took it all too seriously, but I had to take it that way. Nobody knew.”

Many times, facing a hysterical scene the next morning, Eric deliberately stayed up all night, drinking coffee, pacing restlessly, or roaming around town—to insure a case of taut raw nerves when morning came. He confessed this.

He couldn’t trust his acting ability—he had to be hysterical.

“Life Begins,” in which he played a hysterical young father, was one of the best things he did. He paid heavily for the triumph. He lived all over again what his own brother had gone through when his baby came. Eric remembered vividly the tortured moments of anxiety. The hurtling cab ride through creeping, teeming traffic to the hospital, the prayers, the pleadings, the empty, heart-gone moments of black fear, the seconds like hours.

He went through it all, in his brother’s place. This was what they called acting.

He would try to get back to himself after each picture, walking for miles in the hills, running off up North on trips but it was a hard job feeling the natural lift of happy youth again.

“When I’d meet people, I’d drop my eyes,” Eric told me, “or they’d drop theirs. I wanted to be treated like a human being.”

He got to worrying about himself and fretting and stewing about life in general and whether or not all of this was worth it because really what had developed was a neurosis.

When recesses came from the heavy hysteries, the parts he played seemed like namby-pamby mother-boy parts. Eric says they were. And I guess some of them were. They made him unhappy. He didn’t know how to make anything out of them. He wasn’t an actor with any skill at that sort of thing. The idea grew on him that if he didn’t get away his lack of training would be discovered, that he would never amount to anything, that he would lose forever the chance of knowing himself again.

In his state, little things were big things. He did a picture with a new, clumsy director who tried to mask his ineptness by yelling at the actors. It tore into Eric’s jangled nerves.

But he drew a new lease on his outlook, a straw to grab in his sea of despair when George Cukor singled him out to play “Laurie,” a shameless part, in “Little Women.”

He banked a whole lot on it. He studied New England dialect with John Lodge. He put everything he had into priming himself for what he thought might save him.

The first day he shot some scenes with Joan Bennett.

The next day Kenneth MacGowan, who was supervising the picture, called Eric to his office. He was very nice, as nice as he could be, telling Eric Linden that he wasn’t going to do the part of Laurie in “Little Women.” A very important member of the cast thought he wasn’t quite equipped for it. Sorry.

Something bubbled inside Eric. There were too many lumps to swallow. Tears burst out and streamed down his nose. He stalked out of the office without a word and sitting straight in the seat of his car like a statue, drove away with eyes blindered by hot despair.

He went into “The Silver Cord” with Irene Dunne. He couldn’t get through with it too quickly. Then he ran off to Laguna Beach to try to listen to what was going on inside him, to try to decipher the nest of noises that whirled in his head.

Eric knew then his only hope was flight.

On the drive back from Laguna to Hollywood he decided. That night he flew to New York. Next day he sailed on the Bremen for Paris. He stayed there just overnight, although he had never been there before in his life.

He couldn’t stop running in a crowded town. On Rímiez, the highest of the hills above Nice, on the sunny Mediterranean coast of France, he found a little villa not far from an old ruined Roman forum. He could see from Antibes to Monte Carlo along the olive-terrazed hills-above the lacy surf line.

It was expensive, all of this, expensive for him, that is. He couldn’t afford it, really. They had brought him to Hollywood for nickels and dimes, as actors’ salaries go. The way they do all youngsters who haven’t any name at all. They had raised him two or three times, twenty-five dollar option raises, and such. But he hadn’t thought of whether or not he could afford it when he ran. He got the money, and that was that. He borrowed on a trust fund.

He thought he would write now, but he discovered what a whole lot of other young men who think they will write discover—they have lots of words but nothing to say with them.

So he collected all the books he could find, a dog, a French cook, and a bicycle and settled down to doing nothing. He did it for six months.

In all that time no one wrote him from Hollywood. He managed to think of himself as just a nice, normal, pleasant natural boy who felt the sun and saw the stars and breathed the
sea. He could laugh again with himself and at himself. What was more important, he could smile.

Only once did he hear anyone call his name, as it had been called in Hollywood. One day, picking over the fascinations of the Galeries Lafayette in Nice, two American girls stared at him.

“Oh,” they said, “Eric Linden.”

He started to drop his eyes, and then brought them up in a flicker. But he flew with long strides out of the place.

Along toward the end of his stay in Nice one of those aimless, merrily mad collections of Europe-doing young Americans swooped down on Cannes.

They were joined by a British collection from Cambridge. They met Eric and took him in on their hunt for fun.

He had never played before. They painted the Cote d’Azur a deep purple—from Spain to Italy. It was the touching off tonic Eric needed.

When the wild Indians scattered to happier hunting grounds, Eric knew he was whole again. He felt too good to convalesce any longer.

He wanted to go home, America. Work.

This time he started right—with a play in New York, “Ladies Money.”

It wasn’t only the first night he was scared stiff!

“I was scared every night,” grinned Eric Linden.

But it was a healthy fright, and he was learning things that had always before been dark mysteries to him.

How to project himself to an audience, how to get into the movement of a scene, how to employ technique, art, how to act without pulling his very being out and throwing it at a greedy camera.

We had lunch before we walked on the set of “The Voice of Bugle Ann.”

Eric has been working pretty hard since he came back to Hollywood. On his M-G-M contract he has reeled off “Robin Hood of El Dorado” and “Ah, Wilderness,” right like that.

I noticed that there were wrinkles in the corners of his eyes. You don’t get them there from harried worry; you get them from smiles. He grinned about everything, even about the so-called unrequited romance with Cecilia Parker, which has made him out in the unhappily r’le of a discarded lover.

Eric said that now he could see a certain girl he liked in Pasadena without—thank God!—explaining away romantic blurs in the morning papers.

I noticed, too, as we ate, that the waiter wasn’t exactly doing on the job. The last time I had had lunch with Eric—two or three years ago—he had ordered a glass of buttermilk, that was all. This time he went in for solids, proteins, starches and all that, and in sizeable heaps.

That’s a good sign.

A sign that this particular youth had won his particular tilt with Hollywood, even if he had to run away to do it.

If you don’t think so, you should look over the plans they have for their new re-discovery at M-G-M—they open paths to glory that Eric Linden never dreamed of before.

And if you still don’t think so, and are one of those material-minded people, you might steal a glance at his pay check. It’s grown up while Eric was away.

Maybe the jingle is right; maybe it pays to fight and run away!

---

A beauty bath like unbelievable magic!

The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty—and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are immediate, and it is amazingly economical.

Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and SATISFACTORY smooth as a rose petal.

Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the immediate result obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the same thing for the entire body.

And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine laundering

Don’t overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.

Linit

Linit is sold by all grocers

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin
Songbird in a Gilded Cage

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45

Pons was stricken with meningitis of the brain and very nearly died. After weeks of great anxiety, her family knew she would live, but they were told she must be sent away to a quiet place for a whole year.

After her “lost year” Lily came back to Paris, but was not allowed to return to the strenuous régime she had followed before her illness. She grew strong rapidly, however, and time hung heavy on her hands.

Lily wasn’t quite fifteen when, all alone, she ventured one afternoon into the offices of Max DeArly, then in charge of the Théâtre des Variétés. He liked her playing and her singing and the way she read lines. Also, he was clever enough to see that her complete contrast to the usual French ingenue (most of them are the voluptuous type and become ingenues at about forty!) might be a drawing card.

At any rate, he told her to report for rehearsal the following week.

It took days of pleading to overcome the scandalized objections of Mme. Pons, but finally she was won over. DeArly managed to get a special permit from the government for Lily, much under the legal age for such work, to appear in “Moune,” a comedy translated from the English. In this production, as well as in “Oh, Kit” and “One! Capitó!” (Cupid), the diminutive Pons had the leading ingenue rôle.

HER family, however, never approved of her career and openly rejoiced when she married and settled down in Cannes, declaring she would never return to the stage.

A few months later she decided to take a few singing lessons, partly because her husband liked her voice and encouraged her to sing at home and partly because a doctor recommended the breathing exercises which would be assigned with such study. But! She would find a teacher.

Maestro Alberti de Gorostiago soon discovered her remarkable coloratura possibilities and extraordinary range and he it was who prepared her, in six short months, for her début at the Mulhouse Opera House in Alsace-Lorraine. Alberti is still her only teacher.

A triumphant tour of the larger French cities followed that very successful début. For two years she studied and sang in the provinces of France and Italy.

During those months it became increasingly evident to Lily that fame and a career, particularly for a woman, do not go smoothly hand-in-hand with marriage. Yes, a voice like Pons’ is a jealous task master. Home duties, leisure, all the accustomed modes of life, were swept away before the demands of lessons, rehearsals, concerts, constant travel. Finally, after her first season at the Metropolitan and the subsequent South American tour, Lily and August Meiritz faced the situation squarely.

He was an important Dutch publisher. He could not continue to travel, as he had done so far, with his wife. There seemed to be no solution other than a complete separation of their two lives.

Lily’s first trip to the United States, during which she signed a five-year contract for the Met and six-year ones for concerts and recordings, took place in the summer of 1930.

She returned at once to France. By the first of the year she must be ready for the American début. Among other things, she had to learn the scores of several operas in Italian.

She is, by the way, a natural linguist. She has never studied a language. She just picks them up. Today she converses at lightning speed with American friends in a medium made up of one-third English, one-third French and one-third gestures, the last most picturesque.

After she finishes her rôle opposite Gene Raymond in “Love on a Bet.”

Wendy Barrie hopes to be able to take the China Clipper to see her fiancé, who is King’s Counsel in Hong Kong.

What she can say with those little hands! And her slant, which really must be heard to be appreciated, is guaranteed to break down the resistance of the most confirmed purist.

Lily explains her phenomenal successes in opera, films and radio very simply. “Let ‘em see me,” she says, “I bet everything makes a sucker break!”

Watching the little star at home, at rehearsal, on a shopping expedition (she loves to go out alone and buy completely mad and most becoming hats), it is hard to believe her more than a vivacious schoolgirl on a holiday. She is so tiny and always so gay and full of fun.

But one must go out to “the farm” to find Lily in the milieu she loves best, except for her real home in Cannes. The farm consists of a few acres of land, near Silvermine, Connecticut, surrounded by a medium-sized rambling house of the French chalet type. Pons and Family take it by the year from Mrs. Barnum, granddaughter of the great “P. T.”

The farm is headquarters whenever Lily is singing occasionally in New York. When the Met season begins, around Christmas time, she comes in to town to the Sutton Place duplex apartment overlooking the East River.

It was pleasant, last fall, to drive out to the farm, reaching there about noon on Sundays. A fire would be crackling merrily in the living-room hearth, as Lily ran through the numbers in preparation for her broadcast the following Wednesday evening. There was Mother Margy, and Lily, and Maestro Alberti, and “Tiri” (Marguerite Tirindelli), Lily’s invaluable secretary and constant companion.

Comfort is the keynote of the whole farm-house. Of servants there are just enough to care for the needs of the family and the friends they love to see frequently. There is a cook who knows Miss Lily likes her salads with oil and lemon, oysters whenever she can get them, many vegetables, a bit of meat or fish once a day, but never anything with chocolate lurking in it. Chocolate makes her deadly ill.

There are also a butler and a chauffeur who know their mistress must be protected from extremes of temperature and from draughts, although she herself gives little thought to such matters. There is not a personal maid. I have never known her to have one, except in the theater for costume changes. She has a definite flair for chic dressing, buys or designs all her own clothes and can put them on in the twinkling of an eye.

LILY is not given to whims and does not pamper herself. In Hollywood she took a house with a pool and then never got into it. People thought she was afraid of catching cold. Actually, she can’t swim a stroke and was ashamed to admit it.

In addition to the deadly chocolate there is but one other taboo she observes. Of course she does not smoke. But also, smoke in a room is instantly nauseating. It is probably this antipathy toward smoking which causes part of her dislike for night clubs or other public gathering places. For she loves parties and goes to many at the homes of her friends.

Once long ago I asked her what she liked most in Hollywood. She said she liked best “work . . . and only work . . . because always I did work there!” But it was work she loved. Already she is looking forward to the return to Hollywood in the fall when she is to make an appearance.

At this time, since all the business of film making will not be quite so new and strenuous, she hopes to find time to take a few swimming lessons in that pool on the side. So even though she must always think of her voice first, and its needs, she is able to enjoy life, fully and eagerly. The songbird in the gilded cage of operatic and cinema fame sings a gay song!
The Private Life of a Talking Picture

[continued from page 53]

chuckling in the knowledge that by calling a certain number you could bring before you a man with St. Vitus Dance; an authentic snake-charmer complete with snake and charm; a bald-headed adagio dancer; or a hag with puffy eyes and twisted mouth.

Seven thousand of these registered extras are semi-regulars—used fairly often; but 80 per cent of the entire lot fall into stock groups: Dress Men, Juveniles, bell hops, Bald Men, Comics, Police, Collegians, Butlers, Beards, Riders, Freaks, Tall Men, Short Men, Thin Men, Stunt Men, Dope Fiends (hardly genuine, of course), Military, Judges, Homely Women, Underworld Women, Pretty Women, Dowagers, Peaked Children (can you beat it?), Hawaiians, Slavic types.

Finish it from your own imagination. To the studio these people are cards in a steel drawer, names that have an address, a phone, a weekly and daily salary, an age, height, weight, appearance, method of walking, a wardrobe, a beard or a double chin; maybe some experience.

YOU read, "Margaret Armstrong: 36 yrs., 5 ft. 8 in., 138 lbs.—Prim, stern, society grand dame or aunt." You read, "Mary Gordon: 45. VERY Scotch." You read about a man named Beck who looks like a Drunk; about one Mr. Melish who makes an excellent Russian Waiter.

For your disillusionment I must insert this cynical comment: tragedy and sob-stuff as linked from time-immemorial, with the word "extra" is—with the usual minority excepted, just plain hoosey. These people don’t eat crusts in shanties on the few-days-a-year-of-salary they draw from film work. They’ve got jobs of their own, most of them; they live decently, they’re happy. When a studio call comes they cheerfully take a day off and spend that day dancing in a ballroom scene, or sitting in evening clothes at little tables seeing the stars work.

I watched 5,000 men and women storm the Bastille for "A Tale of Two Cities" one afternoon and I never saw such a thoroughly delighted bunch of bejeweled, painted, costumed citizens in my life. They chatted between scenes, and ran and milled about and shouted and shot off their muskets when the can-erases turned. They were having fun. They loved it. Don’t, as you value your self-respect, pity the extra any more.

These people, and the Garbos and Crawford, must be correctly clothed before a foot of film may be shot. So now we are concerned with Wardrobe, situated between "Administration" and "Casting" on M-G-M’s Lot I.

I spent my day of work in this great building pattering, mostly. There are rows of tables where earnest female stitchers endlessly stitch and stitch; there are more rows of tables similarly surrounded and similarly covered with cloth and patterns; and there are dresses hanging, hanging in never-ending procession past all the walls. An impression of emptiness is created by the many disembodied gowns and the hollow wire "proxies" which stand, headless, in rows.

The "proxies" are a great saving in time, and therefore in money, to the stars. There is

In your pursuit of Beauty
give your skin

THIS GERM-FREE CARE!

Woodbury’s Beauty Creams
stay lastingly germ-free... help protect against blemish

Out for a jaunt in the crisp, cold air... home again to dress for a dance. Day after day a full program. But never can you neglect your skin... never permit the lines of fatigue to creep in, nor a blemish to destroy your charm!

That’s where Woodbury’s Cold Cream can help so much! It cleanses deeply... softens the tissues. Helps protect your skin, too, against dryness and blemish.

Gives your skin two-fold care

Woodbury’s Cold Cream is germ-free! It contains a special element that destroys germ-growth. And this is important, for many blemishes are caused by germs.

Element 576, a second exclusive ingredient of this famous cold cream, aids in combating skin dryness.

For a finishing cream, a base for your powder and rouge, tone is more flattering in results than Woodbury’s Germ-free Facial Cream.

50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

FREE! TWO GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS


Please send me free, sample tubes of Woodbury’s Germ-free Cold and Facial Creams, enough in each for several applications. Also important booklet on how to use these creams in the famous Woodbury treatment. (Paste coupon on penny postcard or mail in envelope—NOW!)

Name:
Address:

AVOID Imitations! Look for head and signature.

John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products
one, built in exact replica of size and form, for every featured actress, so that except for final touches there is no need of tiresome fittings.

You know, of course, that the studios furnish only the women with wardrobes; the men must supply their own, except in the case of period uniforms. The third floor is devoted to these and in order that the brethren reading this feel no neglect it is well to explain that this storehouse holds 1,000 derbies; 2,000 American dou-choby tin helmets; 3,500 spear; 800 Scottish kilts; any number of round points; and 18 tailors. Larry Keethe, ex-army man, is in charge of the uniform section.

While we’re on one of those amazing statistical deebauches common to this series, we may as well go the whole way. Prepare then to commend that in the wardrobe department every year 75 seamstresses make 2,600 dresses, using 28,000 yards of cloth embracing 150 varieties and 52 color-shades; that in doing this those seamstresses use 420,000 yards or 200 miles of silk and cotton thread, as well as 10,000 buttons; and that this thread and those buttons and that cloth represent the final product of 31 different nations visited by M-G-M buyers.

Mull it over and take a few minutes to digest. I didn’t believe it at first myself.

THE actual business of wardrobeing is not too complicated. Adrian, Metro’s famous designer, and his associates study the script of a production and plan the gowns to be used. These they sketch in watercolors on paper and submit to the producer for approval. When the wish is given, lesser workers cut patterns of muslin and fit them to the various “proxies”; and from these evolve the striking twists of gill and genius that will set new fashions all over the world in a few months.

There is so much to tell and so little space for the telling of it. Barber chairs squat in front of great mirrors. A chinchilla shawl is draped over the floor. And, in the corner of the room, a statue of a man, “Famous, is the plainest form of one of the world’s greatest industries.”

They work, fifty-two of them, in a suite of rooms at 13th and Vine. Barber chairs squat in front of great mirrors, and lights are arranged around each chair so that many different types of shadow will fall on the occupant’s face. Beside every worker is a bench of materials: scores of pencils, grease-paint sticks ranging in color from light pink to deep brown. Above him hangs a rack dripping with tendrils of false hair; and on the table, round bald heads of light wood wear wigs that duplicate the famous coiffures of stars.

The white stuff is muslin. The lumpy material is starch’s.

Photoplay adds another famous name to its list of eminent contributors! James Hilton, author of “Goodbye, Mr. Chips” and “Lost Horizon,” has written a great feature especially for PHOTOPLAY readers. You will find his views stimulating and exciting. Watch for this interpretation of Hollywood life as seen by one of our most popular fiction writers.

In April PHOTOPLAY, out March 10th.

Tricks in this trade are many. Jack Dawn, forced to transform beautiful Jeannette MacDonald into a harridan, would douse that bright hair with water and draw it back at one side, to emphasize the face. Then quickly he’d destroy the cheek-curve by painting on shadows, and make it haggard with careful spots of rouge; he would break her lovely nose with highlights, turn down her up-curving mouth with two lines, and finally shadow her jaw into slack-muscled squareness. “I’d reverse the procedure for an ugly woman,” he told me. “Of course we can’t correct actual deformities—but bad mouths, thin noses, homely eyes can all be hidden by shadowing. Beauty or lack of beauty depend entirely on light and shadow, the proper relation of curves to lines. If the basic structure is good, we can do the rest.”

It is in character work that the fun begins. Once, when the studios needed somebody to play Lincoln or Napoleon or any well-known historical figure, they searched about for some layman in four suits, the character and signed him, regardless of whether he could act. Today, with disguise a science, the producer chooses an actor who will play the part well, and sends him to Jack Dawn.

The result: Ralph Morgan as unhappy Car. Nicholas, Lionel Barrymore a perfect Rasputin, innumerable others.

Standing beside those chairs, I watched and asked questions—and forgot to go to lunch. I saw a deft-fingered operator work for one hour with spirit gum, hair, putty, fish-skin, sponge-rubber lips and paint; and failed to recognize in the evil-visaged medieval monk that left the room a pink-faced banker-type man who had smiled cheeryly at me before sitting down.

Dawn and his assistants study historical photographs and portraits for months, sometimes, before they start experimenting with an actor’s face. Such comicalized make-ups take many hours to apply, and are pretty tough to get off.

But the art is progressing every day. In the course of his necessity, Mr. Dawn has evolved a substance which has been called revolutionary in make-up circles.

A thickness of changing the entire facial contour and yet show delicate expressions of muscle and skin beneath it. Resembling flesh, the stuff may be colored and is porous, non-injurious. Thus entire bone-structures may be built up without losing the primary shade of meaning that may cross an actor’s face.

The biggest worry to Dawn and his fellows is whether a make-up will impair the wearer’s speech. The slightest stiffness or unnatural feeling even on a star’s forehead causes a note of untruthfulness to creep into his voice. And it is for this reason that there is no longer plausible help in horror-dissuiges.

Still, there are plenty of alternatives. Teeth may be painted out with dark cement, pigmented cotton makes just as good scars as collodion did, and web-net toupees are lighter and more credible. Especially when the actor can use powder to dust on hair and special shadows to be smoothed over double chins. And the public still loves to be fooled.

Do you remember the blind beggar in Garbo’s “Mata Hari”? The script called for a sightless woman who should look as if Edith M-G-M couldn’t find a single person in California who had one. So it was a problem for make-up.

The only possible method was quite dangerous, so a member of the department tried it on himself. With a drop of two per cent cocaine he deadened his eyelid and then over it he spread a piece of skin from the inside of an egg-shell. The eyelid was left to slide freely up and down, the pupil was dead-white and stared satisfactorily—in fact the whole effect was so good that many theater-goers strolled up to him later that night from dreaming of it, they tell me.

I can’t resist another shot at the statistics; this department uses 1,000 cans of powder, 3,000 pounds of grease-paint, 500 pounds of false hair, 20 gallons of spirit gum, and 50 boxes of assorted waxes and plastics every year. And, like the wardrobe section, it can deal with 1,000 extras in one hour.

IN the business of making a modern talkie, then, we have got the script ready, the players chosen, and everyone clothed and made-up and ready for the studio. But it’s also necessary to have scenes to walk across and beds to be photographed in and doors to open and exit through. Therefore “in our next” you will follow sets from start to finish. You will talk with Cedric Gibbons, set designer; with Elmer B. Davis, the grip. And, in two numbers, you will hear from Edith M-G-M’s Willis, who directs the furnishing and with Jack Moore who decorates for Joan Crawford. These people have been slaving methodically ever since the script was originally chosen, so that by the time wardrobe and make-up are complete the sets are ready too.

And someone can yell, “Camera!”
The Real Truth About John Gilbert's Death

[Continued from page 36]

one long afternoon, in a New York hotel, where he was reading plays with the idea that since he was finished in pictures he might go on the stage. And he had just made what he didn't know was the fatal mistake of turning down "Men in White."

But I can only tell you that it was because if they married, he said, she wanted to retire from the screen, give up her career, buy a big ranch way away from everything, and have many children. And Jack still wanted the glamorous Garbo, and he didn't want to retire from a world which he loved so very much, nor from the life and work that fascinated him so deeply.

"If I had known," he said, and stared out at the gray afternoon.

If he had known what it was like to lose her, perhaps no price would have been too high. But, you see, he didn't really believe that he would lose her. He thought that in the end she would come his way. She told him, when they parted forever, on the night of her birthday, "You are being a very very foolish boy, Yackly," she said. "You quarrel with me for nothing. I must do my way—as I see. But we need not part."

He left her, sitting in her car. Without kissing her good-bye. He thought she would come back. But she didn't. And he was too proud and then—it was somehow too late. That is the way things happen sometimes.

The tragedy of Jack Gilbert is a Hollywood tragedy.

Things moved so fast. They grew so big. They came at him from all sides. And the boy never had any balance. People who give you and me what Jack Gilbert gave us don't always have balance; they aren't steady and sane and systematic. I think Hollywood never knew anyone who had so much and so little as Jack, who had so many glorious chances and so many bad breaks.

For it was just when he had lost Greta that his work, which he loved with a burning sort of passion, folded up on him, too. The talkies came and Jack got caught in them while they were incomplete.

"I was the first man ever to say I love you out loud on the screen," he said moodily one night. "It ruined me. They laughed. It was something new. And the so and so and so and so machine squeaked and my voice jumped around like a so and so tenor—and you know you can't survive anything but ridicule."

He fought to come back and somehow I always thought he would. We wanted him, didn't we? The boy of "the Big Parade." The dashing lover of "Flesh and the Devil." Of course we wanted him. But—things went all crosswise and Jack was partly to blame. He behaved like a temperamental idiot part of the time. Couldn't be handled. Got his feelings hurt. Fought and insulted the bosses—and all because he was so bitter, deeply hurt inside himself. The very thrilling emotion of him, that made him what he was on the screen, defeated him because—in the end, he was just too much trouble. And when his chances came, he'd let himself go too far nervously to take them.
Lovely hands

DEMAND A POLISH
THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL

GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS
WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER

What are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more. Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.

GLAZO

Just 20 CENTS

GLAZO

... The Smart Manicure

Funky. I can't believe he won't come back. I always thought he would. The waste of it! He had so much. But genius and that wonderful emotional charm—they don't amount to much if you can't harness them and drive them, and somewhere—after he lost Garbo—Jack lost control of the gifts God had given him.

You see, Jack had one great curse. He knew it, because we had talked about it, often. 'Tried to thresh it out,' he says. He was desperately afraid of injustice—he expected it—he was always on the lookout for it.

And that, he told me, was because he thought his mother had been unjust to him when he was a little boy.

I don't know anything about Jack's mother. I do know, that as sometimes happens, Jack loved her—and bitterly resented things that she had done to him. He carried into manhood a strange mark from his little-boy days. He never quite trusted love nor life. He was always afraid of what it might do to him. When I first knew him—I think I was about eighteen—he was all fire and defiance outside, and all sensitive shyness inside. We were kids, twenty years ago, working on the old lace lot, and he used to come in America, and pretend to be abroad with ambition, trembling with desire for life—and more life—but way as a young colt. And through twenty years of friendship, I watched him grow and triumph and fall—and always I saw underneath it all that sensitiveness, that so-easily-hurt quality of him, that all his laughter—and he loved to laugh—all his acting and belligerence—he loved to fight, too—could never hide. Poor darling—he never quite grew up. And he never found in the women he loved, the mother he was always seeking and injustice, somehow or another, pursued him, as though the thing he greatly feared had come upon him.

He had love. He had friendship, too. Once upon a time he was one of Hollywood's Three Musketeers. They were all young and handsome and they had decided that we had gummed up a man's life and that they would not be bothered with women anymore. They lived upon a hilltop, or upon three hilltops, but in those days they were always together. One for all and all for one. That was the age-old motto of Ronny Colman and Dick Barthelmess and Jack Gilvert. They were in this, and they were pleased with themselves. They gathered about them such wits and kindred spirits as Lawrence Stallings (who wrote "The Big Parade") and Donald Ogden Stewart. And they had a devil of a time, doing a bit of masculine drinking, playing tennis and talking. How Jack loved to talk. And how they loved each other, those three. As Athos, Porthos and Aramis did once upon a time.

That was a happy time.

But unfortunately they were wrong about being able to do without women. I think it was just about then that Jack met Ina Claire—and that was a great tragedy. I think, in many ways, that was the greatest tragedy, the worst break, of Jack's career. For he had met another kind of a woman, a woman with more of the maternal in her—maybe not. Maybe it wouldn't have mattered.

Ina Claire, in my opinion, is the best actress on the American stage. She is also, with the exception of Dorothy Parker, the most brilliant woman conversationalist I have ever heard. She is also a most fascinating person and a charming companion.

Perhaps it wasn't her fault, perhaps it was just the way the cards were stacked. But, you see, it was to this Jack was trying to fight his way back in the talkies Trying to learn a new medium of expression. I remember just before they were married going on the set with him one day when he was making that terrible failure "Resurrection." And he was as nervous and as unsure of himself as a man could well be. He had his chin out a yard, he had his left up, he was fighting to keep his self-confidence, or to get it back, to find some support for the natural self-assurance and pride a man must have if he is to succeed at all. He was afraid of his lines, afraid his voice would break—it was pretty ghastly.

And Ina Claire—well, you see, Ina probably knows more about speaking lines, more about how to get shades of feeling and emotion into the voice, more about the very medium Jack was trying to master than any other woman in America. The first time Jack told me about her, and that he was in love with her, was at a luncheon in Frances Marion's hilltop home. And he called her "the most charming adult human being I ever met."

But Ina came of the New York school. She was glittering, she was brilliant. But she didn't know how to get over to Jack what she knew without reducing him to pulp. Without forcing him to defend his masculine pride. I saw it happen with my own eyes when I was with them. Everyone saw it. Trying her best, she just didn't understand about the little boy in Jack that needed to be babied and comforted and told how good he was. She was—too adult, perhaps. It robbed Jack of his last remnants of belief in himself—and he never got it back. Without it, he didn't have a damn, and that's the truth.

Virginia Bruce, his last wife, was a lovely girl, and she understood. A lot of it she understood. But it was too late, and she was too young. He told me once that he had a fondness for Virginia and an affection for her such as he had never had for any woman. But that was all. It depended on his heart, and absorbed almost at once in motherhood—what could she do against the deep, dark depression of Jack's soul, the loneliness for his great love that grew upon him, his bitterness against life, his self-indulgence that weakened him and drove him half-mad, his idleness that lay upon him like a medieval torture?

It was too late—and she knew it, soon. He sought peace and contentment and thought he had found it in her fair, serene loveliness, her young devotion. But the furies of the past wouldn't let him go.

It was too late when M-G-M gave him that last chance to make a picture. There wasn't strength behind that broken heart, that mortally wounded pride, to drive through. There

"The hundreds of thousands who are storming theaters to see him in 'CAPTAIN BLOOD' sense that here at last is the McCoy—a gent things could happen to as they did to Peter Blood" so says Kitley Baskette—and then tells the adventurous history of this new star in "ERROL FLYNN'S ROMANTIC ROAD TO HOLLYWOOD." April Photoplay, on sale March 10th. Don't fail to read it!
 wasn't enough fire left in the fading fires of his love of life to blaze again. The engine was worn out.

His first marriage to Olivia Burwell had been a kid marriage. "Didn't mean anything," he said.

He had been happy with Leatrice Joy. Terribly happy. But he was young and wild with success as it came and—do you remember that Leatrice separated from him just before the baby was born and wouldn't let him see his daughter? That, I said then and I still say, was hitting below the belt—and I think in time Leatrice came to know it. It marked him again, with that sense of injustice.

Jack was the godfather of my youngest son, who is now seven. I was sitting on the beach at Malibu, watching Dicky swim one day when Jack came striding along, followed by his dogs. He sat down on the sands and we watched together, while the two-year-old battled the waves.

"I don't know that I'll ever be any good to him as a godfather," Jack said. "But, darling, don't let him be hurt while he's little. Don't ever let him think he isn't loved. Don't ever let him know what it is to be without somebody's arms to go into when things seem strange. Let him always be sure of you—and your love. Discipline isn't so important. Teaching 'em things isn't. But letting them be sure—sure—that you love them and will always be there and stand by, that's the important thing. Will you remember that?"

Yes, Jack, I'll always remember that.

And, my dear, I'll always remember the day you comforted me, when the best friend I had in the world had—gone where you've gone now. I'll always remember that you said, "You've lost her, but you can't ever ever lose what she meant to you. The glory of that isn't ever going to die out of your life. You had it, and nothing can take it away from you."

And I'll remember you once, a long time ago, when we were kids and I was sick and you came to the hospital and threw your week's salary envelope on the bed, in case I needed it, and in those days nobody had eating dough beyond that week's salary.

And we'll all remember you—not as the great lover, not as the great screen star, not as the man who was hammered down by life, not even as the man who loved Garbo and whom she loved—but as the boy of "The Big Parade." The symbol of every doughboy that ever went to France and wore a tin hat.

Maybe you'll find little Renee Adoree, somewhere, in that place where you have gone, and you can sit together once more under the trees, as you did in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, and smile at each other.

And maybe faintly you'll hear the taps we're sounding in our hearts for you—"bon voyage, Jacky. We're going to miss you desperately!"
Runaway

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

“They’re just a word,” said Jane. “I’ll read you that story now.”

Corinne put her arms around Jane’s neck and whispered in her ear. “Could we sit on the floor?”

“Why?” said Jane.

“We could pretend it’s a picnic,” Corinne said. She clasped her two small hands behind Jane’s neck and tagged, “Please, please, she said, in an agony of desire. “Mother promised me a picnic on my birthday!”

“We’ll sit on the floor,” Jane said, in a sort of strained tone.

At one o’clock Bob arrived. Bob, Corinne had been told, was to be her father. He was not in pictures. He lived there in Los Angeles and had a great deal of money. Corinne watched him running up the steps. He came in, threw his hat on the table in the hall, looked into the drawing room.

“Hello, Muggins,” he said. Corinne said, “Lo. It’s my birthday.”

I KNOW. I brought you something,” Bob took a small package out of his pocket and gave it to her. “Is your mother here?”

“Mother’s resting in her room,” she said. She stood there trying to rip the parcel open before he left the room so that they could exclaim over it together, but he was gone, running lightly up the stairs whistling to himself. She sat down and opened the parcel alone. It contained a small, shiny knot of flowers in all colors. Corinne balanced it on her hand and allowed it to dry hard. She’d been hoping that Bob would remember what she wanted, but he hadn’t. She distinctly remembered telling them all what she wanted one night at dinner. It was a set of jackstones. She’d seen somebody playing with jackstones on the set and they’d let her play and she had become quite proficient at it.

Presently her mother and Bob came downstairs together. Corinne went slowly out to them carrying the little knot of flowers in her hand. She opened the hand, smiled at Bob and said, “Thank you very much. It’s awfully pretty.”

Her mother’s breath drew in sharply. She took the shining thing from Corinne’s hand and said, “Bob, it’s too divine! You shouldn’t have, really. It’s too much!”

“She can wear it at her next party,” Bob said. He picked up his hat and looked out of doors where the car was waiting.

Alyce leaned over and said, “How do you thank Bob for the beautiful presents he gives you?”

Corinne’s two chubby arms raised themselves vertically and almost without volition. Bob leaned down and she planted a kiss on his cheek.

Alyce pulled on one glove. “Now run along, dear, and give it to Miss Carroll. Tell her mother said it should be put in the wall safe. Will you remember that?”

“Yes, mother,” Corinne swung on one heel.

“Alyce, half way out of the door, turned.

“Yes! What is it, Corinne? Mother’s in a hurry.”

“Mother, could we go on a picnic Sunday?” This much was left. There’d been no picnic today, and no jackstones, but maybe, if she could look forward to Sunday . . .

“We’ll talk about it,” Alyce said. She was gone, holding Bob’s arm and laughing up into his face. Corinne pressed her nose against the glass pane as they drove away. Her mother was certainly a pretty mother. Nobody she knew had such a pretty mother.

She went in search of Jane. Jane was at mother’s desk, bending over a list of figures. She smiled as Corinne came into the room and held out one hand as though she was welcoming her, but without speaking. Corinne stood beside her, her head on Jane’s shoulder and Jane’s arm around her waist, until the column had been added.

Then Jane put down her pencil and said “Time for your bath, do you now know that?”

Corinne had forgotten about the little knot of flowers in her jumper pocket. She leaned, thoughtful against Jane’s shoulder. “Mother said maybe we could go on a picnic Sunday,” she said.

“Just what’s nice,” said Jane. “It’ll be fun, won’t it?”

Corinne murmured, without looking at Jane, “If she doesn’t forget.”

Jane put her in bed, pulled down the shades and left her. Corinne tossed and turned. She wasn’t sleepy, not the least bit. When you weren’t sleepy, naps were terrible. There wasn’t anything to do and the room was dark with the shades down. She crept out of bed softly and went to the window, pulled back the shade and peered out into the bright California sunlight. She could see the street from where she crouched. She stared at it intently. A small boy with a rent in his trouser leg straddled importantly three squares of concrete and then back, bouncing a ball. His hair was not combed. Excitement, a steady stream beyond her control rose in Corinne’s breast. Perhaps he had jackstones to go with that ball. She regarded him for a long moment, then pulled up the shade and signalled frantically at him. He didn’t see her. She had some wild idea of getting him up there into the nursery. But he strutted and bounced, strutted and bounced, intent on his own selfish pursuit of amusement. The horrible fear possessed her that he would go away with the ball and jackstones (she now had the deep and firm conviction that the jackstones were concealed in his grubby pocket) before he could see her signals. Her one thought was to get to him and to get her hands on the jackstones. She’d trade something for them, something of her own.

She dressed with panic in her heart. If he only wouldn’t go, if he only wouldn’t go! She went down the back stairway on her tip-toes, raced across the wide lawn and crawled through the hedge. She crouched there for a moment, getting her breath. Her hand in her jumper pocket, was sweaty and hot from holding the present Bob had given her. It had been in the pocket when she dressed, was the easiest thing to carry and she hadn’t time to trade it for the jackstones if he’d take it. She’d made up the fiction already that it had been lost. It was an easy thing to lose. It was a lie and she knew that was wrong, but if she just said, “It’s gone,” that would be true, and when they asked her where, and she said, “Lost,” it wouldn’t be untruthful to say she didn’t know. Because once the strutter and bouncer had it she couldn’t very well know where he’d put it. Her only fear now was that he wouldn’t
take it in exchange for those pronged pieces of metal which were her heart's desire.

She walked in the shadow of somebody's hedge— a very tall hedge— just opposite him and waited for him to look up.

It seemed an hour before he saw her, standing there with her hands behind her back staring at him. He strutted more pompously and bounced the ball higher. She hissed, softly, at first, and then with more volume. Presently her hissing sounded like steam escaping from a tea kettle about to burst and her face was red, her heart pounding from the effort of making so much soft noise. He looked up and seemed fascinated by the expression on her face. She beckoned, four fingers held tight together, pulling them in urgently toward her chubby little neck.

He strutted and bounced his way across the street ready to pretend that he hadn't been coming toward her at all if she made the wrong move. Corinne, in an agony of embarrassment, said, "Hello."

Then she held out her sweaty hand and opened it. "Look what I have."

He regarded the bauble with very little interest and that wavering. He said, "I can bounce this ball higher than you can because you're a girl and I'm seven years old."

Corinne said, "It's pretty. Don't you think it's pretty?" She danced from one foot to the other and her hand and the bauble pled for her. He surveyed it again. "Beads," he said, briefly and scornfully.

Corinne blurted, "Have you... have you got a set of jackstones?"

"Umm hmm," the boy said. He was on the point of leaving, turning around and around, for distances beckoning.

Corinne said, agony-breathless, "I'll trade you this for them."

"I don't want it," he said.

"Could I see them? Could I play with the jackstones?"

"They're home," he said, and bounced his ball out into the gutter from where he retrieved it and continued to walk, one foot in the gutter and one out, making himself exaggeratedly lame and bouncing, bouncing, bouncing.

"Where do you live?"

Now the passion to play was upon her. There was no turning back in her perfidy. No penalty too great, she was consumed by a fire kindled by jackstones and fed by her imaginings of the slick, pronged little pieces of metal clicking one, two, three, and then scooping them all in a satisfying bunch into her small hand and feeling the hot triumph of accomplishment.

"Down here," he said vaguely, waving his hand.

She paddled along beside him, her heart failing her a little when she saw that it was a great distance, and that the streets they were now traveling were narrow and dirty. He lagged, his interest caught by a thousand things. A cat, which he pursued into an alleyway and made faces at, and then, having captured it, dirty and wriggling, held it gently and stroked it and let her stroke it. A piece of chalk, abandoned by hop-scotch players, with which he laboriously drew a hideous figure and told her when he had finished that it was her picture. She dared not hurry him in these masculine diversions fearing that if she did he would run away from her, run home to his jackstones and play without her.

After a long time he led the way into a dirty little shack made of tar-paper, threw the ball into a corner. Corinne stood and looked around. "Is this where you live?"

---

**COMING SOON TO YOUR HOME**

**THE NuBONE Charm Specialist**

Open your door to new freedom from figure faults and discomforts. Greet your neighborhood NuBone corsetière. She is a skilled figure stylist who brings you the result of her company's twenty-seven years of specialization in molding the feminine figure to natural, healthful charm and grace. She will gladly give you a free individual figure analysis right in your home and will help you to achieve style personality with the comfort obtainable only with the exclusive NuBone woven wire stay. Grant her the courtesy of an interview when she calls at your home. You will profit by her experience and skill.

An excellent opportunity is offered capable and ambitious women. Write for details.

**The NuBone COMPANIES**

The NuBone Corset Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada

---

Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping
He nodded, then went to the corner of the shack.

"Where's your mother? Is she out with your father?"

"Haven't got a mother," the boy said. He was rummaging in an old box filled with nails and bits of string.

"Where's your father? I haven't got a father," Corinne said, "but I'm going to have one. His name is Bob."

"My father works nights," the boy said. A glimmer of interest came in her new father's name. "My name is Bobby," he said.

"Mine is Corinne. Corinne Bolton. I'm a box-office sensation."

He said, "What's a box-office?" and produced the jackstones from a litter of string and bolts.

"A motion picture box-office," Corinne said, grasping for them greedily.

"I saw a moving picture once," said Bobby.

"There was a man and a horse. The man got shot."

"I never got shot," said Corinne.

The sun sank lower and the Los Angeles police department was in what might aptly be termed by the unsympathetic as a state.

ALYCE Bolton, at the home of a friend, was having a proper set of hysterics lying on a chaise longue. Newspaper offices were in pandemonium. Bob Dexter was using a telephone beside the chaise longue with the desperation of a man who is trying to do five things at once without any of the necessary utensils. Between telephone calls he would assure Alyce that it was going to be all right and Alyce would burst into another long wail of terror and bury her face in lace pillows.

Jane Carroll was trying to figure it out but she wasn't getting anywhere. The bedroom was in perfect order. No huge foot had marked the windowsill or tracked dust in through the door. When the police examined the kidnap room and photographers took pictures of it, they came to the conclusion that the villain had treated the child very gently until he got her off the premises. And then ... what?

In the space of two hours a nation would be thinking ... and then what?

While officers and detectives milled about the city, while barriers were thrown across all roads leading from the city, Corinne, squatting Indian fashion, hot and dusty, her hair disarrayed, was taking a beating in jackstones. She had lost track of time. Until Bobby threw down the ball and jackstones and said, "I'm hungry," Corinne did not know that it was dusk.

She said, "I have to go home." Panic crept up and clutched her. "I have to go home," she cried, and rose, a criminal in her own eyes, a bad girl who had sneaked out of her nap and now everybody would know it.

Bobby said, "All right."

She twisted her small hands together and stood there staring at him. "Where ... how do I go home? I don't know the way."

"Don't you know where you live?" said Bobby.

Dumbly, she shook her head. "It's a awful long way. You brought me. You know."

"I forget," said Bobby. "Will your father be mad?"

Corinne whimpered. "I haven't got any father. I just have a mother."

Her face broke and she began to cry. With a strange, awkward and embarrassed tenderness, he put his arm around her. "I'll be all right," he said. "My father comes home at four o'clock in the morning. He works nights. We'll tell him you're lost and we'll find your mother all right. My father can do anything."

Corinne nestled against him, comforted for the moment.

He said again, "I'm hungry," and led the way out of the shack. She followed at his heels, afraid to lose sight of him. He was the one solid thing in a very unsolid world.

He turned in at another shack a few steps down the block. A woman in a shapeless dress answered his knock and said, "Oh, you've finally come. You needn't think I'm going to run down and tell you when your supper's ready. Your father doesn't pay me for that. You can come when it's hot or you'll get it cold. Who's this?"

"It's a girl," Bobby said, somewhat unnecessarily. "She acts in moving pictures but she never gets shot, bang, bang! She can have half of my supper."

The woman surveyed Corinne's grimy face. "Somebody's told her she looks like Corinne Bolton."

They sat at a crude board table and ate a bowl of lukewarm stew. The woman went out of the room. She didn't come back. When she finally got to Bobby's house. Curled tight together under a blanket on the bed, they talked in whispers.

Bobby said, "Tell me about mothers. What is your mother like?"

"She's pretty," Corinne said.

"Is she a mother?"

"Yes, a mouth," Bobby said, "she'd be here now, wouldn't she? And the house would be warm."

"She might not," Corinne said. "Mothers are very busy. But Jane would be here."

Bobby was silent for a long time. Then he said, "My mother loved me so much she died for me. I guess mother loves you a good lot."

"What's she?" Corinne said.

"It's not alive. You don't breathe any more."

"Why didn't she breathe any more?"

"Silly, it was because she died," said Bobby.

"Men," Bobby said. "They put you in a hole and put chains on you and don't feed you. I heard about it."

"I'm going to have a kidnap," Corinne said proudly. "They write to my mother and say I am."

"I'll come and get you," said Bobby, and then he went to sleep.

The shadows in the room were menacing. It got colder and colder. She snuggled closer to Bobby and shut her eyes, tight. Suddenly, with a yell of terror, she sat up. Her screams resounded in the room and she clutched the blanket and Bobby and her own little arms. "I want Jane! I want Jane! I want Jane! I want to go home!"

Bobby, shocked in the silent suffering of childhood, tried to reason with her but her screams mounted and reached a crescendo. She tumbled out of bed and stamped her foot and said, "You take me home."

"I don't know where you live. Anyway, my old man'd be mad if I went out this late. Boys that go out this late are bums. He said so."
Homeliness, at Corinne's age, is a dread disease. Home is a magnet that draws small hearts through the fire of fear, discomfort and hardship. "I'm going home," said Corinne.

"You won't find it," Bobby said fatally.

Corinne dug in her jumper pocket and produced the shiny knot of flowers again. "You take it," she said. "I want you to have it."

He took it and put it in his pocket. Corinne waited. He didn't say anything, so she said, "Now you have to give me something."

"What?" Bobby said.

"The jackstones and the ball," said Corinne promptly. She held her breath. She couldn't, couldn't go without them. Would he give them to her? He was delivering them into her hands. She divided the jackstones and put them in her pockets, kept the ball in her hand. Then she closed her eyes and plunged out into the dark street and ran in the direction she thought home was. She was partially right. Presently she had to stop running because she was out of breath. She trudged the dark streets hopefully, looking for a familiar landmark. She turned and twisted through dirty streets. When she heard anybody coming she hid in a doorway.

At midnight an officer found her crying in a doorway and picked her up. Corinne stiffened and cried the louder in terror. He'd put her in a hole and put chains on her and not feed her. And she was too cold to sit in a hole and she was hungry. She twisted and yelled, "Kidnap, kidnap, I've got a kidnap! I don't want a kidnaper!" He carried her, yelling, to the nearest station.

Setting her down, he said to the desk sergeant, "Another lost one."

The sergeant took one look at the dirty face. He'd seen it many times on the screen. He bounded off his seat, caught her up in his arms and said, "Another lost one, hell! You've got the Bolton kid!" and called people, shouting until he was hoarse that she was found.

She was sleeping peacefully in the sergeant's arms when they came to get her. Kidnapping wasn't so bad. They held you and fed you hot milk and soothed you to sleep.

Her face had been washed and she was the million dollar cherub again when Alyce and Bob and Jane burst into the station. She roused long enough to say triumphantly to three haggard faces, "I've had a kidnap."

They took her home and put her to bed and then the man-hunt started.

The following day they questioned her. She was seated on the nursery floor playing jacks. She scooped the jacks up now with a practiced hand. They questioned her carefully, because the poor child had had a harrowing experience and they didn't want it to make too much of an impression.

"What was the man like, Corinne?" they asked.

"O-oh, big," Corinne said.

"Did you go away in an automobile?"

Corinne shook her head.

"How did you go?"

"Walked," said Corinne.

They stared at each other in amazement at the sheer nerve of the man. Corinne said vaguely, "I had a kidnap. They put you in a hole and put chains on you and don't feed you."

Alyce moaned and collapsed against the nursery wall. Bob said, "Did you go far, dear?"

Corinne waved them into great distances.

"Oh, far away," she said.

"Where there were no houses?"
Proven to reduce and slimmer hips, thighs and diaphragm

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH, 1936

A "lot of houses," said Corinne cheerfully. "They kept her here in Los Angeles," Bob said. "That's a start."
The police began looking for holes with chains in them.
"No," Corinne said firmly. "Bobby."
The police started looking for a man named Bobby. A big man, who lived in, or frequented a house where there was a hole.
They had discovered the loss of the birthday gift. Corinne was determinedly blank about that. They had a description of it in every pawn-shop in the city. But it didn't turn up at a pawn-shop. It turned up at a police-station in one of the poorer sections of town. A man walked in with it, put it on the desk and said, "I found my boy playing with this. He said someone gave it to him but I think it must have been lost. I used to be a diamond cutter in Antwerp, and I know diamonds when I see them. If there's a reward ..."

THEY clapped him in jail and tried to make him admit that he'd returned it out of fright. They also sent out an announcement to the effect that through tireless work and vigil the police had captured a suspect and his confession was only a matter of hours. But the suspect was stubborn and refused to admit anything but that he was a night-watchman and they were all crazy. He also raised hell because he had a small son who couldn't be alone indefinitely. One of the officers connected with that station went to find the son.
The officer found Bobby cold and incautiously resentful of a job that kept his father away from home for such a long period of time. He took him home. He had two kids of his own. On the fourth day after the kidnapping, Alyce went gently before her daughter. Alyce was wearing a delicate, shell-pink negligee. She had been prospered for the press, the police department and Bob for three days, having collapsed after a brave effort to hold up in the face of the mental agony she had undergone.
Interviewers had seen her pale and wan, but smiling, amid lace pillows and satin. Tears came to her eyes effortlessly when she spoke of her dear baby and how thankful she was that it had been worse.

"That baby, when interviewed, was found to be the nursery playing jacks, happy, healthy and more than willing to parrot, "I had a kid-

nap. They put chains on you and put you in a hole and don't feed you." Alyce knelt and said, "Darling, we're going to see a man today. You'll tell us if it's Bobby, won't you?"

Corinne said ecstatically, "I want to see Bobby."

At the station, Alyce, Bob and Jane grouped around her protectively. The brute might hunger at her when she identified him! The erstwhile diamond-cutter—night-watchman emerged from his cell, stared at the group of people who were staring at him and then at the officer in charge. Softly, Bob prompted the little girl in the center of the group. "Corinne, is this Bobby?"

Corinne said, "No." She looked around her with interest in everything except the accused.

"Think hard, now. Haven't you seen this man before?"

"Mommy's hair man," Corinne said hopefully.

There was a long silence. Alyce's hairdresser definitely did not resemble this desperado. Alyce said, "Did this man put you in ...?" she winced, but recovered bravely and went on. "Did this man put you in the house and put chains on you?"

"Kidnap," said Corinne, still hopefully.

"Yes, dear," said Alyce, "kidnap."

The door opened and an officer came into the room quietly.

He took his place on the other side of the room, his hat in his hand. Corinne greeted him with a joyous yelp and lifted her arms.

"Kidnap! Kidnap!"

It was Jane who lifted her clear off the floor, looked straight in the eye and said, "Did somebody put you in a hole and put chains on you?"

Corinne grinned a friendly greeting at the officer, who had recovered from his momentary shock of being called a kidnaper and was grinning back. Corinne said, pointing, "That man gave me a drink of milk."

The diamond-cutter-night-watchman said to the officer in charge, "Pardon me ... but my little boy talked about a little girl ... the one that gave him the diamond pin. I've been trying to tell you ..."

"Jane said, "What's your little boy's name?"

"Bobby."

Alyce sunk into Bob's arms with a low moan. Jane put Corinne down and said, "I think there's been some mistake. Perhaps, tomorrow the gentleman could come to Mrs. Bolton's house and bring his son?"

It seemed only justice, the following day, that Bobby's father should be taken on as second gardener and extra chauffeur. Bobby, without effort, in the nursery, trimmed Corinne at the most exciting game of jackstones they'd had to date.

Jane paused in the doorway for a moment, unseen.

Corinne, her tongue between her teeth, grabbed the jackstones in sets of three. She was chattering, at the same time, "And we'll always live together. And Sundays we'll go on picnics and you ..." here she missed her last three words, "you can be my doll's father. You have to bring them presents. Fathers always bring presents."

Jane went away again. There was a good-sized lump in her throat. It came from seeing a light on Corinne's face that nothing, not even a million-dollar trust fund, had ever put there before.

BEAUTIFUL NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS of Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard—Next Month, in Photoplay. Joan Crawford will be on the cover and Carole Lombard will appear on the exquisite fashion color page which leads Miss Kathleen Howard's brilliant fashion section each month. You will want to save these portraits, frame them perhaps, and you will find them reproduced in such a way that they are perfect for scrap book or wall decoration. Watch for these exclusive, true-to-life natural color photos in the April Photoplay, on sale March 10th.
The Confidential Story of Bill Powell

"Yes, and that always takes a little financing. Not that she wasn’t worth it, very charming and wholesome. Beautiful, too, just the right size, and not more than seventeen. But fogged as I was by love, I could see that I was getting myself farther and farther from New York. That’s when I began to think fondly of my Aunt Lizzie.

"There was no use asking my father for the money to learn how to be an actor. I might just as well have asked him to finance me into a career of lion-taming. He would simply have looked at me and wondered what kind of creature he had been rearing these eighteen or nineteen years. So, as I sat at my desk at the telephone company, slyly eating my lunch out of the top drawer, I’d have the whole noon hour for a ten cent movie, I began to draft a letter to my aunt.

My great-aunt she was, and pretty well-to-do, but she had had sundry unhappy experiences in loaning money to apparently deserving young men. It was clear that she would take considerable careful approaching if she were to be persuaded to help this one. I worked a couple of weeks on the letter, and finally got it down to twenty-three pages. Then, I sat back at my desk at the telephone office and waited, and waited, and waited. Finally, after about three weeks, the phone rang. It was Mother.

"Willie,’ she said, ‘there’s a letter here from Mr. Gordon, your Aunt Lizzie’s attorney.’

"‘Well,’ I gasped, ‘you might as well open it and read it to me.’

"Mr. Gordon, in choice mid-Victorian language, wished to inform me that my aunt had read my letter, had discussed it with him, and had decided to lend me seven hundred dollars. Mother cried a little, and I cried a little. Then, suddenly, it dawned on me that I didn’t need to work any longer in that telephone office.

"I didn’t even hesitate. I closed my desk, got my hat, walked up to the boss, and said: ‘I quit.’

"‘Leaving?’ he said, not at all excited.

"‘Yes.’

"‘Well, good luck to you,’ he said.

"‘I felt fairly sure from his tone that I was not doing the telephone company an irreparable injury in leaving it the way I was, so I started for New York with a light heart.’

"How about the girl?’

"‘Oh, we wrote regularly that first six months.’

At the dramatic school, he had had little trouble in passing the entrance examination. After listening to him in the quarrel scene from "Julius Caesar," his professor told him that his "values" were not bad, provided, of course, he could overcome his provincial manner of speech.

This observation of the professor struck terror in Bill Powell’s heart in those days; but it must amuse him now, since he not only invariably plays the man of the world in his pictures, but, because of his excellent diction, is often referred to as "one of those good English actors."

Bill’s budget during his six months at the

Women ask me why Kotex can’t chafe — can’t fail — can’t show

Mary Pauline Callender
Author of "Marjorie May’s Twelfth Birthday"

Can’t chafe
Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton — all chafing, all irritation is prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned — the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can’t fail
Because Kotex has a special “Equalizer” center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives “body” but not bulk — prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can’t show
Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility — no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

NOW 3 TYPES OF KOTEX AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

REGULAR For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.

JUNIOR Somewhat narrower — for some women and when less protection is needed.

SUPER Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

IN BLUE BOX IN GREEN BOX IN BROWN BOX
dramatic school included $2.50 a week for rent, $3.00 a week for food, and $7.00 for miscellaneous expenses. He kept his head down to $3.00 by eating at a Greek restaurant, where he could get dinner for twenty cents and breakfast, usually a rice pudding, for ten cents. This schedule left him $5.00 a month out of his aunt's $50.00 allowance—and the more of his judicious spending of that $5.00 constituted the chief excitement of the month.

The boy knew practically no one in New York, but he soon made friends at the school, among them were Joseph Schildkraut and Eddie Robinson. Then, too, his old friend Ralph Barton followed him almost immediately to the big city. So whenever he was ready to spend his five dollar note, he always had someone to help him do it. But let Bill tell about it:

"One night, in a place called 'The Elkhazard,' when we had parcelled out our last $2.00 to cover twelve drinks and a tip for the waiter, and were about to leave because we couldn't afford to stay any longer, two men and two girls at the next table asked us to sit down and have one more with them. We had no sooner joined the group than a girl employee came up and laid a small doll beside each girl's plate.

"'No, no!' I cried. 'Bring the ladies some big dolls.'"

"The next thing I knew I was in front of me a check which read '2 dolls, $2.00.' I thought, 'What can I do about this?' My friend, Blake, was leaving the table at this point, and was laughing at me. I was mortified. The other fellow at our table had a number of checks, so, very carefully, I shoved my check under his pile while no one was looking. Blake, in the meantime, came and glanced at the table quite as the other gentleman started to count his checks. I began to get very warm under the collar. Finally he came to the last one, for 2 dolls, $2.00. "This started the conversation. One of the girls was wise. She said: 'Oh, that is Mr. Powell's check.' At a certain point, I find myself incinerating for a while, she then said: 'That price is atrocious,' et cetera.

"I made a feckless protest, but she insisted, so the dolls were taken back. Such humiliation!

"At the time, I was more mortified than Mr. Durante ever thought of being, but later I began to think that on the whole I had cut rather a dashingly figure. At school we had a class which we called 'Life Study,' in which pupils related experiences they had had around the city, and if found suitable, the class re-enacted them in little sketches.

"I can remember the instructress saying to me: "Mr. Powell, from the nature of your stories, you apparently spend most of your time in a saloon!' I thought I was quite worldly, anyway, and I fancied myself by the glister of the world."

Everything has to come to an end—and the school term and Great Aunt Lizie's check ran out together. Powell then returned home to renew the romance with the little girl back home."

"I often wonder what she thought of me with my city ways," he mused. "I had tried so hard to get rid of my 'provincial' accent that aunt had become 'awnt,' and car, 'cach.' I didn't wear spats, but I did swing a yellow oilcloth umbrella and myself the city slicker. I stayed in Kansas City all summer, and then went back to New York to make that big money on which I was going to marry the girl."

Bill believed in shooting for the top, so he went first to the office of David Belasco, the playwright. Bill was a swell actor in his own right, heard the boy do his stuff, and offered him a part in "The Governor's Lady" at $18.00 a week in New York, $25.00 on the road. Bill had set $40.00 as his minimum, so he stalked haughtily out. After cooling his heels in several other offices, he was offered another job at the same low figure. He then discovered that these were standard rates for dramatic school graduates, and that the only way to get more was to go easy on the schoolboy stuff.

"A friend of Waldo Winter sent me over to Arch Selwyn's office for a part in Hale Hamilton's starring vehicle, 'The Ne'er Do Well.' I took my life in my hands—my hope of the hereafter, too, I suppose!—and posed as an experienced stock actor from the Middle West. I got the job at $40.00 per. But this time, like every other, was its moral.

"After weeks of rehearsal, for which I received no pay, we opened in Cleveland. This was the Fall of 1912. After the first performance, Mr. Selwyn sent the two-weeks' closing notice. My career and the closing notice had started at the same instant.

"'I was very sad, not only because of the money, which I could use, but because the part was what I then considered a honey. It was three parts, really. In the first act, I came on as a chauffeur, and spoke three lines; this role I played, 'I mounted a great red act, I was a purser on a ship, with moustache and goatee. In the final act, I was a Russian revolutionary in full beard. With each change, I added more hair.

"On the strength of swaggering around, and remarking casually that I had just closed out the week, I landed a vaudeville job. This lasted a week and a half. Then, another vaudeville job. A week. After each engagement, I went back to live with Ralph Barton—and after the last one, the week in vaudeville, Ralph and I went through the toughest period of our respective careers.'

Barton, whom all the world was later to know as the great satirical artist of his day, had left High School during his sophomore year, and had worked first for the advertising department of a local store, and then for the Kansas City Star. He was now in New York, full of ideas and hope, and as empty of commissions as his friend Powell was empty of jobs.

DURING this low period, the two boys lived in the old Lincoln Square Arcade Building at Broadway and 66th Street, then famous as the home of such widely different artists as Thomas Benton and Rolf Armstrong. The place was so old that on rainy days cockroaches used to come out of the walls. Bill and Ralph would sit out a rain with a bee-see gun, and all the hits, they would go around picking up the "bee-bees."

"We got down to hocking about everything we owned," Bill said, "until all we had left that was hockable was two razors, my old-fashioned long-bladed one and Ralph's new-safeguarded one. And the great question was 'Which should we hock first?' Finally it was mine that went, for, as Ralph pointed out, I could use his, whereas he might cut his throat trying to use mine.

"Among our possessions was a lead quarter. We both long debated the ethics of passing this doubtful piece of currency, but the time came when we needed food. Finally, we matched to see which would go out and try to pass the dud. I lost. So I went around to a
delicatessen store, where we traded when we had any money to spend, and bought some dried apricots and lemon wafers, also some candles, for the gas company had long since turned off the juice. The total purchases came to less than a quarter.

"Very carefully I laid down the piece of lead on a paper, so it wouldn't ring, and as the delicatessen man started to pick it up to make change, I beat it through the front door. When I got home, I found on the mat an envelope marked 'Life Publishing Company' and addressed to Ralph. It contained a sizeable check for a newing. The first thing we did was to lay in a stock of real food at the delicatessen, and pay for it in real money. Then we gathered our friends around us and went out on our first party in months. When we came back, we had just eighty cents!

This was the first of many checks for Barton, who began selling his sketches regularly to Life, Puck and Judge. Almost immediately, too, Powell got his first real part, that of English Eddie Greggs, the stoop pigeon, in "Within the Law." After being cast for English Eddie, Bill dismissed forever the bugbear of his Middle Western "provincial" accent. "Within the Law" ran two years—and, both financially and professionally, young William Powell was now set. In the next ten years, he averaged playing forty weeks a year, which is good going in any man's acting country.

"And you married the girl from Kansas City?" I asked.

"I married, but not the girl from Kansas City. You see, the farther I went on the road in 'Within the Law,' the farther I seemed to get from the girl. It is only in poems that absence makes the heart grow fonder. It worked just the opposite way in our case, for she has long since married, and I married a girl named Eileen Wilson, whom I met in the 'Within the Law' company." "And you were happy, too?"

"We were for a while. She is the mother of my ten-year-old boy. We weren't really compatible, though, and after a trial separation of about five years, we were divorced."

"And the boy?"

"He goes to school over in Altadena, right outside Los Angeles." I wanted to ask Bill more about that first marriage. Why had they been incompatible, I wondered, this nice man and this girl who had been attractive enough to make him forget his first love, and had borne him a fine boy? Perhaps he knew something of what was going through my mind, for after a time he volunteered something which may account, in part, for the foundering of this early romance as well as the later one with lovely Carole Lombard.

"I never had the social instinct very highly developed. Even in my marriages, I imagine I seemed very remote. I somehow feel a tendency to isolate myself, although it is not an isolation for which I have any desire. I don't know just how to describe it."

"Loneliness?"

"No, loneliness. I have been alone a good deal in my life, and it has had its compensations, too. I have had ample opportunity to contemplate my situation, to know when I was stuck and wasn't getting anywhere, and to figure out something to do about it. For example, after we had played 'Within the Law' about seventy-five weeks in the tank towns, I realized that I really knew very little about acting, and that I wouldn't know anything.

---

OUTLINE

...for a Plan of Living

On the World's most beautiful Avenue, overlooking the Park, and convenient to the shops and theatres, the Sherry-Netherland presents the perfect plan for living in New York... by the day, week, month or longer.

Suites of 1 to 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry.

The Sherry-Netherland
Facing the Park
FIFTH AVENUE at 59TH
NEW YORK

OLD KING COLE
IS A MERRY OLD SOUL
NOW THAT HE EATS ROAST BEEF...
HE HAS HIS TUMS
IF HEARTBURN COMES...
THEY GIVE HIM QUICK RELIEF!

LEARN HOW TO EAT FAVORITE FOODS
Without Heartburn... Gas... Sour Stomach

MAKE the test that has switched millions to Tums. Munch 3 or 4 of them after eating a meal of your favorite foods or when too much smoking, hasty eating, rigid Law, etc. or some other cause has brought on acid indigestion, sour stomach, gas, belching or heartburn. See how food "taboos" vanish. You are not taking any harsh alkalies which physicians say may increase the tendency toward acid indigestion. Instead a wonderful antacid that dissolves only enough to correct stomach acid.

* * *

TUMS TASTE LIKE LEMON \* 10c
TUMS ARE ANTACID... HOTA LAXATIVE
FREE:
Beautiful 1936 Calendar-Thermometer, Also sample of Tums and Milk. First stamp for package and enclosure to A. H. Lewis Co., Dept. NAC5, St. Louis, Mo.
more until I buckled down to getting experience for experience’s sake. It was then that I tackled the stock companies.”

Powell’s experience in this field covered several years, and included most of the better known companies in the United States. He began in Pittsburgh, the old home town, with the Harry Davis Stock Company, and went from there to the Baker Stock Company in Portland, Oregon. With the latter company, he opened as a juvenile and closed as leading man. Then followed a twenty-week season with Jessie Bonnette’s players in Buffalo and Detroit, two engagements with the Municipal Stock Company of Northampton, Massachusetts, the only civic stock company in the United States, and a series of other stock engagements, which brought him back to Northampton in the autumn of 1917.

But the time came in Bill Powell’s “harming out” when he decided that he should get back to Broadway to play with really important actors, and learn how they used “the tools of their trade.” His first and greatest teacher was Leo Ditrichstein, with whom he appeared in “The Judge of Zalamea” and “The King.” Then followed a series of New York engagements, during which he declares he was never farther south than Thirty-ninth Street nor farther north than Thirty-fourth.

He was getting himself well established in the legitimate theater, when he decided to

---

Okay Francis!

[Continued from page 31]

look beneath the natural brows. The natural exaggerated curve of lip. The plain sweep of hair. Compare that face with any of the half dozen stars you know and you begin to get the idea.

She’s never acquired that smart “I’ll-rap-your-knuckles-with-my-authoritative-stand-
you-underling” that permeates the cluttered atmosphere of Hollywood. If, for one moment, Kay Francis thought she had hurt the feelings of anyone, there would be no stone left unturned, no rap too many to take, no deed too humble to perform to make amends. She has an almost unbecoming attitude of humility where her friends are concerned.

One day Perc Westmore factiously announced, in the midst of one of her pictures, that he thought he’d go away for a rest.

“What will I do?” Kay asked.

“Oh, you take Clay, my assistant,” Perc said, with a wave of his hand.

The next morning at seven, Perc arrived at the Francis dressing room, to find Clay already at work on Kay’s hair.


Perc turned and walked out. With Kay after him like a shot.

“Look, I didn’t mean it! I swear I didn’t! I was only being smart! Come back, please, I didn’t mean it!”

“Perc,” she’ll say, “If you’ve got to do both Mr. Muni and Mr. Robinson in the morning, suppose I come an hour earlier. I could be here at six.”

Show me the star who will not only admit but concede the supremacy of another actor and I’ll—well, I’ll show you Kay Francis.

I don’t know another one.

Up to Jack Warner’s office, and over to Hal Wallis’ and back to Warner’s she flew one day for the sole purpose of telling these bewildered gentlemen about a little girl who had a minor part in her picture.

“I tell you that girl has brains. Give her a chance. Give her better roles.”

So if one day, little June Travis grows up to be a famous movie star, she can well bow her head and humbly say, “Thank you, Kay Francis.”

What makes the woman like that, I wonder, so unusual a place so unreal? Why it’s almost embarrassing! Embarrassing to behold and embarrassing to write about. And almost uncanny. And, oh yes. Speaking of things uncanny, I have a story to tell you about Kay and an uncanny something you will hardly believe. But first.

If, perchance, she may be, this woman, your ideal, I’m going to jot down here a list of things, facts not fancies, that pop into my head about her and you can treasure them or cut them away and use them as you like.

She drinks more water than any man, woman or child in Hollywood.

She stares when she gets into an earnest conversation or the least bit put out about something.

She claims she is not well dressed on the screen but over-dressed.

She says she is beginning to believe that “best dressed woman off the screen” story. I doubt if she is.

Radio microphones paralyze her. She needs honey and tea laying back her voice and always manages to fall under or over something before her fright is over.

“Fruity” is a favorite adjective. “I spend ‘fruity,’” she says in speaking of clothes.

In next month’s PHOTOPLAY: the conclusion of William Powell’s fascinating life story. Don’t fail to read it!
She wears a little girl hair band off the screen.

She pretends she is superstitious, which is the only unreal thing about her I have been able to detect.

On her dressing room door over the number 47, or maybe it's 108, hangs a card numbered 66. She brought it from her Paramount dressing room, because she thinks twelve is right for her and six and six make twelve.

She won't begin anything on the tenth.

If she stubs her toe on her left foot, she immediately twirls around three times, regardless of where she is. This always makes a cozy and interesting spectacle.

She loathes soft-soapers. And knows the minute one begins

She never camouflages requests under "darling" and "honey." She says outright, "Will you do this for me?" (You do it!)

She radiates that feeling of companionship that is rare in a woman so lovely.

She never uses her womanly charms to take advantage. She'll argue man to man. (And loses!)

She makes people—reporters and cameramen—mad at her because she is human enough to make mistakes in judgment, and too honest to whitewash them.

She never plans one thing ahead. She's a fatalist of the deepest waters.

She'll blow up every once in a while, but can't stay mad long and won't tolerate sulks. She'd rather be boiled in oil than take still pictures. And loathes women who can't keep away from mirrors. Primp, fluff, puff, sipper. She loathes the powder brush part of her make-up. Westmore always begins some little interesting anecdote or story just before he begins to brush off the excess powder. He saves the punch of the story for the brush to keep her mind off it.

Carpenters, electricians, men on the set, go to her for advice. They or their wives want to know what Kay would do about this problem or that.

"Granny Francis with the crocheted tippet," some wag termed her.

Now, that story I spoke of. In my snooping around on the Francis trail, I kept bumping into the same strange tale about her. People spoke of it rather reluctantly for fear I'd misunderstand, I guess. Or they themselves would appear odd.

The stories all went to the effect that almost on a moment's notice, Kay Francis would suddenly appear a strange and unapproachable creature. One day she would be laughing and joking in her dressing room, with her feet tucked up under her like a kid, and the next day she would walk into the room—a stranger. A mysterious abed something about her that challenged the approach of anyone.

"She had become a glamorous unapproachable woman with all the sophistication of the world behind her," one lad told me.

"Well, you see Kay knows the Prince of Wales intimately," one little blonde confided. "Once in a while she's gotta act dignified."

This, of course, was too much. So I went to the man who knows her best.

"Ever hear of these odd metamorphoses of Kay's?" I asked, fully expecting to be hooted out of the place.

"Hear of them? Why, lady, I've lived through hundreds of them," he said, reducing me to a confused heap. "I can sense that mood the minute I see her, and I never speak when it's on her."

"Well, what is it? Glamour conscious? Or dignity?"

"You want to know what's wrong with Kay then? Well, you asked and I'll tell you. It's the pain of the world riding high in her heart. She's born a woman, poor devil, in whom the tramp, tramp, tramp of the pitiful humanity finds an answering echo and the pleas of the unfortunate find a sympathetic lodging."

"Glamour? Sophistication? It has nothing to do with it."

"Oh yes, I know that mood. I know the worry and heart-ache that's brought it on. I know its climax too. It always ends with an open check book and a whispered conference of—"How much will we need?"

"Fruitily," Tuck, tuck. what a word!"
How They Got the Quints in Pictures

[continued from page 23]

inspected and sterilized everything that went inside the hospital.

“Our special lights were tested on the doctor and received his complete approval. The lights were evolved by cameraman Dan Clark and give a soft, blue diffused glow absolutely harmless to the tender eyes of the babies.

“Shortly before eleven Marie awakened in her baby carriage and in a short time all five of them were ready to be taken out of their Eskimo suits and be readied for the premier screen debut.

“We all had our noses and throats sprayed by Dr. Dafoe and the nurses. Cover-all gowns of sterilized cloth were worn by everyone except Miss Peterson and Jean Hersholt.

“All hands were washed with special soap, gloves were worn and masks placed over the faces of cameramen and others necessary to operate camera and sound devices.

“The first sight of the Quints was in their unmentionables—diapers.

“The script called for Miss Peterson to dress the girls.

“SHE was probably the most nervous person in the world as she tried to hold the girls on the table and dress them at the same time. But she came through in fine shape and it was a great scene as the little sweethearts actually played their roles perfectly, even smiling and waving at the camera.

“It was then Hersholt’s turn to dress one of the girls.

“But skip that part, we will do his scene over again tomorrow. Maybe it was stage fright as we all had it badly. One would think it was our first experience before the cameras.

“The only real fat mishap of the day was when Hersholt was to look down at one of the babies in her crib.

“Hersholt walked over to the crib, jauntily, confident, the perfect actor that he always is . . .

“The camera was grinding and he was to look straight down at the baby. ‘He did that all right too . . .

“Then the script called for him to speak a few lines . . .

“Precious footage was running through the camera . . . but no lines came from Hersholt. I looked at him and at the baby.

“The little vamp had turned her 1,000 watt, big black eyes on him and he was speechless . . . petrified, I believe.

“And that, I think, is the first time Hersholt has ever ‘blown’ his lines.

“But anyone that looks at those kids has funny things to say and down their back. It was my most thrilling hour in many years of motion picture direction.

“Quite a long telegram from a director.

“But that is what the Quintuplets do to people.

“They are as nearly perfect as any human being ever to live.

“Sweet, gorgeous, full of personality, radiant.

“Henry King was not the first one to lose heart, soul, mind and feeling to the five precious kids . . . It’s a disease. The ‘Quintuplet Disease’ that enthralls everyone and anyone who has ever had the great privilege of being near them.

“The next morning I was back with the company again. And what a change!
thing is that they only make this sound while running, so on the sound stages you see little treadmills that they put the dogs on when recording is done indoors. The people of the Ozarks take great pride in these bonds, and shipped many of the best ones to M.G.M. for the picture.

The bound who plays the lead in "The Voice Of Bugle Ann" is a shoestring-eyed animal named Thea. She is a descendant of the real Bugle Ann, for there really was such a dog and this picture is based on an actual story. Sheriff Tom Basch, of Kansas City, owns Tillie and has already won prizes with her in a show at the Ambassador Hotel. When these dogs are not chasing live foxes, they have races in which a fox pent is tied to a horse and dragged around the track to pace them.

Tillie has grown very fond of Lionel Barrymore. "My own dog at home gets jealous when he is spoken to," he told me. "They smell her on my hands."

The people in this courtroom scene are obviously all for Barrymore's acquittal for they can understand, even condone, this killing. But the letter of the law is just that, so while the court clerk, out of camera range, reads the charges, Maureen O'Sullivan goes about curing her cold and crying.

From the picturesque drabness of this set, we went to watch Clark Gable and Myrna Loy perform in the midst of modern elegance. This picture is based on the Faith Baldwin story, "Wife vs Secretary." And Myrna Loy is the wife, which you might think would settle paragraphs that scrap right away. But it doesn't. Because Jean Harlow, who is definitely off the platinum standard, is the secretary. What a life for that poor Mr. Gable!

In this, he's a big shot publisher (I have some stories I'd like to sell him) who spends his nights with Myrna and his days with Jean. I don't think the picture will be a tragedy.

Gable is still very tanned from his South American trip. He's very enthusiastic about that land, and told me that he'd like to go back and take a crack at some of the game he could see in the mountains from his plane. He wouldn't name for publication the town down there he liked best, but he did admit that Santiago was a lot of fun.
This set, a New York apartment, is one of the smartest we have ever seen. In fact, Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M’s No. 1 man, liked it so much that he had the girl who designed it move over his beach house. The set is done in gentle pastels, and though the color will be lost on the screen, the beauty of its arrangement and fixtures will have a lot of housewives sighing with envy.

Clarence Brown, who last directed “Ah, Wilderness,” sets the camera on a little truck, pushed by men, and goes from room to room photographing the whole place. It is supposed to be early morning. First we see the butter awaken, then the chauffeur, then finally Gable and his sweetheart. Then Gable_keys his wife and goes to work and Miss Harlow. So we left for Universal.

Universal is supposed to be on the financial rocks, with rumors flying back and forth that the Laemmles, Pa and Jr., are out in the cold and the bankers in full control. But you’d never guess it from the two costly and important pictures in full swing. To get to Universal from M-G-M you drive through a canyon of the Hollywood foothills. They are still a little wild, with pepper trees and manzanita growing wild all about. And the first sound stage you enter you find the same wild growth in profusion. It’s just like being outside.

For here is the bacchanal of the Governor of California in the pre-gold rush days when the land was owned by Mexico. It is a handsome set, with a lot of dark and disconcerting dolls costumed for the big scene. James Cruze directs it. He’s the only spectator on the Hollywood set that looks like the publicized type. He wears boots, Russian riding breeches, carries a megaphone strapped about his neck and wears his cap backwards, cameraman style. He’s the old harum-scarum Hollywood brought to life. And it looks as though Mr. Cruze, best remembered for “Sutter’s Gold” is going to come through with another hit. “Sutter’s Gold” is the life story of the man on whose land gold was first discovered in California. Ironically, Sutter died not a rich man. Rotund Edward Arnold plays the title role. This is a thrilling scene to watch, being Sutter’s first step on the way to fame and misfortune. Out on the back lot, Universal is remaking that perennial favorite, “Show Boat.” Just like Old Man River, this nostalgic and tuneful romance of the Mississippi keeps rolling along. This new version has a grand cast with Irene Dunne, Merle Oberon, Helen Morgan, Charles Winninger and Helen Westley. The only thing we can’t understand is why the studio assigned James Whale, an Englishman, to direct this typically American offering.

For the actual showboat scenes, the studio has filled a huge ditch with water and built a complete river boat. A disillusionist at heart, we must tell you that the water is only a foot or so deep and that the boat is run on submerged wheels that glide along a track just as a train. The village, though, is surprisingly real. And all the kids, both boys and girls, are busy at work because the studio carpenters have built little rafts for them to play on.

One little child who doesn’t seem to play very much is Sybil Jason who is appearing with Al Jolson at Warners in “The Singing Kid.” She’s a composed, unsmiling child. In fact, Sybil’s the most serious person in the picture, which is a mad house of comedians. Sitting on the sidelines are Mitchell and Durant, who practically kill each other for laughs.

This “Singing Kid” set has so many comics they get in your hair. Allen Jenkins plays Jolson’s valet and Eddie Horton is Jolson’s secretary. It’s all going to have quite a time with his domestic affairs. As a matter of fact, he was in trouble—woman trouble—in the scene we watched. This is backstage—you might just as well give up and reconcile yourself to the fact that the Warner brothers can’t get away from backstage or Broadway. Anyway, Jolson is in full trouble and he’s asking Secretary Horton for a bit of the smooth old advice.

Horton fidgets around with the dialogue for a while then blurts out right: “Why don’t you just give women up?”

Even you knows that this doesn’t make sense, so he answers, “Schlemiel! (That’s Jewish for “Dope.” Don’t ask us how we know. We just know, that’s all.)

And we must admit that Jolson knows what he’s talking about when he’s talking about women. You realize that when you watch the lifting and thoroughly charming Ruby Keeler dance on the next set where they’re shooting the lavish ship scene for “Colleen.” The scene is the interior of an ocean liner ballroom. There are about five hundred people—chorus girls and boys, dress extras and musicians—on the set. Running in great luck this month, we learned that Bobby Connolly, the dance director, is just about to shoot his most pretentious number, “Youotta Know How To Dance.”

This rhythmic and eye-filling spectacle is just about the best screen dancing since Fred Asko. His mother, who is Muriel Draper, the poet and novelist, and his father is a concert singer. So Paul became a dancer. Just like that. He says he went on the stage because he is an exhibitionist, and lazy and vain. What Mr. Draper does not say is that he has a truly extraordinary talent. His dancing, initiation of a sort of ballet and tap, a masculinity graceful skill that started the critics raving when he appeared on the stage in “Thumbs Up.” If the camera fully captures his work in “Colleen,” Mr. Draper is going to be an entertainers worth watching.

WRITING and arithmetic are two things we don’t like. But if we ever have to return to school again, we know just the one we want to attend. It’s a home. There are only two teachers and they are Merle Oberon and Miriam Hopkins. As a sacrifice to her art, Miss Hopkins is working in a men’s clothing store. This is quite a risky sacrifice when you remember that the dusky Merle Oberon is her rival co-star.

The name of the picture is “We Three.” It’s based on the play “The Children’s Hour,” which shocked and thrilled New York stage audiences. The Hays office insisted on the title change and on many changes in the script. The picture is about a bad little girl, played by twelve-year-old Bonita Granville, who very nearly wrecks the lives of three people by her malicious gossip. widow of a landowner and her two co-stars have an improved showroom, screened off by canvas, at the side of the set. Here they study their school work between scenes, then when Director William Wyler is ready, they have their
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

CEILING ZERO—Warners

WHAT this country needs is a good commercial aviation picture—and here it is! With 21 great characters, believable situations and flawless direction, James Cagney is Dizzy Dave, irresponsible, in the air, irresponsible on land. Pat O'Brien is the serious, hard-driving airline boss. Dizzy lands at the Newark airport to steal a nice girl's heart and sends lovable Stuart Erwin to his death. How Dizzy makes it all up, is something you won't soon forget.

HITCH HIKE LADY—Republic

THIS is a bright, dizzy little confection with some fast and funny action. Alison Skipworth is simply grand as the poor English mother who hitchhikes her way across the country to join her convict son at his mythical "Rancho San Quinten.

FRESHMAN LOVE—Warners

NOW that college football is out of the way for another year, the collegiate movies can turn their attention to other fields of sport. In this one it's rowing—for dear old Billings and Coach Frank McHugh who bounces through several reels and much nonsense in standard McHugh fashion. Patricia Ellis' charm is employed to subsidize a couple of prize oarsmen to pull for Billings. Mary Treen contributes to the fun.

THREE LIVE GHOSTS—M-G-M

WITH Beryl Mercer and Claude Allister overplaying the parts of Mrs. Gobbios and their son, their eventual eviction and Charles McNaughton guilty of too much restraint, this version of the three war veterans who return to find themselves officially dead and thereafter are kept plenty busy keeping out of very live scrapes proves an uninspired dull. Dudley Digges and Nydia Westman get the obvious laughs.

to register surprise, then anger, then disgust and finally, with the line "Oh, Aunt Lily," tolerant resignation. Try that on your zither sometime. Actually there is no Aunt Lily in the scene. Miss Hopkins has to look at the camera and the twelve or so of us draped around it. After she has done the scene about six times, she can't say anything to anyone but "Oh, Aunt Lily." It's become a stock gag with her. She sings it, shouts it, moans it and whispers it. "Oh, Aunt Lily!"

At Paramount they're making a picture with a title that might cause some embarrassing misunderstanding at the box-office. It's "Pre-view." The film is a studio murder mystery with Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Rod LaRoque and George Barbier in the leading roles. This is LaRoque's first big picture in some time. But he has not been starving without the studios. He saved his money and has developed his scientific hobbies to the extent where he is visited by technical professors from all over the West. Even Einstein had a long talk with the sleck actor.

So, that's for now. We'll see you next month.

Out late! . . . Smoking a lot! . . . Driving into the sun! Every hour your eyes give away such innocent (but beauty-costly) secrets about you. Little lines, pink edges, cloudiness, irritation are bound to occur in a busy life — and they are ENEMIES of your appearance.

Why not have eyes that talk only of your beauty? Keep a bottle of McKesson's IBATH always near you (in your office drawer as well as on your dressing table)! Then — at frequent intervals — enjoy a cool refreshing eye bath. Actually feel IBATH coaxing back clearness and sparkle! Use it just before you go out, always, say movie stars and society women. For eyes must be really CLEAN for starry brilliance. It's a physician's formula (50c at all good drug stores) — so use it often as you wish to. Find IBATH and eye-beauty this very day!

The appearance of a review in these columns rather than on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage does not imply lack of merit in the picture reviewed. Frequently it indicates merely that the picture has been reviewed too late to be placed on the opening pages of the Shadow Stage.
Boos and Bouquets

[continued from page 6]

The dimples of—Shirley Temple
The smile of—Sylvia Sidney
The wit of—Una Merkel
The figure of—Jean Parker
The undefinable something of—Ruby Keeler
Forever and forever, Amen.
DOLORES TORRENCE, Covington La.

$1 PRIZE
MEDAL FOR VILLAINY

I would like to present a medal of honor to Charles Laughton for being the most convincing villain on the screen today.

His excellent portrayal in "Mutiny on the Bounty" has placed him at the head of the list. I have never seen an actor who could make me hate him so thoroughly as Mr. Laughton does; I even forget he is just a part of the screen story and want to slit his throat or murder him in some way.

He can do more with one look, one brutal expression, than most men can do with a complete make-up of beard, spike teeth and other villain's accessories so common with the "bad men" of the movies.

My best compliments to a very fine actor and a very fine motion picture.

DORA MORRIS, Temple City, Calif.

$1 PRIZE
THE MUSICAL'S THE THING

"The play's the thing!" That's right! We all agree on that! Today the play with the musical setting is the thing. We have had more than enough of the so-called horror pictures and their like. I think bright, snappy comedies with musical settings are the top today. The old world needs a bit of cheer to offset the unrest, the rumors and the incidental worries of the times. Isn't this so? I think so too! Give us good musicals like "Top Hat" and "Thanks a Million." That's the good old dish for a convalescent and harried world.

LIE JAMES BURT, Freemont, Ohio.

Greta Garbo Tipped?

I saw "Anna Karenina" today, and speaking with the right of one who has never missed a Garbo picture...I object.

I'm beginning to believe her contract specifies unhappy endings; and I'm not one to demand a happy ending when it isn't logical. It's not the fault of Garbo, but of the producers that her box-office isn't what it used to be.

Why not give her a straight part for a change? Something like Sylvia Sidney in "Accent on Youth." Garbo is appealing and beautiful in her lighter moments, but she hasn't a chance.

Type casting has all but ruined her. If the producers are considering another costume drama for her, my advice to them is "Don't bother."

MRS. E. K. WHITESITT, Chanute, Kansas.

DIVORCE BORING?

Ladies and gentlemen of the movie audience don't you agree with me that these daily divorce notices are becoming a trite boring? Is this marriage and divorce business of the stars' game or a race such as the Canadian baby race?

One would think they could make up their minds once in a while.

It is very confusing trying to trace your favorite through a maze of marriages and divorces, separations, reconciliations and what not. The actors and actresses are not helping their careers by such behavior as this.

VIRGINIA HERKOL, Excelsior, Minnesota.

BOW, MISS LOMBARD, MR. MACMURRAY

Three cheers for "Hands Across the Table," that sparkling comedy-drama which captured the same elusive and delightful charm of the much lauded "It Happened One Night." So few pictures have that quality of making the audience feel that it, too, was participating in the fun.

Carole Lombard shines in all her glory in this type of role. Fred MacMurray rates high among my favorites. His boyish naturalness is so refreshing.

Please give us more of this rollicking team.

JOYCE SCHUR, Fargo, N. D.
The Facts of Hollywood Life

**WEDDED BLISS**

For Patty Walters and Dr. Frederick Moran, London physician, in Chicago.

For Helen Keeler, sister of Ruby Keeler, and Michael Newman, manufacturer, in the Keeler Hollywood home.

For Jean Dexter and Arthur W. Robbins, insurance counselor. Their license number was an even 20,000.

And for Eugene (Cracker) Henderson, Gary Cooper's Man Friday, and Helen Holbrook, Mac Weid's stand-in, after a strictly studio romance. Best man was Sir Gay Standing's stand-in, Matron of honor was wife of George Raft's stand-in.

**HALOS**

Sally Blane and new husband, Norman Foster, hope to have a gift from Heaven in June or July.

Mrs. David O. Selznick, daughter of M-G-M big shot, Louis B. Mayer, and her own producer husband will make it a foursome family late in the spring.

**DIVORCE GRANTED**

Barbara Stanwyck needed just five minutes to be legally severed from Frank Fay.

Mrs. Ruby Bacon broke marital ties with Director Lloyd Bacon after a protracted court fight.

Lina Basquette said an official good-bye to former husband Teddy Hays, who used to make Jack Dempsey fit to fight.

Geneva Sawyer sued to discard mate James J. Warick.

**GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY**

Twelve of his peers disagreed about ace dance director Ruby Berkeley's guilt in a triply fatal auto crash. A new trial was set. Meanwhile Berkeley settled $250,000 worth of damage suits for $95,000 cash.

Bing Crosby, Mack Gordon and Harry Reel, tunsmiths, and Paramount must worry over a $50,000 suit charging that "Without A Word Of Warning" in "Two For Tonight" was really another song, "Lady Of Love."

Carol Frink, Chicago newspaperwoman, seeks reinstatement of her $100,000 alienation of affections suit against Helen Hayes. Miss Frink was the former wife of Helen's husband, Charles MacArthur.

Seven-year-old donation, Dixie Dunbar, had her $400 a week contract by the law. Ted Healy spent a gray morning in the Los Angeles City Jail after a woman complained that he broke into her house and started a fire.

**CANDLES**

Sixty-one for thin-lipped Western hero of former days, William S. Hart, at his ranch at Newhall, Cal.

**KNUCKLES**

Flew between Spencer Tracy and Director William Wellman in an argument over a screen beauty. Kissed and made up.

**NURSES**

Katherine DeMille, dragged a hundred yards by a maverick parachute, skinned her arms, legs and back painfully. Laid out of Paramount's "Sky Parade" to patch up.

Jean Harlow sent to bed by her doctor for fatigue. Rested now.

Carmen Geyaschi suffered painful injuries and loss of blood when she fell in her home.

**TRAGEDIES**

Aleta Alexander, career-frustrated wife of Ross Alexander, ended her young life after words with Ross.

Thelma Todd found dead in her neighbor's garage to start the greatest Hollywood death puzzle since director William Desmond Taylor's still mystifying end.

Lips invite love when they're free from lipstick parching!

Your lips aren't kissable, if they are rough. Only satin lips are sweet—just ask any man!

Yet some lipsticks treat lips harshly. Some lipsticks actually seem to dry and parch.

The Coty "Sub-Deb" is a new kind of lipstick. It is truly indelible... warm and ardent in color... yet it smooths and softens your lips. That's because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look!

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty... with the new Coty "Air Span" Face Powder!
This beautifully illustrated guide book to the West’s famous vacation regions contains descriptions of Bryce Canyon-Grand Canyon-Zion National Parks, Yellowstone, Colorado, California, and the Pacific Northwest. It’s really a catalogue of things to see and do, that enables you to visualize the West and to plan a glorious vacation in the region you have chosen. Send for free copy today.

W. S. Badger, Passenger Traffic Manager Room 109, Union Pacific Railroad Omaha, Nebr.

Please send me free, WESTERN WONDERS.

Name

Street

City State

Plainly, the moment of God’s income tax.

Ann Harding’s case affords an eloquent ex
ample, and so does Ruth Chatterton’s. Miss
Harding began by having to choose between the
career she wanted, and her father, an army
officer, who didn’t approve of her wish to be
come an actress. Her marriage to Harry Bannister suffered the same cleavage. Bannis-
ter is an actor and producer himself—he was
behind the New York revival of “The Drunk
ard”—but Miss Harding is responsible for the
statement that the difference in their incomes
finally made their union untenable. The same
rub arising from the wife’s greater success than
the husband’s, last year separated Miss Chat-
terton and George Brent, who declared that he
couldn’t bear the thought of becoming “Mr. Ruth Chatterton.” I used to know Miss
Chatterton pretty well in the days of her associa-
tion with Henry Miller. She seemed to me
shy, sensitive and restrained, and they tell me
that these qualities—her dislike of parties and
publicity, and her unwillingness to dis-
cuss her private affairs—has been taxed
heavily in recent years. Perhaps she
is genuinely sorry to see her second marriage go
to pieces, and there are people who think her
experience has put at least a temporary check
upon her professional progress.

How many care-free chorus girls have come up from the ranks to find that the life of a
movie star is not all beer and skittles? (If
you can mention beer and skittles in the same
breath with movie stars.) One or two of
them have made the jump from my springboard.
There was Mae Murray, who was screened for
the first time as part of a skirt I did for a
Ziegfeld Follies. She was a nice girl—modest,
unassuming, and light-hearted. Then she
became a star, and married a prince, or some-
thing, and I wonder where she is now, and
whether she laughs as frequently as she used
to. Evelyn Knapp was in the chorus and
night-club scene in my own production of my
own play, “Mr. Moneypenny.” We paid her
fifty dollars a week, and she hadn’t a care in
the world. Douglas Fairbanks and I started
together, young. He wore his smile on
the street in those days.

Joan Crawford came up from the ranks, also,
tho’ I’m telling that tale as ‘twas told to me, as
I never met her. She was sensitive about her
beginnings, my oracle says, tho’ I don’t vouch
for it. True or not, the tale is that she worked
hard at self-improvement (a job few of us can
afford to scorn) and became the Douglas
Fairbanks, Jr. with what must have been a
sight of relief at having achieved marriage,
home, security and a position in “the inner
circle of screen society.” The marriage lasted
four years. Recently, of course, she is trying
again with Franchot Tone, but she has re-
marriage—whether she is—been often
reminded that careers and domestic bliss
do not go together, and, once more, she may
be proved right.

Shall we hope not?

There are so many forms of God’s income
income-tax. Success always has its drawbacks. The
woods are full of eager litigants, ambulance-chasers,
fortune-hunters, and the rest of the easy-
income crowd. “You go through life,” an
extremely prosperous author told me once,
“warding off people who think they have an
idea, and are going to be perfectly sure you
stole it from them, or praying that your
charmer won’t burst into some pitiful little
boy who can persuade a jury that he was
the victim of wealth and arrogance.” In
comparison, the landladies of New York
and New Haven’s celebrated goldfish enjoyed almost hermetic
seclusion. They live a spot-lighted existence
that has its advantages in cash and gratified
ego, but there must be moments when the
most avid publicity-seekers truly yearn for
the peaceful obscurity of the milkmen of the
Bronx. Maybe they don’t; all I can be sure of
is that twenty minutes of being a movie star
would send me out shopping for machine guns.

There’s another side of that, too. Spot-
lighters may be swell while you walk on purple
carpet, but annoying when you step on a
banana peel.

Greatness lives in fear of the guillotine, and,
even for plain screen success, there’s always
that lurking banana peel. Remember Lee
Tracy and his little mix-up in Mexico? “Viva
Villa!” was Tracy’s big chance. Metro was
bent on making a masterpiece. Then some-
thing happened; we needn’t go into what, but
the Mexicans were insulted, and the American
newspapers headlined the story, and the result
was a pretty general fiasco. Tracy has never
really “come back.” I’ve heard that very little
of what occurred was wholly his fault, but if
it had been, that doesn’t alleviate the pain.
On the contrary. In a fine book, an English
author wrote, “The last touch of agony is:
‘I did it myself’.” Perhaps the weakness of
character, the vanities and self indulgences,
the incapacity for self-discipline that so often
bring pride to the dust are part of the machin-
ery of tax collecting.

THERE are collections, however, for which the
payer is in no way responsible. Greta Garbo,
acclaimed as the supreme artist of the screen,
is the victim of a dangerous anaemia. Raul
Roullien, the Latin-American idol, probably
regarded Hollywood as his longest step upward to
fame, fortune and happiness. Just as all three
seemed within his grasp, Roullien’s beautiful
wife was killed by a car driven by Walter
Huston’s son, John. “It’s all over,” Roullien
said—and, it seems, almost prophetically. He
has done little of importance since then.
Walter Huston, at the zenith of his picture
prosperity, left Hollywood shortly after the
accident, and hasn’t returned. He has con-
 tinued his stage career, but I imagine, without
that old interest in its laurels. The re-
cent tragic death of Thelma Todd, young, at-	ractive and successful, is one of Hollywood’s
numberless examples of the toll-gates on the
highway of achievement.

The fact is that, in every department of
life, the higher you go, the more things can
happen to you—and generally do. No one
wants to stay “at the bottom of the ladder,”
but there isn’t as much at the top as most of
us think. And there are crowds few people
contemplate now-a-days that—take it from an
old-timer—they are quite satisfying.
There’s joy in “little” jobs, too; in doing every-
day work well and lovingly; in enriching your
mind, and what, for want of a better word,
we’ll call your soul. For these are the only
riches on which neither God nor Government
imposes an Income Tax.
Top Knot Technique

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

Before brushing, massage your scalp, pinching, lifting and rotating with the cushions of your fingers until your scalp tingles. Never rub your scalp for you only rub away the delicate new hair. The idea is to loosen the scalp from the skull and permit the nourishing blood to reach the hair roots.

One of the foremost hair authorities cautions against shampooing hair too often. Every two weeks is often enough, so I was told. There is a special soapless shampoo which is effective in areas where the water is hard. If you have a favorite shampoo, but find difficulty in rinsing it thoroughly from the hair, there is a new product which is marvelous for your last rinse. A few drops in a glass of warm water, rub through your hair and rinse, and your hair is immaculate.

If your hair is too oily or too dry, there are specific tonics to use in between shampoos to cleanse your hair and scalp and correct the annoying conditions. Apply it as Helen Vinson does, separating your hair into strands and applying the tonic directly to your scalp. Wipe the hair with a Turkish towel to remove excess moisture, then brush, cleansing your brush often by wiping it with a towel.

There is an oil for reconditioning hair, which if used for a few weeks before or after your next permanent wave, will insure it a long and healthy life.

How is your complexion checking up? Is your skin clear and glowing or is it dry from too much exposure to wind and weather or overheated rooms? Let’s freshen it up a bit with the aid of a beauty mask which will help to solve your complexion problems.

There are a number of new conditioning treatments used by the Hollywood stars that I wish I had space in which to tell you about them. I shall have to save them for my new booklet which you may have by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 122 East 42nd Street, New York City.

On the Spot News

Anne Shirley has finally won her mother’s permission and is learning to fly under the tutelage of the 19-year-old ace pilot, Cecile Hamilton.

Dick Powell has had to build a high wall around his Teluca Lake home, shutting off the view of a lovely orchard. Sightseers won’t leave his grounds alone, even going so far as to bathe, uninvited, in his swimming pool.

Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, spiking the divorce rumors, left for a five-weeks vacation, the first Ginger has had in more than two years. The destination is a deep secret this time, thus stymying the studio from recalling her for added work.

Walt Disney blushed when the French consul kissed him after presenting Mr. Mickey Mouse with a Legion of Honor citation.

The Dick Powell-Joan Blendell attachment was stronger than ever last time anyone looked.

Charlie Chaplin submitted his new picture, “Modern Times,” to the Hays office and they cut out six scenes, supposed to be “vulgar.”

Olivia de Havilland has been sent to the hospital for observation. Not feeling well.

Edmund Lowe has sold his Beverly Hills house—the last house where he and his late wife, Lilyan Tashman, lived.

Clark Gable is so thrilled about his new custom built Duesenberg car that he rides around in all his spare time honking at people he knows.

Jean Harlow and Virginia Bruce have decided to swap houses for a few months. Jean wants a smaller one and Virginia wants a bigger one.

Eric Linden went for an acre and a half near Lake Arrowhead to build a self-designed home named “Ah, Wilderness.”

Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor can’t see enough of each other during the day, but are keeping out of public spots at night.

After finishing “Cissy,” Grace Moore deserts Hollywood until next fall. She’ll do a concert tour of the East and Europe.

Wynne Gibson has bought a racehorse.

Mary Pickford’s divorce from Douglas Fairbanks was final the day she started her first new Pickford-Lasky picture, “One Rainy Afternoon.”

The Addison Randall-Glenda Farrell romance is much cooler.

John Boles just bought one of the choicest business corners in Beverly Hills for $130,000.

The Thelma Todd case and investigation left Margaret Lindsay with a nervous breakdown. She’s out of “Murder by an Aristocrat.”

Jean Harlow and Bill Powell are stepping out in public again.

Shirley Temple is having lots of trouble with her loosening baby teeth.

Mary Carlisle is back from Honolulu and James Blakeley is back from New York.

Marlene Dietrich’s next picture’s title has been changed from “Invitation to Happiness” to “I Love a Soldier.”

Alice Faye and Billy Fiske are giving each other heart melting glances.

- Ugly nose shine! Dirty yawning pores! Flurry streaks! Don’t tolerate them. Combat “conspicuous nose” trouble once and for all.

- Change to Luxor, the face powder that 6,000-000 women use to combat skin-moisture.

- Every face gives off skin moisture. That’s a natural function of the skin, especially around the nose where glands are highly active and where skin moisture waits in each pore opening to mix with face powder. To cause shine, to clog pores, to form floury blotches—to make your nose conspicuous.

- So change at once to Luxor. It’s so moisture-proof that it won’t even mix with water in a glass. Try it and see for yourself. Then try it on your face. Notice the fine moisture-proof protection it gives the skin—effective, attractive, lasting.

- Luxor’s smart new shades are flattering with a natural effect. They are carefully blended to enhance skin tones. Luxor powder bears the Seal of Good Housekeeping because it is so pure and does everything we say.

- Insist on Luxor by name and get

FREE! 2 dreams of La Richesse perfumes
A generous flacon of La Richesse, a smart new intriguing fragrance. An enchanting gift to win new friends for Luxor Powder and perfume together for 25c, the price of Luxor powder alone. Insist on Luxor.

Luxor, Ltd., 1335 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me your 4-piece makeup kit including generous amount of Luxor Moisture-Proof Powder, Luxor Rouge, Luxor Special Formula Cream and Luxor Hand Cream. Here it is to help cover mailing. (Offer not good in Canada). Check:

POWDER: Rose Rachel □ Rachel □
Flesh □
ROUGE: Radiant □ Medium □
Sunglow □ Pastel □
Vivid □

Try Amazing New Luxor Hand Cream
This marvelous new skin smoother keeps hands soft, white, smooth. It guarantees instant and deep moisture. At all counters everywhere.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City ____________________________
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29]

Sy—what you will about Miss Elaine Barrie (pardon, Arid)—the young lady has a way about her, especially where Mr. Barrymore is concerned.

When she first came out to Hollywood, Don John was reported to be running out back doors when she came in front ones. But it was only a few days until he was actually helping her find her acting role. It seems that Caliban and Ariel are very chummy again—at least in a professional way—and John may play the good fairy for her career in spite of all those signed front page newspaper stories a while back.

When a young man under ten takes an interest in food, and when a young lady over twenty takes an interest in men—you can be reasonably sure that they're getting well.

Loretta Young's recovery from her recent indisposition is a fait accompli, if the above means anything. She's running around again on the arms of attractive Hollywood suitors. One of the gentlemen with a slight inside track seems to be Bernard Newman, the expert gimp and gusset guy, who designs all the fashion you see in RKO pictures.

STAND-INS for stars are an old story now but to Shirley Temple goes the honor of having the first "dance-in."

Little Marilyn Harper pirouettes and taps through Shirley's routines while lights and so forth are being tested. Then Shirley, fresh as a daisy, steps into the dance you see on the screen. Bill Robinson, Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell please note.

That it will do you much good, you all see as far away from Hollywood as you are, but it might interest you to know that those old relics you clear out of the attic or basement every year—Aunt Mattie's brass bed with the dent in it where Joe played drums with a hammer, or that horse hair couch where you sit when Oscar popped the question thirty years ago—are darned near worth their weight in Hollywood gold.

With the cycle of pictures of 1910 and thereabouts, there's been a mad rush for authentic furnishings. Even those pre-war atrocities, the "kewpie doll," have a real value now. Second-hand furniture dealers who had foresight enough to give the discarded staff room are reaping a nice harvest.

In case you care, Merle Oberon, Sam Goldwyn's Galatea, has finally broken out with a few opinions on Hollywood-ites.

Marlene Dietrich, says Marlene is the perfect film star. Norma Shearer is the niece of them all, Virginia Bruce the No. 1 blonde beauty, Dolores Del Rio the No. 1 brunette beauty, Fredric March the nicest man to work with, Miriam Hopkins the nicest girl to work with, Herbert Marshall a real man and real actor, Fred Astaire and Sam Goldwyn the best dressed men, and American men in general not so dominating as their English brothers.

That's covering the field.

An official looking communication arrived recently for Joan Crawford from a foreign fan publication. As a special treat for her numerous fans, it said, the magazine wished to include two hairs from her head with each copy of the new issue. Would she be so gracious as to oblige?

Amused, Joan was about to "oblige" when a thought struck her. She hurried to check up on it.

The circulation of the magazine was 100,000!

Like the man biting the dog, it's news when a fan gives a star a photograph—and of himself at that! But it happened to Charles Starrett the other day.

He was accosted by a 12-year-old girl as he was leaving Columbia studios.

"Here," she said, proffering him a neatly framed photograph of himself. "I took this at the football game the other day and thought you might like to have a copy." Then she scurried away before he could say boo.

A thank-you box of candy awaits her if Starrett can locate her. All she has to do is bring the original photograph for identification purposes.

Home life in Hollywood is more than an institution—it's a fetish. Chester Morris went a few miles from Hollywood on location the other day. And the next day his wife brought the babies down, so Chester wouldn't become lonely for the heartsake.

And Richard Boleslawski, the director, whose duties took him a few hours away from the little woman—clear down on the desert, got a phonograph record from home in a day or so. It was a record of his infant hopeful yowling! His wife had sent it so he wouldn't be home sick!

Just when Mary Brian, according to foreign dispatches, admits that she and Buddy Rogers are serious about it at last, a perfectly grand royal intrigue pops up.

Mary has been receiving visits from none other than Eddie Windsor, or the Prince of Wales to you—after performances in her London show.

Which shows one thing, that the Prince hasn't lost his good taste.

If you've ever been privileged to watch Hollywood's pre-eminent masculine director, John Ford, shooting a picture, you have felt for his laundress. For Ford mangles a handkerchief to bits with nervous chewings as the camera cranks. Probably the washerwoman gets the blame.

Anyway, Mrs. Ford decided to put a stop to it. She made some inexpensive squares for set chewing only.

Ford arrived on the set, his pockets dutifully stuffed with phony chews. As a big scene approached, he glanced around the set, "Where's my handkerchief?" he wanted to know. And he finally got one—a nice linen one of his own.

You can't fool an old handkerchief eater with phony squares.

Incidentally John Ford possesses one of the swellest names in Hollywood. His real handle is Shamus O'Fearna.

He dumped it overboard for plain John Ford. Isn't that a crime? What a wonderful name—Shamus O'Fearna.

PREPARING FOR MOTHERHOOD

"Preparing for Motherhood," by Bernarr Macfadden, is a godsend to expectant mothers. If you prepare yourself along the simple lines he recommends, follow out the common sense instructions given, you can enter upon the ordeal of motherhood with a mind free from worry, and the glowing anticipation of the coming of fine, healthy, beautifully developed babies to fill your life with sunshine. This splendid book should be in every home. Price $2.00 postpaid.


The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe. To half pint you need a teaspoonful of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to staided, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

To accomplish a lovely classic roundness of contour it creates "Inter-lude" brassieres which—by semi-circular stitching—give a firm uplift with a slight separation between the breasts. Made in simple bandeau style or with 2, 4- or 6-inch diagonal band.

In "Over-Tore" brassieres (left), little stitched "petals" accomplish firm uplift without harmful stays! In bandeau style, or with 2, 4- or 6-inch diagonal band. Send for free Foundation booklet PM, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

At All Leading Stores $1.00 to $3.50

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON BRASSIERES COLDIES CARTER BELTS

"There's a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!"

DR. WALTER'S Dash colored yarn rubber hose before wearing and retrieve when quickly—fit perfectly and improve shape immediately.

1 PAIR LEGGINGS $3.00 paid in 6 months $2.25
1 PAIR UPLIFT BRASIERE 3.25
1 PAIR GIRDLE 175.50
1 PAIR ABDOMINAL REDUCERS 175.50 for men and women.

Send circular measures of part of body to be fitted when ordering.

Pay by check or money order—no cash. Write for literature.

DR. JEANNE P. WALTER, 339 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.
Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

**KEYSTONE HOTEL.—** Warners Vitaphone.—A revival of the merry old stipitaker comedies with the familiar faces of Harpo, Zeppo, Chico, Groucho and Larry. The film is an excellent one for kiddy humor. (Feb.)

**KIND LADY.—** M-G-M.—Not very entertaining crook melodrama. Alice MacLachlan regrets her kindness to Basil Rathbone who imprisons her in her own home. Nothing new for kids. (Feb.)

**KINGSTON OF BROADWAY—** Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club proprietor has his hands full holding on to beautiful Lillian Roth, who makes much use of cracking humor. Pinky Tomlin and Dorothy Page help an otherwise pointless story. (Dec.)

**LADY TUBBS—** Universal.—Alice Brady excellent in a part tailored-made for her, that of a railroad cook who inherits a fortune. Douglas Monteith, Andree Alan, Louise Alphonse, Urlich Huntz, Heartily recommended. (Sept.)

**LA MATERNELLE—** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.—Reminiscent in plot and acting of a familiar old one; "In Uniform," this story of love-hungry children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminating theatergoers. (Feb.)

**LAST DAYS OF POMPÉI—** RKO Radio.—A magnificent and awe-inspiring spectacle benefits greatly by the technical skill that has been given to the Flatably-Lytton title. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the noted mineralogist who saves the lives of a number of people. Muriel Foster is a fine leading lady. (Feb.)

**LITTLE AMERICA—** Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Antarctic expedition has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture that is enjoyable to watch and a handsome actor. Worth while seeing. (Feb.)

**LITTLE BIG SHOT—** Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is cast in a part as memorable as the "theme" adopted by a Broadway tinsmith. Robert Armstrong, Gunda Farrell. (Dec.)

**LITTLE LIEV, THE—** 20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple simpsons, sings and dances as the daughter of John Boles, a Confederate army captain. Beautifully acted and photographed. (Jan.)

**LOVE ME FOREVER—** Columbia.—A film you won't want to miss, with Grace Moore singing more gloriously than ever, and Leo Carillo magnificent as the gambler who loves the beautiful songbird. Excellently directed, photographed and acted. And the music is superb. (Sept.)

**MAD LOVE—** M-G-M.—Tedious stuff, with Oskar Homolka in the role of a mad surgeon who resorts to fiendish surgery to get Frances Drake from Colin Clive. Ted Healy heightens the horror. Not for children. (Sept.)

**MAKE A MILLION—** Monogram.—Preposterous but amusing is this film about a professor (Charles Barreto) who starts a million-dollar chain letter plan to carry out his radical economic schemes. Pauline Brookes, George E. Stone. (Sept.)

**MANHATTAN MOON—** Universal.—Ricardo Cortez as the East Side boy who becomes a night club owner with social ambitions. A hackneyed story, introducing Dorothy Page, fresh from radio. Laughs are supplied by Hugh O'Connor and Henry Armetta. (Oct.)

**MAD ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE, THE—** Paramount.—W. C. Fields is funny as the tramp man who lies himself out of an afternoon at the office to catch the last train. He loses his job in a leak of trouble. But there is no story. (Sept.)

**MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE—** Walter Wanger.—A dramatic version of Rumer Godden's feminine fugitive from justice. Sylvia Sidney, Herbert Mundin, Douglas Allen and Alan Baxter are excellent. (Feb.)

**MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—** Radioact.—A good cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and George Houston can't save this tiresome story. A student abroad in 1914 has a child by an opera singer. He is killed, the child is taken. She finds him grown and starts him on a musical career. (Jan.)

**MELODY TRAIL—** Republic.—Gene Autry's popular, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the real appeal of this inoffensive picture. There is plenty of cattle rustling, kidnapping and rodeos. (Dec.)

**MEN WITHOUT NAMES—** Paramount.—Not the best of the G-men films, but good entertainment. Fred MacMurray sleuths, assisted by Lynne Overman, Magee Evans and David Holt. Leone Fonte leads the gang of crooks. Good performances. (Sept.)

**METROPOLITAN—** 20th Century-Fox.—One of the season's most popular films, as the opera behind the scenes with baritone Lawrence Tibbett's voice finer than ever. Virginia Bruce and Margot Roscoe act well. (Feb.)

**MIDNIGHT NIGHT'S DREAM, A—** Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable anticipate and speculation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cast to entertain to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. It is a milestone in motion pictures, and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

**MILLS IN THE AIR—** Paramount.—Featherweight comedy of amateur radio heroes. Wendy Barrie and John Howard an appealing sweethearts who are heart.
PHOTOPLAY Magazine for March, 1936

O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY — M-G-M. — The agreeable combination, Wallace Beery and Jacki Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that will also be admired by Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (Dec.)

PADDY O' DAY — 20th Century-Fox. — Jane Withers brings laughs and tears to this homely little saga of an orphan's adventures in New York, Rita Cansino, Pinky Tomlin and George Givot. (Jan.)

PAGE MISS GLORY — Warners. — Marion Davies, at her best, romps through half the picture as a homely little chambermaid, then blooms out as beauty contest winner. (Feb.) War sympathy is promoted by press agent Pat O'Brien. Patsy Kelly, Dick Powell, Frank McHugh. Top-notch comedy. (Sept.)

PERSONAL MAID'S SECRET — Warner Bros. — A warmly human and thoroughly delightful picture glorifies the lineman's heart and shows how happy can be the fortunes of the wife in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid with perfection. (Dec.)

PETER IBBETSON — Paramount. — An artistically produced new version of the romantic love of Peter Ibbetson, a good story for the Duchesse of Tournai, Anne Harding. (Jan.)

POWERSMORE RANGE — RKO-Radio. — The usual hard fought battle between heroic castlemen and crooks keeps excitement at a high pitch in this tried-and-true Western. Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele. (Nov.)

PURSUIT — M-G-M. — Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting attempt to smuggle Scotty Beckett, a wealthy child, across the seas born to his mother. Henry Travers, Dorothy Peterson. (Oct.)


RAVEN, THE — Universal. — Absurd masterpiece, tackled own the name of Edgar Allan Poe's great poet, spotless script, but it is a horror, but cannot do much with this plot. (Sept.)

RED SALUTE — Reliance. — Bob Young is lured into desertion by Barbara Stanwyck in this funny and earnest story of a country courtship, but the eventual success in restoring her patriotism. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec.)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT — Universal. — A wild party, troubles, four murders and a suit are combined in an effort to imitate the "Thin Man" style but falls short in spite of Jack Oakie and a splendid cast that includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny. (Dec.)

RENOVADO — M-G-M. — Exciting comedy melodrama with Bill Powell as the ace-de-coureur of the U. S. Inclined to separate his wife and her enemy spy ring, Rosalind Russell superb as his feisty-breathless sweetheart. Do see this. (Jan.)

RETURN OF THE SWORD OF BALAD — RKO-Radio. — The old favorite brought to the screen as a picture by Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit is worth more than the happiness caused by a blind, dying wish. Helen Mack, Edna May. (Jan.)

RING AROUND THE MOON — Chesterfield. — Donald Cook, Erin O'Brien Moore, and Ann Doran in story of a publisher's daughter who marries a reporter. Mixed up but creditable. (Dec.)

SEVEN KEYS TO BALSADRA — RKO- Radio. — The mysterious hold-up of this Western is as complete with the thrillers as the mixture of the same elements. Includes Gene Raymond, Eric Blore, Margaret Calahan, Henry Travers. (Feb.)

SHANGAI — Walter Wanger-Paramount. — A novelized picture of the Orient..The East is East and West is West — with Loretta Young, and all sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland. (Oct.)

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT — Columbia. — A woman's fate and balancing of the scales of the harassed millionaire and his spoiled family give George Katt an opportunity to wage a battle of transvestites with his former own without cracking. Funny in spite of its shortcomings. (Dec.)

SHE GETS HER MAN — Universal. — ZaSu Pitts becomes the tiger woman of the hour, when she accidentally falls and twirls a bank robbery. Helen Twelvetrees. (Oct.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS — Columbia. — Claudette Colbert in one of her most amusing roles since she became a star through the efforts of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to be a perfect wife. McVey Doudass, Edith Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

SHIP CAPE — Paramount. — Fairly entertaining musical romance with Carl Brisson rising on the wings of its spirited gaiety. Arlene Judge and Mady Christians. (Jan.)

SHIPMATES FOREVER — Warners-Cosmopolitan. — Fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkle to the script, this amusing adventure story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy for a long time. (Dec.)

SHOW THEM NO MERCY — 20th Century-Fox. — This gripping kidnap-hunt film is full of terrific suspense after Edgar Morris, Rock Hudson and baby stumble into a gangster's hideout. A fine portrayal by "killer" Bruce Cabot. (Jan.)

SO RED THE ROSE — Paramount. — Stark drama of self-sacrificing love of a Southern girl, beautifully presented. Margaret Sullivan, Randolph Scott, Wallace Beery and Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (Jan.)


SPECIAL AGENT — Cosmopolitan-Warners. — A fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men fighting insurance fraud and convictions via the income tax route. With Bebe Daniels, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Nov.)

SPLENDOR — Sam Goldwyn-United Artists. — Wife, Minna Hongen sacrifices herself for husband, Joel McCrea's success. Enjoyable cast with Paul Henreid, Bette Burke and Helen O'Hara. (Jan.)

STAR OVER BROADWAY — Warners. — Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by radio discovery James Melton. Good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Main, and songwriter Jane Froman. (Jan.)

STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND — Fox. — A deep South story with a world-wide cast and a swift narrative that makes a splashy production. John McGuire. (Oct.)

STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE — Warners. — Well cast, well directed, and managed to shed the usual struggle, disappointments and success of the French chemist. Paul Muni is excellent as Pasteur, Anita Louise and Donald Woods are the mild love interest. (Feb.)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS — Mosaic. — Dramatic incidents have been condensed and many unnecessary parts trimmed down, all to the advantage of a streamlined train as the basis for this story of the various kinds of people. With Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable (Nov.)

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE, THE — Foy Prod. — A sporty film with a cast of native African tribemen who are used for existence. Some good photography. (Sept.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT — RKO-Radio. — Katharine Hepburn and before the age of thirty. This is a smart and pointedless story with charming acting and scenes. It is a good film. Frank Capra in a crook comedy ride steals the picture. (Feb.)

TALE OF TWO CITIES, A — M-G-M. — Dickens' French Revolution story, rich in drama and acting. With Ronald Colman who redeems a miscast role. Elizabeth Allan and a couple of the dozens of supporting players are outstanding. (Sept.)

THANKS A MILLION — 20th Century-Fox. — Dick Powell singing grand songs, Paul Whiteman. Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly's slapstick, the Yacht Club Boys, Ann Dvorak's dancing are only some of the items you'll find in this swell fast-moving film. (Dec.)

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN — M-G-M. — Slight, foolish comedy with witty Frank Morgan as Mr. Blackburn, who will be the next theory. Paul Muni cleverly turns the tables. (Nov.)

TEN MINUTES TO LIVE — Warners. — A novelized picture of the unfolding of a sensational kidnapping. (Dec.)

THE SEVEN CITIES — RKO. — Chic and amusing story of a Mexican adventure. Great acting, good comedy, suspense and a surprising climax. (Aug.)

THIS IS THE LIFE — 20th Century-Fox. — Little Jane Withers, a stage prodigy, is mistrusted cruelly by the couple who are captivated on her talents, but as the months go by and the man falls into suspicion of being a crook or a lunatic. (Feb.)

1000 A MINUTE — Republic. — A "broke" reporter, Harry Pryde, finds himself spending a thousand a minute for twelve hours. It's harder than you think when you are suddenly suspected of being a crook or a lunatic. (Feb.)

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN — Universal. — The last of the very few pictures about the menace of infantile kidnapping into the real thing. May Robson as the eccentric millionairess and Henry Armetta with plans. (Dec.)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE — RKO-Radio. — A new and delightful presentation of the romantic swashbuckling classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-fighting and to dash a rescue of the Queen's honor. (Dec.)

LEDGER LABORATORIES, INC. — 330 Audubon Avenue, New York City. — FREE with your first order.

LECHLER LABORATORIES, INC. — 330 Audubon Avenue, New York City.

LIGHTEN YOUR HAIR WITHOUT PERoxide

TO ANY Shade you Desire

SAFELY in 6 minutes

by adding a very small amount of our Lightening Agent to your regular Hair Rinse.

Our Lightening Agent is a mild peroxide formula that will only lighten hair benefitted. Naturally reddish or brown hair will be lightened but not bleached.

The only preparation that will lighten the hair permanently.

SOLVENT COMPLETE with Brush and Applicator.

FREE without Peroxide. Free with your first order.

PREVENTS FADING

25¢ to $100

For One Drawing

Learn to draw at Home

Become an artist through an amazingly simple and successful method. Full professional training given. No artistic ability necessary. Send 25c to 100 for one drawing. Free lesson. Return card if you are not satisfied. Satisfaction guaranteed. (Jan.)

STUDIO 131, 111-15TH ST., N. W., Washington, D. C.
TO BEAT THE BAND — RKO-Radio. — Chuck Herbert struggles through this musical dodge-podge to inherit millions. Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and Roger Pryor struggle for laughs. (Jan.)

★ TOP HAT — RKO-Radio. — A sparkling and entertaining film done in the typical Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand and glorious tradition it is. Enchanting music and clever dance routines, together with chuckling comedy sequences, make this one picture you should not overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric Blore among those present. (Nov.)

★ TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL — GB. — Richard Dix is the engineer who dreams of a transatlantic tunnel in this well produced, graphically photographed melodrama. Madge Evans is his domestic problem. (Jan.)

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS — Republic. — Gene Autry deserts the radio and comes to the screen together with his well known cowboy ditties, which help divert the attention from a too-complicated plot. So-so. (Nov.)

TWO FISTED — Paramount. — Lee Tracy and Roscoe Karns battle and battle their way through paralyzing scrapes in a millionaire's mansion to guard a ton from his worthless father. It's a scream all the way. (Dec.)

TWO FOR TONIGHT — Paramount. — Bing Crosby and Cluny Brown battle their way through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and put meaning up very favorably with his post films Jean Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (Nov.)

TWO SINNERS — Republic. — Otto Kruger and Martha Scott star in the picture. One is in this in over-see-ing inducing account of an ex-con's attempts at rehabilitation, while little Chris Sae Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (Dec.)

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE — Paramount. — Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, which he made famous on the stage, makes this other-wise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones, Ben Petchel. (Dec.)

WELCOME HOME — Fox. — Jimmy Dunn is the romantic grifter who feels the call of home, and prospects the old homestead from the boxes of his gilt-edged partners. Alice Judge is romantic prize. Whimsical, sentimental and rather mager entertainment. (Sept.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY — Warner's. — Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix liquid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN — RKO-Radio. — An action-racked see-saw battle with newspaper trimming between a killer's gang and a brassy but dumb-dumb, Preston Foster. Reportress Jane Wyatt softens his heart. (Feb.)

WESTWARD HO! — Republic. — A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Vigilantes) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Mannors. (Oct.)

WHISPERS — G-M-G. — G-Man Spencer Tracy trails Myrna Loy, confederate of jewel thieves. Love mixes things up. Satisfying. (Feb.)

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA — Paramount. — Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrills, chills and shocks. (Dec.)

WITHOUT REGRET — Paramount. — Kent Taylor and Elissa Landi make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmail in the time. (Nov.)

★ WOMAN WANTED — M-G-M. — A swell melodrama packed with action, thriller and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY — 20th Century-Fox. — A very fast and funny comedy with Edward Everett Horton running his business being civic minded. The worm finally turns and all is well. (Feb.)

Ann Loring was a Brooklyn college girl who had never travelled further west than New Jersey before she won a contest conducted by M-G-M. She has the leading role opposite Warner Baxter in "Robin Hood of El Dorado"
MR. CHIPS DISCOVERS HOLLYWOOD By James Hilton
Also: The ASTOUNDING STORY of ERROL FLYNN
IN CAIRO, AS IN GAY CAPITALS
THE WORLD AROUND, THEY SAY:

WONDERFUL!
the fragrance

"Al-ajeeb!" Wonderful! It's the word for it in
Cairo. "Ravissante!" they say in Paris. "Price-
less!" in New York. In every language, there's
extravagant praise for this world-preferred
perfume, the fragrance Gemey!

For fragrance Gemey... young and fresh
and joyous... has captured the feminine hearts
of five continents. They're wearing it tonight,
the loveliest women, in London and Paris, in 75
nations... dancing in the starlight of a Durban
night, dining in Egypt's famous Shepheard's
Hotel, riding the Blue Train to the Riviera.

Wear it, then—for know it you must—this
fragrance presented in America by Richard
Hudnut, perfumer international. Wear it for you
—or wear it for him—set the stage for glam-
orous evenings with a drop or two of magic
... the globe-gracing fragrance Gemey.

Fragrance Gemey (Jem-may') in crystal-clear
dressing table flacons, $2.50, $3.75, $5.

by

RICHARD HUDNUT

New York Paris

London... Toronto... Buenos Aires... Mexico City... Berlin
Barcelona... Budapest... Capetown... Sydney... Shanghai
Rio de Janeiro... Havana... Bucharest... Vienna... Amsterdam
Regards Listerine Tooth Paste as an aid to luxurious living.

The beautiful wife of Sir Bede Clifford enthusiastically avows her preference for this dentifrice, with its modest little price of 25¢. Only brilliant results could win the esteem of a woman of such means and discrimination.

Like three million others, Lady Clifford has found that this gentle, safe dentifrice does an amazingly thorough job of cleansing and polishing teeth.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so. You will be delighted at the improvement it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly, how quickly it cleans... how white and brilliant it leaves the teeth. Observe how marvelously it sweeps away surface stains and discolorations. Note the wonderful flash and lustre it gives the enamel. Look for that delicate flavor and feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use.

Never was a dentifrice, regardless of price, so enthusiastically received and used by the most critical of men and women. Get a tube from your druggist today and give it a thorough trial. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD

WILLIAM POWELL
MYRNA LOY
LUISE RAINER
VIRGINIA BRUCE
FRANK MORGAN
FANNIE BRICE
LEON ERROL
GILDA GRAY
RAY BOLGER
NAT PENDLETON
ANN PENNINGTON
HARRIET DOCTOR
REGINALD OWEN

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF THE WORLD’S GREATEST SHOWMAN

2 YEARS IN PRODUCTION!

GREATEST MUSICAL HIT!

Now, in one flashing musical comes all that the great Ziegfeld gave the world in his crowded lifetime! American girlhood glorified... great Ziegfeld stars... the melodies he made immortal... and a new "Follies" with all the lavishness of Ziegfeld! You follow his fabulous private life... his tempestuous romance with Anna Held... his deep and ardent love for Billie Burke... All in M.G.M.'s biggest musical triumph!
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR
ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

The Amazing Temple Family ........................................ 14
Trials and Triumphs of a Hollywood Dress Designer ............... 23
This Is Really Irene Dunne ....................................... 26
The Astounding Story of Errol Flynn ............................ 28
Mr. Chips Discovers Hollywood .................................. 30
Love, Honor and Obey That Impulse! (Franchot Tone) ........... 36
Baby Star of Hollywood (Dixie Dunbar) .......................... 38
The Private Life of a Talking Picture .......................... 47
Photoplay's Memory Album .................. Edited by Frederick L. Collins 49
Photoplay's Gold Medal Picture of 1935 to Be Announced Next Month! Ruth Waterbury, Photoplay's Editor, Presents the 1934 Gold Medal 53
We Cover the Studios ............................................. 54
A Day with Miriam Hopkins ..................................... 56
John Barrymore's Kick-Back .................................... 62
Photoplay Fashions ............................................. 63
The Confidential History of Bill Powell (Conclusion) ........... 76
I Meet the Stars! .................................................. 80

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets .................................................. 4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures ................................ 6
Close Ups and Long Shots ........................................ 11
Photoplay's Cartoon of the Month ............................... 13
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood ................................. 32
The Shadow Stage .................................................. 58
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck 73
Dinner at Dick Powell's—Meal for Men Only ................... 78
Hollywood at the Mike .......................................... 82
Ask the Answer Man ............................................. 84
Cal York Picks 'Em .............................................. 120
The Facts of Hollywood Life .................................... 121
On the Spot News ................................................ 121
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue ............. 122
Addresses of the Stars ........................................... 124
All Hollywood's Playing This Game ............................. 128

On the Cover—Joan Crawford, Natural Color Portrait by Hurrell-Ceccarini

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Business Offices, 1936 Broadway, New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chalm Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y., Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 30 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, $3.50 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $3.50. Remittances should be made by check, or post at or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications
FIRST PRIZE—$15

BOUQUETS of orchids to the movies for teaching America to read. The schools tried, but the fact that the reading was "required" made it an act of drudgery and page counting.

But now, it is impossible to find a copy of "A Tale of Two Cities" in any of the public libraries of Pittsburgh. Five years ago, most librarians would have predicted that that would never be true until after Gabriel blew his horn.

Folks who formerly groaned at the length of "David Copperfield" read greedily for every word of Mr. Micawber or some other loved character. Real lovers of "Mutiny on the Bounty" are not satisfied until they have finished "Pitcairn's Island." Those who never before read Booth Tarkington are astonished to find his "Alice Adams" dinner party of the printed page even more agonizing than that of the movie.

The movies are giving us such excellent presentations of worth while literature that they whet our curiosity to see what treasure are bound up in books. One book naturally leads to another, so if a movie stimulates one to read a single piece of real literature, another book lover has been born.

CHARLOTTE YOUNG, Pittsburgh, Penna.

SECOND PRIZE—$10

At last we are able to see and hear the world famous opera stars, such as Lily Pons, Grace Moore, Lawrence Tibbett, and many more. We—this means a large number of men and women working in households as cooks, butlers, governesses, nurses, ladies' maids and other domestic professions.

We all have a weekly day off (that means only an afternoon with following evening) and often it is changed . . . a party, a baby is sick. We never know in advance. We would love to go to a theater, a show, to the opera, but we have to do our shopping, our visits, our private affairs, everything, on that one day, so the movies are the only place to go for the big army of non-dancers.

I was often jealous of those people who were able to go to the opera, but since last year a lot of our greatest singers are to be heard in the movies. I am very happy about it and I know others are too. It makes the day perfect to go to a movie in the evening and hear world famous stars—instead of only hearing them on the radio, we can see them too.

FANNIE SCHUELEIN, Bronx, N. Y

In "Follow the Fleet," the current Rogers-Astaire musical, their ballroom routine to the tune of "Let's Face the Music and Dance" brings down the house.

THIRD PRIZE—$5

Flashes From Hollywood Ten Years Ago
Do you remember:
Tullio Carminati the charming newcomer, sitting at the feet of a pretty lady singing soft Italian songs to her?
The Brown Derby on your way home from a party?
Lowell Sherman and his monocle?
Charles Ray and his brave little wife?
The wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod LaRoque?
The glitter of the Grand Opening of the Grauman Chinese Theater when every other blonde wore ermine—some with diamond necklaces dripping down their backs on the outside of their coats?

[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88 ]
GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!

CAPRA'S NEWEST TRIUMPH!

Gary Cooper

A GENTLEMAN GOES TO TOWN
JEAN ARTHUR

George Bancroft • Lionel Stander • Douglass Dumbrille • Raymond Walburn • Margaret O'Brien • H. B. Warner • Warren Hymer

A FRANK CAPRA PRODUCTION

GOLDEN-VOICED STAR IN HER GAYEST AND GRANDEST PICTURE!

Grace Moore

THE KING STEPS OUT
FRANCHOT TONE

Walter Connolly • Raymond Walburn

Directed by JOSEF VON STEINBERG

Glorious Music by FRITZ KREISLER
Screen play by Sidney Buchman
Lyrics by Dorothy Fields

WONDER SHOW OF 1936!
STORMING AMERICA IN A MIGHTY SONG CRESCENDO!

THE MUSIC GOES 'ROUND

HARRY RICHMAN
ROCHELLE HUDSON
WALTER CONNOLLY

FARLEY and RILEY
and their 'Round and 'Round Music
Douglass Dumbrille • Lionel Stander

Music and Lyrics by Lew Brown, Harry Akst and Victor Schertzinger

Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER

Screen play by Jo Swerling
Story by Sidney Buchman
A BRIEF REVIEW OF CURRENT PICTURES

CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

**AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—**Universal.—Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely lads"—who find romance and each other in Conev Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of enter

★ ALL, WILDERNESS—M-G-M.—O'Neill's great American comedy romance. Eric Linden enters the pangs of young love, is disillusioned and brought back to his family by Lionel Barrymore, superb, as the father. Wholesome, charming and delightful. See it by all means. (Feb.)

★ ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont-British.—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Pay W. supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

★ ALIBI IKE—Warners.—Rug Lardner's famous baseball story is brought to the screen by Joe E. Brown in a film full of fun and good humor. Oliver de Havilland, Roscoe Karns (Oct.)

★ ALICE ADAMS—RKO-Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (July)

★ ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL—Paramount.—A tearful, sentimental record of the Michel Navratil and the rigors of training the Navy's German-born lad. The ship, Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell (Nov.)

★ ANNIE OAKLEY—RKO-Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-aim Annie who outshines champion Preston Foster until Cupid shoots her a hit. (Jan.)

★ ANOTHER FACE—RKO-Exciting comedy mystery. Public enemy Brian Donlevy makes his face and hides in Hollywood studio, Wallace Ford and Allan Hale commendable. (Feb.)

★ ANYTHING GOES—Paramount.—Sing along with Crosby and Ethel Merman in smart spoiling unschooled about a shipboard mixed-up. Charles Ruggles and Arturo Pino lead a parade of clever clowns. Good entertainment. (Mar.)

★ BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN—Paramount.—The third Hop-Alone-Cassidy story. Too-notch Western stuff with Bill Boyd rescuing a neighbor from cattle thieves. Exciting and logical. (Feb.)

★ BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest-name stars of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant review. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

★ BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adversary bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, given Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversions. (Dec.)

★ BLACK ROOM, THE—Columbia.—Barry Karpell in a costume picture with foreign settings and family traditions, portraying a dual rôle. Katharine De Mille. (Oct.)

★ BONNIE SCOTLAND—RKO-MGM.—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy romp through their customarily close shaves in this story of two Scotchmen and their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

★ BORN FOR GLORY—Gaumont-British.—A thrilling naval picture that will move you deeply. John Mills, assisted by Betty Ballour and Barry Fitzgerald, make a rugged cocky submarine captain. (Nov.)

★ BRIDE COMES HOME, THE—Paramount.—Romantic and frolicsome with Claudette Colbert as an heiress and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle. Grand fun. (Nov.)

★ BRIGHT LIGHTS—First National.—Joe E. Brown, in a lively drama of a vaudeville comedian who is almost ruined by too much success, all of his scenes with C. J. Donald, Patricia Ellis, William Gargan. (Oct.)

★ BROADWAY HOSTESS—Hostess.—Romantic and frolicsome with Claudette Colbert as an heiress and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle. Grand fun. (Nov.)

★ CAPPY RICKS RETURNS—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he meets his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

★ CAPTAIN BLOOD—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—Substantial story of buccaneers in the 17th century crammed with action, romance, excitement, and adventure. A new star Errol Flynn supported for fine casting including Olivia de Havilland, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Lionel Atwill, splended. Do see it. (Mar.)

★ CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE—First National.—Warren Williams, superbly smart and witty, galavants in a leg-contest promoter's mansion. The absurdity of Brack Bohen is too much. (Nov.)

★ CASE OF THE MISSING MAN—Columbia.—Criminals go after Roger Pryor, a roving street photographer who accidently snaps a hold up. Hilarious, memorable. (Dec.)

★ CEILING ZERO—Warner.—A perfect aviation picture with honest characters, believable situations and thoroughly honest direction by Howard Hawks. Carney is the irresponsible ace aviator, Pat O'Brien his serious boss. Tremendous fight and outstanding aerial photography. (Mar.)

★ CHARLIE CHAN IN SHANGHAI—20th. Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives Charlie Chan another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

★ CHATTERBOX—RKO- Radio.—Tears and laughter with Ann Shirley as stage-struck country miss who has her laughter and big moment. Phillips Holmes comforts her. (Mar.)

★ CHEERS OF THE CROWD—Monogram.—The story of the sandwich man who finds ten thousand dollars and returns it to the man who gives him the job. (Dec.)

★ CHINA SEAS—M-G-M.—The combination you must enjoy—Claude Rains and Cary Grant in a fast moving story crammed with thrilling adventures and exciting scenes. Harry and Louisa (Owen) are combined to make you laugh at this humorous story of a guy young man who returns a girl's school. (Mar.)

★ CONFIDENTIAL—Mascot.—Donald Cook is the G-man in this swift moving thriller who sets a trap for a big "numbers" racketeer. Pretty Evelyn Knapp and Warren Hertz's relief tension. You'll like it. (Jan.)


★ CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, THE—Columbia.—A moving and graphic presentation of Dostoevsky's novel. Fredric March as the murderer haunted by his conscience. Edward Arnold makes a Pharaoh. Borzage marks a fine performance. You should see it. (Feb.)

★ CRIME OF DOCTOR CRESPI, THE—Republic.—Eric Von Stroheim as the revengeful surgeon in the screen version of one of the most mordant and most gruesome of Edgar Allan Poe's stories, "The Case of Dr. Buryliu." Keep your spine tingling with excitement. (Dec.)

★ CRUSADERS, THE—Paramount.—A colorful epic of the famous religious order directed by the grand master of this sort of thing, Raoul Walsh. The needles of De Mille manner. An ordinary story attempts to make an epic, and fails. Beautiful pageantry and heraldic display. Loretta Young Henry Wilcoxon, Ian Keith. (Oct.)

★ DANGEROUS—Warners.—Strong dramatic fare with John Garfield, who destroys his love. Franchot Tone the real surprise. Margaret Lindsay, Alison Skipworth and nice cast. (Feb.)

★ DANTÉ'S INFERNO—Fox.—Spencer Tracy as an unscrupulous amusement king tries his hand at materializing in theether. Then shows a brief glimpse of Hades—in case you're interested. The struggles of a good cast against this spectre of the underworld. (Feb.)

★ DARK ANGEL, THE—United Artists.—A deeply moving narrative in which Merle Oberon, Vivien Leigh and Brian Donlevy display excellent performances. Fine supporting cast. (Nov.)

★ DIAMOND JIM—Universal.—Edward Arnold is outstanding in a brilliant characterization of Broad- way's greatest original. The story is of course a slice of "history." Diamond Jim Brady. Bonnie Barnes plays an important role opposite Jean Arthur brilliant with a supporting rôle. (Oct.)

★ DON'T BET ON BLONDES—Warners.—Guy Kibbee allows the suave Warren William to sell him a racing horse, only to discover his daughter's (Claire Dodd) marrying within three years. A good comedy with some fine acting. (Nov.)

★ DRESSED TO THRILL—Fox.—Despite lavish staging and a good cast, the story of the little French girl who does huge business after she accidentally discovers how to make clothes in Paris when she is the toast of the Continent is very thin and unconvincing. (Dec.)

★ EAST OF JAVA—Universal.—A time worn shipwreck tale told by Charles Bickford's shipwrecked cast. Includes Leslie Fenton, Elizabeth Young and Frank Albertson. (Feb.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]
Look!—Ruby's got a new dancing partner! With Paul Draper, sensational Broadway importation, she does her dandiest dancing to date to the tune of Warren & Dubin's new hits, in this swell story which Alfred E. Green directed.

A DOZEN GREAT STARS

Go 'Round and 'Round in Colleen

Warner Bros.' Stunning New Musical Displays the Terpsichorean Talents of Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie, Paul Draper and—of All People!—Louise Fazenda and Hugh Herbert, While the Rhythm of Four Swell New Song Hits Comes Out Here . . .

And just for good measure, 200 assorted Hollywood lovelies go to town in an up-to-the-second fashion show and other lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly!

Between love scenes with Ruby, Dick vocalizes "You Gotta Know How To Dance", "Summer Night" and "I Don't Have To Dream Again".

Everything's Oakie-Doakie when Jack and Joan "swing it" to the strains of "Boulevardier From The Bronx".

And what a comedy team this turns out to be! Yet Hugh and Louise are just part of a convulsing cast that includes Marie Wilson, Luis Alberni, Berton Churchill, and Olin Howard.
Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT—Paramount.—Really a photographed radio program with plenty of pleasant entertainment contributed by a group of radio stars, including Alice Faye, Frances Langford and Ptye Kelly. (Dec.)

EXCLUSIVE STORY—M-G-M.—Mildly exciting film of newspaper fight on rock- eteering. Made for those who are low on interest. Star Gaynor is crossing crusader and Joseph Calleia is Gangster No. 1. (Mar.)

FARMER TAKES A WIFE, THE—Fox.—It's a story of a long time farmer who runs down Janet Gaynor off the cattle belt to become his wife, but she gets甾she has a few surprises in store for Charles Bickford. The settings faithfully reproduce early Erie Canal days. Good supporting cast, (Oct.)

FIGHTING YOUTH—Universal.—A handful of radical students upset college routine in this unconvincingly filmed story. Charlie Farrell is unimpressive as the football hero. (Dec.)

FIRST A GIRL—G.-B.—Gay, tuneful, with the British singing and dancing star, Jessie Matthews, in an unusual role of a female impersonator which habiliments her on her support from Feb. 15.

FRECKLES—RKOadio.—A pleasant, though undemanding little story of the Limberlost, affords Tom Brown plenty of real life love to Stone, but affords little else to the audience. (Dec.)

FRESHMAN LOVE—Warners.—More collegiate activities, this time it's rowing, with Coach Frank McHugh employing Parrita Ellis charm to help the boys pull for dear old Billings. Light but lively. (Mar.)

FRISCO KID—Warners.—James Cagney in fine fighting form, who likes to rub against and Barby Coast underworld. Margaret Lindsay, Ri- chard Barthel and George E. Stone are splendid. Lots of action. (Jan.)

GAY DECEPTION, THE—20th Century-Fox.—Highly successful period piece in which Fays Frances and George Brent make merry in a bright, sophisticated and amusing manner. Genevieve Tobin, Jameson Thomas. (Dec.)

GRAND EXIT—Columbia.—Ann Soother with Edmund Lowe. He is an insurance sleuth hunting around loggers, buck full of surprise. If you'll like it. (Feb.)

GREAT IMPERSONATOR, THE—Universal.—Ogrepreul's melodramatic mix, with Edmund Lowe as a wistful British peer impersonating himself, costarring Valerie Hobson, Wera Engels and Henry Morgan in the cast. (Feb.)

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE—Paramount.—Don't miss this gay and sparkling comedy of a manipulator who is determined to make money but winds up entangled in poor but honest love. Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and Asta Ablwyn contribute outstanding performances. (Dec.)

HARMONY LANE—Mascot.—A tender and beautiful screen story about the life of Depart Foster and the beloved melodies that he wrote. Dougal Montgomery interprets the role of Foster and Joan Morgan is William Frawley, Evelyn Venable, Adrienne Ames. (Nov.)

HERE COMES COOKIE—Paramount.—A good character part for Eddie Rickenbacker, who finds himself with George Raft, Gracie Allen and to have a hilarious time while you are having a good time following their escapades. (Feb.)

HERE COMES THE BAND—M-G-M.—A new type of musical with Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton as the ambitious, musical-minded taxi drivers. Amusingly concocting the plot. Virginia Bruce, Ted Lewis. (Oct.)

HERE'S TO ROMANCE—20th Century-Fox.—A new type of musical Dougal Montgomery delights that introduces Nino Martini and Madame Scherhag, a pair of real crooners, and listen for the thrill of Martin's voice. (Nov.)

HIS FAMILY TREE—RKOradio.—Even James Barton's excellent acting is unable to save this preposterous story of a mayoralty campaign which is based upon the changing of the candidate's name from Murphy to Muttive. (Dec.)

HIS NIGHT OUT—Universal.—An exceedingly hilarious comedy with Edward Everett Horton as a hick who enters the Family Vacation in Canada, surrounded by a host of comic antics and adventure with Irene Hervey and Jack LaRue. Lots of Jan. 15.

HITCH Hike LADY—Republic.—Fast comedy with Allison Skipworth as poor English mother hitch-hiking with a pair of Arthur Lake and Warren Hymer a perfect comedy team. Good Fun. (Mar.)

HOP-ALONG GASSIDY—Paramount.—William Boyd is the hard-surfing, side-dealing young ranch hand in this first picturization of Clarence E. Mul- ler's Hop-Along Cassidy. Set from action with start from finish. (Nov.)

IN PERSON—RKO-Radio.—Fast-paced comedy depicting the deftly of a conceived movie favorite. Betty Hutton enacts a story of a race-mad college lover and offers George Brent, Allan Mowbray and Joan Brenda and abrasive humor. (Dec.)

IRISH IN US, THE—Warners.—There are heart throbs and chuckles in this simple, boy who is thicker than water, Mary Gordon, as the mother of Ralph Byrd, Pat Byrne, and Frank McHugh, steals the show. (Oct.)

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as a high flyvenger a swank desert resort only to find out that he is not the only one making a stratospheric flight, which he does successfully. Daffy zany humor. You'll get plenty of laughter from this. (Dec.)

JALNA—RKO-Radio.—Mazo de la Roche's prize winner, play of the 1940s, with Shirley Mason in the part. The White-oakles family faithfully screened with a sunny sincerity, Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, Nigel Bruce. (Dec.)

JAVA HEAD—First Division.—Joseph Herges-heimer's famous story brought to the screen makes a slow moving picture but Anna Mae Wright as the wife of a laddies and gentlemen's club owner is good. (Oct.)

JUST MY LUCK—New Century.—The bad luck time lives in the mediocrity of production, photography and direction which does the footsteps of Claude's comedy. A weak affair. (Nov.)

KEYSTONE HOTEL—Warners Vitaphone.—A revrel of the merry old slapstick comedies with the familiar faces of Fatty Arbuckle, Joe Keaton, Harold Lloyd and Marie Prevost taking up where they left off years ago. (Dec.)

KIND LADY—M-G-M.—Not very entertaining crock melodrama. Alice Macmahon regrets her kindness to Basil Rathbone who impresses her in her own business. Susanna Foster, Hurd Hatfield, (Nov.)

KING OF BURLESQUE—20th Century-Fox.—A slick story with plenty of mirth and clever dancing to add to the picture. Bronco Butler and Shirley Mason help led to Broadway by Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and Donald Meek. (Dec.)

KINGSOLOMON OF BROADWAY—Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club performer has his egg boiled by his wife, but manages to do with so much worse cracking humor. Patsy Tomlin and Dorothy Page help an otherwise uninteresting cast. (Nov.)

LA MATERNELLE—Metropolis.—Reminiscent in plot and in some aspects, of "Madchen In Uniform" story of love-beguiling children in a Paris Latin Quarter day-nursery will appeal to discriminate the audience. (Nov.)

LATE DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO-Radio.—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefits from the new Technicolor process. Bulwer-Lytton type. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns his name to the love and a hold child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (Dec.)

LAST OF THE PAGANS—M-G-M.—Relating a maritime story of two men who are in a desert South Sea setting. A thrilling idyll. (Feb.)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.—The age old triangle cops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves another love picture. (Dec.)

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Admiral Byrd making a persuasive and handsome actor. Well acted from top to bottom. (Nov.)

LITTLE BIG STAR—Warners.—Another child star is added to the film firmament. Sybil Jason is cast against type as a child actress who is adopted by a Broadway tinhorn. Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell. (Dec.)

LITTLE REBEL, THE—20th Century-Fox.—Shirley Temple worms, sings and dances with the deft of her co-star, her first picture and the captain. Bill Robinson too. You'll like it. (Nov.)

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—Universal.—David Manners is a neurotic, made for paint by John Stahl. Robert Taylor wosing a young widow, Irene Dunne, accidentally blinds him, then devotes his life to helping him. Highly recommended. (Mar.)

MANHATTAN MOON—Universal.—Richard Conte is a young man who wants to release a club owner with social ambitions, a hackneyed story introducing Dorothy Lamour, fresh from radio. Laughs supplied by Hugh O'Connell and Henry Armetta. (Dec.)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 125]
Proud of His Mother

worshipping the ground she walked on... loving her with a fierce loyalty... yet at the same time stealing his way into the flinty heart of a proud, tyrannical nobleman and teaching him the meaning of kindness.

Freddie Bartholomew breathes life into Frances Hodgson Burnett's beloved character, "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and gives a performance in the world-famous story that will indelibly stamp itself upon your heart. Dolores Costello Barrymore as "Dearest" his mother, returns to the screen lovelier and more radiant than ever. She will delight the millions of fans who have been eagerly awaiting her return.

We'd like to be modest in our statements about this picture — but the facts speak for themselves... It has a magnificent cast — a perfect story — was directed by John Cromwell who thrilled you with "Of Human Bondage" — produced by David O. Selznick who gave you "David Copperfield" and the screenplay was written by Hugh Walpole, noted English author.

It is a picture that is marked for major screen honors in 1936!

Selznick International Pictures, Inc., Presents

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

with

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW and DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE

Mickey Rooney • C. Aubrey Smith • Guy Kibbee • Henry Stephenson
E.E. Clive • Una O'Connor • Jackie Searl • Ivan Simpson • Jessie Ralph

PRODUCED BY DAVID O. SELZNICK

United Artists
TORTURED
BY A NATION
FOR HIS ACT OF MERCY!

Tricked by fate into helping an assassin, an innocent man is torn from the woman he loves...shackled...condemned to a living death on a fever island where brutes are masters and sharks are guards!

THE STARK DRAMA
of "I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"

THE MIGHTY POWER
of "Les Miserables"

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND
Starring WARNER BAXTER
with
GLORIA STUART
CLAUDE GILLINGWATER
ARTHUR BYRON
O. P. HEGGIE
HARRY CAREY
AND A CAST OF ONE THOUSAND

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Directed by John Ford
Associate Producer and Screen Play
by Nunnally Johnson
Based on the life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd

The True Story of a Nation's Hidden Shame
WITHIN two years, I am convinced, every important motion picture will be made in color.

I know the danger of prophecy in the shifting world of Hollywood, but I made this flat statement, so convinced am I of the imminence of color, after seeing "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

It will mean a production revolution; it will mean chaos probably worse than that of 1927 when sound came in. Undoubtedly it will see the dimming of the stars now at their zenith and the swift ascent of unknowns with these new rainbows round their shoulders.

One afternoon recently, when I had come to the end of an imperfect day, the Walter Wanger office called me and said if I wanted to I could see the rough cut of "Pine" at the technicolor laboratory.

I didn't want to particularly. I still recalled my deep disappointment at "Becky Sharp." Besides, it was nearly six o'clock.

WE sat in a dreary little projection room, a couple of exhibitors and I. They warned us that we were to see an unfinished print of the picture, and unfinished it certainly was. Every few feet the blues would jump about or a big column of red would suddenly march across the screen, or the plain black and white print would strike through. The projection machine was one of those one-lung affairs that would only take a reel at a time, so that every fifteen minutes the continuity of the action was broken while the projection man stopped and put on a new reel. It would be practically impossible to see a picture under worse circumstances, but I stayed on while the city went dark outside and my appetite grew.

I stayed, because it was one of those electric moments for a motion picture enthusiast, as electric as that first glimpse of Katharine Hepburn in "A Bill of Divorcement," or the original sound of Lawrence Tibbett's voice in "The Rogue Song," or the initial screen tapping of Fred Astaire's dancing feet, as electric as those moments and much more important.

For here was color used without self-consciousness; here was color as a pure plus value in entertainment. There was none of the "composition" of "Becky Sharp." No one was going about being mannered. Here was just a movie, a swell movie, made out-of-doors with the blue of the sky and the dark pines and the weather-stained old mountain cabins as a subtle background for its love story. Here was the dark loveliness of Sylvia Sidney's hair, so arresting above those strange blue eyes of hers. Here was the greatest realism that had yet come to pictures.

THERE are two methods for the use of color in pictures, the realistic and the imaginative. "Becky Sharp" took the latter method and today at Pioneer the same group of people are again taking this imaginative approach in their production of "Dancing Pioneer." It is being made entirely inside the studio with the skies tinted so as not to conflict with the colors of the ladies' dresses.
THIS time I hear they have a fine story and the basic failure of "Becky Sharp" was not, of course, its color, though that jibbered about enough, but the weakness of its story plot.

But "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was taken almost entirely out-of-doors. With its color so accurate and beautiful that after a bit you forget all about it, just as today, now that you have become accustomed to sound, you seldom hear the music score of a dramatic picture. In this picture, color is used quite simply and honestly to heighten your pleasure in a picture that in every other way is superb entertainment too.

As with all revolutionary things, there is a personality in back of all this. He is Walter Wanger, distinctly one of the most intelligent men in the motion picture business and, as far as I am concerned, the only relaxed motion picture executive I have ever seen.

Wanger is another thing besides daring, he is practical.

He it is who had the courage to produce "Gabriel Over the White House," "The President Vanishes," and "Private Worlds," risky pictures all from the point of view of the box-office, but he is also the same man who had the common sense to produce such simple money items as "Every Night At Eight," "Smart Girl," and "Shanghai."

Where the average picture executive surrounds himself with all the trappings of a king in a musical comedy, Wanger operates from a small, neat building in a little studio on a Hollywood side street. You walk up a flight of plain, uncarpeted wooden stairs to get to his office which is furnished with the serene charm you might expect in intelligent business executives' offices, but which is startling in Hollywood. People pop in and out of his office in a quiet and happy way. He keeps few people under contract to him, but those he has are devoted to him.

The day I went to see him, Madeleine Carroll and Henry Fonda dropped in casually from side doors into Mr. Wanger's office. Henry wanted to discuss some dialogue and Madeleine wanted to know about her stills. A script writer came in to talk scenes and a set designer had some sketches to show. It was all very unaffected and friendly and they were all obviously working together towards the same end, producing a good picture, and Mr. Wanger lounged back in his chair making it plain that, while he was perfectly willing to talk about himself, he much preferred to discuss politics or world peace programs, on both of which subjects he has passionate convictions. There was no hustle and drive, no tension of nerves about the place and yet this same producer has put out thirteen productions in the past year, which is a whale of a record.

It is just the advent of a man like this into the realm of color pictures that persuades me of their imminence and their true value. Wanger says that the addition of color to a picture makes it cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars more, but he can not feel that on the important budgets pictures have today, an extra one hundred and fifty thousand is anything to worry about, not as balanced against the greater entertainment value that color creates. He believes in color so completely that he has two and possibly three more color pictures planned on his schedule this year.

To which I can only add that if "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" doesn't make a million dollars, I'll eat this prophecy.
"Ajax Pictures Corporation is not big enough for both you and me, Martin—one of us has to get out!"
I'll never forget the first time I saw Shirley Temple. I lost a bet.

She was bouncing around an office in the publicity department of Paramount Studios when I opened the door. A tiny little thing then with eyes glistening like shoe buttons, and curls twisting out from under a round dark blue hat. Two dimples deepened when she said "Hello." She pointed at a stack of screen magazines on the desk she could barely reach.

"Bet you a nickel my picture's in there" she offered a wise little gleam sparkling in her eye. I felt for her game.

"I haven't a nickel," I told her, "You know how it is these days. But I'll risk a penny."

"All right," she agreed, "you pick."

I picked. She turned the pages. It wasn't a long hunt. She spread her round little face with a smile. "See," she said, "I win."

"Shirley," said a woman who had been sitting quietly in a chair nearby, "give the penny back to the man." She was a tall capable looking woman, with a calm, motherly face.
When they had gone, the publicity woman turned and said: 
"Isn't she a darling? Her name is Shirley Temple. She's just finished 'Little Miss Marker.' That's her mother with her. They live out in Santa Monica. Her father works in the California Bank branch at Washington and Vermont."

"She'll get along," I said, without the slightest prophetic feeling.

The last time I saw Shirley Temple was a short time before her recent birthday. Outside the comfortable bungalow which used to be Lillian Harvey's her omnipresent guard watched eagle-eyed for any possible threat to Hollywood's most precious package. Inside Shirley was having lessons with her tutoress. Every now and then as Mrs. Temple and I talked Shirley would burst into the room, her eyes glistening with excitement. Then she would draw one hand from behind her and hand her mother a folded up piece of paper. Once it was a crayon drawing, florid and fuzzy. On it she had scrawled, "To Mother—I hope you like this—Shirley."

Again it was a passage in French, "Maman, je t'aime—Shirley."

Every time she did a lesson particularly well, the teacher explained, Shirley got to do something she wanted. Usually she wanted to make something for her mother. Sometimes she elected to "use the telephone"—her idea of a real treat. Then anyone on the Fox lot, from head man Darryl Zanuck on down, might pick up his receiver and hear her broadcast:

The most fortunate thing about the greatest, yet the tiniest star in Hollywood is the whole-hearted devotion and common sense of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. George Temple
"Hello, this is Shirley. I've just learned the names of five new flowers and three new birds, and all about them too."

When they announce their astonishment, Shirley hangs up and returns to her lessons.

As I left she framed her healthy, chubby little body in the doorway grinning from dimple to dimple.

"Goodbye, Shirley," I called, "Happy Birthday."

"Happy, happy birthday!" cried Shirley.

I caught on—a game.

"Happy, happy, happy, birthday," I returned.

"Happy, happy, happy, happy birthday!" multiplied Shirley in high delight. "I won!"

Possibly you are wondering what all this has to do with the Temple family. I don't know exactly. Except that somehow as her completely unspoiled image faded from my vision I thought of that day when I had first seen Shirley Temple and played her game and lost my penny. I wondered what it was that had kept her from changing.

I thought of what had gone between. Here on the eve of her second happy birthday since she became a little star, I recapitulated the string of mounting hit pictures which had made her the greatest, yet the tiniest, unchallenged star in Hollywood's glittering galaxy.

I thought of the reports I had read about "The Littlest Rebel" and its record breaking runs. I thought of all the honors, and the adulation and the sincere, heart felt, globe wide love which had been showered on this one little bright eyed sugar lump.

I thought of the great man who had come to Hollywood and worshipped first at her shrine. What was it H. G. Wells had said, just the other day?—"she totally disarms you—she lifts you off your feet."

All of this and more and more and still more. Fame—adoration—tremendous fortune, the first little girl of the world.

The after words of that publicity woman, voiced two years ago, rang in my ears. They might have been said at this moment. They still rang true.

"Isn't she a darling?—Shirley Temple. That's her mother...."

And it suddenly struck me that here indeed was a remarkable family who had managed a remarkable thing.

In the face of the greatest stroke of fortune ever to visit an average American family of modest means, the Temples have maintained the same even tenor of their existence. They have acted with taste and good solid sense in everything they have done. They have kept Shirley for themselves when the whole world reached out its arms for her. And they have kept her sweet, unspoiled, healthy and happy.

It's not such a simple thing as it sounds.

They deserve what Texas Guinan used to call "a great big hand."

You can drive down Nineteenth Street in Santa Monica, California, and see the house the Temples live in, the house that Gertrude Temple still runs. It is an unpretentious house like the rest of the houses in an unpretentious neighborhood.

You can still see the small branch bank where George Temple sits at his desk attending to his daily banking duties, just as he did before his daughter became the idolized little goddess of the universe. You can find oldest brother Jack up at Stanford and "Sonny" at Military School in New Mexico, attending to the normal processes of their educations.

With all the glamour, ostentation, pretension and pose of Hollywood around them constantly, this family has remained simple and unaffected. Thrust by fortune into the heart of a dazzling pinwheel, they have remained unmarred by its sparks.

Shirley Temple today is Big Business. The biggest individual business in Hollywood. She is one of the greatest money-makers in this nation. Less than one per cent of the population of these United States earns over $10,000 a year. Shirley's salary and bonus arrangement for pictures alone runs between three and four thousand dollars a week—fifty-two weeks in the year. That in itself, is a lot of money. But that isn't all. There are more Shirley Temple dolls, more Shirley Temple dresses, more Shirley Temple books sold every day throughout the world than any other kind for children. All of these bring in royalty checks. During the past Christmas season alone her share of the Shirley Temple books sold—at a quarter of a cent a word—came to $18,000.

Her income for a year, at the present rate, would very probably run between a quarter and a half million dollars.

It could be more than that.

I happen to know that not long ago the Temples turned down a radio offer with options totaling $283,000!

That is a quarter of a million dollars. It is also a respectable fortune. And happily begun to be.

But the income, amazing as it is, is not the most remarkable thing about the Temple family. The remarkable thing is their refusal to let it make any difference in their lives. Or to let it threaten Shirley's future life.

The Temples turned down that tempting fortune, that $283,000, because of a very simple and altogether sound reason—it would overtax Shirley. This, in addition to her screen work, would possibly overwork her and react on her health. Shirley, not money, comes first with the Temples. And so the radio—quarter million or not—was out.

You can't help but admire people like that.

Neither of the Temples had ever been used to such money. Shirley's father has been a banker, moderately successful all his life. His family were good, solid American stock—in Los Angeles there is a "Temple Street" named for them—but not wealthy. Shirley's mother was brought up in modest circumstances in Chicago. When she was fourteen her father died, leaving her mother and a younger brother. It was her nature to take responsibilities upon herself. She went to work. At seventeen she was married to George Temple.

Up until Shirley's great good [ please turn to page 90 ]
sylvia - henry

Celebrating Paramount's revolutionary all-color "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Photoplay presents Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sydney in its new color process.
A hit in “Love Before Breakfast,” Cesar Romero is expected to glow even more brightly in “She Married a Million.” And he started as a ballroom dancer.
Completing her new picture "The King Steps Out," with Franchot Tone, Grace Moore, Tennessee's famous song bird, flew to the Metropolitan for "La Boheme"
And quite stunning, too, we say. Joan Blondell in her brand new smart frock she had designed from the motif of zebra stripes. Joan, by the way, is in "Sons o' Guns"
For the first time in his twelve years as ace costumer at Paramount, Travis Banton tells all!

By Julie Lang Hunt

This is my pet Hollywood story. It should be. It took me eleven years to get it.

Way back in 1925 I started harassing Travis Banton for this confession of his dressing-room secrets. At that time he had been Paramount's head costume designer for just twelve months, and he informed me, with a fine disdain that even a whole year in Hollywood hardly condoned the compilation of his cinematic memoirs.

And so he continued to shake his head at me during 1926 (Negri had him skipping merrily that year), during 1927 (Clara Bow was just beginning to give him the jitters), during 1928 (there was Nancy Carroll), and during 1929 (there was still Nancy Carroll and the depression too).

By 1930 we were almost friendly and he promised then to give me the "dope" someday when he was in a reminiscing mood.

Somehow I cannot resent the six years that managed to slip by before the mood overtook him. A gown designer, especially one of the Hollywood variety, has a well earned right to a few eccentricities. And then, those years were packed to the brim with beautiful women, their demands, their melodramas, their absurdities and, in a few instances, their allure.

Deep and lasting friendships were forged with many of the magically lovely women that swarmed through his busy life. A few, Banton frankly disliked, and one, he loved.

Now, Travis Banton admits that twelve years ago he arrived in Hollywood with the wrong attitude. He was very certain, it seems, that gown designing for a studio would be a jolly lark and that all feminine picture stars were sweet natured, albeit misunderstood, young ladies who would be enchanted to have him correct their abominable taste in clothes.

There is a very interesting reason behind this pair of schoolboy illusions. Her name is Norma Talmadge.

Banton met her in 1916 (twenty years ago, imagine that) when she was at the very crest of a staggering fame and popularity. He was still an art student and she was about to make a picture in New York called "Poppy." Through some miracle, or maybe Banton really was a boy wonder, he was given the commission to design the great star's entire wardrobe for the production.

And although two decades now lie between him and his first dressing-room session with a picture star, Banton can recall every detail of the encounter, even down to the ridiculous details such as Norma's frock (it was beige and tailored), Norma's hat (it carried a pair of green feathers), and Norma's hair (it was daringly bobbed, remember it was the early Irene Castle era).

He was a nervous, awkward confused youngster and there were probably plenty of mistakes in the drawings he submitted to the renowned Talmadge, but she accepted each sketch with enthusiasm and praise as if she divined the boy's desperate need of encouragement and admiration. And during the subsequent fittings, that were, no doubt longer and more trying than they should have been due to Banton's inexperience, there was no word of complaint or irritation from this celebrated and charming woman.

And several years later when he had returned from the war, and received a similar assignment for Alice Joyce (then a newly discovered name), he was completely convinced that all movie stars of the female gender were a race of super-women endowed with a surfeit of charm, graciousness and breeding.

And the lovely Joyce managed to keep him fascinated in spite of the long and tedious hours she kept him in the fitting rooms demanding a complete and impossible perfection in the manipulation of each tiny seam, gusset and tuck.
Mary O'Brien makes adjustments on the gown Travis Banton (looking on) designed for Carole Lombard. For another of Miss Lombard's gowns by Banton, in color, turn to page 63.
Years later Banton was to discover this same maddening quality of meticulousness in two other brunette stars, Florence Vidor and Claudette Colbert, who were (and still are, strangely enough) high favorites of his in spite of their fatiguing and hyper-fastidious habits.

In 1920 there was another pleasant although indirect encounter with a prominent star. Banton, at the time, was working for the famous Madame Frances of New York, and one of his spring creations, a bridal gown of bouffant white net, had received wide comment and publicity. The day following the publication of a picture of the romantic frock in a leading fashion magazine there was a hubbub of secret activity in the main fitting salon of the Frances establishment. Even Banton was not permitted in the room although his famous bridal frock was whisked off its hanger and borne unceremoniously behind the locked doors.

He was consumed with curiosity. He wanted to see the June bride who was buying the lovely costume. He hoped she would be tiny and blonde and beautiful because he had designed the gown with such a girl in mind. Suddenly the door stood ajar for a full minute and Banton was able to see the bride. She was tiny and blonde and beautiful and her face was suffused with a great happiness as she stood before the mirrors framed in billowing clouds of net. Before the door closed he recognized Mary Pickford. She bought that gown for her marriage a few days later to Douglas Fairbanks.

And so on a drizzling winter day in 1924 when a Paramount official telephoned and suggested that he sign a contract to go to Hollywood, Banton accepted instantly. He was almost reluctant to ask the salary involved in this helicon arrangement that provided a chance to escape a New York winter and the golden opportunity to work with women who were both genial and beautiful.

His initial Hollywood job was a super-super-dress picture called "The Dressmaker from Paris," and Leatrice Joy was the star. Their first interview got off to a bad start. It seems that Miss Joy had read and believed the publicity department's published stories concerning "the famous Travis Banton from Paris," and she greeted him enthusiastically as Monsieur Le Banton. And when "Monseur" replied to this astonishing salutation in an unmistakable Texas drawl, embarrassment flamed between them.

The second interview was even more cheerless. On that occasion, Banton showed Miss Joy sketches for the gown, wrap and coiffure to be used in her big scene. It seems that Miss Joy had ideas of her own on the matter that did not include svelt black satin gowns or sleek, unadorned bobbed hair. Her hairdresser, she informed Banton, had created the then usual intricate masterpiece for the vital scene, a coiffure that boasted two huge Spanish combs made of braids (something extra-special even in 1924), more braids around the head and a simple lattice work of pearls and rhinestones to enrich the effect. Then the star objected firmly to sketches for daytime frocks that permitted eleven chic inches of her legs to show. Only Mack Sennett bathing beauties dared such revelation. And it did not matter to Leatrice or any other Hollywood star that the fashionable world of New York and Paris was wearing short skirts. A dramatic actress must wear dramatic clothes, and the ungainly, outmoded trailing skirt which at that date spelled "drama" to the film colony.

And so the dawn found Banton picking up the shattered pieces of his gay illusions. He tore his hair, he walked the pavements, he packed his trunks, he wrote his resignation, and then suddenly he saw the light—Battery. Wasn't it every man's lethal and legal weapon? [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]
This Is Really
IRENE DUNNE

It’s distinctly understood among her intimates that Irene Dunne is meant when one asks after Mother Hen

If you are one of the many, many thousands who have sat in a darkened theater and wondered about the woman Irene Dunne as she moved serenely about a movie screen, this story is for you.

If you have wondered at the quiet calm of her, the half-hidden flame of humor that lies so near the calm surface, if you have noticed the rapt, yes, the entranced expression of every man, young or old, who sat about you, if you have had a feeling, an intuitive feeling, that those qualities of dignity and serenity have roots in soil born of some necessity, this story then is for you.

I can promise you nothing sensational. For Irene Dunne is not a sensational woman. I can guarantee no juicy bits of intimate gossip. For I know of none. Unless, perhaps, she lies awake nights heartsick about the kitchen sink in her new home. She’s afraid it’s too near the door. Or would you call that juicy? No? No, I thought not.

But if I tell you Irene Dunne is a woman who magnificently rose from the ashes of the woman she might have been, what would you say to that, eh?

If circumstances or fate or whatever one chooses to call it has suddenly stopped you in the even tenor of your way and shoved you off in a new and bewildering detour where all seems lost and hopeless, it might be well to think long and earnestly about the woman Irene Dunne. For the very qualities that endear her to thousands to-day, were born of just such an exigency.

I can’t say, not being a prophet or seer, and thereby losing a chance for easy pickings in Hollywood, what Irene Dunne might have eventually become in life, but I have even money to lay down it wouldn’t have been a movie star. Knowing something of her gentle breeding, of her home life in Louisville, Kentucky, the disapproving consternation of her father at the mere suggestion, coupled with her shyness and complete lack of hardened determination necessary for the work, all climaxed in her one ambition to become a concert singer, I’m sure it would have prevented Irene Dunne from even dreaming of it.

But at the age of twelve her world, her quiet, safe, secure world was lost forever. Irene’s father died. At twelve, Irene knew in her little girl heart, it was up to her to provide a secure future for herself, her mother and younger brother.

They went back to her mother’s old home where a dozen or so young cousins and nieces and aunts lived. All looked to Irene for some solution to the problem. Irene with her voice and fairness could do something. Eyes, blue, brown, young, old looking day after day to Irene until the sense of responsibility grew up within her like a giant plant crowding into the background all other preconceived ideas, traits, plans and dreams. Even submerging the deep Irish wit that still loiters near the surface. It molded a new Irene Dunne. And because it was taken up with such eager willingness, with such seriousness of purpose, such touching bravery, it became the outstanding characteristic of the woman to-day. It permeates everything she thinks, says, does. It shows forth clearly from the screen as if it were written in big red letters.
Never before has this elusive lady sat for a word portrait so real, so heart-warming, or—as she herself put it—so “truly lovely”

By Sara Hamilton

It's the keynote to her soul—this allegiance to her family and work. One inseparable from the other. It's become second nature to her and influences everything she thinks and does and plans for you on the screen. A lifelong allegiance to a service! The service long since rendered but the allegiance still glowing brightly. Looking after her family with anxious solicitation.

It's distinctly understood among her few intimates that Irene Dunne is meant when one asks after the Mother Hen.

"Well, what's Mother Hen about today?"

ONE reads from a biography written, no doubt, by some well meaning press agent, that after her school days, Irene Dunne was wooed by Broadway. Her heart was set on the Metropolitan and opera but no, Broadway, in a fetching mustachio, wooed and won Irene.


People, theatrical producers especially, remember Irene Dunne in the days she tramped the pavements of New York looking for work. There was an immaculate neatness about her that hid any trace of shabbiness. There was something so brave about her, one producer later recalled, that one knew here was a girl who would have died before revealing the reason behind the pressing need for work. Or using it as a lever. Here was a girl who wanted to become an actress not because being an actress was glamorous but, with her fine voice and quiet beauty, it was the only work she felt fitted for. "I can shut my eyes now," he related, "and see the gentle quietness of her as she went about the business of job hunting. And I always felt as if I had let myself down when I had nothing for her."

And if that is being wooed by Broadway, I'm just about to give in to Michigan Boulevard.

I'm particular about giving you this background of her in order that you may drape upon it the following facts, impressions and stories about her and so form in your own mind the complete picture of the woman, Irene Dunne.

I give you, to begin with, three ladies of Hollywood. All

Following up her big success in "The Magnificent Obsession," she appears in Universal's "Showboat"

Left, the note of appreciation which Miss Dunne wrote on the last page of the author's manuscript
The Astounding Story

ONLY the light crash of feet tearing through the matted ground growth ruffled the deathly silence of the jungle.

Heading a column of black native bearers, a tall arrow-straight youth with keen eyes and a blond silken stubble of whiskers parted the thick green leaves with his elbows. A holstered revolver rubbed his right thigh.

Behind him the blacks glistened under a load of tripods, duffle chests, and tins of film. Paces back another white man guarded his precious camera. The tall youth was the guide. The cameraman belonged to an expedition sent to film the Head Hunters of uncharted, "uncontrolled" New Guinea.

Already they were three days from the last government outpost. Entering the head Hunter country. Anything could happen now.

Suddenly it did.

Black, bushy beards mushroomed magically out of the tropic thicket. The blacks squealed, dropped their packs, scattered in panicked confusion. The trees rained whistling darts.

The young man dropped to his knees, tore a stinging arrow from his ankle. He pulled himself behind a tree trunk. His pistol spat at the quivering leaves where savages had been. It was silent again. He turned with an odd Irish grin to the white man with the camera. Its lens was leveled at his good looking face. A crank was still turning.

"Didn't miss a frame," said the cameraman, "even if they did wing me. Here pull this thing out and let's have a drink."

"That's a good idea," said the youth.

There has never been a stranger, more exotic, more dramatic, more incredibly weird screen test. For those few feet of film, cranked by an alert and courageous cameraman as death challenged deep in the unknown Head Hunter country of New Guinea, far beyond the fences of civilization, are the reason that that arrow-straight youth, Errol Flynn, is in Hollywood today.

With his bold Irish gentleman's face of taut cheeks, narrow nose and tilted chin, with his waving brown hair and his tawny rollicking eyes; with his curling lips and their wide wall of smile beneath.

And when people watch him, suddenly Clark Gable seems a little old. Leslie Howard perhaps is stodgy after all, and Herbert Marshall's suave charm all at once seems empty and somewhat dull.

For this youth's blood races and his eyes flash and his muscles move.

Men see him and think of another, named Douglas Fairbanks, who years ago led them out of humdrum worlds into the sun golden fields of high adventure. Women see him and swoon.

That's why Errol Flynn is the current thrill and hope of Hollywood.

The hundreds of thousands who stormed theaters to see him
of Errol Flynn

This descendant of a famed adventurer proves that old-fashioned thrilling romance exists in the 20th century

By Warren Reeve

A few months ago an unknown, now the white hope of Hollywood, to Errol, it is but another adventure in his incredible life

life than to come to any ten ordinary men in a lifetime.

You ask him about it today and he grins and says he didn't seek adventure out. It just happened. But how it happened!

At eighteen he landed in New Guinea as flat as a trolley wheel, the seat literally out of his trousers. He had come from Sydney, Australia, because he had been kicked out of school there, and it seemed to him that this time it might excite parental wrath.

Errol had been expelled from school twice before. Somehow, as a kid, life seemed much more fun without rules. He was a North Irishman, and what made his school turbulences worse was the fact that his father was a professor at Queen's University in Belfast and hardly sympathetic towards a rebellious school-boy, even if it happened to be his own son.

So after Errol had been exposed to St. Paul's and King's College and schools in England and France with similarly inharmonious sequels, his father listened to his pleas and took him along on a scientific expedition exploring the coast of wild Tasmania. It was six years before Errol saw home again.

As his father had left him in the Sydney school and gone home he felt that he was on his own, and he heard about gold in New Guinea.

It wasn't gold he found when he landed from the wallowing cargo tramp which brought him there but an odd shilling for an odd job every now and then. He did everything and anything. Perhaps the oddest was his...
ET me begin by a disappointing confession. I have no sensational revelations to make about Hollywood. I have seen no midnight orgies, no fisticuffs between rival stars in swell cafés, no platinum-fitted bath-tubs, no champagne drunk out of girls’ slippers, no dancing on table-tops. If these things exist and happen, it has not been my fortune, good or bad, to witness them. But I have met a lot of rather nice people; I have been to pleasant houses where one drank the toast of 1936 no more boisterously (and no less) than might have happened in New York or London; and I have seen a good deal of Hollywood’s chief preoccupation, so rarely mentioned because it is popularly supposed to be lacking in glamour—I mean, Hard Work.

Now this, though not sensational, may be to some a revelation; and perhaps, from Hollywood’s point of view, a desirable one. For Hollywood is in many ways one of the world’s most maligned places, and partly by its own fault. Once upon a time, when Montgomery Ward stood at 130 and United Steel at 150 (do you remember those days?), Money and Glamour were almost synonymous terms, and we all just loved to read about the screen-star who had four hundred overcoats, had built a swimming-pool of black marble, or had insured each of her eyelashes for a thousand dollars. It sounded good, and it made us feel how wonderful we all were, what a grand thing progress was, and so on.

But today things are different, and it does seem a pity that so much of the pre-Depression publicity still attaches to Hollywood and its doings. It is not only very largely untrue; but it sounds the wrong note. I have been struck, during a single trip across America, with the extent to which, though individual screen-personalities are popular, Hollywood itself is disliked. People who are hard-up cannot help envying a class which they imagine to be earning fabulous sums for a very easy job, while the movie-star’s grumble against high taxation merely draws a derisive smile from the man whose yearly income is too small to be taxed at all.

Therefore I stress this matter, glamorous or not, of hard work. Granted that many Hollywood salaries are high—absurdly high, if you insist. The point is that they are not earned easily; that a day in the studio is as hard and as long as a day in the machine-shop or behind the counter; that stars have as many business worries as anyone else; that their status and jobs are about as insecure as anything could be in an insecure world; and that, in addition to being the world’s idols, they are also the world’s targets for begging letters, gang-threats, petty racketeers, and scandalous gossip. You can commit murder in Missouri and only have your name in the local papers. But if a picture star’s Pekingese snaps at Mrs. Jones it means front-page nation-wide news, high-pressure attorneys, a million-dollar writ for shattered nerves, and a settlement out of court for five hundred.

All this adds shadows to a world of golden sunshine and silver foxes; not especially dark shadows, maybe, but just enough to make the emotions of a picture star’s life as varied as most people’s. He’s well paid, but he pays well for being well paid; consider all the things he has money for but rarely the chance.

"Hollywood is the wildest west of all, a sort of mental and spiritual rodeo"
Famed for "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and "Lost Horizon"—Mr. Hilton

CHIPS

Hollywood

to do. He would like to travel and see the world; all he has
time for, as a rule, is a Pullman's eye-view. He dare not walk
openly along Fifth Avenue or Piccadilly in case a crowd
collects. Wherever he goes there are interviewers, photograph-
ers and autograph-hunters to worry him; and if they were
not there he would worry even more.

If I were a producer I would make a picture of a story which,
so far as I know, has not been used before—the true story of a
screen actor's rise to fame and fortune. I would have Mr.
Clark Gable taking for once the part of Mr. Clark Gable, I
would show him arriving in Hollywood from wherever he did
arrive, acting first of all in small parts, then in better ones,
until his final stardom. And I would show Hollywood pictori-
ally—studios and streets and the sort of life an actor has
before he earns much money, the foundation of hard work
he has to put in before a Mr. So-and-So can
become the Mr. So-and-So.

You wouldn't be too sorry for him,
of course. But you would agree
that his job has its drawbacks,
like yours and mine.

Of course there are com-
pensations. The Californian climate is
one; it makes all other climates look like
mere weather. And the mental atmos-
phere is equally enlivening; you cannot
live in Hollywood for long without reali-
zing that the ergs or ohms or whatever they
are of intellectual activity expended in it continuously amount
to a perfectly staggering total. It is one of the street corners
of the world, where the most interesting people sooner or later
come strolling along; and, of course, the handsomest too. It
magnetises beauty and brains from all over the earth; the love-
liest and the best; or—if they are not all the best—well, the
second-best are not so bad. No one would pretend that Los
Angeles County completely lives up to its name; but the idea
that it is a devil's paradise is equally erroneous. It is a place
where pleasure is manufactured for export, and where the
human material, coming in duty-free from every country on
the face of the globe, is sometimes—but not very often—rather
raw material. (Hence the legends.) One might even call
Hollywood the first really International City the world has
ever known, for it is not American; it just has an American
colony somewhat larger than its English, French, German,
Italian, and other colonies. And for this reason it is a place
where, though you may not feel thoroughly at home, you can't
feel a complete exile either.

Of course things don't always go well. Then Hollywood
can be cruel, or—worse still—indifferent. There are picture
actors who once drew ten thousand dollars a week and are now
glad to earn fifty as an extra. They have grown old, or the
talkies didn't suit their style, or they got mixed up in some
scandal. Whatever the reason, their day is over, for it is
easier (let us hope) for the rich man to enter Heaven than for a
former picture favourite to stage a come-back. Of course
you can say that they ought to have saved something out of
their once-huge salaries. But perhaps they did, and lost it all
in the stock-market slump or in bank-crashes. Anything can
happen in Hollywood, and most of it has happened already.

All of which points to a personal classification and a tragic
difference; tragic not only in

By

James

Hilton

[Please turn to page 116]
DON'T be surprised if Pinky Tomlin's next song is a sorrowful lament. He's in mourning—for his pet guitar. Sally Eilers smashed it the other day. She was driving a car in a scene and stepped on the gas instead of the brake when she was supposed to pull up short. The Tomlin "gittar" was the only casualty. Sally swears it was accidental but there have been rumors of decoration for valor.

FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW is becoming quite proficient at the American pastime known as the come-back.

Freddie had been practising riding an old-fashioned bike for a sequence in his new picture, and like the Redskins of old, had "bit the dust" more than once. Finally he admitted to Director John Cromwell that he had mastered the riding trick.

"I forgot to tell you, Freddie, that the big scene shows you falling off!" Cromwell said.

"That's a cinch," Freddie answered. "I learned that in the first ten seconds!"

ONE of the current crop of really beautiful little actresses who is getting a big build-up at Twentieth Century-Fox these days is June Lang. She's really a Hollywood wonder. A couple of years ago she was June Vlasek. She had platinum hair, bands on her teeth, and was inclined to be a little awkward. You should see her now—or that is, you will be seeing her now. She's a dream, on or off the screen.

Dr. Herbert Gaylord and Glenda Farrell at the President's Ball, Biltmore Hotel. "T's said the Addison Randall-Glenda romance is very much a thing of the past.

Virginia Pine's and George Ral's hearty laughter is witness enough to the reputation Joe Lewis, master of ceremonies at the Trocadero, has for putting over a good story.
of hollywood...

**THERE'S** one girl in Hollywood who can use that line "My best friend and severest critic" with impunity. She's actress Queenie Smith, wife of Robert Garland, New York drama critic. And a tough one.

**YEP**—they've really gone horse crazy in Hollywood. When Fred Astaire's wife had their baby the other day, Bob Montgomery, who is expecting one in the family any time now, sent a telegram to Fred:

"Congratulations," it read, "yours to win and mine to show."

**ABOUT** the time you read this, Clark Gable will be getting the old duffle bag packed for his next big jaunt—this time to the Orient.

The South American trip was a pretty strenuous affair—Latin people are such hero-worshippers. But Clark thinks that he'll really be able to get away from it all in China and Japan.

Whether or no, he'll be hieing hence as soon as he makes one more picture. If he can get passage on the China Clipper, he'll fly. Otherwise the fastest boat to the Rising Sun will carry him. He'll go it alone.

**THEY** used to call her "Diamond Lil"—but our Mae has gone back on her "ice." Like practically everyone else in Hollywood, she has succumbed to a star-sapphire.

Mae went for one the other day tipping the beam at one hundred and fifty carats.

Michael Bartlett, handsome tenor, the attractive Mrs. Clark Gable and Cesar Romero were also among the host of notables who were guests at Mary Pickford's party.
WHEN Hollywood saw, heard, and applauded "Rose Marie" at its preview, Nelson Eddy was miles away up in Seattle, on a concert tour.

But he heard them clap for his singing over a telephone wire!

His mother arranged it, and it cost around seventy-five dollars.

But if you were a star, you'd know it was worth that much to hear that your picture is a hit.

GEORGE RAFT can't keep out of the fight racket somehow. George used to push his leather padded dukes around before he became the vaseline topped lover of the movies.

Now he's an owner. George just bought the skating rights to Jocie E. Grey, who is the kid brother of the Kafit shadow, Mack (the Killer) Grey.

Jocie E. is making his professional debut where all the Hollywood ringers can get a load of him, and they do say that Mac West and the Paramounters are backing his fisty aplomb to the elbows.

JUST when advance reports indicate that Luise Rainer's work in "The Great Ziegfeld" will make her one of the great stars in Hollywood, Luise announces that she's going to go home in a few months and get married.

She won't tell his name, but he's a young diplomat, and they've been in love some time. Luise is alone now in Hollywood. Her mother has left for Vienna. She still runs around with the few people who speak her language; Jean Negulesco, who used to squire Sidney Fox, being the most frequent escort.

Wedding bells, so Luise says, will ring in about six months—after she finishes "The Good Earth." And they won't ring in Hollywood.

GRETA GARBO will have a very nice little surprise awaiting her, if and when she ever comes back to Hollywood, and her particular movie home—M-G-M.

They found a plain gold signet ring in the ruins of the old M-G-M commissary when they tore it down the other day.

Some years ago Garbo practically turned the studio upside down looking for it. But they couldn't find it. Whereupon, she was a bit upset. The ring had some sort of a sentimental meaning which no one but G. G. herself knew about. Now they're holding it for her.

The Yacht Club Boys yodel Beverly Roberts and Al Jolson to luncheon from "The Singing Kid" set. From the usual left, Charlie Adler, Jimmie Kern, George Kelly, Beverly, Al and Billy Mann

And was she embarrassed? Little Luise Rainer surrounded by a group of enthusiastic admirers at the Westwood Village Theater

Fay Wray met on arrival at Santa Fe R.R. station. Ralph Bellamy, Jeanette MacDonald, Fay, Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond

JOHN QUALEN, who plays "Papa" Donne in the Quintuplet picture, "The Country Doctor," is not only a dead ringer for the world's champion daddy, but comes from Canada and has had three babies of his own.

At the birth of every one of them, Papa Qualen was away on an acting engagement.

DUNCAN RENALDO knows what it is to have friends. And once again Hollywood friendships have proved not to be fair weather friendships.

The full pardon which President Roosevelt granted Duncan came as a result of a very large and very long petition, signed by half of Hollywood and forwarded to Washington. Evidently the president thought that a man with that many friends couldn't be such a wrong guy.

If Duncan can arrange to stay in this country, he'll find plenty of work in Hollywood too. Three studios are ready to offer him parts.

AS you read this, Anna May Wong will be getting her first glimpse of China.

Yes, it's true. Anna May has been playing Chinese adies for years and years, but while she's Oriental by parentage, she's an American citizen. Born in Los Angeles.

THE Bing Croslys aren't the social kind—at least, they seldom step out. But the other night, Bing and wife managed to stay up long enough to take in the "Seven Seas," one of Hollywood's better South Sea spots.

Before Bing had left the joint, he had managed to sign up an entertainment trio for his radio program. Even when he plays, Bingo has business on the brain.

If there is anything Margaret Sullivan would rather not have, it is any inference that she and her husband, Willy Wyler, are not happy. So the other night, when she was leaving a preview in company with her ex-spouse, Henry Fonda, she saw with horror that a photographer was taking her picture. Margaret pleaded, but the photographer refused.

He was going to print and use it, he said firmly, because he thought he owed Margaret no favors. Sometimes the boys who get snubbed get a chance to poke back.
Four of “the boys” drop in on director Eddie Goulding for a bit of a chat and such. From the left to the right, Frank Lawton, Herbert Marshall, Basil Rathbone, Mr. Goulding and Ralph Forbes

B IG red-headed Dick Foran and Paula Stone are in the endeavor stage. Guess what he calls her—“Postscript.” Why? You’ll have to ask Dick. Maybe because she’s short and snappy.

H OLLYWOOD sympathizes deeply with Chester Morris. Last month his dad, William Morris, died. They were very close—the Morris family. All five of them used to act together, in the old days.

Chester was mighty proud of his father, who in his day was one of the best known actors in New York. Chester’s kids adored their grandfather. He made them toys and played with them. Everyone will miss William Morris.

T HERE’s one Scottie in Hollywood who really rates. His name is “Toughie” and he belongs to Madge Evans. “Toughie” took a header into Madge’s swimming pool the other day and promptly started sinking to the bottom, emitting canine shouts for help.

Madge was nearby, wearing a prized gown she had lugged with loving care all the way from Europe.

But “Toughie”’s anguish yelps were too much. In Madge plunged, gown and all. It was pretty much all wet and ruined when she came out, but “Toughie” was saved. Greater love hath no star—

J UST in case any of her friends from the frozen North drop in sometime, Jean Harlow is getting ready to make them feel at home. She’s planning to build—of all things—an ice skating rink in her basement.

The basement was a problem, until Jean did some fancy sliding around in “Wife Vs. Secretary.” It was so much fun doing figure eights and things that she decided to have the glass business transferred to her own home. Here-tofore, Hollywood has had to pop off to the mountains or to Los Angeles’ one solitary winter garden to glide—but soon the skimmers will all congregate at Jean’s.

S INCE Sylvia Sidney split up with brand new hubby, Bennett Cerf, the reconciliation rumors fly thick and fast concerning her old flame, B. P. Schulberg. They’ve been out together, and while that doesn’t mean anything in Hollywood, still the odds are shortening against a complete reconciliation. They’ve met with each other for a long, long time.

Y OU’VE heard it over the radio—“I’m Building Up to an Awful Let Down”—Fred Astaire’s song. But did you know that El Astaire would never have blossomed as a song-writer if he hadn’t been encouraged by Irving Berlin?

Fred has always improvised music. He will sidle-yum his way through dance steps in rehearsals and his piano player will jot it down. It’s usually good. Just tinkering around on the keys of the piano he hopped out “I’m building Up.” When Irving Berlin heard it, he wouldn’t stop until he had persuaded Fred to publish it.

Now, be advised that Fred is taking it seriously. He's knocking out a full musical comedy. Tunes ‘n’ everything.

G OOD old C. B. DeMille. He goes back into history even when he plays the ponies. DeMille backed a horse named Polydorus at Santa Anita. It came in. DeMille said he knew it would because a gent named “Apollo-dorus” ran Cleopatra’s government for her and he was sure Polydorus would run for him. C. B. collected twenty-five bucks.

B ING CROSBY, Dick Arlen and company were having a nice game of golf on the Lakeside course in Toluca Lake. As they proceeded around the links, they came upon queer little excavations and ripped stretches of fairway. “Ah,” said Bing, “this is great news. ‘Bill’ Fields is well. He’s playing golf again!”

B ASIL RATHBONE’S dexterity with fencing foils lets him go one up on a Barrymore.

In “Romeo and Juliet” Basil is wielding his own trusty blade, while John called upon a double to fight for him.

Incidentally, when Basil let Errol Flynn run him through in “Captain Blood” it was just for picture purposes. He can take Errol’s measure with swords any day.
Love, Honor and Obey

THAT IMPULSE!

Franchot Tone tells why he will never have to sacrifice his "rugged individualism" to marriage

By George Kingsley

THIS much you know: that in New Jersey last November, Franchot Tone married Joan Crawford after two years of waiting.

And this much I know: that so far as Franchot is concerned, marriage to one of the most beautiful and famous of today's screen ladies will not in any way affect his personality, his dreams for the future, his ambitions, or his philosophy of life.

Oh, there will be adjustments; that much is demanded of every young man when he agrees to spend his remaining years with another person.

But basically, Franchot Tone will remain the same. He is the same, today, as he was three months ago when I talked with him beside the bright blue bay at Catalina Isthmus.

He was making "Mutiny on the Bounty" then; and I bundled myself into a perilously small speedboat and was whirled across a rough channel to the Island, stoic in the face of qualms and bad weather—because somehow I had developed a whole-hearted curiosity about this reserved, drawn into his shell young actor.

I wanted really to know him—few enough people do—and I wanted to peer under that mask of his, discover and understand the intricate processes of his character and imagination I wanted, if it were humanly possible, to get his formula on paper.

By the time I found him, relaxed, smoking a cigarette on a pile of cast-off planks, the sun had come out with that tentative air it has on cloudy days. The brass on the harbor boats glittered; warmth came down.

During one lazy hour we discussed that always fascinating subject: Ourselves; and under the influence of the gentle, shifting weather Franchot stretched his legs out and put his head back and talked.

OUT of the life he lives on this earth he must have, first, a glimpse of Utopia—and this is idealism. "I'm optimistic enough to believe the perfect state actually exists somewhere," he said. "We'll have universal plenty in a few hundred years, of course, only I won't be here to see it.

Anyway, I'm going to buy a schooner soon and sail around the world in it. You can't tell me that sometime in some part of the Pacific or Mediterranean or India Ocean—I won't find a 'Pitcairn's Island.' No taxes, no money, no politics: I've dreamed about a place like that ever since I was old enough to read Sir Thomas More."

We were quiet for a time, watching a white yacht ride in from the channel. On a mental note-pad I wrote, "Tone is idealistic without melodrama. When he was very young his dreams had a fine frenzied color; now he dreads the color while others forget the dreams. He will find his island."

"I want a house!" Franchot said suddenly. "That's another thing. I want to build a place in New England for purposes of vacation, and when I say vacation I mean vacation. I'll go there when I'm tired, and I'll read a little—I'll sleep and eat—I'll listen to the radio. Not another thing, so help me."

"What kind of a house?" I wanted to know.

He looked at me. "You must know the sort of home I'd want," he said. And I did, even before he described it.

It will loom far back from a quiet road, protected by maples; it will have an air of stately and peaceful grace. Staunch tradition, deep foundation, fine proportion—and this will be its birthright. And certainly there will be wide lawns.

Franchot Tone's marriage to the brilliant and completely feminine Joan Crawford was the culmination of an ardent courtship of two years. Back in Hollywood at the Lamaze
That pretty well takes care of your spare time," I pointed out. "A schooner, a vacation retreat. How about work?"

He was very emphatic. "The stage, of course. I'd like to stay with acting for the rest of my life. When I'm middle-aged—well, then I'll take middle-aged parts. And when I'm old I can always be a character actor."

"No more movies?"

"Oh, I wouldn't give up pictures. The stage is better, offers more opportunity for sustained moods and continued work; but it would be swell to come out to Hollywood for a part of every year, and then go back to the footlights." He looked up appreciatively at the blue and white sky. "It makes a marvelous winter resort, you know..."

He put another cigarette in his mouth and began a systematic search for his lighter. "Then, too, there's the possibility of opera," he said.

He found the lighter. "I've been studying voice for some time now," he said through smoke. "Rather secretly, of course. I may or may not have any success—but it's just one more thing I'd like to do."

"It'll probably be a success," I remarked. "You're notorious for your good luck."

"What would you say," Franchot said quickly, "if I told you that with all those other things, I wish Fate would deal me some good—hard—knocks? I've had luck all my life: a rich father, the breaks in everything I've started. I didn't want those breaks. They've ruined me for things that are the absolute McCoy."

He tossed his cigarette away. "There were a few times," he said grinning, "when I thought..."
"I'm the Baby Star of Broadway—"

Christine Elizabeth Dunbar trotted out on the floor of New York's swank Hollywood Restaurant. The eyes of smart women and those of sophisticated men fastened on her plump peach face and her round little doll body.

"I hope you'll like the songs I sing for you —"

Christine Elizabeth had never faced a night club crowd before. She had been dancing since she was three, but she had never faced any audience as a professional entertainer. Christine Elizabeth was fourteen years old. In her home town of Atlanta, Georgia, they had called her "Christy" and "Tootsie," but because her words ended in a velvet slur, they gave her another nickname which looked like it might stick—"Dixie."

They liked her on Broadway because she was cute and fresh and sweet with that deliciousness of the 'teens which was the genuine article.

But Dixie—when her vacation had rolled into a year and she had twinkled her slippers and spread her smile and tossed her curls all over town, at the Village Barn and the Nut Club and the Paradise with Paul Whiteman—Dixie was still a real Baby Star of Broadway. She was still what she was, a little Southern girl being her age—fifteen now—sweet as a sun ripened peach.

She was still going home with her mother right after the show. Wherever she played she was the show's particular pet. If anyone had ever tried anything...
PHOTOPLAY brings you the first pictures of M-G-M's screen version of Shakespeare's immortal story, "Romeo and Juliet." Norma Shearer portrays the sensitive Juliet and Leslie Howard is Romeo.
"His name is Romeo, a Montague, the only son of your enemy."
Against the rich Renaissance background, the superb talents of Leslie Howard as the lover will be seen to advantage. John Barrymore is Mercutio; Basil Rathbone is Tybalt.
“O! she is rich in beauty, Juliet is the sun.” As the sheltered, dreaming adolescent daughter of Capulet, Norma Shearer is a delight to look upon, and fulfills one of the ambitions of her acting career. Edna May Oliver is the Nurse.
Although Anne Shirley has appeared in over three hundred pictures since the age of three, her acting has a deftness and charming simplicity rarely seen in one so young. She is scheduled to play the part of the old miner's daughter in Bret Harte's classic story "M'Liss"
The statuesque Ann Harding once studied with Otis Skinner and her poise and perfect diction are the envy of her friends. After "The Lady Consents," she is to play in "The Witness Chair," a highly dramatic courtroom story, for RKO-Radio. Walter Abel will be opposite her.
Edmund Lowe's ability to be alternately a romantic lead or a hard-boiled comedian has much to do with his continued success. Completing his part as Philo Vance in "The Garden Murder Case," he was signed by GB and goes to England for "Doomed Cargo."
The delectable little ingénue, Ida Lupino, inherits her acting finesse from her father, the famous English comedian, Stanley Lupino. After "Anything Goes," she was borrowed from Paramount to star with Francis Lederer in Pickford-Lasky's "One Rainy Afternoon"
Warner executives cheered when they saw "Stranded." In June Travis they had that screen rarity—a "natural." She was immediately cast in "Ceiling Zero." Her next will be a comedy, "The Gentleman from Big Bend" opposite the very suave Warren William.
UR engrossing task is that of telling you how they make the movies out here in Hollywood; and that is no superficial "how." When Photoplay learned that the behind-the-scenes story of motion pictures is a closed volume to most American people, it decided to do a thorough job—to leave nary a stone unturned in the cause of enlightenment.

It sounded like a push-over at first, when I was assigned to work one day in each department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, this earth's largest entertainment factory, in order to learn the hows and wherethere. But the planned two weeks stretched into three months before my job was finished.

I learned that in two weeks you don't scratch the surface of what goes on in a studio so big that it employs 5,000 people to work for it in 117 different arts and professions—that even in twelve weeks the trip through 72 buildings and 45 departments was hurried, if thorough.

The preceding articles, following a modern talkie in development, told you how a story is selected and a script prepared from it; gave you a glimpse at stars in the making, and at extras through a studio's eyes; let you watch those people being wardrobed and made-up in preparation for the camera.

Now: the "set."

In the almost forgotten day of silent pictures movie companies were able to do a great deal of shooting in genuine houses and railway stations and hotel apartments which they rented from willing owners. It was a less expensive method. Today producers dare not take the chance of dealing with extraneous noises; 75 per cent of all work is done against artificial backgrounds built within sound-proof cement barns called sound-stages. There are 24 of these on the M-G-M lot in Culver City.

If ever you, as the movie public, have for a moment taken time out to regard the sets in a picture, your probable reflections dwelt (with pleasure or dislike) on the originality of furniture placement, or the peculiar atmosphere of a certain musty apartment, or the resemblance of a particular room to one in your own home. But those reflections have always accepted the "interior landscapes" in terms of reality—that is, as part of a house or as a unit of some building which really existed.

You cannot have thought of them as sets, as sets are: the
The third of a series of fascinatingly vivid stories telling what takes place in the sixth largest industry in the world before you see the finished product—a modern movie

Above, the tables used in pictures to give "reality" are brought from all over the world

Right, Edwin B. Willis, head of the props and guardian of treasures worth millions

carefully painted canvas walls with nothing but littered debris and two-by-fours behind them; the full-furnished drawing rooms with one invisible side open to the vast shadowy gloom of a sound-stage; the interiors of countless houses without any ceilings at all.

I said before that the average studio-worker's life was one of daily surprise, of outrageous but fascinating pursuits, demanding special ingenuity and intelligence to carry on. This phase of movie-making—the designing and building and furnishing of sets—is a grand example of what I mean.

An architect in any other part of the world is safe in the established order of his work; at Metro he must build his rooms and hallways with other things in mind: the camera, the lighting, the position of the actors, how they will move across the floor. He must, for some pictures, be able to reproduce the famous apartments of history; for others he must translate an author's mood into the proportions of walls.

The ordinary interior decorator dreams out his draperies and tables and love-seats with no other thought than that the finished arrangement must be beautiful, interesting. But at the studio he must think of fabrics and wood as only a backdrop against which, for instance, Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne will be photographed in an embrace. He must conceive of combinations and effects with regard to star-personalities, even with concern as to their favorite color-harmonies.

You will understand the need for this versatility as the story proceeds; just now we deal with Cedric Gibbons, husband of lovely Dolores Del Rio and head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's art department.

He is the origin of all M-G-M sets; it is his titanic task to plan a dozen "homes," perfect in every detail, each day. His office is huge, littered with sketches and books and drawing-boards, but somehow trim. In it we sat, while he described for me the evolution of those "homes."

"There's a lot to do in a very short time," he said, gesturing at a pile of scripts on his desk. "You see, each picture requires about fifty sets, of two or three rooms apiece—and when you consider that the average production is scheduled for only three months' work, and that there are usually about fifteen of them in progress, it's obvious how the orders stack up.

"In thoroughly modern American stories where the rooms can be designed after the style of  | PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 |
1932 to 1934 were big years in pictures—what with new names and new faces and new voices and new types of entertainment. On this page, the stars in ascendancy.
As the '32-'34 period turned into 1935, it seemed as if the talking picture plant were in full bloom!

Three from that ace musical picture, "42nd Street"—Una Merkel, Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers

Fredric March, Claudette Colbert, in "Sign of the Cross"

Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, in Noel Coward's "Cavalcade"

"Back Street" gave us those old favorites in new rôles. John Boles and Irene Dunne

Marie Dressler with Wallace Beery in "Tugboat Annie"

Warren William, May Robson, in "Lady for a Day"

Beery in one of his greatest rôles. Villa, in "Viva Villa"

Dorothea Wieck and Hertha Thiele, in "Maedchen"

Myrna Loy, William Powell and Skippy, in "The Thin Man"
Story, presentation and acting reached a new high in '32-'34, and better pictures resulted.

"One Night of Love," with Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati, raised a demand for opera films.

Shirley Temple, in "Little Miss Marker," with Adolphe Menjou.

Fredric March and Norma Shearer in the famed "The Barretts of Wimpole Street".

Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald, in "Mara Lea.".

Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, in "Of Human Bondage".

Dick Powell, after "20 Million Sweethearts," had that many.

Freddie Bartholomew and W. C. Fields, in "David Copperfield".

Margaret Sullavan, in a scene from "Only Yesterday".

James Cagney, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

Margot Grahame and Victor McLaglen, in "The Informer".
Probably more new stars shone in the film firmament in 1932-34 than at any other time.

Several foreign screen and stage favorites met with high approval from American moviegoers.

"The Big Broadcast" established Bing Crosby as a ranking star. Above, with Stu Erwin, George Burns.

"The Scoundrel" gave us Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and heated discussion.

English Robert Donat, above, with Elissa Landi, in "Count of Monte Cristo."

Screen gamin Elisabeth Bergner (above) captivated many of us in "Escape Me Never."

"Henry the Eighth" established Charles Laughton and introduced Binnie Barnes.


Will Rogers at the peak of his fame. With Stepin Fetchit in "Judge Priest."

"Morning Glory" with Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Katharine Hepburn.
Gold Medal Picture of 1935

To Be Announced Next Month!

As Miss Ruth Waterbury, our editor, makes the presentation of Photoplay's GOLD MEDAL for The Best Picture of 1934 to the gifted Norma Shearer, representing M-G-M and the cast of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the medal winner, it is with enormous interest that we watch the ballots pouring in from our readers in the voting for The Best Picture of 1934!

The list of powerful and distinguished pictures grows more gratifying each year. The vogue for Dickens, Shakespeare, and other literary classics is only one instance of a constant effort on the part of the producers to bring to the screen pictures of universal appeal and atmospheric integrity.

Votes from all over the country have come in for such great pictures as "David Copperfield," "The Dark Angel," "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Naughty Marietta," "Black Fury," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and others of equal merit.

NATURALLY, we have no inkling which picture finally will win until all the votes are counted. But it looks as though the count may be as exciting and dramatic as last year for the 1934 medal winner, when "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" won by the closest margin possible—one vote.

"The Informer," John Ford's picturization of war-torn Ireland, won the movie critics' prize for the Best Picture of 1935, but our readers may not agree with this verdict at all. But next month's Photoplay will give you the full details!
We Cover the Studios

Again we give you another enjoyable trip back-stage to see the new pictures in the midst of production

By Michael Jackson

There were some famous English people on the set of "Romeo and Juliet" when author Jackson visited. Back row: director George Cukor, Hugh Walpole, John Barrymore, Mrs. James Hilton, Mr. Hilton (Read his story in this issue). Front row: Poet John Masefield, Frances Marion, Mrs. Masefield, Leslie Howard, Irving Thalberg, Basil Rathbone and Reginald Denny

"Romeo and Juliet" company out on M-G-M's back lot.

We had been trying for about three weeks to watch Leslie Howard, Norma Shearer, John Barrymore, Basil Rathbone, et al. We had been so politely but firmly rebuffed that we were about to give up. But when M-G-M's publicity department called and said that George Cukor, the head man, had relented and was willing to disclose it all to our prying eyes, we dropped everything (which turned out to be a chocolate soda) and dashed out to Culver City.

While any set is apt to be somewhat thrilling to a Hollywood visitor, "Romeo and Juliet" even has the blasé carpenters gaping. For one thing, it has a grand collection of stars doing their best by Shakespeare. And for another, the sets are things of real beauty. Because visitors are strictly barred, everyone, with natural perversity, wants to see it.

Since the "Absolutely No Visitors" signs plastered over the back lot don't say Positively, there were a few people lodged along the sidelines. The select visitors, it turned out, impressed the stars so much that work was halted for a while.

Basil Rathbone, very dashing in his tights and vivid coat, got a speed camera and began snapping shots right and left. It was very amusing to see this turn about, to watch the actors reverse rôles with the visitors. Even Leslie Howard and

In "The Farmer in the Dell," Fred Stone is the farmer, Jean Parker the daughter, and Frank Albertson the rest of the joke.

NEVER has Hollywood had a more interesting group of sets than those in production this month. At Columbia, Frank Capra, probably the best director in the business, is guiding Gary Cooper through "A Gentleman Goes to Town." On the stage next door, Josef Von Sternberg, a circus in himself, is directing the temperamental Grace Moore in the musical, "The King Steps Out." Out in Burbank, Warners are having a time making the all-Negro picture "Green Pastures." And at 20th Century-Fox, Frank (Mutiny-On-The-Bounty) Lloyd is making "Under Two Flags" with Claudette Colbert, Victor McLaglen and that smoothie, Ronald Colman.

But with the studios all roaring at full blast, one picture stands above all the others for excitement-on-the-set. It's the
Barrymore greeted the newcomers. And Director George Cukor stopped to show the people around. The guests were James Hilton, author of "Lost Horizon," John Masefield, England's Poet Laureate, and Hugh Walpole and Frances Marion, out on a script writer's holiday.

While this was going on, Irving Thalberg and Edmund Goulding drove up. Now the "strictly barred set" was really jammed. Everyone but Leo, the Lion, was crammed into this square in the village of ancient Verona. When finally the illustrious outsiders left, the company resumed comparative calm. The take, a rather complicated one involving about twelve actors and full of movement, was rehearsed four times. On the first actual shot, an aeroplane droned overhead, spoiling everything. Nobody swore, didn't even seem to notice the incongruity of a plane soaring over the ancient village with its brilliantly costumed inhabitants.

Once more the scene was shot. And briefly—in our own words, not Shakespeare's—this is what happens: Under a screened-off sky, so that the lighting can be controlled, Rathbone, with his rube, strolls into the crowded square. Rathbone, who played Romeo on the stage with Katherine Cornell, is seen as Tybalt, the heavy, in the film. He saunters up to Leslie Howard, Romeo, and tries to pick a scrap.

When Howard shows that he won't fight, Barrymore intones a lot of graceful dialogue to the effect of "What's the matter, Romeo? Why don't you poke that sissy?"

This scene is a lot more difficult than our sketchy description might imply. The camera is constantly moving to take it all in. And in the background a multitude of extras—noblemen, beggars, nuns, monks, and townspeople all colorfully clothed—move about.

"Romeo and Juliet" may be Leslie Howard's last film. He is giving the role everything at his command. But even so, it is doubtful if he will steal the picture, for all the actors are trying to outdo each other. Our guess is that Barrymore, with the meaty role of Mercutio will steal the show.

Besides the actors on the set, there are a flock of pigeons cooling about the bubbling fountain in the center of the square. A prop boy pokes at them with a stick to keep them flying in front of the camera. When we asked the prop boy how he kept the birds from flying away, he said, "Oh, we just feed them. Don't even have to lock them up at night. We couldn't make them go away."

M-G-M feeds these pigeons corn, but we don't know what Columbia gives its brilliant director, Frank Capra, to keep him so happy at home. Almost everyone agrees that this young Italian is the most valuable man in Hollywood. He made "It Happened One Night" and "Broadway Bill," and is the person most responsible for Columbia's meteoric rise. To give you an idea of what the studios think of him, M-G-M traded Clark Gable for Capra on one picture deal and thought it was getting the best of the bargain. And then they never made the picture!

"A Gentleman Goes to Town," Capra's current assignment, tells somewhat of a [Please turn to page 95]
A Day with Miriam Hopkins

By Mitzi Cummings
Who Spent It With Her

BOOM! went the mighty Pacific, and Miss Miriam Hopkins jumped out of bed. In two leaps she was in her bathroom. In one hop she was in the shower. With one yell the cold water went slashing over her, and with a rub-a-dub-dub she was dried with a big, a thick, and a luxurious towel.

Then came a hop-hop-hop and she was in shirt and slacks. A dozen mighty strokes and the tousled hair was shining and temporarily subdued. Then a triple pit-a-patter and she was down the stairs. A quick, yearning peek at the rumbling, tumbling ocean, and the gay blue and white polka-dotted umbrellas in her Santa Monica front yard, another yearning glance up at the windows where small son Michael still slumbered, and she was out of the gate, into her car, and on her way to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's studio in Hollywood, there to meet William Wyler, her director, Joel McCrea, her leading man, Merle Oberon the featured player, and to lend her own charm, good looks, and histrionic ability to her current celluloid, "These Three."

Thus began the day for Miriam Hopkins.

But Sleepy-bones here, slept on and on. Wasn't it only seven-thirty in the morning? Was I a movie star? Did I have to be on the set, ready and made-up by nine-thirty? No, regretfully, no. So, I slept on, dreaming happily of my appointment with her at noon, thence to spend the rest of the day, and most of the evening with cinema's brightly gleaming heavenly body, Miriam Hopkins.

While I slept she stepped. Quick, smartly, efficiently. Her chauffeur doubled in brass, literally, as her butler, and while Miriam with the help of her maid, Yvonne, who maids her at home, too, got into the red and gray woolen sports suit, shoes, et al, that she wore in her first scene, the man, in the kitchen of the four-roomed dressing room made a swell breakfast for his "five feet two, eyes of blue" mistress.

Her lovely, wind-blown naturally curly hair was shoved behind her ears while she rubbed on, carefully, but with an expertness born of much experience, the greasepaint. Yvonne put on her shoes...always the same shoes, Miriam wears...a slender, high heeled pump, duplicated in many colors, and always bought from the same N. Y. store. Of one pattern too, incidentally, are her evening sandals. Coral toe-tips peep out, while on top of them a velvet bow, sometimes a satin one, sometimes tiny, bright rhinestone buttons, fastens the front sides of the slipper, with a narrow strap across the arch.

And then her man called breakfast. She ate a hearty one, she always does, with no fussing about calories or particular foods. A healthy gal, who plays wicked tennis, swims a mean Australian crawl, and posts a neat trot (all when not working you understand—or, sometimes when she is) and Miriam eats food what is food and mokes no bones about it.

Shall we take a look around the dressing room...see what's in it? First of all, you notice, after you appreciate its tawny coolness and simplicity, the abundance of flowers. Her girl secretary, Billy Huntington, has an armful of them, and they're all yellow or white. With the exception of one bunch...blue delphinium. These go into a tall white vase on the largest living-room table. On a smaller table, loaded with magazines, is a white bowl of yellow roses. In the dressing room, gay with purple-pom splashed chintz, are magnificent lengths of great white chrysanthemums, and in the center of...
he dining room table there are yellow and white ranunculus.
The phone rings. Billy answers it.
"Is Miss Hopkins ready to have her hair done?" inquires the hairdresser.
Miss Hopkins is... in ten minutes. And while she industriously shoves ham an' into her mouth, Billy tells her happily, or the fiftieth time, how much she loves the exquisite pair of latched silver foxes that Miss Hopkins, for the very good reason that she likes Billy, and doesn't have to have birthdays or Christmas to demonstrate it, gave her a couple of days ago.
Then Miss Hopkins giggles in her coffee and says that the pair she bought herself, because she so liked the ones she gave Billy, are pretty snozzy, too!
Now the hairdresser is in the dressing room. She has a job. She has to make naturally curly hair lie straight and calm and see that the curls are only on the ends. It's a nuisance, says Miriam, but it looks fine. She goes on with her make-up, while Billy and the hairdresser and Yvonne, who is getting the make-up case ready, wonder, as they always do and always shall, how so lovely a lady has only a casual pride in her hair, and cares not a tuppence for the blueness of her eyes, or the shapeliness of her mouth. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]
It was worth waiting for. Charlie Chaplin hasn't changed. He's the same wistful, baffled clown, knocked in the same hilarious fashion from disaster to disaster in a world that's too much for him. If you look for them, "Modern Times" has elements of social satire, but you don't have to look for what only Chaplin can give us, unadulterated comedy served up in the old Chaplin style.

He has adventures in jail, a department store, a night club, on the streets, and with a huge nightmarish pile of machinery in a factory. Some are funnier than others, but they all end up to a high total of laughs. Paulette Goddard is elin and appealing. Don't let the fact that "Modern Times" is a silent bother you. The musical score, composed largely by Chaplin, is excellent, and he sings!

PLAYING a mousey little man who is accidentally forced by circumstances into making ludicrous pretensions, Harold Lloyd returns to the screen after an absence of many months in one of the fastest and most hilarious comedies he has ever done. Harold is a mild little milkman, placidly making his rounds with his wagon. Having been bullied in childhood, he learned not so much how to fight back, but how to duck. So, when he comes up against a toughie making a play for his sister, brother Harold knows just how to duck as the tough lad starts going to work on him for interfering. And Harold happens to duck at the right time, with the startling effect of knocking out the world's champion lightweight.

The champ's manager, with an eye to the pocketbook, insists on a return bout, and to that end, builds up the much blustered milkman, friend Harold. Here is where the famous Lloyd naïveté bewildersmar comes in strong and the fun begins. The dialogue as well as the action is the best in comedy too.

Adolphe Menjou and wife Verree Teasdale play the nervous fight manager and his wife. Helen Mack is loved as Harold's sister. Dorothy Wilson is Harold's sweetheart and Bill Gargan makes an excellent champ.

If you enjoy one laugh after the other, don't fail to see Harold who has out-done himself in this one.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE MILKY WAY  THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE
MODERN TIMES  FOLLOW THE FLEET
LOVE ON A BET  NEXT TIME WE LOVE
THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN  TIMOTHY'S QUEST
IT HAD TO HAPPEN  DESIRE

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Harold Lloyd in "The Milky Way"
Sylvia Sidney in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
Henry Fonda in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
Beulah Bondi in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"
Charles Chaplin in "Modern Times"
Fred Astaire in "Follow the Fleet"
Ginger Rogers in "Follow the Fleet"
Harriet Hilliard in "Follow the Fleet"
Margaret Sullavan in "Next Time We Love"
James Stewart in "Next Time We Love"
Lionel Barrymore in "The Voice of Bugle Ann"
Clark Gable in " Wife vs. Secretary"
Jean Harlow in " Wife vs. Secretary"
Myrna Loy in " Wife vs. Secretary"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on page 122)

FOLLOW THE FLEET—RKO-Radio

A NOOTHER musicomedy hit for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. Combining Astaire's amazing dance routines with Irving Berlin's music and Ginger's grand dancing makes hit pictures almost a cinch. To this is added a beautiful talented newcomer to the screen, Harriet Hilliard, whose voice may have thrilled you before over the radio.

Astaire is a sailor who joins the navy to forget a broken love affair with his partner, Ginger Rogers. They meet after a long cruise. So do Astaire's buddy, Randy Scott and Ginger's sister, Harriet Hilliard, and the song and dance is on again. Fred dances everywhere, and Ginger’s dancing is more beautiful than ever. Hit tunes are "We Saw the Sea," "Let Yourself Go" and "Here Am I."

THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE—
Walter Wanger-Paramount

WITH this presentation in color of John Fox, Jr.'s famous novel of the warped, bigoted, clannish lives of Southern mountaineers, Hollywood has passed another screen milestone.

There is added interest in the fact that the picture has been photographed almost entirely in the open, and nature's lovely glowing colors are here in all their brilliant effectiveness.

The background of the High Sierras is awe-inspiring, and the color has none of the harsh, brittle quality seen in the first all-color pictures.

The producers are to be congratulated in bringing to the screen a truly magnificent effort.

When we say that you also have an intensely interesting story, a fine cast, and outstanding direction, any other adjectives would be superfluous.

The old story of the sins of the fathers being visited on the children as the hatreds of these mountain clans are handed down from generation to generation is familiar. Sylvia Sidney plays with sympathy and feeling the part of ignorant little June Toliver who falls in love with a young mining engineer from the city. Henry Fonda as Dave, the yearning young mountaineer, is superb, and the whole cast deserves honors.

A powerful, splendid picture. Don't miss it.

NEXT TIME WE LOVE—Universal

URSULA PARROTT’S beautifully bitter-sweet story, "Next Time We Love," lifted to real distinction by deft direction and a sincerity of character seldom achieved on the screen.

How two people can love yet let self-respect and ambition hold them apart is its theme. Margaret Sullavan and James Stewart marry with the impulsiveness of youth. But misunderstandings from contrary careers pry at their hearts.

James Stewart excels as the foreign correspondent who is always too far away. He is a rich screen find. Margaret Sullavan is at her best as the young wife who flees from neglect to a stage career. Ray Milland makes an appealing "other man." The picture charms with effective restraint
SELECT YOUR PICTURES AND YOU WON'T

THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN—M-G-M

A HOMEY heart-touching little saga, not only different, but appealing. Lionel Barrymore is a lovable character, the rural dog breeder who glories in Bugle Ann, a hound with a musical bay. When he believes a man killed her, he kills the man. Maureen O'Sullivan clears up the mystery, and also the troubled heart of Eric Linden.

TIMOTHY'S QUEST—Paramount

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S story of two orphans is charmingly and sincerely produced. Dickie Moore is appealing in his "Quest" for a home, and Virginia Weidler as the snooty child rates honors. Eleanor Patterson as the old maid is excellent and dancing Eleanore Whitney and Tom Keene carry the romance. A good picture for the entire family.

THE PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND—20th Century-Fox

HERE is a page from American history, the poignant story of Samuel Mudd, a country doctor, who innocently sets the broken leg of John Wilkes Booth, Lincoln's assassin, and is, therefore, due to the national hysteria of the moment, railroaded to prison for life. How he wins his freedom through his service to his fellow man is exquisitely if a bit somberly told.

COLLEEN—Warners

THEY gave this one the works as far as names and production goes, but it just misses fire due to a conglomeration of farce, musical comedy and straight drama. Joan Blondell is grand as the dizzy chocolate-dipper, and her waltz number with Jack Oakie is 100 per cent funny. Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler so-so, Hugh Herbert standard.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT—20th Century-Fox

DRAMATICALLY effective with the everyday problems of an American home, this is an engaging little picture. You'll live every one of the familiar incidents and recognize the brood of father Jed Prouty and Spring Byington and their growing-up troubles. This is the first of a series of pictures to be called "Our American Family."

DANCING FEET—Republic

IT'S the younger generation versus Grandpa in this mild dance-mad drama. Joan Marsh likes to step with playboy Ben Lyon, to her rich grandfather's fury. Her independence lands her in a dance hall hostess' slippers—she meets Eddie Nugent and they work out a terpsichorean idea which even Grandpa likes.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

IT HAD TO HAPPEN—
20th Century-Fox

YOU'LL like George Raft in this big city success story of an Italian immigrant smashing his way to political power. He's right at home in the turbulent parts and so is Rosalind Russell as the Park Avenue lovely who almost makes him weaken. Leo Carrillo, Arline Judge and Alan Dinehart are as smooth as George's hair.

DESIRE—
Paramount

IF you like your sophistication very ultra, this dramatic story has exotic Marlene Dietrich even more so than usual, her love scenes with Gary Cooper leaving nothing to be desired in that direction. With a confederate, John Halliday, she smuggles jewels, dupes Gary into assisting her. Excellent photography and good cast. Not for children.

DANGEROUS WATERS—
Universal

A SEA-FARING man (Jack Holt) a selfish girl (Grace Bradley), another whose love is loyal and dirty work in the engine room are the characters and plot around which this salty tale is spun, with Holt foiling plans to wreck his ship for the insurance. Old-timer Charlie Murray with his funny slapstick comedy steals scenes.

BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT—
First National

ROSS ALEXANDER turns on all the volts of his personality to make this familiar little story hum. It's his first major part as the ne'er-do-well windbag who fools his critics in the applesauce business. Anita Louise is lovely as his trusting sweetheart and Gene Lockhart and Joseph Cawthorn are funny—but it's Ross' show. You'll like it.

MUSS 'EM UP—RKO-Radio

PRESTON FOSTER is pleasantly convincing as the detective in this mystery tale which keeps you alternately laughing and guessing. A fake kidnapping and a real murder motivate the action while "Big Boy" Williams has a Roman holiday of fun as the dick's stooge. Margaret Callahan and Florence McKinney are the heart interests.

WOMAN TRAP—Paramount

JEWEL crooks versus G-men and reporter George Murphy trying to return kidnapped Gertrude Michael to her senator father all mix into an exciting melodrama when Sidney Blackmer's gang carries his hostages into Mexico. A suavely fascinating Mexican "bad man" character by Akim Tamiroff is the real treat.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 119]
John Barrymore's Kick-Back

JOHN BARRYMORE was back. Back to pictures. Back to work. Back to form.

There was no doubt of it.

For here, at the first rehearsal of “Romeo and Juliet,” was a Mercutio in mufti reading the famous Queen Mab speech so dashingly, brilliantly, merrily, his own rapier wit flashing to Shakespeare’s, that Leslie Howard, white-sweatered Romeo, Norma Shearer, lovely in Juliet’s trailing robes, and Edna May Oliver, a Nurse with 1935 hat drooped over one skittish eye, rocked with helpless laughter.

“How long have you been away from pictures?” I inquired when we were settled in his dressing-room.

“If time,” considered Mr. Barrymore, “may be reckoned emotionally, an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year, an eternity. To me the calendar has become merely a wall decoration, with here and there certain dates in startling red.”

“Would you call yours a comeback?”

“Let us say,” he proposed, “a kick-back. Not that in any sense or place it has left me sore. You will notice I am in a sitting position.”

What I did notice was that John Barrymore was unchanged. Nothing, for that matter, could change his unholy sense of humor.

“You know,” he reminded me, “I went to India. I wanted to see it for the reason my father was born there. Everyone was very nice to me. They are a wonderful race, very cultivated and charming. I felt greatly honored when fans spoke to me. But they were interested in me, I realized, because of my father.”

Drawing reflectively at his cigarette, he raised that expressive left eyebrow of his, then:

“But my later visit to New York was, as you may have shrewdly surmised, marked by an interest not wholly ancestral.”

“Did that surprise you?”

“What has always surprised, no to say puzzled me,” he granted “is public interest in the actor aside from his acting. This may be due to the fact that he is publicly vocal. But so is the auctioneer. Yet the auctioneer, when his feet turn into the thorny path of romance, is no chased by relentless taxicabs.”

Back to pictures. Back to work. Back to form. A stimulating interview with Mercutio in mufti

By Charles Darnton
INVITATION TO THE DANCE
Layers of blue and green chiffon swirl gracefully when Carole Lombard dances in this lovely gown Travis Banton of Paramount designed for her personal wardrobe.

Direct color photograph by James N. Doolittle
Jeanette's Brilliant Coloring Enhanced by Gray

A gray beige dress from Jeanette MacDonald's own wardrobe. Ecru lace edges the accordion-pleated apron, sleeves and collar. Brown suède gloves, sable scarf, gray oxfords, gloves and bag, and duveteen h
On the cover this month, Joan Crawford shows you a hat in blue suede, in a delicate light shade, Joan’s favorite. The band is navy blue. The hat is from John-Frederics, at which shop she bought more than thirty when on her last trip East.

Over her suit, Joan wears a cape designed by Irene. The novelty of it lies in the square built shoulders which suggest a Chesterfield, as do the velvet lapels. All very Joan and extremely distinguished.

A tailored suit, designed by Irene for Joan Crawford, is of black and white check. Notice the flap which covers the buttons and meets the fold in the skirt. Baby and Pupchen are a bit bored.
Joan’s favorite portrait of herself in black suède crêpe dress with a cummerbund of deep red suède. The buttons are of tiny rhinestones, the capeline hat is of black straw.
An evening gown of simple lines edged at the wide armholes with silver beads. Over it Joan wears a spring wrap of shiny coq feathers. Hair clips match her bracelets.
Chinese in inspiration, this hat is in electric blue silk with a wooden ornament and narrow black velvet ribbon ties.

An enchanting half hat in black velvet. Huge red flower for sheer excitement in contrast to the demure black velvet ties.

Shown at the left is an off-the-face hat of quilted wool crépe, with crown of olivette green, squared brim faced in brown.
Do Your Own Thinking

A GIRL walks into my office, slumps into a chair and says, "Miss Howard, I'm going crazy." "Why?" I query. "Because I look at the movie stars on the screen and yearn to have that crisp look they have and I just don't know how to do it. Can you help me?"

I ask her to stand up. I study her and see an average young American. She has a good figure to work with but she stands as though she had no vitality. Her head pokes forward, her knees are slack. Her hands drip at the ends of her arms. I tell her to stand as though she were on the top of a mountain at sunrise, halloing to the sun.

At once her shoulders go back, her head up. That is better.

Then I analyze her clothes. Her simple sports dress is good but the color is that unvibrating blue which makes her static instead of alive. Her accessories have evidently been bought because they looked pretty in a store and not because her costume demanded them; also there are too many of them, a clip, three bracelets, earrings, belt buckle, all too noticeable.

She tells me she will buy a new dress and I advise bottle green or grey, because her hair is coppery brown. But it is uncared for and she promises to brush it for ten minutes every day, to get the sheen she notices on Joan Bennett's or Carole Lombard's hair. A green hat for the green dress and a grey for the grey one with brown suede gloves and matching shoes to go with the former and grey for the latter. A minimum of gadgets, please, or none at all. When in doubt, leave off, is a good motto.

But first of all she must get a new girdle which does not cut in at the waist, for, slim as she is, there are those little rolls across her back which go 'round and 'round and come out at the front.

If she makes up by artificial light, I ask her to go to the window and see how she looks by daylight; see if her rouge is high enough and scant enough, see if her lips are alluring and not over emphasized. She may round out her upper lip if she does it with care, for it is a little thin.

"And walk as though you were sure of yourself," I say. "Don't slump and slouch. I don't mean to be arrogant, I mean be dignified and light footed at the same time."

I knew just what she meant by "that crisp look." The girls of the screen are meticulously groomed, but none of them learnt how in a jiffy, nor can this girl. It is a question of study. A good way is to pick the screen star who most closely approximates your type; try to imagine what she started with, before she became this finished delight to the eye; compare her point to point with yourself, and then benefit by what she has accomplished. Don't try to be her. She is an actress with a definite job in hand of playing the heroine in a drama. Your drama, if it comes, will probably not be played in public, so don't imitate her too closely. Be yourself, not a copy. In other words, do your own thinking and don't expect Joan Crawford or Claudette Colbert to do it for you.
Jean Arthur plays a business girl in Columbia's "A Gentleman Goes to Town." Wardrobe by Lange. Her suit is of grey herringbone and black with piqué cravat and cuffs. Left, Lange's sketch.

Daytime frock of fawn grey woolen with diagonal piqué on collar and cuffs. Narrow patent leather belt, chromium initials. High-topped sleeves give a becoming shoulder width.

A hurry call to a dressed-up affair and our business girl puts on a midnight blue suit of velvet with a long coat. She varies her blouses, but she always wears her velvet cap.
A dressier woolen for afternoons is made of fine black gabardine. Circular rufflings of mousseline de soie are deliciously feminine, as is the tiny veil. Note the sketch by Lange, shown at the right.
It is astonishing how much individuality may be expressed in hands. Look at the beautiful exotic hands of Carole Lombard, expressing luxury in their long slender modelling, their deepest crimson pointed nails, enhanced by the blue of her great star sapphire ring and bracelet.

In contrast, there is the hand of Gladys Swarthout, who never wears jewelry in the daytime, trims her nails short, prefers a pale finish for them.

Joan Bennett's hands are typical of herself. Small, ultra feminine, with beautifully cared for nails. This is her favorite jewelry; a sapphire ring and sapphire and diamond bracelet.

The hands of Frances Drake are unadorned, for this is the philosophy of the girl herself. She believes in a minimum of ornament and allows her shining pale pink nails to take the place of gems as highlights.

Claudette Colbert's hands could belong to no one but her. They completely express her personality in graceful sensitivity. She wears a large, simply set sapphire for driving.
Dressing Table Gadgets

Helen Wood, who is playing the lead in "Champagne Charlie" is wielding a stout little brush which she finds indispensable to well groomed brows. They must be trained to orderliness and freed from powder. Notice the flacons!

There is art in using an eyebrow pencil as Helen shows. She follows the natural arc of the brow. The color should not be too dark, nor should it be too heavily applied either at the edges or ends of the brows. Avoid harsh lines.

An upward curve to your lashes will make them appear longer. Helen suggests a little gadget that will encourage a curl in even the straightest. And don’t forget that a lash cream smoothed on your eye-lashes will make them grow!
If your face is oval accent the outline by a swept-back coiffure, which also gives added height to a low forehead, as you see in the case of Kay Francis.

To make small eyes appear larger, Rochelle Hudson draws a fine line with brow pencil from center of lower eyelids beyond corners and blends it completely.

To give the illusion of length to a rounded face, Mary Carlisle blends her rouge delicately toward her nose and far down into the full part of cheek.

HAVE you ever seen anyone who has all the ideal qualities that make for perfect beauty? No, I know you haven't. Even such an exquisite creature as Norma Shearer was not always as beautiful as she now is. Through keen intelligence, and unswerving determination, she has attained a breath-taking beauty, as you will discover when you see her in "Romeo and Juliet."

The motion picture stars haven't entirely faultless features. They are not much different from you and me. But they study their good points and enhance them by the artistry of makeup. Try it yourself. If you aren't a Helen of Troy, by deft and subtle use of rouge, powder, lipstick and an eyebrow pencil you can give the illusion of loveliness.

The photographs of the motion picture stars shown on these pages will assist you in deciding what type you are. Perhaps you have an oval face like Kay Francis or Patricia Ellis;
If you have a heart-shaped face like Sylvia Sidney’s, which tapers to a narrow chin, make up the lips to their full contour, keeping wide browline.

Imperfect Faces

In good proportion, your chief problem is to create the illusion of length. This can be done with proper application of rouge to create highlights and shadows. And I’ll tell you how. Place the rouge on the cheekbone and blend downward far into the full part of the cheek, then blend toward the nose; this lessens the highlights at the center of the face.

Lips on a round face are usually well formed. Let lipstick follow the natural line. Define the natural shape of the brows, paralleling the line of the upper eyelids. The brow line in most instances can extend down, almost even with the upper eyelid.

In the long slender face like Tala Birell’s the make-up problem is to make the face appear wider. Apply rouge to the cheekbone, blend outward to the full part of the face, keeping away from the nose and the center of the face. The lack of color highlights the center of the face creating the illusion of breadth.

Never place rouge in the hollows, because rouge acts as a shadow and only accents the hollow. If you are over twenty you need a warm glow of color, but never too much rouge for it steals color from the eyes and suggests age.

Follow the natural outline of the lips to the full width of the mouth. If your lips are thin, carry the lip-rouge above and below the natural line. The use of a lip pencil will prevent smudging.

Carry the eyebrow line in a wide sweeping arc, extending it well toward your hairline to further the illusion of width.

For the long square face the trick is to emphasize the eyes and mouth with make-up.

Apply rouge very delicately only to the prominent part of the [please turn to page 107]
"ONE thing my five years on the stage had done for me — I was no longer stage-struck."

The speaker was William Powell, the Bill Powell, who had just finished telling me the modest tale of his really remarkable success on Broadway.

"Instead of trying simply to get by," he continued, "I now concentrated on the a b c's of my job. How to walk across the stage without falling over my own feet, that sort of thing. I was thinking more and more about the future, too. The glamour of applause had pretty well dulled. It was all right, but it was no Townsend Plan. Much more important to me was the food for tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow."

"Then, you didn't go back to Broadway after your first chance at pictures?"

"Yes, once. My final filing was in 'The Woman Who Laughed.' When that play closed — I think it was in August, 1922 — I closed too, for good and all, so far as the Broadway stage was concerned. Since, I have done nothing but make pictures and worry about my old age. Well, that isn't quite exact. I worry about everything. In fact, I'm a very fine worrier, a very fine worrier, indeed!"

I knew this was true. Mervyn LeRoy, the director, who is some worrier himself, once showed me a silver cup that Bill had given him upon the completion of a picture they had done together. Engraved on the cup was this inscription: "To Mervyn LeRoy, Vice President of the Hollywood Worriers' Association, with the affection of the President, William Powell."

"Why worry," I ventured, "you who have been steadily employed almost from the moment you put on grease paint."

"You're right, in a way. I have had more than my share of luck." Bill ascribes everything good that happens to him to luck, not to his own deserving. "I had hardly finished my bit in the 'Sherlock Holmes' picture when I was called for a very good part, that of Francis I, with Marion Davies in 'When Knighthood Was In Flower.'"

"Just luck, I suppose?"

"Absolutely! Jose Ruben, a really good actor, was to have played the part, but he got stuck in the eye by a piece of steel, and I stepped into his tights. At least, I tried to. Ruben was on the short and stocky side; I was on the long and thin side. In his clothes, I looked more like the late Johnny

By Frederick L. Collins

Bill plays the title rôle in "The Great Ziegfeld," divides honors with Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer
History of Bill Powell

Bringing you up to date on that ace of sophisticates: his career, his travels abroad, and—ssh!—his private life!

Dooley than I did like the late Francis L, but I had to go right on the set, where Miss Davies was waiting, and play a terrifically big scene. I wasn't nervous, but my pride was hurt—no one seemed to care how my legs looked.

"Well, then I was in 'The Woman Who Laughed,' as I said. Meanwhile, I had several near-offers for more pictures. Griffith tested me for a part, but it didn't take. I always blamed Dick Barthelmess for that. I had seen him at the Lambs and had never liked him and he didn't like me. And he stuck behind the camera all the time I was doing my stuff. I didn't realize then that that was always done in studios and I blamed my failure on him.

"Not long after that, I got a call for a picture called 'The Bright Shawl.' I didn't know who was in it until Barthelmess walked in to look over the new man whose name was Powell.

"But I suppose they couldn't get anybody else. Anyhow, they took me, and stuck me on a boat to Cuba, where the picture was to be shot. 'Well,' I said to myself, 'I don't need to have anything to do with Barthelmess.'

"First day out, walking around the deck—you know, we tourists do love to walk around the deck!—I bumped into something in a huge raccoon coat. It was Barthelmess. There didn't seem to be anything to do but walk around together, but neither of us said a word. It was bitterly cold. Finally, Dick said he was going to have a drink, and would I have one? So we went down to his stateroom.

"We not only had a drink, but we had lunch. We stayed in the stateroom all the—
dinner at Dick Powell's

- Service Plates—gold plate Bavarian
- Furniture—Louis XIV
- China—Minton
- Linen—Hand-made Italian inlaid
- Candelabra—Sheffield silver
meal for men only

Nine cronies of Dick Powell's gathered at his French provincial home in Toloe Estates the other night to break bread with him at a stag dinner. It turned out to be more—quite a bit more—than just bread for despite the fact that no feminine guests graced the long board, the appointments and meals were as carefully chosen as if they had had to pass the muster of more discriminate eyes.

In one detail, the food itself, was concession made to the sterner sex; it was man's food from consommé to apples in ice cream and was eaten with direct concentration on dining in approved male fashion.

Four-foot logs blazed in the hearth of the high-beamed drawing room where Dick, his secretary Carnegie Kemp, and Jimmy Cagney, Joe E. Brown, Regis Toomey, Hugh Herbert, Dick Arlen, James Whitmore, Maurice Leo and Dr. Edouard Lippe stretched their legs in sprawling comfort and sipped their Martinis. With the cocktails, incidentally, they made short work of a platter of Dick's favorite hors d'oeuvres made from small sausages split lengthwise, stuffed with baked beans, wrapped in bacon and broiled over hot coals.

Predominantly a man's home, Dick's has retained colorful beauty. The drawing room walls are panelled in knotty pine in a light shade and the rug is a deep pile in magenta. Harmonizing greens, dull golds and figures to match the glazed chintz draperies at the tall windows cover the definitely comfortable furniture. A grand piano fills one corner and smoking appurtenances, praise be, are everywhere within reach. Over the hearth is a perfect reproduction of the sunbursts with convex mirrors with which Louis XIV filled his palace at Versailles.

Exactly when they felt like it, and no sooner, the men adjourned to the dining room for the important business of eating good food. Here the knotty pine paneling is of deeper shade and the floor is covered with a woven rug in a dull green. The period chairs are upholstered in dull gold cut velvet and the draperies at the windows and the doors leading to the adjoining patio are chintz in mustard and black.

The napery on the oblong table was hand-made Italian and richly simple. Bachelor buttons and calendula in strong shades of blue and orange were arranged in an ember crystal bowl which matched the water goblets and wine glasses. Handsome old service plates were placed ready and three-branched andelabra held lighted white tapers. A unique feature of the room is the 300-year-old copper lavabo on one wall. Originally it was a handy basin for laving the hands before and after dining; now it serves as a huge flower bowl.

In this entirely masculine household, food is cooked by Tom ad served by Hara, both Japanese servants, and in this instance Tom did his young master proud. A strong consommé ith toasted wafers, radishes, stuffed olives, celery, and yes, green onions, was served first. Next came grilled crab legs on vast and then a prime rib roast of beef with Yorkshire pudding, stuffed baked potatoes, steamed spinach, string beans and hot buttered rolls. For salad there were fingers of fresh green apple dipped in French dressing and for dessert, baked apples in ice cream.

Chambertin burgundy (1923) was served with the roast, and fete in the drawing room where the well-filled guests again 'etched in comfort for a half hour of the masculine equivalent of after-dinner chit chat before having a go at bridge and poker in the roony playroom fronting the Powell swimming pool. A midnight concert of hearty male ballads with Dick acting as chanty man topped off the evening, typical of all of his stag dinners.

That playroom, incidentally, constitutes one of the most lived-in parts of the Powell home and for the obvious reason of comfort plus charm.

Large enough to accommodate a whole gang of guests, it is panelled like the drawing room in knotty pine and boasts a fireplace in which five-foot logs can burn. The polished hardwood floor is covered with throw rugs which can be kicked aside for impromptu dancing. Figured hangings of glazed chintz are at the windows on three sides of the room and at the French windows which occupy one full wall space.

Red leather is predominant in the furniture, most of which is rather massive and definitely modern. Deep seats run the length of two sides of the room flush with the wall and angle around the corners to the stone walls of the fireplace. In front of the hearth are two large L-shaped settees, also in red leather. Scattered here and there are other heavy pieces, all of them invitations to slouch in complete relaxation.

A grand piano, painted antique white, almost fills one corner. At the opposite end of the room is a ping pong table while bridge, poker and backgammon tables stand ready for use. In case music, other than that provided by Dick or his guests, is indicated, a combination radio and phonograph which plays a stack of records without human attention is equipped to fit any mood or need.

On the walls of the room are scores of those trophies which apparently are sought as eagerly by stars as by fans—autographed pictures of film, stage and radio celebrities.

For lack of English words to adequately describe his culinary treats, Tom gave sketchy directions for making crab legs on toast, Yorkshire pudding and the baked apples in ice cream which logic maintains should be called ice cream in baked apples. Here you are:

**Grilled crab legs:** Mix anchovies and Worcestershire sauce into a light paste. Roll the shelled crab legs in it and then broil them under a hot flame. Serve on toast and dress lightly with a sauce of browned butter and lemon juice.

**Yorkshire pudding:** (to serve eight) Stir thoroughly 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 cups of consommé, 2 cups of milk, 4 eggs and 1 cup of flour.

Season to taste with salt and pepper. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven in a casserole or, if necessary, a frying or baking pan.

**Apples in Ice Cream:** Spice large apples with cinnamon and nutmeg and bake thoroughly. Hollow out half of the baked pulp and fill with well-frozen ice cream. Over this pour a sauce made by melting 2 cups of brown sugar with ½ cup of lemon juice and ½ pound butter.

Dick has but one golden rule for successful entertaining, be it stag or otherwise:

*Make your guests comfortable, give them good food well prepared, and a good time will take care of itself.*
MEMO TO JOE COLLINS
FROM WALTER STEVENS
Boyer and Paterson arrive Tuesday as per attached wire. Cover this arrival and let's see at least two columns of art in every sheet in town.

MEMO TO OTTO METZ
FROM JOE COLLINS
You and I are meeting the Chief in Pasadena Tuesday afternoon. Boyer, the French matinee idol, and his English wife, Pat Paterson, are the lucky people you'll shoot. Think of some good gags for pictures as I figure we ought to get at least two columns in every sheet in town.

SUPREME PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Hollywood, California
Mr. Paul Palmer
Mammoth Studio
Hollywood, California
Dear Paul:
As even you probably know by now, Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson are arriving Tuesday on the Chief. As Paterson is under contract to Mammoth I suppose you may be planning on covering the arrival. Boyer is, of course, much more important and we are covering the arrival so I thought I would suggest your laying off as there is no sense of us both going out and shooting it. I'll take care of a Mammoth credit in the caption.

In swoops the plane with Joan, her companion, hairdresser, and maid. I introduce her to the theater manager and load them all into the limousine.

Kindly let me know. Best regards, Joe Collins

MAMMOTH STUDIO
Hollywood, California

Mr. Joe Collins
Supreme Studio
Hollywood, California
Dear Joe:
Thanks a lot for your very kind offer to cover the Pat Paterson-Boyer arrival. Of course, Boyer is more important on the screen, but you'd never get a picture of him printed arriving alone. How thi
arrival art hits will depend on the gal and her gams. Although
I trust you implicitly, nevertheless we will also cover this
arrival. If you wish to lay off we will credit Supreme in the
caption. Let me know what you decide.

Cordially,
Paul

SUPREME PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Hollywood, California

Mr. Paul Palmer
Mammoth Studio
Hollywood, California

Dear Paul:
You might forget how to spell Supreme. We will cover the
arrival of Charles Boyer and his wife.

Regards,
Joe

MEMO TO OTTO METZ
FROM JOE COLLINS

Better take a four by five box and a gralnex out with us to
Pasadena tomorrow to meet Boyer and his bride. I hope you’ve
thought of some good gag poses that I can write some snappy
captions on. Forget all those old chestnuts of sitting them on
a baggage truck, etc., etc. While we will need some legs to get
the stuff printed, don’t give the break to Paterson. Remember,
we’re really only interested in Boyer. I’ll be thinking of some
gags myself as I am anxious, for certain reasons, to get a good
break with this arrival.

MEMO TO WALTER STEVENS
FROM JOE COLLINS

I suppose you are wondering why there weren’t any pictures
of Boyer and Paterson in today’s papers. Before I hear from
you I want you to hear from me.

Otto and I were at the Pasadena station waiting in plenty
of time yesterday afternoon. I figured the smart thing to do,
in addition to shooting art ourselves, was also to call all the city
desk and also the syndicates and get them to send their own
photogs out. I knew that Mammoth was covering on account
of Paterson and figured I would have them licked as I only
mentioned Boyer being under contract to Supreme.

All the sheets sent a photog and all the syndicates covered it
also. I felt pretty swell when I arrived and found a whole
battery of cameras lined up. I looked around to see who else
was there as you never can tell. Garbo or Gable might be com-
ing in and spoil everything. There wasn’t a soul on desk ex-
cept Paul Palmer and his still man waiting for Paterson, so
everything looked sweet and lovely.

I got busy and reminded all the boys that Charles Boyer is a
star on two continents, etc., etc. I added that Paterson’s only
claim to fame is that she is the wife of this famous Supreme
star, etc., etc. In spite of Palmer’s attempts to butt in, every-
thing still looked sweet and lovely when the choo choo came
choo-chooing in.

I spotted the correct car and started to climb aboard when
June Knight came climbing off with a fur in front of her
kisser and shouting she didn’t want any pictures taken. I
told her not to worry, the boys weren’t looking for her, they
were waiting for the Boyer party. I finally got on the train
and corralled Charles and his bride. I asked him if he had on
his hair and he said no, so I told him to keep his hat on all in
the shots and we climbed off. There wasn’t a camera in sight
—not even Otto! Now please don’t blame Otto as he was
doing the best he could. I had told him to be sure the boys
from the papers and the syndicates[ PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110 ]
MORE and more radio news is coming out of Hollywood. Just the other day another big advertising agency, which handles several elaborate air shows, announced that it was opening a Hollywood office, solely for radio. Another agency let the information slip out that $3,000,000 worth of its programs during 1935 had originated in the movie capital. And now the National Broadcasting Company has its own building out there, corresponding to Radio City in the East.

Wanted—a sponsor for Lawrence of Arabia, as portrayed by no less than Herbert Marshall! NBC has the script all ready, and scouts are out scouring the woods for some one to foot the bill. Marshall’s voice is declared by those who knew the famous British adventurer to be uncannily like his. The whole set-up ought to make an exciting radio series—if only ole deball Sponsor would come out of hiding.

New York has its own Jack Benny back in the fold now, together with Mary Livingstone, Johnny Green and his orchestra, Don Wilson, and Kenny Baker, and the Jello broadcasts will originate in the East until some time in May. Only Sam “Schlepperman” Hearn was left behind. He was making “Florida Special” at Paramount with Sally Eilers, but joined the rest of the company to carol “Hello, stranger!” again firmly, “See you Monday.” He was, by the way, mysteriously growing a heavy beard. His studio must have something in mind. Then there was Jack Oakie, who thoughtfully hefted the heavy script of “Applesauce,” listened to the long list of rehearsal calls, and cracked, “What’re you going to do—road-show it?”

Florida has been a mecca for radio’s stars all winter, and now Eddie Cantor is joining the parade. The Pebco broadcast of February 25 originated down south, and there will be two and perhaps three more from there. Eddie has a new idea he may try out when he gets

Edward G. Robinson is one of Hollywood’s most frequent visitors to radio. Here he is in Lebus’ Restaurant, between rehearsals of “The Boss,” which he did for the Lux Air Theater.

Sylvia Sidney made her radio début in an adaptation of the famed old play, “The Third Degree.” The picture shows her chatting with members of the cast at the stage door after an absence of only two weeks.

It’s only once in a while we get a peek backstage at the Lux Theater and its famous stars. Lionel Barrymore came East for his “Grumpy” broadcast, attended the first rehearsal, which is always held in the middle of the week preceding the Monday night airing, and discovered that he was expected to attend more rehearsals—a long one every day, in fact. The eldest Barrymore shrugged himself into his overcoat, snorted, and said, “Great Scott!”

Radio’s custom of frequent and lengthy rehearsals displeased Lionel Barrymore.

PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117
“Use Rouge and Powder? Like most girls, I do,” says lovely Loretta Young. “But I never risk Cosmetic Skin.”

Avoid dangerous pore choking Loretta Young’s way. Use the soap with active lather that goes deep into the pores—removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Then you guard against Cosmetic Skin—dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—always before you go to bed, use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. This simple care keeps skin lovely—as you want yours to be.
Ask The Answer Man

The Victorian phrase, "a fine figure of a man" could not be more aptly applied than to Henry Wilcoxon, the Englishman whom Cecil DeMille brought over to play Mark Antony in "Cleopatra" and Richard the Lion Hearted in "The Crusades."

Standing six feet two, weighing 190 pounds with a chest measuring forty-two inches, he is built for heroic roles, but there is nothing crudely massive about him; it is his enormous vitality and dominating personality that give the illusion of a greater size, big as he is.

Henry was born Sept. 8, 1905, in the West Indian island of Dominica, his father being an official of the Colonial Bank. He was sent to England to be educated and subsequently worked as a mill hand, as a travelling salesman, and in a Bond Street tailoring shop. Deciding to be an actor, he was given extra parts in English pictures the first time he applied to an agent. He succeeded rapidly and had the leading role in "Eight Bells" on the London stage when he was asked to come to Hollywood.

At six years of age, he was taught diving by the natives and later worked without helmet on the dangerous work for salvage on sunken ships in the Barbadoes. He is still a crack swimmer and recently purchased a cruiser to explore the islands on the Southern California coast. He exercises two hours a day in a gymnasium and plays tennis. Strangely enough, this athletic draws and paints beautifully, and several exhibitions of his work have been held in London. He is a bachelor.

Shirley Wechsler, New York City.—Madge Evans was born here in New York on August 1, 1909. She is five feet four inches tall with golden hair and blue eyes. Her current picture is "Exclusive Story." You may write to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California.

Phyllis Tazini, Trenton, N. J.—Henry Fonda’s next picture will be "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." He was born at Grand Island, Nebraska, on May 16, 1905; is six feet two, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Before entering the movies in 1934, he was on the stage. Margaret Sullivan was married to him, but they are now divorced.

Shirley Ann Waterman, Chicago, I11.—The above answers your question too, about Henry Fonda. Rochelle Hudson was born on March 6, 1914. She is five feet three and weighs 105 pounds.

V. de Vine, San Francisco, Calif.—The little German soubrette, Magda Schneider, co-starred with Jan Kiepura in "Be Mine Tonight."

Kay Voegthin, Des Moines, Iowa.—James Dunn is not married. Phillips Holmes is not connected with any studio at present. His next picture will be "The House of a Thousand Candles," which Republic Pictures will produce. Their address is 4024 Radford Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Evie B., Paradise, Montana.—I’m afraid you’ve lost your bet. Joan Crawford was married and divorced from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but she has never had any children.

Grace M. Forbes, Huntington, W. Va.—Yes, Michael Bartlett played in "She Married Her Boss" opposite Claudette Colbert since Grace Moore’s picture "One Night of Love." He played the piano and sang two songs to Claudette.

C. T. Dun, Huntington, W. Va.—The song, "The Easter Parade," is from the Broadway play "As Thousands Cheer." The play has not yet been produced as a movie, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have bought the screen rights.

G. T. L., Detroit, Michigan.—Helen Hayes, who is at present appearing on Broadway in "Victoria Regina," was born on Nov. 10, 1901 in Washington, D. C. Her name was Brown but when she went on the stage she used her mother’s name. She had been in successful stage plays for ten years before going into the movies in 1931. Her last picture was "Vanessa—Her Love Story."

Gloria Swanson, Oklahoma City, Okla.—I’m sure you are very proud of your name. Gloria. Your favorite, Arthur Lake, played in "Girl of My Dreams," but he is not under contract to any studio at present. He was born in Corbin, Kentucky in 1905.

M. Coulthurst, Vallejo, Calif.—Frank Conroy played the part of Mr. Blake, Loretta Young’s husband, in "The Call of the Wild." He is married and has played in many pictures before, the latest being "I Live My Life" and "The Last Days of Pompeii." Yes, Reginald Owen played the part of Smith in "The Call of the Wild."

Betty Jo Mines, Tampa, Florida.—Gary Cooper is married to Veronica Balfie (Sandra Shaw). He was born in Helena Montana on May 7, 1901; is six feet two weights 150 pounds and has black hair and blue eyes. He plays opposite Marlene Dietrich in "Desire."

Alice Hammett, Chattanooga, Tenn.—Robert Taylor’s real name is S. Arlington Brugh. He was born August 5, 1911, is six feet one and a half inches with brown hair and blue eyes. "Handy Andy" was his first picture in 1934.

M. C., Long Island, N. Y.—Mrs. Fredric March (Florence Eldridge) has been in a great many stage plays. Her last screen appearance was in "Les Miserables." Fredric made a name for himself on the stage too, but has not been in any plays since he entered pictures. He’s now in "Anthony Adverse."

Marilyn Millard, Pittsburg, Kansas.—Yes, Kay Francis’s birthday is the twenty-fifth. Her hobbies are tennis, swimming and golf. You may write to her at the KKO-Radio Studio 105, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Nick T. Farmakis, Oneonta, N. Y.—George Givot is an American having been born in Omaha Nebraska. In addition to being a Greek dialect comedian, his hobby is collecting ancient Greek manuscripts and art objects, which are perhaps the reasons for your thinking he was a Greek. He is at present playing in a night club on Broadway.

S. D. J., Linwood, Pa.—Katharine Hepburn was born in Hartford, Conn. Her hobbies are tennis, swimming and golf. You may write to her at the KKO-Radio Studio 105, Hollywood 28, Calif.

Burr Finnell, Kenton, Ohio.—Ned Sparks has been in England making pictures for the last few months. Robert Montgomery is still under contract to M-G-M and will soon play in "Petttcoat Fever" with Myrna Loy.

Known to his friends as "Biff" Wilcoxon because of his prowess at boxing, Henry admits he likes a femine type of woman.

What would you like to know? The answer man is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the answer man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding questions in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1936

PIMPLES NEVER HELPED ANY GIRL TO GET A JOB!

But Aunt Laura comes to the Rescue

IT MAY SOUND CATTY—BUT I MUST SAY MISS PHILLIPS' NIECE HAS A DREADFUL SKIN

LATER

HELEN, I HEAR, YOU'RE STARTING OUT VERY WELL IN YOUR JOB—I MIGHT ADD, I HEAR YOUR BOSS'S SON DATES YOU!

YOU HEARD RIGHT, AUNT LAURA, AND SOMETHING TELLS ME I OWE IT ALL TO MY BEE-U-TIFUL NEW COMPLEXION! ISN'T THAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST MARVELOUS?

DID I COME AT A BAD TIME, AUNT LAURA? I WOULDN'T BOTHER YOU NOW, BUT I---

I KNOW, HELEN, YOUR FATHER SAID YOUR DIPLOMA CAME. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE HERE FOR A JOB?

SO NOW YOU JUST TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, HELEN. EAT IT FAITHFULLY... 3 CAKES A DAY... AND I'M SURE YOUR SKIN WILL CLEAR UP.

OH, THANKS SO MUCH, AUNT LAURA! AND THANKS FOR THE DIVINE LUNCH.

Don't let Adolescent Pimples give YOU a job problem

FROM the beginning of adolescence—at about 13 until 25, or even longer—young people are frequently worried by pimples.

Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out!

But you can overcome these adolescent pimples. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Unsightly pimples disappear.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today.
(1) George E. Stone, given the part of Sancho, the cat-man in "Anthony Adverse," prepares for a session with Clay Campbell, make-up expert at Warner Bros. (2) He is surprised to see what putty can do to a nose. (3) He is beginning to think he looks too vicious. (4) No cat is happy without whiskers, so real hair is glued to his upper lip. (5) Mr. Campbell puts a wig on him and slants his eyes a bit. (6) George begins to look like the horrible coachman at last, but more is to come. (7) His own teeth are blacked out and enough fangs added to frighten any Red Riding Hood. (8) The queue on the wig is plaited in accordance with the style of the time. (9) The finished article, a deceitful villain. (10) George E. Stone, as Sancho the Cat
"It pays to be certain about handbag security"

Warms
Helen Vinson

Glamorous Screen Star always checks to be sure her handbags feature the security and constant dependability of the Talon fastener

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

There's method in the way Hollywood Stars choose their handbags. They refuse to gamble with careless, slipshod handbags that spill out contents, cause the loss of valuables. They look before they buy—check to be sure the handbags they choose are Talon-fastened.

Hollywood's way is your way to be sure that your handbag closes securely—stays fast until you open it. The Talon fastener featured on this year's models is easier than ever to identify. New decorative pull tabs are easy to recognize. And they lead you to models with the Talon fastener that closes a bag swiftly and easily, and guards contents securely.

Moreover, when you buy handbags completed with the Talon fastener, you are certain to get a model that is smart in design, fine in quality, too.
Boos & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4]

The bare handful of houses at Malibu?
Friday night at the Coconut Grove, and the exhibit of White Peacocks at the Ambassador?
Harry Carey's ranch at Saugus?
Harold Lloyd's new million-dollar estate, and the Lankersheim dog show whence his four Great Danes were transported in four regal looking motors?
Ruth Rowland and her real estate?
Mrs. Charles Chaplin (Lita Grey) buying sixty pairs of shoes at a time at the Hollywood Bootery?
Will Rogers' new polo field out Beverly way?
Those good old days

BERTHE H. GRAFTON, GREENWICH, CONN

$1 PRIZE

After seeing that gorgeous picture, "Captain Blood," I feel a greater satisfaction than from any other picture I have ever seen. Warner Brothers have certainly succeeded in placing every possible factor of motion picture success into one glorious production. It consists of two and a half hours of breath-taking entertainment filled with sparkling romance, undaunted bravery, endless humor, ceaseless suffering, lawless cruelty, and loving brotherhood, based on the thrilling events of early English history. It is a picture every member of the family can't help but enjoy. Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Lionel Atwill, Basil Rathbone, Ross Alexander, Guy Kibbee and other stars blend into one of the greatest characterizations in the history of motion pictures.

We are greatly indebted to the author, Rafael Sabatini, and the producer for making this masterpiece a possibility.

GEORGE SMALL, JR.
Nashville, Illinois

$1 PRIZE

Mr. Jack Winston, World's Grand Champion Shot in 1898, lives in my town. He was amazed at Barbara Stanwyck's remarkable screen portrayal of Annie Oakley and declares that she is the re-incarnation of the real Annie of his memory—the youthful Annie to whom he taught some fancy tricks of shooting.

I must say that Barbara Stanwyck is the only actress I have found that everybody likes. She is so sincerely beautiful; so unaffected and natural that she doesn't seem to be acting. I hope from now on she will be cast in pictures worthy of her convincing talent.

ETHEL S. HYATT
Washington, Indiana

$1 PRIZE

The majority of film actors are marked with the symbol of mediocrity, while a few belong to the exclusive class of first-rate actors who portray their diversified roles with vigor, truth and a unique naturalness.

Prominent among the latter are Fredric March, Wallace Beery, George Arliss, Charles Laughton and Conrad Veidt.

But there is one who stands alone, towering above the rest. who "lives" into the re-created character he portrays on the screen, infusing a new soul into it, and acting with a realism which challenges reality itself. I allude to the moving force in "Scarface,"
“Most Women are only HALF AS LOVELY AS THEY CAN BE,”

... says Sylvia Sidney

Fascinating Sylvia Sidney reveals how you can double your beauty with color harmony powder, rouge and lipstick...a new kind of make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

```
COLOR in make-up,” says Max Factor, “can give you beauty, or it can make you look dull, old. At the Studios, young faces are made to look old for a character part, and matronly faces are made young for ingenue roles—all through the magic of color. Powder, rouge, and lipstick harmonized in color for your type can make you beautiful because they add to your face the colors needed to create beauty.”

To give your skin loveliness, Max Factor has originated powder in the color harmony shade for your type. The color will enliven your skin with youthful radiance, and the texture will give you a lasting satin-smooth finish. Max Factor’s Powder in color harmony shades for blondes, brunettes, redheads, brownettes, $1.00.

Max factor * Hollywood

FOR personal make-up advice... and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick, mail this coupon.
```

LIKE the Powder, Max Factor has created rouge in color harmony shades that accent the charm of every type... Your color harmony shade will create beauty by adding to your cheeks an exquisite color accent, one that is natural-looking, lasting... Max Factor’s Rouge, 50c.

Sylvia Sidney in

“THE TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE,” a Walter Wanger Production for Paramount, dramatizes her type with Max Factor’s powder, rouge and lipstick in the color harmony shade for dark brownettes.

LIPSTICK that is Super-Indelible

KNOWING that a screen star’s lips must look alluring, Max Factor created a Super-Indelible Lipstick in shades that individualize every type. You may apply the lipstick to the inner as well as the outer surface of the lips... giving them a uniform, lasting color. Max Factor’s Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1.00.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COLOR</th>
<th>FACT</th>
<th>TYPE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Light</td>
<td>Light</td>
<td>Light</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>Medium</td>
<td>Medium</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dark</td>
<td>Dark</td>
<td>Dark</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

© HCN by Max Factor & Co.
fortunate, all of their labors and their income went into building and maintaining their little home. They were like thousands of other American family groups, watching the nickels and dimes and making them count because they had to count. Getting their enjoyment out of their little home and their small circle of friends.

As they still do.
The day I talked to Mrs. Temple she was planning a bridge party that night. For her friends—the same friends the Temples have had for years, before Shirley ever saw a movie camera.

She was worrying because she had forgotten to buy the prizes.

"I suppose we'll have to have money for prizes," she said, "but real prizes are much more fun."

Jack, the eldest boy, was born a year after their marriage. George, Jr., "Sonny" to the Temples, arrived four years later. Shirley was born eight years ago this April.

There has never been any time or any means left for pleasure—as pleasure is popularly conceived in Hollywood—luxurious living, lavish comforts, clothes, entertainment.
The Temples had been married four years before they ever saw the inside of a night club. They couldn't afford them. They can now—but you could count on your fingers the number of times they have been out on what would barely qualify as an evening in Hollywood.

When young men and young women have had to forego frivolity and good times in their youth, they are usually inordinately susceptible to the urge for making up for lost time later on. Those who have never had money are prone to use it foolishly when it is suddenly showered upon them.

Not the Temples.

Shirley's income is being put away for her in sound investments by her father. The Temples live on what Mr. and Mrs. Temple earn.

Not long ago Jack, Shirley's oldest brother came to Mrs. Temple. He said what every young man says to his mother at one time or another.

"What would you say, Mother," he asked, "if I decided to get married?"

"I think I'd ask you if you could support a wife," replied Mrs. Temple without a moment's hesitation. "You know I couldn't support her, and you know your father couldn't, and certainly you wouldn't want your sister to."

That is the Temple attitude toward Shirley's fortune. It is hers. Only the expenses of maintaining her position, the incidental things to her career, come out of it.

If you could peek into the house on Nineteenth Street—as Heaven knows, practically everyone who comes to Hollywood would like to do, and as some manage to do because of the Temples' supreme good nature—you would probably be very disappointed.

It is not what you'd expect from what you've probably read about Hollywood movie homes. There are plenty in your own home town that would provide more of an eyeful. It is small, comfortably but not expensively furnished. It could probably be duplicated for from five to eight thousand dollars.

It was too small for the pony which director David Butler promised Shirley when she fell in love with the one they used in "The Littlest Rebel." It is so close to the neighbors that the "batty" rooster she got for Christmas had to be transferred to her bungalow at the studio where he wouldn't wake everyone up at four o'clock in the morning.

One general all-around servant cooks the meals and attends to the house. Two secretaries, one full time, the other half-time, take care of the stacks of mail which arrive with every post. Shirley's guard, who is near her every minute of her life, is supplied by the studio. He usually drives Shirley and Mrs. Temple to work in their car, a La Salle. There is no chauffeur, butler, no maid—not even a nursemaid for Shirley. There never has been and there never will be.

Up until a few months ago, Mrs. Temple cooked all of Shirley's food. She still dresses Shirley, puts her to bed, curls her hair, and attends to the thousand and one details which fall to the lot of the mother of an eight-year-old girl.

She told me once she wouldn't think of letting anyone else take those troubles off her hands.

"I'd be jealous," she said.

In a way, that explains a great deal about Mrs. Temple, and a great deal about why her little girl is the kind of a little girl she is.

Mrs. Temple is a born mother who likes her job.

Her first concern is her child.

I know she was sincere when she said to me once, "I don't feel this sort of life is harming Shirley. If I thought it were, I would take her out of it."

It was Mrs. Temple, of course, who is responsible for Shirley's being in pictures. Mr. Temple didn't like the idea at first. Of course, now he's so proud he could burst, but when Shirley's first chance for a screen test came at three, Mr. Temple had to do some tall talking before he consented.

It is Mrs. Temple too, of course, who has the constant job of guiding Shirley, training her, building and protecting her character and her health, even her spiritual side. Her responsibility has been weighted by Shirley's fame.

Shirley used to play with the kids on the street. But she can't any more. She could go to Sunday School before she became a world figure, but she can't now. She would be mobbed.

Last Christmas Mrs. Temple took Shirley downtown to see the department store sights.

In the children's department a magician was performing for the little tots. He caught Shirley's eye at once and she pulled her mother over to watch. Inside of ten minutes a wall of children and parents had trapped Shirley. The magician had to lift her over behind the protection of the counter to save her from being badly muzzled.

For a long time the Temples have cherished a dream to take a world tour. But they have abandoned the idea. Last year, Shirley and her parents took a trip to Honolulu—their first spree since she became famous. On the small island of Hawaii, they were practically engulfed in admiring humanity, everywhere they went. At one reception given for Shirley at the Imperial Palace, forty thousand children milled...
and mauled each other to press near their idol.

Because of this boomerang worship, and be-
cause a busy little star hasn’t time to lead
the normal life of a just ordinary child, the respon-
sibility for her normal growth has devolved
upon her mother. Mrs. Temple is always with
Shirley, and her constant concern is for Shirley
every bit as much as for Shirley’s career.

Although Mrs. Temple believes that “Shir-
ley is not the spoiling kind,” and when you see
her you’re inclined to agree, just the same her
little girl is only human. She must be taught
the difference between right and wrong, she
must grow up with a social viewpoint, she must
have a faith and the ability to fend for herself
in all the problems of life that she will have to
meet some day.

MRS. TEMPLE is managing all of this with
a skill and thoroughness so remarkable
that it can only be explained by a devotion
which comes above everything else. You have
only to be around Shirley to see that she is
managing it.

I have seen Shirley at play with her best
friend, little Mary Lou Isleib, her stand-in.
I’ve seen them sewing together and playing
and that. Never has there been any show of superiority on Shirley’s
part, any aggression. In fact, motion pictures
don’t come in for an inning when Shirley steps
off the set. Mrs. Temple teaches Shirley all
her lines, but that is the only way her career
intrudes into the Temple family life at home.

If you could be a fly on the wall of the Tem-
ple house almost any evening you would have
to strain your ears for mention of Shirley
Temple, the greatest movie star of them all.
You would simply see a little girl, the baby of
the family, eating her vegetables and liking
them with her mother and father and big
brothers. You would hear the same sort of
conversation you might hear around any fam-
ily table of an evening. Small talk, opinions,
jokes and occasional word battles.

After dinner you would see Shirley climb
up on her father’s lap with a book—for the
evening is Mr. Temple’s time with his little
girl. He might read until bed time, or else
Shirley might decide to draw pictures with her
brother, or play “crooked line” which is the
game Irvin Cobb taught her. Somebody draws
a crooked line and then you try to make a pic-
ture out of it. It’s Shirley’s currently favorite
sport.

Eight-thirty is bed time, when Shirley rolls
up the sleeves of her pajamas, bestows a good-
night kiss on “Pinkie,” her very favorite doll
who sits on a chair next to the bed, and bur-
rrows into the mattress for sugar plum dreams.

I asked Mrs. Temple once if she had any
plans for Shirley when she grew up. At first
she laughed and said, “I hope she doesn’t
marry when she’s seventeen as I did.” But her
serious reply voiced a confidence so striking
that I should like to repeat it here.

She said, “I want her to grow up to be a well
loved woman. Whatever she wants to do with
her life will be all right with me. I know it
will be right.”

* The Temples know that Shirley’s cute years
are coming to a close sometime. Perhaps soon.
But it does not alter their zeal to protect her
babyhood and to insure her future. If ever
anyone had a chance to be a movie mother, it
is Mrs. Temple. Her authority as the mother
of the screen’s greatest possession, could have
been used to conjure up constant headaches
for everyone concerned in making pictures at
Twentieth Century-Fox. The outrageous de-
mands she could have made would have had to
be met. But there have been none. You will
hunt far to find an ill word spoken about the
Temples among the people who have worked
with Shirley.

Frankly, I believe that Shirley Temple will
always be an entertainer. She has really been
entertaining since she was three years old, and
despite the fact that there is absolutely no the-
atrical heritage on either side, she has revealed
an uncanny and unmistakable professional
instinct.

In her few personal appearances, she has al-
ways done just the right thing at the right
time—with no previous coaching. Even the
ethics of the professional world seem to come
naturally to her.

You the other day a dance instructor at the
studio was having a little trouble getting her
to “truck” as he wanted her to. It puzzled
him, since he knew that Shirley had trucked
to perfection with Bill Robinson. Finally he called
up Bill and asked him to come over and help.

“Why, Honey,” said Bill when he walked on
the stage, “you know how to truck. Member
what I taught you?”

“Of course,” she said, “but I wasn’t giving
away any of your secrets.”

SHIRLEY TEMPLE may act the rest of her
life. She may dance, as her mother dreams,
she may sing, or teach, or write, or draw or marry.
The Temples aren’t worried about that now—only
that she will grow into a well loved woman.”

But there is one thing certain—when Shirley
does grow up, she will have something more
than the fortune that will be waiting her, some-
thing which will make her look back and thank
her lucky stars for having had as parents.
George and Gertrude Temple.

THE LOVELIEST
MOMENT OF ALL

Try PLAT-NUM today.
It’s 10c and comes in 12
true-tone shades in the
oversize bottle to which
you are entitled. You’ll
find it on sale at any 5
tag cent store.

FREE
this booklet
Send 4c in stamps and we will send
to you this interesting information,
still cover booklet on the beautifying
of your arms, hands and fingers.

PLAT- NUM
Nail Polish
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1936 91

HANDS play an all-important part in the drama of romance. Intimate
little gestures, subtle handclasps, pulse-stirring contacts... truly, hands
speak the language of love. Is it not essential, then, that they be kept
always well groomed — that finer nails be kept petal-pink and shining,
the lovely complement to a lovely hand? PLAT- NUM nail polish has the
unusual ability to transform your nails... gives them a soft, shimmering,
satin-like surface. PLAT- NUM goes on smoothly, sets evenly, is long
lasting and does not chip, crack, peel, fade or streak.

PLATNUM LABORATORIES 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
holiday bent in New York and all attending the same theater. It's after theater time and talks are hounding, crowds are milling and autographs fans swarming the theater entrance for autographs.

The first lady emerges in a swirl of ermine to be mobbed by annoying fans. Ignoring all their pleas, her escort helps shoulder away the harrassing fans until a taxi is reached.

The second emerges to be even more strenuously set upon.

"Damn you," she cries, "keep away from me."

The third lady loiters in the lobby. Hoping they'll tire and go home. A half hour, two quarters, an hour goes by. And still they wait.

Her husband refuses to let her face the two hour ordeal of signing autographs in a zero night. And yet, Irene Dunne can't bring herself to ignore, to hurt, to appear ungrateful.

A
t her car is brought around to the stage door but they follow. Crowding about the wheels "I'm so frightened for you. Please keep away from the car," she begs.

And finally, as they continue to shove and crowd, she gets out of the car and stands on the sidewalk among them in the biting cold.

"I guess we'll all have to take cold together," she laughs. "I can't take a chance of hurting you." Gently she reasons with them. "Won't you please go home before you all take dreadful colds? I'm so worried about you."

It won. The sincerity in the voice, the sympathetic understanding was felt in every heart that cold winter night on a New York sidewalk. They went home and Irene Dunne drove away.

Men like Irene Dunne not only because they see in her the ideal wife, the symbol of gracious American womanhood, the woman ideal, but because she can go to the very devil like a lady. It was men, believe it or not, who were most affected by the faithful shadow in "Back Street."

"No man likes a woman who is emotionally sloppy," one prominent man of Hollywood explained, "and Irene Dunne never is."

She dreads misrepresentation on paper "Fans hate a hypocrite," she said. "I believe they detect the real you behind every role and if they are led to believe you are something you pretend you aren't, they resent it."

John Cromwell, the director, says Irene always looks to him like the cat that swallowed the canary. It's the pleased satisfaction with what life has given her shining through that wall of reserve that lends that paradoxical expression to her lovely features. He's quite right about it, at that.

She's terribly hard to know. People for miles around will tell you that tidbit about her. In fact, people have given her up in droves.

There's a wall—a blanket, someone aptly put it—that shields the real Irene Dunne from the world. It's a wall or blanket of shyness, reserve and true humility. It's only when one knows why it is there, that one begins to get a glimpse of the real woman. It's only when one realizes it was built there by Irene's own hand while still so very young to keep a world from knowing about the}

**This Is Really Irene Dunne**

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]
Immediately inspires confidences from everyone. People tell Irene Dunne the innermost secrets of their hearts.

"To the grave" is a well known expression of Irene's. And to the grave it is. "You know how it is after you've confided something to someone," a friend of hers told me, "and then wished to heaven you hadn't. And how every time they refer to it, which is often, you lament your foolishness over again?"

"You never need any such compunction with Irene Dunne. No confidence is ever dragged to the light or passed those lips. To the grave she has said and to the grave and beyond it, it goes."

Her recent celebration of two holidays, or rather one holiday and one anniversary, typifies Irene Dunne more than anything else I know of.

One was her birthday. Surely, this event, if one runs true to form in Hollywood, would have called for a gay party at home or one of the gayer night spots. But Irene had discovered the eight-year-old son of a friend had the same birthday, so the two of them sat quietly down to dinner to celebrate.

"You know," he told his mother afterward, "we made a pact, Miss Dunne and I. We're to see each other or get in touch each birthday. Even when I'm grown up and maybe way off in Shanghai or some place. We're still to keep in touch." He was thoughtful for a moment.

"Mother?"

"Yes, son?"

"I'll have to be careful the kind of man I grow into if I'm to keep her all my life, won't I? She wouldn't be proud to talk to me if I wasn't. But she would, even if I wasn't for you see, we made a pact together and she'll never break it."

Completing his part in "Follow the Fleet," Randy Scott, an expert golfer takes to the turf at the Ambassador.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1936

Your hands
WILL LEAD A LOVELIER LIFE ALL . . . WEEK . . . LONG!

And now let's go on to New Year's Eve. Hollywood night clubs are ablaze with lights and parties and big times. But Irene Dunne is entertaining at home. A married couple, close friends, and their two children. Another friend and her aged father and mother, an old lady of seventy-nine, and Irene's husband, brother and mother.

Midnight strikes and the bells ring in the new year. On the withered cheek of the dear old lady, Irene Dunne plants her first kiss of the New Year. And then graciously passed to everyone, children included, with a kiss of friendship.

"It's probably my last year," the dear old lady said afterward. "God bless her for that lovely memory!"

"It was no mere gesture of consciously being nice to others," a member of that party said later, "for Irene had a better time than anyone. It was the gentleness of her heart that calls to old and young alike. And behind it all, of course, the devotion to her mother and the constant thinking of what would please her."

"Come to dinner, Irene," people often phone, explaining that Jerome Kern or some other favorite of Irene's would be there.

"Oh, I'd love to come," her voice calls through the phone, "but I'm having dinner with mother tonight."

THAT mother could be seen again, never occurs to her. Or that mother could be put off to another time. A dinner with mother is kept, enjoyed, cherished.

I give you my word I trudied the alleys and the highways of Hollywood to find someone who would say just once, "Yes, I've seen Irene Dunne lose her temper, or suck, or grow temperamental." I tell you, no bloodhound worked harder at it than I. To no avail.

The nearest I could come to it was this. If the hair dresser, a novice perhaps, fails to dress her hair properly with Irene due on the set, she'll arise from her chair and walk back and forth across the room several times and then, sitting down again, say kindly. "Now, I'm ready."

A make-up man once splashed her cheek with mascara after her entire make-up was on. Very quietly she walked the room and then took her seat.

"Now, I'm ready."

Irene Dunne now takes her place as one of the important stars to be reckoned with in Hollywood. She has agreed to do six pictures in the next three years, for three separate companies with the privilege of doing others in between. Competent directors, and she has an almost childlike faith in directors, and suitable stories, will be carefully chosen.

Her star has really only begun; it's rising in Hollywood.

She has finally been won over to Hollywood in the same slow, usual manner. "It took twelve trips to New York to do it," she laughs, "but at last I know I really love it here and this is where we are building our first home together."

I offer you these bits about her in order that you may fill in the vacant corners of your mental picture of the lady, Irene Dunne.

She never wears slacks on the street. Or in the house.

Plays a crack game of golf. And tennis. And wears the plainest of linen dresses for the game.

Has little or no vanity, is not clothes conscious, but is always perfectly dressed.

The biggest kick of her life is roaming the hills of Pomona in search of oak to replant in her front yard.

Never misses a Sunday morning at church. Thinks women make poor auto drivers. She drives herself and is convinced she's good at it. "I try not to hesitate and make wrong turns, anyhow," she says.

She thinks it's necessary to work at having a good time. To plan things far in advance for guests. Plenty of work and planning makes the ideal hostess she contends.

She plans for all singers and thinks theirs is the hardest of lives. She forces herself to practice her singing every day. Sometimes it's midnight before she gets at it but she sticks to it.

Oddly enough she has taken to tap dancing and practices for dear life at all hours. She's inarticulate when deeply touched. A beautifully planned gift from a friend leaves her speechless in the midst of others' excited clamor.

Was never late but once on the set. After frantic telephoning the studio finally located her at a dog hospital.

Before the studio gates she had found a little white dog, bruised and forsaken by a hit and run driver.

Work was forgotten, movies forgotten, while Irene stood by him in his hour of needling a friend.

Rain in California with water gathered in pools, leaves her depressed.

But she loves a matinée in New York on a rainy day.

The gentle humility of her instantly inspires people to do things for her. Edna Ferber, the author, once said that after meeting Irene her one desire was to write a beautiful and perfect story for her.

As a gift offered from the very heart of her, To Irene.

And now, finally, I give you as sort of silken cord by which you may hang up your portrait, the following quotations from friends, strangers, acquaintances and studio workers.

All collected at random.

Mervyn LeRoy, the director says:

"Irene Dunne has one of the greatest flair for comedy of any star in Hollywood. Her rich warm feeling for human nature and its reactions will some day startle us all from a movie screen."

A rich playboy constantly in the headlines says:

"If I could have had the influence of a woman like Irene Dunne in my life, if I could have aspired or had the backbone to aspire to such a woman, there would have been no cheap headlines in my life story to-day."

A VERY old lady in California:

"We all plant seeds in our spiritual gardens. But few of us have the courage to pull up the weeds.

"Irene Dunne tends her garden."

A dear woman friend:

"One can warm one's hands at the fires of her friendship. Irene Dunne could leave the screen tomorrow and lead a rich, full, satisfying life.

In fact, I always picture her as that kindly neighbor who lives next door in a small town and is constantly sending jelly to the sick and comfort to the troubled.

"You ask if there is an open road to the heart of this woman? Yes, an open road and the gate swings wide if one but knows the word. And that password? I thought you knew.

"The password is sincerity."

GLAZO IS WORLD-FAMOUS
FOR BEAUTY AND LONG WEAR

Women are becoming more critical, more discriminating in the beauty preparations they use. They expect a nail polish not only to be outstandingly lovely but to apply easily without streaking and to wear for days longer than polishes they used to know.

Because Glazo has these virtues, its fame has circled the world. It is famous for its glorious fashion-approved shades. It is famous for solving the streaking problem and for amazing ease of application. It is famous for giving 2 to 4 days longer wear, without peeling or chipping.

Glazo shares its success with you, and is now only 20 cents. Do try it, and see how much lovelier your hands can be!

Just 20 CENTS
IN CANADA, 25 CENTS

GLAZO
... The Smart Manicure
cockeyed story about a young millionaire who behaves so peculiarly that everyone (except Jean Arthur) thinks he's nuts. We watched the big scene, the one in which Mr. Cooper is on trial for his sanity. There were hundreds of extras in this courtroom interior, but everything went along so smoothly, so casually that it's hard to tell when the company is actually shooting. Capra's easy-going methods are infectious. Everyone is laughing all the time and when it comes Douglas Dumbrille's turn to speak, he just says, "Blah, blah, blah." His speech has been recorded the day before and he is just in the take for 'timing.'

HERE making pictures doesn't seem at all like a difficult task. If you want to be impressed with Art and Genius, you have to go next door and watch Von Sternberg and Grace Moore. You tip-toe onto the set and an assistant director tip-toes up to you, then tip-toes over to another assistant director who tip-toes back to you and whispers, "You may stand behind that barrel in the corner."

Standing there, you see that this is a garden around the royal palace. The first take is just of a sign reading DON'T PICK THESE FLOWERS. It is the simple sort of thing that in any other picture would be shot by the assistant director. But in "The King Steps Out," Von Sternberg does everything. And if genius, as we have heard rumored, is an infinite capacity for taking pains, then Von Sternberg is certainly a genius.

He looks like one. His greying hair is long and shaggy. He wears a coat like none we ever saw, an elastic cuffed affair with a wrap around belt and no lapels. And he walks about in high kid boots. When he is through photographing the sign, he calls Miss Moore, who has been sitting by herself in a corner of the stage talking to no one.

"Darlingh," he intones, "we are ready."

Lovely in her quaint costume, Miss Moore walks across the stage to the ladder which she is to climb. There is supposed to be a party actually (it's just a few stage-hands and Herr Von Sternberg) and she is to look through the window at the crowd.

They do this scene four times, and after each take, Von Sternberg asks Miss Moore, "Did you like that, all right, darlingh?" She nods a friendly approval. The terms of endeavor that pass between these two mean nothing more than mutual respect and friendship. For Miss Moore is in love with her husband, Valentín Parera. And Von Sternberg has his camera.

"The King Steps Out," Von Sternberg's first musical, is a Viennese operetta with music by Fritz Kreisler. Franchot Tone is the leading man. This is a gay and light picture done with what they hope will turn out to be charm.

Leaving this picturesque background, with its aura of Wienerwurst and waltzes, we went to the brothers Warner studio where everybody's Truckin'.

Here the culled folks are showing just what heaven is like. For "Green Pastures," based on the play by Marc Connelly, which was in turn based on the Roark Bradford stories, takes place in heaven. There is a

Fine flavor knows no boundaries. To lovers of beer the world over Pabst TAPaCan brings beer flavor never before possible.

Whether folks gather at Harry's New York Bar in Paris—or in the smart spot in your own home town—they are enjoying delicious Pabst flavor, purity, wholesomeness just as it came from the brewery vats. Sealed in the tamper-proof, non-refillable can, Pabst Export Beer retains its delicate brewery goodness and fragrant bouquet for your own personal enjoyment.

Ninety-two years of "knowing how" makes a difference, too...a difference that has made Pabst world famous. Drink Pabst—and the world drinks with you. Call for it by name—Pabst TAPaCan.

Old Tankard Ale

Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale—full bodied, full flavored, full strength. Brewed and mellowed by Pabst.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan
- Brewery Vat Goodness
- Protected Flavor
- Non-Refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks

Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- Easy to Carry—No Breakage
tender and saucy humor running through the film, but it is not sacrilegious. This all negro picture depicts a simple-folk's idea of the hereafter.

This is what their heaven is like: It's very green, soft and lovely, a restful glide with weeping willows. Bales of cotton, suspended from the roof by cords, are the clouds. The ingenious technicians have built a real running stream right through the set. The little pickkninmies, wings pinned on their backs, play in it when they're not working.

Because these children, angels or not, are inclined to become boisterous, Mark Connelly gives a prize each night to the best behaved. The older angels have to be satisfied with just pay. There were about one hundred and fifty angels, all ages, gathered for the heavenly fish fry. They were having a wonderful time, smoking cigars and eating catfish.

Between shots, the young people dance and flirt, though somewhat restricted by their heavy wings. De Lard, played by a pious looking Negro named Rex Ingram (not to be confused with the famed actor and director), watches them. He is young for the role, being only forty years old. He is a graduate of Northwestern University where he was a star athlete and received a degree of Doctor of Medicine. Ingram made Phi Beta Kappa while in school, but found in the outside world too much racial prejudice to continue his bacteriological research. Yet he does not seem a bitter man.

On the wall behind Ingram is a large curved horn and a sign warning not to blow it. This is Gabriel’s horn and there's a deep superstition about it. Since this Pulitzer Prize winning play's introduction, two Gabriels have died. Oskar Polk, who plays Gabriel in the film, isn't fooling around with the horn. He has to blow it in a couple of scenes. He's willing to take a chance then because he has to. But until that time, he's leaving it strictly alone.

You'd think that anyone in heaven would be glad to stay right there. This isn't true at Warners, though. All the angels want to sneak over to the next stage where Cab Calloway and his band are hi-de-hoing. The boys were swinging through a red-hot jam session when we arrived.

They are supplying some Harlem warmth to Al Jolson's picture, "The Singing Kid." They are supposed to be on the porch of a penthouse and this is their musical good morning to Al Jolson, who has the penthouse across the street. Though with most of the film finished, Al is actually out golfing with Ruby Keeler. This doesn't faze Cab. He breaks right into the rhythm and smiles over to where Jolson ought to be. As if the music weren't enough, one of the boys in the band gets up on the parapet and dances Good Morning to Mr. Jolson. He's getting quite a greeting for a man eighteen miles away.

Cub Calloway may be Warners' best record maker, but Gene Lockhart is the studio's outstanding record breaker. In "The Gentleman From Big Bend," which stars the suave Warren William, Gene and Richard Purcell have a scene that runs, without cuts, for eight pages of dialogue. Everyone grouped around the camera to see if they could make it. The take lasted for more than five minutes and the actors not only came through without a falter but were still able to go on when director Bill McGann cut in on them. When you see this in the picture, it will be all cut up with inserts. It is, they think, the longest stretch of dialogue ever taken at one shooting. All about big business.

No trip to Warners would be complete without one back-stage scene. The one this month occurs in Joe E. Brown's picture, "Sons O' Guns." We pecked in and saw Joe and reliably Eric Blore engage in a bit of whimsy.

Joe plays a famous vaudevillean who's leaving for war and Blore is the valet who grieves for him.

One of the most interesting sets we ever visited were those of Jack Whitney producing the Technicolor film entitled "The Dancing Pirate." The first surprise you get is when you walk on the set. Instead of being brightly colored, it is as subdued as possible. This is the plaza of a California village in the days when Mexico owned the land. Under two hanging lamps, the art director of this and of "Becky Sharp," told us that the camera picks up color so vividly that by deadening the natural colors they could give the illusion of really much more than by photographing things as they really are. For instance, a little dog photographed to brightly had it to be dyed to a darker brown.

All of "The Dancing Pirate" will be shot indoors so that the lighting can be controlled. Technicolor requires about eighty per cent more lighting than the black and white pictures, but it is not true, as you hear, that the stages are actually hot. The only heat on the stage came from three musicians who are great heroes to the Mexicans. These musicians play an almost forgotten Aztec type of song called Hupaaba. They are radio stars in Mexico City and have a large following.

The musicians cannot understand English, so when jovial director Lloyd Corrigan wants quiet he waves to them. They think he wants more music and go on playing. Finally, after a bit of involved sign language, they catch on. Steffi Duna, who appeared in the Technicolor short, "La Cucaracha," has the lead in this and Frank Morgan, Luis Alberni and Charles Collias, a newcomer, have the other important roles.

When the picture is finished, Luis Alberni told us that he is going East to make "Perspective Disappearances." He always plays the piano in pictures. He was Grace Moore's voice coach in "One Night Of Love" and he's been at the piano, cinematically, ever since. The funny thing is that he can't play—never even wanted to. Just looks like a casting director's idea of a pianist, that's all.

However, Charles Collias, who plays The Dancing Pirate, can really dance. He proved that. He not only has ability, he has courage. We watched him rehearse his Sabre Dance on Doug Fairbanks' old Badminton court which is now used for a locker room. In this dance, Collins is chased all over by a man with a sword. Whenever the sword comes near Collins either jumps or ducks, then tap dances out of the way. At least that's the way it's supposed to work. If he ever ducks or jumps at the wrong time, he'll lose a foot or head for the whole thing is based on perfect timing.

In the rehearsals, Collins dances with an expert fencer. But in the picture, he will be stabbed at by a heavy who is not yet cast. Probably it will be Ricardo Cortez.

For off-stage drama it would be hard to top the scene we watched in 20th Century Fox's "This Is the Life." This is a bit about the French Foreign Legion outpost at Algiers and it stars Ronald Colman, Victor
McLaglen and Claudette Colbert, who plays the famous Cigarette rôle. But at the time we visited the studio, Simone Simon, the new French importation, had the part.

She was doing a scene with Ronald Colman. It was in a rough and smoky cafe, a celebration place for the tired Legionnaires. Simone is supposed to tease Colman and then he picks her up and carries her across the room. We noticed a strained expression on her face, but never having seen this new star before, we assumed that it was her natural expression.

When Colman put her down, she walked quietly to the sidelines and collapsed. Not till the next day did the studio learn that she was too ill to continue with the rôle.

From the way we write, you might think that every picture in production this month is an epic. We’re happy to report that one plain, unpretentious movie is shooting. It’s at RKO-Radio. Here they’re filming Phil Stong’s story, “The Farmer In The Dell.” Fred Stone is the farmer and stage twelve is the dell.

This is a story about an Iowan who comes to Hollywood and gets into the movies by accident. Jean Parker, whom everyone tells me is fanifulike, plays the farmer’s daughter and Frank Albertson is the other part of the joke. Since this is a picture about Hollywood there has to be a Hollywood party and that’s what we saw.

And it was somehow very sad. The extras who appear in party scenes are Hollywood’s select background. They invest practically all their money in clothes. They are serious about their careers and hard working.

The “zero hour” comes just before the last take of the day. It is the time when the assistant director goes about picking out the extras who will be called back for another day’s work. As he walked among them, pointing here and there to lucky ones, the extras talked to each other, pretending not to notice the assistant. To these elegantly groomed people, this man suddenly had the power of a god.

Occasionally one of the extras would give himself away in a sudden expression or a pleading glance. It was not pleasant. It made you wish that they could all work every day. And we sincerely hope they do.

As swift as light——

The Magic of the Linit Beauty Bath

Modern life demands much of women—in business, in the home, the club—and in social duties that are a part of her daily life. To meet every occasion, with a consciousness of looking her best, the smart woman tirelessly strives to cultivate every feminine charm. Today, one of the outstanding essentials of charm is a soft, smooth skin.

For many years, fastidious women have relied on the Linit Beauty Bath to give their skin the feel of rare velvet.

To those who have not tried the Linit Beauty Bath, why not do this today: Dissolve some Linit in the tub while the water is running. Bathe as usual and, after drying, feel your skin. It will be delightfully soft and smooth. And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath.

Make it a habit to use Linit in your tub water and join the thousands of America’s loveliest women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

for Fine Laundering

Don’t overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for washing. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.
Drawing is A WAY TO SUCCESS

SOME years ago, demand for an artist's skill was very limited, being confined chiefly to portrait and landscape paintings. Financial success was achieved only by artists of unusual ability.

The situation is entirely different today. Advertising, most of it illustrated, has become a necessary part of selling. Advertisers, magazines, newspapers, and publishers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Industry, realizing that design and color influence sales, is employing artists to design many of its products before manufacturing them. The market for artistic skill has increased many fold and will continue to increase with public demand that merchandise be not only serviceable, but also good looking.

In this commercial art field, youth is not a handicap as success depends on artistic talent rather than on age and experience. Girls can earn as much as men.

Training that has Brought Results

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing organization, has trained many young artists now capable of earning from $1000 to $5000 yearly as designers or illustrators. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Carrooning contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years of outstanding success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

Do You Like to Draw?

If so, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our simple Art Ability Test. Get a frank opinion, free, as to whether your talent is worth developing. With it you will receive our free book describing the training and outlining present opportunities in art. Drawing may be your surest road to success. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.
4106 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me your Free Art Test and Book.

Name ____________________________

Address __________________________

Age _______ Occupation _________

John Barrymore's Kick-Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62]

Behind him there is no hue and cry to cause him to reach for his hammer and knock down the front door of the highest bidder. In similar circumstances the actor is like nothing so much as a stray dog with a tin can tied to its tail. Sometimes, indeed, I feel he should be chained up and left loose only when he acts. Cruel as this may seem, it would greatly simplify his private life. Someone could bring him his daily bread and the daily paper. To be sure, what he read might make him bite himself in the leg. Casting his jaundiced eye over the contrasting prints, he could easily find himself bemused at seeing very little about what he did in a Hollywood picture and very much about what he did out of it. Now if he were a plumber—and I have a vast respect and admiration for plumbers—his life would be a pipe. But, being an actor, he doesn't quite know what to make of it.

THIS was said with that indulgent patience which not infrequently marks Mr. Barrymore’s highly contradictory nature.

"I believe," he declared, "that all actors feel a deep obligation to the public in their work. It is possible they feel, too, that there the obligation ends. My work always has, and always will, come first with me."

His earnestness was emphasized by the way he crushed his cigarette.

"I'm glad to be back at work. It's very interesting and great fun. On the stage I'd always wanted to play Macbeth."

No wonder, since able judges regard it as the best part in "Romeo and Juliet."

"Another thing about Shakespear," pointed out Mr. Barrymore, "is that he makes you work. An actor may get soft in other parts, but not in his. Fencing, alone, keeps him hard. It's fine to be back at it. But perhaps the finest thing about Macbeth is that he dies for love, even though it's Romeo's, rather than his own. In a sense, he's just the innocent bystander. And it's immensely gratifying to feel innocent."

Sunlight streaming through the window behind him seemed to be doing something in the halo line.

"I like fencing," he resumed, "but I'm not so hot at it. For one thing, it's good exercise. I did it for the first time on the screen in "Don Juan"—there were several duels in that picture. Then I had another go at it in 'Hamlet'. On the stage, of course, there was 'Hamlet'."

Yet all that the greatest Hamlet of his generation had to say for himself was, "I'm not so hot!"

"And speaking of work," he added, "there's more of it for the actor today than ever before. One must make a living, and at first I did it by trying to be a newspaper artist. I liked that. Now I like the theater, and the movies particularly. But I find myself doing still more work. The radio is tremendously interesting. It's a powerful stimulant to the imagination. This strikes you when you realize that your audience doesn't see you. Whenever I listen to the radio I feel like a blind person. But I listen gratefully, very glad to be an actor, for today the actor can work in three mediums."

His ecstasy of industry took me unawares, for never had I suspected John Barrymore of being hopelessly addicted to work. It was only possible to wonder what first had led him to Shakespeare, which is far from easy work.

"A tarantula," was his bland reply.

"A tar—?"

"A red one," he calmly specified.

"In a banana?"

"In the zoo. If you're fond of horror stories, I am only too happy to oblige. One day—that's the way to begin a story of suspense, isn't it?—I went to the Zoo in New York with Ned Sheldon—you know him, Edward Sheldon, the playwright. We were going along very nicely, making enemies of the various animals and a cockatoo who was high- and I tell you, that tarantula. It stopped us. We stood fascinated. It was the most evil looking spider I've ever seen, red as anger and with a baleful spot on its back. For once I was speechless. But Ned said, 'It looks like Richard the Third.' Then, as if I essayed the part, leaping into the room with a cane or an umbrella and supposedly carrying a gory head I loudly cried, 'See what I've done!'

"Mrs. Carrington seemed to be taken suddenly ill. When speech returned to her, she demanded, 'Are you going to do it like that?'"

"Why, I wonder, what does it look like?"

PRIMARILY, she gently informed me, 'It looks as though you're just a plain ass.'"

"How do you want me to do it?" I humbly asked.

"She turned to a bowl of fruit on the table and said, 'Take an orange.' Obidient, I stood like a small boy at a Sunday school picnic. 'Now,' she directed with grim determination, 'come into the room and say, 'Margaret, here's an orange.'" I said, 'Margaret, here's an orange.' But the truth of it is, Mrs. Carrington has convinced me that hell!" he said. 'Go to Margaret Carrington, she'll teach you all you need to know.' I really needed everything to know about Shakespeare. Mrs. Carrington, now the wife of Robert Edmond Jones, the distinguished artist, not only knows a tremendous lot about the voice but has the definite quality of constructive genius. After she'd sandpapered my voice I included Henry the Sixth's soliloquy in Richard the Third. Then, as if I essayed the part, leaping into the room with a cane or an umbrella and supposedly carrying a gory head I loudly cried, 'See what I've done!'"

"Mrs. Carrington seemed to be taken suddenly ill. When speech returned to her, she demanded, 'Are you going to do it like that?'"

"Why, I wonder, what does it look like?"

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1936
It is a very great play and a very fine part. For these reasons I want, and expect, to do it on the screen."

He paused, then with an ingratiating diffidence:

"If you think it the right thing to do I'd like to say something nice about Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard."

Reminded that he never had been known to say other than nice things about his fellow-players, he went on:

"I've seen a great many Julies. Now, seeing Miss Shearer in the part, I know she will be delightful. Unlike some Julies, she conveys a quality of extreme youth, and with it, ardor. She is realizing a great and general ambition, for all great actresses have played it. The rôle is so sympathetic that I don't blame any actress for wanting to do it. As for Mr. Howard, he is going to be a magnificent Romeo, because he is completely believable, intelligent and charming.

"He thoroughly deserves the part so many actors have wanted to play."

"You, for one?"

"Romeo never appealed to me particularly. I never thought I'd be very much good in it. I could see others in the part, but not myself."

"You feel you're not a romantic actor?"

"In the first place, I don't quite know the meaning of the term romantic actor. But," this with an impish smile and a sly dig at himself, "I should say that any actor in love automatically becomes a character actor."

"What? Yes, John Barrymore can take it..."
afternoon. Then we had dinner there. In fact, we never left it until we got to Havana Harbor. And by the time we sailed under old Castle, we had decided that if ever there were two fine fellows in this world, they were Richard Barthelmess and William Powell.

"The best part of that story," added Bill, "is that we have thought so ever since."

"The Bright Shavel!" was a great success. So was Bill in the heavy part opposite Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish. He was well launched now, not only on his career, but on his travels. Following an appearance in "The Red Robe," he sailed for Italy to make "Romola" with the two Gishes and Ronald Colman.

The latter, although neither he nor Bill could have guessed it then, was to become, as the result of the friendship formed on this trip, the third member of the now famous "Three Musketeers of the Movies" Barthelmes, Powell and Colman.

"The beginning of my friendship with Ronnie," laughed Bill, "like the beginning of my first important part in the movies, will always be associated in my mind with tights. Colman had been to Rome the year before to make "The White Sister," and was supposed to speak a little Italian. I had spent some time on shipboard studying 'Italian in 12 Easy Lessons.' I knew a few words, but didn't know what to do with them. We were the Italian scholars of the troupe, and were, therefore, assigned to the tights-purchasing department.

"Our first difficulty was making the conscience or porter at the hotel understand what we wanted. Breeches he had heard of, so he promptly sent us off to a military tailor, who would have none of us. A second attempt on the conscience. Off we went again, and found ourselves in a bunch of giggling girls.

"We made gestures up and down our shins, and they nodded their heads in glee. One of them produced a couple of tape measures, and indicated that we were to measure ourselves. Ronnie and I looked at each other in disgust, but went ahead in what seemed to us to be the proper tailor's manner. The Italian girls were much amused. We had forgotten the waist line! Finally, the prettiest of them got up her courage, and remedied this mistake herself.

"There immediately ensued a thunder-burst of Italian argument, blushes and protests from the girl with the tape measure, and giggling and pointing from her mates. From the latter we gathered that the question of maidly modesty, which had caused all this uproar, was the result of our fair tailor's refusal to measure us around what the Latin races so tactfully describe as the 'back.'"

"After this experience we went on to our location at Livorno, and waited for our tights to appear. We didn't mind waiting. Livorno was a beautiful spot on the Mediterranean, and we had already found out how easy it was to enjoy life in Italy. Finally our bundle arrived, and, in the presence of most of the company, Ronnie and I took out our 'tights' and held them up to the Italian sun. They would have fitted a rhinoceros.

"It seems that our girls didn't run a theatrical tailoring establishment, but one of those shops where they sell yarns and make—shall I say?—the heavier and longer varieties of underwear. What they had made for Ronnie and me, after all their measuring and pointing and giggling, were not tights, but a couple of pairs of long, wooden sticks."

"The situation, as you can imagine, was no joke to the company manager. The whole troupe was sitting around doing nothing. Expenses were piling up. All because Ronnie Colman and I couldn't find any tights to cover our nakedness. Finally, someone heard that there was a real theatrical tailor at Milan. He worked for the opera people at La Scala."

"So, tucking my Italian in 12 Easy Lessons into my grip, I started off with Colman for Milan. I won't bother you with the details of the tights-making. It took us a couple of weeks to get them fitted properly. By that time we had run out of money, and had to wire to Livorno for more."

"No answer. We wired the company's representative in Naples, where we had landed. We still had no answer. We wired Colman in England, his office in London. Still no answer. We cabled the home office in New York. Still no answer. We didn't have any money for more telegrams, and we didn't dare ask for credit at the hotel. Already we felt everybody in the place knew our plight. Conversation ceased the moment we entered the lobby, and began again the moment we reached the door. This sort of thing went on for ten days."

"We didn't have enough clean linen to change, and we didn't dare to send our soiled linen to the laundry for fear it wouldn't come back. I remember one day Ronnie insisted he'd have to buy a clean collar. When we needed the necessities of life, like food, he wanted to get a collar! I was pretty sore.

"I thought things were bad enough that time in New York when Ralph Barton and I had to live on dried apricots and shoot cockroaches with a bee-see gun for amusement. But things looked even worse now. We were in a strange land, a land of fruit, but it didn't look as if we could get even an apricot. I recall going out in the park and watching the animals, and thinking how lucky they were to get fed and not to have to pay any bills."

"When the money did start coming in, it came from everywhere. We knew it had come the moment we reached the hotel—we were received with such gusto! It seems that the specially commissioned ship had been sent to Italy to do our stuff at Livorno had gone out on its maiden voyage, and captained; so the company had gone back to Rome, without any word to us, to wait for it to be made over again. That's why our first call for help hadn't been answered."

"Making the best scenes at Livorno, when they finally persuaded the craft to stay afloat, was delightful. Every morning the company would be towed out about five miles, and anchored. The shooting would last until 11 a.m. Then the ship would be decamped into the Mediterranean for a swim. Then luncheon, and a siesta. Then, more shooting in the cool of the day. There were about two hundred natives on the ship, who sang and entertained, on the ride back in the twilight. The sunsets were wonderful."

"It was early December when we got to Florence," said Bill. "We worked hard there.
seven days a week. But the evenings were beautiful. We had our own tables in several of the cafés. We got to know the town, and the town got to know us. We practiced our Italian on everybody. It was a great life. I read more books than I ever read before—there were so many things to learn about all at one time—and the reading habit stuck with me ever since.

Powell should write a book about his travels. It would be much more interesting than any Ralston you ever read. He says that a friend of Charles Lane, a pal of Bill's in the "Romola" troupe, showed him historical Rome, modern Rome and night club Rome all in one night! Seriously, though, he did a good deal of traveling and sight-seeing during lulls in the production; and after it was over, he visited Venice, Vienna, Budapest; did Switzerland thoroughly; and spent a month in Paris.

Making "Romola" had consumed thirty-nine weeks. The first picture he made in Hollywood, after his return, took just one week and five days. It was for B. P. Schulberg. But before going to the Coast he had played in "Dangerous Money" with Bebe Daniels, and "Too Many Kisses" with Richard Dix. Then, he went back to Cuba to do "The White Mice" with Jackie Logan—the first time he had played the lead. After "Beautiful City" with his old mates, Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish, and "Aloma of the South Seas" with Gilda Gray and Warner Baxter, he signed a long-term contract with Paramount.

This was December 9, 1925. At Paramount, he played in many successful productions, notably "Beau Geste" with his friend, Ronald Colman; but his best remembered achievement of this period was the creation—in "The Canary Murder Case" and "The Benson Murder Case" and the "Green Murder Case"—of that super-detective and suave man-about-town, Philo Vance.

Many a skillful actor has essayed this part since but none, critics agree, has equalled the original Powell creation. In Bill the part had met the man. It was one of those rare happenings in the theater, like William Gillette's visualization of Sherlock Holmes, when a fiction character lives on in the semblance of a living man.

To millions of readers and theater-goers, William Powell and Philo Vance are one and the same person.

From Paramount he went to Warner's, where he continued his impersonation of the great detective, filled in with comedies and melodramas, and co-starred with Kay Francis in that delightful, prize-winning story, "One Way Passage." When his Warner contract expired, he decided he would do better as a freelance. His first picture on his own was "Manhattan Melodrama" for M-G-M, with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy. Then came "The Thin Man," and—well, you know the rest!

But I knew that the question most Bill Powell fans were interested in was how he first met Carole Lombard, and under what circumstances he proposed to her, and why didn't he stay married to her, and whether he was ever going to marry again, and if so whether he was going to marry Jean Harlow—so I strove with elephantine subtlety to turn the conversation toward love.

"How long did your first marriage last?"

I said.

Bill looked at me as if I had suddenly trespassed on forbidden ground. But he

Hands that Go from Dishpan to Dance

For 60 years HINDS has been fairy godmother to hands that must work by day, yet look lovely at night. Just a touch of this rich creamy lotion smooths away all trace of roughness, leaves hands alluringly soft and white. It brings instant comfort to cracked knuckles and raw chapped wrists. Never smarts or stings, even when used on irritated skin. Dries in, not off ... and its benefits are deep and lasting.

Let HINDS work its magic for you right away. You'll find that it's richer, creamier, more quick-acting than ever. And you'll find that it's not the least bit gummy or sticky. Be proud of your hands tonight. Get HINDS today. 10c, 25c, 50c, $1.

FREE dispenser with each 50c size. Fits on the bottle—not on the wall.
2 Reasons Why Penetro Brings You Quick Cold Relief

Reason Number One is that Penetro is made with a base of mutton suet... preferred for years by physicians as a base to carry medication into the skin. For mutton suet is animal fat and melts at body heat.

Reason Number Two is that Penetro contains 113% to 227% more medication than any other nationally sold cold salve. Thus... with Penetro's highly concentrated medication assisted in its local penetrating action by the mutton suet base, you get a vastly superior aid in the effective treatment of colds.

When this powerful medication (113% to 227% more by actual laboratory test) is released through Penetro's full vaporizing action... nasal passages are opened up instantly... nature is helped in breaking up congestion... aches and pains are eased... and your cold is promptly and surely relieved.

Always demand stainless, snow-white Penetro. At all druggists. The 50c size contains 3 times as much as the 25c size. The $1 size contains almost 8 times as much as the 25c size. Trial size 10c. For free sample of Penetro Salve, write Penetro, Dept. W-23, Memphis, Tenn.

For watery head colds, use the "balanced medication" of Penetro Drops. Contains ephedrine. Penetro Nose Drops 25c, 50c, $1 bottles. Trial size, 10c.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1936

I WAS divorced from my first wife," he said quietly, "in 1930. The marriage had lasted ten years before this final separation. There was no trouble between us except temperament. We rubbed each other the wrong way. That was all."

"And Carole?"

"Well, that's a long story. In 1930, I went back to Europe for a vacation. I was going to be one of these Riviera playboys. And I was for about four months. I was grieving with irresponsibility. But after a while I began to get bored with loafing. Finally, I went on a tour of the French chateau country."

"I remember going up into a tower room in one of those fine old castles, late one night. Where I could look across a lake. It was beautiful up there. So beautiful that my throat got all lumpy. I sat there until daybreak. For the first time in many years, I was really lonely. As a play-boy, I was an flop. From that moment I think I began to mature. The age of maturity differs with the individual. Shirley Temple is matured at six. I got mine up there on that turret by the lake. I decided to go home and go to work."

"The day I arrived in Hollywood I met Carole. The first thing I did was to propose to her. 'Here,' said Sydney Bord, 'is the girl who is going to play opposite you.' I thought she was about as swell a gal as I had ever run into. I still think so. She sat down and we talked five hours. I made a date with her for that night, and we talked for hours more. She said 'No' to my proposal of marriage, and kept on saying 'No' for about six months, and then one day she said 'Yes'—and we were married."

This, I knew, was a long speech for Bill Powell to make about his private affairs, so I didn't press him for more details. As a matter of fact, I remembered well that day in August, 1931, at Mrs. Peters' home in Beverly Hills—Carole's real name was Jane Peters—when Bill aged thirty-eight, and Carole, aged twenty-two, were wed among the usual shower of orange blossoms and champagne—and off they went, the happy pair, to Honeymoon in Honolulu.

It wasn't an unhappy marriage while it lasted; and the friendship, which has followed its termination in August, 1933, is a very fine thing indeed. One has only to observe the new Carole Lombard on the screen to realize what the experience has meant to her. But Bill refuses to take any of the credit.

"She was due to spread her wings," he said, "Marriage simply gave her a chance to do it."

We talked a while of inconsequential things—then of more consequential things. Finally, of Jean Harlow. Bill talked freely of her. She was a great artist, a great girl. I didn't ask the question that was on the end of my tongue, but he knew it was there. Who wouldn't, with all Hollywood dying to ask it? "I haven't the faintest idea," he said, at last, "whether or not I'll marry again."

Bill Powell is an honest man. Knowing that, I must take him at his word. But I swear—the way that gleam comes into his eyes when he mentions Jean Harlow's name—well, if it were anybody else but Bill I'd be sure he was lying.

Oll for a two weeks' hunting and fishing trip near Guaymas, Mexico are Leo Carrillo, J. L. Maddox, well known Los Angeles sportsman, and Clark Gable.
A Day With Miriam Hopkins

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

or her figure, or the bright animation of her expressive face. But that's Miriam Hopkins. And they laugh at the helplessness of people who try to match her in conversation that ripples with gayety and wisdom. Match her? They do well if they keep up with that spirited mind that has naturally sought and found for friends those who have accomplished brilliant careers.

Nine-thirty! And she arrives at the studio. There's a big, cheery bullo for Joel McCrea who has to tell all about wife Frances Dee and the new baby, and the old baby who is quite a little man by now, which tempts Miriam to trill, husky-voiced . . . that famous breathless, husky voice . . . about blonde Michael's latest deed.

Merle Oberon is listening breathlessly. And, director Willie Wyler grins amably. Thus, Miriam and Joel and Merle, who are "These Three" walk into the set, the lights go on, the cameras grind, and another scene is started in the interests of world entertainment and box-office receipts.

Did they talk about babies? Now they talk of young ladies that attend the school about which the plot is concerned. Lines are gone over with the director, timing is adjusted, arrangement is changed. The scene begins to gain form and momentum. Three or four more rehearsals, the minutes creep on and on, for perfection takes time, and it's "in the bag," finally.

With a glad yell Joel McCrea learns that this is the only scene he has to work in today. Home for Joel to mamma and the kiddies. Home, too, for Merle. An extraordinary piece of luck, only three hours work, but that is the way the schedule is laid out. The rest of the day will be devoted to shooting with Miriam, a dramatic and vital scene with her screen aunt.

But here it is one o'clock, and no sense starting something important that can't possibly be finished for a long time. So, lunch is called. Miriam, with Billy and Yvonne, trots from the set to her dressing room where the chauffeur-butter has prepared a wondrous lunch, and where I am sitting, in a transport of delight, sifting it.

"Hi!" says Miriam. And "Hi!" says me. And "Ho!" says a strange voice, and it is the actress' masseuse, who has come to rub out some of the weary little kinks that got there from going to bed late the night before, working hard all morning, and needing to be lulled to nothingness in preparation for a tough afternoon, and what's more, a big dinner party in the Hopkins' hacienda that night.

Then we had lunch, and with lunch we had laughs, and somehow it was all over very soon, much too soon, and back we went to the set. It was a stranger that went to work, not the cheery, bright young lady that I had lunched with. A stranger whose mood was now business-like and serious. She sat with her director and aunt in the inclosure of the lights and cameras, and they rehearsed quietly among themselves.

The scene, which called for a rising pitch of drama, slowly, but surely, took on color.

YES! DENTYNE IMPROVES YOUR TEETH. Dentists know why Dentyne is such an aid to sounder, more beautiful teeth. Because, they say, Dentyne's specially firm consistency induces more vigorous chewing — gives your gums and mouth tissues stimulating exercise and massage. It stimulates the salivary glands, too, and promotes natural self-cleansing. Chew Dentyne — make it a daily health habit — and see how it helps you to a healthier mouth and teeth more lustrous-white!

A "DIFFERENT" AND DELICIOUS FLAVOR! A tingling delight to your taste! A little spicy — a lasting flavor — altogether refreshing and satisfying! The Dentyne package is different, too — made conveniently flat in shape, to slip handily into your pocket or handbag (an exclusive feature).

Keeps teeth white — mouth healthy

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM 5¢

APRIL, 1936
It was finally rehearsed with movement; this was repeated several times; the aunt didn't close the door behind her properly; Miriam started a line a shade too late. But finally the rehearsal was perfect and it was shot.

The cameras then moved in for a close-up on Miriam, and while they lined up, Billy, the secretary, ran over from the fringes of the set with the make-up basket. Miriam perched on a handily stool and reddled both. She did it with a thin brush that she dipped into a can of lip rouge. One moment's hesitation and the maid was at her hair with comb and brush, a pity-pat with the powder puff, and the Hopkins was correctly beautiful again.

"Coffee!" sang out the lady. "Let's have some from the huck." "Not entirely a winner son than ..." and the nice young prop-boy who collects half-a-buck a week or so from the principals to keep the "snacker" going, had hot cups of it which he handed out to whoever stuck his paddles forth. "The Snacker," I might explain, is a Sam Goldwyn special. Not a movie, but a stand with a hot part where the fresh coffee always perks, and a cold part where the cookies and doughnuts sit, and a medium part where you fish out spoons and cups.

I sat about and yum-yummed with ecstasy as we made the wonderful cake Merle Oberon had brought in that day. Four o'clock was coffee time, and six o'clock was quitting time. I didn't quite see how our cinema-light was going to be in gay and chipper mood for the evening's party, being worn to a slender frazzle from the dramatics of the afternoon, but thirty minutes rest, and a cold shower, and a kiss on Michael's serenely sleeping face, and she could lick the world.

There were the Jesse Laskys, and Irving Cobb's daughter, and Rachel Crothers, famous playwright, and Merle Oberon and David Niven and Mady Christians, and Max Reinhardt's son, and Coignard de Maigret, and and Anita Loos and several others. About twenty. And, of course, there was Miriam, gay and lovely in slick black satin with fringe doo-dahs that were, somehow, very seductive.

There were, too, tables laden with chicken, cold meats, hot lobster, chili, and several kinds of salads, vegetable, fruit, encased in gelatin. And while you munch, music makes you happy. Two Spanish boys are playing for you ... anything and everything.

What did we talk about? Oh, cabbages and kings and every sort of thing. Take twenty smart, sophisticated people, feed them well, scatter music in their consciousness, give them a world-famous actress for a hostess, put them in a charming living room filled with the fragrance of yellow and white roses, put a pounding, moonlit sea beyond the windows ... and what have you got? Sure, Magnolia! Lots of magnolia.

The last thing I remember, before I went home and to sleep, was Miriam learning to play a Spanish guitar while the grinning troubador placed her quick, eager fingers on the right strings.

I woke up and it was Sunday and someone was shaking me and saying, "Aren't you going to Miriam Hopkins' for breakfast?"

In my very best pajamas, scarlet tunic over long, white accordion-pleated sweeping panties, I made my entrance.

"Good heavens!" squealed Miriam from the bed, with tousled hair, make-upless face, and a love of a blue chiffoned chiffon nightie with puffed sleeves, "Look at the girl ... ain't she elegant?"
The Astounding Story of Errol Flynn

[continued from page 29]

profession as “bottle sniffer” for a cordial company, sorting bottles out, according to smell, for refilling!

To look at Errol Flynn you’d never tag him a pugilist. His frame is tall and slim, streamlined. Shoulders broad, hips thin, features trim. Yet he was a member of the British Olympic boxing team at Amsterdam in 1928. And in New Guinea he thought he might make a better living by his fists than with his nose.

He toured the small towns as a “champion.” The Barker shouted to the crowds, “’Oo’s the local lad as’ll take a glove with the champion? Five pounds if you knock ‘im hout. Ten shillin’s if ye styte the distance!”

They always stayed the distance, it seemed to Errol. Twice a day some burly local bully traded socks with him. He crawled in bed bruised and aching.

“Three shillings a week to get Hell knocked out of me,” Battling Flynn shrugs.

I’t wasn’t a racket you could recommend to young men anxious to get ahead in the world. Errol decided the territorial constabulary couldn’t be any worse. He joined up, pinned on his badge and patrolled his districts impressing the natives with Britain’s might. He stuck it five months, then Big Business called. Errol put his small savings down on a small schooner and started freighting copra, the typical South Sea cargo, up and down the coast until he struck a reef one day.

There were a few pounds left from the wreck. He hadn’t forgot the gold in the interior. The old prospectors from the Yukon and California gold sniffs from all over the world were passing through bound for the fields. Not all of them made it. It was a good two weeks’ plunge through the jungle. A fight every inch of the way. Steam ing, suffocating heat, giant jungle leeches that covered your body and sucked your blood. Hostile natives with poisoned darts—and “puk-puk.”

He was crossing a river one day. A muddy, swift flowing New Guinea river, widening toward its mouth. Crossing on rafts, cut from the trees on the bank, bound with vines and wild rattan. The rest of the party was safely across. Errol and his black bearer poled into the current, choppy and turbulent, fraying the flimsy bindings.

Midstream they snapped; the logs spread. Errol and his boy plunged into the rushing brown flood. They struck out for shore.

“I felt something rough scrape across my stomach,” Errol relates, “it scared me, but not much. Then I heard my boy downstream scream—a ghastly scream. It had scraped him, too, with its spout and fortunately missed. He shouted ‘Puk-Puk.’ That meant ‘crocodile.’”

“I don’t know how I got to the bank, but when I did I just sat there all day with a cigarette and a bottle. I had never known what it was to be scared before. I’ve never been scared like that since.”

He made the goldfields. There is still a creek there named “Flynn’s Creek” where “fool’s luck” favored him. He struck it rich. So rich that a syndicate bought him out for $30,000. They gave him $2,000 cash and the rest in stock.

FOR RADIANT, VIVACIOUS POISE • • • Walk with Vitality

A first essential of personality, psychologists will tell you, is vitality — energy — joy in living. And shoes are all-important in guarding your vitality. Tired feet mean a tired body, a slump in your figure, affecting your posture and charm. So wear Vitality Shoes, and walk with vitality. They have the gift of fit, to make you footfree — keep you erect and buoyant. And they have that sure touch of smartness which distinguishes style shoes.

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS
Division of International Shoe Co.

For radiant, vivacious poise • • • Walk with Vitality

SIZES 2 TO 11 • WIDTHS AAAAA TO EEE
Errol trekked back through the jungle to the sea and sailed for Sydney to celebrate. No soap, no toothpaste, no razor for months. He looked like Man Mountain Dean. But he had money in his belt.

And he hadn’t seen a white woman for over a year.

He lived like a prince in Sydney for two months. There were some other young adventurers eager to help him paint the town red. They took a house overlooking the bay. At night the lights of the ships below twinkled. One night they twinkled too brightly when Errol was feeling exceptionally good. He ran down the hill and laid out his last pound for a skinny schooner.


Ordinarily the trip takes six weeks. They made it in seven months, during which everything happened. Some day you will probably read all about it in a book by one Errol Thomson Flynn. The chief retarding element seems to have been women. They put in at every port, and at every port one or several of the rollicking crew fell in love. And, because they were young, they couldn’t leave until love had waned.

The “Maski” grounded on a reef off the coast of New Guinea, when they finally got there. The waves smashed her to bits like a heel on a matchbox. Their dinghy had its nose caved in, and the oars swept over the side. How they ever reached shore Errol will never know—but they reached there stony broke—he knew that much.

There was $48,000 coming to him in New Guinea, he thought. The gold syndicate stock. But the ways of high finance were foreign to Errol Flynn.

The syndicate had “reorganized” and “reconstructed” in his absence. There wasn’t much left of the pot for him—not even enough for another boat.

Lightning doesn’t strike twice in the same spot, and luck performed like lightning for Errol when he took a second crack at the New Guinea goldfields.

He was dead broke when he came back—except for a small gold chain which today circles his neck. It is fashioned from the first gold ever mined in New Guinea. A dying missionary whom he found in the jungle on this trip gave it to him. It is one of Errol’s two most prized possessions.

The other is the good sword of Lord Terence Flynn, who acquired it as a gift from a member of the Duke of Monmouth’s guard in 1686. “Captain Blood,” which starts, strangely enough, with the Monmouth reference. Errol uses it exactly as it was used two hundred and fifty years ago—against King James.

Broke, then, in New Guinea Errol made his living by one of the oldest and most dangerous stunts in the world. He recruited savage New Guinea natives for work on the copra plantations.

It meant going far into the bush country, where white men don’t venture often.

He carried trinkets, beads, clocks, silver pieces to lure the natives into punching plantation type time clocks. He got so much a “recruit.”

Business wasn’t so good. The tribes were suspicious of white men (and probably with good reason).

Once Errol penetrated the lands of a particularly wary and hostile tribe. He squatted in a jungle clearing, laid out his glittering lures and waited.

Soon he sensed eyes burning on him through the leaves and thickets.

For four days he sat and waited. Then the bolder bucks crept warily towards him. As a final bait he thought he’d roll a cigarette. This would intrigue them into where he could talk business.

Errol reached for a match, scratched it on his boot. The flame flared—and the black boys dove for cover.

He had to sit there another full week before he could coax them back!

It was a relief when he coralled the job of skipper on a forty-ton schooner. When the Australian movie company came along and chartered his boat and his services to guide them to the Head Hunters, he accepted it as just another adventure, and if you had told him that he was to be ambushed, photographed and that all of this was to eventually take him to Hollywood, a screen star’s career, fame and fortune, no doubt Errol Flynn would have whipped out his quinine bottle and offered you a stiff dose.

But of course that’s what happened. For the Head Hunter film showed up a very virile and handsome young stalwart when it was developed in Australia. And soon Errol Flynn found himself puzzling over a cable offering him the part of Fletcher Christian in that company’s original “Bounty” picture, to be made in Tahiti.

On his mother’s side Fletcher Christian had been an ancestral relative. The idea appealed to Errol.

He sailed for Tahiti and made a picture called “The Wake Of The Bounty” in which he was a very bad actor indeed.

But that didn’t matter. Grease paint had done its dirty work, and the tropics no longer held him in their spell. He wanted to be an actor. He had been “down under” for five years.

It was time to get away now or never. Errol fished for pearls in Tahitian waters for a small stake and set out for home and Ireland.

But you can’t toss off a trip home as casually as that with a guy like Errol Flynn.

He would have adventures on a Sunday School picnic.

It took him over a year to get home. And before he got there he had marched with the Hong Kong Volunteers in the Shanghai uprising, and quit because they made him shovelsnow. He had made his way to French Somaliland and jumped ship at Djibouti penetrating darkest Abyssinia to Adis Ababa, where, posing as a wealthy British mine owner and big game hunter, he was received by Emperor Haile Schassa and lodged in a state mansion.

Mere professional struggles somehow seem to pale sadly before the exploits of a swashbuckling gentleman of fortune like this Flynn fellow.

However, finding an acting job in London seemed as rare a strike as gold in New Guinea.

The general attitude, when he mentioned his part with the Australian company was, “Where is Australia?”

He landed a first job with an English repertory company not more than two years ago. He got it not because his technique impressed but because the publisher of a stage journal, “The Spotlight,” was a boxing fan—and Errol had been on the British Olympic
team. He used the influence of his record.

George Bernard Shaw, another Irishman, saw him a bit later on, spoke to John Drinkwater about him, and got him a crack at London in a very appropriately titled opus called "A Man’s Man."

The Warner Brothers scouts caught that one and signed him up for their stock group—which would seem to be the end of a romantic trail.

But not for a guy named Flynn.

On the boat coming over—his first trip to the States—he met a beautiful woman who had been courted by some of the greatest gallants in the world.

A few months later, Errol Flynn flew her from Hollywood to Yuma and married her. Lili Damita became Mrs. Flynn of the North Ireland Flynns.

He arrived in Hollywood as a lowly stock actor at one hundred and fifty dollars a week and through pure personality persuaded a cash conscious studio to gamble a million dollars on him in a part slated for Robert Donat.

Only the gods know what lies ahead of a fellow like that.

A fellow who makes good and becomes the greatest shot in the arm the town has had for years.

A fellow who downs a raw egg with Worstershire sauce and tomato catsup before every meal.

I wondered if Hollywood wouldn’t be pretty tame stuff after crocodiles and Head Hunters and goldstrikes and such. I wondered if he wouldn’t be getting itching feet before long and a craving for new thrills.

“New thrills?” echoed Mr. Errol Thomson Flynn, as if his ears had deceived him. “Can you imagine a new or bigger thrill than signing one of these every Saturday?”

He extended a draft for a large chunk of the best of the realm. I regarded it with awe and seemingly respect. He has had several raises.

“No,” I replied at length. “I can’t. I really can’t.”

And I can’t—but of course, my name isn’t Flynn.

Beautiful Imperfect Faces
[continued from page 75]

Have you ever wished that you could discuss your individual figure problem with a skilled stylist—one who would bring to you the grace and beauty of figure charm that is rightfully yours? You can do so right in your own home without the slightest inconvenience or obligation. Your neighborhood NuBone corsetiere brings to your door the knowledge and skill gained by her Company in more than a quarter-century of corsetry service to well-groomed women. She asks the opportunity to help you, as she has helped others in your community, to achieve the marvelous style, ease and freedom made possible only by expert NuBone service and the exclusive NuBone woven wire stay. Invite her in next time she calls.

An excellent opportunity is offered capable and ambitious women. Write for details.

The NuBone COMPANIES
The NuBone Co., Inc. — Erie, Pa.
The NuBone Corset Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Catharines, Ontario, Can.
The Trials and Triumphs of a Hollywood Dress Designer

[continued from page 25]

in the battle of the sexes? Why not use it? Why not, indeed.

How simple to mention the cli sic line of a lady’s head, her swan-like neck and the waste and tragedy of submerging it beneath a heavy coiffure. How casual to laugh about the ridiculous gossip running rife in New York and Paris concerning the bad legs of all picture stars, and the need for covering them in dowy long skirts. How easy to insinuate that it was the duty of the foremost star of the industry to introduce a new trend, to be the first one.

Did it work? Like magic, dear readers, like magic! And if your motion picture memory is equal to an eleven-year somersault, you’ll recall the pother of excitement caused by Miss Joy’s wardrobe in “The Dressmaker from Paris,” especially her sleek shingled hair, and the daringly scanty skirts of the daytime clothes.

The same system worked, in time, on the stolid and sulphuric Negri, who presented a really ticklish problem for many weeks. She did not flatter easily, and Banton couldn’t budge her out of her beloved trains because she was highly sensitive about the slight bow of one leg.

And then Negri was at all times the complete star, aboof and regal. She would arrive for her fittings with a retinue of maids, hairdressers, secretaries, chauffeurs and wardrobe girls that demanded respect. These flunkies stood silently and nervously about in an outer room while the great one discussed and fitted clothes for hours on end in an inner sanctuary. Only a maid, the one who always carried her mysterious box, was admitted on these occasions. Now that box caused high curiosity and conjecture about the studio, but no one ever discovered what it really concealed. Banton knew, but he never told. Well, not until now, anyway.

The box was small vials of liquor, Scotch, gin, champagne and brandy. If the fittings were long and fattiging, Negri called for the brandy vial to revive her. If she was in one of her rare gay, light-hearted moods, she ordered the champagne vial and asked Banton to join her. However, he never learned just what moods demanded Scotch or gin, and he vehemently insists that the vials contained mere ladylike sips.

Strange enough, the imperial Negri’s conversion was finally accomplished with all the attendant hilarity of a bed-room farce.

One day Banton received a summons to the star’s Japanese dressing-rooms for luncheon and a costume conference. A variety of foreign food was served, but Banton found the heavy red wine more to his taste (those were Prohibition days, you know) and he proceeded to drink it.

His favorite topic, “short skirts,” soon soared up, and in a sudden mad moment of false courage induced by the heady wine, Banton found himself hoisting the stately Pola onto the table and shouting orders to her to raise her skirts above her knees. Amazingly enough, the majestic Pola obeyed, and stood precariously amid food and wine while Banton studied the royal limbs from all angles.

He shouted more things at her concerning his ability to conceal the slight defect with clever designing and Negri was so impressed or stunned she permitted him to bully her into making a camera test wearing one of the hated short skirts.

Shortly after this successful coup Banton collided painfully with the juggling arm of studio politics. He was to collude with it again in later years, but the first impact left the most painful marks.

He was in the very midst of another Leatrice Joy wardrobe, this time for “Grounds for Divorce,” when a studio official telephoned with the startling news that a new player named Florence Vidor was going to replace the star. And the same official suggested that Banton break the cheerful news to Miss Joy herself when she arrived for her fitting, because once explained, the studio executives didn’t quite have the nerve to do it themselves.

There was nothing else for Banton to do. When Leatrice arrived unexpectedly early, he was refitting her gowns on Florence Vidor. He remembers that she took it on the chin without a whimper.

“I have had to repeat this unpleasant task several times,” he once told me, “and the manner in which a big star greets such humiliating news is an interesting index to her character. Leatrice Joy did not break into weak tears or blind fury. She was philosophically about it, and unsilently seemed to realize my desperate position in the mix-up and tried to make it easy for me.”

It was under this cloud of turmoil and intrigue that Banton met Florence Vidor, the star who was destined to leave an indelible and emotional imprint on the pages of his personal life.

At first he found it unusually difficult to work with her. She held herself behind an impenetrable barrier of remoteness that defied even Banton’s easy friendliness.

And then added to the list of obstacles she was the worst of the super-meticulous stars.

NOTHING was too small or insignificant to escape the Vidor eye. She inspected the placement of every book, eye and snap on every frock Banton designed for her. On one occasion, he recalls, she stood (and kept him standing) four hours while she supervised the distribution of some three hundred feather tufts over the vast area of an extremely bountiful skirt. And each tuft, Banton assured me, was placed and replaced a dozen times before the entire effect suited the Vidor sense of impeccability.

He would close the fitting-room door after her with a strange mixture of deadly weariness and unreasonable adulation. Perversely enough, he was in love with his most difficult star. She was a devoted wife, and after marriage had finally reached through Florence’s aloofness to a warm friendship, he discovered the reason for her withdrawal from most people. She hated her job. She did not want to be an actress or a famous woman. Hollywood was a noisy, picture grinding village that isolated and confined her. She longed to escape, but during the latter part of her career, she had a child to support.
During his Hollywood years Banton has met but one other star with this same strange complex, but she must obviously go unnamed because she is still working on the screen and must earn a living.

At no time during the long years of their friendship did Banton reveal his true feelings to Florence Vidor. This confession will, no doubt, come as a great surprise to her. When he first met her, Florence was King Vidor’s wife, then, following a divorce, she was engaged to director George Fitzmaurice. After this attachment was severed, Florence left for a long eastern trip where she renewed an old friendship with the great violinist, Jascha Heifetz, and when she returned she was glowing with a new-found happiness. Banton can still vividly remember her very words the day she returned.

She said: “Yes, Travis, I’m going to marry my violinist, and I’m going to raise an orchestra of my own and jolly well will be the conductor of it, too!”

The orchestra at the moment comprises a three-year-old daughter, and a one-year-old son. He loved but one, and he disliked but two. They were Greta Nissen and Nancy Carroll. There was a third star with whom he frankly could not get along, but he cannot classify her under his personal aversions. The third young lady was Sylvia Sidney.

Greta was his first great disappointment. She arrived with vine leaves in her hair from a dizzy success in the New York production of “Beggar on Horseback.” And because all this came to pass in the pre-historic, pre-sound age, her Norwegian accent did not interfere with a picture career. Banton added her Continental and New York background with her superb beauty and decided he had something remarkable to work with, a lovely woman with well educated taste. He worked feverishly on her gowns for the first picture, but Greta would have none of them. She made it clear from the first that she liked one-sleeved evening gowns, aigrette laden picture hats, Queen Elizabeth collars on backless gowns, and a plethora of ermine tails as the ideal trimming for any costume.

Banton was adamant about such costumes going out on the screen over his name. He had a reputation to protect. Greta refused to wear anything else, and there they were.

Every fitting ended with Greta in a state of excitement, abetted and comforted by the sultry Norwegian mutterings of a hovering mother and brother. This sturdy trio battled him for one whole year, but he held the fort valiantly.

Greta didn’t wear a single Elizabethan collar in one of his pictures.

In 1927 he received an official studio memorandum announcing the advent of a new and unknown player, named, prettily enough, Nancy Carroll.

Banton recalls that he was struck with the euphony of the name, because it rolled so easily off the tongue.

He whistled as he drew sketches for their first fitting-room conference, blithely unaware that he was on the brink of a four-year war.

Next month read Travis Banton’s fitting-room secrets concerning Nancy Carroll, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Greta Garbo, Kay Francis, Lilian LaShawn, Evelyn Brent and many other stars.

HOW’S THIS FOR BALANCE? We’ve blended Kools to suit your tongue. We’ve mildly mentholated them to cool your throat. We’ve cork-tipped Kools to save your lips. And we’ve added a valuable B & W coupon in each pack, good for handsome, nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good U.S. A. only.) So try Kools... they’ve got what you need. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. 0. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.
I Meet the Stars

{ continued from page 81 }

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1936

got plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.
Well. Once I get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.

PHOTOPLAY
went to get the boys to
get plenty of stuff as you know it plants better
when they take it themselves.
to worry about and that Joan would be there shortly.

After about twenty minutes or so, the Mayor bows out in spite of all my pleas. Then the band has to leave to get back to the theater to rehearse and play the first show. Pretty soon the boys on the afternoon sheets say it is passing their deadlines and begin to beat a retreat. I sell one on taking a picture of the telegram and bid them a tearful good-bye.

At last there’s no one left but me and my wilted roses and the theater manager with a wilted collar and a case of the jitters on account of having advertised Bennett at all performances and figuring he is stuck for plenty of refunds. By then, he and I are meeting all sea gulls. We even met a couple of sparrows.

At last I swoop a plane with Joan, her companion, hairdresser and maid. I introduced her hastily to the theater manager and loaded them all in the limousine. I begin to rehearse Joan immediately in her speech which I had written as per your instructions. She asks what’s the hurry. To give her the speech and she will learn it while she rests and has her hair done and eats. I then point out that we have to eat all existing speed records to get her to the theater in time for her first appearance. She wants to know what I mean “first appearance” as she is only going to appear once. I then learn for the first time that you had forgotten to tell her she was to make five appearances.

It took considerable arguing to get her out on the stage for the first show, but I did it. While she was appearing, I hastened to grab a phone and get the interviewers down to the theater so that by the time she finished her first appearance, they were waiting for her. This kept her occupied until the next show. I also got the photos down and we took pictures of her between the second and third appearances. Between the third and fourth shows she did a radio interview over a coast-to-coast hook-up, as per your suggestion. Then she got tough and insisted on eating between the fourth and last show. It was then nearly eight p.m. so I took her to dinner at the St. Francis Hotel where Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians happened to be opening that night.

I had it all set with the hotel press agent and Guy, and we got her up to the mike and made her say a few words, coast-to-coast over the air. She was kind of sore at me because we had to get back for the last show and she missed all dinner but the soup, but we made it okay. I had it arranged for her to drop in at the Mark Hopkins and also at the Palace after the last show. They broadcast dance music coast-to-coast in those spots too, but she wouldn’t co-operate. I let her go to bed early on account of her cold so her hairdresser and I took in the other spots and had a few dances.

I am mailing you herewith today’s papers and you’ll see we get plenty of space—on Bennett I mean, not the hairdresser.

This morning I persuaded Joan to drop in at a store where I had fixed it for her to autograph pictures for a couple of hours on the mezzanine. The store gave us two big windows and a space in their ads.

I wanted her to model some dresses in another store where I had it all set, but she wouldn’t co-operate.

It was only an hour before time for her plane to pull out, so we had lunch. I asked her if she had reservations and she said she did, so everything looked sweet and lovely.

When we got clear out to the airport it turned out she only had tickets, no reservations, so we had to come back. Joan wouldn’t

Babs* is 19, and the star of her class at dramatic school. In fact she’s already been offered a part in a show opening next month. (She hasn’t decided whether to take it or not. The nicest boy she’s ever known has been making rather attractive offers, too!)

To look at her picture you’d never believe that the school used to think her figure too awkward for the stage.

But Barbara found it out. And she very quickly put herself into a Gossard “Goss-Amour” elastic net combination. She says it’s the only foundation she knows of which feels like nothing at all. But how it does smooth those awkward lines into flowing curves. “Goss-Amour” garments are from $5.00 to $12.50.

*Not her real name
model the dresses in the afternoon or co-operate on a couple of other things I suggested, so we had refreshments and finally dinner. I invited the theater manager to dinner so I wouldn't get stuck with the check.

I had made reservations myself for the party on the train and loaded them on and they'll be in tomorrow. Why don't you meet them when they arrive tomorrow A.M.? I looked myself and there's no horses aboard.

However, I might mention that Hepburn is in Drawing Room A, so you better check with RKO and arrange to have the photos shoot the two gals together.

Best regards,

JOE COLLINS

P.S.

Please don't blame my troubles up here on my girl's mirror. There was a cross-eyed porter on the train coming up. When I caught him making up my berth I knew hard luck was still pursuing me.

J.C.

TELEGRAM

WALTER STEVENS

PUBLICITY DIRECTOR

SUPREME PRODUCTIONS, INC.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

JOE PENNER ARRIVING ON CHIEF

TOMORROW STOP

HAS DRAWING

ROOM C CAR TEN STOP MEET HIM

AT PASADENA STOP SUGGEST SOME

GAG ARRIVAL PICTURES WITH HIS

FAMOUS DUCK Goo Goo Regards

MEMO TO JOE COLLINS

FROM WALTER STEVENS

Please meet Penner as per attached wire. By all means use his famous duck, Goo Goo, in the arrival art. As far as I know, ducks are not conveyors of bad luck. However, get yourself a rabbit's foot and hang a horseshoe around your neck—I have enough bad luck of my own without hiring you to supply it for me.

MEMO TO OTTO METZ

FROM JOE COLLINS

Joseph Peter Piper Penner arrives tomorrow at Pasadena. We want some arrival art featuring his famous duck, Goo Goo. I happen to know this duck he talks about over the radio is only an imaginary one, so we'll leave early and pick up a real duck on the way over.

MEMO TO WALTER STEVENS

FROM JOE COLLINS

Please okay the attached requisition for a double bungalow to accommodate two ducks. (For your information, Joe Penner's famous Goo Goo has a new mate—Ga Ga! I'll explain.)

I know, or at least I had read or heard that Penner's duck was actually as non-existent as the one Wimpy invites you to bring over for a duck dinner. Therefore, not taking any chances, Otto and I stopped by a butcher shop on Temple Street and I selected a duck which I thought would photograph well. Whether I was right or wrong I'll never know! I no sooner pointed it out than the guy grabbed it and slayed it in cold blood.

I explained at length that if we wanted a dead duck we'd have used a stuffed one and that we are selecting a duck to be glorified in the pages of the great American press. I finally picked another bird which seemed to have a nice personality. You will note on my expense account that I not only had to pay for the live duck, but also for the dead one. I'll admit I took the dead one home and we had a duck dinner. If this makes any difference you can de-duck it! Cute?

Otto, the duck and I were waiting with smiles when the Chief pulled in at Pasadena. But imagine what was the slight embarrassment when Joseph Peter Piper Penner steps off the car with a duck tucked neatly under his arm. It is time for some quick thinking and quicker explanations to the newspaper boys whom I had already informed that Joe had sent the famous Goo Goo on ahead by plane.

I hastened to explain that Joe had brought Goo Goo's mate Ga Ga with him. That went over swell and we got some great pictures that you saw in the papers today.

If you will okay the requisition for a double bungalow, we will enclose Goo Goo and Ga Ga therein and I will arrange some blessed events, christenings, etc., etc.

MEMO TO WALTER STEVENS

FROM JOE COLLINS

As you know, Goo Goo and Ga Ga, Penner's duo of ducks, are living happily in the double bungalow we had built and placed on the lawn in front of the administration building. I purchased twelve (12) duck eggs which are guaranteed to hatch in time for the big Christmas celebration a week from tomorrow. I have done a little private christening in advance. It was necessary to change Goo Goo's name to Ga Ga and Ga Ga's name to Goo Goo. You see Goo Goo is the only one who will sit on the eggs.

MEMO TO JOE COLLINS

FROM WALTER STEVENS

What about your duck farm? I haven't heard anything for two weeks.

MEMO TO WALTER STEVENS

FROM JOE COLLINS

Knowing your complete lack of sympathy with my run of bad luck, I hate to report my latest tragedy.

You will remember that you told me to get some advance Easter pictures for the magazines. Well, I spotted Claudette Colbert walking across the lot that same day wearing an Easterly-looking frock so I hastened to prop-osition her to pose for a couple of shots. She said, "How are you going to take Easter pictures without any Easter eggs?" That's when I had a sudden flash of inspiration!

Telling Claudette to stand by while Otto got the cameras set up, I rushed over and borrowed Ga Ga's (formerly Goo Goo) nest of eggs. Surely you recall the swell Easter pictures I got of Claudette.

I returned the eggs to Ga Ga, but they have never hatched and now they tell me they never will. It seems you should never take eggs out of a nest and use them for pictures because they get cold and won't ever hatch. If I had only remembered it was Friday the 13th I never would have tried to do anything that day.

MEMO TO JOE COLLINS

FROM WALTER STEVENS

What do you mean I'm not sympathetic? To prove how my heart rules my head, I've gone to the trouble of locating another job for you.

Take the enclosed letter and—carefully avoiding black cats on the way—go over and see the Publicity Chief at Walt Disney's. You should do great over there handling Mickey Mouse. After all, Mickey is simply a pipe-dream of Walt Disney's—and you are wonderful on dreams.
Boos & Bouquets

[continued from page 88]

"I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang," "Bordertown" and "Dr. Socrates," the incomparable Paul Muni!

These are assuredly the unanimous sentiments of a multitude of discriminating film fans over here, and I hope they reiterate similar opinions on your side.

Mick Dawson, Bandra, Bombay, India

$1 PRIZE

HALLELUJAHS FOR HENRY

Glory be for Mister Henry Fonda, the personification of our own American farmer. The young folks like him because he is irresistible in his tender simplicity, and the older ones revel in his lifelike characterizations of that lad down on the farm.

Hail to Henry Fonda, the genuine American boy rounding into manhood. He is the typical college boy, or the half-shy lad in the corner drug store. There is no other man on the screen today so refreshing to watch. These facts are evident in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," "Way Down East" and "I Dream Too Much."

I hope the casting directors don't ruin this fine young actor by miscasting him as a suave young man about town, but leave him as we all admire him, a frank lover kid saying what he thinks and acting accordingly.

Shucks, I reckon I just kinda like the young fella.

KATHERINE UNDERWOOD, Oakland, Calif.

$1 PRIZE

STARS FOR RONALD

Surely Dickens himself as he looks down from his place among the immortals must long to toss a handful of heaven's brightest stars to Ronald Colman for his beautiful poignant portrayal of that gallant gentleman Sydney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Mr. Colman is indeed a great actor, and this I think is his finest performance. It should prove a source of courage, inspiration and hope to all of us who saw it.

MARY F. Hickey, Jersey City, N. J.

NATIVE VS. FOREIGN TALENT

There has been so much talk of late about foreign and native movie talent. I believe that talent, like art, has no nationality. Does it make any difference whether the fascinating Garbo comes from Sweden, or she is less glamorous because of that, she is loved and admired because of her great performance and that elusive something called screen personality.

We like Charles Boyer because of his engaging smile and charm; does it matter that he was born in France? Leslie Howard's appeal and art have made him dear to American audiences, so why worry because he is an Englishman? And what about the greatest artist of them all, the never to be forgotten Valentino—we do not remember him as an Italian.

It is the business of the producers to give the public the stars it wants, and it wants art and talent regardless of nationality. Talent is universal, just as the appeal of these artists is universal.

BESSIE TOLES, Colorado Springs, Colo.

3 annoying problems solved because Kotex

CAN'T CHAFE—CAN'T FAIL—CAN'T SHOW

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton—chafing and irritation are prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 times more absorbent than cotton.

The ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility—no tiny wrinkles whatsoever. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines.

• THREE DISTINCT TYPES OF KOTEX

Choose the one for your intimate comfort

REGULAR—IN THE BLUE BOX
For the ordinary needs of most women. The choice of millions.

JUNIOR—IN THE GREEN BOX
Somewhat narrower—for some women when less protection is needed.

SUPER—IN THE BROWN BOX
Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
any 1936 house, we start at once with sketches. But if the action takes place in some previous year and in a foreign country, then the research department takes first honor."

The research department is a collection of monster filing cabinets and libraries of books containing the most complete fund of general knowledge in the world. Trained women preside here, their sole occupation that of answering 50,000 questions a year.

The questions pour in from many sides, often from harassed directors who must know what sanitary precautions are taken in a Chinese cholera district, how men shaved in 1885, and if coal were used in the days of Marie Antoinette. But the department is employed mostly by Gibbons and the set builders, who must learn the forms of Russian architecture in greatest favor during Czar days, for "Anna Karenina;" how the interior of H.M.S. Bounty was painted; and what sort of cribs English people used about the time of the French Revolution, for "A Tale of Two Cities."

All this the price of authenticity.

But when the research girls have sent in their folios of information for each scene, Mr. Gibbons and his assistants re-read the scenario and do a great deal of hard thinking. "Then," he continued, "we hold a meeting with the director and discuss various set-ups; camera and light positions, methods of getting effects. The conversation may run on whether a certain station scene shall have a train pushed through it, or whether the camera will cut to the train later; whether the actors will stand against the engine or a pullman; whether there shall be ruin or smoke..."

"After that we make sketches of the lay-outs, and have a blue-print model built. With this to show, there's another meeting with the director where we add the final touches. And the rest is a matter of putting the sets together, painting, and 'dressing' them."

"Often were finished today. They ranged in form from a submarine interior to a radio station. An entire production can be equipped with its fifty sets in five weeks."

The significance of Cedric Gibbons' work is not bound by mere studio walls, however. What is more exciting is that the original and modern interiors he designs are slowly but steadily changing the trend of architecture and decoration in the American home. Letters by the hundreds are mailed to him daily, asking for plans of scenes from current pictures, for reproduction. When he decided that Jean Harlow would photograph well against an entirely white background, bedrooms and dining halls throughout the United States became white within a few weeks. Furniture dealers watch the movies carefully, and make a business of duplicating new upholstery and drapery effects that are seen on the screen.

In the course of my work in various departments responsible for sets, I spent a pleasant three hours helping to make one of the little thin-wood working models so necessary in final construction. If you've ever lost yourself in the hobby of match box airplanes or tiny sailing vessels you have experienced the delight of miniature detail; these little rooms and hallways are as carefully done as Colleen Moore's famous doll-house, but they have much more practical value.

It is by their use that mistakes are discovered. The director traces out potential action across the reduced space of floors, watches hypothetical entrances and exits; and as a result doorways are shifted, windows moved, and whole apartments jiggled.

Thus with small toys and great sheets of blue-printed detail he precede them, carpenters build the sets on sound-stage space which has been reserved months in advance, so busy is Metro in the making of movies.

The carpenters are pretty swell fellows to work with. They are regular house builders recruited from all the construction companies, but they've got to be good; because speed and absolute accuracy is the keynote here. And then it is no easy job to put up artificial cloth walls that must give an appearance of being eight inches thick—that's an order."

These men have more to tell over the dinner table than any of their contemporaries outside of Hollywood. And they must know tricks of construction not entirely possible anywhere else in the world. Scripts call for giant fireplaces nosing with flame; and these must be no fire-hazard. So flakes of asbestos and plaster must lead up the canvas walls, and substitutes for stone hearths must be arranged.

And they love it, these workers. They're enthusiastic about their jobs. Said one of them to me: "I wouldn't trade my spot for a place outside the studio even if I were offered twice the salary. Why, all this..." he looked about him, at part of a white yacht on wheels standing next to a palace throne-room—"it's a show in itself. Something to watch..."

Painters and metal-workers and electricians move in next, but theirs is routine work except that, like the carpenters, they must work with expert quickness and in an atmosphere of careful make-believe. It is when they are finished and the bare set stands complete and empty that the prop department gets busy.

I've got the thrill that with the exception of a trip to a big location camp I had more fun putting about in the great properties warehouse than in any other department at M-G-M.

That warehouse is an Aladdin's cave, four stories high, containing the whole construction of dollars worth of everything you can think of—which sounds like some order, but it's true.

On the first floor is the private office of Edwin B. Willis, who heads the department and who is guardian of the treasure here. To him is entrusted a survey of those problems involved in the "dressing" of a set.

"First," Willis told me, "you must know that our creed insofar as props is concerned, is reality. When you see Clark Gable being served a meal from a silver service in any picture, that picture is solid sterling. When Garbo fondles a figurine it's a genuine Tanagra, and Joan Crawford's dressing-table set is the best cloisonné. The chairs these people sit in are period antiques purchased all over the world by our scouts, who go from auction to auction, pray about in attics of old houses, run over to Europe for a specially carved Spanish throne."

My inquisitive query: "Why not fake them, save money?"—and his reply: "Two reasons. First, the camera picks up artificiality in things like house-furnishings and decorations. And then, second, it helps the
stars give more convincing portrayals. They can feel their parts better if the atmosphere is real.

During my peregrinations through the store-rooms I discovered what he meant. The rows of Chippendale and Louis XVI and Colonial American; the cases of Sheffield silver and Sévres porcelain; the hand-done flinty crystal and exquisite Spode; the rolls of Aubusson and Oriental rugs—they would send a connoisseur into hysterical delight. I spend hours trying to find the secret drawer in one mellow old highboy bought from the estate of a forgotten family; and at last a bit of carving fell inward, and a panel slid back, and I drew out a yelowed letter beginning, “Beloved, If Alyce discovers we’ve . . .”

Four generations of one Chinese family worked steadily, lifetime after lifetime, to carve so minutely this huge ebony table; an old French woman went blind making the pet-it-point lining of that mahogany chest.

“We carry our pampering of the stars’ tastes to great lengths,” Mr. Willis went on, “because we’ve discovered that the more at home they feel the better they act. It’s a psychological factor that’s terribly important. Then, too, always remembering that the set is a sort of picture frame for the player, we try to express that player’s personality in the layout.

“Thus Miss Crawford’s sets are usually done in sapphire-blue and chartreuse; even if the colors don’t show in the film; Garbo likes heavy, dull backgrounds; and Norma Shearer is typified by modern, clean-cut rooms with very little clutter in them.”

Under Willis is a staff of interior artists who specialize in different modes of design: one for historical apartments, one for foreign styles, one for ultra modern rooms. Working with him, they plan the sets so carefully that even the colors of the women’s gowns do not clash with the harmonies of curtains and carpets.

“We work out a room as only one portion of a picture,” Willis finished, “and the stars complete it. We think of them as additional furniture, in one respect. It’s a complicated game.”

I SPENT one whole day with Jack Moore, the artist-decorator who does Joan Crawford’s lovely settings, while he dressed a set for her latest picture. We started early in the morning when Jack, standing thoughtfully staring at the clean new walls just erected in sound-stage number four, began to see the completed rooms as they would be that night. Script in hand, we hurried back to the prop department.

The story called for a mansion interior, owned by an old lady (Joan’s movie grandmother) of great wealth and good taste. The entire set, then, would contain furniture of high intrinsic value, probably period pieces of Early English variety. The Grandmamma’s bedroom would have a suggestion of refined mustiness about it; but Joan’s boudoir, though retaining the old and expensive feeling of the entire house, would evince a modern intrusion. It would have her flair, subtly flavored of past days. There would be, here, 3936 M-G-M, things of sapphire blue and chartreuse.

We scurried to the third floor and invaded the drapery section, where bolts of material are piled high and where women sit all day sewing curtains and portieres. We chose tomato-colored glazed chintz with an oriental design for Joan’s windows, since Jack had decided to use Chinese Chippendale in her room; we chose priceless heavy tapestry for the old
NEW YORK'S BEST HOTEL VALUE

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH
$5.00 PER DAY

LARGEST SINGLE ROOMS
with bath
$3.50 per day

Radio, combination tub and shower,
circulating ice water, swimming pool and gymnasium free to guests.

* * *

Dining—Dancing—Smart Entertainment

Cocoanut Grove
NEW YORK'S FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS

The Park Central
56th Street at 7th Avenue

ROSE FADED HAIR

Woman, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked, and hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new 99c French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR." Takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl.


Beautiful Eyes
with Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Mr. Chips Discovers Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

its implications, but because its clues are masked so obviously that even a visitor may not detect them. It is the difference between the evening and the morning star, the star who is afraid his option may not be exercised, and the star who is afraid that it will.

Because the picture industry goes on, insatiably in its demands for new faces, new voices, new ideas. It shows signs of invading all surrounding territory; it already produces plays on Broadway, ties up with radio networks, has an interest in big sporting events, and even puts out a finger tentatively into the realm of book publishing. Eventually, perhaps, the result will be a huge earth-gridding Enter-

ment Trust, the most gigantic industry in a world where (for the vast majority of people) work is going to be easy and only leisure a problem. Actors, artists, writers, musicians, radio-entertainers, boxers and footballers—all will be involved, more or less directly, in an organization which will reach out with equal eagerness for Max Baer and a Max Beerbohm. Out of money will come a certain amount of culture, and out of culture a certain amount of money.

I do not, myself, look forward to that day with unbounded zest. The artist is a solitary; he finds it hard to work in harness. But as the world seems to be shifting, that harness must

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL, 1936

H E must know his 30,000 units of "paper stock."

Russian café menus, foreign bank books, time tables of all railroads and steamships, maps of all countries, liquor labels, theater tickets, real estate deeds, mortgages. A director may ask for anything, any chance, from invisible ink to a quart of man-eating ants, and even if it means hunting all over the United States, the prop-man must use his job.

There is the amusing anecdote of the cater-

pilla...
be born, if certain things are to be done at all. Picture-making is one of them. It is a cooperative enterprise between actors, writers, director-producers, and technicians. A picture is much more than a photographed stage-play, much more than the selection and abstraction of dialogue out of a novel. It is a job that one man cannot do, and that a group of men cannot do unless each tries to behave with one-man autonomy. Now this cooperative working is immensely difficult; but every first-class picture proves that it is possible. Often when I walk through a studio or listen to a preliminary discussion between writer and producer, I wonder how it is that good pictures ever get made at all. But then when I see a good picture on the screen, it seems to me that the whole world could take a lesson from the studios in achieving an occasionally successful outcome from the familiar human mix-up of brains, uncertainty, personal rivalries, hard effort, sparks of genius, pure nonsense, and excellent intentions.

So that I do not join in the sneers about Hollywood that one hears most often (if the truth be told) from writers and actors who would otherwise like the next best and train if they had half a chance. Hollywood is a pioneer city; pioneer in the realm of art and intellect, just as the wild-western cities of a generation ago were pioneers of physical overrun. Indeed, in this more subtle sense, Hollywood is the wildest west of all, a sort of mental and spiritual rodeo going on all the time. It may not suit every mood of the visitor who (like myself) could be perfectly and permanently happy in some quiet university town in either New or Old England; but it is, most excitingly, a community facing and solving new problems, and these problems are of the future.

Even the geographical lay-out of Hollywood belongs to this new age. With the surrounding townships of Beverly Hills and Santa Monica and the huge adjacent Los Angeles, it makes up the most spacious urban unit in the world—a population of a million and a half occupying an area as large as a province. The city seems never to end; in the European sense, it also seems never to begin. Its streets are each about twenty miles long, and you cruise along them at anything up to fifty miles an hour. It is the rarest experience to find yourself within walking distance of anybody you want to visit.

The entire conglomeration of gardens and boulevards is planned under the assumption that everyone will travel by car, just as the alleyways of Bruges or Oxford were built for the age when ten miles an hour was fast. Mankind has speeded up since then, and Los Angeles is in top gear, a paradise for all motorists except those involved in accidents that killed over a thousand persons during 1935.

And as with space, so inversely with time. Just as twenty miles is a short distance to drive to a Hollywood cocktail-party, so five years is an age, ten years is history, while twenty years ago is historic. A quarter of a century ago is even prehistoric, for that harks back to the days before "The Birth of a Nation," to those early nickelodeon audiences who always laughed at far-flung custard-pies and never laughed at "Came the Dawn!" If you have lived in Hollywood for a third of a lifetime you have seen the whole picture industry grow up from these rude beginnings. Dissolve (as the scenario-writers say) from a flat-bedded and flea-infested side-show (circa 1910) into the jewelled and boiler-shirt audience at a fashionable picture première today. That is the meaning of Hollywood.

Nor does Hollywood, with all its discovery of prestige-value, forget such a humble but essentially healthy origin. It dare not. That is why the most important cinema discovery of recent years is not the process-background, nor colour photography, nor stereoscopy, nor Shirley Temple—but the simple fact that good pictures make more money than bad ones.

It is this reliance on the ultimate test of entertainment-value that will keep the cinema on the right track more easily, perhaps, than it has kept the novel. For you can (and, though it would be invidious to mention names, you sometimes do) have a novel which everybody buys and few people read. The cinema offers no parallel to this—not even movie-Shakespeare.

If people do not get what they want out of a picture they stay away. They will not like it because they feel they ought to like it. And the casual "Good show, that was," of Mr. and Mrs. Everyman is worth more than all the adjectives in the publicity department.

---

Lustre...

THE LIPSTICK MODE FOR SPRING

- DASHING, SPRINGLIKE Red Poppy! Guy Red Geranium! Vibrant Red Coral! Red Raspberry — and the new Terra Cotta-Light! All the famous Helena Rubinstein Red Lipsticks are blossoming out with a smart LUSTRE!

To be completely smart, your lipstick must give your lips the dewy gleam of youth ... an alluring lustre. And the ingredient which gives this lustre is exclusive with Helena Rubinstein.

So be sure the lipstick you choose is by Helena Rubinstein. Every one of her lipstick shades is a masterpiece. Lipsticks, 1.25, 1.00, .50... Rouges to harmonize ..., 1.00. Clinging, flattering Powders, 1.00.

that smart, dewy look

Achieve it with Helena Rubinstein Town & Country Make-Up Film. New! It gives the skin a smart dewiness and — what's more — it preserves the natural skin moisture! Town & Country is wonderfully flattering! In addition this biological beauty creation actually conceals blemishes. Your make-up takes on added enchantment and stays fresh for hours. 1.50.

Helena Rubinstein's beauty preparations are available at her salons and at smart stores.

helena rubinstein
8 East 57th St., New York City
PARIS LONDON

---

Hollywood at the Mike

[continued from page 82]

back—to tour in a series of one-night stands, making personal appearances with his troupe. He plans to present a regular roadshow at a $2 top price.

It would have been nice if only it had worked out—I mean Texaco's plan to replace Jimmy Durante in its weekly show with Lee Tracy. I wish you knew, retired from the program because two "Just like performances a day" kept him more than busy enough and up to now Texaco hasn't found just the right person to succeed him. There's a well-founded rumor, however, that Frank Fay, who's been doing right well for himself and his listeners on the Valley's program, may end up as the oil broadcast's funny man.

Fred Allen became almost as big a movie personality as he is in radio, on the strength of his work in a single picture, "Thanks a Million." Now Twentieth Century-Fox is set to star him in a film version of "Town Hall Tonight," his Ipana tooth paste radio hour, but production may not start until spring.

George Burns and Gracie Allen celebrated their fourth year of broadcasting early in February, and when pressed to make a choice, picked radio as being much tougher than either the stage or screen. Then, having decided that, they boarded a through train for Hollywood where they're going to be several months. Incidentally, here's a smart way of dodging worries about your lease when you go out of town. "The Jack Benny's move into our apartment today," Grae said. "They'll use our car, too. In Hollywood we're going to live in their home and I'll use Mary's car. How's that for fair exchange between comedians?"

Edward G. Robinson has made just about as big a hit in radio as any other movie star. Recently he went on the Valley hour for the second time this season, and he also scored a success in the Lux production of "The Boss."
Love, Honor and Obey That Impulse

[continued from page 37]

saw some hurdles in front of me. Then I'd grip up the loins and clench the fists and with a challenging yell go charging into what I thought was going to be a swell fight. No, when I got where the hurdle was it just dropped over, leaving the way clear, and I would grind to a stop way beyond, looking silly.

"What I'm trying to say is that I'll never get over the final hurdle. I'll never be able to clear the tallest one—the hurdle of Greatness —without any practice. It's like trying to win a track-meet without training for it; you've got to have experienced the tough side of things in order to act well, or even to appreciate life as it is.

"I don't get so much kick out of the grand things I've got, for the very simple reason I've always had them ..."

THUS Mr. Tone, bachelor.

But, in the familiar newspaper jargon: "... authoritative sources here early to-day confirmed reports that Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford, well-known motion picture stars, were wed last night."

Being a man of meticulous taste, Franchot doesn't want to present the world with a figurative key-hole through which to view the intimacies of his marriage. Therefore when I talked to him again it was on the understanding that he might say as little or as much as he cared to about this delicate subject. His answers, meant to evade, in reality told the story as clearly as if he had offered his personal diary for inspection.

I discovered him, a week ago, in the dark corner of a sound stage, lying on an incredibly old and broken-down couch attempting—quite in vain—to get some rest on the first day of a new picture. A make-shift screen of tattered cloth stood between him and the frantic noise of the set.

"Very special congratulations and good wishes," I said, holding out my hand.

He took it. "Thanks.

"I'm afraid you've ruined my story, though," I added. "Now that you're married you'll have different plans. Naturally. You'll have changed your attitudes toward things; you'll—"

Franchot jerked himself erect on the couch. "But I haven't changed! I still want the same things.

"Why should you think that just because I'm married I have to give up my personality or any one of my dreams?"

I wilted. "People do,"—protestingly. "When two separate persons become one person that calls for adjustment, concession on both sides."

"Adjustment and concession. Yes. But marriage doesn't mean you have to stop being individuals. On the Island that day you asked me an abstract question; and I told you what I would consider a full and successful life for myself.

"I wanted those things then, I want them today, and I'll get them if I can."

"But does Mrs. Tone agree with you? Will she go with you around the world in a schooner, looking for Utopia? Will she do the decorations for your New England house and follow you to the stage and come to Hollywood with you for the season? How about that?"

Outside the stained, shabby screen, voices were loud in sudden argument; above them Franchot said, "I hope she will—does it sound like telling a hard life? But it's for her to decide. I'm an individual still; ergo, so is she. . . ."

While he lit the inevitable cigarette I thought about that. To the Tones, then, marriage was not to mean a series of haggling debates over what course to take; each would respect the other's career, ambitions, philosophy—but especially the other's career.

Franchot, actor and gentleman, must never under any circumstances become "Mr. Crawford." His wife, except in private circles, must never be just "Mrs. Tone."

The little pact they made when finally they decided to marry must have read, in effect: "We will concede to the other as much as possible, but not to the point of argument. If we agree—Great! If we do not—then each separate way will hold, without bloodshed, without tears. By this modern plan shall we conquer Reno!"

Did it take them two long years to reach that conclusion? Respectively, they have been silent on that particular subject to the press and to the public in general. And stonily silent they will remain, I learned, for the rest of time.

Under a reckless impulse I asked of Franchot, "Did you know, that afternoon at Catalina when we had our talk, that within a few months you would marry Joan Crawford?"

He hesitated. "That—that's unanswerable."

"All right," I muttered.

"I don't see that it's such a burning question anyway."

"Oh don't you," I said bitterly. "Well, it may remain a dark secret with you for the rest of your life, but people in that way they have will find an answer—or answers. They'll just suppose at first. But before long they'll believe their little stories as religiously as if you had come through with the solution yourself."

"Let them!" He smiled. "They have my permission"

WTH his permission you may—and will—think what you like. But think logically, from what you know of Franchot Tone by reading this story; abstain from romantic melodrama or sentimentality, remembering that he is an idealist but eminently practical; translate the meaning between a few lines; and your result is clear. It should deal with a simple psychological barrier built of two individuals, Joan's previous marriage to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the Hollywood situation, and Opinion.

Love is a known solvent of barriers. From the first-day madness of the sound stage a voice yelled, "All ready now, Mr. Tone!"

I held up before the cloudy mirror and brushed down his rumpled hair. "Three years of this," he said with the faintest suggestion of weariness. "Then—well, you understand what I want. Futures can't be planned irrevocably. I'm not at all certain about mine, or that I'll succeed in realizing my dreams. But at any rate . . ."

The voice called again. "At any rate," finished Franchot, pausing at the screen, "I'm going to try."

Liberty's Amateurs' Page Conducted by Major Bowes

is drawing a tremendous following of delighted readers. If you are not already a member of this mammoth audience by all means join today. Get your copy at the nearest newsstand—5c.
The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61]

TOUGH GUY—M-G-M

ALL the kids and more than one adult will get a kick out of a lonely little boy's exciting adventures when he and his dog get kidnapped. For all its crime angle and gun battles, it is a moral little piece because the boy wins the gang leader from a life of crime. Jackie Cooper is appealing, Joseph Calleia excellent, and Rin Tin Tin, Jr., the real hero.

KLONDIKE ANNIE—Paramount

YOU'LL have to be a pretty rabid Western fan to take this last Mae West gasp for Paramount. The wise cracks aren't very wise, and the story such as it is mixes religion with a little offensively. Mae is a San Francisco lady of the evening who turns evangelist in the Klondike gold rush. Victor McLaglen wallows harmlessly through the picture. You'll yawn.

SONG AND DANCE MAN—20th Century-Fox

THE old story of the vaudeville team—one good, one awful—who can't stick together on Broadway. Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor struggle through synthetic emotions and stilted talk so Paul can make the final backstage sacrifice and let rich boy Michael Whalen walk off with Claire. Just another movie.

THE PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY—Paramount

ANOTHER studio murder mystery, but you'll be entertained enough to say the answer. Rod La Roque, a big movie star is killed on the preview night of his big picture. The police bottle up the studio—and the murders multiply. Reginald Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick and Conway Tearle have a band in the fast suspense and suspicion.

THE GARDEN MURDER CASE—M-G-M

ALTHOUGH it doesn't resemble the S.S. Van Dine thriller, this manages to be a fairly interesting study in murder by hypnotism. Edmund Lowe as the newest Philo Vance is satisfactory if not compelling. H. B. Warner makes a convincing heavy and Virginia Bruce looks lovely doing little of nothing. Fredric March dominates.

HERE COMES TROUBLE—20th Century-Fox

TOO have wasted the fine talents of Paul Kelly on such unmitigated trash is nothing less than high treason. Bumbling around in unfunny slap-stick in an incredibly dull story, Kelly wins sympathy—but only for the trick played on him in the casting. It's all about a sick lady jewel thief (Mona Barrie) playing Third Engineer Kelly for a sucker. Skip it.

THE RETURN OF JIMMY VALENTINE—Republic

WELL-KNIT in plot and well-played is this semi-mystery story which concerns he uncaring as a newspaper promotion stunt, of the whereabouts of that beloved ogre, Jimmy Valentine, twenty years after his disappearance. The suspense is exceptionally well-handled and the dialogue sparkling Roger Pryor, J. Carrol Naish and Edgar Kennedy score. James Burris' comedy is amusing.

THE SEEING EYE—Educational

OUT in Morristown, New Jersey, a non-profit making institution trains German police dogs to be guides and companions to the blind, trains the blind to be gracefully receptive masters to the miraculous dogs. This Treasure Chest short offers instructive and heart-warming picturization of the worthy work.

THE LEATHERNECKERS HAVE LANDED—Republic

ACTION and plenty of it is the keynote of this strictly illogical tale of a marine who was too handy with his fists and got kicked out of the service as result. He joins up with the rebels in China, but gets reinstated in the marines after some noteworthy heroism for the stars and stripes. Isabel Jewell is the sole feminine interest and a badly photographed one. Lew Ayres is the rambunctious marine.

WIFE vs. SECRETARY—M-G-M

A HUSBAND and wife madly in love with one another. A too attractive secretary, a secret business mission and a welter of misunderstandings. There you have the very familiar story which emerges here. A moderately distinctive movie, because Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Myrna Loy supply three star performances.

It isn't as exciting as it might be, because you'll be guessing ahead in the typical course of screen cliches. Nevertheless, Clark Gable is effective and affectionate enough for his most romantic admirer. Jean Harlow underplays pleasantly the other woman and Myrna Loy eats her heart out with dignity, as a lady should, until the very last. Expert direction and pretentious production bring it well out of the ordinary grove, May Robson and James Stewart bolster with small effective parts.

It's a good Gable film, not the best, but not the worst.

SNOWED UNDER—Warner's

WHAT happens when a playwright has too many exwives and lets them all swoop down on him at once is the rib tickling subject of this unpretentious little farce. George Brent is the harassed scribe, faced with finishing a third act in his show in his snow-bound hideout. Genevieve Tobin, Glen-da Farrell and Patricia Ellis furnish the feminine distraction. Frank McHugh makes a delightfully dumb deputy sheriff.

THREE GODFATHERS—M-G-M

DIRECTOR Boleslawski effectively trimmed to the bone this Peter B. Kyne tale of three desperadoes who find a baby on the desert and bring it to safety at the cost of their lives and thereby save their souls. Chester Morris is superb as the toughest of them, while Lewis Stone as the cultured "Doc" and Walter "Old Acutey" Brennan as Gus are also excellent.
IT was an outdoor shot in "The Voice of Buggle Ann." Lionel Barrymore was doing a dra-a-matic speech. Nearby was a corral of sheep. As Lionel concluded, a loud and lusty "Banana!" filled the air.

The actor started haughtily at the malaprop.

"I see we have a critic in the house," he observed.

WHEN Mary Carlisle left for London James Blakeley saw her off. What's more, he kissed her—three times—and they were long and lingering too.

All of which leads folks hereabouts to wonder if Mary was hiding an engagement ring under her left glove and whether there will be Mendelssohn music when she returns.

MOST people thought Randy Scott was a pretty nice guy until he started this "Polar Club" business. Randy, who lives not far from the rolling breakers, decided to take a dip in the surf every morning. He did—and liked it. It kept him from having colds—so being a large hearted gent, he thought everyone else should do the same. He started the "Polar Club!"—sad to say, there are very few members. You have to hop in the ocean every day—all winter (oh yes, there’s winter in California). Randy is feeling so chipper because of this Spartan ordeal that he’s taking dancing lessons from his pal, Fred Astaire. But that doesn’t come with every membership.

THE saddest note of the month concerns that old tailor’s delight Adolphe Menjou. He went and got sick just when he had ordered ten new suits from his tailor. While he was sick in the hospital he dropped twenty pounds. And now—ah woe—now Adolphe’s new suit looks like pap tents when he drapes them about his wasted limbs.

He’s doubling up on his calories to get back his weight

JEANETTE MacDONALD has a new puppy. He’s a Skye terrier and his coat is gray. So Jeanette named him "Stormy Weather." Because—you can take it—he’s a gray Skye!

IT took Hollywood a long time to find out just what the trouble was behind Jimmy Cagney’s most recent strike.

Jimmy sailed away on his yacht, leaving his bosses, the Warner Brothers, all up in the air about plans for one of their hottest stars. Last time Jimmy ran away, he had to compromise to make things easy again. But this time? Well—he’s an established star now, big box office, and they need him—and here’s why he walked out—he doesn’t want any more money (believe it or not) and he likes his parts just fine (that’s what we said)—but he wants more time to loaf around.

Jimmy says he’s making too many pictures and isn’t having enough fun. So he wants to cut down to about three a year. And the Warner Brothers don’t like the idea. Who’ll win the argument?

IRENE DUNNE’s nose was shiny.

"Hey, powder puff!" yelled an assistant director.

A bruiser who looked like Man Mountain Dean might have landed on him, not once but several times, amblled over, puffed in hand.

"Yes, sir?" he said mildly. "You call me?"

IF you have learned by mail or somehow or other just exactly how to make an avocado tree grow in New England, it will be worth exactly one thousand dollars to you if you’ll prove it to Bob Montgomery.

Bob wants to grow his favorite fruit on his Connecticut farm, but doesn’t know how. He offers one grand for such horticultural success Don’t push, all you farmers and farmeters

WALTER CONNOLLY didn’t give a whoop the other day how many "takes" Joe von Sternberg insisted upon for a certain scene in the Grace Moore picture. He was having too good a time. The scene called for Walter to quaff a glass of beer and by the time the quaffing had been done to Von’s liking, four good pints of beer were doing their bit for the Connolly waistline.
The Facts of Hollywood Life

RICE AND OLD SHOES


For Jean Dixon and Edward Ely, of Boston, a suitor of long standing. Also at Yuma.

For Mrs. Anne Page Altavado, former wife of Don Altavado, and Jack L. Warner, of the famous producing Warner Brothers in New York.

For Kathryn Carver, Adolphe Menjou’s once better half, and Vincent Hoff, Manhattan broker.

LEFT-HANDED SPARKLERS

Mac Clarke and his favorite doctor, Frank G. Nolan, announced they mean business, matrimonially speaking.

Polly Ann Young, one of the famous Young sisters, and James Carter Hermann, young Pasadena blue-blood, posted banns at the City Hall.

SAFETY PINS AND SUCH

Mrs. Fred Astaire presented husband Fred with a six-and-a-half pound son. After some thought, named Fred Astaire, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Woods are oiling up the baby buggy for May occupancy.

Lauretta LaPlante and husband, Irving Asher, hope their dream comes true in a few months.

GOOD-BYE NOW

After four months of married life, Sylvia Sidney and publisher husband, Bennett Cof, decided to call it a day.

On the Spot News

Otto Kruger is back at work after an extended vacation. He is doing a mild horror man in “Dracula’s daughter.”

Fred Stone is in the midst of a solitary ten thousand mile motor tour of the country and should be deep sea fishing with his brother-in-law, Rex Beach, about this time.

Katharine Hepburn is back from a family visit in Connecticut.

Merle Oberon recuperating nicely from the loss of her tonsils in a swank Santa Barbara hospital.

Helen Gahagan returned from New York to do her second picture for RKO Radio.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. flew in and out on a hurry-up business trip to talk over release deals with his father and Mary Pickford.

The granting of Joel McCrea’s fervent pleas for rain left him mud-bound at his Morne Park ranch for a week.

The Samuel Goldwyns in Europe on a brief vacation.

Ken Maynard has bought the Christie Circus and will transform it into a wild west show to open May 1 on his Diamond ranch in Van Nuys.

SICK LIST

Appendicitis trouble rushed Errol Flynn, Bill Robinson and Marian Marsh to the operating table.

All recovered smartly after the delicate nursing.

Influenza kept Lewis Stone in bed two weeks, jerked Bela Lugosi out of “The House of a Thousand Candles,” and sent Gertrude Michael back to bed.

Little Sybil Jason lost her tonsils and adenoids.

Keye Luke, the Chinese actor-artist, tried to imitate a contortionist—went to bed with a sprained back.

Rochelle Hudson got in the way of a Sierra snowslide. Knocked unconscious, but recovered in bed.

Richard Bennett, father of the famous Hollywood Bennets, fought a serious attack of bronchitis in New York.

Daughters Connie and Joan flew immediately to his bedside.

LAW BUSINESS

John Barrymore asked the district attorney to help him recover $80,000 in securities which vanished from his Beverly Hills Home.

Gertrude Michael sued the Pacific Electric Railway Company for failing to cover her prized pet daubsbound, Johannesburg.

She wants $5,000.

Donovan Brown, 19-year-old son of Joe E. Brown, asked the court to make him legally of age so he could start a business peddling his papa’s famous grin for advertising purposes.

Has lipstick parching kept love from your lips?
Lips that look kissable…and are kissable must be satin smooth. Never rough! Yet some lipsticks seem to dry and parch!

Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parchings with a new lipstick.

Coty “Sub-Deb” is truly indelible…warm and ardent in color…but it actually smooths and softens your lips. That’s because it contains a special softening ingredient, “Essence of Theobrom.”

Make the “Over-night” Experiment!
Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Coty “Sub-Deb” comes in five indelible colors, 50c, Coty “Sub-Deb” Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty…with the new Coty “Air Span” Face Powder!
Mrs. Marshall, Helen Brown; Mrs. McLean, Virginia Bruce; Babies, Kitchener Twins.

"TOUGH GUY"—M.G.M.—From the story by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Wood. Screen play by Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Wood. Directed by Chester M. Franklin. The cast: Freddie, Jackie Cooper; Joe, Joseph Calleia; Duke, Ken Tin Jr.; Chief Davison, Harvey Stephens; Doctor, Jean Hersholt; Tony, Edward Pawley; Chi, Much Auer; Vincent, Robert Warwick.

"TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE"—Walter Wanger—Paramount.—From an original by John Fox, Jr. Screen play by Grover Jones. Directed by Henry Hathaway. The cast: June Tulliver, Sylvia Sidney; Dave Tulliver, Henry Fonda; Jack Hale, Fred MacMurray; Judd Tulliver, Fred Stone; Tharber, Nigel Bruce; Melissa Tulliver, Prathl Bond; Buck Falin, Robert Barrat; Budder Tulliver, Spunky McFarland; Tater, Furry Knight; Cousin, Otis Fries, Sheriff, Samuel Hinds; Chief Tulliver, Alan Baxter; Lisa Tulliver, Ford Emmett; Inez Tulliver, Richard Gabler; Wade Falin, Henry Kibbe; Ned Falin, Philip Barker; Corley Falin, Robert Kortman; Katherine Hale, Charlotte Wynters; Zke Everly, Frank Rees; Seapock School-teacher, Hilda Vaughn; Jenkins, Charles Middleton; Landlady, Clara Handick; Storekeeper, Russ Powell, Mailman, Irving Bacon; Esoxy, John Larick.

"VOICE OF BULL GREN, THE"—M.G.M.—From the book by MacKinlay Kantor. Screen play by Harvey Gates and Samuel Hoffenstein. Directed by Richard Thorpe. The cast: Spring Davis, Lionel Barrymore; Camdon Terry, Mervyn O'Sullivan; Beady Davis, Eric Linden; Jack Terry, Dudley Digges; Ma Davis, Spring Byington; Cal Royster, Charley Grapewin; Jake Royster, Henry Wadsworth; Mr. Tanner, William Newell; Del Royster, James Macklin; Doctor's Secretary, Jonathan Hale; The Warden, Frederic Button.

"WIFE VS. SECRETARY"—M.G.M.—From the novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Screen play by Virginia Vaughn, Oscar Neebe, and Gilbert M. Anderson. Directed by Charles Barton. The cast: Martha, Eleanor Whitney; David Young, Tom Kene; Timothy, George Bly; Dan Scudder, G_assert; Sloan, Russell Hinckley; Vida Cummess, Elizabeth Patterson; Guy, Sally Marion; Lamar, Robert B. Young; Hasty Taber, Estelle Dale; Dr. Cadd, J. M. Kerrigan; Burgess, Irene Franklin.

"THREE GODFATHERS"—Paramount.—From the story by Peter B. Kyne. Screen play by E. E. Paremore, Jr. and Samuel Seil. Directed by Richard Boleslawski. The cast: Bob, Chester Morris; Doc, Lewis Stone; Gus, Walter Brennan; Molly Irene; Hervey; Sheriff, Roger Imhof; Marcus Temar, Hervey Clarke; Buck Tooth, Victor Potel; Reverend McLane, Willard Mack; George, Frank Jenks; Robert Livingston; Professor Spence, Sidney Toler; Pedro, Joseph Mar höch; Gable, Dorothy Tree.

This parrot is the favored inhabitant of the large aviary which May Robson has at her Beverly Hills home. The veteran actress is currently appearing in "Wife vs Secretary" with Jean Harlow, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable.
Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

(Continued from page 8)

MAN HUNT—Warner.—Fairly bright tale of a hatchet reporter, William Gargan and school-marm, Marguerite Churchill who tangle the Big City for escape from a handsome Ricardo Cortez. Chill Sale captures him. (Mar.)

MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE—Warner.—Ravishingaccoites of a feminine fugitive from justice. Sylvia Sidney, Myrna Douglas and Alan Baxter are excellent. (Feb.)

MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—Reliance.—A good east coast by Josephine Hutchinson and George Howard, a famous ad man. A story of what happens when a man marries a woman abroad in 1914 has a child by an opera singer. He is killed, the child is taken. She finds him gone and starts on a musical career. (Dec.)

MELODY TRAIL—Republic.—Gene Autry's pleasant, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the determining feature of this stirring story of cattle rustling, kidnapping and rodeos. (Dec.)

METROPOLITAN—20th Century-Fox.—Grand opera behand with baritone Lawrence Tibbett, tenor Richard Denny solving a murder committed in police headquarters. Compelling cast of Viola Featherweight. (Feb.)

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, A—Warner Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen in this entertaining and entertaining adaptation. The amusing fantasy is elaborately staged and cast to afford entertainment to all, but the values derived from individual interpretations will necessarily differ. It is a milestone in the progress of motion pictures and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

MILLIONS IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Featherweight comedy of amateur radio hours. Wendy Barrie and John Howard an appealing sweet heart team. (Feb.)

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—Warner.—The team of William Keighley and Frank Borzage throws a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, be enjoyed by its entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (Nov.)

MURDER MAN, THE—M-G-M.—A rapidly moving, entertaining mystery set against a newspaper background. A story that will hold the reporter and Virginia Bruce absorbing and lovable. (Dec.)

MURDER OF DOCTOR HARRIGAN, THE—Warner.—Ricardo Cortez gives the only acceptable performance in this unsatisfactory mystery which has some technical faults. (Jan.)

MUSIC IN MAGIC—20th Century-Fox.—Bob Daniels as an aging movie queen who won't be her age, steps out and shows some real talent in a pleasing semi-musical headed by Alice Faye and Ray Walker, and enlivened by snappy ditties. (Dec.)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—M-G-M.—Mogul ships called from the North. Hall book. Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh, Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian, leader of the mutiny, and Deborah Kerr, Kathleen Byron and Burgess Meredith acting, direction and scenery. Don't miss it. (Dec.)

MY MARRIAGE—20th Century-Fox.—Solid performances by Claire Trevor, Kent Taylor and Paul Kelly help a weak and confusing picture of society séances underwrought tangled up by several murders. (Feb.)

NAVY WIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Because of her service to her country as a Navy nurse, Claire Trevor, is afraid of love and marriage but eventually wins Ralph Bellamy in this unsatisfactory and lost film. (Nov.)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A Zane Grey Western. Buster Crabbe and Sid Saylor prove their mettle in a cattle war. Grand scenery and Kathleen Burke. (Feb.)

NIGHT AT THE OPERA, A—M-G-M.—Those idiotic zanies, the Marx Brothers, start working in Italy and wind up in a New York opera house. Singing Allan Jones and Kitty Carlisle are romantic. You'll love it. (Jan.)

ONE WAY TICKET—Columbia.—Peggy Conklin's personality highlights a poorly constructed play of the warden's daughter falling for prisoner Lloyd Nolan. Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows are good. (Jan.)

O'SHAUGHNESSY'S BOY—M-G-M.—The irresistible combination, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping in tears and overflowing with pathos, but one that you will long remember especially for Wallace Beery's splendid performance. (Dec.)

PADDY O'DAY—20th Century-Fox.—Jane Withers and Marjorie Reynolds in a little story of an orphan's adventures in New York, Rita Can- non, Phyllis Tomlin and George Gross. (Jan.)

PERSONAL M AID'S SECRET—Warner Bros.—A warmly human and thoroughly delightful picture clothes the lowly family maid to a position of importance in the lives of an average family. Ran- Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (Feb.)

PETER BRIBETSON—Paramount.—An artistically produced new version of the romantic love story of a young architect (Gary Cooper) for the Duchess of Tarentu, Ann Harding. (Jan.)

POWERSMOKE RANGE—RKO-Radio.—The usual hard fought battle between heroic cowmen and a cowboy renegade at big-money cost. Old melodramatics but you will like it. (Mar.)

PURSUIT—M-G-M.—Chester Morris and Sally Eilers in an exciting adventure to enable Scottie Beckett, a wealthy child, across the Mexican border to his mother. Henry Travers. Dorothie Peterson (Oct.)

RACING LUCK—Winchester-Republic.—An unpretentious stock racing story with novel twist. William Boyd, Ernest Hilliard, Barbara Worth, George Ernst in the cast. (Feb.)

RED SALUTE—Reliance.—Bob Young is lured into desertion by Barbara Stanwyck in this funny version of a cross country flight, but he eventually is successful in restoring her patriotism. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec.)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Universal.—A wild party, hangovers, four murders and a suicide are combined in an effort to imitate "This Man" style but falls short in spite of the cast which includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reginald Denny. (Dec.)

RENDEVEROUS—M-G-M.—Exciting comedy romance with Will Powell as the re-decorator of the U. S, intelligence department who busts up an enemy spy ring. Ronald Russell superb as his chauffeur-brainy type. (Jan.)

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE—RKO-Radio.—The old favorite brought to the screen with Lionel Barrymore giving an intelligent interpretation of the old man whose spirit struggles to repair the unhappiness caused by war and, dying with Helen Mack, Edward Ellis. (Oct.)

RIFRAF—M-G-M.—Jean Harlow surrounded by fish cannibals, bowlers and penitentiaries. Spencer Tracy is her man. Lots of battles and love scenes. Joseph Caliavla and Una Merrell are great. (Nov.)

RING AROUND THE MOON—Chesterfield.—Donald Cook, Erin O'Brien Moore, and Ann Doran in story of a publisher's daughter who marries a reporter. Mixed up but creditable. (Feb.)

ROSE MARIE—M-G-M.—Vivacious, romantic, melodic and polished operetta with Jean- nue Macdonald as an opera star and Nelson Eddy as a Royal Mounted policeman. Their singing is better than ever. First rate entertainment. (Mar.)


SEVEN KEYS TO BOLDPATE—RKO-Radio.—German spies versus American spies, with a new casting and modern whiskers. The sparkling cast includes Gene Raymond, Eric Blore, Margaret Callahan, Henry Travers. (Feb.)

SHANGAI—Warner Wanger-Paramount.—A creditable attempt to celebrate the age old plot of East is East and West is West, with Lon Chaney, Jr. and Charles Boyer taking sides in the tragic romance. Warner Oland (Nov.)

TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRLDE and Lift Ulip Brasier at our expense! Test them for yourself for ten days absolutely FREE! We are so sure that you can be your siender self without diets, drugs or exercises, that we make this unconditional offer...

REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 Inches in 10 Days... or no cost

 Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as the gentle massage-like action removes flabby, disting- uishing fat with every movement... stimulating the body once more into energetic health!

Don't Wait Any Longer — Act Today

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist and hips THREE INCHES! You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... at no cost!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

125 • Photoplay Magazine for April, 1936
The Invisible Ray—Universal.—The Silver and Shake Boys, Karloff and Lugosi combine their talents in a tale of scientists who discover a new element which kills or cures. Lugosi is the hero. (Mar.)

The King of the Damned—GB.—Stark realism about a convict revolt on a penal island led by the soft-voiced, easy-smiling Bela Lugosi as Vincent Vonson good as commandant’s daughter and Cecil MacKintosh as the sly, shrewd warden. Lots of suspense. Not for children. (Mar.)

The Lady Consents—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding’s fine talents wasted in the too familiar triangle about understanding wife losing her husband to a shalllow man. A work for good on a lot of vicious people. Cast and direction are excellent. (Mar.)

The Passing of the Third Floor Balcony—GB.—Richard Attenborough stars as a young poet as young poet who marries a rich wife, and finds no luck. More tender love scenes and situations. (Mar.)

The Widow from Monte Carlo—Warner.—Dolores Del Rio, Warren William and Louise Fazenda try hard to lift a tepid picture about a young widow who remarries for good on a lot of vicious people. Cast and direction are excellent. (Mar.)

Be a High School Graduate

High School education is very imporant for the advancement of science and in business and industry. Don’t be handicapped all your life. A High School education opens doors to your future, and your choice of a future is yours to decide. Along with your High School education you must have a strong religious belief and an integrity that you can stand up before your God and your fellow man and say: "I can live up to the promise of God’s Word."

Praiseworthy efforts are being made in every nation of the world to make education possible for every child. In the United States, for example, children are taught how to read and write in the public schools. The laws require that children must go to school. If they do not go to school, they are punished. In some countries, children are not required to go to school. But even in these countries, children are taught how to read and write in the public schools. The laws require that children must go to school. If they do not go to school, they are punished. In some countries, children are not required to go to school. But even in these countries, children are taught how to read and write in the public schools. The laws require that children must go to school. If they do not go to school, they are punished.

Every man and woman who is ambitious to become a successful song writer can secure invaluable information from this authoritative hand book on the art and business of song writing. Here are a few of the subjects among the hundreds that are comprehensively covered in this truly valuable book—construction of lyrics and melody—form in which a song should be submitted—how to attract the attention of a publisher—copyrighted names and addresses—song standards and patterns—song publishing procedure—how the song writer stands in a small group with famous publishers and songsters—copyrights—contracts—copyright procedure—beware of song sharks.

If you are ambitious to write song and have not yet "arrived" be sure, in your own interests, to examine a copy of this book.

Send your order today with $1.00 Money back if not satisfactory

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.
Dept. P-4
1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
TWO FOR TONIGHT — Paramount. — Bing Crosby lovers and stage through this one, disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans, and not measuring up very favorably with his past films. Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are the girls. (Mar.)


TWO SINNERS — Republic. — Otto Kruger and Martha Sleeper are the two principals in this tedious tear-inducing account of an ex-convict’s attempt at rehabilitation, while little Cora Sue Collins as the brat adds some slight relief. (Dec.)

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE — Paramount. — Walter C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town judge, who it makes famous on the stage, makes this otherwise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones, Stedan Petchel. (Dec.)

WE'RE IN THE MONEY — Warners. — Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell as sexy, blonde process servers who mix Cupid and court summonses and with the aid of Hugh Herbert provoke much hearty laughter. Ross Alexander. (Oct.)

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN — RKO-Radio. — An action-packed see-saw battle with newspaper trimmings between a killer’s gang and a brawny but dumb sleuth, Preston Foster. Reportress Jane Wyatt softens his heart. (Feb.)

WESTWARD HO! — Republic. — A thrilling red-blooded Western concerning a group of pioneers (the Virginians) who aim to rid the West of its notorious badmen. John Wayne, Sheila Manners. (Oct.)

WHIPSAW — M-G-M. — G-Man Spencer Tracy trails Myrna Loy, confederate of jewel thieves. Love mixes things up. Satisfying. (Feb.)

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA — Paramount. — Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive account of a situation that is of timely interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so expect a few thrilling chills and shocks. (Dec.)

WITHOUT REGRET — Paramount. — Kent Taylor and Edna Ladd make a pleasant bit of entertainment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man who has but a short time to live and settles up a nasty bit of blackmailing in that time. (Nov.)

WOMAN WANTED — M-G-M. — A swell melodrama packed with action, thrill and mystery and which affords Maureen O'Sullivan and Joel McCrea an opportunity to display their comedy talents as well as some good emotional dramatics. Lewis Stone, Robert Greig. (Oct.)

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY — 20th Century-Fox. — A fast and funny comedy with Edward Everett Horton ruining his business as civic minded. The worm finally turns and all is well. (Feb.)

Watch for the charming NATURAL COLOR PORTRAITS of Myrna Loy and Kay Francis in next month's PHOTOPLAY. Myrna Loy will appear on the cover, and Kay Francis, captured in an unusual and fascinating gown, will be presented on the fashion color page which leads Miss Kathleen Howard's illuminating fashion section each month. Beautifully reproduced, these portraits are perfect for memory books or wall decorations. In the May Photoplay, on sale April 10th.

HOLLYWOOD'S
NEWEST NOTE FOR SPRING
For Evening or Daytime wear, nothing equals these gorgeous new WHITING & DAVIS METAL MESH BAGS—now carried by glamorous stage and screen stars and proclaimed by fashion leaders as the top note in costume accessories for Spring. See them at your jeweler’s, smart shops and department stores. Send for free book with latest photos of your favorite stars.

METAL MESH BAGS & COSTUME ACCESSORIES

By

WHITING & DAVIS CO.

Plainville (Norfolk County) Mass.

"HAND IN HAND WITH FASHION"

A B C Shorthand $1

Complete in Twelve Easy Lessons

By all means investigate the A.B.C. Shorthand System especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find your self actually writing shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs or symbols—just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use one at a time as learned.

You do not even risk the dollar that is the price of this substantially bound book, a complete course in shorthand, which has meant so much to so many thousands of persons.

Send for it today—examine it carefully and if, for any reason, it does not prove to be entirely satisfactory, return it and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Send your order today with $1.00. Money back if not satisfactory.

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, 1925 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Dept. P-4

Even Finer...than its setting

Beautiful as is its setting... the SHERRY-NETHERLAND is even more favorably known for its comfort, convenience and the excellence of its service.

SINGLE ROOMS $6.00

The

SHERRY-NETHERLAND

Facing the Park

Fifth Avenue at 59th • New York
All Hollywood’s Playing This Game

It’s the British influence this month. Everybody’s playing “Shove Ha’penny”—and sink me! It’s fun no end! Take a good look at the picture above—and then have the handy man around the house fix you up a board just like it. Smooth wood, 14 inches wide. Leave 4 inches from the base to the first line, then rule off ten spaces, clear across—each an inch and a quarter deep. Blacken a stripe down each side, so you can score on the squares with chalk. Leave a reasonable margin at the end with a little edging perhaps to stop the coins. Then you’re all set—if you’ve got any coins.

Never mind about sending to England for “ha’pennies.” Quarters are about the same size. You’ll have to rustle up five of them—but the Depression’s over, so that ought to be easy.

Two play at a time, taking turns tapping the coins at the base of the board with the top of their palms, right below the thumb, to send them sliding into the ruled area. The idea is to lag them thus so they rest between the lines without touching either. When you’ve tapped all five (and there’s quite a technique here you’ll find); it takes a delicate touch to shove them where you want them) make a chalk mark on the black squares on your side of the board opposite the space where you’ve scored, and let your opponent try his skill “shoving ha’penny.”

The object is to get three scoring chalk marks on each black square at the side. That’s thirty scores. Sounds fairly easy—but wait ’til along toward the end when you have to tap the “Ha’penny” in just the right space!

The first to turn the trick, of course, wins. Whereupon the thing to do is shout: “Well played,” or “Good boy,” and have another pint of stout or whatever’s handy.

The nice thing about “Shove Ha’penny” is that it’s no strain on the mind. If your guests aren’t too mental they’ll like it. If they are, they’ll go for it even more, because it lets them relax.

W. P. Lipscomb, the British playwright and scenarist, who introduced it to Hollywood, eased down after making such colossal works as “Les Miserables” and “A Tale of Two Cities” into movie scripts by “shoving ha’penny.”

At his “English evenings” Ronald Colman takes off his coat and gets down to a serious game of “Shove Ha’penny” and plays far into the night. In fact, everybody’s doing it now—whether they have an English accent or not.

“Shove Ha’penny” has been played in Merrie England for hundreds of years. No British pub is complete without a board. And what’s good for a pub is good for your bar—wot?
SECOND MARRIAGE AND JOAN FAWFORD TONE

obody is safe in Hollywood By Hugh Walpole
Also: DICK POWELL ADMITS HE'S IN LOVE
Often a bridesmaid but never a bride

EDNA's case was really a pathetic one. Like every woman, her primary ambition was to marry. Most of the girls of her set were married—or about to be. Yet not one possessed more grace or charm or loveliness than she.

And as her birthdays crept gradually toward that tragic thirty-mark, marriage seemed farther from her life than ever.

She was often a bridesmaid but never a bride.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. Not by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

This smart Moire Cosmetic Bag FREE with purchase of large size LISTERINE

At your druggist's while they last
This offer good in U. S. A. only
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1936

CARL LAEMMLE presents

EDNA FERBER'S

"SHOW BOAT"

(Version of 1936)

starring

IRENE DUNNE

ALLAN JONES

with

Charles Winninger • Paul Robeson

Helen Morgan • Helen Westley

BEYOND QUESTION THE GREATEST SHOW-EVENT
OF THE YEAR FOR ALL AGES

THIS 1936 version of Edna Ferber's superb story of the
"SHOW BOAT," compared with which every production
of its type pales into insignificance, is characterized by
GLAMOUR— FASCINATING ROMANCE — BEAUTIFUL, LONG-TO-BE-
REMEMBERED NEW MUSIC, new lyrics plus your old favorites,
by the masters of melody, Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammer-
stein II, SCENIC MARVELS and ARTISTS OF RENOWN. We can't
enumerate its multitude of attractions. It will be a striking
event in all theatres.

A CARL LAEMMLE, JR. production — directed by JAMES WHALE.

IT'S A UNIVERSAL, OF COURSE!
The motion picture that is eagerly awaited the world over

Norma Shearer
Leslie Howard

in

Romeo and Juliet

with

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDNA MAY OLIVER • VIOLET KEMBLE-COOPER
BASIL RATHBONE • CONWAY TEARLE
REGINALD DENNY • RALPH FORBES
C. AUBREY SMITH • HENRY KOLKER • ANDY DEVINE

To the famed producer Irving Thalberg go the honors for bringing to the screen, with tenderness and reverence, William Shakespeare's imperishable love story. The director is George Cukor. A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE.
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

ERNEST V. HEYN, EASTERN EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Nobody Is Safe in Hollywood .......... Hugh Walpole 14
Dick Powell Admits He's in Love .......... Walter Ramsey 21
Second Marriage—and Joan Crawford Tone .......... Dorothy Manners 24
Our Dumb Enemies (Fiction) .......... Hagar Wilde 26
Yours Truly Rural, Al Jolson .......... Chet Green 28
The Real Story of Eleanor Powell's Collapse .......... Adele Whiteley Fletcher 30
"Why I Will Not Re-Marry Margaret Sullivan" .......... George Stevens 36
The Winner! Photoplay's Gold Medal Award for the Best Picture of 1935 .......... 45
So We're Sane, Are We? .......... Lloyd Pantages 46
We Cover the Studios .......... Michael Jackson 50
Ginger Rogers' Rules for Slaying the Stag Line .......... Mary Watkins Reeves 52
Trials and Triumphs of a Hollywood Dress Designer .......... Julie Lang Hunt 54
Gene Raymond Is Really a "Lone Wolf" .......... Arden Russell 60
Photoplay Fashions .......... Kathleen Howard 61
The Private Life of a Talking Picture .......... Howard Sharpe 74
From Pauper to Prince (Edward Arnold) .......... Kay Proctor 78

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

Boos and Bouquets .......... 4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures .......... 6
Pictures Reviewed in This Issue .......... 8
Close Ups and Long Shots .......... 11
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood .......... 38
Photoplay's Cartoon of the Month .......... 49
The Shadow Stage .......... 56
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop, Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck .......... 71
Dinner at Pickfair—Mary Pickford Entertains .......... 76
Spring Garnishings, a Word to the Fashion Wise .......... 80
Hollywood at the Mike .......... Dan Wheeler 81
Ask the Answer Man .......... 82
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue .......... 117
The Facts of Hollywood Life .......... 119
On the Spot News .......... 119
On the Cover—Myrna Loy, Color Portrait by Adolph Klein

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Business Offices, 125 West 57th St., New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chann Building, 222 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • D. H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 50 Bouverie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $2.50 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $3.00 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries $3.52. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you. Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications.
Photoplay Magazine awards the following prizes for the best eight letters received each month: $15 first prize, $10 second prize, $5 third prize and five $1 prizes. We suggest that your letters be brief, but there are no specific rules—any and all opinions on pictures and players. Photoplay Magazine reserves the right to use the letters submitted in whole or in part.

**FIRST PRIZE—$15**

**THE WINNER!**

Being human, we all laugh and cry. But how seldom do we of the great American Movie Audience laugh and cry during one picture? Comedy is comedy, pathos is pathos, and never the twain shall meet, seems to be the usual Hollywood moving picture formula.

But along comes "Ah, Wilderness," shattering that too stiff formula, and proving the forgotten truth that "laughter is akin to tears."

Some measure of the picture's success must go always to the great Eugene O'Neill, but not all. Some of the best scenes in the picture are not in the original play, and so must be Hollywood born.

Therefore, more power to Hollywood's intelligence.

Give us, oh, Hollywood, more pictures like "Ah, Wilderness."

Give us more opportunities to laugh and cry at the portrayal of our own weaknesses, hopes, loves and visions.

For it is these that make up our only too short stay on this grand old earth.

Roland Smith, Spokane, Wash.

---

**SECOND PRIZE—$10**

**AN IMMORTAL CHARACTERIZATION**

Words are inadequate and meaningless to express what I feel about Irene Dunne after seeing "Magnificent Obsession." All through her blindness, Miss Dunne was so heart-breakingly pitiful, yet so lovely and appealing, that I felt if only I could devote my life, as Robert Taylor did, to helping someone like her, I would have done at least one noble thing. It is an immortal characterization and should uplift people and inspire them.

The whole cast was pleasing, the acting excellent. "Magnificent Obsession" is a great proof that the moving picture industry is for a deeper purpose than "an evening's entertainment." The picture is a tribute to intelligent, thinking people.

J. A. Foley, Oak Park, I11.

---

**THIRD PRIZE—$5**

**QUITE SO—**

Having been a reporter for many years, I want to toss a bouquet to James Stewart, for his perfectly natural portrayal of the reporter, Christopher Tyler, in "Next Time We Love." Those of us who are in the game get a big laugh out of the Eat-'Em-Alive editors, and blasé reporters choosing their own assignments, and telling the editors where to get off—as shown all too frequently on the screen. If there were a newspaper office of the Hollywood type, it might be more dramatic than the real article, but there isn't.

James Stewart didn't even dash up to the City Desk and

---

Jane Woodbury has some intricate new steps in her Cuban dance for Warner's "Anthony Adverse"
sout, “Chief, I've got a big scoop.” His kind of reporter might be found in any city room in any newspaper office in any town. It was a swell piece of acting.

FLORENCE LONG, Indianapolis, Ind

$1 PRIZE
IN DEFENSE OF WESTERNS

I like Westerns. What’s more, I’m not afraid to admit it. Most people nowadays would sooner swallow their false teeth than own up to a liking for Horse-Opera, but this regrettable state of affairs is not at all the fault of the above-mentioned type of screen offering.

It is rather this foolish desire for super sophistication and culture, so accentuated today, which is the root of the matter. People seem to think that unless they can appreciate Grand Opera and Shakespeare in the movies, their “I.Q.” is not quite up to par.

That is as it may be, but the fact remains that there is no good reason why they should not relax a bit and go to see a good Western picture.

However, there is one last stronghold from which the Western will never be driven.

That is the Country Town, where the people are not enfeebled by pseudo-culture and are not always trying to Keep Up With the Joneses. When a Western comes to town they go—one and all. Here’s to ‘em!

STEPHEN LEACOCK, JR., Montreal, Canada.

$1 PRIZE
WE AGREE

Sound the loud timbrel for Blanche Yurka’s magnificent portrayal of Madame De Farge in “A Tale of Two Cities.” It is not better than Colman’s performance, but it is as great. She drains every atom of poison out of the rôle and buries it into our system. She smacks her lips over the sharp venomous sentences of the wine-woman; yet one gets an impression of womanliness that Madame De Farge might have had if her hate had not made her a monster.

A grand actress, this Blanche Yurka.

E. S. BAUER,
Long Beach, Calif.

$1 PRIZE
A REAL CHANGE

So many times when we go to the movies expecting to see decidedly “changed” or different stars according to the publicity, we are disappointed, for we find the only difference is a new stage setting and clothes. But once, a real change has taken place in a star, done by the simple trick of sheding one color of hair for another. I think this change in Jean Harlow in her picture “Rififi,” gives to her admirers the real personality of the star, who may now be exploited for the fine talent she possesses and not merely for a halo of platinum hair.

I hope she clings to her new hair color.

ANNE TENNANT,
Springfield, Ohio.

This slightly sardonic looking gentleman is the distinguished humorist Irvin Cobb, studying for his rôle in “Everybody’s Old Man.”

Patricia Ellis, pretty Warner’s player, balances her passion for chocolate sundaes with constant exercise. Her next appearance will be in “Boulder Dam.”

$1 PRIZE
“ROSE MARIE” ENRAPTURES

Hereafter the public is going to be most critical of a producer who uses Nelson Eddy without Jeanette MacDonald in any operetta.

Nelson Eddy is the idol of America’s fair sex today. He is a superb singer and as handsome as his photographs. The beautiful Jeanette MacDonald is immensely admired. She sings gloriously, and both can act.

The press agent’s panacs of praise did not overstate the attractions of “Rose Marie.” The standards of greatness normally demanded of a dozen pictures are all met in a single production. The music of “Rose Marie” is greater than that of “Naughty Marietta.”

MARIE AVRUD, Denver, Colo.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 105]
**BRIEF REVIEWS**

**OF CURRENT PICTURES**

**CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION**

*INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED*

---

Winsome Virginia Bruce is more glorious than ever in "The Great Ziegfeld." This is one of the pictures for your "must see" list.

---

**AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE**—Universal.—Only the droll humor of ZaSu Pitts and Hugh O'Conndell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

**ALL WILDERNESS**—M-G-M.—O'Neill's great American comedy romance, Eric Linden suffers the pangs of young love, is disillusioned and brought back to the life by Lionel Barrymore, superb, as the father. Wholesome, charming and delightful. See it by all means. (Feb.)

**ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND**—Gaumont-British.—Thriftless and laughing alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hubert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hubert. (Dec.)

**ALICE ADAMS**—RKO- Radio.—A perfect screen version of Booth Tarkington's story of the small town girl who lacks money, background and sex appeal, with Katharine Hepburn giving the finest performance of her career. Fred MacMurray, Fred Stone, Anne Shoemaker. (Nov.)

**ANNAPOLIS FAREWELL**—Paramount.—A tearful, sentimental record of the time-honored traditions of Annapolis and the rigid discipline of its midshipmen. Sir Guy Standing, Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell. (Nov.)

**ANNE OAKLEY**—RKO- Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-keen Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cupid outshoots her. A hit. (Jan.)

**ANOTHER FACE**—RKO- Radio.—Exciting comedy mystery. Public enemy Brian Donlevy remakes his face and hides in Hollywood studios. Wallace Ford and Allan Hale commendable. (Feb.)

**ANYTHING GOES**—Paramount.—Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman in smart sparkling nonsense about a shipboard mix-up. Charles Ruggles and Arthur Panama lead a parade of clever clowns. Good entertainment. (Mar.)

**BARBARY COAST**—Samuel Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco's disreputable waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Mitian Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as "Old Avery." (Dec.)

**BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN**—Paramount.—The third Hop-Mon-Cussey story. Top-notch Western stuff with Bill Boyd rescuing a neighbor from cattle thieves. Exciting and logical. (Feb.)

**BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE**—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest names of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravagant revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

**BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE**—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Limehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edward Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Dec.)

**BONNIE SCOTLAND**—Roach-MGM.—Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy rump through their customary antics and nonsensical sketches using Scotland as their locale. Grand fun when the team is in focus, but otherwise dull. (Nov.)

**BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT**—First National.—Ross Alexander in a bright, snappy little comedy of the near-do-well window who fools his critics in the appliance business, Anita Louise lovely as his trusting wife, but it's Ross' show. (April)

**BRIDE COMES HOME, THE**—Paramount.—Romantic and frolicsome, with Claudeette Colbert as an heiress and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle. Grand fun. (Feb.)

**BROADWAY HOSTESS**—Warners.—A slow-moving, improbable story of torch singer (Wini Shaw) and her manager (Lyle Talbot) sky-rocketing to fame. Uninterestig. (Feb.)

**CAPPY RICKS RETURNS**—Republic.—Peter B. Kyne's lovable character once more provides the audience with plenty of laughs and exciting entertainment when he beats his business rivals. Robert McWade, Ray Walker, Florine McKinney. (Nov.)

**CAPTAIN BLOOD**—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—Sabatini story of buccaneers in the 17th century combined with action, romance, excitemet and adventure. A new star Errol Flynn supported by fine cast including Olivia De Havilland, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Lionel Atwill. Splendid. Do see it. (Mar.)

**CASE OF THE LUCKY LEGS, THE**—First National.—Warren Williams, superbly suave and witty, gallantly unravels a leg-contest promoter's murder with the amusing assistance of Genevieve Tobin. You'll have a grand time finding the man. (Dec.)

**CEILING ZERO**—Warners.—A perfect aviation picture with honest characters, believable situations and flawless direction by Howard Hawks. James Cagney is the irascible ace aviator, Pat O'Brien his serious boss. Tense drama and outstanding aviation photography. (Mar.)

**CHARLIE CARR IN SHANGHAI**—20th Century-Fox.—Murder at a dinner table gives Chauncey Cohn another opportunity of teaching his son more of the elements necessary for a good detective. Worth while. (Nov.)

**CHATTERBOX**—RKO- Radio.—Tea and laughter with Ann Shirley as stage-struck country miss who hears city's laughter in her big moment. Philip Holmes comforts her. (Mar.)

**COLLEEN**—Warners.—Conglomeration of farce, musical comedy and straight drama. Joan Blondell as a dizzy chocolate dipper and Jack Oakie are bright spots. Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler so-so. (April)

---

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 8]
They love to singa

So Al Jolson, Sybil Jason, The Yacht Club Boys, Cab Calloway & His Band, Edward Everett Horton, Wini Shaw, Lyle Talbot, Allen Jenkins and Claire Dodd have joined forces and voices in a Celebrity-Packed Warner Bros. Song Show that recalls the Glories of Al's Immortal "Singing Fool."

"THE SINGING KID"

Al knocks 'em dead with 'I Love To Sing-a', 'Save Me Sister' and other torrid tunes by E. Y. Harburg and Harold ('Stormy Weather') Arlen.

The King of Swing & his hot band show how they do it in Harlem to the tune of Cab Calloway's own new song, 'You Got To Have Hi-De-Ho In Your Soul'.

'Sonny Boy' in skirts! The world's greatest and the world's youngest entertainers form one of the most delightful picture partnerships in years.

Those Yacht Club Boys, boast of Broadway's and Hollywood's niftiest night spots, are musically madder than ever in 'My! How This Country Has Changed'.

Girls! Girls! 100's of 'em! bring Harlem to Hollywood in lavish dance numbers staged by Bobby Connolly, forming a gorgeous backdrop for the dramatic story which was directed by William Keighley for First National Pictures.
PICTURES REVIEWED IN THE SHADOW STAGE

Save this magazine and clip to the front of your own reference files. May they serve you well in the coming months.

BRIEFLY REVIEWED—210th Century-Fox—106


BROKEN ARM—Cary Grant, Lucille Ball, and Grace Kelly. A good story, well told. Cary Grant is excellent as a villain. Lucille Ball is as usual excellent. A good story, well told. A must see.


KLONDIKE ANNIE—Paramount.—Mae West, rather offensive mugging sex with religion, turns evangelist in a clumsy tale of the Klondike gold rush. Victor McLaglen wallows harmlessly. You'll yawn. (Feb.)

LA MATERNELLE—Metropolis.—Remarkable in its plot and in some respects, of "Madelon in Uniform," it is one of the most jealously guarded children's films. The Latin Quarter-day nursery will appeal to discriminating theater goers. (Nov.)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO Radio.—A magnificent spectacle and spectacle is greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Freulich-Lytton title. Preston Foster places the performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator and rescues a child. The whole family will enjoy this one. (Dec.)

LAST OF THE PAGANS—M-G-M.—Relating a mighty Polyesian hunter's fight for love, Authentic South Sea realism is evident. The cast is excellent. (Feb.)

LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.—The aged triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves to be a fair picture. (Dec.)

LEATHERHEARTS HAVE LANDED, THE—Republic.—Plenty of action in this illogical tale of a rambunctious marine, Lew Ayres, who reinserts himself through his heroism for the stars and stripes. Isabel Jewell is believable. (A pri)

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.—The magnificent adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled in this important motion picture with Admiral Byrd making a personal and handsome actor. Worth while seeing. (Jan.)

LITTLE REBEL, THE—20th Century-Fox—Shirley Temple weeps, sings and dances as the daughter of John Rolfe, a Confederate army captain. Bill ROBINSON makes it delightful. (Jan.)

LOVE ON A BET—RKO Radio.—Amusing dialogue, unique comedy situations and effort- less Ricardo Montalban by Helen Broderick, Kay Barrie, and Gene Raymond, who sets out to win a bet against impossible odds. Grand fun. (Jan.)

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION—Universal.—Faye Dunaway is operated on by John Stahl. Robert Taylor wows a young widow. Irene Dunne, aged, good. Her, then to her life to surgery. Spectacular performances by both. Highly recommended. (Mar.)

MAN HUNT—Warner.—Fairly bright tale of a hobo, Alan Ladd, in William Gargan and school-marm Margaret Churchill who tackle the Big City for escaped bad man Ricardo Cortez. Chic Bae captures him. (Jan.)

MARY BURNS, FUGITIVE—Warner.—The dramatic vivacities of a feminine fugitive from injustice. Sylvia Sidney, Myron Douglas and Alan Baxter are excellent. (Feb.)

MELODY LINGERS ON, THE—Reliance.—A good cast headed by Josephine Hutchinson and George Hearn, uninteresting drama. A plot, story. A student abroad in 1914 has a child by an opera singer, the child is taken. She finds him grown and stages an incertitude on a music hall stage. (Feb.)

MELODY TRAIL—Republic.—Gene Autry's pleasant, easy warbling of cowboy ballads is the redeeming feature of this impossible potpourri of cast rustling, kidnaping and rodeos. (Dec.)

METROPOLITAN—20th Century-Fox.—Grand opera scenes behind the scenes of baritone Charles MacArthur. Directed by Roger Dirson, Virginia Bruce, Alice Brady and George Marion, Sr. are exceptional. Direction outstanding. (Jan.)

MIDNIGHT PHANTOM—Reliable.—Fairly entertaining and interesting as Reginald Denny plays a murder committing a murder committed in police headquarters. Competent cast with Charles Blackwell and Margaret Lindsay. (Jan.)

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—A—Warners Bros.—Shakespeare is brought to the screen after considerable anticipation and speculation. The one thing that this fantasy version fails to do is to cast to afford entertainment to all, but the devices used to create a romantic entertainment are not necessarily different. It is a milestone in the progress of making fantasies and as such is tremendously significant. (Dec.)

MILKY WAY, THE—Paramount.—Harold Lloyd better than ever in a "Casper Macabre" character as he costars with the Flapper in this "I get away with murder" comedy. (Dec.)

MILLIONS IN THE AIR—Paramount.—Featherweight comedy of amateur radio hour. Ward Barrie and Joel Howard an appealing sweetness. (Dec.)

MISS PACIFIC FLEET—Warners.—The team of Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell skitter through a lightweight comedy about a popularity contest. Broad comedy, but monotonous. (Feb.)

MISTER HOOBO—GE.—George Arliss being himself in a bright tale of the highway. Gene Gerrard Viola Keats and an excellent supporting cast. (Feb.)

MORDANT— wartime.—Charles Chaplin.—United Artists.—Charles Chaplin's new opus. Unadulterated comedy served up in the old balancing Chaplin style. The musical score is excellent, and he sings. See it by all means. (Feb.)

MORALS OF MARCUS—G. B.—Lange Velzy, fiery temperament makes a delightful and amusing story of a plot that is not altogether new, but which will, nevertheless, afford you an evening's entertainment. Ian Hunter opposite Lupe. (Nov.)

MURDER OF DOROTHY HARRIANG, THE—Warner.—Worries are decent, but the performance in this unsatisfactory mystery which has some terrific technical flaws pas. (Jan.)

MUSIC IN MAGNIFICENT—20th Century-Fox—Bebe Daniels and John Ireland are superb. They won't be age, steps out and shows some real troup ing in a plot semi-musical and magnificent. Fayre and Ray Walker, and enlivened by snappy ditties. (Dec.)

At his own request, George Bancroft was given the role of the newspaper editor in "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town."
UNITED IN DANGER
LAUGHTER and LOVE!

Three great stars together . . . in a glorious and courageous venture that decided the fate of three nations!

Wallace
BEERY
Barbara
STANWYCK
John
BOLES
in
A MESSAGE
to GARCIA

with
ALAN HALE • HERBERT MUNDIN • MONA BARRIE

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck
Suggested by Elbert Hubbard's Immortal Essay and the Book by Lieut. Andrew S. Rowan

Associate Producer, Raymond Griffith • Directed by George Marshall
Lubitsch is out of Paramount. Dietrich has returned to Europe. Mae West has gone to sign with Ben Schulberg—which means that her pictures will probably be released henceforth through Columbia.

Winfield Sheehan who used to be head of Fox is heading toward Paramount. Already several of those who worked closest to him in the old outfit have Paramount appointments.

At Universal no one knows positively from day to day who owns the studio. The Laemmles are reported out then reported in again.

At Warners the actors are in a rage. James Cagney became so disturbed over the threat to his career he believed five pictures yearly to be that he took his troubles to court, got himself declared a free lance, or, in other words, free to act where he liked, as rôles called him, and not forced to work out his existing contract. The Brothers Warner promptly announced that they would appeal this decision in an effort to force Jimmy back on the payroll, which, considering that the fiery James gets $4,500 every week, is wanting him very much indeed. Meanwhile, Pat O'Brien is on suspension for refusing to play the same rôle Jimmy refused to play. Ann Dvorak has lost in the court battle and must go back to work, whether or not she likes it.

The Screen Actors' Guild openly boycotts the Academy and a junior guild is in rapid process of formation, which promises to take every extra off a set where stars, not members of the guild, try to perform.

Dudley Nichols, who was given the 1935 Academy writing award a few weeks ago for adapting "The Informer" for the screen, turns back the statue with a polite nod to the effect that he cannot accept the honor, being a member of the Screen Writers Guild and, therefore, not approving of the Academy.

Never has Hollywood been in more of a turmoil.

AND yet, reversely, never has Hollywood been making better pictures.

FOR several years now this war between the actors and producers has been seething. From the angle of an impartial observer like myself this argument has its two faces. Just as I have never known an author who was satisfied with his
publisher, just so is the actor who is satisfied with his producer a rare phenomenon. Temperament, passion, beauty make a bad mixture with the cold intelligence that must be used to run a business.

Actors are natural vagabonds; like all creative people, natural rebels, when they begin to talk in terms of their second million, it’s more apt than not to muddle them up.

The situation is considerably complicated by the rise of the Hollywood agent. Being on commission, it is to his advantage to get his client the highest possible wage, which is agony to the producer. The agent tells the client to hold out a certain sum at option time; if producer A won’t give it to him, says the agent, producer B will. Producers A and B have a pact not to raid each other’s stars, but a good star is money in the bank and there the trouble starts.

To me the most hopeful note in the whole thing is the matter of lending stars from one organization to another; this tends to keep everyone reasonably happy and it certainly makes for better productions.

The most money grubbing star will usually exchange a smaller salary for a better part, and, with roles tailored to fit, they seldom care where they play them, all other conditions being equal.

The situation is considerably complicated by the rise of the Hollywood agent. Being on commission, it is to his advantage to get his client the highest possible wage, which is agony to the producer. The agent tells the client to hold out a certain sum at option time; if producer A won’t give it to him, says the agent, producer B will. Producers A and B have a pact not to raid each other’s stars, but a good star is money in the bank and there the trouble starts.

To me the most hopeful note in the whole thing is the matter of lending stars from one organization to another; this tends to keep everyone reasonably happy and it certainly makes for better productions.

The most money grubbing star will usually exchange a smaller salary for a better part, and, with roles tailored to fit, they seldom care where they play them, all other conditions being equal.

Twenty-first Century-FOX and Metro have a particularly successful working arrangement; Metro with some inner genius seems to understand better than any other organization how to keep its players happy. These two companies have most recently used Janet Gaynor as a basis of exchange for Robert Taylor. Paramount exchanged Carole Lombard with Universal to get Margaret Sullavan. The dollar element in these transactions is not nearly so important as the personality factor. Already the edict has gone out that new discovery, James Stewart, is too valuable to be loaned out for a while.

It is amusing to think of actors being figuring out like cargo shipments of sugar as opposed to rubber, or what have you, like the export-import trade, but this is actually how the scheme operates.

Recently I am told that Pioneer offered $500,000 for Fred Astaire for six weeks and didn’t get him. Radio isn’t a gold mine, but Mr. Astaire as their exclusive property was worth more than the half million to them. But if Pioneer had had an Elisabeth Bergner to exchange to play the role of Queen Elizabeth in “Mary of Scotland.” let’s say, the situation would have been very different. Pioneer had only money, and here is a case where money wasn’t enough.

If I bore you by giving you here the inside on the motion picture “business,” the actual wheels within wheels that make this amazing industry go round, you have only to write and tell me so and I will stop writing about it, but it fascinates me as much as the personality stories that rightly appear on Photoplay’s other pages. Here in my corner I feel I may tell you the other aspects of Hollywood, those secret factors that go behind the scenes that really make it a world power.

On the next few pages of this issue you will see several stories in which I have attempted to keep my word to you, given months ago, when I took over the editorship of this magazine; I promised to give you “big name” writers and important news stories on Hollywood. In the “big name” class I have in these five months given you James Hilton, Dorothy Speare, Channing Pollock, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Hagar Wilde and now, in this issue, Hugh Walpole.

Although he has been a Hollywood resident for almost two years, this has been the first time any magazine has been able to get Mr. Walpole to write about the movie world.

As for news stories, in this issue are three I was told we couldn’t get. “They” said Dick Powell wouldn’t talk about Joan Blondell, that Henry Fonda wouldn’t talk about Margaret Sullavan, and that positively Joan Crawford would not discuss her second marriage. So the talented Photoplay staff went to work and we got all three.
A DRAWING-ROOM DRAMA

Scene: Twentieth Century Limited, Chicago to New York

Drawing Room "A"

Drawing Room "B"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"So the great Cherry Chester, sweetheart of the screen, is on this train. Ugh! Those marshmallow-faced movie stars make me sick."

Cherry Chester
"H-m-m! Anthony Amberton, the great novelist, the one and only, on this train! Bet they've put the big monkey in the baggage car."

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"Miss Chester says marriage should be like a ski jump. Sudden, reckless, Blah...!"

Cherry Chester
"Mr. Amberton has conquered the highest peaks known to travelers. Bilge! Absolute bilge!"

ANTHONY AMBERTON
"I would like to see her just once... perhaps... no, I must be moonstruck."

Cherry Chester
"I wonder what he really does look like... maybe... but, no, it's probably that silly old moon."

HENRY FONDA
as Anthony Amberton... explorer-author, the darling of the women's clubs.

MARGARET SULLAVAN
as Cherry Chester... sensational young movie star, darling of Hollywood.

What the "silly old moon" does to two celebrities who yearn for romance in the moonlight instead of sensation in the spotlight, is entertainingly told in Paramount's "THE MOON'S HOME" starring MARGARET SULLAVAN, with Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Walter Brennan, Beulah Bondi, Henrietta Crosman... Adapted from Faith Baldwin's Cosmopolitan Magazine Serial... A Walter Wanger Production... Directed by William A. Seiter.
Nobody Is Safe In Hollywood

This is the first word about Hollywood that I have ever written for publication, and I do so now with a certain hesitation and even diffidence. So I will say at once that after a year and a half in this place, a year and a half broken by one serious illness which took me to England, I find it altogether unlike anything that I have read about it, and very definitely I'm on its side. This last remark must inevitably be disappointing, because the only way, apparently, to make Hollywood interesting is to be tickled to death by it or shocked to the depths of one's puritan soul. I haven't myself got a puritan soul, but in any case, Hollywood wouldn't shock me.

In the first place, there's myself, age fifty-one, an ancient bachelor who has been writing novels for nearly thirty years and has seen, like all his contemporaries, the world turn upside-down a number of times. When after having been here only a few weeks last year I, within the space of one hour, saw a motor car chased by the police down the streets of Los Angeles, guns firing, men shouting, women screaming, saw a gentleman slap the face of another gentleman in a well-known restaurant, saw a well-known film star burst into tears quite unexpectedly outside a soda fountain, I said to myself "this is the Hollywood I've always learned to expect." Now, a year later, I'm ready to affirm, with my hand on my heart, that Hollywood is more respectable, more sedate and more easily friendly than the little English cathedral town in which I spent all my childhood years. But don't be disappointed. For the exciting and remarkable thing about Hollywood is that its quietness and respectability is interlaced with extraordinary events and astonishing people. I'll try to explain.

The first thing to realize about this strange district, stretching from the dreary vastness of Los Angeles to the grey sulky sea at Santa Monica, is that it is cut off completely from all the rest of the world. Nothing that happens in the world or beyond it matters here, unless that happening is connected with pictures. Last year my secretary said to me one day, "Mr. Walpole, dreadful things have been happening in Europe. A King has been killed and several presidents, and France and England are at Civil War." I picked up an evening paper and found that part of this account at least was true. I ran onto the set where friends of mine were rehearsing a picture in which I was interested, caught the director by the arm and began: "Henry, the whole of Europe is in

"When you first look at Hollywood at night, you think it's Hans Anderson. When you know it a little, you discover it's Grimm!"
In his first written words about Hollywood, the famous author tours the terrifyingly unstable town with the ever-changing horizon

By Hugh Walpole

an uproar. Kings have been killed and presidents assassinated.” At that moment the little bell rang, my friend shouted: “Camera!” and for some minutes I was as though I did not exist. After that I tried again. “Henry,” I said, “two kings have been killed, several presidents assassinated, the whole of Europe is in revolution.”

“Look at that girl!” Henry cried. “Can’t even walk across that room properly. Here! Can’t you remember?” he shouted to her. Shaking my head I gave up the attempt.

Some clever person has described the whole Los Angeles district as six suburbs in search of a city. Once, standing at a window with Charles Laughton, looking down on the great valley saturated with colored lights of every variety, he said to me: “Hugh, when you first look at this by night, you think it’s Hans Anderson. When you know it a little, you discover that it’s Grimm.” It is not only grim, but it shifts as you look at it. Travelling at a death-daring pace through it, you would suppose it to be the temporary settlement of a city Fair. Bearing earthquakes in your mind, you feel that every building, even the finest, may disappear at twenty-four hours’ notice. The distances from one place to another are terrific. And when you go out to dinner at night with perhaps an hour’s drive before you reach your destination, it seems to you that you must have escaped the raft on which you’ve been perched all day and are in sight at last of a solid ocean liner, only upon entering the house of a friend to find that you’re exactly where you started. This instability gives everything a transitory air. The whole mode of life is more casual than anywhere else in the world. You are asked to dinner at eight. You crowd around your host’s private bar, all of you packed tight together, and there is nothing to do but drink until ten when dinner appears or doesn’t appear, as the case may be. By that time you find you’ve not been invited to a dinner party, but to a kind of social football match, and you’re not at all certain on which side you’re playing. If you are an old conventional Englishman, as I am, you determine that you will find stability somewhere. And so, you acquire a little house as I did five months ago.

This was a charming little building in the Spanish style, with a delightful garden and white walls on which you might hang your pictures, shelves for your favorite books, everything handsome about you. But before I’d been in it three weeks, the whole atmosphere changed. The house opposite, with which I’d determined to be on friendly terms, had begun to disappear. Somebody was pulling it down, for what reason I cannot conceive, while on either side of me, on small spaces of ground where you could not,
you would have supposed, find room to swing a cat, two new houses were arising. Shaving every morning, I looked down from my window. First there was a hole dug in the ground. Then there were boards laid one upon another. Then someone came along and tacked bricks onto the boards. In another day or two, someone had tacked a roof onto the bricks, and finally some artistic person arranged three flowers in pots on the patio and the house was completed. This may seem unimportant, but it is in reality at the very root of the matter. Because not only is the horizon changing with each minute, but the lives of all the people who figure in the foreground are changing too. So that the very first thing to realize about Hollywood, I think, is that nobody is safe.

In the beginning there were the motor cars. All the world, we know, is now dangerous for everyone. But no place anywhere is so dangerous as Hollywood. For one thing, the police of Los Angeles—I say this with all respect—seem to me to be very peculiar people. They are naturally and rightly anxious to reduce the death and accident totals which are certainly appalling. But they set about this by hiding between trees, in bushes, and up deserted lanes, waiting to pounce on some occasional person who goes too fast or doesn’t stop at the change of a light. You never see a policeman anywhere. You hear them sometimes in the distance. And the result of this is that every driver rushes from point to point, pulls up unexpectedly because he thinks a policeman may be hiding behind some particular tree, or dashes wildly across the road when he thinks a policeman is somewhere near, with results that are simply terrifying.

In the middle of this confusion studios are scattered about. I used to imagine, before I came here, that there were only two things in Hollywood—studios and beautiful ladies. And that a studio was a place where pictures were made and where certain fortunate people earned enormous sums of money. But a studio is not at all the simple thing that articles in magazines have led one to believe. They are fortresses, inside which every kind of human drama takes place. They appear to be the only solid thing in this shifting world.

When first I came here, I was asked whether I would prefer to work at home or have an office at the studio. In past years there have been many cases of Englishmen arriving to work in Hollywood, agreeing to do their work in their own quiet homes, and then being quietly buried and entirely forgotten, only resurrected after many many months by their own terrified energy.

There is, for instance, the legend of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse, who came here for a whole year, worked in his home, received enormous checks every week, and then, as nobody appeared to be aware of his existence, took a boat back to England again. There is a story, how true I do not know, of a little house in Hollywood inhabited for a year and a half by an Englishman who wrote and wrote and wrote and finally died there, was buried in the back garden by someone who discovered the corpse, and is still being advertised for in the English newspapers.

Let me say at once that all that is impossible now. Anyone who receives his weekly check is supposed to work for it, and I may say, for one that at certain times during my stay here I have worked harder than ever in my life before. At other times, I’ve listened to the radio and endeavored to solve chess problems. This brings me to the next curious fact, which is, that it is very difficult to discover, who is really responsible for the energies of this vast industry. I heard the other day that someone, having been given a story to write, worked hard for three or four weeks, covered a good deal of paper and then took the right man who had given him the original order. That gentleman was, he discovered, far away in Africa. So, a little baffled, he asked who it was that had charge of this particular picture. He was told of another gentleman and to him he telephoned steadily for some three or four weeks. When he at last saw him, he was referred to a lady who lived at the top of a hill somewhere at the back of Beverly. He rang the lady up and she very courteously invited him to lunch. He went to the top of the hill and Beverly, spent a charming hour there, but discovered that the lady knew nothing about his story.

Completely confused by this time, he went home again and worked for another two months and finished his story, not knowing what else to do. The only thing that was completely mysterious to him was that his checks arrived every week with perfect regularity. He didn’t like taking all this money for nothing, so he took his finished story back to the studio and presented it anxiously to two or three different persons, one after the other. None of them had time to read his story, but by that time his contract was up and so he went back to England. It is necessary then if anyone is to make any mark upon Hollywood, to fix firmly upon the persons with whom you are determined to be concerned and never leave them alone for a moment.

In every studio there are two or three individuals who resemble the monarchs of some Ruritanian state. There is the King, two or three Cabinet Ministers and a temporary favorite or two. I have worked in the main for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. The King of that studio is Mr. Louis B. Mayer, his Prime Minister, Mr. Eddie Mannix, and he has a cabinet of some half dozen gentlemen. There is a real aspect of royalty about these figures. They control state affairs of infinite complexity. From world-famous stars like Greta Garbo and Clark Gable to the least important of the janitors there is a perpetual consciousness of these sacred figures. They communicate with their subjects on little blue slips, which have the air of dropping from heaven. Once and again one of them is seen to be walking like [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
The new Bing Crosby, veddy serious! You see, Bing just never could get to an appointment on time, but now he confounds everyone by arriving early! "Rhythm on the Range" is his next
Clark Gable goes back to his down-to-earth he-manner in his next, "San Francisco." Also, he will have gorgeous Jeanette MacDonald to sing to him. (There's no mention of whether Clark will sing. But he has been known to warble — informally. No serious complaints from any of his friends—as yet)

CLARENCE SINCLAIR BULL
Welcome back, Loretta! It won't be long before you'll be able to see her again, well and strong, the charming Loretta Young, lovelier than ever in her first picture after a very long siege of illness. She's in "The Unguarded Hour." Franchot Tone, that handsome hero, is playing opposite Loretta
Frances Drake, the delightful eyeful who turned from dancing to drama, now turns from her heavy emoting in "The Invisible Ray" to the lighter "Florida Special"
Dick Powell Admits He's In Love

At last, the all-time non-marrying bachelor tells, with an amazing humility, just what "the only girl" means to him!

By Walter Ramsey

When "Stage Struck" was announced as: "... the next co-starring film of that newest romantic couple, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell," the most surprised, if not the only surprised people in Hollywood were Joan Blondell and Dick Powell.

For months, Dick has been doing everything in his power, utilizing newspaper friendship at his command to spare Joan Blondell the possible embarrassment that might come through the coupling of their names before Joan, who has been divorced from George Barnes for almost the required year, becomes legally free.

That, strictly, is the real reason back of his maneuverings for the most secluded spot in the Trocadero for dinner, his repeated requests that the candid-camera boys give them a break by passing them by and all the other doges he has used to avoid autograph fans and photographers. That such gallantry is considered downright old-fashioned in this modern era certainly hasn't stopped Dick from an honest and sometimes amusing attempt (at least to Hollywood) to keep their names out of the gossip columns.

But now that the seal of official proclamation has been put on their romance, and the news is—so to speak—out of the bag, it has left Mr. Powell even a bit more than unusually bewildered and at-sea over the ways of Hollywood.

"The longer I stay here, the less I know about this town," he said. "First, I find myself as the non-marrying bachelor of all time—complete with clauses in my contract to the effect that I must refrain from entertaining matrimonial ideas during the entire agreement. It was supposed to be 'good for me'—like spinach or something. I always figured that was very silly considering that almost every important male star on the screen is married. But just when I'd become reconciled to that status, along they come proclaiming Joan and myself 'Hollywood's newest romance'."

He isn't angry about it. Or even temperamental. In a way, I think he is a little relieved that the whole world is to be in on the secret: that he's a young man very much in love for the first time since he came to Hollywood—that nothing in his life has ever meant to him what Joan's friendship means—and that if they aren't married when Joan is free, legally, it won't be because he hasn't tried his darndest. Only that isn't the word he uses.
For admit it he does. And for an about-town eligible of Dick's far-flung repute, this all-time, non-marrying bachelor admits to love with a humbleness that is amazing.

"I wish I could say I was going to marry Joan. Nothing in the world would make me happier. But how can I make such a statement when she isn't free to consider me, one way or another? All I can say is that I am going to try like hell to marry her! If our marriage doesn't come about, you will know it wasn't from any lack of trying on my part."

Now I've always liked Dick a lot, but I've never liked him better than the moment he made that sincerely-honest statement—right from the heart without evasion or the common Hollywood denial-without-grace that usually follows these romance rumors. When my favorite box-office singing wow—who has been billed all the way from "The Debutante's Delight" on down to "The Most Illusive Bachelor in Hollywood"—breaks down as just an average young guy in love and wonders if the One-Girl-in-the-World is going to love him, Dick goes right to the head of the class in my eyes! Personally, is the only real and important way to live. I think people respect you more. Yes, even actors. When I built my home in the valley, you can take my word for it that I didn't put it up as a prospective club for bachelor poker games and a solitary life of freedom. What do I want to be free for? What does any man want to be free for? I've worked hard for my picture and radio careers and with a lot of luck I've been successful. But what's the good of all that if there's no one important to share it with you?

"It's a cinch I don't want to spend my years sitting alone in front of a fireplace—eating meals at off hours because there is no system to my life—turning night into day and day into night, with nothing to show for your life but a nod of recognition from night club head waiters! Not on your life! Not for me.

"That's why Joan's friendship means so much to me. It has normalized the completely aimless life I've been leading in Hollywood. I find I'm doing such things as eating my meals on time these days—notting more than my usual amount of

I've grown just a little tired of the cold-blooded strategy of other Hollywood idols who go about wishing they could "afford to be in love" and feeling that they can't, because of their careers. They're in love all right, but mostly with themselves. I've suspected all along that Hollywood hasn't even been scratched by movie town routine.

He was stretched out in his dressing room for a short rest between scenes of his picture with Marion Davies "Hearts Divided." Even if it hadn't been for the towel stuck between his neck and his collar (to keep the make-up off his shirt), he would hardly have presented a figure of box office dignity as he sprawled in a low chair, his feet propped on an ottoman, flicking ashes in a little circle about him. But then, Dick has never taken himself with any great degree of reverence. He considers he's been luckier than a pair of loaded-dice in a Harlem crap game. That's the way Dick looks at his movie career and believe you me, it's just about the most levelheaded viewpoint in Hollywood.

"You know as well as I do that all this stuff about me being a Man-about-town, the evasive bachelor, was just a lot of nonsense from the start. But before Joan came along, it didn't matter much. I might as well have been painted as a gay Lothario as in my carpet slippers. Long ago, before Hollywood, I was married and divorced and I can honestly say that I've been looking for and hoping, ever since that time, for a perfect marriage."

"I think being happily married..."
sleep, mostly because we haven’t any pretenses to maintain and can both admit that we have next day’s work to face. We go to an early movie together; I used to call up one of the boys. We sit in front of the fire and talk for hours. We do a lot of things that are fun to figure out together and yet we aren’t on-the-go all the time. What’s the sense in denying that I know I’ve found the girl with whom I want to share my life?

“I think Joan understands; I hope she does because, frankly, we haven’t discussed the subject of marriage yet! That is the truth. In the first place, she isn’t free to make up her mind quite yet and in the second place, I want to marry Joan so much that I don’t want to hurry her or force the issue of a second marriage before she has had time to get the right perspective on it. After all, Joan and I each have a broken marriage in the past. She has a child whom we both adore. But these are not problems that can be settled lightly. We must allow time to heal the hurts and disillusionment divorce inevitably brings. Certainly these are no light problems for a girl so sincere and fine as Joan.”

In one way, it was a foregone conclusion and in another it must have come as a surprise to Dick and Joan—this new happiness they have found in each other. Though it is impossible for Joan to say anything on the subject yet, it is easy to see that something very real and very important has come into her life just as it has to Dick. The girl couldn’t look so radiantly beautiful and so utterly happy these days if it hadn’t!

Joan, with her sense of humor, her even disposition and her gift for quick laughter, has always been one of the most popular girls in Hollywood. “The best scout on the lot...” used to be the accepted descriptive phrase about Joan. She’s still all of that; but lately, there is a new Hollywood interest in Joan: in the way she is wearing just about the smartest clothes in town... in the svelte slenderness of her figure and the sparkle of happiness that seems to glow from everything she does on or off the screen.

Of course, they’ve been casual friends on the Warner Brothers lot for years. They’ve made several pictures together and there was always much gaiety and fun on their set—but then there is always laughter wherever Joan is. Just friends. Then, suddenly, Joan divorced George Barnes.

For a little while, nothing happened to change the complete casualness of their long friendship. Then it started very simply with Dick dropping in at Joan’s house to take her to one of the previews or perhaps to the rushes of some recent scenes. Not that Dick was the only young gentleman of Hollywood with the idea! There were plenty of others, drawn by Joan’s wit and beauty and companionship, to offer competition... in the beginning. But as eager as these prospective escorts might have been at the start, they weren’t long in discovering that no matter where they wanted to take Joan, Dick had always taken her there first—even if it was just to the corner drugstore for an ice cream soda.

Yes, that’s the way the most illusive romance in Hollywood began. Dick has given his reasons why Joan’s companionship means so much to him. It is certain how much his companionship meant to her in one of the most trying periods of her life. There is a quality of earthy humanness about this tall auburn-haired young man, and a great deal of sympathetic understanding under that infectious grin. It is part of his huge success in pictures. And her affection for him is recognized by all her friends.

Where will it end? Will Dick marry Joan and take her to his beautiful house in the valley and find the answer to his dreams? We can’t tell you. Dick can’t tell you, yet. But remember Dick’s words:

“...you can tell the world I’m going to try like hell!”
Second Marriage—and

Photoplay opens the doors of a private paradise—the Tones' home, locked

THAT Joan Crawford's marriage to Franchot Tone is not the nine day wonder, the three ring circus, the county fair parade her honeymoon with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was, is not due to any lack of feverish interest among the inmates of Hollywood, where second marriage is just as good as first for stirring up excitement . . . if possible.

When Joan and Franchot came back from their surprise wedding in New York three months ago, Hollywood was more than willing to take up the game with them where it left off with Joan and Doug. And if you don't believe those first few months of married life between Joan and Doug were a “game” you easily forget the mincemeat for the Sunday supplements Hollywood made of it. From the very beginning Hollywood treated Joan's first marriage like a day-by-day account of "Blondie," in the funny paper,—and ended it a satire in a Broadway show!

If a sensitive girl's pride was torn and her heart hurt somewhere along that dizzy way, the world took no cognizance of it. Joan was the public's own Million Dollar Glamour Girl, one of the largest drawing fiction characters in the spotlight, and if they found her private love story amusing, well, they had made her what she was today, hadn't they? (Isn't that the phrase?)

But you can mark my words for it, and set it well in mind: Hollywood, or the public, or you or I shall make no Roman Holiday of Joan's second marriage! Even if we've put her where she is today! Even if we've bought and paid for her beauty and talent, and blazing, overwhelming personality a million times over at the box-office . . . which I doubt. There are two very excellent reasons why we won't.

The first is Franchot Tone.
The second is Joan Tone!

I mention Franchot first, because his cool, sane, reserved and perfectly normal outlook on life is influencing Joan's personality right now as men invariably influence and mold truly feminine women who love them.

To my way of thinking that is as great a compliment to Joan as it is to Franchot.

In spite of the tremendous success that has crowned her career, in spite of the box-office glories that could easily upset the normal “rightness” of masculine dominance, Joan, in love, remains the ultimate feminist. It is as though she somehow deliberately closed the door on the ambitious careerist who is Joan Crawford in electric lights, and becomes under the spell of her own emotionalism, an eagerly dependent girl. There may be other successful women of Hollywood who have this same surrendering modesty in the face of love, but I have not
Joan Crawford Tone
to an all-absorbed world since the surprise wedding  
By Dorothy Manners

and clip recipes was hurled into a grab-and-get man's world before her 'teens to battle her way to the top. And battle she did, without giving quarter or asking any. But even in the thick of the battle that little-girl-who-used-to-be was not lost.

That is why even when her love and her confidence have been misplaced, the men in her life have colored Joan's personality and formed the unconscious background for the many 'new Joans' of Hollywood publicity lore.

When Joan was the giddy girl of the Montmartre dancing days she thought she was in love with a youth who was even more of a playboy than her attempt to be a playgirl!

In the first stages of her sensational stardom while she was the victim of moods and melancholia, her closest friend was a man whose bitter and unhappy philosophy eventually led to a tragic death by his own hand.

And the Glamour Queen of the Joan-Douglas marriage was never the real Joan. She didn't even believe herself! They were like two Noel Coward characters, Joan and Doug, playing their roles in a sophisticated comedy that ran for two years!

But now that Joan is experiencing a love she can lean on for the first time in her life, it is amusing that she has never been more completely swayed by a man—and at the same time she has never been more completely herself. The masquerade of the Great Movie Star is over!

Even when Hollywood columnizes their marriage as "an artistic union of two sensitive souls in retreat" you do not get any answering Front Page denials from the Tones, out Brentwood way. They aren't to be baited into sensationalism by the cleverest traps!

If the repeated hints that Franchot is leading Joan away from a movie career toward the dramatic and operatic stage are fun for the daily grind . . . so be it!

If their study of music and their quite unpretentious way of entertaining constitute exciting rumors for the gossip mills . . . they go right on for all of Joan and Franchot.

They still invite the people they want to see to their home. They accept the invitations of people they want to be with. And they will continue their . . .

"They" may have made a Roman Holiday of Joan's first marriage, but you can bank on it that this time "they" won't! There are very good reasons why
Gloria Lorme hated horses, but the big producer loved them—and besides, there was that devil Pete Pryor—

By Hagar Wilde

GLORIA LORME was twenty. A ravishing, tawny-haired twenty. She'd been in pictures since she was sixteen. Hard as it is to achieve amethyst-colored eyes, the combination of her mother's blue eyes and the large gray eyes of her father, had bullied nature into presenting Gloria with those faintly purple, deepening to black near the iris, eyes that knock men over like ninepins.

Her success, in the past two years, had put her bank account into enviable figures, had thrown Pete Pryor into her life, and, evening things up, had put her in a nervous state which had grown, through overwork and a burning desire to play a certain part in a picture, now in the office of Monumental, to the point where the doctor prescribed a trip in the way that doctors have of prescribing trips, saying, without saying it really, that they will not be responsible for what happens if the trip is not taken.

So Gloria started for New York. She reflected as she boarded the train that one couldn't look a doctor straight in the eye and say, "I'm not having a nervous breakdown. I'm having a bad attack of Pete Pryor." It would be difficult to explain, over a doctor's desk all loaded with matters of import such as reports on basal metabolism tests and charts marked up and down with zig-zag lines, that Pete Pryor, executive extraordinary for Monumental, held her heart's desire in the palm of his hand and that hand was slowly closing on the poor little thing.

At least, she reflected bitterly, she was leaving Pete Pryor behind in Hollywood. That was something. Mr. Pryor, at the moment, was seated with his heels on his desk, making plane reservations for New York for the following day, cancelling a date to play polo, and smiling as only a serpent can smile. Gloria Lorme wanted the part of Delia in "Forever After," did she? Pete whistled tunefully and grinned.

Morris Solomon came in and sat down. Morris Solomon was the head of Monumental Pictures. He signed checks, trusted Pete Pryor implicitly because Pete was a crack golfer, trimmed him regularly and effortlessly at tennis and rode a horse as though it had been ordained at his birth that he was to be the world's best polo player. Mr. Solomon also was impressed by the fact that Pete was a gentleman jockey. Before his advent into Monumental offices as a major executive, Pete had been a shining light at Connecticut steeplechase and hunt meets. He was the darling of the Connecticut countryside.

Mr. Solomon put his head in his hands and made a groaning
Voices from a distance battered faintly at her ears. Pete's voice saying, "Gloria... darling. Sweet, open your eyes..."
Yours Truly Rural,

How "Mammy" came to mean Mother Nature to this Broadway singer

WHEN you hear his name—his very Great Name—you remember things, invariably. . . .

Al Jolson. The flare of a city at night; the triumphant blast of many saxophones. Great high-ceilinged theaters. Taxis and night-clubs and doormen. Black-face and white gloves. There's a Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder. Sonny Boy. MAMMY!

I found him, yesterday, at a citrus ranch in California's fertile San Fernando Valley. You get there by driving along smooth roads through fields and orchards and past a mission sleeping in the sun; you find the correct mailbox, walk up a shaded drive, and with what energy you still possess punch a little door-bell.

If anyone's awake you are guided to your host, who floats in his swimming pool behind the house. . . . Thus the new home and the new existence of Al Jolson, whose very name spells asphalt and bright lights. In very simple statement, he has bought a ranch and will live on it with his wife and son for the rest of his life. But the meaning behind that statement is epic with implications.

Those ten acres of orange and lemon and grapefruit trees, and that beautiful house, signify climax to the Jazz Singer's life story. They represent his philosophy, his love, everything he has worked for these many years. They represent his ambition and his dreams. And they represent an Al Jolson that no one ever knew, or ever thought existed.

I sat on my heels beside the pool and asked him about these things. I said: "So you're a hick now. Well, well. And the Empress of Japan is going to start taking in washing next week."

He swam to the side and looked up, grinning. "How do you like it? Nice, huh?"


He sloshed out of the water and sat down opposite me, dripping. "No," he answered very seriously, "I'm not trespassing. I'm at home. I'm at home for the first time in my life, and I'm ready to stay."

I grinned at him. "I've got two questions. One is 'Why?' and the other is 'What happened?' When a city man turns gentleman farmer, there has to be a reason."

"There are several reasons," Al said slowly.
Al Jolson

of jazz songs

By Chet Green

Having heard his voice since you were knee-high to a cricket, you must know something of his life. You must know how young he was when his family brought him to Washington, D. C., from Russia, and you must know the struggle that was his as a little immigrant boy in an American school. You must know the courage it took to begin singing for audiences when he knew nothing of voice except a little his father had taught him.

Certainly you have heard the anecdote of his start in San Francisco, just after an earthquake had come and gone leaving havoc. Rebuilding a city is noisy business; Al had a job in one of the theaters left standing, and in order to make himself heard over the din of riveting machines and hammers he climbed onto a piano close to the audience and sang as loudly as he could.

People liked the informality, the insouciance of this boy in black-face—they liked him so well, in fact, that from that day until only recently he has had no time for anything except to keep engagements.

He has had no time, for one thing, to establish a home; and therein lies the first reason for Al Jolson's escape from the city.

"I'm not the sort of person who enjoys living in an apartment," he complained. "I've always hated it—elevators, doors with numbers; screeching brakes and trolley-cars under your window. Some people get to like it, you know? They don't hear the noise, they don't see the crowds, they don't smell the gutters. But I didn't get to like it—ever."

And so during his life—a crazy kaleidoscope of rising curtains and applause, of hurried flights from metropolis to metropolis, of subways and

When Al sings his swan song in the show business, he intends to put his oranges on a paying basis

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]
It was while Eleanor Powell was dressing to go to the theater for a matinee performance of "At Home Abroad," the New York musical success in which she appeared with Beatrice Lillie and Ethel Waters this past winter, that she collapsed.

Her mother attending her after she fainted, waiting for their family physician to arrive, seeing Eleanor deathly white, unquestionably ill, and inevitably obliged to retire temporarily, murmured no regrets. Instead, she said, gratefully, "Well, that's that! And thank goodness!"

Girls ambitious to find fame as dancers had been envying Eleanor. And mothers impatient for their daughters to come into what they maternally considered their just rights had been envying Mrs. Powell. They had believed, these mothers and daughters, that Eleanor and Mrs. Powell must be blissfully and supremely happy, on top of the world. Little did they know.

The trouble began when Eleanor was in the studios working on "The Broadway Melody of 1936." Overjoyed with her role of Arlette, she couldn't work hard enough. For years, dancing in vaudeville houses and from time to time doing specialty numbers in Broadway productions like "Fine and Dandy" and "Follow Thru" and "Hot Cha," Eleanor always had insisted her real chance would come when she had lines to speak. She meant any decent, adequate lines. Not in her most optimistic dreams did she expect to fall heir to such important and numerous lines as she read in this picture. So it was natural enough when asked if she was tired and wanted to rest after hours of dancing under the exhausting studio lights that she always shook her head vehemently—the only way she knows how to do anything—and said, "No, I feel fine, let's go on, please!"

When you see success shining just ahead of you, almost within your reach it's only human to hurry towards it.

A dancer more experienced than Eleanor would have known that to feel fine is the best reason in the world for stopping, would have realized the urgent necessity of preserving this feeling, would have appreciated the fact that once you don't feel fine, and once your feet especially don't feel fine, the harm is done.

But Eleanor, young, over-eager, and excited, kept on. Even when the time came when she had to spend her entire luncheon hour ministering to her feet which had reached a stage of infection pronounced by a Los Angeles podiatrist as the most severe he had encountered in seventeen years of practise.

Mrs. Powell protested, but futilely as she feared. It was too much to expect that Eleanor, young and game, should quit with the biggest chance of a lifetime within her grasp. Then, too, "At Home Abroad" was ready to go into rehearsal. Telegrams and telephone calls kept advising Eleanor, in Hollywood, that by not being on hand she was holding things up. The messages became more and more urgent. And Eleanor, afraid the producers might sue her, yet unable to leave until the picture was completed, became more and more frantic. Regardless of the pain her feet caused she begged for longer working days. She knew then how relentlessly success can snap a whip.
Rumors flew thick and fast. Tongues wagged eagerly—trying to explain the illness of this dynamic cinema meteor. But here, finally, is the heart-rending explanation

By Adele Whitely Fletcher

Nights she reached home and fell into bed exhausted. Mrs. Powell had to plead with her to take time to brush her teeth, to brush her hair, to eat even the simplest dinner. And then, while Eleanor slept, all night long Mrs. Powell would remain awake to bathe her feet with the solution which their doctor, now both desperate and disapproving, had recommended.

On the train traveling East, Eleanor at last had four days of rest. But the benefits of this soon were dissipated since by the time she reached New York rehearsals had been under way for two weeks and she had to catch up. She got off the Twentieth Century at nine o'clock in the morning and by ten o'clock she was in the theater working.

If you've walked even a block in shoes that hurt, you can multiply the sickening irritability which at such times possesses your whole body until it twists your mouth into a straight line and hollows circles under your eyes to get some idea of the state Eleanor was in. Yet on several occasions, disciplining her frazzled nerves, she took her courage in hand and quietly held up the company long enough to gain a more intelligent knowledge of the production as a whole.

That wasn't all. She had another contract to fill, a radio contract with Soconyland. This meant giving hours which otherwise might have been spent resting to other rehearsals as well as the radio broadcasts themselves. You ask, perhaps, why Eleanor tried to do so much, why she wasn't satisfied to stick with her movie career and let the rest go hang. She couldn't for two reasons, leaving all the sentimental trouper stuff about the show-must-go-on out of it. In the first place she was not yet sure of any movie career. It wasn't until the picture was released and she had the public verdict that she dared count on the success she had worked too hard to win. Secondly, she was bound by two iron-clad contracts which, barring such a collapse as she eventually suffered, offered no way out.

"I'd have been all right," Eleanor says, "if I hadn't overdone, if I hadn't failed to realize that your body catches up with you sooner or later and demands you pay in prolonged rest and medication for any abuse to which you put it. If I'd taken things in an easier stride I'd have been all right. My difficulties, including the time element, would have worked themselves out and I'd have been able to keep up with every last obligation.

"It was in abusing my health that I came a cropper."

Eleanor's first Sunday in New York she counted the most blessed kind of a day. She and her mother drove up to their home in Crestwood. There her grandparents and her great-aunt and twelve-year-old Betty Meyer whom she has adopted were eagerly waiting. With all her heart Eleanor wanted to stay with them. She had been away so long. And there was something good about the roast-beef dinner, Betty doing last-minute homework under the lamp. Great-aunt Harriette spryly executing a tap to prove Eleanor inherits her dancing ability from that branch of the family—what if not one of them ever dreamed of dancing professionally?—and her grandmother chucking soothingly over her poor feet while...
RONALD COLMAN is still blushing for his recent faux pas. At a dinner party, rather large, he did a rave-and-rant about elderly women who went in for such youth preservative measures as face-lifting and the like. "It's worse than stupid," he stormed. "They always look terrible and deceive no one."

There was a painful pause. Then Lady Plunkett, a guest, spoke up.

"Did you know," she asked sweetly, "that Fanny Ward is my mother?"

HOLLYWOOD—and the rest of the world, probably—is exceedingly amused at the current antics of John "Caliban" Barrymore and Elaine "Ariel" Barrie, the gal from whom he fled in frantic terror in an uproariously funny bounds-and-hare cross country chase.

Not only is he her constant squire these days, appearing at parties and popular cocktail and eating spots with her, but lent the great Barrymore talents to her support in her screen test at M-G-M the other day. For a Barrymore, that's LOVE!

BOB MONTGOMERY, as you know, recently became a proud father again. But did you know that his hospital-pacing companions until 4 a.m. on the eventful occasion were Doug Fairbanks, Jr. and Chester Morris? There's a couple of real pals for you.

"MODERN TIMES" in a nutshell:
A seven-year-old sat through a showing of the new Chaplin picture. Upon leaving, he remarked in disgust, "Chaplin can't talk and I can't read. I had one heck of a time!"

DOROTHY DE FRASSO has a lot of Hollywood folk plenty worried these days. At a recent party the countess gave her concealed a microphone (just playful) under a divan, with the result that all conversations emanating from that particular spot were recorded for posterity on wax discs. The worrying part comes from the fact she has threatened to play the records at her next party.

So far she has had five urgent pleadings to skip the idea. The recorded conversations, it seems, were intended to be private.

AL JOLSON had been yipping about a pain in his side, predicting it was nothing less than appendicitis. Recently Harry Brand of 20th Century-Fox was operated on for that ailment. Al was given permission to watch the surgery. In the operating room he promptly fainted, but, strangely enough, he hasn't had a sign of a pain since!

A BOUQUET from Cal to those two grand people, George Burns and Gracie Allen, for adopting from Chicago's famous "Cradle" a baby brother for little Sandra whom they adopted two years ago.

AFTER all these years, Charlie Chan, perhaps the most well known Oriental character on the screen, is going to find out what a Chinese really looks like. Warner Oland and his wife, as you read this, are doing the Orient for the first time. Warner is a big hero in China although his real nationality—can you believe it?—is Swedish.
If you mentioned "Ruth, the prune picker" around Hollywood, you'd be rewarded by rather blank stares.

But up on the Mojave Desert a bunch of saddle-calfeoused cowpokes would say, "Sure, we know Ruth. She rides the range with us occasional."

They know her as a gal who swoops into the ranch territory every now and then, dressed in blue jeans and boots. She rides fence for as much as five days at a stretch, sleeping out under the stars, and getting up when it's still starlight to round up straying calves. It's just one of those incognito relaxations of a particular movie star you know as Rosalind Russell. Hope her pals don't read this. They still think she's a prune picker, and her name is Ruth.

BIG-HEARTED, gravel-throated Andy Devine ruined a scene at Metro the other day that would have been worth its weight in gold.

A group of horsemen were supposed to charge down upon Basil Rathbone and pull up short. Accidentally, one of the horses knocked Rathbone flatter than a pancake—a beautiful bit of action from a camera viewpoint.

Andy was sitting on the side-lines clad in an old bathrobe and a sun-protector he had fashioned from a newspaper. As Basil fell, Andy charged smack into the scene and picked up the fallen actor.

"Aw, gee," he said when he realized he had ruined a swell shot, "I just wanted to help the guy."

CHESTER MORRIS is a hero to his son, Brooks, now that he is cast as a policeman and wears a badge and everything.

Incidentally, Chester and Brooks have a game they play. Brooks writes little notes and puts them in his dad's pockets with instructions not to read them until later in the day. Usually they are just boyish confidences or anecdotes about school occurrences. One day recently, however, Chester found himself stymied.

"Dear Dad," the note read, "I would like very much to have a ball-bearing Sally-Walker and a ball-bearing spiker."

The studio research department came to Chester's rescue with the information that the requests were for a variety of tops, two for a nickel, that you spin with a string.

MYRNA LOY has gone Garboesque again.

A year or so ago Myrna disappeared from the sight of mortal man, and was eventually discovered right in her own home, after the studio had been wiring frantically all over the country after her.

Just the other day she moved, and she won't tell a soul—not one—where she moved. She'll give them the telephone number, but the phone company is instructed not to tell secrets. And no one—not even her M-G-M bosses—know where their little star lives.

NOW how Lionel Barrymore has solved the California tax problem? He has established a home near Phoenix, Arizona, and lives there he required six months and one day a year to make legal.

He commutes, as it were, to Hollywood when he is making pictures.

Above, beautiful Loretta Young completely recovered from her recent illness is around and about again. With her at the M-G-M party is Director Eddie Sutherland.

Above, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. became the incandescent Marlene Dietrich to the Screen Actor's Ball, one of the smartest of the season's parties.

Above, Joan Blondell's divorce becomes final this summer and rumor has another marriage brewing. Here she is at the Guild Ball as usual with Dick Powell. Note the smart old-fashioned mitts.

What's this Mr. Taylor? The handsome Robert makes life a merry-go-round keeping up with his romances. The newest is with Barbara Stanwyck (left), at the Troc...
MYRNA LOY and Bob Montgomery caught Reginald Owen sitting by himself the other day. He would pull a face, shake his head negatively, repeating the procedure over and over, very seriously. "What on earth are you doing?" Myrna and Bob quirked. "I'm practising for my big scene coming up," Reg answered. "What scene?" they asked. "The one with the bear," he answered. "I have to scare him!"

JEAN HARLOW should care now if orchids and other exotic and expensive blooms cost a young fortune. She has built a hothouse in her back garden and is raising her own.

ACTOR Paul McVey thought he had a slice of the toughest luck in the world the other night. His name was called as winner of a $2,000 door prize at a neighborhood movie house and he wasn't there to collect. He was working on some night scenes for "The Prisoner of Shark Island."

However, it's an ill wind, etc. Darryl Zanuck was so pleased with McVey's work in the night scenes that he renewed the actor's contract at a higher salary.

VICTOR McLAGLEN plans to establish a clubhouse complete with lathes, electrical meters, sending and receiving equipment as an experimental laboratory for youthful radio enthusiasts at his Sports Center.

"I plan to train the boys to be of assistance to Los Angeles in the case of some major disaster," he explained. There will be no dues for the members of the club. All Vic wants is to be allowed to stick his nose in the shack once in a while and see what's going on.

FIRE CHIEF ED ENOS of the 20th Century-Fox organization thought the studio heads crazy the other day when they instructed him to delegate several of his men to guard a desert pool in "Under Two Flags" from fire. It wasn't such a batty idea, as it turned out.

The pool was filled with crank-case oil because, you see, oil reflects images much better than water, and images had to be in the film.

MARTHA FORD (Mrs. Wally) tells this one on her spouse and swears it's true. Since she has been ill Wally has taken over her maternal duties such as getting up several times a night to be sure daughter Patty was properly covered.

The other night Martha watched him get up for the sixth time and while sound asleep arrange the covers on Patty's bed, put the covers on her own and then carefully take an extra blanket from the cedar closet and spread it over the Ford dog sleeping peacefully in front of the fireplace.

CLARK GABLE unbefuddled himself of a few items of intimate information the other day. He gets a kick out of drawing a bead on a bear but can't stand to see a deer die. He hates wing collars and parties where people talk themselves to death without saying anything.

He shaves with a straight razor and writes left-handed. He is a poor bridge player and does not believe in hunches.

Just thought you might like to know.
Walter Connolly was so elated at finally picking a winner at the race track the other day that he called up his wife, Neida Harrigan, in San Francisco to tell her the good news only to learn, when the phone bill came in, that he had talked $3.30 more than his $80.00 winnings.

Stu Erwin, one of Hollywood's inveterate practical jokers, has discovered the trait apparently is a hereditary one. While he was taking a cat-nap in the yard the other day, after painting the outside wall of his young son's new playhouse, Stu, Jr., did a little painting on his own hook. He selected his sleeping dad's ear as his canvas, and all the frantic rubbing and scrubbing Stu did before going to a party that night was of no avail. The Erwin ear remained a lovely green.

Of all the gallants and heart-throb boys in Hollywood, guess who escorted the exotic Marlene Dietrich to Dorothy di Frasso's swank party for Elsa Maxwell recently? None other than Bob "Arkansas Traveler" Burns, the lanky radio comic! He wore white tie and tails for the first time in his life on that occasion and brought along his hazoooka just in case the party got dull!

Is it love again for Ross Alexander? Cal wouldn't be too surprised after watching him and beautiful Anita Louise holding hands all through a preview. The romantic interest seemed to be fifty-fifty, too.

Ever since the other day, they're thinking of giving still photographers little lessons in tact at M-G-M.

Agnes Ayres retired from the films after "The Son of the Sheik" which marked the beginning of the sound era.

Meantime she has been appearing on the New York stage, in stock companies throughout the country, with traveling dramatic shows and in vaudeville.

You'll see her with Janet Gaynor and Bob Taylor in "Small Town Girl." It's her first talking picture role.

Herbert Marshall, the old smoothie, remained one of the classic quips of all time at the solemn memorial service for King George attended by the British contingent of the movie colony.

In the midst of the stately and dignified ceremonies, Bert noticed actors saluting one another with that quick forefinger to the eyebrow gesture. He leaned forward and tapped Basil Rathbone, who was sitting in the next pew, on the shoulder.

"Did you ever see," he whispered, "such a curious combination of reverence and 'Hi, toots!' " [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 116]
"Why I Will Not Re-marry Margaret Sullavan"

Engaging young Henry Fonda explains the reasons why his future design for living does not include his ex-wife

By George Stevens

life, and out of living he wants a little excitement and all the happiness in the world.

He wants, above everything else, to be part of an average American family with no fuss or publicity about it; he wants, if he marries again, a wife and some kids and a good house.

You have to go back a little way to get the perspective of this Fonda portrait. But throughout, remember this; that Hank is two completely different and separate people in one—that half of him is the young careless what-the-hell fellow Hollywood knows, and that the other half of him deeply needs security, a family, and a trust-fund. For everyone to see is the one side of him, a personality predominant so far and one that Margaret Sullavan must have known too well. But beneath the events of the last five years you cannot fail to detect the mature, down to earth, strong character which has guided him basically, and which is only now making itself apparent in him and to him.

You know pretty well the story of his years in stock companies, on small stages in small theaters—the uncertain income, the crazy life of road engagements, the never knowing . . . You know—everyone has told you—that he has gone hungry often.

But you’ve also been told that Hank didn’t give a hoot whether he ate or didn’t eat; whether he had any money or not; that everything was just a bowl of chrysanthemums to him, and life a big laugh, and that he didn’t give a damn what happened. That isn’t true.

"Of course, I didn’t sit and brood when things were bad," said Henry Fonda to me. "I’m not capable of that. It doesn’t tver do any good and you waste time in worry when you could be out trying to better your condition. But I didn’t just laugh, either.

"I guess the worst time I’ve ever had was dur... I please turn to page 103"

"A good guy not long out of college, the most normal person in the world. Out of living he wants a little excitement and all the happiness he can get"
MARGARET SULLAVAN recently announced that she was divorced from her second husband, Director William Wyler. When she announced that, she was busy at Paramount making "The Moon's Our Home" with Henry Fonda. On the set he's "Hank" to her; she's "Sullavan" to him. Once upon a time, not so long ago, they acted together on the stage, and lived together off-stage—husband and wife—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda.

Then the giddy wheel of Hollywood drama brought them together again, Margaret, Mrs. William Wyler, wife of one of Hollywood's most distinguished directors, and "Hank" playing the field, with preferences for Shirley Ross, and lately, they say, Jeanette MacDonald.

But in "The Moon's Our Home," "Hank" and "Sullavan" marry again. On the set they chat together constantly between scenes and play checkers. Henry always wins and Margaret always burns. But outside of the checkerboard blues, her fractious Irish disposition seems to be improved by the association. Husband Willy Wyler never has visited the set.

What can "Hank" and "Sullavan" be thinking as they gaze into each other's eyes? Of the days of their dead romance—well, read the story across the page.
Loaned to 20th Century-Fox by Paramount, Parisian Claudette Colbert is right at home as the mischievous Cigarette (opposite Ronald Colman) in Ouida's tale of the Foreign Legion, "Under Two Flags"
Jean Parker's elusive charm and polished performance in GB's "The Ghost Goes West" brought her a new contract with M-G-M, who then loaned her to RKO for a leading rôle in "Farmer in the Dell"
Genial William Patrick O'Brien, Pat to us all, hasn't his pal Jimmy Cagney with him in his latest for Warners, "I Married a Doctor," but they are slated to be back together again before long in "Slim"
John Boles, who takes "A Message to Garcia" in the screen dramatization of the noted incident of the Spanish-American War, was in the World War, so knows wars. His next film may be "Ramona"
Countess Liev de Maigret appearing in the Pickford-Lasky production. "One Rainy Afternoon," with Francis Lederer, is a Scandinavian beauty married to a Frenchman.

Frances Farmer, University of Washington alumna, was headed for the legitimate stage when Paramount scouts saw her, and she got the lead in "Too Many Parents."

Jean Chatburn won a beauty contest conducted by McClelland Barclay, well known illustrator. She climbs another step higher with her appearance in "The Great Ziegfeld."
Columbus!

One of the most stunning of the new crop is the English actress, Elizabeth Jenns, who is under contract to David Selznick, the pioneer in this game of hunting for new talent.

From San Francisco's Junior League shows, eighteen-year-old Patricia Havens-Monteagle stepped into the part of one of the Glorious Glorified in "The Great Ziegfeld".

Under contract to RKO-Radio, dainty Margaret Callahan made a record for herself by appearing in six productions in four months. Her next is "Special Investigator".
Wally Beery, the well-read man, in the library of his new home. Wally is still on his personal appearance tour, and back at M-G-M there's a list of pictures scheduled for him that's about this long!
The Winner!

Photoplay's Gold Medal for the Best Picture of 1935
Goes to—"Naughty Marietta"

ENTHUSIATICALLY we announce that that musical masterpiece in which Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy were starred, "Naughty Marietta," wins Photoplay's fifteenth annual award for the best picture of 1935, by a large majority of votes!

Who can forget this lovely tuneful operetta of Victor Herbert's with its pirates, convents, marriage auctions, soldiers and Indians against the colorful background of old New Orleans? Who doesn't remember Nelson Eddy's magnificent marching song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" or both the stars' voices blended in the thrilling "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"?

Withal a sweeping personal triumph for the stars, the honors are also shared by M-G-M who produced the picture (this is the second successive year they have been responsible for our Prize Winner), by W. S. Van Dyke for his usual brilliant direction; by Herbert Stothart, the musical supervisor; by the whole cast which included such well-known figures as Frank Morgan, Douglas Dumbrille, Elsa Lanchester and Joseph Cawthorn. That this operetta marked a huge advance in the technique of the recording itself, is acknowledged by the motion picture industry itself which awarded Charles Steinberg, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences prize for the recording of "Naughty Marietta."

Among our thousands of diversified votes, "Mutiny on the Bounty," also an Academy Winner, won second place; "David Copperfield" was third, and "The Informer" which won the critic's prize was fourth.

We are pleased that our readers evinced such an ardent interest in music. Their overwhelming choice of this glorious production for the Best Picture of 1935 thereby adds the first musical film to the growing list of distinguished Photoplay Gold Medal Winners.
So We’re Sane, Are We?

You may bottle up Hollywood’s fantastic gaiety at one point, but it pops with a bang somewhere else!

By Lloyd Pantages

RECENTLY, yours truly has read numerous articles and book after book, by famous and not so famous members of the writing tribe, anent the fact that Hollywood—alas and shed a tear!—ain’t what she used to be. In fact, speaking of her as if she were a horse, that she has been broken, bridled, bitted and bowled. All of which is supposed to have come about mysteriously through morality clauses in contracts, the sanctifying influence of the Hay’s office, and the growing up of the Flim-flam from their long infancy.

Just where all this has taken place, I can’t for the life of me discover. The only thing that has happened at all is that our pretty village on its hills has altered some of its methods of going quietly crazy, and simply has added a dash of that spice, variety, to the old mixture.

It was quite reassuring to me the Old Residents to go forth on the Boulevard on last Christmas holidays. For, as in every previous year, the street was done up like Mrs. Astor’s stable, with lights on spiky Christmas trees of tin, and the name changed to Santa Claus Lane. Year before last, when Santa Claus made his nightly trips, bellowing through a microphone to the kiddies and taking some movie lady for a ride, he had a companion float. A but very enterprising whiskey manufacturer whipped up a vast glass showcase on a truck, with life-sized wax figures of a bride and groom, in a six-foot wide wedding ring revolving gaily around them being married in a church setting by a fully rigged wax clergyman! And this, playing “Jingle Bells” at every turn of the wheels, came lumbering along behind Santa Claus to inspire the little kiddies to grow up like their papas and mamas. This year they didn’t need the inspiration. It is now nearly impossible to walk into any store on Hollywood Boulevard without finding yourself in a cocktail bar, lounge, or what have you.

And then, Miss Carole Lombard, in her inimitable way, managed to keep the town beaten up into a foam very neatly. Her famous party at the Fun House in Ocean Park not only drove everyone into a frenzy, but Kathryn Carver (the ex-Mrs. Menjou) broke her coccyx (the tip end of her spine), and was in bed for weeks, Constance Talmadge pessimist, having manifested herself for the evening in a pair of shorts, all but ruined her wonderful legs with scars. None of the elegant of the films were able to appear in low backs or bathing suits for days, there were such masses of bruises and contusions.

Besides all the battery that went on, there were so many bars you could hardly find the concessions, and numberless ladies, having heard that a great blast of wind would blow their little skirts sky high as they entered, purposely rushed out and bought yards of the most exquisite lingerie, to help along the effect. All of which put an end to the depression in the languishing lace trade in these parts.

Then, so her pranks might not be monotonous, Carole upped and bought a perfectly huge tame bear, and had it sent as a present to her director, Norman Taurog, in the wee hours of the dawn. But he got back at her. He sent bruin to the Zoo, and the bill for Bruin’s food to Carole.

Even more recently, feeling quite wild and mountainous from having passed several savage beasts as tokens of her affection, she changed her Modern Classic living room into a hay-mow in
the hills, for her birthday party for Bob Riskin. Everybody arrived in full fig, with trains and tiaras and toppers and sticks; had champagne and caviar in the glittering bar, and then went on into the hay (in the living room, you see). Besides that, she broiled steaks in the open fireplace, and served weenies and chili con carne on tin plates, and absolute magnums of champagne in tin cups!

To add, three Hillbillies made the night hideous, out through the windows into the garden on more haymows. Until, that is, too many people offered them drinks, and they became so hilarious, they had to be ejected forcibly. There was a casualty, as usual, when poor Norman Taurog (he is her goat, isn’t he?) put his hand behind him, sitting on the floor in the hay, and a colored waiter stepped on it and broke his finger. It couldn’t have been weirder!

Again, when my own Scottie dog, Spiffy, died, it was Lombard who leaped off the set in the middle of a scene, and rushed around the studio taking up a collection to bury it. No more work was done that day. Darryl Zanuck sent over a dime in his Rolls-Royce town car. Cecil B. De Mille offered a dollar to bury me, but spurned poor Spiffy coldly. All work on Carole’s picture was abandoned, until she had wrangled the imposing sum of $2.90 out of all and sundry.

Today, on her dressing room wall, still hangs a hand-illuminated parchment memorial to Spiffy, with his black bow and his dog license, for which Bill Haines soaked me ten times as much as Carole had collected. Ah me, it all seems rather futile!

And while there is yet mention of hay in our minds, there was Grace Bradley’s hay-ride, to which she invited five hundred people in a mood of exuberance, and they all accepted. To her dismay, she found that hay and hayricks are not so easily come by in the more metropolitan centers, and apparently she had to dash about and purchase all the hay in Southern California. One of my spies reported that some of it was really cases and cases of Shredded Wheat, crushed up by hand and wetted down to take the scratch out, but this is probably nonsense.

We might as well leave parties for a while, and peer into houses. Perhaps they have become more stately, normal, and calm.

We have with us first Miss Mae West, whose ceiling over her white and gold bed is a mirror, to show her own white and pink, done up tastefully in black lace, on account of Mae likes to leer at herself too. She even, may we murmur, sent out a very limited edition of pictures of herself in the same costume, or less, as Christmas cards for her intimates last year.

Then there is the home of John McDermott, the writer, high on a hill, with the bar beside the swimming pool, looking out beneath the water, a house entered by subterranean passages, and with a fireplace under the bed in one of the guest rooms.

Ramon Novarro did himself up pretty well when he built his futuristic mansion overlooking Hollywood. The entrance is yards below the street, and resembles a very fancy subway station. His bedroom opens onto a terrace, and you can climb directly from bed into a swimming pool. The walls in the dining room are jet black, with real bicycle chains hanging six inches apart all over the walls, with stripes. The dining table is also inky black, as are the linens, the dishware, and the handles of the silver.

At night, if you
Once put down your napkin or your plate, you are lost, and had best give up at once.

Alex Tier, another writer, who is colossally rich besides being bright, added a whole high wall onto a rented house to screen a patio, so that when Greta Garbo came to tea, no one could peek.

At Jack Warner's beach house, there is a great friendship aquarium, in which all the little fishes are named for the loving friends who have donated them. They are getting so many, they will yet have to rent an ocean to keep them.

We have also the blue and silver futuristic house of Jobyna Hovland, the comediene, in which, despite severe and extremely constructivist architecture outside and in, the furniture is all Baroque Italian, with carved and painted angels three feet high suspended on chains, and a huge French porcelain bathroom sideboard, hand-painted with knots of rosebuds, as the pièce de résistance.

It was in her garden that Anita Loos decided she didn't like passion vines, and uprooted a very costly whooper from over and under trees, walls, and the top of the garage. Joby was pleased, on account of she once had had a bunch that the vine was bad luck. It is this very tall lady who always steals the remaining chicken white meat at parties, to feed her Pomeranian, which she named for her good friend, Zoë Akins.

Miss Akins, by the bye, has a bathroom on her estate in Pasadena almost entirely pink ribbons tied on everything. And she, too, at a recent very chic wedding held in her gardens, astounded her assembled guests by serving nothing but strawberries and tea at the reception. It had been thought that this beverage was extinct. The minister, poor lamb, had mistunderstood her instruction, and supposed that she wanted him to whip her up a funeral, and they had to go and fetch him from the graveyard.

There is the sad tale of William Powell's house, which he had visioned as a bungalow and which grew clear out of hand, with museum chairs filched from mouldering castles by Billy Haines and cohorts, bars and kitchens almost everywhere you look, and so many intercommunicating, house phone and trunk line systems that only an Einstein could ever unravel it. Poor Bill finally threw up his hands, and turned the whole thing over to be re-done by Jean Harlow's mother, who has just turned decorator. What with Adrian, Billy Haines, Jetta Goudal, and now Tom Douglas of the English stage all decorating away like mad, the films will yet be reduced to taking in each other's upholstering instead of washing, for their livelihood.

However, Joan Crawford will probably keep them all busy. Half Hollywood is furnished with chairs and whatnots she grew bored with, or which were dirty, and which she gives away in a never-ending stream. The house started out Spanish, and is now Early American. She so intensely dislikes intrusions on her privacy that, when she was building the house, she came in unexpectedly one day and heard a workman using her own bath, so what did she do but tear the whole thing out, and put in a new one!

Bing Crosby, for his own amazement, had a minstrel gallery installed in his former house, from which he could deafen his guests with his finest brands of crooning. He is never one to care what people think of his whims.

Now that we have peeped into several houses, let us see how conservatively the cinema is dressing nowadays.

Peggy Fears had the staggering habit of arriving at parties and openings in her black Rolls-Royce lined with green, with rugs of leopard skin, clad gaily in slacks, not giving a whoop.

Rosamond Pinchot, from New York society, only appeared in one evening gown all the time she was here.

Joan Crawford, who always dresses for dinner, refuses to wear even a brand new dress until it has first been cleaned.

Raquel Torres, believing in emptying her husband's wealth, rattles with gems, has all her gowns cut to order, and to nought, causing gasps at her every entry.

Dolores Del Rio recently so far forgot her serene self as to appear in a whole suit woven of grass. The Princess Natalie Page, not to be outdone, promptly turned up in a jacket made of wood! And, curiouser and curiouser, Kay Francis, credited with being one of our most gorgeous dressers, has bought only three new outfits in two years!

Mr. John Colton, author of "Rain" and the like, quite kicked his dignity to the ceiling at Orry-Kelly's, when, for all the hordes of guests he appeared in a flowered robe, with roses in his hair, and gave his remarkable imitations of Sarah Bernhardt and Mrs. Leslie Carter, until, quite overpowered by his own performances, he stripped, fell, and had to be swept out of the ashes of the fireplace.

Frau Dietrich manages a curious creation now and then. She arrived at Grauman's Chinese Theater not long ago in her Rolls-Royce, with her daughter Maria and floods of bodyguards. Marlene had on flat green sandals, tennis socks, bare legs, knee-high green tennis dress, a short coat of vast-dotted Swiss, her hair à la Zulu chief-tain, every which way, and a man's very green derby hat perched precariously atop it all. The result created attention.

Gladys Swarthout, the songbird, went to the maximum or minimum of swank—I can't quite decide which—when she bought a new Ford and had a Rolls-Royce body put on it.

W. C. Fields, content with no proper vehicle at all, hired a beer truck with six white horses, and drove it up the Boulevard to one of Mae West's openings. Such a quiet and demure little town, it is, to be sure.

Richard Bennett, not to be outdone by any of his daughters, had an entire public address system installed in his car, and instead of honking at other drivers, bellowed thunderously at them from mid-air. Arriving at the studios for the day, you could hear him for blocks, booming, "Good morning, this is Richard Bennett speaking. Good morning, this is Richard Bennett arriving for a good day's work!"

To make things odder, all the while the film moguls were threatening to move to Florida but immediately, they were actually running up sound stages right and left, to the tune of hundreds of thousands for each of them, and simultaneously they and many of the stars were breaking ground for mansions costing tens of thousands. Nobody wanted to leave so picturesque a place.

Another trip that fizzled, and spectacularly, was the honeymoon cruise of Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson. After tricking the sailors out very tastefully in red jumpers embroidered in white with "Honeymoon Cruise" on the front, and ex- and first-Mrs. Wilson appeared on the scene, and attached the yacht. It was the Geraghty-Wilson ceremony that Jean Harlow broke up right in the middle
First Native: "Yes, but is it Art?"
George O'Brien, an adept at fisticuffs, puts on a terrific fight with Stanley Fields in "O'Malley of the Mounted," his new picture.

WARNER BAXTER and Fredric March are placing their lives this month in the hands of a piano player. It's all in the cause of art. But not musical art. For this piano has nothing to do with music. It's a lethal little instrument wired to sticks of dynamite powerful enough to kill a regiment. It's a simple and apparently harmless bit of machinery, but unless handled with exquisite skill it could very easily blow all of 20th Century-Fox right over to Warner Brothers.

This death-piano is used in the big battle scene of "Road to Glory." The young man who plays it looks out over the set of some hundred extras dressed in the horizon blue of the French infantry. In the most meticulously timed rehearsal you have ever seen, director Howard Hawks tells various groups of the soldiers just where they are to be at certain times. And it's just too bad if they're out of position. For the piano, which is wired underground with cans of explosive, is going to shoot up most of the set. The danger spots are pointed out to the actors. March and Baxter, both playing French soldiers, look on with deep interest.

All morning long the rehearsals go on. This is no fooling matter. Crawling through the real barbed wire of this make-believe No-Man's Land, the soldiers count out loud to themselves. The pianist counts with them. The scene depends on perfect timing between the pianist and the soldiers, for the hot spots are to be blown up on exact count. It is up to the men to be away from these danger zones, no two of which go off simultaneously, at the moment of explosion.

When the last rehearsal is over—and there can be no re-take.
We Cover the STUDIOS

Our rambling behind-the-scenes reporter sees everything, hears everything, and tells all

By Michael Jackson

on this scene—Baxter and March return to the side-lines. Baxter is frowning deeply and seems to be in pain.

"What's the matter?" some one asks him. "Worried about the take?"

"No. I have a toothache."

A dentist is due to come on the set and go into Baxter's private dressing room to drill on his teeth. The suffering star went to see what was keeping the dentist and came back all smiles.

"Toothache's all gone," he said, beaming. "The dentist can't leave his office." Baxter practically jumped with relief. A battle is one thing but a dentist is quite another.

This set is too big to get in a sound stage. It is enclosed in a tent, larger than any circus tent, with a ceiling so high that the electricians up in the cat-walks seem like midgets. The eight-foot spotlights up there look the size of auto head-lights. Instead of being dug, the trenches are built up and the spaces in between are filled with a pasty mud. By the time the scene is ready to be shot, the players are caked with dirt.

The actual take is a gripping spectacle. Lights flare in the semi-darkness, ear-splitting explosives fill the air, earth flies thirty feet high. Through all this muddied bedlam, March, Baxter and the extras crawl on their stomachs. The scene is not especially long, but it seems a long time as you watch. An assistant director raises his arm in time with the man at the piano, and you know very well that the actors out there are keeping time under their breath.

It's finally over and no one is seriously hurt, though a few are scratched from the barbed-wire and some have been shaken a bit. June Lang, who plays the lead in this, says, "Well, I'm glad that's done." This nineteen-year-old actress is just about the busiest girl in Hollywood. She played the lead in "Every Saturday Night" and "The Country Doctor" and now the studio plans to use her in ten pictures this year. The amazing part of this is that, under the name of June Vlasek, she drew a pay check from Fox every week for five years without ever appearing in a movie. Her job was to pose for stills for the roto sections and get the studio a lot of free advertising. And to show you how things work, June ranked next to Shirley Temple and Janet Gaynor in fan mail, though, of course, her admirers hadn't seen her in a movie.

While the extras at 20th Century-Fox have to walk around in the mud with heavy packs strapped on their backs, the players at Paramount are lolling in luxury. Everything is travel here. On the...
Those virtuosos of rhythm, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, dancing in "Follow the Fleet"

No girl," Ginger Rogers said to me emphatically, "no girl is a born belle-of-the-ball—just as no girl is a born wallflower. There's nothing mysterious about the way some girls are always rushed to death by the stag line and others aren't. You learn to be popular at a dance just like you learn anything else. A few fast rules plus a few feminine secrets and—well, it's simple, really."

If anybody should know about that Ginger should. I think I can safely say that no young lady in these forty-eight states could step onto a dance floor anywhere in any one of them and rate a bigger rush than the beautiful Rogers. Her recent pictures with Fred Astaire have established her beauty, charm and dancing ability. She is the top in any stag line's language.

And yet, when it comes right down to the technique of slaying the stags, Ginger Rogers hasn't got a thing you haven't got or that you can't develop if you want to! She told me the simple secrets that have made her America's Belle-of-the-Ball Number One.

"Before we start," Ginger reminded me, "don't forget that I'm not basing my ideas on my screen work alone. Heavens! because I've danced in pictures it wouldn't necessarily indicate that I'd know the problems of the girl at a college prom or on the floor at her country club. But, I know those problems first-hand. I've had them myself. I've danced all my life . . . ."

Ginger went back to the very beginning of the dancing career that was to take her from Texas to vaudeville to New York to Hollywood, from high school hops to débutante parties, dinky night spots to the outstandingly fashionable clubs throughout the country.

"And naturally," she said, "when you make a career of dancing you're bound to learn a lot about it. One of the things I'm surest of is that the old saw about 'the strange social chemistry of the ballroom that seems to inevitably divide its fair guests into two classes—the sought-after and the wallflowers' is just an old saw! There's no reason why belles-of-the-ball should be few, but there are a lot of reasons, apparently, why they are.

"I've held up a few walls myself, frankly. I believe every girl has at some time or other if she's gone out very much. But my early experiences taught me one helpful thing: 'Wallflowers are self-made!'"

We were sitting at tea in the Rogers' suite in a Manhattan hotel. Ginger, weary and actually footsore from her recent completion of some several hundred hours dancing in the making of "Follow the Fleet," wore a pale gold hostess gown the color of her hair and a nice ridiculous, squashed pair of soft-soled
moccasins. She'd come on to New York for a few days of rest and fun before beginning her next picture.

"With these worn-out tootsies of mine," she laughed, "I'm a fine one to gab about belles-of-the-ball! I don't think I could last three dances at a prom this minute—but I could sit up here with my feet propped on this hassock and talk about it to you for hours!"

"First of all, a girl just can't allow herself to be a poor dancer. I say allow because I believe the ability to follow readily and gracefully is born in every girl and only needs to be cultivated enough.

"Nine times out of ten a bad dancer is bad through sheer neglect. It always has struck me as odd that so many girls will work hard to perfect their bridge or tennis or personal attractiveness and neglect their dancing. I think they expect to go to a dance and get a rush on the strength of their looks alone. Well, maybe. But even the loveliest face in the world can look like a nightmare to the poor man who's struggling around with a clumsy partner.

"Men don't demand that a girl be a swell dancer, but they certainly do justly demand that she be a good one. Good enough to follow the current steps and fads, to readily adapt herself to being led by a variety of partners. A Texan and a New Yorker, for instance, may do the same simple waltz step in entirely individual ways; if you've ever travelled about the country you know how true that is. A really good follower can quickly adapt herself to any type of leading; a poor follower is up against it when her partner doesn't dance exactly like the rest of the home-state boys.

"The stag line demands simply that a girl stay on her own toes and be more like a feather than a lump of lead. That's all. And those two things any girl can do if she wants to.

"Dancing lessons? Why not? If you can afford them and will apply yourself to instructions they can do wonders for you. But, if necessary, entirely on your own, you can do a lot to improve yourself.

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114 |
Trials and Triumphs Of A

Many of Bebe Daniels' fittings with Banton were complicated by crutches and bandages as the zestful Bebe was constantly in a state of convalescence from some accident.

FOR twelve years Travis Banton has dealt in beautiful women.

Since 1924 his businesslike office in the Paramount studio wardrobe building has fairly reverberated with the clamor of gloriously proportioned creatures, demanding the utmost from his talent to clothe them in beauty.

A dozen years of this sort of thing, Banton insists, have familiarized him with every possible caprice, whim and vagary within the emotional range of women.

And yet, he was pathetically unprepared for Nancy Carroll.

There was nothing in his first meeting with Nancy in the winter of 1927 to warn Banton that he stood on the brink of a four year war. Certainly he expected no trouble from this unknown little person plucked from the morass of Hollywood because a rotund set of Celtic features made her ideal for the title rôle in "Abie's Irish Rose."

Because she was unnaturally silent during the first fittings, Banton thought her tortured with shyness and tried to coax her into friendliness. He can laugh now at this drollery. Her shyness, he soon discovered, was a grim taciturnity in which Nancy chose to fortify herself until a frock was completed. Then she was ready to talk, and in torrents.

Invariably when the final stitch, tuck and seam was finished Nancy found the frock unbecoming, the color wrong, the neckline impossible, the hemline preposterous, the waistline too this or that. And off the dress would come and out the fitting-room door Nancy would go. After six months, Banton and his assistant, Edith Head, knew every gesture of this routine by heart.

But the skirmish of the black lace dress was the funniest of all the Carroll capers. The frock had been ordered by director Eddie Sutherland for one of Nancy's big scenes in "Burlesque." The gown was fitted and finished in the usual stony silence, but on this occasion Nancy did not criticize. Banton had a faint hope that dawn at least was breaking through the bleak night.

And, indeed, night was broken for Banton, but not with hope. At the chilly hour of three o'clock a jangling telephone roused him to the frantic cries for help from Eddie Sutherland. Could Banton rush to the studio? The company was working all night to finish on schedule but something was terribly wrong with the black lace frock.

Travis didn't mind Clara Bow's singing, but he never conquered his dislike of her fitting-room companion, a two hundred pound dog.

Right, Nancy Carroll in "Follow Thru," with Zelma O'Neal and Buddy Rogers, wore as a tie the scarf that caused a row with Travis.
Hollywood Dress Designer

Travis Banton, famed stylist, continues his amusing revelations of the fads and fancies of some of the screen's best known stars

By Julie Lang Hunt

Still loggy with sleep, Banton arrived on the "Burlesque" set to find Nancy parading the black lace that had somehow become a dejected, ill-fitting thing. "What in heaven's name went wrong with it?" wailed Eddie. "She can't possibly wear it."

"You're right, she can't possibly wear it," Banton agreed. "You see, Eddie, she has put it on backwards."

After this scrimmage they both dug in for guerilla warfare, but this time Banton prepared for it. When his option came up for resigning he did not affix his signature to the document until a clause was written into it investing him with complete authority over the screen wardrobes of all feminine Paramount players.

With this shining weapon in his pocket he waited for the next scuffle. A two dollar scarf was the signal to mobilize. The disputed neck-piece was designed for Nancy to wear in an early color picture titled "Follow Thru" (Buddy Rogers co-starring). It was attached to a lemon yellow golf dress and it flaunted two bright shades of green. Nancy complained that the greens clashed and demanded another scarf. Banton said that the greens were correct and refused. Nancy said she wouldn't wear it and settled the argument, temporarily, by tearing the scarf in two.

The next day there was a duplicate of the original scarf in Nancy's dressing-room, and there was a duplicate of her original hysteric. Through the holocaust Banton whistled and fingered the newly signed contract.

Nancy wore the scarf.

But there was still another red-head in Banton's life—Clara Bow.

He finds it almost impossible to describe his mixed feelings for her. She made him suffer, she caused him endless anxiety and worry, and yet there always will be a glowing place in his heart for her. Her taste in clothes was noxious, she thwarted every move he made to improve it, she "jazzed up" his most beautiful creations, and yet he continued to indulge her.

She was a delight and a rapture to dress when he first saw her in 1925. Her figure was superb, her face a luminous blaze of sheer vitality and her spirit gloriously unfettered. Toward the end of Clara's career it was a torment to Banton to watch her young suppleness thicken and blur into plumpness. Spasmodically she would diet and exercise, but her amleness was, no doubt, an inherited thing and the struggle was too great for her. Finally, she let Nature have its way.

After the record shattering success of "It" in 1926 when Clara Bow was practically the dictator of fashion for Young America, Banton decided that something drastic would have to be done about her clothes.

He started his campaign in the fitting room, of course. Clara sweetly permitted him to excel himself in draping her with subtly exquisite things. She nodded assent when he banished her beloved bangles and socks.

She would sing and hum continuously as Banton worked feverishly over her. And when she was in a pensive mood she would recite the poems of Robert Service for hours on end.

Banton was able to brace himself for the singing and the poetry but he never quite con-
CAPTAIN JANUARY—20th Century-Fox

If you've loved little Shirley Temple before, you'll stand up in your seats when you see her in this salty old timer. It's easily the most delightful picture she has ever done.

The story about a child who lives in a lighthouse with Captain January, Guy Kibbee, and is saved from an institution by providential relatives, is secondary to Shirley's dancing technique and the swell musical score, with such grand tunes as "Early Bird," "At the Codfish Ball," and "The Right Somebody to Love."

When Kibbee, Slim Summerville, and Shirley burlesque an opera performance, they create the most intelligent bit of screen comedy in years. You'll applaud Buddy Ebsen when he dances, you'll discover a new Summerville, and come away refreshed to the gills. Take your family.

DIRECTOR Mitchell Leisen deserves the director's award of the month for his superb handling of this melodramatic story that all takes place in a transcontinental airplane. So subtly has he handled the plot, that half way through the picture you are still uncertain whether it is a love story or a farce. Then the menace begins, and provides you with the most nerve-tingling suspense.

On board the plane, of which Fred MacMurray is pilot, is Joan Bennett, who must get to San Francisco, Fred Kibbee, who is determined to stop her at all costs, Brian Donlevy, and Alan Baxter who are shadowing one another, and ZaSu Pitts in charge of a meanie kid. When they are forced by a blizzard to make an emergency landing, the bad man (we won't tell you which one) starts shooting. Don't miss it.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR—20th Century-Fox

The quintuplets, Mamma and Papa Dionne's five star gift to the world, make a sensational debut, but if you expect they are the whole picture, you will be pleasantly surprised by the excellent story that surrounds them. The film has been put together by recipe, but it is so skilfully done, we can't imagine anyone who won't find it great entertainment. It is a screen masterpiece.

It is quite exactly the story of a country doctor and his services to a little poverty stricken community in Northern Canada. He is utterly selfless, but the one thing he most yearns for is a hospital for the community. When every element in his life looks blackest, along come the quintlets to bring him fame and his heart's desire.

Here's the blend for laughter and tears, with the scenes of the five babies' birth as one of the most hilarious ever seen. Jean Hersholt, a fine actor always, gives his finest performance as the doctor; Dorothy Peterson seconds him as the north country nurse; Slim Summerville and John Qualen, the latter as the bewildered father, are terrific; Michael Whalen and June Lang are the love interest; in fact, plus those amazing babies, it is a genuine eleven star picture.

Henry King's direction, under what were difficult conditions, is superb, and all concerned deserve immense credit. It is a picture you'll long remember.
THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY
CAPTAIN JANUARY
THEY THREE
13 HOURS BY AIR
A MESSAGE TO GARCIA
THE SINGING KID
PETTICOAT FEVER

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Jean Hersolt in "The Country Doctor"
Slim Summerville in "The Country Doctor"
Freddie Bartholomew in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
C Aubrey Smith in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
Guy Kibbee in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
Shirley Temple in "Capitan January"
Slim Summerville in "Captain January"
Marcia Mae Jones in "These Three"
Joel McCrea in "These Three"
Fred MacMurray in "13 Hours by Air"
Alan Baxter in "13 Hours by Air"
Margaret Sullavan in "The Moon's Our Home"
Henry Fonda in "The Moon's Our Home"
Oscar Homolka in "Rhodes"

(Casts of all pictures reviewed will be found on Page 117)

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY—Selznick-International

THIS picture with its warmth, dignity and universal appeal is as fine a present as you have had from Hollywood in many months. In every detail - John Cromwell's direction, Hugh Walpole's adaptation, and Charles Rosher's photography - has David O. Selznick given it an outstanding production. Its biggest virtue, aside from superb performances, throughout, is that never once in Fauntleroy (sans curls this time) made a sissy or a prig; at all times he is a normal and lovable little boy with a nicety of speech and manners.

Freddie Bartholomew earns new honors as Caddie, Lord Fauntleroy, effecting the magic of making the lad unnaturally real instead of a story book hero. His heavy and light scenes alike are handled with surety of purpose and are equally effective.

It is to C Aubrey Smith, however, that top acclaim must go for his magnificent characterization of the testy old tyrant, the Earl of Dorking.

Dolores Costello Barrymore, emerging from a long retirement, is as lovely and appealing as ever as the boy's mother, Dearest, and Guy Kibbee and Henry Stephenson score heavily as the grocer Hobbs and the family lawyer, Harsham.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's story of the little New York boy who becomes an English lord in line for an earldom has been a best seller for fifty years and needs no outlining here.

☆ THE MOON'S OUR HOME—Paramount

THIS is a picture of personal triumphs. The triumphs are for producer Sam Goldwyn, playwright Lillian Hellman, director William Wyler, and actors Joel McCrea, Miriam Hopkins, and Merle Oberon.

But the triumphs of two little girls. Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones are the greatest of all. Two new little stars have surely been born.

The story, from the Broadway success "The Children's Hour," disinfected for the movies, has drama, suspense and power. The lives of Miriam and Merle, proprietors of a girls' school, and Joel, the doctor whom they both love, are twisted into a despairing tangle of shame and doubt by the insinuations of Bonita — until Marcia Mae tells the truth. A picture you'll be hearing much about.

☆ THESE THREE—Sam Goldwyn-United Artists

THIS is a picture of personal triumphs. The triumphs are for producer Sam Goldwyn, playwright Lillian Hellman, director William Wyler, and actors Joel McCrea, Miriam Hopkins, and Merle Oberon.

But the triumphs of two little girls. Bonita Granville and Marcia Mae Jones are the greatest of all. Two new little stars have surely been born.

The story, from the Broadway success "The Children's Hour," disinfected for the movies, has drama, suspense and power. The lives of Miriam and Merle, proprietors of a girls' school, and Joel, the doctor whom they both love, are twisted into a despairing tangle of shame and doubt by the insinuations of Bonita — until Marcia Mae tells the truth. A picture you'll be hearing much about.
A MESSAGE TO GARCIA
—20th Century-Fox

A SPECTACULAR, though somewhat overdrawn picture excellently photographed, based on the thrilling trip of Lt. Roman, the soldier, who carried the famous secret message from President McKinley to General Garcia. John Boles is capable in the leading role, but Barbara Stanwyck is miscast as a Cuban aristocrat and Wally Beery's overcasting doesn't help.

TWO IN REVOLT—RKO-Radio

A NICE outdoor story of the friendship between a horse, Warrior, and a remarkable dog, Lightning. In it, John Arledge, the trainer, catches runaway Warrior. The horse wins a race with the help of Lightning and John gets the bosses' daughter, Louise Latimer. There is a new "Rin Tin Tin" and the children will love him.

GIVE US THIS NIGHT—Paramount

SOMEHOW this picture falls short of what one expects with the combination of two such glorious voices as those of Jan Kiepura and Gladys Swarthout. It's about afisherman (Kiepura) who becomes an opera star, falls in love with a diva (Swarthout), runs away and then comes back to save the show. Alan Mowbray is grand as a comic tenor.

TOO MANY PARENTS—Paramount

DON'T miss this excellent picture of juvenile life in a military academy. It is full of entertainment and heart interest. George Ernest, little Billy Lee, et al., give remarkable performances, and Carl (Alfalfa) Switzer's singing of "Little White Gardenia" is worth the admission. Director: Robert F. McGowan deserves much credit.

EVERYBODY'S OLD MAN—20th Century-Fox

THANKS to James Flood's skilful direction, this commonplace story turns out to be lively, wholesome fun. Eleph-antine Irvin S. Cobb, a big hearted food tycoon, teaches his cocky nephew, Norman Foster, a business trick or two while saving the financial day for Rochelle Hudson and Johnny Downs, the children of his former arch competitor.

BOULDER DAM—Warners

THE fascinating shots alone of Boulder Dam in the building make this picture worth seeing. There are some thrill sequences that will send chills up your spine. The story depicts the metamorphosis of a selfish smartaleck (Ross Alexander) to a decent fellow through pride in building for future generations as a workman on the dam. Good cast.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

THE SINGING KID—Warner

HERE'S a new 1936 Al Jolson with a never better voice. The Yacht Club Boys are mad and exhilarating; Cab Calloway [Swings it] and the dialogue is grand. It concerns a big-hearted singer and his troubles with Claire Dodd, the two timing woman, Lyle Talbot, the crooked lawyer, Beverly Roberts, the heart, and Sybil Jason, the little fixer.

BROADWAY PLAYBOY—Warner

WITH the exception of some moralizing at the end, this version of Cohan's play, "Home Towners," is an engaging affair. Gene Lockhart, the pal, who comes to Metropolis as Warren William's best man only to mess things up and fix them again, steals honors. The American humor is recognizable. June Travis justifies her co-stardom. Refreshing.

GENTLE JULIA—20th Century-Fox

THE incomparable charm Booth Tarkington knows so well will delight you in this laughable small town story wherein Jane Withers plays Cupid for bucolic Tom Brown in his courtship with flirtatious Aunt Julia (Marsha Hunt) when she heeds the tongue of city slicker, George Meeker. Tom Brown rivals one of the best Withers' performances to date.

SILLY BILLIES—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey are covered-wagoneers this time and, as usual, have at least one good snapper gag—fighting Indians with sponges soaked in chloroform. It is Old Home Week for the pair with petite Dorothy Lee back as Wheeler's girl-trouble. Even though it's awfully old stuff, people still laugh at it.

RHODES—GB

A SINCERE picture of the life of Cecil Rhodes, empire builder, diamond master, founder of the Oxford scholarships bearing his name, making up in historical interest what it lacks in glamour. Walter Huston as Rhodes is able, but highest honors go to Oscar Homolka as Paul Kruger. Basil Sydney is a fine Dr. Jameson, and Peggy Ashcroft satisfying.

FARMER IN THE DELL—RKO-Radio

A JAZZED-UP version of Phil Stong's Hollywood novel, this is a highly diverting farce. Fred Stone is perfect as the warm-hearted Iowa farmer bewildered by his fortune in breaking into the movies. Esther Dale couldn't be better as his opportunist wife, and Jean Parker and Frank Albertson share honors as the lovers. Moroni Olson steals scenes. For the family.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]
Gene Raymond Is Really A "Lone Wolf"

After four years in pictures, this traveler still is on the road alone, but he's learned he doesn't own it

By Arden Russell

The Vendome was deserted at that hour. Gene Raymond and I sat toying with our cocktail glasses. We were talking little. But I was thinking a great deal. Of the very blond young man sitting across from me. Thinking of what he stands for in Hollywood. Thinking of how he had "taken it" in Hollywood.

Four years ago he arrived, an engaging youngster with an eager laugh, and an almost old-world courtliness of manner. An avid curiosity and some clearly defined opinions about life and work and his new career. A stage veteran at twenty-three.

The Hollywood mills began their grind upon him. It had not occurred to those who brought him out here that he would be any different than any other handsome young juvenile who had won his spurs on Broadway and looked forward to the rewards of the motion picture business. They had reckoned on him as a box office possibility but they hadn't reckoned upon him as an individual.

He first shocked Hollywood, smoothly accustomed to the workings of its yes-man cycle, when he said "No" and meant it. The first "No" came firmly when they asked him to dye his hair. No blond man had been acclaimed since Wallace Reid, they told him. It did not matter to Gene. If stardom on the screen meant going about with dyed hair—well, he'd return to the stage. They could cancel his contract. No one had ever mentioned his hair in the theater. Dyed hair, indeed! They didn't cancel his contract. But it wasn't the last he heard of his hair! Platinum blond is his fighting word. It is never mentioned to him any more. No one else wants the experience of his cold anger.

The second "No" came sharply when they asked him to tell interviewers a spectacular story of his life which had been born in the imagination of an eager press agent. A story of valiant struggles, starvation and working his way around the world in a cattle-boat, and the experiences he'd had in far ports. It was, they told him, colorful. The real story of his determined and purposeful climb in the theater, where he reached recognition so very young was commendable, perhaps, but not such hot reading. If being a screen personality made it necessary for him to sponsor the invention of a magic yarn of far-flung and non-experienced adventure, if his work had to be amplified by that sort of falseness once again, they could have his contract!

No, no and again no, he would not conform to a pattern. "No," he wouldn't play that part. Why? He didn't think he was right for it. No, he wouldn't play this part. Why? He didn't believe in it.

This youth of easy laughter who had been so eager, settled, in those first few Hollywood months, into a sort of grim Lone Wolf who did only what he wanted to do. Asking no quarter. Asking no advice. Making no explanations. This did not make for personal popularity. Nor did his popularity increase as time went on and Hollywood
LIKE A TALL PINE TREE
Kay Francis' own dress of soft green satin, made with a simple bodice. Skirt is closely pleated. Note silver clasps on the belt.

Natural Color Photography by James N. Doolittle
Dryden designed this 1855 dress of white striped organza dotted in red for Grace Moore. The undersleeves, collar and front panel are of organdie. Cherry red taffeta ribbons are used in the borders and bows.

Right, the 1936 adaptation of Grace's frock which Dryden has made for Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. An ideal dinner dress for summer.
Grace Moore's favorite colors are sky blue and white, so Dryden has designed an organza period gown in this coloring. Ribbon of navy blue taffeta is the trimming. Puffed organdie undersleeves

Right, two modern versions of the same dress: a dinner costume in checked blue and white organza and a summery short-skirted adaptation is at Saks Fifth Avenue. Frocks from "The King Steps Out"
Black Satin
Formal

Carole Lombard calls this the most stunning gown that Travis Banton ever designed for her. Her figure is bound and swathed in black drapery which ties on one hip and forms a graceful sweeping train.
Salmon pink panne velvet banded in sable is used for a glamorous negligee for Carole. Travis Banton made both of the costumes.

A gown of white chiffon trimmed with silver bugles is worn under a white satin cape. The clothes are worn in "Love Before Breakfast"
Above, we see Patricia in a brief satin lastex suit of blue and white. Sun hat and sandals are of natural colored linen.

First Eleanore slips into a white satin lastex bathing suit; then shorts and double breasted coat of marine blue linen with patch pockets.

Alone in the desert in a turquoise blue suit and matching hat, Patricia Ellis suns herself, as shown at the right.

Eleanore Whitney in gay bandana blouse tucked into white sailcloth slacks. The blouse is easy to make. Four bandanas are ample.

Bright red jersey skirt, red sandals and a linen halter printed in nautical design make a smart play suit for Eleanore for days under the sun.
Mona Barrie on Vacation

Brown and chartreuse checked wool in light weight for this sport frock. White piqué vest and cuffs, hat and gloves. White shoes and copper-tone hosiery.

Shanti loves hiking as much as his owner does. Here she wears a suit of thin blue woolen material and blouse of heavy white crêpe with shirred sleeves. The cape has a belt of red leather. Blue hat, shoes.

Lunch in the patio in blue knitted slacks. Red, white and blue belt and red pottery service.

Waterproof news print cloth of silky material forms Mona's dressmaker bathing suit with shirred bodice and halter back.
A dress and jacket of dusty pink angora knit in lacy weave. Belt and buttons of navy kid harmonizing with the hat which is of pink and blue braided straw with a blue band. The shoes are blue and white with gray-beige stockings.

Informal coat of tweed in a light natural shade, with a collar of wolf. Beige felt beret, beige gloves with matching hose.

Good morning! says Anita, radiant in Roman striped jersey in green, white, wine and blue. A blue kid belt, wide hat of white crêpe bordered in blue, silver foxes, white doeskin gloves, bag and shoes—that's her spring costume for the street.
Cotton tweed culottes in natural tone for both active and spectator sports are accented by a bright blue chin chukker scarf with matching leather bag and shoes. Beige felt sports hat and matching fabric slip-on gloves.

A charmingly simple frock of black crêpe. White piqué is used for the collar and bow and also in a band underneath the scalloped hem which is bound in black satin. Black hat and gloves. Copper-tone hose.

Anita Louise's beautiful head is framed by a large white crêpe hat, at left.
GOOD NIGHT AND GOOD MORNING!

Cora Sue Collins is not quite sure whether these dainty pink hand-embroidered pajamas are becoming or whether she prefers just the old fashioned nightie.

Just too sleepy to decide. She'll wear this tulip satin night gown tonight, anyway. She loves its edging, appliqué of hand-made lace and fresh shoulder frills.

Ready for the morning bath she slips into a pale blue corduroy man-tailored robe with petal pink collar, belt ends and pocket appliqué. Furred slippers.

Now for breakfast in bed in her favorite pale pink satin jacket quilted and embroidered with rose buds. The long cuffed sleeves are cozy.
Attired in the newest street tailleur with a snakeskin waistcoat designed by Margaret Montague, Harriet Hilliard selects one of the typically modern leather perfumes.

When Harriet pins a huge corsage of violets on the bodice of her evening gown, she sprays them lightly with that fresh woody fragrance which captures the mood of prevailing fashion.

Another fragrance suitable for tweeds and woolens is contained in the exquisite gold-en-crusted crown bottle above. For best results, perfume should be applied directly to the skin, sprayed lightly.

More flowers and fragrances are appearing with spring and Harriet tucks a gardenia in her lapel and selects a bouquet fragrance, not too heavy for tailored wear. Even the hand-etched decanter wears a flower.

Any eggs that this little china rabbit might leave on Easter morning would be highly perfumed, for concealed, is a very useful atomizer.

Photoplay’s Hollywood Beauty Shop Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck
As a singer, as well as a motion picture star, Kitty is fully aware of the valuable asset of dazzlingly white teeth. Three brushes of varying sizes are advisable to be used vigorously at least twice a day with your favorite dentifrice. Brushes should be dried before using again.

A smile like Kitty Carlisle's is an excellent way to commence the day. After the refreshing use of an antiseptic mouth wash, indispensable adjunct to daintiness, the juice of a lemon in a glass of hot water, taken before breakfast, is the first step to skin loveliness.

Is your mouth tabbed generous, eager, understanding, discontented or hard? Just as surely as your eyes reflect your spirit, so does your mouth become stamped with the character of your thoughts. You can change its physical contour with a little lipstick but you can't change its character until you right your own thinking.

Be courageous. Toss ugly and unhappy thoughts into the discard. Learn to smile even when the world seems all wrong. Problems, real or imaginary, met with a smile, often disappear into nothingness. And all you reap from worry is a steady accumulation of firmly etched lines, grim or drooping mouths.

When I say smile, I don't mean a mere facial contortion. It's the smile that starts in your mind, is reflected in the eyes and simply has to follow through on your lips.

One of the most attractive things about Kitty Carlisle is the smile that lies in her eyes, her ready laugh. When I saw her last, in "A Night At The Opera," I thought how attractive she looks when she sings, so eager, so alive. No grimaces or facial contortions detract from the joy of listening to her lovely voice. While I was chatting with her on a recent visit to New York I mentioned this. And that is how this story was born.

Kitty told me that when she was preparing for her career as a singer, one of her teachers told her that her face was too immobile, too stiff, that she had a "ninth" upper lip. (I must have shown that I thought that too incredible, for she assured me that it really was so, that she had been schooled to conceal her emotions.) She went home, smiled at herself in the mirror. There was no answering response from the upper lip.

What to do about it? Kitty is the sort of girl who, when she makes up her mind to do a thing, it is as good as done. She learned some mouth exercises and practiced them assiduously before her mirror every day. They are not just for numb upper lips but are splendid correctives for grim, tense mouths. She

"Spring Perfumes" and how to use them, is yours for a stamped, self-addressed
YOU MOLD YOUR OWN MOUTH

says to relax your tongue, relax your jaw, take off the clamps that nerves apply and those diagonal lines from nose to mouth won't appear.

Here they are. First, to relax your tongue, rapidly and rhythmically say la-la-la-la-la. Your jaw will just have to relax and it's a grand exercise for a tense, tired face. Good for your voice too, if you take a full, round tone, placed well forward in the mouth.

To relax upper lip, start with a hum and go into me-me-me-me as fast and rhythmically as possible. Don't let your jaw waggle, just move your lips.

On one tone say all the vowels aloud, exaggerating their lip formations so that the lips play freely. Do it with a smile in your eyes and you will see that the corners of your lips turn up automatically.

For the chin, mouth and contour, first cream your fingertips and mold from the sides of the point of the chin around the corners of the mouth to the corners of the nose. Press and lift using the two middle fingers of each hand.

Again using your fingertips, mold from the point of the chin to the temples and your drooping mouth will take on an upward curve.

From nose to mouth lines... Purse your lips as though you are about to whistle and puff hard against the inside of your cheeks and upper lip. Release air in little puffs exactly as if you were keeping a bit of thistledown in the air.

Another exercise for neck and chin and contour lines consists in doing the preceding exercise while you rotate your head.

For a clear-cut contour and twin chins, tilt the chin up, head back as in singing, open the mouth wide and slowly with perfect control, slowly, slowly close your mouth by pulling up the lower jaw.

Sometimes there is a slight shadow which appears around the mouth. A stinging circulation

envelope to Carolyn Van Wyck, Photoplay Magazine, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City

73
The Private Life of

The romance of movie making has never been so fascinatingly revealed

Half-way up any mountain there is always a little inn or gas station appropriately called "Midway Point" or something where you, the climber, are allowed to pause; to take breath and heart; to look back at how far you've come and to look forward at how far you've still to go. You are allowed to gather up and fasten securely things loose and falling.

So this month we pause, we take breath, and we gather up. I've got about half way through the pleasant task of telling you how a modern talking picture is made and in order to keep the story on a straight and intelligible course I've had to put aside and save a lot of things until now. Fortunately those things are fascinating as well as essential to this series—double justification.

Here's the lay-out: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chosen for research because it's the biggest and most advanced studio in the world, is divided into 45 departments. In the more obvious progress of any movie a few of those departments stand out above the others: story (handling of plot and script and dialogue); wardrobe and make-up; art and sets; sound and camera; developing and cutting.

These you cannot escape, these you must of necessity probe and inquire into, these you must caption "Of Prime Importance" because of their especially close connection with the stars themselves, the film itself, the picture itself.

But in the last analysis you must see the studio as an integrated whole—and when this is done then no longer can one department be capitalized while others are lower-case; then all juggle themselves into a checkerboard of usefulness, on an identical plane.

Somewhere before on these pages I remarked that Metro is the richest city in the world, containing in treasure (particularly props) and in bonded resources enough money to start a war. Besides the intrinsic value of material objects M-G-M's high walls enclose the more intangible worth of 5,000 human lives; and the whole must be guarded. To this...
A Talking Picture

as in this series of unusual and enlightening features

By Howard Sharpe

cautious end the studio chiefs spend an annual fortune, beginning with the police force.

You will not quite believe, but you must, that for the peace of Metro an organized body of 60 men on full salary is necessary; you will not quite believe, but again you must, that this department is so complete as to possess a fingerprint man, sub-machine guns, and gas-masks.

During the day which I reserved for study of this particular cog in M-G-M’s machinery I discovered the following things: that although these law-enforcers are paid by the studio and have no connection with the Culver City police, they nevertheless conduct their organization on memorial lines and ritual set down by the great metropolitan forces; and that in the way of this they have one Chief named W. P. Hendry, a Captain, four Lieutenants (one of whom is the fingerprint expert), four plainclothes detectives, and 32 uniformed men—not including the reserve.

Their job is collectively to see that no one steals the millions of dollars worth of studio property; to regulate traffic—and there is much—through the narrow streets of Lot I; to apprehend any criminals among those who are not regular employees; and to keep the peace.

“Nothing to do?” exploded Chief Hendry in answer to my laughing comment. “On the contrary! Things go wrong here the same as in any town, on a different scale and in a different way perhaps, but nevertheless. We have accidents. We have thefts. We’ve even had homicides. These are regular occurrences, and aren’t very exciting; it’s when a tiger gets loose in the zoo or when a workman gets stranded on some high set and has to be saved that the interesting part comes in.

“One of our biggest problems, though, has come out of the great American habit of souvenir hunting. Visitors on the set, anxious to have a trinket to show the folks back in Iowa, occasionally pick up some little object that isn’t worth very much in itself, but which costs the studio thousands of dollars in re-takes. It’s usually...
formal dinner at pickfair

- Furniture—Original Louis XIV
- Cloth—Imported Czechoslovakian satin damask, Wedgwood border
- Service Plates—Sterling, in a design done exclusively for Miss Pickford
- China—Minton
- Ash Trays—Cloisonné from Cartier
- Pheasants—Sheffield
Mary Pickford entertains

**PIKFHAIR,** resplendent abode of that famed hostess, Mary Pickford, sets a standard in Hollywood entertaining be it for five, fifty, or five hundred guests. Its dinners, not only because of the brilliance of the guest lists, but also because of the perfect appointments, the superb cuisine and almost royal splendor of service that attends them, are coming to be touched with the legendary.

It is a simple matter for Miss Pickford to hostess scores of guests yet ten remains her favorite number for the dinner table because, she says, it permits the warming intimacy essential to pleasant dining. Limited to this number were those whom she asked recently to join her in honoring Lady Mendel. They included Marquis and Marquise Portago, Edmund Goulding, Frances Marion, Clark Gable, H. G. Wells, Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin.

Shortly before eight they met at the bar in the playroom where each enjoyed individual choices of cocktails or light aperitifs. Dinner then was served in the graceful 17th century French dining room.

This room is not overly large, considering the number of diners who frequently are seated in it but it has a feeling of space and serenity. The panelled walls are of ivory. French windows lead to the wide reception hall and a small library on one side, a tall window overlooking the estate is on the other, a fireplace is at one end and a great studio window at the other. Long folds of green and ivory toile de Jouy hang at these and a deep pile rug in soft green covers the floor.

The fireplace, over which hangs an oil of Miss Pickford's niece, Gwynne, done by Orland Campbell, is hidden by a sliding panel of mirror. In the four corners of the room are mirrored recesses, indirectly lighted, in which fine pieces of Dresden stand on crystal shelves. The furniture is original Louis 14th, done in green and antique white. A tall, five-panel decorative screen blocks the service entrance from view.

For this occasion the table was spread with shining satin damask in deep egg-shell. Three gold stands with fluted columns of ivory held masses of Japanese iris and sprays of giant lily of the valley. Spaced between them were tall candleabra of gold holding six lighted tapers of a warm ivory hue.

Before each place lay gleaming sterling service plates, octagonal in shape and exclusive in design, which were engraved MDF (Mary, Douglas, Fairbanks), a reminder of the days when Douglas presided as host at the table. Mirror-bright sterling water and wine goblets reflected the flickers of the tapers as did the sterling bouillon cups and bread and butter plates. The china was fine Mintons in rich cream and white bordered by bands of gold. Small cloisonne dishes held cigarettes in individual silver trays. Matches in white and gold packets bore the same monogram as the service plates.

Menus written in the fine hand of Albert Chaix, the quiet little Frenchman who has been major domo of the establishment for the past sixteen years, were a novel feature. Four of them were held in small Sheffield pheasants. The place cards which Miss Pickford requires for any formal dinner no matter how small, were of fine white linen with the MDF monogram in gold.

Unless she has some specialty in mind, Miss Pickford entrusts all menus to Albert, just as she has relied upon him to keep her home running smoothly and competently at all times. Her trust is not misplaced for Albert is a genius in the matter of food as many an illustrious guest of the past will attest and the public may see soon when his book of Pickfair menus is published. The foods themselves are neither heavy nor ultra rich or rare; their appeal lies in intriguing combinations of flavor and substance and in their cooking in the hands of Rose, Pickfair's head cook.

For this meal Albert selected fresh fruit cocktail; Consomme Royale, celery hearts and Maywood olives; trout en aspic with macedoine garniture and Boston sandwiches; broiled young chicken with Sauce Diable, pommes (potatoes) Rissoles, French green peas, choux fleur (cabbage) au gratin and croissant; avocado salad with cheese sticks; and Bombe Glacée-au-Chocolat with assorted cakes.

From the noteworthy wine cellar he chose a Fourche Chablis, 1926, to be served with the trout and a Pol Roget, 1926, champagne to heighten the piquancy of the Sauce Diable with the chicken.

Butlers at Pickfair are garbed in uniforms of powder blue, lavishly trimmed with brass buttons. In accordance with custom, one butler served every three guests. In an adjoining room a trio of violinst, pianist and 'cellist played unobtrusive salon music.

After dinner the women joined Miss Pickford in her large boudoir for coffee and liqueurs while the men sipped theirs in the lounge. They chose as they wished from Grand Marnier, cointreau, cognac, chartreuse, creme de menthe and creme de cacao.

Movies are a favorite after dinner entertainment at Pickfair and are made doubly enjoyable by the comfort which attends viewing them in the spacious white drawing room. The screen rolls down over a great window, ordinarily covered with a Venetian blind, at the far end of the room. The sound apparatus is concealed behind a magnificent screen while the projection machine operates from behind a sliding panel in a specially constructed and hidden booth in the reception hall. Miss Pickford's taste in movies is catholic but on her private bills there is always at least one Mickey Mouse.

The Consomme Royale is a rich and very clear consomme in which small cubes of a stiff custard have been dropped just before serving. The macedoine garniture for the trout consists of cubes of boiled carrots, peas and beets tossed together lightly in melted butter. The Boston sandwich is made of thin slices of Boston brown bread spread with grated cucumber seasoned lightly.

For the broiled chicken with Sauce Diable, cut young broilers, weighing about 2½ pounds, in half. Place on a roasting tray, season with salt and pepper and place a generous piece of butter inside each half.

Broil for 10 minutes, basting often. Then place one teaspoon of worcestershire sauce into each half. Continue browning and basting for about 25 minutes. Serve garnished with its own juices.

The Bombe Glacée-au-Chocolat is merely chocolate ice cream molded firmly in the shape of a half melon. With it may be served a thick marshmallow sauce, or it may be decorated with whipped cream applied with a pastry tube.
Edward Arnold plays General Sutter in “Sutter’s Gold,” with Binnie Barnes
"I say," Edward Arnold said bluntly, "that I spoil my kids. I do not think so, but if I do, I have my own reasons. To me they are sufficient."

We were sitting in the tiny patch of green with one big tree he calls the garden of his home atop a high hill in Beverly Crest. It was a fine, clear day and we could see the vast stretch of the blue Pacific in the distance.

Originally we had no intention, or perhaps I should say I had no intention, of discussing the Arnold offspring, spoiled or otherwise. I was there to learn how he felt about his stardom won with "Diamond Jim," "Crime and Punishment," and his latest picture "Sutter's Gold"; whether he wore that stardom becomingly, smugly or casually; and what changes, if any, being a $7,500-a-week man had made in him.

It was soon obvious, however, that Arnold had no such intentions or if he had, they got side-tracked in short order. It turned out to be a dissertation on his favorite subject—his children. It was a steady succession of "Elizabeth did this" and "Bill thinks that," and "Maggie (his nickname for Dorothy Jane, his youngest and most lively) wants the other."

At first it seemed faintly amusing, as it is when a newly-made father goes on at length about the wonders of his first-born, that Arnold should be so wholly wrapped up in those kids. After all, he had been a father for seventeen years and a star for little more than one.

Then I saw the answer, a fine and human one. I saw that through his children and the fun, the comforts and the advantages of life he is giving them, he is re-living his own youth. He is wiping away the biting memory of years of hardship, self-sacrifice, loneliness and hard, hard work, and in some small measure, is

Through the advantages he gives to his family, he is wiping away the memory of years of hardship, and re-capturing youth. With him is "Mama"

One of his favorite souvenirs is the telegram sent him on the premiere of "Diamond Jim" by his children. William Edward, Dorothy Jane, Elizabeth
Corsage of field flowers in multiple colors may be worn with any evening gown. Pastel gloves to match hose of the same shade. Gold and white enamel mesh evening bag; jewelry of sapphires and rhinestones

Spring Garnishings

Gilets and the tailored suit are inseparable. The one above is of white soutache and silk braid, Mimosa suede gloves, bag and belt and compact. From Bonwit Teller

Eight, Black gabardine street shoe with gray stitching and patent leather trim, medium heel with new clocked tweedy silk hose in gray, tan and navy, to match suit shades

Fasten the red and white hand-blocked scarf with a new monogram pin or wear a butterfly clip or nosegay on the lapel of your suit. Red suede gloves are smartly cuffed. Gold and ruby jewelry
Every Tuesday night, Mary Pickford is on the air in "Parties at Pickfair." With her, above, Marian Parsonelt, producer and director, and Nat Wolff, his assistant

Hollywood at the Mike

By Dan Wheeler

THREE of radio's pet prima donnas, all of whom have appeared in pictures, are hovering uncertainly, at the moment, between making more pictures or devoting their time exclusively to radio, concert, and operatic engagements. They're Grace Moore, Lily Pons, and Gladys Swarthout. Miss Pons, who is taking a few weeks' vacation from her Chesterfield hour programs, has gone to Europe and will make at least one more picture for RKO when she returns, but as yet, nobody knows what it will be. Miss Swarthout's second Paramount film, "Give Us This Night," with Jan Kiepura as her co-star, hasn't yet been released, and no contracts have been signed for a third. And as for Miss Moore, she just doesn't care a great deal for the long hours involved in picture-making. Her idea of a perfect schedule, she says, would be one broadcast and two concert dates a week—but with her pictures still tops in the musical category it isn't likely she'll be allowed to bow herself out of the movies entirely.

Frank Fay, of those very eccentric Fays, is all set now for a summer radio show in the interests of Royal Gelatine. Until it starts, he'll remain on the Fleischmann Variety hour. His new contract, they say, is one of the longest ever signed by a radio comic—it runs for two and a half years. Incidentally, it's fun to watch Frank rehearse. He looks absent-minded, but really he's concentrating and trying to switch his lines around more to his own satisfaction. No two of his rehearsals for the same program are alike—and his broadcast performance is different from any of the rehearsals!

The Flying Red Horse Tavern, sponsored by Socony Oil and heard on CBS every Friday, was still uncertain as we went to press over its future talent plans, but some sort of movie personality seemed certain. Maybe it will be the three Marx Brothers, for comedy; on the other hand it may be Ethel Merman, for songs. Since the Marxmen disrupted a recent Hollywood Hotel broadcast, thereby giving listeners one of the swellest shows they'd had in weeks, various sponsors have eyed them greedily. Rinso soap has them in mind for a half-hour it has contracted for on CBS.

Bob Burns is evidently going slow as far as his return to pictures is concerned. The Arkansas comedian was in the movies, you know, before he made his initial radio hit on the Fleischmann Variety hour, but it took radio to bring him to real popularity. Since he's been in Hollywood appearing on Bing Crosby's Kraft Cheese program, he's made only one picture, a Vitaphone short which has just been released. He has been making personal appearances out on the coast, and this summer plans to make some more, in the east.

Bob would be a good movie bet if he could be sure of getting parts with the same lazy, informal appeal of his radio character.
Ask The Answer Man

ELIZABETH ALLAN, the fascinating heroine of “A Tale of Two Cities,” was a school teacher at sixteen, a Shakespearean actress at seventeen, and a London stage favorite at nineteen.

The youngest of the six children of a well-known physician, Elizabeth was born in Skegness, Lincolnshire, England, on April 6, 1892 and educated at a Quaker school in Yorkshire where she won a scholarship to the Old Vic Theatrical Training School in London. In order to pay her expenses, she taught the village school for a year.

After two years in a traveling Shakespearean repertoire company, Elizabeth had a leading part in “Michael and Mary” with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, who introduced her to William O’Brien, the English actor’s agent, whom she married in 1924, the same year she was signed by M-G-M. Her best known pictures are “Men in White,” “David Copperfield,” and “A Tale of Two Cities.”

This green-eyed young actress plays the piano beautifully, collects antique jewelry, loves to ride horseback, and hates to buy clothes or go to beauty shops. She is five feet five inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, and her hair is a lovely red gold. When she returns from a trip to England, she is expected to play in “Silas Marner.”

EDITH W., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—John Barrymore’s father was an Englishman born in India whose name was Herbert Blythe. When he went on the stage he changed it to Maurice Barrymore. He married Georgie Drew, daughter of the elder Drew, and sister of the famous John Drew. His three children have since used the name Barrymore as their own. The actor who played the part of Herod in “Cleopatra,” and Conrad in “The Crusades” was Joseph Schildkraut. Herbert Marshall was wounded in the War which accounts for the slight hesitation in his walk that you noticed. George Bancroft will soon appear in “Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,” which stars Gary Cooper.

JEANNE KERER, COLUMBIA, S.C.—Johnny Downs was born in Brookly, N. Y., on Oct. 10, 1913. He was a child actor, one of the first of the original “Our Gang.” Later he went on the stage in musical comedy. He is not married and his latest picture is “Coronation.”

DOLORES KREES, CHICAGO, ILL.—Alan Baxter, the young man who made such a hit in “Mary Burns, Fugitive,” is twenty-three years old, five feet eleven inches tall, with light brown hair and brown eyes. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, where his father is vice president of the Cleveland Trust Company. Alan graduated from Williams College, took a post graduate course in Professor Baker’s drama course at Yale and then joined the Theatre Guild where he specialized in Polish dialects. He plays golf, swims, and was on the Williams track team. He also writes musical comedy sketches, points scenery and is familiar with all branches of the theater. Katherine Hepburn was so enthusiastic when she saw him on the stage that she asked Walter Wanger to sign him for “Mary Burns, Fugitive.” His latest picture is “Thirteen Hours by Air.”

MISS JEANETTE THORNE, SALEM, MASS.—I think this covers your questions too. Alan Baxter is one of our most popular young men this month.

MR. JOHN WOOTEN, KINSTON, N. C.—Mr. Baxter’s biography will interest you too.

ANN ROBINS, WEST PLAINS, MISS.—I’m sorry but I’m afraid somebody lost a bet. Butch in “Navy Wife” was Warren Hymen; Jerry in “Private Worlds” was Big Boy Williams; the racketeer in “The Glass Key” was Robert Gleckler, and Sergeant Dudley in “The Littlest Rebel” was Quin Williams.

CHARLES CHICONE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Charles Chaplin was born in London, England, on April 16, 1889.

RUTH MEYER, TERACHAPI, CALIF.—Carole Lombard’s real name is Jane Peters; Loretta Young’s real name is Gretchen Young; Alice Faye’s real name is Alice Lippert, and Katharine Hepburn and Miriam Hopkins use their own names.

CHARLES MALLORY, RICHMOND HILL, L. I.—The charming dancer Bobbie in “Millions in the Air,” is Eleanor Whitney. She is eighteen years old, five feet tall and weighs 98 pounds. She was a pupil of Bill Robinson, the tap dancer, and appeared in night clubs and in vaudeville before being signed by Paramount. She is not married, and her latest picture was “Timothy’s Quest.”

FRANCES BRADY, BANGOR, MAINE.—Victor Jory was born in Dawson City, Alaska, in 1902. He is six feet one and a half inches tall, weighs 182 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. He attended high school in Pasadena and later the University of California. He is a fine boxer and wrestler and his hobbies are writing and composing music.

He signed for pictures in 1932; his latest is “Hell Ship Morgan.”

GERMAINE MAYO, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—You may write to Jean Parker at KRO-Radio Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, for her picture.

Her current picture is “Farmer in the Dell,” reviewed in this issue.

MARGIE REYNOLDS, BRONX, N. Y.—Charlotte Henry was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 3, 1914. Frankie Darro was born in Chicago on Dec. 22, 1917.

E. M. C., BALTIMORE, MD.—Madly Christians was born Jan. 19, 1902, in Vienna, Austria, and educated at the Ursuline Convent there. She is five feet six inches tall, weighs 127 pounds, has blonde hair and gray eyes. After spending three years in Max Reinhardt’s school in Berlin, she entered pictures in Germany in 1921, later coming to America.

Her most recent picture appearance was in “Ship Cafe.”

JEROME CAMRAS, CHICAGO, ILL.—Freddie Bartholomew was born in Warmminster, Eng. land, March 28, 1924. His aunt tutored him in diction and elocution and was responsible for his getting small parts on the London stage. He was chosen in 1934 from among hundreds of boys to play David Copperfield.

His most recent picture is “Little Lord Fauntleroy.”

MABEL MEISSNER, MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Preston Foster was born in Ocean City, N. J., on August 24, 1902. He sang baritone in light opera and musical comedies. His first picture was “Heads Up!” in 1930. His latest is “Miss Em Up.”

Sidney Blackmer was born in Salisbury, N. Y., on July 13, 1898, and attended the University of North Carolina. He entered pictures in 1929, and his most recent screen appearance was in “Woman Trap.” He is divorced from Leonore Ulrich.

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, the Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contents in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York City.
“You girls who want a lovely skin—use my beauty care”
says
Ginger Rogers

“Don’t run the risk of clogging your pores! I avoid COSMETIC SKIN this way” . . .

- It’s when stale powder and rouge choke your pores that Cosmetic Skin develops—dullness, blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics? Ginger Rogers does. “But,” she says, “I remove every trace of stale make-up with Lux Toilet Soap.” Clever girls use this ACTIVE-lathered soap before they put on fresh make-up—always before they go to bed. “Lux Toilet Soap keeps skin smooth, flawless,” says Ginger Rogers.
people and skyscrapers—he has wanted one thing. The details of that thing weren't necessarily specified in his mind; he dreamed in terms of generalities. Possession of Land and House. Wife and Heir-Apparent. Peace, if he needed it.

Actual realization of all this didn't come until one summer evening a few years ago when he took time out for an introspective interlude. "I realized suddenly that—to be mild about it—I wasn't growing any younger," he told me, drying his hands to light and hold a cigarette. "I'd met Ruby Keeler and loved her: it was nearly time that this guy named Jolson began...

When Al bought his little ranch it was with business foresight as well as with the congenital instinct of a family man. "I had to consider finances," he said. "With Ruby and the kid I was no longer on my own, I couldn't thumb my nose at my bank-book any longer. Before, if I went broke I had only myself to worry about—but now it's different. And I haven't any assurance that these salaries of mine will come rolling in forever and ever. Besides, what with inflation and the new taxes and investment upsets, it's pretty tough to hold on to what you have got." He was silent for a time, staring thought-orchard here is only 'in case.' I'll stick with singing as long as I can . . ."

"Well, if you good chaps, you lovers of the Mammy-voice. Where there are stages and where there are radios, there also shall be Al Jolson. But go to see 'The Singing Kid,' in which he is starred—because if his luck holds, that picture will probably be his last.

"For he has been tired for the making of movies. "On the contrary," he exploded when I asked him. "I told you I hated apartments and cities with all my soul; well, with all my soul I hate putting on grease-paint and acting in front of a camera.

"Singing—of course I love that; I'd do it as soon slap on black-face and go to a hospital full of crippled soldiers and sing my brains out, without getting a cent for it. That's different, somehow. But pouring out sentiment to a little group of directors and technicians and five hundred arc-lights: that's no fun."

"It pays well." He lit another cigarette. "Of course. And anyway I've no choice—just at present."

"You'd have to put on grease-paint if you were on the stage."

"I'd sing in a theater fifty times a night rather than make one picture."

I frowned. "You know almost every star I've ever talked to has said something like that."

He explained: "There's no comparison between talking and singing to an audience, emotion before an insensate machine. Now I know what you're going to say. You're going to ask me, How about radio? and I'll tell you that a couple of years ago the answer would have been, 'Just as bad!' But not any more." The sun had baked him dry and he sprawled on his stomach, facing me with his chin on his hands. "The radio managers have realized they get better results out of us if we can work before people, rather than just before a mike. They've built in seats and invited audiences who bring with them that intimate thread of control of understanding so necessary to a good performance."

"But even so," I said stubbornly, "if you give up pictures and all the money that goes with them . . ."

"I said I was ready to stop acting in movies. Al interrupted: "not give them up. In a few months I'm going to produce 'Three Men On A Horse.' If that clicks—then I'm set. Then I'll go on producing and watch other people rehearse and do scenes over and over and over, while the camera hums money into my pocket."

He closed his eyes and grinned. "It's a beautiful thought, believe me."

I stood up and stretched. "Al Jolson: Producer," I said. "It sounds magnificent. And every afternoon, when you've left the fuss and tumult of the studio . . ."

I'd drive out San Fernando valley and turn up that drive over there and hope to Heaven that Ruby is home to open the door. My God, the peace of it! If only—if only—" He paused, looking down into the water beside him.

Finally he said, "I'll tell you this much. This house, this ranch, all they stand for, are what I want from life. It could pay—I know that. And if Ruby would do it with me I'd quit pictures and every other thing tomorrow—and just come here—and live."
Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU from looking your best

JUST when good looks make such a difference in good times—from about 13 to 25 years of age, or even longer—many young people become afflicted with ugly pimples.

During this time, after the beginning of adolescence, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin, especially, becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples appear.

Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast helps to give you back a good complexion by clearing these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat it regularly—3 cakes a day, before meals, plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear. Start today!
 Trials and Triumphs of a Hollywood Dress Designer

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

queried his aversion for Clara’s constant fitting-room companion, a two hundred pound Great Dane. This massive animal completely filled the small fitting-room, crowding out busy and frightened seamstresses. And when he did not choose to sprawl at his mistress’s feet, he invariably selected the most expensive bolt of silver or cloth of gold for his thunderous slumber.

But somehow in spite of behemoths and Clara’s vocal exercises the bow wardrobes would get themselves finished and Banton would anxiously await the first day’s shooting on each new picture.

dutifully fitted over the new accoutrement, but by some mysterious process they always disappeared just before Clara was called in front of the cameras for a “take.”

It was the same with her skirts. She could never resist the temptation to pull them up around the waistline so that the hems of her frocks always flirted with the very tops of her knees.

And then her boundless vitality never failed to turn Banton’s most costly gowns into rags within a few hours. There was too much in the sheer business of living for Clara to remember what she had on her back the moment she left.

Arc costume he made for Bebe to wear to Marion Davies’ costume ball, the biggest social event of that season. Bebe yearned to play the Maid of Orleans on the screen and she took every possible opportunity to appear in the beloved costume.

As before the event Bebe suffered one of her usual accidents and was ordered to bed with a plaster cast on her ankle. But the night of the ball Joan of Arc stopped the show by her dramatic entrance on a pair of crutches.

And then after a trying day Banton had the fun-loving, luxury-mad Evelyn Brent to help coax him back to gaiety. Evelyn was a star then in the three thousand dollar a week class, and even in a town innured to extravagance she made the natives gasp. Her lingerie was imported handmade puffs of lace, chiffon and pleats, so sheer that every step-in chemise and nightgown had to be dry cleaned each time she wore them. She fancied net hosiery that cost from seven to twenty dollars a pair, and she loved furs and rare jewels. Luxury seemed to protect her like a soft cocoon from something in life she wished to escape. Her home, her motor, her whole code of living was keyed to this insane pitch of lavishness.

TODAY Evelyn is looking for a job in pictures.

Banton, for one, is certain that she will return to importance, if not stardom again.

In Kay Francis, Banton found the complete antithesis to Evelyn Brent. And although he refuses to take credit for it, it is true that Kay suddenly flared into print as “Hollywood’s best dressed woman” following her screen appearance in his gowns.

No one was more surprised than Kay when this honor was bestowed upon her, for she spends less time, money, energy and thought on her personal wardrobe than any star of equal importance.

Banton recalls one year when she “got by” with one black lace frock for the entire season of parties, and another time when she wore a certain black felt hat for two years. In fact that ancient black felt finally goaded him into reckless conduct. During a fitting one day he said:

“You darling!” she cried, “I knew I had to get a new hat, but I’ve put off the agony of a shopping trip from month to month. Now I won’t have to go. Oh, you darling."

Strangely enough while Banton was coaxing Kay into new hats, and moulding her into a leading candidate (on the screen anyway) for “Hollywood’s best dressed woman” race, he was hard at work with her only serious rival in the fashion field—Lillian Tashman.

But in Lillian, Travis found a woman with a frank and lusty interest in clothes one who coveted the “best dressed” title, and worked seriously and intelligently toward that goal.

For some odd reason Banton’s first meeting with Lil got off to a bad start. In fact it ended in an argument. Travis, it seems, tried to convince Tashman that she should be the first star, in fact the first woman in the world to discard the Chanel silhouette of the 1925-26-27 period (you remember those funny-looking

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]
Born under a Lucky Star

Yet ROCHELLE HUDSON won't trust to luck when it comes to lovely washables—she insists on LUX

Between scenes, Rochelle rests in her dressing room on the set. Its furnishings have the same crisp freshness she insists upon for her personal things.

"WHILE I'm usually lucky, I don't count on 'luck' to save me from stocking runs or faded colors," declares Rochelle Hudson. "Lux is my secret of keeping things like new for ages!"

Why risk spoiling your smart washables this summer? It's so easy—and economical—to keep lovely prints and pastels, sheer cottons and fine linens, always superlatively fresh with Lux.

Rubbing with cake soap, or using ordinary soaps which may contain harmful alkali, is apt to fade colors, weaken threads. Lux has no harmful alkali. Safe in water, safe in Lux!

Specified in all the big Hollywood studios...

"Washing failures, by holding up production, would cost us thousands of times what they would an individual," says Arthur Levy, wardrobe supervisor. "That's why at Twentieth Century-Fox studios it's a rule that only Lux be used for stockings and washable costumes—we know it's safe!"

HOLLYWOOD HAS A NEW WORD FOR "WASH"—IT'S
hip length waistlines and short skirts we thought so gerrrand. Even the intrepid Lilyan drew back from this foolhardiness.

"And what do you suggest in place of the current mode?" she inquired coldly.

"Something drastically different," Banton challenged her courage. "A change is in the air! Waistlines are bound to go-up again to their natural places and skirts, at least those on evening gowns, will go down to the floor again. Why not be the first to start this new fashion, or are you afraid?"

That word "afraid" ignited the spark of adventure in Lilyan's spirit. She said:

"All right, I'll wear your floor sweeping gowns, but remember, if you happen to be wrong, if these costumes make me look ridiculous, believe me, I'll be your enemy for life."

AND three months later when Hollywood New York and Paris were ringing with the clamor of women demanding copies of the startling new Tashman frocks, she paid a solemn visit to Banton's fitting-room.

"I'll never doubt you or question any decision of yours again," she told him. "You may design whatever you wish for me hereafter without my okay." Amazingly enough she lived up to this avowal to the end.

Lilian always came for her fittings alone. Only her husband, Edmund Lowe, was permitted to sit in on these rituals. When a costume turned out unusually exciting Lil would telephone Ed (and at the most absurd hours) and he would rush wilfully to the studio to watch his wife chalk up another tally on the scoreboard of fashion.

To the very end, with her life ebbing swiftly, she remained the same dauntless, gallant Lilyan. Only a few weeks before her death in the east, Travis received the following letter from her:

"Dear Travis: Just had to write and tell you this—went the other night to a very swanky party at the Embassy, and the most chic woman there was dressed in—what do you think? An absolute copy (not a good one, of course) of my first dress in Girls About Town. Am so proud of you and tell everyone about you and your great talent. My love to all, Lilian Tashman."

The gay and amusing niche in Banton's life, vacated so suddenly by Evelyn Brent, was filled in 1931 by Miriam Hopkins. And in spite of a jumbled background of broken dates and entangling apologies (both of them, Miriam's) her exhilarating series of impracticalities never failed to make Banton forget the smouldering troubles of his fitting-room.

Now all the Hopkins' wardrobe appointments were broken or forgotten a dozen times or more before a final frantic call (usually the day before the picture started) summoned Banton to her house.

Banton usually arrived at her door hopefully with his armload of sketches for the picture, but the clamor of masculine voices that never failed to greet him in the dressing-room quickly wilted such optimism.

Banton considered himself very lucky at these madhouse conferences if he received a breathless, "Oh, yes, darling," or a "I'm sure it's going to be divine, dear."

Usually the whole thing ended with Miriam gayly pushing a champagne cocktail into Banton's limp hand and ordering him to forget business until tomorrow. For Miriam, there is always tomorrow.

But Miriam's merry gyrations were not responsible for all the Banton headaches. For instance, there was the strange and amusing enigma of Jeanette MacDonald's figure when she arrived in 1928 to play opposite Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." Not that the MacDonald lines were not (and are not) symmetrical enough.

It seems, however, that between picture-jaunts Jeanette's figure is consistently lighthearted but during production she thinks more of the quality of her high C's than her silhouette. For weeks Banton was puzzled by the constant ripping and letting out of all the MacDonald frocks. A costume would fit perfectly on Monday and be splitting tight. He finally discovered that Jeanette entertains a theory that to be in good voice for her screen roles she must have abundant extra energy and for extra energy she must drink quarts of rich milk, malted milk, chocolate milk, vanilla milk, strawberry milk in fact any kind of milk.

Banton finally solved his difficulties by ordering extra wide emergency seams left in all MacDonald clothes to take care of the sudden influx of "energy."

Along about the fall of 1932, when things around the Tashman's dressing-room were bogging down to a soothing normalcy, Tallulah Bankhead came to town. It was no ordinary arrival. From the first she was flanked by a royal cortège of admiring friends, that put Pola Negri's rather decent retinue of the 1924 era to shame. Ten or twenty, sometimes thirty of them would crowd into the tiny fitting-room after her, to "oh." and "ah." each time she slipped an unfinished frock over her shoulders. It required Her culean strength and patience on Banton's part to complete her fittings. To adjust a drape, to insert a pin meant stepping gingerly over a half dozen Bankhead worshippers, who liked to sprawl on the floor and smoke a rather bad brand of cigarettes with furious speed during these sessions.

NOW Banton admits that even a Hollywood designer is not always proud of his handiwork. Take, for instance, the first (and so far the last) frock he made for Greta Garbo. He frankly confesses that it was the ugliest gown he ever had the crass nerve to put on a woman. It all came to pass about nine years ago when Garbo was a suddenly important star following "Flesh and the Devil." Mauritz Stiller (the director who brought her to America) paid Banton a strange visit one evening. He brought with him a bulky package and with frank pride pulled from the brown paper a man's robe of brilliant yellow and purple brocade. The garment was Stiller's. Greta he explained, had repeatedly admired it, and he thought it would please and surprise her if he had it made into a gown, a really nice evening gown. Would Mr. Banton do this for her?

There was something so pleasing and in-sistent in the man's eyes that Travis could not refuse, even though the yellow and purple was an affront to his sense of color.

He designed the frock and had it made to Garbo's measurements. It was arranged that Greta would come to his fitting-room for the final fitting, but the day before it took place Banton was quite suddenly on his way to Europe. He was vastly relieved that he had missed Garbo, because he knew it was a really hideous gown.

In the June PHOTOLPLAY read Travis Banton's fitting-room secrets concerning Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Marlene Dietrich and Mae West.
Look to be sure. It's the Talon Handbag Closing says June Lang

Hollywood stars have adopted the Talon habit in buying handbags. Models that spill contents, cause the loss of valuables, are not for them. When they choose, they look first—to be sure their handbags are sealed to safety with the secure Talon fastener.

Follow Hollywood to handbag satisfaction. When you buy your handbags, look for the Talon name on the fastener. You'll find this safe, sure closing in handbags of style and quality—in models at the price you want to pay. You'll learn that the Talon fastener performs perfectly in constant use—is always dependable. Make the Talon habit your buying guide when it comes to handbags.
Nobody Is Safe in Hollywood

[continued from page 16]

any ordinary human being down one of the passages or paths, just as the King of Sweden is said to walk democratically among his subjects.

As soon as you are assigned to some particular job within this kingdom and, as I've already said, hold onto it with all your fingers and all your toes, you're aware in what an intricate business you've involved. You begin to be fascinated, and the more you learn of the inner workings of the making of a picture, the less, oddly enough, you are interested in the picture when it is finally made. Because the real fascination of Hollywood lies simply in this; that you are engaged with numbers of other people, and of whom you know, some of whom you see, the majority of whom you never set eyes on, in a great mystery. You are helping to write the script of, we will say, "David Copperfield." There is somewhere in the world, a book called "David Copperfield" by a writer called Charles Dickens. There will be one day in the world, a film work also entitled "David Copperfield." You know what the book is like, but what the film will be like no one has the very slightest idea. I, for example, after being in Hollywood for a month or so, wrote my first little scene for this picture, something out of the middle of it that would take about two minutes to play. It was to be the Green Room of a London theater with ballet girls moving about in it. David and his Dora would have their first meeting there.

Until that moment, I had never written for the pictures in my life. I was very patiently informed that everything was wrong about this scene. For one thing, each sentence would cost about $1200 in the making, and for the first time in my life I had to consider cutting down my dialogue. Finally, through this little scene as through a lattice window, I began to receive the whole moving world of the picture business. My scene covered two pages in length, but in the fate of it there were involved the personalities of the supervisor, of the director, of the film stars, about thirty extras, and I don't know how many camera men, the cutter, several stenographers, the entire finances of Metro-Goldwyn and the film public of all the world. I learned in that harsh hour that nothing to do with pictures is independent or individual, and that at present, at any rate, and probably for a long time to come, a vast collaboration of the most intricate kind, a collaboration in which there is incessant sacrifice of personality, nerves, temperament, ambition, freedom, must be attempted before any successful picture is completed.

Having learned this great lesson, I passed on to the other important aspects of this extraordinary business—the social side of it.

In the June PHOTOPLAY, Mr. Walpole tells you about “living in a kind of Alice in Wonderland world where anything might happen.” And where just about everything does happen, to Mr. Walpole's increasing amazement.

Nature Gives You Your Other Features But—You Mold Your Own Mouth

[continued from page 93]

to a little idea of her own. After brushing them with her usual dentifrice she gives them a whitening and polishing treatment by mixing bicarbonate of soda to paste consistency with a mouth wash and using this for an extra brushing. It works wonders!

We all know at what a high nervous tension all motion picture players work. Nerves often cause internal disorders which react upon the breath, so when Kitty told me that one of the first things the players do on returning to their dressing rooms after completing a scene is to use a mouth wash, I think it is of sufficient importance to call to your attention. Use a mouth wash at least twice daily and as often in between times as you can.

There's nothing like a new hair-do to give you a mental lift. In our new booklet "Spring Perfumes" three sketches of the newest coiffures are shown. Too many curves, not enough? Exercises are yours for the asking. If you are a schoolgirl, "Tips to Teensters" will solve many of your skin and hair worries. Write me about your beauty problems. Needless to say, your inquiries will be held in strictest confidence and answered by me personally. Now is the time to start your new spring beauty schedule.
The Secret of Attraction

every Blonde and Brunette should know!

Screen stars find color harmony make-up originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, holds the secret of attraction for every woman.

How Brunette Stars Dramatize their Type

"The color harmony shades of Max Factor's Powder," says Ruby Keeler, "have been created to accent the charm of every brunette type. Powder in your color harmony shade will brighten your skin, give you a satiny-smooth finish." Max Factor's Powder, $1.

"Max Factor's Rouge in your color harmony shade will give you an appealing loveliness because the color is created for you individually. Creamy-smooth, it applies easily, clings persistently." Max Factor's Rouge, 50c.

"Your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick will accent your lips with glamorous color that lasts indefinitely. Being moisture-proof, it may be applied to both inner and outer surface of the lips." Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, $1.

With powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized to your type, you will be dramatic, individual, different.

Mail for Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in your Color Harmony

For personal make-up advice and to test your own color harmony shades in powder, rouge and lipstick, mail this coupon.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

©1936 by Max Factor & Co.
TO INTRODUCE THE NEW
Elaine Design
We offer
4
"HOSTESS" SPREADERS

Your dealer makes this extraordinary offer: a service of four Spreaders especially created to meet the needs of today's hostess, in the exquisite new Elaine design, at $1.00—just one-half the regular price—because he wants you to know Tudor Plate... its Sterling-like design, its superior quality, and how little it costs!

26-PIECE SERVICE FOR SIX
$10.00

The Private Life of a Talking Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

an irreplaceable prop that's been established in the scene, and so the whole must be shot over.

Observe the average studio cop. First, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is his domain and he may not venture out of it—on the other hand, a city policeman's badge is no ticket of admission at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But within his 72 acres the private Bobbie has plenty to keep him busy, so much in fact that he is never asked to double up as atmosphere when a policeman is needed in a picture.

He must have a thorough knowledge of fire-fighting and know the exact location of 186 medicine kits and alarm boxes throughout the grounds. He must be able to use hand grenades as well as his revolver, the latter he furnishes himself. He has an eight-hour shift, from which he must report by phone periodically, and since the studio is divided into four beats, and since there are 60 officers a little arithmetic will show you that any given point is covered regularly every 16 minutes. Crime doesn't have a chance to pay, here.

Of those stationed at the gates, one man who presides over the back lot portal has the toughest—and withal the most delectable—assignment. We can dispose of the much-talked-of front gate guardian by stating simply that he sees all the stars all the time and what of it? He doesn't care any more. But Jeff Chambers, at the rear door—Ah, there is a man with a job; and he never sees a single big shot in person.

Whereas 300 players in limousines drive through the Washington Boulevard entrance during one day, 1800 workmen and 250 trucks undergo the stern and watchful scrutiny of Chamber's post in the same period of time. Near him a small sign says, like Beth Brown, "For Men Only!"; and this rule he enforces and would enforce were Garbo to appear. He has an imagination and can tell good stories about the trouble he has had getting airplanes and ports of battle-ships in and out of his narrow gateway—but most amusing are his expletive-filled accounts of studio hackers who try to get past him with the tons of merchandise.

They come disguised as "helpers" on trucks: one good-natured driver brought as many as 25 on a memorable day. They come as bundles on the floors of cars; they come as tradesmen on phony business deals. They ever: make and use counterfeit badges with such success that every so often new ones have to be designed for the genuine help.

I could go on but dare not. There is neither time nor place. But while we’re still concerned with the police department it would be well to offer you a cross-section portrait of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer after dark, when the shadowed alleys and empy, dark-lighted stages are exclusive and reserved prowling grounds for night-watchmen and scrub-bucket brigades.

Intent on discovery, I ventured there one chilly midnight; but I didn’t stay long. There was something about the stillness, the lost quiet of a city abandoned, that made me feel like a Fortieth Century explorer blundering into a dead civilization: lights made small glowing puddles here and there, keeping a solemn vigil; the square boxes of buildings sat remote and locked.

When I wrote of silence I did not mean it as absolute. There are sounds, distant and muffled, but they only make the prevailing muteness more appalling. Those sounds are chords in the rhythm-less "Studio At Night" symphony, and are made variously by the frutiging feet of armed men who walk and watch the hours away; by the purring disturbance of a car with two uniforms and two riot guns in it, driving past every quarter hour; by the slap-slosh of mops and the low voices of mopping women; by the far-away hammering on Lot II where the night crew works frantically at a set which must be finished by dawn...

The watchman’s route changed nightly so thieves cannot accustom themselves to it, covers twelve miles in six hours. Three thousand, seven hundred, forty-six miles—11,506,480 steps—every year.

Outside of the police department there are two other groups of people whose first business is to guard the studio, not from robbers but from the public. Any modern picture plant is like a fortress besieged, threatened always by an invasion—so that it is necessary to post sentinels at the boundaries who repeat over and over, in effect, "Halt!" and "Who goes there?" and "Pass, friend." They are, respectively, the office boys and the telephone operators.

I was "out front" for an afternoon, and had a marvelous time. You can’t imagine the feeling of utter importance it gives a person to sit behind the little grill and raise an interrogative eyebrow at the herd that comes begging admission; I don’t suppose there is anywhere in the entire world a single species of animal quite so supercilious, quite so pompous, quite so obviously bored with everyone and everything, as a studio office clerk. But you can’t blame him. It’s a normal psychological reaction to being the incarnate "Open Sesame" to so much power, so much wealth, so much blinding glory.

THERE are six young fellows— ex-student, body-presidents from universi kes, ex-football captains, masters of the phrase "Sorry, sir,"—whose task it is to let in the right ones, keep out the wrong ones. And I mean task. They must have patience, diplomacy and finesse; they must remember faces and mannerisms; they must be adamant, always. This is no job for the gallile.

The crashers come in droves, and in droves are turned away. The diehard disguise themselves and try to bluff their way through the electrically locked doors they faint in the ante-chamber on the slim chance of being carried inside for resurrection. The visitor with a genuine purpose gives his name and that of the person he has come to see; if the name is correct his telephone is handed a scribbled pass, good for one hour, and disaster appears into the forbidden places, watched and envied by the waiting others.

Thus the reception you may expect if you come in person to Metro. But if you telephone you can enter the studio board itself—and that’s a different matter.

First, there are four young ladies with astounding memories and quick fingers who sit for six hours at a time before the giant panel
with its 55 extensions for outside calls, its 1000 extensions for local calls within the studio confines. They handle more business in those six hours than a whole day brings to San Bernardino, a bustling quart-size California city; and peculiarly, 15 percent of that business represents America at large ring in to ask questions.

Under the management of Lola Shea, who knows her plugs, these four girls must make sure that Betty Whosis from Arkansas, a Crawford fan, does not connect with Joan in her dressing room, as per Miss Whosis' request; they must answer queries if possible, or ring some officer that can answer them; they must, above all, keep the insanely busy employees of Metro from being bothered too much.

"Most of the calls are from citizens who want to speak with stars," said Lola to me. "Our system in such cases is to buzz the actor's dressing room, and if he recognizes the name, to make the connection. If the star has a secretary we let her handle it—but our biggest thorn in the side is from long distance calls, people in Georgia or New York who state brazenly that they are relatives of Miss Shearer or of Wally Beery and must get through immediately. We even had one collect from Utah, last year.

"Then there are the people who phone to verify rumors they've heard, to praise a picture we've made or to criticize it, and of course to ask question after question. When an animal story is released they want to know whether that crocodile really ate the black man or not, and how can we allow those trainers to stick great big spears in the poor elephants. . . . No kidding. Families make bets about such things and ring us to settle the argument. We let publicity or production handle calls of that sort."

NOT very many thrills for you, are there?"

"Well now," Lola smiled, "you know it isn't every gal in these United States who has the chance to talk daily with big-time stars, or who can ring long distance and say casually, 'Get me Paris, France'; or, 'Connect me with the Empress of Britain, somewhere on the high seas.' I gasp for minutes afterward, every time that happens."

At any rate it should now be very apparent that a Hollywood studio is not easy of access, not exactly open and free to the public. But for those favored few within its walls nothing is too good; in fact a high percentage of the 45 departments being analyzed in this series of articles are maintained solely for the comfort and convenience of the select Five Thousand.

You've been told by other writers so much about the average studio commissary that I can do no more than to verify the inevitable comment, that it is colorful. There are "nuns" smoking cigarettes and ragged peasants eating Squab and Socrates thumbing a patent lighter. The food is good, because it has to be, and you can't bear yourself think for the clutter. But many headliners long ago adopted the habit of retiring to peace and seclusion in a dressing room during lunchtime; a sensible idea, certainly, since it gives them an hour in which to rest, or study script, or just draw breath. Disposed of: one commissary.

You must of necessity be just as well acquainted with the post-office, since no columnist lets a week slip by without using the always handy fan-mail chatter as space-fill-up-stuff. However you may not know that M-G-M receives 40,000 letters weekly, or that some

Introducing Dorothy* . . . trim, radiant, 25 . . . and a cracker-jack stenographer. Office gossip says she'll be the boss's private secretary when his present one gets married next Fall. (That is, if Dorothy and her Tommy don't get married then, too.)

Would you believe to look at her picture that a bad case of "stenographer's spread" almost ruined her romance not long ago? Tommy doesn't like hippy girls, and sitting at a typewriter all day without a girdle does do things to hips.

But Dorothy has brains. And she used them when she bought a comfortable Gossard semi-step-in of firm elastic net with adjustable side lacing. It did the trick beautifully for $5.00.

*dAN her real name

**
Almost every one indulges in a good cry, now and then — it's feminine nature. But that's no reason for your eyes to tell tales about it afterwards. What to do? Fly for IBATH — the new beauty benef- it! Cup the little container filled with cool eye-refreshment to each eye — and feel it clearing away the ache and redness — coaxing back the loveliness and sparkle!

Eyes tell other secrets — daily! Smokin', reading, driving your car — even sunlight can ruin their beauty without your realizing it — make them dull, inflamed or cloudy. That's why IBATH, so effective it can even banish traces of tears, is becoming part of the regular beauty routine of women who must look lovely, always. Use it frequently (especially just before you go out). Perfectly safe — it costs but very little (50¢ at all good drug stores). Begin eye-loveliness with IBATH sparkle this very day!

Almost every one indulges in a good cry, now and then — it's feminine nature. But that's no reason for your eyes to tell tales about it afterwards. What to do? Fly for IBATH — the new beauty benef- it! Cup the little container filled with cool eye-refreshment to each eye — and feel it clearing away the ache and redness — coaxing back the loveliness and sparkle!

Eyes tell other secrets — daily! Smokin', reading, driving your car — even sunlight can ruin their beauty without your realizing it — make them dull, inflamed or cloudy. That's why IBATH, so effective it can even banish traces of tears, is becoming part of the regular beauty routine of women who must look lovely, always. Use it frequently (especially just before you go out). Perfectly safe — it costs but very little (50¢ at all good drug stores). Begin eye-loveliness with IBATH sparkle this very day!

Banish Tell-Tale Eyes

ibath
Mckesson & Robbins
Manufacturing Chemists since 1833

About the publicity department small inside information is ever given the world, for two reasons: first, because it is bad policy to

remind people that an entire staff is paid for the purpose of keeping National Idols national Idols; and second, because in the final count there is very little to tell. Oh, I don't mean to imply that the men and women who make up this group don't do a grand job — they do. But their task, resolved to its elements, amounts merely to finding out all and everything there is to know about Hollywood's favorites and then passing the information on to newspapers and magazines. They get this knowledge, of course, and the outgoing material is under constant and careful censorship. To you, the world, these type-writer-tapping, keen-brained agents are an unseen blessing of sorts, because without their services, we'd all be vicars or otherwise — with the glittering people called stars, who interest you so vastly.

Since the stories, the columns and interviews and articles, that they bring to you must be illustrated with portrait photographs, a "still" department is maintained as part of publicity — and you can judge as to the skill of its members by thumbing through the magazine you are now reading.

Those pictures were snapped by artists who earn every penny of the salaries paid them: confined all day in a tiny room with a temporary beauty, they follow the psychologists of the first water because, as one of them told me, "We have to make the subjects forget that they're posing, keep them soothed and calm when they show signs of being bored or tired or just plain cross. We have to rememberoods and whina of the individuals, and somehow make the whole business as pleasant as possible."

And then, the actual work is a science, as well as an art. Backgrounds have to be planned for the personalities of the stars — ultra-modern for Crawford, rugged and simple for Hurrey, feminine for Harlow. And some of them like music played during the sitting. It's a complicated affair, all boiling down to the one indispensible fact that nobody likes to have his picture taken."

Which in the way of things brings us to a final studio section and with it the conclusion of this month's article.

Of all the vast machinery now under our inspection not one stick or wheel is proof against the contingency of fire; but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has done its best to mini-

imize this danger. Its private fire department is certainly the most superb of its type in the world.

For your information, there are four men under the supervision of Chief George Minnick, there is a made-to-order engine equipped to fight any type of blaze conceivable; there are smokestacks, sawdust and even the small, ordinary extinguishers. Throughout every building on the lot there has been installed a delicate automatic alarm system which, at the first spark, sounds simultaneously in the local station and in all the surrounding metropolitan departments.

The whole is adequate for a city of 10,000 population!

Wherefore: having cleared the stage for action, we may in the next issue return to our uninterrupted survey of a motion picture in the making. We'll nose into a sound-stage and do the shooting with make-up men and technicians, we'll inquire into the mechanics of sound and into the difficulties of location, and we'll watch the actual recording of drama on celluloid, not as spectators but as part of the staff with a job to do.

Be with you then.
Our Dumb Enemies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

It sounded good. Gloria wired, boarded the train and mused bitterly on the absolute impossibility of making Pete Pryor see that she could play Delia.

A voice said, close to her ear, "Why, Miss Lomel!" and settled down beside her. It was the hiss of the serpent. Gloria opened her eyes expecting the worst and got it. "Good afternoon, Nemesis," she said. "I thought I left you in Hollywood."

He wore a hat which was crushed all out of shape. This he removed and placed on the rack above their heads with a dreadful air of finality. "I had to come East to find a Delia," he said gently. "Going somewhere?"

"No," Gloria said. "I just got on to rest."

"You look as though you needed one," he said. "You know, haggard Jumpy Skittish."

"Now look," Gloria said bitterly, "don't worry about me. You just live your life and I'll live mine. I'm supposed to be having a nervous breakdown, that's all. I'm just supposed to have absolute rest and quiet and keep away from people I don't like."

"You're worrying too much about that part," said Pryor.

"I am not," Gloria said with gentle dignity. "That's fine. Because there's nothing to worry about."

GLORIA jerked upright in her seat. "You mean—"

"It's all settled," he said cheerfully. "I know the girl I want for it."

She sank back with a low wail. "Don't talk to me," she said. "Just don't open that big mouth of yours until you have to get off this train!"

The cheeriness of his voice did not abate. "Oh, I don't have to get off for a long time," he said. "I'm going a long way."

An awful suspicion crept in and poisoned her flattering conviction that life was worth living. "It wouldn't be . . . to Carborough, would it?" she said faintly.

"It would. How did you know?"

She moaned, "I had a feeling when I got up this morning that something dreadful was going to happen."

"I take it," Pryor said, "that you are going to the Cravens' too."

She abandoned herself to pictures of Pryor lying in an alley with his head bashed in. Beside her, he bounded from crog to crog of conversation. It seemed that he liked horses. It also seemed that he was going to ride a race tomorrow. He would be up on something named Pettigrew for a man named Castleman.

Gloria said, "I think there's something I should tell you. I think I owe it to you. I don't like horses."

"Oh, I do," he said.

"I don't like to talk about horses," Gloria said between her teeth.

"You're not," Pryor said. "I am."

Gloria wore a fixed smile and her eyes were beginning to glaze. "I don't like to hear about horses."

On the way over from the station Emma leaned chummily over the front seat. "Everything's all planned," she said. "Tomorrow we go to the meet. . . ."
You wear lipstick
16 hours a day.
Be careful of...

lipstick parching

Remember that lips are sensitive. Does your lipstick leave your lips rough and dry?

The new Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick never parches. Coty thought of smoothness as well as color. So a wonderful new ingredient was added. It's called "Essence of Theobrom." It has a special power to keep lips soft.

And what warm color the "Sub-Deb" gives your lips! Color that's ardent and indelible.

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how soft your lips feel, how soft they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.

Come to a new world of beauty...with the new Coty "Air Span" Face Powder!

PETE said, "She doesn't like horses."
Ronnie whipped the car around a corner and said, "She'll learn."

"Don't want to learn," said Gloria. "I tried once and the horse bit me."
Emma said, a bit injured, "I told you in my story it was hunting country."

"I thought you meant rabbits," said Gloria. They pulled into the driveway. Getting out of the car, she said, "To me, Emma, a jump is a hopping motion made with the feet to get from one place to another place."

Emma followed her upstairs and perched cozily on the bed. Gloria unpacked one dress and hung it in the closet. Emma said, "How about the others?"

"I am going to spend the night," Gloria said firmly, "and then I am going back to the Great White Way and have what is jokingly known as absolute quiet."

"But Gloria," Emma wailed, "I had so wanted you to be here when . . ."

"I will not argue," Gloria said. "Horses I might take but Pete Pryor and horses I will not . . . ."

"But Morris Solomon . . . I'd counted on you . . . ."

"Morris Solomon?" Gloria said, pausing in midthought.

"He's coming tomorrow."

YOU wouldn't," Gloria said dreamily, "by any chance mean Morris Solomon of Monumental Pictures?"

"Whom else would I mean?" Emma said.

When Emma left, Gloria stared raptly at flowered wallpaper. Morris Solomon. The Morris Solomon. Was it possible that fate had arranged this just for her? No. Pete Pryor had arranged it just to watch her simmer. With Pryor there, would Solomon listen to her? If she could get rid of Pryor, would Solomon be more apt to listen to her? Beyond question. She moaned between clenched teeth. Nobody could get rid of Pryor. Nobody. By dinner time, she was running a fever.

When she went down to the drawing room, she found Pryor there alone. He watched her descend with the rapt, indolent attention of a cat whose mousetrap cannot possibly escape. "Everybody's dressing," he said. "Shall I take your cocktail out on the terrace or could you bear to be alone with me for fifteen minutes?"

Gloria draped herself in a nearby chair and fluttered her eyelashes. She said, "I'm afraid you think I don't like you."

He had a horrid laugh. Gloria clenched her teeth and stuck with it. "You see," she said. "I get so nervous when I'm working on a picture . . . I haven't had any real rest in four years . . . an afternoon like this, restful, good clean air . . ."

"And the Morris Solomon coming," he said delightedly. "Do go on, darling. You're lovely."

Dinner was not pleasant. Emma kept talking about the meet which was to take place the following day and made vague references to light topcoats and stout boots. She said once, "We're having luncheon at Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills after, so do wear stout boots, darling."

The following morning Pryor had disappeared before Gloria was down. Almost immediately she was shoved into the roadster between Ronnie and Emma and driven through lanes which were so arranged that after every fifteen yards and a curve it became necessary to get out, let down a fence, drive through, get out once more and put the fence back into its original state in order to leave the same hazard for later arrivals. Gloria didn't mind too much until they parked the roadster under an oak tree and said, "We walk from here."

They walked a considerable distance. When Gloria had begun estimating, roughly, how far they were from the Canadian border, they hove into sight of an animated group on a hilltop.

Pete came up and stood there. He was wearing yellow satin with a broad blue stripe running diagonally across his chest. Gloria said, "You certainly look funny."

"Why?"

"If I had red hair I would be careful about tricking myself out in yellow and blue," she said loftily.

Ronnie, at her side, said patiently, "Castleman's colors."

"Why doesn't he get some colors of his own?" Gloria said. "Does he have to wear yellow and blue just because Mr. Castlemam happens to like it?"

Pete laughed.

Ronni said, "Listen carefully. Pete is riding Castlemam's horse."

"I suppose the horse wouldn't run without yellow satin on his back?" Gloria said. She thought she had him there. She had. Ronnie went away.

Pete leaned over and patted her shoulder. "You just sit there," he said. "It's the very best thing you can do. Don't go around talking to people. I'll see you later."

When Pete appeared again he had mud smeared all over the yellow satin breeches, a goodly gash on his cheek and an ugly expression. Gloria said in an interested fashion, "You have mud on your pants."

"You'd be muddy if you'd gone over that horse's head the way I did," he said.

"I wouldn't have gone over the horse's head," Gloria said softly.

"How would you have ridden him over that jump, may I ask?"

"Under protest," said Gloria.

Needless to say, their progress to Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills' luncheon was not cheery. Ronnie and Emma deserted her almost immediately. Gloria crouched in a secluded nook clutching a sandwich and a cup of tea Nobody asked for her autograph. Usually, she was mobbed for it, when people recognized her. Nobody seemed to care that she was Gloria. A wave of self-pity engulfed her and she was drowning in it pleasantly when Pete came up to hand her a red ticket with numbers on it. Gloria took it, saying, "Do I have to have it to get out?"

"It's a raffle. Are you having a good time?"

"Never," Gloria said with conviction, "never in all my life have I had such a time as this."

PETE said heartily, "That's good," and then went away.

She went back to her wave of self-pity. If she had been the sort of girl who went around making contacts deliberately, she would know Mr. Morris Solomon. And Mr. Solomon would have said to Mr. Smarty Pete Pryor, "There's only one girl to play Delia and that girl is Gloria Lorme!"

Pete came back, took the ticket, looked at the number on it and said, "You've won."

Gloria said wearily, "I didn't do a thing. I just sat here."

Then she had her first glimpse of her hostess. Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills was stout. She wore a man's shirt and tie and an awful shapeless overdress that caught and flopped against the calves of her legs. She had a booming voice that hit the surrounding hills and bounced back. Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills beamed at Gloria and then beamed, "You've won, my deh."

Gloria beamed back. Then she said to Pete, "You get whatever it is and then we can go home."
"You don't seem to understand," Pete said. Gloria beamed at Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills again. "It's been an experience, Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills, and thank you so much and I know you won't mind if we just leave quietly."

Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills said "She's a fine nag." Gloria rose. "I am not nagging," she said simply. "I merely want to go home."

Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills put out one ham-like hand and pushed her back into the wicker chair. "My deah, her name is Lulu. It seems a silly name, but being my mothah's, I'm sentimental about it. I hope, I do hope, that you love her."

"I haven't met her," Gloria said politely. "Perhaps sometime, when I'm not so tired . . ."

"Oh, my deah mothah has been dead these ten yeahs," Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills said. "I'm talking about the horse."
"Horse?" Gloria said.

Pete said, "You've won a horse."
"I don't want a horse!" Gloria wailed. Quiet, chuckling triumph at her side.
"You've got one," said Pryor.

Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills boomed on. "I've disposed of my entah stable. That is, except for Lulu! I've given them away, my deah. I've had to. I simply could not afford to keep them you know . . . or perhaps you don't know. At any rate they . . . my friends. I mean, stuck at Lulu. They'd taken the othahs but my deah do you suppose I could palm Lulu off on anybody? No. But no. So I contrived this brilliant . . . and I do think it brilliant, don't you . . . scheme to find Lulu a home."
A pleased crescendo, "And I have." Once more she planted the ham-like hand on Gloria's chest. "Congratulations, my deah I understand you're a motion picture actress. Motion picture people always have a great deal of money, don't they? It is expensive to keep horses, but they're worth it . . . but every bit of it . . . and now goodbye and do come again sometime."

"There's a fine horsewoman," Pryor said, staring after Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills as she swept away. "She can ride anything."

"How is she on a rail?" Gloria said. She stared at him for a long moment. "You got me into this, now you get me out."
"I didn't get you into anything."
"You gave me the ticket."
"You shouldn't have taken it," he said, and grinned.

Gloria started away. Pete caught her arm.
"Where to?"

"I am going," Gloria said, "to return that deal . . . but deal . . . Lulu to that fine, fine horsewoman Mrs. Cranbrook-Mills."

"Don't," Pete said. "I warn you. There may be more in this than meets the eye." Gloria shook off his restraining hand. He walked along beside her. "I'll tell you a secret. I want to be fair." Gloria laughed bitterly.

"I've been thinking it over," Pete said, "and I've decided that perhaps my methods in this Delta business haven't been . . . well, shall we say . . . quite on the up and up."

"That's no secret," Gloria said.

"I'll give you a tip. Morris Solomon is enthusiastic . . . I might even say slightly batty about guess what?"

Gloria's pace slackened. She squared around facing him. "You mean," she said faintly, "he likes . . . horses."

At two-thirty, Lulu was safely installed in Ronnie's stable looking eminently dissatisfied. Lulu was quite a big horse. Gloria clenched her teeth and patted Lulu's flank placatingly.

The Linit Beauty Bath provides Instant Results

The alert girl or woman today in her quest for beauty, through the cultivation of charm, personality and good health, should not overlook the first requisite of loveliness—a perfect skin.

The smart woman will be glad to know of this simple way to attain a beautiful skin—the way so many fastidious women of today are acquiring it.

One of the most remarkable skin beauty aids is the Linit Beauty Bath. Imagine stepping into a bath as soft and luxurious as rich cream, bathing as usual, and, after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

To enjoy the refreshing luxury of the Linit Beauty Bath, you merely dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe. It is such a simple means of keeping the skin alluringly soft, that there is no excuse for any woman, who takes pride in her personal charm, to have anything but a clear, soft, smooth skin.

Once you try Linit, you will be happy to make it the daily feature of your bath. Parents will be glad to know that Linit is a valuable aid in bathing the baby and children, for in many cases of irritation the Linit bath is most soothing to the skin.

Your Dainty Underthings will be refreshed and restored to their original loveliness when laundered with Linit. Just follow the simple directions on the package.

The Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin

Linit is sold by all grocers
MOISTURE-PROOF

When Lulu looked around Gloria was swept by the sudden awful knowledge that Lulu had not been placketed. "She hates me," Gloria blatted pitifully.

"Nonsense," Pete said, "I've seen little six year old kids riding more spirited horses than this one."

"I've seen little six year old kids swinging out over an audience hanging by their teeth," too, Gloria said.

Pete finished buckling things and led Lulu out. In the open, she looked bigger. And meaner. "C'mon home on," Pete said, "up you go." Gloria saw a stirrup and reached for it with her foot.

"Not that side. Come over here," Gloria moaned. "What difference does it make? All I want to is get onto the middle of her."

"It makes a difference to Lulu," Pete said.

Gloria went round to the other side and obeyed dazedly when Pete said, "Take the reins. Now don't be nervous. You'll stay on.

CERTAINLY she'd stay on. And they'd put her on the epaulet. She Stayed On. It Wasn't Her Fault the Horse Rolled on His Back. It was a nice day, a beautiful day. Probably the last day she'd ever see. There were very few things within reach to hang onto. Gloria could see them all in one despairing glance. Lulu's ears. Lulu's solid looking mane. The saddle. She could, of course, reach under the edge of the saddle and hang on like grim death. They'd probably find her lifeless fingers locked there. They might even have to bury the saddle with her.

Pete stepped back to mount his horse, Far-away, and said, "All right, go on. What are you waiting for?"

Gloria smiled icily. "I'm waiting for her to start," she said.

Pete slapped Lulu and she started. After wafting gracefully down the drive she broke into an Irish jig. Gloria gave up and reached for her mane. Behind them Pete was yelling, "Hey . . . we're going this way!"

Gloria howled, "Maybe you are, but Lulu's going this way!"

Beside her now, Pete kept saying, "Turn her! Turn her around!"

"W—what button do I p—push?" Gloria gasped bitterly.

Nevertheless, playing Trilly to his Svengalli, she grabbed for the reins and pulled. Lulu responded nobly, standing on her heels at a forty-five degree angle. With remarkable presence of mind, Gloria met this situation by lying flat on her face and attempting unsuccessfully to get her arms around Lulu's neck. This failed. With one long, despairing moan she sprawled flat in the road thinking "A plaster cast for the rest of my life. All of me. Making rabbit shadows on the wall to amuse myself. People bringing me chicken soup and jellies and saying how awful and she so young, and talented, too."

Pete hauled her to her feet. Before she opened her eyes she had the awful conviction that she was laughing. She was right.

He said, "You're not hurt."

Gloria snapped, "I know whether I'm hurt or not. I'm hurt all over."

He was still laughing. "You'll have to get right back on or the horse will think you're afraid of him or something."

"Why should I care what a horse thinks?"

Gloria started for the house. Surprisingly, she could walk. She could even walk fast. Pete trotted along beside her. "I can't figure out," he said, "what it is about you that gets me. There's something about you.

"Maybe it's the way I fall off a horse," Gloria said.

"Since the first day I saw you I've been trying to get your face out of my mind."

"Try falling the way I just fell," Gloria said.

"That'll get your mind off anything."

Well he did into the wind drifting against the door in his face. Dished. Indubitably, thoroughly and irrevocably dished. She pondered bitterly in her room for an hour. At the end of that time she emerged with a determined look in her eye, borrowed the roadster from Emma and hopped off in the direction of the village. Pete rounded the corner of the house just as she was pulling out of the driveway. He said to Emma, "Where's she going?"

Emma waved vaguely in the direction of Carborough. "She didn't say, but she asked the name of my doctor."

Pete just sat down on the top step and laughed.

When Gloria returned an hour later Emma was having a nap. Ronnie dozed on the porch over a julep. He was startled into an unpleasant state of wakefulness as Gloria mounted the steps. He jumped to his feet, spilled the julep and clutched at her. "My God, what's happened?"

"Where's Pryor?" said Gloria.

"He's gone to meet Morris Solomon. What happened?"

"I'm a bruised and broken woman," Gloria said, "and don't let anything convince you that I'm not."

She went past him and into the house, selected the most comfortable and central chair in the drawing room and sat down in it with the air of being a permanent fixture.

That was the way Pryor found her when he came back with Morris Solomon. She looked wan and brave. The bandages around her head gave her the slightly incongruous look of a nun in riding clothes. Her arms were swathed in gauze to the wrists.

Downstairs, Pete was besieging Morris Solomon. Gloria was holding him a languid hand and a brave smile.

Solomon took the hand in his "Dear me, Miss Lorme," he said, with concern, "an accident?"

"It's nothing," Gloria said. "Nothing at all."

"You bet it's nothing," Pryor said. "She's faking."

GLORIA smiled through clenched teeth.

"Mr. Pryor is always trying to make me angry at him," she said. "He doesn't mean anything by it."

"I beg your pardon?" said Morris Solomon. "I mean every word of it," Pete said. "She's a fake and a coward and she's just trying to impress you because she wants to play the part of Delia in 'Forever After.'"

Gloria went white. Before she could answer, Pete leaned forward saying, "How did this happen?"

"I was thrown by a horse," Gloria said.

"She fell off the horse," said Pete. "The beast couldn't throw a mothball."

"Morris Solomon," said "You fell?"

"I was thrown," Gloria said grimly, "by a horse."

"A what? You fell from a house?"

Pete raised his voice. "She was thrown by a horse!" he shouted.

"Oh, a horse," Solomon said. "I beg your pardon to look at Pete, who was already trotting up the staircase. Mr. Solomon went out on the veranda where he proceeded to remove two sizeable wads of cotton from his ears. Pete leaned over the banister. "You'll have to talk loud," he said to Gloria, "and if he nods and smiles that'll be
Every woman should make this
"Armhole Odor" Test

If you deodorize only—because it is easy and quick—you will always have an unpleasant, stale "armhole odor"—test yourself tonight by smelling your dress at the armhole.

With Odorono, not even the slightest drop of moisture can collect on your dress to spoil the pleasant impression that you would otherwise make.

Odorono's action is entirely safe...ask your doctor. It works by gently closing the pores in that little hollow of the underarm. Perspiration is merely diverted to less confined parts of the body where it may evaporate freely and inoffensively.

No more ruined frocks
It takes a little longer to use Odorono, but it is well worth your while. In the end you save, not only embarrassment but your lovely clothes as well! You do away forever with those horrid underarm stains that even the cleaner cannot remove, that can ruin expensive frocks and coat linings in just one day's wearing. And there is no grease to stick to your clothes and make them messy.

Odorono comes in two strengths. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono (Colorless) is for especially sensitive skin or emergency use—to be used daily or every other day. On sale at all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to feel the utter security and poise that Odorono brings, send for the two sample vials and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odorono Co., Inc. Dept. 5-O-9, 191 Hudson St., New York City.

In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.

I enclose $ for sample vials of Instant and Regular Odorono and leaflet on underarm dryness.

Name__________________________

Address________________________

...
Do candlelit dinner tables appear to you When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with Kurlash, curl the lashes of one eye. Add Lastint to these lashings and touch the eyelids with Stiedette. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye un-beautified "fadess away . . . , but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. Kurlash does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

1935 Award Winners—The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

SPECIAL AWARD
D. W. Griffith, for his pioneer contributions to the industry.

BEST PRODUCTIONS

BEST PERFORMANCES

BEST DIRECTION

BEST WRITING

BEST MUSIC

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1936

He seemed to be kissing her cheek. She found it quite pleasant. Solomon's voice, saying, "Anything broken?"
"I don't think so," Pete said. "I've felt every bone I could find."
"She's a nice girl," Solomon said. "Beautiful, too. Monumental needs girls like that. Is she hurt much? We couldn't put her in pictures where she had to ride a horse but . . ."

Pete said, "Damnation. I carried it too far. I thought she could stick on. A little jolting, maybe, but that doesn't hurt anybody."

"I'll go back and get a car," Solomon said.
Pete's arm lifting her clear of the ground. He was very strong. He said, "There aren't any horses in 'Forever After.'" She's playing Delta. Don't bother about the car, I'll carry her."

Then the steady motion of Pete walking, holding her gently and kissing her forehead at every three steps. She opened her eyes. He said, "My God are you clumsy!"
"I'm hurt," Gloria said faintly.
"You are not hurt," Pete said. "Don't think for a minute that you're hurt."
"You were worried," Gloria said.
He stared down at her. "Faking," he said. Gloria said, "I'm going to play Delta." She sighed happily and closed her eyes.

"Well, when we start shouting 'Forever After,' I'll probably be working night and day. I don't want my wife batting around town alone. If you're on the set I can keep an eye on you."
"What makes you think I'd marry you?"
"Didn't I tell you that I can anticipate everything you're going to do or say?"
"What's the matter with my mouth?" Gloria said.
He looked at it. "Nothing, that I can see. Why?"
Gloria rubbed her face against his shoulder.
"You seemed to concentrate on my forehead and cheeks," she murmured.
He put her down on her feet and stood staring at her. "You can walk," he said. "If you're feeling well enough to be kissed, you're well enough to walk."
"Oh, do shut up," Gloria said, "and kiss me. I'm beginning to ache and I want to sit down and I can't sit down until we get back to the house and we can't get back to the house until after you kiss me."
Mr. Solomon said, plodding along beside them, "It's like this. We could just put her on a horse, if we ever had to use a horse, and have somebody hold the horse, eh? It could be in any script. The hero, or somebody. He could be talking to her and holding the horse at the same time, you understand what I mean?"

100

Bright

EYE DEAS
by Jane Heath

Do candlelit dinner tables appear to you When-to-be-Beautiful Chart these early spring months? Then make this simple, amusing experiment: First, make up your face. Then, with Kurlash, curl the lashes of one eye. Add Lastint to these lashings and touch the eyelids with Stiedette. Now light a candle and look in a mirror. Notice how the side of your face with the eye un-beautified "fadess away . . . , but how the other seems more delicately tinted, glowing and alive. It's the best way we know to discover how eye make-up and curled and glorified lashes can make your whole face lovelier. Kurlash does it without heat, cosmetics or practice. ($1 at good stores.)

Naturally, the candlelight test will show up strangely, busily, or poorly marked brows. And that will be your cue to send for Tweezette, the automatic tweezier that whiskers away offending hairs, roots and all, painlessly! Probably you'll want a Lastint also, with a unique stick of mascara, like a lipstick, to darken lashes and mark brows. It has a clever little brush for grooming too! Each, $1—at good stores.

Have you tried Tweezers—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25¢.

Kurlash

Write Jane Heath for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. 1-5.
We Cover the Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

“Florida Special” set it’s by train and on “The Princess Comes Across” stage it’s by ocean liner. We decided to see the train first.

In “Florida Special,” Jack Oakie plays a reporter who’s out to help a detective catch a bunch of crooks.

You can’t keep Mrs. Oakie’s boy down, not even between scenes. He’s one of the few comics who likes to gag just for the fun of it. Only one person wasn’t laughing. He was Mack Grey—better known as “Killer.”

Mack Grey is George Raft’s closest pal. Hollywood is not famous for its friendships, but after hearing Grey’s impassioned defense of his slick pal we are sure that there is one in this town that will last through any trouble.

Right now, the dapper Raft is in the doghouse with Rover. The reason, as probably you know, is because he walked out of the Carole Lombard picture. Since that film—with Fred MacMurray now in Raft’s place—was shooting on the next stage, we went over to find out why Raft wouldn’t play.

All the papers carried the story that Raft quit because he didn’t like the way cameraman Teddy Tetzlaff was photographing him. But that, we learned, isn’t the true reason at all. Raft left because he didn’t like the story. Now Paramount has been having a lot of trouble lately anyway, with bosses walking in and out so fast nobody knows who’s in charge. Dietrich refused to make “I Loved A Soldier” because she didn’t care for the story. So when Raft decided he didn’t like his story either, the bosses thought that was one too many. It isn’t good advance publicity for the stars to dislike the plot.

For all the fuss it has caused, there’s nothing hectic about the way this company works. The scene is the deck of an ocean liner, with the rest of the ship—staterooms, engine rooms and bars—disconnected and spread all over the stage. MacMurray walks down a bit of stage which is the deck and shows, all in pantomime, how to make a hit with Carole Lombard, the Princess. This he does by following a steward, who is carrying a bouquet to Miss Lombard’s stateroom. When the steward comes to the door, MacMurray takes the card out of the flowers, and puts in one of his own. Not only practical but inexpensive.

Fred MacMurray, who’s getting more popular with each picture, started out as a saxophone player. In this film he plays the concertina. We couldn’t find out if he wins the Princess because he plays the concertina or in spite of it. That’s Paramount’s worry—that and fixing up a Raft role to fit MacMurray.

OTHER studios may have their troubles, but M-G-M goes out and looks for it. In “San Francisco,” which co-stars Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald and Spencer Tracy, director Woody Van Dyke staged an imitation earthquake. It shook down three whole blocks of sets and had a thousand extras jumping out of the way of falling bricks all day.

“San Francisco” has all the ingredients of a sure-fire hit—Jeanette MacDonald—who’s trying to gain weight these days—plays a dance hall singer. Gable is a big-time gambler and Spencer Tracy plays a priest. They’re all caught in the San Francisco earthquake. The scenes we watched show the debacle after the}

Scientific Ingredient keeps these two Beauty Creams

Germ-Free

WHAT CAUSES BLEMISHES? A blemish on the skin may be caused by impurities in the blood. No external treatment can prevent blemishes of this type. Many blemishes, however, occur from a surface bacterial infection ... when germs invade some tiny crack in the skin. Try to avoid this danger by using beauty creams that are germ-free ... and stay germ-free to the very last.

HERE is one of the greatest contributions to skin beauty ever offered to American women! A luscious, soothing beauty cream that is germ-free.

Woodbury’s Cold Cream contains a scientific ingredient which keeps it germ-free even after the jar is opened, until every bit of cream is used.

Skin beauty now doubly protected

If your skin is thin or easily infected, you'll value this protection. For Woodbury's guards those tiny, often imperceptible, breaks in the skin against the germs which cause blemishes.

And, in addition, Woodbury’s Cold Cream helps to keep skin moist and supple. It contains Element 576 which aids in combating skin dryness.

Use Woodbury’s Germ-free Facial Cream as a foundation for make-up.

50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.

* AVOID IMITATIONS... Look for the hand and signature, John H. Woodbury, Inc., on all Woodbury products.

Guard against this hazard to your beauty

When a tiny break occurs in the skin, as from chapping or dryness, the skin’s defence against germs from the outside is weakened. If germs get under the skin a bacterial infection, or germ-caused blemish, may result, as shown in the photomontage labelled “A.”

Picture “B” is a section of clear, un-blemished skin magnified many times. Germs are constantly present, even on a lovely complexion. Woodbury’s Germ-Free Beauty Creams, which remain germ-free as long as they last, help to guard the skin against the attack of germs, thus greatly reducing the chances of blemish.

FREE WOODBURY’S “LOVELINESS KIT”!


Name—_________________________ 
Street—________________________ 
City—__________________________ 
State—________________________

© 1936, John H. Woodbury, Inc.
Nearly everything worn or used must first be designed. Color and style influence their sale. Industry knows the importance of good looks in its products. In addition, magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. The artist has become an important factor in industry.

Do you like to draw? If so, train your talent to serve industry. Drawing may be your surest road to success.

The Federal Schools, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing organization, has trained many young men and women now capable of earning $1,000 to $5,000 yearly as designers and illustrators. Its Home Study Work in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning, contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years of outstanding success. Courses sold on easy monthly payments.

Send today for Free Book outlining present opportunities in Art, describing the training and showing reproductions of students' work. Just fill out and mail the coupon below.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, Inc.
5106 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Send me your free book explaining Federal School Art Training.

Name

Address

Age...... Occupation

FRECKLES MUST GO
When OTHINE is Used!

Apply this dainty cream to-nights . . . and for several nights thereafter. See how roughened, freckled winter skin will be transformed into lovely, clear complexion.

Othine Double Strength is an experiment! 25 years of steady demand prove its popularity. Get Othine from your drug or department store.

Sold on money-back guarantee.

QUAKE. It is the interior of a barn, made over into a first aid station. Everyone is bandaged, many made up with cuts and bruises. Going through the stricken crowd are nurses, acting as nurses.

When it is over, Gable sits on the side-lines with Spencer Tracy. This is the first time they have worked in a picture together. But they both got into movies for their portrait of the same role. The play that opened the studio gates to them was "The Last Mile." Lionel Barrymore discovered Gable playing the role of Killer Mears in a touring company and Fox spotted Tracy in that role in the New York company.

JUST as the San Francisco set is studded with old-time names, the background of "Big Brown Eyes" is filled with stars of to-morrow. The set is the bar-shop of an elegant hotel in Coral Gables (no relation to Clark Gable), Florida. Joan Bennett plays a manicurist who helps to trap a famous jewel thief. Cary Grant is the detective she aids.

In this scene, right in front of the detective, the thief gets himself a haircut and manicure.

As this is a very large barber shop, there are about twelve other manicurists besides Miss Bennett. These girls would be insulted if you called them extras. They're stars of tomorrow.

They get twenty-five dollars a day, but that isn't why they are considered on their way to fame. There have--all given the highest beauty rating by central casting--are the ones that autograph hounds, not quite certain who they are, approach at openings and at the Trocadero.

Speaking of new stars, there is a new Joan Bennett, and a new "Big Brown Eyes" gang. When it is enthusiastically admitted that Miss Bennett's round, childish face is something to gaze upon, her role in "Big Brown Eyes" called for a sophisticated look. We watched Harry Ray, Miss Bennett's make-up man, change her completely in fifteen minutes. Joan hasn't changed any of her traits, though, for all the time she's not working she and her stand-in punch looked rugs.

From this strictly feminine atmosphere, we went next door, where it was just about as masculine as it could be. It was, to be exact, jail.

As a twist in penal proceedings, we saw a couple of people get thrown out of the cool. This is a bit in the picture, "The Case Against Mrs. Ames," which brings the very lovely Madeleine Carroll, star of "39 Steps," back to Hollywood. Her other American picture was "The World Moves On!"

Alan Baxter, the electric heavy of "Mary Burns, Fugitive," plays a reporter in the picture, and the bustling Tammam Young, is a newspaper photographer. They bust into the jail and try to get the warden to put two of the toughest criminals in the same cell. They figure that when they get started, they will save time and then their paper can get a sensational story and picture.

The fight that Alan Baxter and the paunchy Mr. Young have with the warden is a slightly playful affair. For real screen batting you have to see "Othine," and it is high on the list of the most popular star of 1935. O'Brien has been in more than one hundred and seventy-five screen fights.

The danger in movie gang fights is that some extra, with an eye to getting his name in the paper, is always trying to take a real punch at the main star. O'Brien has had this happen to him many times and now he looks over the crowd for any too enthusiastic battlers before he begins.

The toughest movie match O'Brien ever had was in a picture he did with Victor McLaglen. They were both victims of the "double-rib." Here's how the "double-rib" works. Before the scene begins, some one goes to McLaglen and says, "Look, Vic. O'Brien is out to get you. You better sock him before he socks you." Then one or another of O'Brien and him tells the same thing a week later.

O'Brien was once light-heavyweight champ of the Pacific Fleet and McLaglen was a professional boxer. The "double-ribbers" thought this would be a swell chance to see two real scrapers go it. And perhaps get a sensational picture. O'Brien and Vic fell for the gag and for one round they pum- melled each other unmercifully. They both caught on to the trick before either was seriously hurt.

A curious thing, O'Brien explained to me, is that the fake fight photographs better than the real thing. No man had the luxury of fighting honestly for the length of time it would take to photograph it. And a faked fight includes more exciting action.

In "O'Malley of the Mounted" which O'Brien is making for Sol Lesser, you can see two excellent faked fights. If O'Brien is the villain, it isn't easy. It requires as much skill as any other sport. Lew Fields is O'Brien's enemy, or, rather, partner, in this script. Fields is the villain and George is the cop.

The punches are not held back, but since the fight is faked, the men don't have to worry when to roll with the punch. Even standing only five feet away, it seems utterly vicious.

Between takes, Fields and George work out new punches, holds and falls.

Despite all the tricks and thrills of fighting, this is still a woman's year. Newest of the child players to attempt to climb the heights with Shirley Temple, Freddie Bartholo- mew and Jane Withers is little Bobby Been. He's the lad who sings on the Eddie Cantor broadcasts. We watched Bobby—a nice looking and happy kid—do a back stage scene with the effulgent Harry Armetta. The boy is a competent actor and his voice—a rather man- nish tenor—might make him a threat in the kid field. His first film, "Let's Sing Again," is set in a traveling side show, with Armetta as a broken opera star who starts the boy on the ladder of musical fame.

WARNER BROTHERS' newest star is Humphrey Bogart, the killer in "Petrified Forest." Now Warners are making a good man of him. That doesn't make any difference to Bogart. Nothing does. He endures through the wild west of the Mississippi. He admits that everything that has happened to him has been the result of chance rather than his own efforts. His most strenuous exercise is putting on his clothes in the morning. He hates all work, even acting. All he wants to get back from life without owing anyone money, and parts that he can play sitting (or lying down). May be that's why he was so splendid in "Petrified Forest."

Our last set this month is "And So They Were Married," at Columbia, Melvyn Douglas, Mary Astor, Edith Fellows and Dorothy Stickney have the leading roles. The action takes place at Yosemite, during the Christmas season. So, for location, the company was sent to Lake Tahoe, almost twice as far away from Hollywood. Efficiency, however, has been one long battle with the elements. While on location almost half the players had the flu. Back in Hollywood, the sight of even artificial snow makes the players sneeze. Elliot Nugent, who started out to be an actor, directs it.
"Why I Will Not Re-marry Margaret Sullivan"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

ing two months, a year or two before I met Sullivan. I'd sub-let my apartment to a friend while I went to Washington, D.C., for a few weeks' engagement, you see, and when I was through there I came back to New York with about two hundred dollars and no prospects. I found my landlord ready to kick this friend of mine out on his ear because the rent wasn't paid—the kid was broke.

"It was a swell apartment, and it took every penny I had to get it out of hock. My friend stayed on with me, and between us we cleaned out everything in the pantry before the first two days had passed. Then during the next week we didn't eat anything. Not anything," he emphasized when I smiled my disbelief.

"We drank water. That's all."

"I've heard of people living on cigarettes and coffee for two or three days," I muttered, "but a whole week . . ."

HANK snorted. "We didn't have any cigarettes. They went the first night and so did the coffee. I said we drank water. Of course in the second week people began to find out we were in town and would invite us to dinner occasionally. But starved as we were we couldn't go and gobble down enough food to last us until the next invitation—pride, of course; we had to arrive looking as if we'd had two big square meals that day, and didn't care whether the next course amounted to anything or not. Later we'd be able to pick up a nickel once in a while, and when we got one we'd spend it on rice and pulled wheat—five cents worth of rice swells up into quite a good-sized dish, goes a long way."

"It's a nice picture," I suggested: "You sitting there in splendor, quietly starving to death with a proud tight smile on your lips."

"What do you mean, sitting?" frowned Hank. "I didn't sit. I got up every morning and drank my water and went out looking for work. I stayed out all day, too, went the rounds and saw everybody I knew who might be able to place me. I confess I didn't worry myself into a decline over the situation, but I didn't just accept it either."

"But hadn't you friends who were good for a touch?"

Fonda said simply, "I didn't like to do that."

"Well, then, how about your family?"

"I've never asked them for a thing!" he said seriously. "Not ever. When I went to

Adela Rogers St. Johns has written the most gay and brilliant story of her writing career in "Pursuing the Hollywood He-Man." Think of being a handsome young man, a rich young man, an unattached young man in a town where all the ladies are rich, young, beautiful, and wilful! You really must read this—in the June Photoplay. On sale May 10th.

Your Personal NuBone Corsetiere Brings You Your Exclusive Figure Analysis

IT'S entirely free, yet priceless to you. . . An individual analysis of your own figure, right in your own home . . . NuBone Corsetieres are scientifically trained to discover, restore and preserve your natural, individual figure charm. They are skilled stylists who bring you a personal solution for added grace and beauty and the confidence that comes with real comfort—comfort that is made possible by the famous NuBone woven wire stay. When the NuBone Corsetiere calls, allow her a few minutes to explain the personalized, valuable service she offers . . . She will prove to you that you can actually save money and at the same time enjoy the really important advantages of NuBone individual styling.

An excellent opportunity is offered capable and ambitious women. Write us for details.

The NuBone COMPANIES
The NuBone Corset Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Catharines, Ontario, Can.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1936

THIS IS THE PRODUCT YOUR DOCTOR MENTIONED

A pharmaceutically pure and delicate solidified mineral oil that acts as a SKIN PURGE!

Perhaps you consulted him about your baby's delicate, easily chafed skin—
Perhaps about your young daughter's distressing acne condition—
Perhaps you are one of the fortunate women who can afford to see a specialist about keeping your own complexion's healthful beauty—
At any rate, this is probably what your doctor said: To be fine, clear and healthy, a skin must be kept glowingly clean. There is one product, Albolene Solid, capable of penetrating deep into the skin pores, dissolving and flushing away all impurities. This product is safe—the same gentle oils are used within our bodies for much the same purpose. So pure it's used for infants.

Now McKesson & Robbins, makers of the original pharmaceutical formula for physicians and hospitals, offer it directly to you, for ordinary cleansing, skin lubrication and makeup removal. Thousands of women are delighted with the glowing, youthful texture it produces! At your druggist's at 50c for a large jar—$1 the pound professional tin. Or send this coupon:

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

 McKesson & Robbins, Fairfield, Conn.
 Manufacturing Chemists since 1833 Dept. P-5

Please send me a generous sample of Albolene Solid. I enclose 10c to cover postage and handling.

Name__________________________________________
Address_________________________________________
City_________State______________________________

My most convenient drug store is____________________

them and told them I was leaving home to try the theater, that was a definite break; I figured I was on my own, perfectly capable of taking care of myself, and if I did it so badly that I had to starve in the process then that was no worry of the folks.

Do you see? This was no irresponsible shallow personality going hungry in a smart apartment and making a game of it. Hank had character enough to eat rice when it would have been the easiest thing in the world to wire his father and get money for roast beef; Hank had character enough to keep up his prestige before his friends, and plod the theater by-ways in search of a job when he didn't know he was going to get this foot ahead of the next one.

He didn't groan all over the place because he's congenitally unable to groan or worry. But he smiled at the spot he was in and went out to fix things.

In Easter week a Metropolitan florist hired seven extra men for rush delivery service; Hank was one of them. The forty-five dollars he earned lasted until the summer tour to Westchester.

Of his engagement and marriage to lovely little "Sullavan," you must know that they came together and looked up a minister because they couldn't help themselves. "I'd been in love before, certainly," Fonda told me. "Back in college I was a Rilley crush, the way you do in college, and I got the same way a time or two while I was batting around New York. But I never thought of marriage until I met Sullavan. Things were better then, I had steadier jobs and more money; she was in stock too, and together we made out pretty well. Of course, there were times when the going was tough—an engagement would be cancelled or something—but I couldn't worry even then. I'd take the bad breaks the same way I took those two months I told you about."

PERHAPS Margaret didn't understand. Anyway she is said to have explained to Hollywood that she couldn't go on living with Hank because Hank wouldn't take things seriously; because Hank laughed when they were boring, and made a game of things. And if that's the way it is—if beautiful little "Sullavan" must think of the future and if Henry Fonda must smile with the present—then nothing on earth, not even love, could make a successful marriage for them.

"When we found there was no show," he said to me, "we just talked it over and decided to call it quits."

Hank, true to his nature, is happy these days. He doesn't really believe that he's set in pictures or with the public, although all America knows his name; and as long as he's single he doesn't care.

"That's one side of me," he told me slowly, frowning in his effort at introspection. "Right now I haven't any ties, I'm having a good time, and I don't want security. If the movie industry finished with me tomorrow, I'd go back to the stage and be just as content; if I go on making this money and have success, I'll travel a bit and hunt about for a little excitement."

"But that isn't what I want most, you understand. My home and my family were company normal and average; I want the same thing. My sisters are married, having children—and every time I send one of them an anniversary present I feel as if I were failing to do my bit, as if I'd pooled out on them."

"If I could find the right girl tomorrow, I'd marry her and establish trust funds for my kids and I'd settle down. But you can't make things like that happen. I'm not going around peering into the face of every woman I meet, asking myself, 'Can this be the one?' Would she be a good mother and a fine wife? Do I love this blonde, or that brunette?"

"Then you're not in love now?" I cried persistently.

"No."

"Shirley Ross?..."

"A lovely girl and a good kid. We had a lot of fun."

"Jeanette MacDonald...?"

Hank grinned. "She's my next-door neighbor, you know." He pointed through a window. "Right over there. I think she's beautiful. But—well, I've taken her out once, to the Mayfair. At the beginning of the evening I called her 'Miss MacDonald,' and by eleven o'clock Hollywood had us engaged. That's all."

That is all. You can't make anyone believe it, but there just isn't any more. Henry Fonda's having a swell time seeing the town, he's not in love with Margaret Sullavan or anyone else, and it may be years before he discovers the extraordinary woman who will understand his psychology and his viewpoints; who will be a wife to him.

At the time of this writing he likes Virginia Bruce, but there's nothing astonishing about that. So does every man in Hollywood. "James Stewart and I'll Marry (if I'm married)"—1833—were all settled rumors which he who lives with me and I) and I have a sort of contest every night to see who can get a date with her," grinned Hank. "We all took her to the preview of "Trail of the Lonesome Pine"—she wouldn't make any choice that evening. Virginia has a sense of humor, you know. I think that's one of the most important things in any girl. The wife I'll have some day will be able to laugh. . . ."

Which explains much, if you will think back.

YOU may, then, conclude what you will. You may remember that famous actors and actresses have denied being in love before this; that they have carefully prepared a nice little story for public consumption, only to slip off in the dead of night a few weeks later to justify all the settled rumors.

But when Henry Fonda told me yesterday that he would never remarry Margaret Sullavan, I believed him. Because:

(1) He isn't in love with her.

(2) She isn't in love with him.

(3) Even if they had once caught the elusive spark during those casual interludes on the set, they're both intelligent enough to admit one mistake is one lesson, not to be repeated.

(4) Hank is extremotively, fundamentally unable to analyze or fuss; Margaret is obviously unattainable therefore they are, now and for-ever-more with no blame attached to either, incompatible.

(5) Hank, to the intense surprise of all who know him only through interviews and hearsay, is too strong a character to allow mollycoddling indulgences and petticoats to alter his established romances.

(6) Hank wants a marriage entirely apart from the glamorous hubbub and publicity which necessitates an elaborate Hollywood marriage that would be impossible without famous Margaret Sullavan.

Somehow, in these six reasons why Mrs. Ru- mor is a liar, there are summed up all the various facets of Henry Fonda's personality.

They represent, in detail, the true portrait of "Hank."
Boos & Bouquets

(continued from page 5]

$1 PRIZE
IRENE CAPTIVATES

Since cinematically feasting upon the pictorial beauty of Lloyd C. Douglas' fascinating story, my "Magnificent Obsession" has been to acquire some degree of the poise, charm and verve displayed by Miss Dunne! To express in twenty words what she does with a glance; to be as captivating in a Chanel model as she is in the simplest frock; to be as fascinating in a week as she is with a fleeting smile!

I'd throw pennies to paupers, and dangle bones to stray dogs, never breathing it, if this attainment could be mine!

RUBE M. CHAPMAN, Montgomery, Ala.

A WELCOME VARIATION

Hurray for ADVENTURE! "Captain Blood" was certainly a welcome variation from the monotony of social farces, gangster crimes, and G-men thrillers. How exciting to roam the seven seas with a bold pirate band. "Captain Blood" was realistic in its presentation of Sabatini's dramatic story and broadly imaginative in conception and execution.

Handsome, swaggering Errol Flynn is due to become a new idol of the screen if he continues to be given romantic roles such as that of "Captain Blood."

BEATRICE SPASOFF, Washington, D. C.

A PICTURE FOR POWELLS

The appearance of Miss Eleanor Powell and her torrid-moving legs had much to do with making "Broadway Melody of 1936" the smash hit it was.

What could be better than a Powell in a picture? Two Powells? And three of them would be even better. They would be terrific. Can't you see their names in lights over your favorite theater—Eleanor, Dick and William Powell in "Broadway Melody of 1937"?

Come on all you Powell fans and write in for arrangements to be made to get the big three together in such a production.

GEORGE HUTTER, Buffalo, N. Y.

A NEW COMET

Once in many years there flashes across the heavens Haley's comet, a fiery star, leaving behind it a blazing trail of glory. Just so in Hollywood, once in many years there flashes across the heavens of Movieland one bright fiery star. Like Haley's comet, Robert Taylor has flashed before our eyes, and we are watching with wonder. Isn't it a pleasure to see a star that is really qualified for the shoes he is so ably fitting?

ANGELINA BURICH, Los Angeles, Calif.

WHY FRED?

Every time I see Fred MacMurray on the screen I have a great yen to slip back of the screen and close his mouth.

Nice voice, when he's talking, attractive teeth, when he smiles, but why doesn't he close his mouth when he is not talking, or smiling?

If it is a hangover from the days in an orchestra, it could easily be corrected; the fact is, he holds his lips ready to start his saxophone moaning "Moon Over Miami."

MARTHA BRECK, Greensburg, Pa.

ROLL UP TO A PACK OF KOOLS and see how much more you get for your money! A blend of tobaccos to win your tongue, mildly mentholated to cool your throat, cork tips to save your lips. And a valuable B & W coupon to save for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Let's go! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.
PETTICOAT FEVER—MG M

SPARKLING and gay throughout, this bit of nonsense reaps laughs and chuckles from start to ridiculous finish.

In the unusual setting of a Labrador outpost in midwinter, Robert Montgomery, an exiled young Englishman, is interrupted in his idleness by the arrival of two stranded travelers, Myrna Loy and her fiancé, Reginald Owen. Mr. Owen is convinced Montgomery, who is quite overcome at the sight of the beautiful Myrna, is the man who road attempts an escape. This brings about an engagement between Myrna and Robert until Robert’s other fiancé walks in and then the fireworks really begin.

Montgomery is deft in his touches: Myrna real and human, and even the Eskimos are a riot. Funnier than the stage play by far.

F-MAN—Paramount

WEAK as a full length feature, this comedy would have made a swell two-reeler. It is all about Johnny Dime (Jack Haley), a small town soda jerker, who wanted to be a G-man but could not make the grade. Practical jokers in the department make him an F-man instead but he turns the tables neatly. Adrienne Marden is his loyal country sweetheart. It is mildly amusing with a few good situations.

ROAD GANG—Warner

THIS grim accounting of prison brutality is apt to prove too depressing for most tastes. The story concerns the injustice suffered by Donald Woods, young writer who began his journalistic career by exposing the crookedness of a state political dictator. The good performances of Woods, Kay Linaker, Henry O'Neill and Joseph King fail to raise this sordid film to good entertainment.

DEsert gold—Paramount

THIS bang-up Zane Grey western story makes an even more bang-up outdoor movie. If you’re a western addict, you’ll love it. It’s fast and lighty and the acting is top notch. Tom Keene and Monte Blue battle for pretty Martha Hunt and a fabulously rich gold mine out where men are men. Buster Crabbe, an Indian chief, repays a favor to Tom in the exciting action climax.

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES—Republic

GIVEN many ingredients of a good film, this mildly entertaining picture based on Meredith Nicholson’s novel, falls short because of its old mistreated story. Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Irving Pichel, Rosita Moreno and Paul Ellis do well enough in the tangled action depicting the workings of an international spy system.

LAUGHING IRISH EYES—Republic

THERE’S good entertainment in this simple story of an old time fight promoter, Walter C. Kelly, who goes to Ireland to get a champion in a desperate effort to retrieve his fortune, and is duped into bringing back a blacksmith who turns out to be a singer. Through the efforts of a radio announcer, Ray Walker, and Kelly’s daughter, Evalyn Knapp, he also turns out to be a fighter, so all ends happily. Phil Regan, of radio fame, can take a bow as the battling singer, and Walter C. Kelly is excellent.

CHARLIE CHAN AT THE CIRCUS—20th Century-Fox

MURDER under the big top. In the midst of acrobats, freaks, and animals, Charlie Chan discovers a crime and solves it with the aid of son Key Luke. The slow pace and lack of suspense is balanced by an interesting background and an unusual climax when Charlie reveals all. Warner Oland as Charlie gives his usual smooth performance. George and Olivier Crasso, midget performers are outstanding.

THE ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO—MG M

YOU may find it hard to believe that every American who came to early California was a bully and that Jauquin Murrieta was a simple, misunderstanding fellow who just couldn’t help being murderously evil. Otherwise, this is a thrilling melodrama. Story concerns a famous bandit, Warner Baxter, who terrorized the West for revenge against the gringos. William Wellman directed and the cast is superb.

THE AMATEUR GENTLEMAN—Columbia—United Artists

THIS freely adapted movie version of Jeffery Farnol’s famous best seller has all the advantages and many of the disadvantages of romantic costume melodrama. It is colorful, glamorous and frequently exciting—and yet it is slow and clumsy in getting started, laxes your credulity to the utmost with many of its situations. It’s recommended for the gay and ingratiating performance of Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in the role of Barnabas Barty who crashes early eighteenth century London society to save the love of his life, the beauty of Elissa Landi, the regal heroine; for the fine performance of Basil Sydney as the villainous culprit and of Gordon Harker as our hero’s faithful friend and servant.

MOONLIGHT MURDER—MG M

THIS is combined murder and opera with an ingenious twist about mercy killing in it, but so bewildering and complicated throughout that you can’t really enjoy it. Leo Carrillo as the first tenor in “II Traditore” drops dead during a performance at the Hollywood Bowl, Chester Morris plays the detective, Madge Evans, a woman scientist, and J. C. Naish is marvelous as a madman. The music is over-powering.

P H O T O P L A Y  M A G A Z I N E  F O R  M A Y ,  1936
From Pauper to Prince

[continued from page 79]

recapturing what life should have given him forty years ago.

Forty years ago he was Guenther Scheider, the five-year-old son of a sickly, frightened furrier of German-American birth living in New York City. He lived in what was close to squalor in a tenement with his desperately poor family. Even the few pennies young Guenther brought home each night after hawking papers for long hours were of tremendous importance to the family finances.

The $7.50-a-week star of today knew nothing of the little boyhood that is the heritage of the average American boy. Guenther was forced to face stern realities at the age of eight when his father, no longer even able to take personal care of himself, was placed in a home for invalids, via the charity route, and remained to die.

From then on it was touch-and-go for the family of seven, the mother and the five other children, three of whom were younger than Guenther. It was a day and night struggle to keep a roof over their heads and the cheapest of food in their mouths.

GUENTHER did his share by rising before dawn to peddle papers. He delivered meat for a neighborhood butcher after school was out in the afternoon. Even after dark, in the hours the tired lad should have been building up fresh energy, he sought out odd jobs of any kind that would add a few coppers to the family's pitiful income.

His mother, worn out with the uneven battle with life, died when he was ten, and with her death the children had to fend for themselves. There were relatives, I suppose, but they had their own worries and their own children. Although not the oldest, little Guenther automatically assumed the man-size burden of his brothers' and sisters' responsibility. There usually is one in a family to whom others turn when in trouble and he was this one.

His first step was to quit school that he might have added hours for work, work which was far more important to him than learning the names of the seas of the world or dates in history. Knowledge like that was of little use in feeding hungry children.

By the time he was eleven he had his first full-time job, one that kept him working ten to twelve hours a day and paid him $1.00 a week as a sort of handy-boy to a manufacturing jeweler on John Street. Then suddenly he was fired, this little security taken from him. An inspector from the board of education discovered the boy did not have the necessary working papers. The luck was no oversight on Guenther's part; he was too young to obtain them legally.

Determined not to be caught in the same trap again, he stole the papers of his older brother, Charles, and got a job sweeping up, running errands, and polishing brass cuspids in a law office. This lasted one whole Guenther glorious year. He next became a bellhop in a German club, receiving the munificent sum of $14.00 a week for eighteen hours of labor every day.

Meantime he had become interested in athletics at the East Side Settlement House on 76th Street, haven for the boys of the tenement districts. He spent as many hours as he could

"Sanitary Protection is not complete without these exclusive Kotex features"

Mary Pauline Callender
Authority on Feminine Hygiene

Can't cheat

Because the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, dawny cotton—thus chafing and irritation are prevented. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is left free to absorb.

Can't fail

Because Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and raping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't show

Because the ends of Kotex are not only rounded, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no telltale lines or wrinkles.

THREE TYPES OF KOTEX

1. REGULAR — IN THE BLUE BOX — For the ordinary needs of most women.
2. JUNIOR — IN THE GREEN BOX — Somewhat narrower—when less protection is needed.
3. SUPER — IN THE BROWN BOX — Extra layers give extra protection, yet no longer or wider than Regular.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
spare under the friendly roof. Incidentally that athletic interest combined with the long hours he stood on his growing feet at the German club resulted in a collapse of the bones of his feet, and added to his other troubles was a twenty-one week period when he bobbled about in clumpy casts.

Then, when he was just past twelve, came the first truly bright spot in his life. He made his theatrical début. The stage was the ramshackle affair at the Settlement House where an amateur production of "The Merchant of Venice" was given and Guenther, strutting prudishly in full doublet and hose, played the role of Lorenzo.

That night marked the turning point in the life of the boy who was to become Edward Arnold, the Hollywood star. Not one of his recent brilliant premières, he said, could equal that night for sheer thrill and happiness.

With a theatrical career his sole ambition, Arnold from that night on appeared in every amateur production at the settlement house in which a role could be made to fit him. He had unmistakable talent and the wise settlement house directors encouraged it. Meantime, of course, he continued to earn his bread for himself and his family in a succession of jobs which included working in an interior decorating shop, and oiling engines at Columbia University.

But the time he was fifteen some of his family obligations had eased. His first interest, which had been supported of his family, could now be turned toward himself and his own future. That future lay in the theater, he was sure, and upon advice of the settlement house dramatic coach, Guenther took the name Arnold and turned professional. His first job was with the Ben Greet Shakespearean Players at the Trenton, New Jersey, Opera House at $25.00 a week. The company toured the country and then disbanded, leaving Arnold with nothing more financially than when he had started but with considerable valuable experience.

Next came a season as juvenile and assistant stage manager with Maxine Elliott at $50.00 a week. Then he was out of work again, and to make matters worse, terrifically in love with a girl he could not afford to marry. So he proceeded to try to sell insurance, and wholesale groceries. This line of work did not appeal to him. In two short years the romance was dead and he was again haunting theatrical agencies. The result was three seasons with Ethel Barrymore as juvenile.

During the next four years he played in stock here and there. He met and married Harriet Marshall in Richmond, Va., a marriage which was destined to end in divorce with the three children born of that union electing to remain with their father.

After that, it was a series of ups and downs with the downs outnumbering the ups in discouraging ratio. He made forty pictures for the old Essanay Studios, on Argyle street, in Chicago and was then let go when George K. Spoor, head of the firm, began experimenting with third dimension film. He went to New York, ran into the actors' strike and in nine months was worked only two weeks on the stage and in one motion picture.

Luck finally began to break for him. He worked the next five years on Broadway, appearing in stock in the summer.

In 1928 he married Olive Emerson of St. Paul, Minn. He can say he has about as many men of German blood when speaking of their wives. His children call her "Mother," a nice tribute to the part she now plays in their lives.

Arnold was not successful in his first attempt to storm the gates of Hollywood. While on his honeymoon, he was playing in vaudeville in Los Angeles with Viola Dana. Despite the fact that sound had made its début in pictures and stage actors were receiving an all most frantic welcome from movie magnates, he was unsuccessful in doing more than getting inside one studio, once.

Disheartened, he went back to Broadway and to a fat role in "Whistling in the Dark." When it closed its New York run, he was once more out of a job. He finally accepted Producer Alex Haig's offer to appear in a production of the show in Los Angeles during the Olympic Games. He was on half salary.

Forty-eight hours after the show opened, three motion picture producers had offered him parts. The rest is Hollywood history.

This, then, was his arduous climb to the top and his youth, the youth, he had determined years before, his own flesh and blood would never know if he could help himself.

When his mounting Hollywood salary enabled him to move his family into their present hilltop house which is beautifully yet simply furnished, he was likewise determined that the house should be first, last and always a home and not a castle in which he could pile his toys. The joy of living should fill it. Each man do their part to achieve that end, and he, as father, must do the most. It would not be enough, he knew from experience, to give generously of material things; he must give even more generously of his time and companionship, of himself.

I got my first glimpse of how well he has succeeded in this ideal the moment he first opened the door of that house to me. Before he had a chance to utter a word, a human bombshell with flying blond hair and a jam-sprattered dress came from the bathroom and looked him squarely amidship. A voice, stridently immature, emanated from the flailing mass of arms and legs.

"Hi, Pops!" shrieked she. "How about a game of Old Maid? Bet I can skin you seven ways to Sunday!"

"For the love of Pete, Maggie, call your shots," was the sole answering rebuke. "Your dad isn't as young as he used to be." Then proud as Punch, he said gravely: "This is my daughter, Dorothy Jane."

She chirruped the casual, impersonal hello of a healthy eleven-year-old and then, to her father: "Okay, but how about Old Maid?"

"Later, Maggie," he promised. "Dad is busy now."

"You old we would make taffy later.""

"Well, after that."

"You promised Bill (the fifteen-year-old son) a game of chess."

"Well, after that then."

"You know you promised you'd take us all to the movies and that 'Lizbeth (the ten-year-old daughter) called off a date on account of it."

"Well, how about after we get home?"

"Gee, Pops, have you forgotten that's when you and me are going to pillow fight Bill and 'Lizbeth? Don't you remember we challenged them last Saturday to busted that pillow case of Mother's and she gave us all fits?"

"Sorry, Maggie, but you see how it is. This is important now. The lady has come all the way up here just to interview your dad."

Suddenly, as Maggie stared at me reproachfully, I saw it all. It was all so evident that Old Maid would have to go by the boards, a baleful gleam filled one eye. The other was cocked half-shut in candidly sizing me up.

"If you say he's fat and homely..." she began.
Some hapless writer, it seems, had so described Arnold and loyal little Maggie had been raging about it for weeks.

Arnold said: "Beat it, pest!" Maggie beat it.

So that is how Arnold spoils his kids. With Old Maid and chess, with tally pulls and pillow fights. With love and companionship. With the kind of living that he, as a hungry and lonely little old man-boy, never dreamed existed!

But for all the luxuries, the comforts, the advantages and fun he gives them, Arnold is too wise a father not to balance them with discipline and training. Elizabeth, Bill and Maggie each have their duties to perform—washing cars, clearing firebreaks, mending clothes, keeping their own rooms tidy and helping "Mama" whenever she needs help. Those duties must be performed or else "Pops" lays down the law and imposes punishment. It is never corporal, but it is effective just the same. It is called "Doing Without" and means going without coveted horseback rides, dates, use of the car, or movie shows.

The most fun of all at the Arnold home, they all agree, is on cook's night off. They gather in the kitchen, then Arnold ties an apron over his considerable middle, "Mama" brings ingredients as they are needed, Bill lounges in one corner offering advice, Maggie keeps an eye on "Pops," the cook, and Elizabeth keeps an eye on Maggie.

OUT of the general uproar comes such treats as sauerbraten a la Arnold, potato dumplings and zwiebelkuchen (onion cookies to you). After the meal and doing the dishes, in which everyone lends a hand, comes the making of a big batch of rich, creamy fudge.

For all he has given his children, Arnold said he was repaid by them a thousand fold on the night "Diamond Jim," his first starring vehicle, had its premiere and he was in New York for the occasion. His eyes still mist when he speaks of it and his voice chokes up unashamedly.

"The kids chipped in together and sent me a telegram," he said. "I would not part with it for all the money in the world. They wrote: 'Dear Dad, we are so proud you are our father.'"

Fame and wealth? Yes, in a way I suppose they do mean much to Edward Arnold. Proof, for one thing, that he faced life and beat it against terrific odds. But really they mean only one thing, that he can give and give endlessly to his own, can spare them the ugly side of life he had to know, can himself be young again.

... ...

Are you going to be a June Bride?
Then you simply must see Photoplay's beautiful June bridal gown, in full color. Jean Arthur posed in it, it's the loveliest new shade, and you'll find it with our other distinctive Photoplay fashion (some gorgeous ones on Carole Lombard this time) in the issue that's on sale May 10th.

... ...
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1936

From Hollywood comes
This NEW and BETTER
Nail Polish!

There's a reason why Moon Glow Nail Polish is so popular with the stars of the screen and stage. Women today are as particular about cosmetics use Moon Glow because it makes their hands more lovely, attractive and dainty than ever before. Also because its sparkling lustre lasts for days longer. Try one of the 8 great new Hollywood shades. Only 25c for the giant size bottle at drug and department stores. Get the generous size bottle for sale at all good 10c stores.

Applies smoothly—dries instantly.
Cream or clear polish.

SEND FOR TRIAL Size use the coupon below.

Reinforces chipping and peeling.

Apply smoothly —dries instantly.
Cream or clear polish.

MOON GLOW
Nail Polish

Moon Glow Covering Co., Ltd., Dept. P-56.
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish
cream (clear, I believe 5c or 10c) for each shade checked:
Natural (N), Turquoise (T), Translucent (T), Blood Red (B), Blood Red (B), Suntan (S), Coral (C), Tobacco Red (R).

Name...

St. & No....

City...

TYPEWRITER Bargains
Send No Money.

Saves apparel cleaning bills. Dries instantly; leaves no odor, no ring.

The PERFECT HOME
DRY CLEANER

Multi-10c, 30c, 40c, 65c, 1.00 Billies.

ALL DRUG STORES

Skin Beauty with
MERCOLIZED WAX

Remove stubborn hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

The Real Story of Eleanor Powell's Collapse

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

she insisted a home remedy would do them more good than any of the new-fangled things her expensive doctors were thinking up. But unfortunately it isn't lapped around by any such siren that careers are shaped into brilliant and glittering fame.

That same night Eleanor and her mother had to return to their New York hotel that she might be on hand for an early call the following morning.

By the time "At Home Abroad" opened, the only time Eleanor attempted to put on shoes was in the theater. The rest of the time she wore bedroom slippers. She even wore them on the street. And at the radio studios a high stool was kept on hand so during rehearsals and broadcasts she need not stand to reach the mike.

WITH every succeeding day she paid more and more dearly for overdoing. Her toenails came out. Abscesses formed on her feet. If that's unpleasant to hear about, imagine the pain Eleanor endured. As she arrived at the theater half an hour before she would have needed to get there because she had to have this extra time to squinch her feet into her dancing shoes!

A friend who spent much of this time with Eleanor told me neither she nor Mrs. Powell ever went out front to watch the show. "We didn't," she said, "for every time Eleanor went on we believed she must collapse. Night after night we used to sit together in her dressing-room and wait for her to come back after her different numbers."

"And always when she managed to get through one number in particular where she had to tap her way up and down stairs and in and out of difficult doorways, apparently laughing, singing and being so gay, we counted it a downright miracle.

"Worst of all, however, even worse than watching her maneuver her poor feet into her dancing shoes, was to see her worry about herself. Eleanor always has been so well and strong and had such a fine, healthy body. It was pitiful to see her eyes darken and her mouth tremble and to hear her say, scared as a child, 'I couldn't if tonight or any time I wouldn't get through.'"

Now for the first time in her life Eleanor Powell turned afraid.

Always before this, she had had the courage to take the life savings her grandparents had offered that she and her mother might come to New York.

And even though they had been in New York seven months before anything materialized, she had felt sure things would be all right. She even had dared take part of their slim funds to pay for ten lessons in tap dancing from Jack Donahue, the only tap lessons she ever had, and to spend a little more to hire rehearsal halls for an hour at a time that she might, herself, go on from there.

Always before, she had been able to look ahead, to believe. Always before, she had been able to feel her own strength and power within her.

She never, for instance, had doubted that one day she would be able to install her grandparents in a comfortable, gracious house in a quiet suburb.

And she had been perfectly certain there would come a happy time when Broadway itself would be brighter for her name shining over a theater's door.

But now when she woke in the morning as tired as she had been when she had dropped into bed the night before she didn't feel sure of anything. She no longer knew what she would be able to do or how long she would be able to do it.

Those who crowded into the Winter Garden and often enough paid spectator prices to see "At Home Abroad," saw an Eleanor Powell who was bright and gay. On the stage, whatever happened, she strutted her stuff.

But that was in the past. The Eleanor Powell who presented herself at the offices of a prominent New York physician one day this past winter was another person entirely. She was white and scared. Before that physician did anything else she insisted he examine her heart. A bad ticker is a dancer's nightmare. It means the end, of everything, of the very dancing which so often causes it.

"You're sound as a trivet," that doctor told her, "but you're tired out and you need a rest."

Whereupon, unutterably relieved, Eleanor went back to work. If her heart was okay, she counted a rest the last thing in the world she could take. Once again she failed to realize that the time to call quits is before you have to.

When that same doctor appeared at the Powell hotel suite not long after this, when Eleanor collapsed, he no longer pronounced her sound. In the meantime, carrying on, ignoring the warnings her body had so incessantly sounded, she had developed a heart murmur.

There also were unmistakable indications that she had used up her energy to the last reserve drop.

"However, grave as this all sounds now," her doctor told her, "there's nothing wrong which won't right itself if you'll rest. Your success will disappear within a week or two and just as surely, if less quickly, you'll store up energy again and your feet will become as fit as they ever were. So you will rest, won't you?"

Eleanor's smile reassured him. It was the smile of a child who, thoroughly scared, is only too delighted to promise to be good forever after.

ALL this, of course, would have been had enough in itself. But immediately it became known Eleanor was out of the cast, rumors began flying. Broadway is a gipsy state and when there's that much talk it can't be all true or kind. It was hinted Eleanor merely was pretending illness so the producers could cancel her contract and she might return to Hollywood in the far richer rewards which awaited her there. All of which, of course, being what Eleanor had feared would be said.

Then a newspaper printed a sensational story about back-stage intrigue having forced her to leave the show. The impression was conveyed that Ethel Waters, the negress slogging star, had instigated a campaign of smears and criticism against her and that it was because of Beatrice Lillie's protests that Eleanor's numbers had been cut down five to three.

Eleanor knew none of this was true. She had Beatrice Lillie's telegram "Sorry to hear the news, Darling. We miss you and hope you'll be back soon. Love, Bea." She had messages
of deep regret from Ethel Waters and memories of the fun she and Ethel had had pulling silly gags on each other in the grandest kind of friendship. Nevertheless, that newspaper story and the swift rumors to which it gave substance marked her professional friends as jealous and her as a miserable little quitter. Concerned, she used up energy she could ill afford dictating telegrams of denial. But since the story proved more exciting than the denials, many people preferred to go right on believing it.

Made unhappy about all this, Eleanor at first failed to regain her strength as rapidly as it had been hoped she would.

Her doctor was a wise man. He ordered her out of New York, away from the whole business, to a sanatorium.

Then about a week later he let her be moved to her own bedroom in that Crestwood house where those who love her best once again were waiting.

Within an incredibly short time her improvement became marked.

For while being lapped around by a comforting family existence may not be the thing that makes for brilliant, glittering fame it still is the thing that cures a girl when her body is tired and her heart is a little sick over man's unkindness to man.

So in no time at all now Eleanor will be back in the studios, at work on her second picture. But in between productions, she'll rest, you can depend upon that.

For she's not a girl to make the same mistake a second time.
Superset stays SET!

SLEEP tossed heads quickly ruin the effects of ordinary waving lotions. But Superset sets hair as it should be set and keeps it that way. With Superset, your hair is always manageable—slick, buffered and well groomed. Superset dries quickly and leaves absolutely no flyash deposit. Use Superset and be proud of your lasting, natural, lustrous waves. 10¢ at all 5 and 10 cent stores. In two formulas—regular and No. 2 (Faster Drying).

Gene Raymond Is Really a "Lone Wolf"

[continued from page 56]

found that his attitude was sincere, not just another subtle bit of showmanship.

But the fans had acclaimed him in his first picture and he was determined to do so. Right or wrong in Hollywood, he was completely right at the box-office.

Four years have passed since that advent. Four years that have changed Gene Raymond. The boy into a man. They've done more than that. They have brought him much that is fine. They have taken him from a little that makes one miss the excitement sometimes caused by that wilful boy.

"You know, Gene, you've changed a lot since I first met you!" I said, voicing my thought.

Glancing up from his glass, he grinned. The same grin he had four years ago but warmer, somehow. Slower in its arrival but just as real a grin when it does arrive. "I know," he acknowledged quietly, "that I have learned a lot."

"Do you like what you've learned?"

"Um...uhh," speculatively. "And I realized that I needed the learning. I must have been pretty insufferable that first year I was out here. I didn't think so at the time, certainly, but I see it now. I was headstrong, Cocky, even. " He shook his head somberly. "I've learned that success should not come too early. It's a lot harder to stand than failure. It should come when a guy is ready for its responsibilities, for the problems it brings. I've learned it's better to have the toughest role possible, a tough breaks toughen a man so he can 'take' success."

"Isn't that what I would change my ideal of what I want to do. I'm still stubborn as ever about that. But I have learned that there was no need for me to have been so obviously stubborn. I've learned a little finesse about getting my own way. I've learned it isn't good to be so sure I'm right all the time. Not being so sure gives you a chance to consider, at least, the other guy's viewpoint. Temps your judgment. It's far better to decide you are wrong, after you've given thought to every angle, than to take a stand simply because you think you're right. You've got to know what others think, what they feel, what they're working for in order to place a real valuation on your own thinking. When you've decided you are right, hop to it. Don't try water then."

GENE'S fans helped him learn this. A year ago he went about his work with a certain indifference. The conflict between what Hollywood wanted of him and what he wanted for himself had been persistent enough to take the zest out of everything. He finished his picture and left on the next train for New York. He didn't say when he'd return—or that he would return. His attitude crystallized into a nostalgia for the theater—for an audience.

He accepted an offer for personal appearances in Chicago and Detroit. Not since Valentino had there been such a turnout of eager fans. House records were broken and from the darkness of the theaters there came across the footlights the wholesome, warming encouragement of the loyal friends his shadow self had made. He's grateful to those friends. His personal contact with them—talking with them, finding out what they wanted him to do, gave him, literally, a new perspective, a new lease on ambition. His recently signed contract with RKO reflects much of this perspective.

"What have you done that hasn't turned out right?" I asked him.

"That isn't what I mean. I think I've made pretty much the right decisions, as it happens. It's just that I think I've not gone about expressing myself as I did."

"After all, you were pretty young,"
“Maybe that’s what gets me. I acted—terribly young.”

We both laughed. Even when this young man with the deserved reputation for caginess turns vulnerable, nothing he says gives a true indication of the Gene Raymond I know. Gene is a very remarkable young man. He is part and parcel of the post-war generation; on his own in an age when ideals and principles were flung into the brightness of youth’s bonfire. When the briefness, rather than the manner, of living had been impressed upon plastic young minds. He has emerged with a strength and dignity which is rare.

I think Gene Raymond is never, really, confused, for all his admission that he has learned a lot. For all that admission’s implication that he has more to learn, I know the clear-cut and integrity of that young man. He is not afraid to think, talk and live for a principle. He is true to his creed, a creed which asks that he be first of all, true to himself.

He is not a prodigal nature. He is as chary of waste in his thinking and actions as he is in the spending of money, as chary of his confidence and giving his trust to others.

When he was just entering his teens, proud and sure of his adolescent judgment, he had many friends. Youngsters he trusted. ‘They left me in a lurch,’ he said. ‘They all looked down and according to adult standards, but with a desperate disappointment to Gene.’ He had looked forward eagerly to a certain football game. Elaborately enthusiastic, he planned to meet ‘the gang.’ All slacked up, appreciating an afternoon free from worry. For the memory of that game still escapes him. The ticket clutched in a tense, small hand. The minutes ticked slowly by, mocking his eagerness. Game time came and passed. He fought the temptation to go alone. He had said he would wait for them and he waited. When they came home, they went home. The kids had found a short cut, gone hilariously to the game forgetting a lonely little guy who stood gallantly where he had said he would stand. That accounts for much in the nature of the Gene Raymond of today. He is still young enough to flinch from a such disappointment restrains him from trusting easily.

Though he has a growing capacity today for understanding others and for giving them a great consideration, his friends are few. His valuation of friendship and of a friend is refreshingly old fashioned. ‘There is nothing casual about it. He gives his friendship seldom, but when he does, he gives it deliberately and permanently. While a list of those who hope eagerly that he will accept their invitations when they entertain might achieve the proportions of a telephone book, he counts his friends few. Their names do not matter. Much as the four years in Hollywood may have taught him, they have not taught him to forsake his reticence about things which are close to him.

“Know what else I’m learning?” he leaned forward, suddenly eager. “Thinking of little things! Surprises for people. Something they’ll like. Banging about the way I’ve done since I was a kid, living in apartments and hotels, never any place for long, I never collected anything. No souvenirs, nothing that meant much luggage. So, it never occurred to me to give them. But now, since I bought the house for Mother, and started fixing it up, I’ve come to feel I’ve taken root somewhere. All the getting together of things has started me on giving things to others, too. ‘If,’ it’s ‘fun!”'

How well I remembered the day he burst in upon me, hat on the back of his head, grinning from ear to ear, blue eyes flashing, with the announcement: “Hold everything! I’ve gone and done it!” Never had I seen such unbridled enthusiasm. There was only one thing to be gathered from that degree of excitement.

“You’ve married!”

Like a cigarette tip to a balloon was that exclamation. He looked as disappointed as a kid. “No.”

“Well then, you’re engaged!”

“Say, isn’t there anything but a romance that ever caused any excitement in your life?”

He demanded disgustedly.

I guessed it then. It had to be the most improbable thing in the world for this still more-or-less-homesick-for-New-York-young-man, “You’ve bought a house!”

“Who,” he enquired with great dignity, “told you?”

Then he was all eager descriptions of the house he had just bought for his mother because she had said very simply, “It feels like home, Gene. I want it.”

“T’he house taught me lots. I learned all manner of things. Woods, and materials and the history of living very nearly. Furniture reflects so much of the customs and necessities of the period for which it was designed. Furnishing that place turned out to be a liberal education in things I hadn’t felt an urgent need of knowing. And learning that made me curious about a thousand other things. But the real thing, the big thing at least to me was doing something entirely spontaneous... entirely impulsive... considering nothing at all but the thing I wanted to do!

“That’s how I bought the house.”

Today he has developed a real sense of humor. The serious purpose of his youth made him take too many things with too great a seriousness. Now, his sense of values is more balanced. He sees that many things must be taken lightly and be endured at all. He sees that it may be important to discard many unnecessary prejudices, to save one’s strength of objection for those things which are vital.

Despite what four years have taught him, despite all he expects to learn in the years ahead, Gene Raymond will change only on the surface. For basically the character of this young man is moulded and finished. It is sturdy and true and has its own courage. He can face criticism and laugh when he is right. He can take applause and fame and money because he has worked very hard for all of them and found that they are nothing of themselves.

He can take or leave popularity, because he knows that what he thinks of himself is the thing which is most important.

He expects as much honesty in his judgment of himself, his motives and acts as he expects from any of those very few friends of his. He has the capacity to suffer keenly, to love greatly, to care deeply about every fine thing in life. And he has the ability to keep to himself those things which matter most.

He is still a Lone Wolf. And there will always be those who do not understand him. That doesn’t matter. He has learned to understand others. And, understanding, is kind. There is a new humility about him. He will make concession to the happiness of those around him, reckoning the cost, if there be any, to himself last of all. But he will not relinquish one single principle. He takes the hard road and laughs.

Others may write of the actor. I have told a bit of Gene Raymond, the man.

CHINESE RED

LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

by helena rubinstein

Again Helena Rubinstein, the great cosmetic artist, triumphs. Her newest make-up inspiration, Chinese Red lipstick and rouge, is the brightest spot in a season of brilliant colors! It is young and vivid—with lots of red to flatter you and just a hint of gold to give you a touch of the exotic. To pallid skin it lends a lovely glow. To dusky skin, it adds a vibrant accent. It lifts every skin to new heights of enchantment.

The appeal of Chinese Red Lipstick goes even deeper than color. Like all the famed lipsticks by Helena Rubinstein—Red Raspberry, Red Poppy, Red Geranium, Red Coral and warm Terra Cotta—this newest lipstick contains a precious element which fosters natural moisture. It gives your lips that ripe dewy gleam—the lustre of youth! Lipsticks .50, 1.00, 1.25. Rouges to harmonize, 1.00.

Helena Rubinstein Powders in smart flattering tones. Clinging textures for all skins—Dry, Normal, Oily. 1.00, 1.50 to 5.50.

Persian Mascara— Doesn’t run, doesn’t smart. Chic shades. 1.00.

Eyelash Grower and Darkener. Grooms lashes, brows. 1.00.

Helena Rubinstein Cosmetics are available at her Salons and at all smart stores.

helena rubinstein

8 East 57th Street, New York

LONDON

PARIS

© 1936, H. H., Inc.
Ginger Rogers’ Rules for Slaying the Stag Line

On the second day take a Beauty Laxative

If you want to keep the sparkle in your eye and the peaches and cream in your complexion, get rid of accumulated body waste regularly. If Nature fails to maintain a regular schedule, take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets are just the thing for the purpose. Gentle and mild, easy to swallow, non-habit-forming, they assist nature in her work of house cleaning.

Keep tabs on yourself. If more than a day goes by, take a beauty laxative—Olive Tablets. Three sizes—15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.

“Off the dance floor: it’s awfully important, especially if you don’t go out dancing frequently as much as you can in between times. You can enlist the aid of your brothers or cousins or the boy across the street or anyone you know to help you. Being a good dancer is just like being good at anything else; if you were a tennis player and you only played in a match once a month you certainly wouldn’t expect to win unless you kept in practice between matches.

“When you can’t find a partner to lead you at home, roll up the living room rug two or three times a week, turn on your radio and dance by yourself. It’s good for you. I do it myself nearly every day. Try it out yourself and see what happens. There is a lot of fun besides.”

In order to get the most perfect effect out of the line, you’ll need a little bit of pop or some expression of the eye, and you’ll need a little bit of physical expression in your feet.

“The same thing goes for sensual dancing. You know—there’s always the girl who insists on doing a razmataz 'Yazoo-Shakedown' or something right up in front of the orchestra. Boxer. Suggestive. Showoffish. She may attract the curiosity of everybody in the room, but I bet her poor embarrassed escort slinks outside for a smoke until the dust settles under her heels. It’s so much smarter, really, to dance tastefully and gracefully. No girl ever got to be a belle-of-the-ball because she staged a spectacle.”

Ginger took the time out to show me her wardrobe of off-screen evening things. They’re the loveliest, most glamorous gowns you can imagine, mostly pastels because she’s fond of soft colors, with a sprinkling of all-white.

“Yeah, well now we’re getting somewhere,” Ginger continued. “If you’re a good dancer and attractively dressed, if your dance is perfect, then the chances are you’re doing okay. But to get a huge rush instead of just a big one here you are some of my pet secrets.

“If it’s a big dance and a crowded one, pick a corner or an end of the room and try to dance around it all evening. The poor stag who is bewildered in a sea of girls will know where to find you when they want to cut in,
without having to go looking the entire length of the floor and getting bumped on all sides. If you're danced out of your corner or "headquarters," just say to your next partner, "Dance me back over that way, will you?" and he will. This is really an awfully good scheme; the stags will appreciate it and you're certain to be cut in on more frequently.

"However, if it's a big dance and you don't know enough stags to assure you a successful evening, it's better not to stay in one place.

"Another little trick that's a good way to increase cut-ins is to wear or carry something individual by which the stags who want to find you can spot you at a distance. I know a college girl who does an awful lot of prom-trotting and does it darned successfully. She carries to every hop she attends a bright red chiffon handkerchief which trails from her left hand over her partner's back. On a crowded floor that girl can be seen for miles. Bright flowers in your hair or an unusual bow on the back of your dress can effect the same thing.

HERE'S another point, too—if you want to keep your stag line, don't sit out too many dances. When you want to rest sit on the sidelines somewhere and talk; you can still be seen there and the tempo of your rush won't be lessened the way it will if you just disappear outside for three or four dances.

"People have often asked me if I talk while I'm dancing. In pictures, no. But I must confess that when I'm just dancing for the fun of it at a party I usually talk a blue streak. I always have. Somehow dancing and bright, charming conversation go together and I think the girl who can entertain a man, who can dazzle him with delightful patter while she's dancing with him, stands much more chance of attracting him than the girl who's just a good dancer alone.

"Now and then, though," Ginger added, "you do run into a partner who takes his dancing seriously and doesn't like chit-chat. Just go ahead and dance your best with him and save your bright speeches for the stag who will appreciate them.

"LASTLY—and oh! this is such a big point—I think it's terribly important at a dance for a girl to look like she's having a good time! If she's smiling and vivacious and wears an air of confidence about herself she's sure to attract partners all over someone who looks a little bored or scared or too sophisticated. There used to be a girl in my class at school who wasn't pretty nor was she such an expert dancer, but she always radiated such fun at our school parties, she always seemed to be having such a grand time, that the stag line just couldn't resist her. She got lots more cut-ins than the best-looking girls in the class just on the strength of her contagious manner. I think I first learned that lesson from watching her. And I don't think it can be emphasized too much.

"It's really awfully simple. If you can just be on the dance floor what you are in your own living room—charming, and confident of yourself—well, whether it's a dance or a party or a picnic or a tawsome, you're sure to slay the stags."

Equally happy in each other's company are Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of PHOTOPLAY, and the captivating Shirley Temple when Mr. Macfadden visited the set at the 20th Century-Fox Studio on a recent trip to Hollywood.
Cal York’s Gossip of Hollywood

[continued from page 35]

IT isn’t only you fans who have souvenirs—bits by any means. There was an aviator’s gleam in Betty Furness’ eye the other noon when she saw a luncheon companion pull a monogrammed packet of matches, carried away from Pickfair, from his pocket.

“Gimmie,” Betty pleaded. “I’d adore to have it!”

DIRECTOR CUKOR was having his troubles filming a certain scene in “Romeo and Juliet.” It was an outdoor shot and when airplanes overhead stopped zooming around, actors muffed their lines, or horses in the scene pranced out of camera line. To quiet one horse in particular, Basil Rathbone fed him a handful of carrots snitched from the scenery.

Finally all was quiet. Airplanes, actors and horses alike were behaving admirably. Once more the cameras turned.

In the midst of a perfect take, the restless horse lifted his nose and let out a vociferous and pleading whinny—for more carrots! Rathbone did a speedy exit right.

CERTAIN well known actor, who considers himself quite a horseman, wasn’t going to ride without Flavor and Betholomew any more.

The two were at Palm Springs and jogged a full thirty-seven miles across the desert. Arriving at their ranch destination, the actor planned to return by automobile. Freddie, however, insisted upon returning on horseback. Since he was the lad’s protector for the trip, there was nothing for it but to ride back with him.

Freddie was fresh as a daisy at the end of the trip. The actor didn’t sit down for three days!

DID you know that Clark Gable is an accomplished pianist? Neither did several other people, including several professional musicians, when Clark offered to do a number or two at a party the other night. He had one of those “they laugh when I sit down to play” experiences complete. He doesn’t, however, attribute his popularity to the piano; he could play and play and play long before he had the gals swooning in bords at the sight of him.

THE cathedral-like silence that usually prevails on a von Sternberg set was shattered to bits the other day when a yo-ho-ho-ho-blo from that anathema “The Music Goes Round” came trilling from off-stage somewhere. Von was fit to be tied until the perpetrator walked on. It was—of all people—Grace Moore!

SOME of the old-timers were reminiscing of the past glories of the ramshackle commissary at M-G-M which has been torn down to make way for a new and more glorious edifice. Among the days they recalled most fondly were:

The day W. S. Van Dyke, sick and tired of the frozen north from whence he had just returned after “Eskimo,” was deluged with a storm of chopped ice.

The day Paul Lukas hosted Ted Healy at lunch and fed him six courses of snacks—Ted’s pant convection—without Healy recognizing them.

The day Harpo, Chico and Groucho Marx staged their mad butterfly chase, complete with butterfly nets.

The day an assistant director, at bill Powell’s instigation, entertained two Chinese “dignitaries” with great pomp and ceremony, only to discover later they were a couple of extras from Los Angeles’ Chinatown.

The day Greta Garbo dined there in shorts!

SOME of Bess Meredith’s well-meaning friends gave a shower for her the other day. The idea was to bring utilitarian gifts which she could take with her to her new farm where she plans to do most of her scenarioizing for 20th Century-Fox in the next few months.

Among the donations received were a harmonium for the parlor, a zither for any more places, a dozen eggs complete with setting hen and a lady cow with a sopranino bellow.

Bess is now contemplating giving up the farm idea in favor of Patton. That’s where they keep people with funny ideas of possessions, you know.

THE curative powers of whittlin’ are being discovered by our filmfolk, T’would seem. Ann Sothern is now the master whittler of the village, and its most ardent advocate. She allows as how it does worlds to relieve that tired and tense-y feeling between difficult scenes.

Ann began her avocation one day by idly whittlin’ on a stray piece of redwood with a property man’s pet jack knife. When she discovered something faintly resembling an ash tray was emerging from her efforts, she went for the idea whole hog. Her hand-carved object d’art now occupy a prominent place in her home and she’s ready to challenge Chic Sale, Henry Fonda, Wallace Beery or any of the other self-styled whittlers to a championship match.

CHARLES WINNINGER is now qualified to join the “My Most Embarrassing Moment” club.

He blew so lustily on a cornet in a scene in “Show Boat” the other day, a sturdy seaman in his coat split wide open!

Of all the lavish gifts she has received, none have sent Shirley Temple into such squeals of delight as the premium birthday present Bill Robinson gave her.

It is a bracelet made of perfectly matched seed pearls and platinum links. Dangling from it are six tiny jewelled charms, mementoes of past pictures Miss Shirley has made. A dancing crane represents “Captain January” in which such a bird appears, a pearl-studded horse recalls “Little Miss Marker,” a tiny dog suggests the puppy in “Curly Top,” an airplane represents “Bright Eyes” and two likenesses of Bill himself are for “The Little Colonel” and “The Little Rebel.” In the center of the string is a likeness of Shirley herself, done in hammered gold.

FANCY this! David O. Selznick is so impressed with the idea around which he is building a million dollar movie that he has hired a former ace G-man to guard the secret of it!

Just how one man can guard an idea which at least half a hundred people must perform share is a bit vague, but that’s Joseph E. P. Dunn’s worry.

He’s the ex-G-man.
**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 118**

**THE SINGING KID—**First National—From an original by Robert Lord. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Charles Brackett.


**SILENT HOURS BY AIR—**From the story by Dorothy Brabyn. Screen play by Paul Green. Directed by William Dieterle. Produced by Samuel Goldwyn.


**ITCH—**By Lawrence Weingrill and Robert E. Sherwood. Screen play by A. Parkin. Directed by Samuel Goldwyn.


**WHIRLPOOL—**By Louis Lucek. Screen play by Frank Craven. Directed by Alan Crosland.

**Be an ARTIST—**Make $50 to $100 a week: Many of our successful students are now making the money. Our simple methods make it possible for you to get started in your chosen line at home, in spare time. New low tuition rates. Write for free book: Art for Picture and Press Work. STUDIO 105, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, 115-157 ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

**ITCH—**STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE—Are you tormented by the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflications? For quick and happy relief use cooling antitoxic liniment D.D.D.PRESCRIPTION. Its active oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 5c trial bottle, as drug stores, proves it—or money back.

**A HOMEY—**friendly atmosphere—every facility for your convenience. Your car is taken at the door by an expert garage attendant. Yours is one of 700 comfortable rooms—each with bath or shower, running ice water, full length mirror and bed head reading lamp. You're at the center of Baltimore's business and social activities. You enjoy characteristic Maryland cuisine in any of three distinct restaurants—And the rates—from 25.00 single.

**On board the yacht "Virginia" are Belle Davis, winner of this year's Motion Picture Academy award for her performance in "Dangerous," and George Brent. They play opposite each other in "The Golden Arrow."**
The Facts of Hollywood Life

PREACHERS
For Andrea Bier, actress, and Nat Ross, Universal producer, in Hollywood.
For Phyllis Langton, Paramount dramatic coach, and George Seaton, actor-writer, in Hollywood.

ANNIVERSARY
The tenth year of wedded bliss for Viola Banky and Red LaRoque.

STORK HEADQUARTERS
Robert and Betty Montgomery welcomed Robert, Jr. A daughter arrived in London to make Laura Ladd and Irving Asher happier.
Western star John and Mrs. Wayne brought a sister, Mary Antonio, to keep son Michael company.
Their conditioning nurseries are Alan and Mariselle Dinchart, also Steve and Linda Parker McNulty.

ADOPTION
Gracie Allen and George Burns have taken Ronald, six months old, from famous Evanson's Cradle, where they got Sandra, their daughter, two years ago.

DARK ANGEL
Took Alex Pantages, pioneer showman, in Hollywood.
Took Francis C. Jenkin, father of Wendy Barrie, in China.

CANDLES
Twenty-four for Brownette Jean Harlow when confined to her home with flu.
Eight for Dorothea Wener, Warner Brothers director, on February 29.
Unstated number for Dorothy Mackall and Margot Grahame.

JUSSRES
For Mary Astor, snowbound at Lake Tahoe with flu.

For Bob Wosley at Palm Springs with nervous breakdown.
For Glenda Farrell with wrench behind from gardening.
For Jean Mair with foot infection.
For Edward Everett Horton with wrench behind from tennis.
For Leslie Howard, Howard Hawks and Maureen O'Sullivan, all with flu.

LAWYERS
Bert Wheeler was divorced after several years' separation from Bernice Wheeler.
Margaret Sullivan has separated from Director William Wyler pending divorce.
Song-writer Morris Gitter (Mac Gordon) heard the judge say "Granted" to Rose Gitter's plea for divorce.
Mary Ellis announced Reno treatment for her marriage to Basil Sydney, English actor, immediately.

CUPID AT WORK
On Songstress Marjorie Lane and Brian Doyle.
Also on lovely Irene Hervey and Alan Jones.

SHIPS
Carried the Mervyn LeRoy and Samuel Goldwyn to Europe, Charles Chaplin and Paulette Goddart to Hawaii, and the Warner Olonds to the Orient, all on vacations.

ECHOES
The exquisite furnishings of the late Lilyan Tashman bought at auction by a crowd of friends and curios.

IN DUTCH
Pat O'Brien, Hollywood's perennial good boy, was suspended by Warner Brothers, for refusal to play the role in "Stage Struck" which Jimmy Cagney refused.

COURTS
Barbara Stanwyck is being sued by agent for $3,600 in services.
Jimmy Cagney and Warner Brothers are batting out contract troubles in court.
Ann Dvorak lost her suit against Warner Brothers to cancel or clarify her contract.
Jean Parker's new contract with M-G-M approved by court.

The Spot News

Fred MacMurray, despite all rumors, did not et that raise at Paramount. Fred is a star exactly $400 a week.
As usual, Sylvia Sidney's new apartment is envied by all decorators. Sylvia did it herself. Truene color and grays.
RKo has reached over the back fence and nabbed Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, and Herbert Lanshall from Paramount, all under contract, until Hilliard, who clicked in "Follow the Leet," stars in her next, "Twinkle Twinkle."
Divorced pairs are the latest production vales. Fonda and Sullivan started it in "The Joan of Our Home." Now it's Powell and O'Sullivan in "My Man Godfrey," for Universal.

Dietrich has just signed to return to Paramount in the autumn. She will make only one for Korda in England.
After four years of ravishing, Paulette Goddart has finally announced she will wed Charlie Chaplin. She waited until they reached Shanghai before announcing what all America knew to be true.
Jean Harlow got her final divorce decree from Hal Rosson on Friday, 13, in March. She didn't apply until the next day.
Joan Bennett is on her way to Europe and with her travels husband Gene Markey who will adapt his own book, "The Road to Rouen," for GB.
Brief Reviews of Current Photoplays

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9]

SEPARATE EYE, THE — Educational.—An instructive and heart-warming recreation of the war service of the non-profit organization in New Jersey which trains German police dogs to lead the blind. (Apr.)

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT — Columbia.—A swiftly paced and highly personalized account of the refugee and the millionaire and his spoiled family gives George Raft an opportunity to wage a battle of wits with Joan Bennett until love finally crushes them both. (Dec.)

SHE MARRIED HER BOSS — Columbia.—ClauDETTE Colbert in one of her most amusing roles since "It Happened One Night," plays the part of the perfect secretary who finds it difficult to work under her talented and competent boss Melvyn Douglas. Ethel Fellows, Jean Dixon. (Nov.)

SHIP CAFE — Paramount. — Fairly entertaining musical romance with Carl Brisson, rising on the wings of song to stoker to gyp. Arlene Judge and Mady Christiana. (Jan.)

SHIPMATES FOREVER — Warners.—Comedy.—The perennial Annapolis story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler; giving knockout performances and adding some sparkling gayety with their songs and dances. The story is more on the lines of a B movie and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

SHOW THEM NO MERCY — 20th Century-Fox.—This gripping kidnapper-hunt film is full of suspense and surprises. Rochelle Hudson and baby stumble into a gangster's hideout. A prize portrayal by "killer" Bracy Cobat. (Jan.)

SNOWED UNDER — Warners.—An unpretentious and nifty little farce with George Brent as a playwriting character. Genevieve Tobin, Patricia Ellis and Glenda Farrell furnish the feminine distraction. (Apr.)

SO RED THE ROSE — Paramount. — Stark young tamer, destined for thieving, is thwarted by Southern family, beautifully presented; Margaret Sullivan, Randolph Scott, Janet Beecher give distinctive performances. (Jan.)

SONG AND DANCE MAN — 20th Century-Fox.—Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor struggle through an old story of a mis-mated couple.勤学士 David Cook solves everything with Helen Twentieth's help. Burton Churchill's waggish humor helps. (Jan.)

SPECIAL AGENT — Cosmopolitan-Warners.—Fast moving, entertaining film about Federal men warring on racketeers and securing their convictions via the income tax. With Bette Davis, Ricardo Cortez, George Brent. (Nov.)

SPLENDOR — Sam Goldwyn-Untied Artists. — Wife, Miriam Hopkins sacrifices herself for husband, and gets back again in triumph. Joel McCrea, Jeanette MacDonald. Paul Cavanagh, Billie Burke and Helen Westley. (Feb.)

STAR OVER BROADWAY — Warners. — Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by radio discovery James Melton. Good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and songwriters Jane Froman. (Jan.)

STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR, THE — Warners. — A humorous and realistic picture of the struggles, disappointments and success of the French scientist who proved the germ theory. Paul Muni excellent as Pasteur, Agnes Moorehead and Donald Woods are the mild love interest. (Feb.)

STREAMLINE EXPRESS — Mascot.—Dramatic incidents that occur on a cross-country record run of a streamlined train are vividly illustrated in this picture. A fair picture, with Victor Jory, Evelyn Venable. (Nov.)

STRIKE ME PINK — Goldwyn-Untied Artists. — Eddie Cantor's parody of travelogue with good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and songwriters Jane Froman. (Jan.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT — RKO-Radio. — Katharine Hepburn, Brian Aherne in a whimsical, merry mad goodwill story with charging acting and scenes. Grant in a cool comedy role strolls the picture. (Feb.)

TALE OF TWO CITIES, A — M-G-M. — Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur's Restoration tragedy of two families, each living in a million dollar house, and a talented cast. Very worth while. (Feb.)

THANKS A MILLION — 20th Century-Fox.—Dick Powell singing grand songs, Paul White- man, Fred Allen, Patsy Kelly's skit, the Vagabond Club Boys, Ann Dvorak's dancing are on only half the items you'll find in this swell fast-moving film. (Jan.)

THE INVISIBLE RAY — Universal.—The Silver and the Sand. Based on a novel of horror tales written by the late Robert W. Chambers. In the latter role is seen Hurd Hatfield, most prominent cast. (Mar.)

THE KING OF THE DAMNED — Stark realistic account of a convict revolt on a penal island led by Vincent Voigt and seconded by Noah Berry. Helen Vinson good as commandant's daughter and Cecilia Ramage is a perfect villain. Tons of suspense. Not for children. (Mar.)

THE LADY CONSENTS — RKO-Radio. — Ann Dvorak is well cast in the too familiar triangle about understanding wife hosting her husband Herbert Marshall to scheming minx. She wins him back. (Mar.)

THE LEAVENWORTH CASE — Republic.—Ob- vious plot concerning the murder of Mr. Leavenworth and the discovery of his son's murderer. Helen Foster and Donald Cook are around. Dull. (Mar.)

THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK — 20th Century-Fox.—Interesting modern allegory with Cop- rad Veidt as "The Stranger" who exerts a powerful magic over his wife. Also good performances cast. Direction and acting are excellent. (Mar.)

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN — M-G-M.— Slight, foolish comedy with witty Frank Morgan playing a French Countess. Tyrone Power and George Craven Courteney. Competent cast. (Feb.)

THE PETERFIED FOREST — Warners.—Former Broadway hit with powerful drama. "Peterfied Howard" is turned into decent story with Bette Davis. Tender love scenes and some situations. (Mar.)

THE WIDOW FROM MONTREAL—Warners.—Delores Del Rio, Warren William and Louise Fernanda try hard to fill up a tedious picture about a bored husband who turns a fixation into true love. Warren Hymer steals honors. (Mar.)

THIS IS THE LIFE — 20th Century-Fox.—Little Jane Wysher, a stage proddy, is mistakenly a rich girl, by the couple who are capitalizing on her talents. Latter turns her into a socialite and the fickle man falsely accused of theft. Fairly cute note. (Mar.)

$1000 A MINUTE — Republic. — A "broke" report, Roger Pryor, gets the job of spending a thousand a minute for twelve hours. It's harder than you think, and everyone suspecting of being a crook or a fanatic. (Feb.)

THREE GODFATHERS — M-G-M. — Peter B. Kyne's story of three desperadoes' sacrificial offering of their lives, and Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan are excellent. (Nov.)

THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN — Universal.—This endearing comedy of errors develops a accidental kidnapping into the real thing. May Robson, Malcolm McGregor and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (Jan.)

THREE LITE GHOULS — M-G-M. — An unspared duel with three world war veterans returning to a middleclass life and who has expert direction by Richard Boleslawski. Chester Morris as the toughest is superb, and Lewis Stone and Walter Brennan are excellent. (Feb.)

THREE LITTLE KIDS — M-G-M. — An amusing story of a three year old baby that has produced Dickie Moore. Lionel Atwill, Dudley Diggs, and Nelly Westman are in the cast. (Mar.)

THREE MUSKETEERS, THE — RKO-Radio. — A new and delightful presentation of the romantic melodrama. Brackett classic brings Walter Abel fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-flashing cast in a thrilling journey to a dashing rescue of the Queen's honor. (Dec.)

TIMOTHY'S QUEST — Paramount.—Kate Douglas Wiggin's story of two orphans charmingly and sincerely produced. Dickie Moore, Lillian Holden, Eleanor Patterson, Eleanor Whitman are all delightful. Tuke the family. (Apr.)
NEW YORK'S BEST HOTEL VALUE

ENJOY A COMFORTABLE 2-ROOM SUITE
IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN.

PARLOR, BEDROOM AND BATH
$5.00 PER DAY

LARGEST SINGLE ROOMS
WITH BATH
$3.50 UP PER DAY

Radio, combination tub and shower, circulating ice water, swimming pool and gymnasium free to guests.

DINING—DANCING—SMART ENTERTAINMENT

COCONUT GROVE
NEW YORK'S FAVORITE RENDEZVOUS

THE PARK CENTRAL
56TH STREET AT 7TH AVENUE

WHY WEAR GLASSES?
They are only eye crutches at best, and day after day they are throwing away.

Try Bennav MacFadden's eye care at our
risk. You need send no money. Just write to
us, and we will send you back the glasses,
and we will pay you the full price.

MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC.
dept. P.4
1926 Broadway, New York

A Woman in a Merry Whom She Likes!
—said Thackeray. This great
author knew the power of
women—better than most men.
Men are helpless in the hands
of women who really know how
to handle them. You have such
women. You can develop and use them to win
a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrete
"Fascinating Womanhood," its daring book which
shows how women attract men by using the simplest
ways of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us
three dollars and we will send you the booklet entitled
"Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood." An interesting
syllabus of the revelations in "Fascinating
Womanhood." Bet in plain wrapper.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1936

TO BEAT THE BAND—RKO-Radio. — Hugh
Hefter struggles through this musical holder-poodle
to inherit millions. Helen Broderick, Eric Blore and
Roger Pryor struggle for laughs. (Jan.)

TOP HAT—RKO-Radio. — A sparkling and
to the typical Fred
Astaire-Ginger Rogers tradition and what a grand
and glorious tradition that is! Enchanting music and
clever dance routines, together with captivating
costume sequences, make this one picture you should not
overlook. Helen Broderick, Edward Everett Horton, Eric
Blore among those present. (Nov.)

TOUGH GUY—M-G-M. — Mild and moral little
piece by a little boy's (Jackie Coop) adventures
which he shares with a little dog. Youngster Joseph
{C}ailea is excellent, and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr. the real
hero. (Apr.)

TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PIN, THE—
RKO-Radio. — A powerful, splendid
photography of John Fox, Jr.'s novel
mountainside's done entirely in color. Sylvia
Satter, Henry Powell, and the whole cast
excel. Don't miss it. (Apr.)

TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL—GB. — Rich-
dard Dix is the engineer who dreams of a trans-
continental tunnel that will forever change the
atlas. A graphically told melodrama. Madge Evans is his domestic
partner. (Jan.)

TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS—Republic. —
Gene Autry deserts the radio and the screen
together with his well known cowboy ditties, which
help divert the attention from a too-complicated
plot. So-so. (Nov.)

TWO FISTED—Paramount. — Lee Tracy and
Roscoe Karns battle and battle their way through plays
wraps in a millionaire's mansion to
guard a dot from his worthless father. It's a scream
all the way. (Dec.)

TWO FOR TONIGHT—Paramount. — Bing
Crosby and Judy Garland in his way through this one,
disappointing his romance-in-the-moonlight fans,
and not measuring up to the splendidly with his past films.
Joan Bennett, Thelma Todd are best of the cast. (Nov.)

TWO IN THE DARK—RKO-Radio. — Novel,
fast moving tale of an amnesia victim, Walter Abel
who becomes embroiled in a murder. Margot Grahame
helps him solve it. (Feb.)

TWO SINNERS—Republic. — Otto Kruger and
 diferent. This is a
slow tear-inducing account of an ex-convict's attempt
at rehabilitation, which allows little color to the
plot adds some slight relief. (Dec.)

VIRGINIA JUDGE, THE—Paramount. — Walter
C. Kelly in the role of the southern small town
treasurer, which he made famous on the stage, makes this other-wise
ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll
get laughs by the load from the colored lazy-bones.
Bepin Fetchlee. (Dec.)

VOICE OF BUGLE ANN, THE—M-G-M. —
A homey, appealing little saga, with Lionel
Barrymore grand as the dog breeder whose love
for his animals causes his ruin, and Walter
cannot commit murder. Maureen
O'Sullivan and Eric Linden are the love interest.
Good. (Apr.)

WE'RE ONLY HUMAN—RKO-Radio. — An
adaptation of A. A. Milne's book with Spencer
trailing between a killer's gun and a bawdy but
dumb youth. Preston Foster, Reporteress Jane Wyatt
softens his heart. (Feb.)

WHIPSAW—M-G-M. — G-Man Spencer Tracy
trails Myrna Loy, confederate of jewel thieves.
Love mixes things up. Satisfying. (Feb.)

WIFE Vs. SECRETARY—M-G-M. — Expert
cast, interesting plot, prevented production and star
performances by Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean
Harlow in this familiar triangle to success. Effective
appearance by Mary Astor and Joan Blondell. (Apr.)

WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Paramount. — Here's
a chance to obtain a graphically accurate and
comprehensive account of a situation that is
templar about the entire world. It's a re-
section of a primitive land so few exist that
chills and shocks. (Dec.)

WITHOUT REGRET—Paramount. — Kent
Felker and Eloise Land make up a bit of entertain-
ment of this semi-murder mystery of a young man
who is killed in a murder attempt. (Nov.)

WOMAN TRAP—Paramount. — An exciting
melodrama with jewel thieves, G-men and abduc-
cions mixed up. Gertrude Michael, George
Murray, Sidney Blackmer. "Another popular film
Akein Tamirolf as a Mexican bad man is a treat. (Apr.)

YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—20th Century-Fox. —
A very last and funny comedy with Edward
Everett Horton running his business being civic-minded.
The worm finally turns and all is well. (Feb.)

NOW—you can enjoy Milk of Magnesia in an amazing new Mouth Wash.

LACTOLAR
Milk of Magnesia MOUTH WASH

Now, Milk of Magnesia is successfully combined with other soothing, and wets your mouth wash your Dentist and Physician will heart-
ily approve.

LACTOLAR benefits last longer because it de-
posit a protective coating of Milk of Magnesia on
delicate mouth and throat membranes. LACTOR-
AL penetrates between teeth, purifies gums and oral passages and
corrects bad breath.

Ask your Dentist or Physician about LACTOLAR— the 90c
Milk of Magnesia Mouth Wash. Buy it at all leading drug
stores and toilet counters.

AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES
LACTOLAR, 1803 Byron St.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

If not available locally send the coupon and 25c for postage
and packing for genuine trial bottle.

Name...

Address...

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 Days at Home

MRS. S. K. WILCOX, President
American National Home Study School
1221 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

INDUSTRY is the mother of wealth, the
foundation of American success. Any
person who has a genuine interest in
making money may become successful by study at
home. We teach how to build a business for
yourself, and give you complete directions and
supervision. You should be trained before you
enter business. We train. We guarantee
success. We have trained men to success
for years. Many have become well-to-do.

YOUNG LADIES
Are you interested in a position as
Saleswoman, Office Manager, or posing for Commerical Photos?

You surely want to acquire tact, poise, personality, grace
and professional correctness. Write today for full information.

National College of Massage & Psychotherapy
50 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 577, Chicago, Ill.

WILDRED ELEARN STUDIOS
Shubert Theatre Bldg.
St. Louis, Mo.

"IT'S FUN TO LOOK YOUNGER AGAIN!"

...and so easy
to Safely Dye

GRAY HAIR

Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or
patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of
Blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brown-
tone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this
tame formula to a lock of your own hair.

LACTOLAR is used and approved—for over twenty-four years by
thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guar-
anteed harmless for tingeing gray hair. Activating
agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving
of hair. Is economical and washes out.

Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, brown or black color with amazing speed, just brush
it on. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and
toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.
Second Marriage and Joan Crawford Tone

(continued from page 25)

Second Marriage and Joan Crawford Tone

vocal lessons as long as they keep on getting so much real pleasure and happiness out of them!

In short the brand new Tones are doing absolutely nothing about Hollywood—which is the best way to beat it I’ve ever heard.

No longer does Joan look at the spectacle of Hollywood rumor and gossip as a gigantic monster to be pacified. I think Franchot has made her understand that she can be even a Front Page personality without apology, or explanation.

Under this philosophy Joan is gaining confidence to do exactly what she wants to do and be exactly what she wants to be.

RIGHT now, above everything else, she wants to be Franchot’s wife. She wants very much to close out the professional world of her own career and sink herself into Franchot’s work, surrounded by the things that interest Franchot—like good music, good talk and good friends to talk with. It is a break that the studios have had no picture prepared for her, so that there is nothing to divert her from the happiness she is finding being merely Mrs Franchot Tone.

She loves to use that name. She tries on its newness like a girl twirling before a mirror in a new gown. She adores managing her house to fit the requirements of Franchot’s working day.

Joan’s own day is almost unbelievably married!

Clad in tan or blue or green slacks she begins it by planning menus, washing her own hair, raiding the ice-box for a stand-up lunch, counting the linens back from the laundry, letting out a hem in a dress that is too short or taking it out of a dress that is too long (I’ve really caught her at it) and best of all, calling up innumerable people on the telephone. Joan is a “telephonist” if there is such a thing. Even if there isn’t she’s still one. She can sit for hours with a telephone in her hand and a list of numbers at her side and carry on ardent and enthusiastic conversations about nothing important than whether or not that “little blue number” is priced too high at $95.90, or did you see “Dodsworth”? . . . but it’s fun . . . no matter which end of the phone you’re on! And every day at two o’clock Joan takes a singing lesson!

Because the interest Joan and Franchot have in music is being construed as something and everything but what it is really, I think you should be told quickly that Joan is not in training to snub Hollywood for an opera or concert career!

Make no mistake about it, Joan is tremendously proud of her Hollywood career as a motion picture star! She has no patience with the “artists” who look on Hollywood patronizingly, who use it only as a means of escape to more “legitimate” endeavors. On more than one occasion she has forgotten her role of tactful hostess to blaze out this point with guests suffering from indigestion brought on by utter contempt for Hollywood and yearnings for “better things.”

“I’m proud to be a Hollywood star,” she once amazed a roomful of non-believers in her home one evening, “I came here to be one. I’ve fought to be the best motion picture actress I know how, and I’m proud of whatever I’ve achieved. It’s stupid to say that motion pictures are not a true form of drama. I’m not ashamed that I’ve spent my entire career trying to improve myself and learn the rudiments of my profession so I may be an even better ‘Movie star!’

“And I’m not afraid of that phrase artistically. I’m proud of it.”

That’s why Joan is where she is today. That is the real secret back of her tremendous success and the fact the bright shine has never worn off her stardom in spite of many mediocre stories.

Joan does not “confess” to appear in the movies. She respects them! But she also loves music, not as a career, but as the soul-satisfying thing it has become in her life.

Her voice is strong and true and dramatically expressive.

The sheer cultivation of her voice is not the only good reason for Joan’s absorbing interest in music. For it has opened a new circle for her, not among the opera stars, great composers and conductors and the world wherein they move. But music has brought a different circle of friends to Joan, the struggling young artists, the young men and women with great talent and little opportunity, and such a field as this is nothing short of a private paradise to the girl who isn’t happy unless she is campaigning!

Maybe Joan won’t like that. But it’s true. She is one of those people who have to be helping others. Joan loves to remodel and re-plan. She loves to guide and lead and use her experience and influence and to the betterment of some unsuspecting target of her generosity.

Sometimes it is but a matter of giving a friend into a new costume, or a new style of dress. But more often it is planning something real and helpful for those who interest her—and I’ll even go so far as to say that very few people interest Joan who do not need “doing over” in some way or another. If it is a fault, it’s a swell one!

I’ve been at Joan’s house at two o’clock when Madame arrives to take her singing lesson. Now and then she arrives alone, but far more often she is accompanied by young students who are at once timid and overawed at Joan’s sincere interest in their problems. In their half Joan has no scruples about using her prestige ruthless. She arranges auditions, movie tests, radio appointments. This may all come under the head of “command performances” because “Miss Crawford” wishes it,—but the girl has no shame! Without intending to be funny it might be said that the best break the struggling young artists of Los Angeles have received to date, was when Joan uncovered a real interest in music. No ten-percent agent was ever more determined to get some of them where they “belong” than the glamorous Miss Crawford!

As uninvolved and uncomplicated as this may all seem, it is really the true person Joan has become, and the life she is leading behind the unpublicized scenes of her second marriage. The marriage of Joan and Franchot may never make headlines with a day-by-day account of its giddy progress, but something tells me it will never be finished a satire skit in a Broadway show!
SUIT of the HOLLYWOOD HE-MAN by Adela Rogers St. Johns

THE TRUE PAUL MUNI By Louis Golding
"I've had oodles of fun...

...collecting for my
LANE Hope Chest"

- No matter who she is—debutante, school graduate, or screen star! One of her happiest experiences will be that of collecting for her Lane Hope Chest. This glorified modern Cedar Chest with its guaranteed moth protection will provide ideal sanctuary for her treasured possessions. Give her a Lane Hope Chest. Don't be satisfied with less. See the superb new models now on display at your Lane dealer's store. Write today for illustrated pamphlet and name of nearest dealer.

Lane Company, Inc., Dept. B, Altavista, Virginia
Canadian Manufacturers and Distributors:
Knechtel's, Limited, Hanover, Ontario

Check These 5 Points
Before You Buy Any Cedar Chest

1. Does it offer guaranteed moth protection?
   Lane gives you a moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

2. Has it been tested for aroma-tightness?
   Every Lane Chest is tested with air pressure—see the "test" plug.

3. (a) Will it retain its aroma? (b) Will it get oily and sticky?
   The Lane patented inside finish evens the flow of aroma and prevents the interior of the chest from getting oily and sticky.

4. Has it tested aroma on the dealer's floor?
   The aroma in a Lane Chest is sealed in with a transparent covering.

5. Is it made in accordance with U.S. Government recommendations?
   Every Lane is made 70% or more of 3/4-inch aromatic red cedar.

LANE Cedar Chests
THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

Special $29.75

Superbly styled modern chest in black walnut with front center panel of rich figured stump. Equipped with Lane Automatic Tray.

The Lane Robe

This revolutionary new furniture systematizes dressing by providing a plainly marked place for everything. Room for 8 suits. Moth insurance policy included.
HE was referring to the grotesque picture that the shadow made upon the wall. "I shudder to think what a nuisance I was—how I almost lost you," he added. "You certainly did," she laughed, "there was a time when I thought I couldn't stand you another minute."

"And if I hadn't taken that very broad hint you gave me, I'd never be sitting here, your husband-to-be."

There's nothing that nips friendship or romance in the bud so quickly as a case of halitosis (unpleasant breath). It is simply inexcusable.

Since the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth is a major cause of this condition, everybody is likely to offend at some time or other.

The wise precaution is to use Listerine as a mouth rinse and gargle—especially before social engagements.

Listerine quickly halts fermentation; then checks the objectionable odors it causes. The breath, in fact the entire mouth becomes fresh and wholesome. Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and every night and between times before social engagements. It is your assurance that you will not offend others needlessly. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

USE LISTERINE BEFORE ALL SOCIAL ENGAGEMENTS
They were BORN to play these roles

You never saw two stars more perfectly suited to portray the "male-and-female" of this great drama of San Francisco's bravest days! Clark Gable, owner of a gambling hell and Jeanette MacDonald as the innocent girl, stranded in a wicked city! Their first time together on the screen... and it's an electrifying thrill!

Clark
GABLE
Jeanette
MAC DONALD
San Francisco
with
Spencer
TRACY

Jack Holt · Ted Healy · Jesse Ralph
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

See the "Paradise" hottest spot of Frisco's most daring days... with Clark managing!
See New Year's Eve revels in San Francisco... with champagne flowing in fountains!
See "The Chickens' Ball"... with a pot of gold for the most popular entertainer!
See A gala first night at the Tivoli Opera House... Jeanette MacDonald the glamorous star!
See San Francisco in flames... a roaring cauldron of death and destruction!
PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

RUTH WATERBURY, EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

HIGH-LIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

Pursuit of the Hollywood He-man Adela Rogers St. Johns 14
Why Fame Can't Spoil Fred Astaire Mary Jacobs 21
Dinner For One, Please, Johnn George Stevens 24
Garbo and Chap'in Talked for Me Dana Burnet 26
The True Paul Muni Louis Golding 28
The Stormy Heart of Margaret Sullivan Sara Hamilton 30
Hail, Cesar! Kay Proctor 36
Lovely Funny Face Mitzi Cummings 45
We Cover the Studios Michael Jackson 46
The Reluctant Bachelor Warren Reeve 48
Trials and Triumphs of a Hollywood Dress Designer Julie Lang Hunt 50
Nobody Is Safe In Hollywood Hugh Walpole 58
Photoplay Fashions Kathleen Howard 61
The Private Life of a Talking Picture Howard Sharpe 72

NEWS, VIEWS AND REVIEWS

On the Spot News 4
Brief Reviews of Current Pictures 6
Boos and Bouquets 8
Close Ups and Long Shots 11
The Month's Prize Shots 23
Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood 32
Marion Talley's Five Figure Exercises 52
The Shadow Stage 54
Hollywood at the Mike Dan Wheeler 60
Photoplay's Hollywood Beauty Shop Conducted by Carolyn Van Wyck 71
Ask the Answer Man 74
Photoplay's Cartoon of the Month 76
—And Something New, What the Well Dressed Bride Will Wear 77
Facts of Hollywood Life 116
Complete Casts of Pictures Reviewed in This Issue 124
Addresses of the Stars 126

Published Monthly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 333 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. • Bernarr Macfadden, President • Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer • Wesley F. Pape, Secretary • General Business Offices, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. • Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. • Curtis Harrison, Advertising Manager • Charles H. Shattuck, Manager, Chicago Office • London Agents, Macfadden Magazines, Ltd., 38 Bouvierie St., London, E. C. 4 • Trade Distributors: Atlas Publishing Company, 18, Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4 • Yearly Subscription: $5.00 in the United States, its possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana. $3.00 in Canada and Newfoundland. All other countries: $5.50. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order • CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you • Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879 • Copyright, 1936, by Macfadden Publications.
There was a young actor
... oui, oui!
No respect for convention
had he.
He got slapped on the cheek
And jailed for a week
Just for kissing a girl in
Paree!

* * *

The reason is not hard
to see...
The answer is simply that he
Never met the young miss
Till he stole that sweet kiss
But things happen fast in
Paree!

PICKFORD-LASKY
PRODUCTIONS
presents

Francis LEADERER
in ONE RAINY
AFTERNOON

with
IDA LUPINO
HUGH HERBERT
ROLAND YOUNG
Erik Rhodes · Joseph Cawthorn
Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE
Released thru United Artists

On the Spot News

Back to work, Ann Sothern from New York
Bette Davis from New York, Adolphe Menjou
after six months of illness, Regis Toomey from
New York, Ralph Bellamy from a personal
appearance tour, Jean Arthur from Mexico and a
dude ranch.

Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink is rest-
ing in a sanitarium while the studio holds up
production of 'Gram,' her forthcoming
picture.

Richard Dix has signed a contract with
Columbia.

Ronald Colman and Benita Hume are seeing
so much of each other that Hollywood can’t
help shouting “Romance!” They haven’t
denied it yet.

Famous director Russell Mack and his wife
have said good-by—suit for divorce has already
been filed.

Boris Karloff signed for another picture in
England and so won’t be back to manufacture
horror in Hollywood for another month or two.

The fellow Mary Carlisle met in England has
come out to the coast on a visit to see the
scenery, of course. Mary is so excited.

Madge Evans gave a small dinner party the
other night and had an unwelcome visitor who
stepped in from the patio and pointed a gun at
the table. He got all the money in the room,
thanked Miss Evans politely, and left.
Madge’s four dogs looked on and wagged their
tails.

That man who has been annoying Cecil B.
DeMille and his daughter finally overstepped
the line when he made faces at assembled
guests through DeMille’s living room window.
Now the police have him.

By the time this is printed there will be two
new cherubs in Hollywood; one in the Donald
Woods’ home and one in the nursery of the
Charles Irwins (Helen Mack).

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is over his very
serious illness in England and at last will start
production on his first picture, “To You, My
Life,” with Dolores Del Rio co-starring.

Dick Powell is still laid up with that throat
of his and Joan Blondell has been sitting at
home with the flu making their romance a
matter of telephone conversations.

Tom Brown is thinking about marriage with
Terry Walker, the new blonde importation
from Florida.

Rochelle Hudson is basking in the sun of
Honolulu; she’ll be there for six weeks.

With husband Al Jolson in New York, Ruby
Keeler says she will probably become a profes-
sional golfer.

Kay Francis sails for the Orient after one
more picture for Warner Brothers. Close
friends prophesy it will be a honeymoon, as
Delmar Daves goes along.

Eyebrows are raised these days as George

[Please turn to page 123]
Start Out the Young Moderns with this Modern Pen—

**AMERICA'S NO.1 GRADUATION GIFT**

Visible ink supply

Scratch-proof Two-way point

It will turn their Ideas into Money!

It's the *First Choice* whenever Student Bodies are asked, "Which Pen Would You Prefer?"

Because it *Holds 102% More Ink—Shones when to refill—is GUARANTEED Mechanically Perfect!*

Help your favorite graduate turn learning into earning by giving him—or her—this marvelous tool of hand and brain—the Parker Vacumatic—the revolutionary invention that does what no other pen can do. He'll carry it over his heart for life!

Due to its double-ink capacity and visible ink supply, it never halts and balks one's efforts by running dry in the midst of one's work.

But what *most* distinguishes this miracle pen is this—it gives the world these long-desired features in a sacless pen that's MECHANICALLY PERFECT! This is warranted by Good Housekeeping Magazine, whose unbiased engineers checked all tests.

This is worth *All features of all other pens combined!*

Unlike ordinary sacless pens, the Vacumatic contains No Sliding Piston—No "One Shot" Pump. Its unique filler is sealed in the top where ink can never touch the working parts—can never corrode or decompose them.

So it's not whether a pen may fill with one stroke or seven that counts—it's how it performs a few months later in the hand!

Go today to any good pen counter and see this laminated Pearl Beauty—a wholly exclusive style. When held to the light it shows the ink level.

Go and try its Scratch-proof Point of precious Platinum combined with solid Gold.

But be sure the pen you select has this smart Arrow clip. That identifies the patented Parker Vacumatic. It's the first thing the one who receives your gift-pen will look for. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.*

*Based on independent surveys including university survey of the magazine *Sales Management*, *American Boy* Magazine survey of subscribers, national pen census of Recording & Statistical Corp., and others.
### BRIEF REVIEWS

**OF CURRENT PICTURES**

**CONSULT THIS PICTURE SHOPPING GUIDE AND SAVE YOUR TIME, MONEY AND DISPOSITION**

* INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

---

#### PICTURES Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Absolute Quiet</th>
<th>M-G-M</th>
<th>92</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>And So They Were Married</td>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Big Brown Eyes</td>
<td>Wanger-Paramount</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Born For Glory</td>
<td>GB</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Country Beyond, The</td>
<td>20th-Century Fox</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desert Phantom</td>
<td>Paramount</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't Gamble With Love</td>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Don't Get Personal</td>
<td>Universal</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Baby, The</td>
<td>20th-Century Fox</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girl From Mondsay</td>
<td>Republic</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great Ziegfeld</td>
<td>The- M-G-M</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvester, The</td>
<td>Republic</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Married A Doctor</td>
<td>First National</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jailbreak</td>
<td>Warners</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>King of the Pecos</td>
<td>Republic</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Law In Her Hands</td>
<td>First National</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let's Sing Again</td>
<td>Principal Prod</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Miss Nobody</td>
<td>20th-Century Fox</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Deeds Goes To Town</td>
<td>Columbia</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Murder By An Aristocrat</td>
<td>Warners</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sky Parade</td>
<td>Paramount</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Small Town Girl, The</td>
<td>M-G-M</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sutter's Gold</td>
<td>Universal</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Things To Come</td>
<td>London Films-United Artists</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Till We Meet Again</td>
<td>Paramount</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Witness Chair, The</td>
<td>RKO</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

#### AFFAIR OF SUSAN, THE—Universal.—Only the dull horror of Zasu Pitts and Hugh O'Connell succeeds in making this comedy of two "lonely hearts" who find romance and each other in Coney Island, an amusing and delightful morsel of entertainment. (Dec.)

#### ALL WILDNESS—M-G-M.—O'Neill's great American comedy romance. Eric Linden suffers the pains of young love, is disillusioned and brought back to his family by Lionel Barrymore, superb, as the father. Wholesome, charming and delightful. See it by all means. (Feb.)

#### ALIAS BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Gaumont British.—Thrills and laughs alternate in this fast and exciting detective yarn in which Jack Hulbert, posing as Bulldog Drummond, frustrates a notorious gang of jewel thieves. Fay Wray supplies the feminine interest for both the audience and for Hulbert. (Dec.)

#### AMATEUR GENTLEMAN, THE—Criterion-United Artists.—The movie version of Jeffery Farnol's novel of a ne'er-do-well kidnaping the social gates of 18th century London to save his father from hanging is recommended for the ingratiating performance of Doug Fairbanks Jr., the loveliness of Elsa Landi and the fine acting of Basil Sydney and Gordon Harker. (May.)

#### ANNE OAKLEY—RKO-Radio.—With the colorful background of Buffalo Bill's show, this is a hearty, wholesome human romance. Barbara Stanwyck is perfection as dead-eye Annie who outshoots champion Preston Foster until Cased out shoots her. A hit. (Jan.)

#### ANOTHER FACE—RKO-Radio.—Exciting comedy mystery. Public enemy Brian Donlevy returns his face and hides in Hollywood studios. Wallace Ford and Alan Hale commendable. (Feb.)

#### ANYTHING GOES—Paramount.—Big Crosby and Ethel Merman in smart sparkling musical comedy about a shipboard mix-up. Charles Ruggles and Arthur Hunniccl lead a parade of clever clowns. Good entertainment. (Mar.)

#### BARBARY COAST—Samuel Goldwyn.—The story of San Francisco's disreputible waterfront portrayed with distinction and artistry by a brilliant cast of capable stars that includes Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea and Edward G. Robinson, makes this one of the season's noteworthy contributions to the screen. Watch Walter Brennan as Old Money. (Dec.)

#### BAR 20 RIDES AGAIN—Paramount.—The third Hop-Along Cassidy film. Top-notch Western stuff with Bill Boyd rescuing a neighbor from cattle thieves. Exciting and logical. (Feb.)

#### BIG BROADCAST OF 1936, THE—Paramount.—An ineffective story serves as an excuse to introduce some of the biggest names of radio and stage to movie audiences in Paramount's annual extravaganza revue. Jack Oakie deserves what little acting honors there are. (Dec.)

#### BISHOP MISBEHAVES, THE—M-G-M.—A neat British farce involving an adventurous bishop who mixes in a robbery plot with Littlehouse crooks, a beautiful girl and a daring young American, gives Edmund Gwenn, Maureen O'Sullivan and Norman Foster ample opportunity to create some lively and laughable diversion. (Dec.)

#### BOULDER DAM—Warners.—Depicting the metamorphosis of a small sleek (Ross Alexander) through his pride as a workman in building the celebrated dam for future generations. Fascinating story of the project. Good cast. (May.)

#### BRIDES ARE LIKE THAT—First National.—Ross Alexander in a bright, snappy little comedy of the ne'er-do-well which frustrates his love's ambition in the appliance business. Adele Lezard lovely as his trusting wife, but it's Ross' show. (April)

#### BRIDE COMES HOME, THE—Paramount.—Romantic and frolicsome, with Claudia Colbert as a headstrong and Fred MacMurray as a magazine editor. Robert Young makes the triangle grand. (Jan.)

#### BROADWAY HOSTESS—Warners.—A stowaway, improbable story of torch singer (Wini Shaw) and her manager (Lyle Talbot) sky-rocketing to fame. Uninteresting. (Feb.)

#### BROADWAY PLAYBOY—Warners.—Refreshing version of George M. Cohan's play, "Home Towners." Gene Lockhart splendid as Warren William's pal who twists things up for a bridal party June Carr as the justifies. (May)

#### CAPTAIN BLOOD—Cosmopolitan-Warners.—Sailor story of buccaneers in the 17th century crammed with action, romance, excitement, and adventure. A new star Errol Flynn supported by the cast including Olivia De Havilland, Basil Rathbone, Guy Kibbee, Lionel Atwill, Splendid. (May)

#### CAPTAIN JANUARY—20th-Century Fox.—Shirley Temple at her best in a delightful story of a lighthouse keeper's granddaughter. She is ably assisted by Gay Kibbee, Slim Summerville and Buddy Ebsen. The music and dancing are excellent, too. Take the family. (May)

---

Joan Blondell smiles because after "Sons O' Guns" she goes into "Stage Struck" with her boy friend Dick Powell

---

*Please turn to page 118*
Hollywood Does A Mirthful Martial Musical Up 'Brown'

Joe E. Brown joins the army and 'slays' the world as the head man of a riotous regiment of singing

Sons O' Guns

Including Joan Blondell

Beverly Roberts, Eric Blore, Winifred Shaw, Craig Reynolds, Joseph King, Robert Barrat

Those thousands of "Bright Lights" audiences who demanded another song-and-dance show for Joe have had their way! Warner Bros. went right out and bought that famous stage musical 'Sons O' Guns,' equipped it with an uproarious cast and all modern conveniences including new Warren and Dubin songs, and a passionate apache dance number by Joe that stops the show. The riotous results emerge as the month's top entertainment.
**FIRST PRIZE—$15**

**FINGERNOTES ON A FOOTNOTER**

Have you ever noticed Fred Astaire’s hands? They’re not just ordinary hands, you know. Outside of being well groomed and nicely moulded, they have characteristics of human expression. They speak an eloquent language. They listen with an attentive air. They portray a sensitivity and restraint.

Much has been said about Fred Astaire’s feet, but little of his rhythm in fingers. These ten streamlined nerve centers are literally miniature individuals—they express moods of comedy and forlorn sadness. They tingle with excitement and they twiddle delightfully in agitation. They flutter in woebegone Chaplinesque pantomime. They meditate—create.

You can almost feel the flow of motion reverberating to their tips. Like electrical currents conveying light through darkness, they convey grace to an awaiting world. To me it is every bit as important and intriguing to keep finger notes as it is to keep footnotes on—Fred Astaire.

Bonita Meyers, Jersey City, N. J.

**SECOND PRIZE—$10**

**A FOREIGN FAN’S FAVOR**

The value of American moving pictures to Americans in foreign lands is enormous. For a blissful two hours we can forget the great expanse of water which separates us from so much we hole dear.

The American pictures shown here must be good for they have to compete with English, German, French, as well as Swedish films. It is interesting that time and again the theaters showing American films are crowded while the others, unless exceptionally good, lack patronage. People in this rather staid land like the youth and cheer portrayed by Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, the merry dancing of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, the glorious singing of Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore.

By way of criticism, I would suggest that we have more films dealing with ordinary life. People in foreign countries get the impression that all Americans are either immensely wealthy dashing from party to party, or else underworld characters living by their wits with a gun handy.

Ruth Abrahamsön, Hustvind, Sweden.

**Hollywood watches these pages for real tips! Your letters influence new films**

**THIRD PRIZE—$5**

**SINCERE APPRECIATION**

I think it would be hard for the most ardent city moviegoer to realize what the motion pictures mean to a country person who can at best see only four or five pictures a year. Last year I saw three, three of the best. How those dips into another, brighter world salved and sustained a yearning soul.

It is not that rural isolation renders a person gullible to the bright panorama of the movies and the existence they alluringly suggest, but that life starved as we are, they give us a new springing of hope and faith in things that yet might come to us. We go to see ourselves winning our struggles for a change; we go to believe that love is right, and a worker will be rewarded; we go to rest our backs and hearts while someone else lives our lives for us; we go to gratify our want to feast, to be touched with beauty, and to be given something to think about for months. Thank God for moving pictures.

Eugene Huguet, Petersfield, Manitoba.

**$1 PRIZE**

**A WORK OF ART**

Once in a blue moon Hollywood turns out a picture that can be truly classed as a work of art. “The Petrified Forest” is such a picture. This story of a man who has failed and is tired of living, and of a girl who looks forward to a life that she cannot obtain is one of the loveliest to come to the screen. It is needless to say that Leslie Howard in the role of the man is magnificent; he is always magnificent. There is a subtle charm about his acting which no other star can equal, but he does not carry the picture alone. Bette Davis, as the girl, and Charley Grapewin as the grandfather both do beautiful work. To Humphrey Bogart, however, goes the honor of stealing the show; it will be a long time before we forget his Duke Mantee, the killer.

Musa I. Demouth, Portland, Oregon.

**$1 PRIZE**

**A CINEMA TREAT**

In “Ceiling Zero” we have the first real drama that takes us into the private and highly dramatic lives of the brave men who transport our mail even in the most hazardous weather. James Cagney and Pat O’Brien have never before given such brilliantly emotional performances, and have never appeared to better advantage.

[Please turn to page 78]
THE PICTURE YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT!

The Golden Voice of GRACE MOORE
The Romantic Dash of FRANCHOT TONE
The Glorious Melodies of FRITZ KREISLER

GRACE MOORE
FRANCHOT TONE
"The King Steps Out"

WALTER CONNOLLY
Raymond Walburn · Victor Jory · Elisabeth Risdon
And the World-Famed Albertina Rasch Ballet
Screen play by Sidney Buchman
Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

Frank Capra's genius achieves another masterpiece in this magnificent comedy drama by the brilliant Robert Riskin. See it now—you'll want to see it again!

GARY COOPER
Mr. Deeds Goes To Town

JEAN ARTHUR
George Bancroft · Lionel Stander
Douglass Dumbrille · H. B. Warner
A FRANK CAPRA Production
Love as burning as Sahara's Sands

From Ouida's romantic novel of the French Foreign Legion, flashes this glorious spectacle-drama of men's heroism and women's devotion, enacted by one of the greatest casts the screen has ever seen.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

starring Ronald COLMAN
 Beau Geste

featuring Claudette COLBERT
 It Happened One Night

Victor McLAGLEN
 The Informer

Rosalind RUSSELL
 Rendezvous

with GREGORY RATOFF • NIGEL BRUCE • C. HENRY GORDON • HERBERT MUNDIN

AND A CAST OF 10,000

presented by Darryl F. ZANUCK 20th CENTURY PRODUCTION

(les Miserables, House of Rothschild)

Directed by Frank Lloyd (Cavalcade, Mutiny on the Bounty)

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Based on the novel by Ouida
THE reigning comedy success of Broadway as I write this is another burlesque on Hollywood life called "Boy Meets Girl." In New York one of my flying trips, I find it an enormously funny show though I can't laugh at it as much as the average audience and for this reason.

Living most of the year in Hollywood I have learned to accept its insanities as an apparently necessary part of its business. Yet looking at Hollywood from the viewpoint of New York, seeing previews in New York theaters for a change, certain insanities of Hollywood bewilder me. Gladys Swarthout's treatment was about the silliest ever accorded a personality.

THERE is, for example, the strange case of Gladys Swarthout.

Here in New York, I have seen "Give Us This Night," Miss Swarthout's second million dollar picture, this one starring Jan Kiepura. Here I have met Miss Swarthout against the subtle, sophisticated background of her own apartment. She is a girl famous to opera lovers, famous to radio followers, a personality with a great voice, youthful beauty, cultivated chic, warmth, ambition and most important, the sincere wish to bring to the world, through the medium of the screen, something fine and new. Paramount was certainly being smart when they signed her for films a little more than a year ago.

But for her first picture, "The Rose of the Rancho" they signed John Boles. The reasoning was that John, known to the movie public, would bring people to the box-office. But what was the excuse for putting this girl into a story so weak that an all-star cast couldn't have saved it? Or even with a good story, why cast a great singer in a rôle in which she hardly gave forth a note but merely gazed wide-eyed though lovely while someone else sang?

And, allowing for that error, why follow it up by casting Miss Swarthout once again opposite, this time, the egotistic, bombastic Mr. Kiepura? They certainly gave Jan whatever night there was in "Give Us This Night." They even gave him the air. But throughout, Miss Swarthout's ability was concentrated upon practically being overcome at the dulcet tones of Mr. Kiepura. And, as if to make amends Paramount announces that she will simply be a dramatic actress.
in her next feature, “The New Divorcee,” that she will not sing at all in it. In other words, they plan to ignore this fine voice altogether.

THEN there is the case of Merle Oberon. I might as well admit that to my eyes Merle Oberon is the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. I shall never forget that first glimpse of her, flashing forth in “Henry VIII.” I even liked her in that exaggerated make-up in her first American production, “Folies Bergere” and in “The Dark Angel” and “These Three” I thought her magnificent.

The Oberon career certainly looked to be in high when Merle was signed for “The Garden of Allah.” Merle with her slanting eyes, her golden skin, her cloud of deep brown hair should have been devastating in this all-color opus.

But suddenly Miss Oberon is out and Marlene Dietrich is in the rôle.

Dietrich is beautiful, too. She has a personal fascination that the camera is yet to catch completely. For more than five years, ever since “Morocco” Hollywood has been waiting for the camera to do just this thing. The blame for this failure has been put variously on Paramount, Von Sternberg, stories, even, as in “The Scarlet Empress,” on the scenic designers. I don’t feel, myself, that I can bear reading any more about that inevitable “new” Dietrich we will be promised in “The Garden of Allah.” Why were not the producers of the picture content to give us that Oberon girl, who right now is so good she ranked high in the Academy voting for the best performance of 1935?

OR take, on the lighter side of things, the case of the newspaper headlines in current pictures. The only actor I’ve ever seen who acted a newspaper man like a real one was James Stewart in “Next Time We Love.” But headlines! Why doesn’t some research department tell the production department just what it takes to make headlines in New York newspapers?

There is no more conscientious, sincere director in Hollywood than Frank Capra. But his “Mr. Deeds Goes To Town” has headline trouble just the same. Gary Cooper comes to New York, the heir to $20,000,000 and for days and days you are shown the major size New York papers giving him eight column heads, straight across their front pages. Most of this seems to be because Jean Arthur as a smart girl reporter tags Gary around and catches him feeding doughnuts to horses.

Couldn’t somebody tell Columbia that when the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, in other words when the greatest human interest news story of our day broke, a paper like The New York Times only gave that a four column head, or half way across the page? And is it too much to ask that somebody sometime look inside a newspaper on the screen? People really do, you know.

SO many people have asked me, since I came to New York, what Shirley Temple is really like, if she is truly unspoiled (which she is), if she is really as talented as she seems (which she also is), that it suddenly occurred to me one thing about Shirley has never been given due credit. That is her truly glorious health and vitality. On this page you will see a little grab shot our cameraman picked up of her recently in Palm Springs. She can’t even walk along a street, as you see, without fairly dancing, without flirting with everyone she sees, without adoring all and sundry.

Vitality is just as much a keystone of Shirley’s fame as it is of Clark Gable’s.
Gloriously The Screen Surrenders to COLOR!

THE FIRST DANCING MUSICAL IN 100% NEW TECHNICOLOR!

THRILL to a throbbing love story of Old California ... gay with the laughter of sweet Senoritas ... alive with the dash of bold caballeros ... atingle with the music and song and dancing of daring hearts aflame in a land of carefree adventure.

PIONEER PICTURES presents

DANCING PIRATE

A CAST OF HUNDREDS

introducing

CHARLES COLLINS
The Screen's New Dancing Sensation

FRANK MORGAN
Laugh star of 50 hits

STEFFI DUNA
The girl of "La Cucaracha"

Luis Alberni - Victor Varconi
Jack La Rue Directed by LLOYD CORRIGAN
Designed in color by ROBERT EDMOND JONES
Produced by JOHN SPEAKS. Executive Producer
MERIAN C. COOPER . . . . Distributed by
RKO-RADIO PICTURES*

You've never seen anything like the spectacular "Moonlight Dance"... and a score of other gasping scenes!

"PIONEER PICTURES COLOR THE WORLD"

Hear the sentimental songs by the hit composers, Rodgers & Hart: "When You Are Dancing the Waltz" and "Are You My Love?"
Pursuit of the Hollywood He-man

IT started, this idea, about the time Clark Gable and his wife separated. And about the time Robert Taylor became the rage on the screen.

I first encountered it at a dinner party where a world-famous psychologist said to me that all Hollywood females were predatory in the extreme and that they pursued the Hollywood he-men much more than they were pursued by them.

Not being sure about "predatory," when I got home that night I sought my biggest Webster's, where I found that predatory was defined as: "Of, pertaining to, or characterized by plundering. Practicing rapine. Given to plundering."

That upset me quite a good deal. Then I made a flight out to Hollywood from New York, where I had been working, and became aware that there was a good deal of gossip going on which might check with the eminent professor's idea. His idea, simply stated, was that sex selection in Hollywood was done by the women stars, the great screen beauties, and that the poor man didn't have much of a chance. The Hollywood whispers were that half a dozen world-renowned screen sirens had suddenly noticed young Robert Taylor, as he emerged from obscurity into the hearts of American women, and that they were hot upon his trail.

All this startled me a little. I had never thought much about it one way or the other, but it had always seemed to me that the glamorous women of Hollywood—and they are the most fascinating women on earth—were pursued by the men, that they were sought by men and admired by them and wouldn't have the slightest trouble getting any man on earth they wanted.

Yet it was whispered to me across teacups and luncheon tables that the moment the beautiful Rhea Gable left her
“She who hesitates is lonesome,” say the Hollywood girls who lead with the right cheek

By Adela Rogers St. Johns

husband, a dozen Hollywood stars and near-stars had marked him for their own and set out to capture him.

That made me pause for thought, because I know Clark very well and he does not like to be pursued. He will, thank you very much, do his own pursuing and if, now that he is free, he wants to do any of it, he will probably be very successful. But as a strict matter of fact, Clark is not so very much interested in women. He likes hunting and fishing and horses and lots of things besides women and he works hard and doesn't have an awful lot of time.

But the stories of the pursuit of Gable and Taylor—they seemed at the moment to be the two most sought-after males in Hollywood—convinced me of a lot of very interesting things about that most fascinating place. For Hollywood has become very fascinating again. After a rather drab and commercial era, while we were all scared to death after the advent of the talkies, it is full of opera stars and foreigners and temperament again, and love affairs and glamour. I left it, a few years ago, because nobody was having fun anymore. But they are having plenty of fun now.

The lady who was most openly and frequently mentioned as pursuing Mr. Gable was Carole Lombard.

Some of the other ladies who are pursuing cannot be mentioned by name because they wouldn't like it, and I can't prove it. I dislike very much to put down on paper anything I can't prove.

But I mention Carole because she won't mind, because she has the most glorious sense of humor of any woman I have ever known, and because she has an open and frank attack upon life and its problems as they apply to her. You may have guessed from the foregoing that I am pretty crazy about Carole and you will be right. She is one of those rare women who never give anybody, including herself, a dull moment.

Carole would quite definitely say that if she wanted anything, whether it was Mr. Gable or a job or a new ping-pong table, she would go out and get it if she could. Anything else would seem stupid and antiquated to Carole, who is modern from her flaming head to her polished toes.

And the thought of Carole made me realize that Hollywood is about the only place I know on the map today where men and women are really equal. Stop and think a moment and you will see that this is true. Therefore, if the men all pursue Marlene Dietrich and the women pursue Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, all it means is that they are actually equals and that either way it is done is quite all right with everybody.

In spite of our much vaunted woman’s freedom and the equality of sexes that is exploited so much these days, certain inequalities and certain Eve-like tendencies have persisted in most women. Girls wait for the boys to telephone and ladies...
wait for the gentlemen to ask them out for dinner, and proposals, honorable and otherwise, are supposed to come from the men. I don’t say that the women don’t pull the strings and do a bit of phengling now and again. But that’s the basic principle.

But in Hollywood it is and must be different.

When I began to think about it, I discovered that I had actually seen a good deal of what my friend the professor calls the predatory female of Hollywood. I began my Hollywood career some seventeen years ago and I have watched the parade ever since.

I think the first time I ever noticed the pursuit at its height was when Ronald Colman first arrived in the cinema capital from England. He was then, and is now for that matter, a retiring soul, fond of privacy and given to chuckling rather than laughing. Being English, he was used to the deeply ingrained idea of masculine dominance and freedom. He was, however, amazingly attractive and about that time there hadn’t been a really new and attractive man around for quite a while. (It’s a very small town you know, and the advent of a fascinating new man is not much different than the advent of somebody’s room-mate who is handsome and plays on the football team.)

There were times in those first months when I thought Ronny was going to give up the whole picture idea and go back and raise sheep or something on his farm in England. The way I happen to know how deeply it affected him is this: The first time we ever met, or maybe the second, Ronny and I had a very violent and edged difference of opinion about something or other. I can’t for the life of me remember what it was, but Ronny was very English and very superior and cutting and sarcastic about it and I was very Irish and violent and unpleasant. Later, in the evening, I thought what a fool I had been because I liked him very much and now he would avoid me like the plague. But it turned out exactly the opposite. Ronny always seemed glad to see me, liked to be my partner at tennis, and sought me at evening parties, where we continued to fight and disagree on almost every subject that came up in the conversation.

It was quite a while before I realized that Mr. Colman thought I disliked him and therefore that he was perfectly safe in my company. And he didn’t feel very safe in Hollywood just then. For often even in the late hours when he returned home he would find some charming lady whose name rated the lot to have Gable in her next picture as leading man. Now most female stars do not wish to be overshadowed by a startling young man who is just hitting his peak. So there may—I don’t say there was—but there may have been, in a few cases at least, something a little personal in those requests. But Clark was in love with his wife—[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 75]
The superlatively beautiful Dolores Del Rio has left the polished pattern of her Hollywood life and gone to England to play in Fairbanks, Jr.'s "To You My Life"
Barbara Stanwyck is more beautiful than ever since her divorce, with her most persistent escort the darkly-handsome Robert Taylor. See her in "Burlesque"
Switching from her usual rôle as ingénue to that of a Lorelei in "The Great Ziegfeld," the divinely fair Virginia Bruce repeats the part in "Come and Get It"
One must spur their imagination believing that this gorgeous brunette, Frances Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea) is the mother of two little boys. She's in "Half Angel"
FOR three days the mousy, shabbily-dressed girl had waited in front of 875 Park Avenue, New York City, for Fred Astaire to appear. He was her last hope. Since the show she was dancing in had closed, she hadn't earned a cent. Perhaps he could help her get a job as a dancer. Save her from starvation.

But somehow, Fred had always slipped in and out unnoticed. The doorman and attendants, touched by her shabbiness, didn't have the heart to chase her away. When they suggested they announce her to Mr. Astaire, she begged them not to. "He doesn't know me from Adam," she said. "He'd never be willing to see me."

Finally, one of the men told Astaire about her.

In two minutes he was downstairs, talking to the girl.

He took her chin in the palm of his hand, and said, "Don't be discouraged. It will be all right. You go to see Florenz Ziegfeld tomorrow. Tell him I sent you. And if there is anything else I can do, just let me know."

He talked to her as kindly as if she were his own sister.

You never knew that about Fred Astaire, did you? And you never knew that he was generous to a fault, and could refuse no plea for help. But Fred Astaire feels that his private life is his own affair.

Perhaps you are one of the people who resent this attitude. You think Fred's gone high-hat. And you can't understand his threatening to walk out on RKO-Radio.

If you want to, go on being peeved at Fred, and thinking he's affected. But before you pass final judgment upon our grinning, fleet-footed comedian, I want you to get a glimpse of the unknown side of Fred Astaire, the side he refuses to reveal.

I had to visit dozens of people to get the stories I'm going to tell you. Neighbors of his childhood days at Weehawken, New Jersey; actors who knew him on the long climb up; employees at 875 Park Avenue, where he lived for three years prior to his marriage; relatives, producers and friends.

All agree on two things: That the underlying keynotes of his character are, and always have been, his generosity and shyness. When he was ten years old, and in the fifth grade at the Hamilton School at Weehawken, he was always quiet and well-mannered, his teacher, Miss Eva Brundage, remembers. She and the principal, Miss Cora Fiske, recall, too, that Fred always had to be coaxed to appear in school plays. That it was his sister, Adele, who had the nerve and push, who was the leader of the duo.

To this day his childhood neighbors remember how badly Fred felt when he was chosen to appear with Adele, in a school version of "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Adele was taller than he, so she was given the male lead, while Fred, protesting every inch of the way, was dressed in female finery, and made to play Roxanne!

Always, Fred feared that he would be considered a sissy, because his mother insisted he practice dancing, and study French, when he wanted nothing better than to be permitted to play his beloved baseball with his chums.
In order to impress the boys with the fact that he was a regular feller, he kept practicing baseball till he was a better player than any kid on the block.

"I remember he was always running around, swinging a bat," Edward Spengeman, the postman on the Weehawken beat told me. "He was the champion marble shooter and bottle cap thrower of the gang. In those days, the boys threw bottle caps against the wall; whoever hit nearest a given spot got a cardboard head of a ball player as a prize."

"Never once did he discuss his dancing with any of us boys," one of his childhood chums told me. "That was a thing apart, and he wanted us to forget all about it when we played."

"He was one of the best natured kids on the block. I remember when we were both about eleven his dad sent him a lovely bag of marbles from out West. They were Real Agates, and made swell shooters. When I admired them, and asked him to let me shoot with them, he gave me half a dozen, including the best shooter of the whole set—a pure blood red one. Those agates were one of my greatest childhood possessions."

The thing Fred hated most, as a child, was being asked to sing or dance for company, or his friends. His little face would flush, he'd run his grimy fingers through the curly mass of brown hair—yes, in those days he had lovely curls—and try to beg off. When he couldn't, he'd sing in a sweet, trembling voice, "Asleep in the Deep," which plaintive melody his mother had taught him.

When he was sixteen, Fred rebelled for the first time against what he considered sissified. Till then, he and Adele did toe dancing as the main part of their act.

But when they graduated to dancing at Feltmann's Restaurant, in Coney Island, Fred refused to do any more toe dancing, and insisted that their entire routine consist of smart comedy dancing.

To a childhood friend, who inquired about the change in their act, he explained, "Aw, I'm grown up. And it's too sissy for a feller to toe dance."

I spoke to Bernard Sobel, Ziegfeld's express agent, who knew Astaire for many years, while Fred appeared in Broadway hits. He told me that Fred never once went temperamental, or demanded the moon, as so many of his colleagues did. And that whenever he could, Astaire ducked from publicity.

Years ago, I was present at a conference to further a charitable enterprise, with which Astaire had agreed to cooperate. All went well until the secretary announced, "Now that everything's settled, why can't we call in the press? The boys are waiting outside with their photographers. A story is all we need to get started."

Fred Astaire objected. "We're not giving our services to get our names into the papers," he said quietly. "We're doing it to help."

The reporters were not allowed in. Yet any story printed, showing how charitable he was, would have done him a lot of good.

So those of you who are peeved with him because he avoids reporters and photographers today, who feel he's doing Garbo on you, will perhaps change your minds. He's not trying to high-hat the press, he doesn't feel he's too big a shot to need them. It's just that he's naturally reserved and would rather be let alone.

You'd think that a man who's been a public character for thirty years, who's danced before the mighty and the lowly, would know his way around, would be a sophisticate, a man about town, a bit of a blade with the ladies.

Yet people who knew him for years assured me that the first woman he ever was really interested in, is today Mrs. Fred Astaire. That the girls he squirmed about town are few and far between. Before he went to Hollywood, he took Marilyn Miller and Ginger Rogers out occasionally.

"The day he married Phyllis Potter," one of the doormen in his old apartment house told me, "he came in very much elated, hit me on the chest with his fist, and said, 'Aw, gee, I'm the happiest man in the world. She's married me.'"

Which was quite a contrast to his usual demeanor. "He'd come out of the house with his head downcast, with his coat collar up, as if he was trying to hide. His hands were always in his pockets, and he chewed gum incessantly. If anyone spoke to him, he'd look up in a timid sort of way, mumble a greeting, and hurry into his car. There was nothing high and mighty about him."

"One day," Bernard Sobel told me, "I introduced Astaire to a few chorus girls, in décolleté. As is the custom in the theater, I put my arm around one, thinking nothing of it. Astaire actually blushed! Even then, when he was sitting on top of the world, with a series of Broadway hits to his credit, he still remained at heart a shy, retiring small-town boy."

He was the most democratic tenant the swanky, high class apartment house at 875 Park Avenue ever had. He'd be riding along Lexington Avenue, in his $22,000 Rolls Royce, when he'd see a number of the apartment house attendants standing on a street corner. It didn't matter if he was with a Vanderbilt or a college professor, out would come his hand from the front car window, waving a greeting, and he'd grin from ear to ear.

Fred and sister Adele had a happy childhood. At Asbury Park, N. J., with Helen Losche (center), now Mrs. Carl Tannert.

When Adele was ten and Fred eight. This dance used to "slay" the audience.
The Month's Prize Shots

Photos by
Hyman Fink

Joan Bennett is the modern Hollywood mother. Here she is with her two daughters, Melinda and Diana

Recognize the man who is receiving congratulations from Irvin Cobb and Gregory Ratoff? It's none other than Jean (Country Doctor) Hersholt, and the boys are toasting Jean's thirtieth anniversary in motion pictures

Place: Club Lamaze. New romantic duo: Jeanette MacDonald and James Stewart, having food and fun

Stars are supposed to stay put: either in the heavens or in Hollywood. Here is Paul Lukas headed for the sky

At Hedda Hopper's tea honoring Lady Guernsey, we find Kathleen Howard, Photoplay's own fashion expert, on the far right. Yes, that's Marlene Dietrich and Gloria Swanson on either side of the titled guest of honor.
Dinner For One, Please, Johns

YOU'VE heard a lot about Barbara Stanwyck lately. You've read the concise history of her life during the past few months in glowing little newspaper captions: "Miss Stanwyck, shown above, today was granted a divorce from Frank Fay, popular radio M. C. . . ." And later, part way down somebody's column: "Barbara probably won't announce her engagement to Mr. W hoëzez until her decree is final . . . ."

These things you've read, and from them you have drawn conclusions. You have decided things about her, quite naturally; and quite as naturally they can't be true. Because she isn't going to announce her engagement too. "Mr. Whoëzez" now or ever—so long as she can help it, she isn't going to announce her engagement to anyone. She's had enough of marriage. She's a brand new Stanwyck with a brand new personality, she's over her little dramatic period of "heart-break," and she has mapped out a future for herself that will make for security and peace.

Wherefore you must know the reorganized Barbara. You must understand why, after a lifetime of struggle and of dirty deals, she can at last settle back into happiness with her house swept clean.

I found her curled up on a sofa, eating doughnuts and drinking black coffee. It wasn't lunch-time yet, but she always gets hungry about eleven o'clock. She wore white slacks.

It wasn't any sort of an assumed attitude for my benefit; the grin was genuine, the slacks merely comfortable. There was none of this artificial-laughter-to-hide-her-deep-pain stuff—the only emotion reflected on her face was a quiet enjoyment, traceable, if you like, to the doughnuts. I sank into a chair, immensely relieved.

"You're looking swell," I said on a note of surprise.

"Why not? As a matter of fact, I've never been in better shape mentally, emotionally, physically—or even financially."

"What, no broken heart?"

"Bah!" said Barbara explosively. Then: "Take off your tie and have a sinker. It's quite a story. . . ."

IT begins, that story, in a fabulous Brooklyn tenement—one of those places you see in the movies where people lean out of windows for purposes of conversation, and where small children play noisily on the stairs. It's a success story, but one filled to the brim with disheartening set-backs and tough breaks; it is the story of Barbara Stanwyck up to now.

You've probably read her biography before this, so we'll consider only the high—or rather the low—spots in it. But you must know that her parents died when she was four, and that when she was thirteen she went to work in a telephone company. That's pretty young for clock-punching, in anybody's language.

They were a Brooklyn Irish family, you see, eminently honest and beautifully kind and very poor. Little Barbara didn't do the telephone company any good, so she went to Condé Nast publications, in the fashion department; she was immediately fired when she sent some demanding old woman a scarf pattern instead of one for an evening dress; and then she decided to try the chorus.

You understand what that was like—the long unending hours of rehearsal and routine, the uncertainty and the wabbly income, the anxious waits between engagements.

"I'll never forget the smell of boiling clothes in all my life," Barbara interpolated. "During one hiatus that was especially long, and after my cash surplus had dwindled to about thirty-five dollars, I moved into a little room over a 6th Avenue laundry. It wasn't even a good laundry—and every morning at seven o'clock those big machines would start slap-sloshing below and the steam would come seeping through the broken plaster and that awful smell of boiling soap would sweep up—remember, I'd been hooping it all over town hunting for work the day before, and this was supposed to be my beauty sleep.

Things like that. Like going hungry rather than ask her sister and three sisters for help, because: "I was on my own. Why bother them with my troubles?"

Of course she finally got the breaks. She got a line-spot in the Follies; she put on a set smile and tapped for hours, encircled by white shirt-fronts and gauzy ladies, on the Strand Roof; she got a small part in "The Noose"; she got a better part in "Burlesque," which ran a year on Broadway and almost a year on the road . . . .

She came to Hollywood. Her first picture was a miserable failure, and it was months before Columbia borrowed her for the lead in "Ladies of Leisure." But actually her career was established. Her bank-book was introduced to a perpetual banquet. She didn't have to worry any more.

Not about money, that is. Barbara Stanwyck, as an actress, was sitting on top. But Barbara Stanwyck, as a human being, was just nowhere at all. She was confused, unhappy, a little resentful; she had yet to batten at the shining wall Hollywood erects against newcomers. She had yet to take the biggest slap-in-the-face of all.
Barbara Stanwyck is through with heart-break, done with marriage. She looks ahead now to a life of fun, laughter, kite flying, doughnuts and acting

By George Stevens

Barbara has found herself only in the last few months. Before that her life was a bewildering affair of strenuous self-teaching, of adjustment, of recovering from one hurt after another. She spent those years finding out the way of the wealthy—digging with unaccustomed hands her little niche in the city of Hollywood.

But in everyone's life there is a month, or a week, or a day, in which all the crazy unconnected happenings come suddenly together and make a pattern; they fit, somehow, and the rest is clear. It takes either a cold shower or a hard blow to bring a woman out of her fog. Both work just as well.

Barbara met, loved, married, and divorced Frank Fay. . . .

His only importance now, so far as she is concerned, is that he snapped her out of illusion and bewilderment. "I went away to the desert in September," she said, "so I wouldn't bother anyone. There's nothing so boring to people as a moping woman, and I didn't want to be a bore. Anyway, when I came back the whole thing was over and my mind was clear again. I knew what I wanted and what I must do. I was—and am—secure and confident."

Which is the 1936 way of spelling Barbara Stanwyck. There is about her a new aura: she has a new wisdom, a new tolerance. She is surprised by nothing and awed by no one—yet life elates her.

There is nothing blasé about her attitudes because she has a natural excitement at living; she's a young and inherently gay person, with the same need for laughter that typifies her race.

The Irish are subject to periodic melancholia, but more often they wear a mad grin—and Barbara is Irish.

Having fixed herself up economically with trust funds and annuities, she's ready to start getting something out of life. She doesn't want marriage, for obvious reasons—but she'll probably change her mind later on. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]
Garbo and Chaplin Talked for Me
By Dana Burnet

I HAVE always disliked reminiscences. As a rule they are either mellow to the point of mustiness, or painfully doddering. I don’t think that I have reached the age where I do. I can still play squash and tennis, chase a fire-engine and disregard my blood-pressure by laughing immoderately at Mickey Mouse and Charlie Chaplin, two of the greatest artists on the screen, if not in the entire entertainment world. There is a third great artist of the screen, a woman whose projected beauty is known to millions the world over, who once did me the honor to laugh at me. It is the memory of my brief acquaintance with this woman—her name is Greta Garbo—and of my even briefer acquaintance with the inimitable Chaplin, that moved me to the composition of this article, which I must admit is a reminiscence whether I like it or not.

I went to Hollywood for the first time about eight years ago, when Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, one of the pioneer producers—who still is going strong—invited me to come to the Movie Metropolis as his guest. I doubt whether Mr. Goldwyn knew that I was going to be his guest, because he paid me what then seemed to me a fabulous sum of money per week to occupy an office in his studio, which at that time was in Culver City. I was supposed to write a scenario for one of his stars, Mr. Ronald Colman; and after much agonized labor I did write such a scenario, all about a British submarine that went to the bottom with Mr. Colman locked inside it. But my brain child never was produced. I am a little vague as to why it was shelved. It was either because the U. S. Navy would not cooperate with the movie people—how times have changed!—or because it was found that Mr. Colman would have to shave off his moustache in order to be a British naval officer. I may be mistaken, but I think the moustache decided it.

Yet those six weeks in Hollywood—a naive and fabulous Hollywood which has vanished forever—produced certain con-
A famous author reminisces with never-before-told tales of the most silent stars

The author knew quite a lot of English, but he could not summon any of it at the moment to reply to Mr. Goldwyn, because, after all, the purpose of language is to convey thought, and Mr. Goldwyn's thought on this occasion happened to be correct. It was a terrible synopsis I was the author.

All of which leads me, by the circuitous route of reminiscence, to the night of my first Hollywood party. My host was Mr. Hornblow, that cultured, charming and able gentleman, who had been the first to welcome me to Hollywood and who had been most sympathetic when my submarine scenario was sunk without a trace.

When I arrived at the Hornblow home I found gathered there twenty or thirty prominent members of the movie colony, with not a black tie or low-necked gown among them. Followed a confused interval of introduction, during which I was aware of names and faces that any confirmed movie fan would have recognized instantly. But I never had been a confirmed movie fan, and my inability to identify these celebrities rose up and smote me sorely. It was as if a college student who had flunked Greek mythology should find himself suddenly on Olympus being presented to the gods.

But here at last appeared a tall, handsome, black-haired young man whom I recognized at once. He was the late John Gilbert, whose fine performance in Laurence Stallings' "The Big Parade" I had seen and admired. Also, I knew that Mr. Gilbert was to play the lead in the picture version of "Four Walls," a play which I had written in collaboration with George Abbott and which John Golden had produced that winter in New York. So I was sure of Mr. Gilbert, and felt mightily pleased with myself. I had recognized a movie star!

Then suddenly—as it seems to me now—there appeared from nowhere a pale, blond girl with rather prominent cheek bones and incredibly long eyelashes, who seemed wrapped in an invisible cloak of shyness. Actually she was wearing sports clothes, and there was no mark of make-up, no touch of artifice to accent her mobile mouth, her long lashes, her lovely arched brows. . . . All about her people moved, talking, laughing, filling the room with warm human intimacy and friendliness, but she stood strangely friendless, her spirit locked behind her eyes, not so much aloof as inexpressibly alone.

Mr. Gilbert introduced me to her, but what with the sound of voices in the room, I failed to hear her name. Then I was caught in a current of newcomers, and lost sight of her. It was perhaps half an hour later when I came upon her again. She was sitting in an armchair in a remote corner of the living-room, alone. I was seized with one of those awful compulsions to make conversation.

"Are you?" I asked politely, "in pictures?"

She looked up at me incredulously, then with frank amazement; and then, tilting her blond head against the chair back, she laughed as a child laughs at...
Muni is one of the few actors who rates raves from public and critics alike, with such pictures as "The Life of Louis Pasteur," "Black Fury"

Muni and his wife Bella hard at play. These two inspire devotion and loyalty in everyone who knows them. And they give true friendship in return
The True PAUL MUNI

By Louis Golding

 COURTESY YET INDEPENDENT. MUNI, WHILE UNKNOWN, WALKED OUT ON A STAR WHO MADE HIM WAIT

away from them when I can, particularly when I find myself in the presence of an artist in another sphere whom I consider one of the masters. But Muni is not only a delicately courteous person, he is also a fundamentally modest one. He is always more interested in the person he is with than in himself. He still has not quite recovered from the shock of finding himself one of the most outstandingly successful of present-day movie actors, and I don't think he ever will. As I say, he is modest. There is something almost of the eager schoolboy in him, he is so anxious to learn what he can from the practitioner in other fields than his own.

So we first talked about books. And then we narrowed the field down to the literary aspect of the movies. Does a fine film depend more on the excellence of the story or more on the acting? I inclined more toward the acting, he more to the story. That was all as it should be, very proper on both sides. Then I told him I should like to write a story for him; for I believe that a writer can do his best work for the cinema, if he works out his ideas under the inspiration of, and in the terms of, a powerful movie personality.

Muni then said that he could not work outside the limits of a fiery, an almost tough, realism. "I like something I can get my teeth into," he said, "something I can get hold of and pull at with all ten fingers till the jaw stiffens and the tendons stand out on my forehead." That, of course is the sort of part he has done incomparably well in "Scarface" and "Black Fury" and "I Was a Fugitive from a Chain-Gang." But I am quite certain he is setting his limitations too close. He has already shown what suavity and subtlety he is capable of, in the "Life of Louis Pasteur," though even there he is still acting within the framework of a certain intellectual realism. I should like to see him take wings into the world of imagination, to enter into the ether till now occupied almost exclusively by actors like Conrad Veidt, Charles Laughton and Werner Krauss. I think he would attain an even greater eminence than theirs because his experience and instinct would always give his conceptions a certain essential truth and sanity. He would give us the best that both worlds can offer, fact and fantasy.

But my concern is with Muni of the present and past, rather than with the Muni of the future. He is one of those actors whose future can be relied on to look after itself, for it is not bound up with a pretty profile.
Famous as Margaret Sullavan is through her films, not until this story has anything of the true girl been told.

IT'S typical of Margaret Sullavan that she would break her arm and her marriage all in one lump. And think if silly anyone should be even slightly concerned at her goings-on.

She wouldn't be Sullavan, of course, if she would.

Two days after she finished a picture with ex-husband Henry Fonda, she went home, packed her bags, went down to the living room and said good-bye to her then-present husband, William Wyler, and walked out of his home and his life forever.

Not a soul on the set of that picture, "The Moon's Our Home," knew what was in Margaret Sullavan's mind or heart.

Again, she wouldn't be Sullavan if they had.

Immediately the question arose as to whether the reunion with Fonda, her former husband, awakened old memories and stirred up the flame of an old love, making her present marriage impossible.

She laughs at a boy one day, marries him the next. One man describes her:

We went straight (an accomplishment, we acknowledge it) to three men who know Margaret Sullavan best and asked them. Three men who know women and Hollywood like a book. Any old book.

The unanimous opinion was, that the Wyler-Sullavan marriage would never have lasted anyway. As one friend of Maggie's who adores her but who states he could tan her stubborn hide said, "They were too much alike to have it last. Both were good at speaking their minds, only Maggie was the better at it, God bless her baby heart."

What does that signify to you? Yes, we gathered the same thing. Men just love to be told off by a five-feet-two, grey-eyed sass-box, as grandma termed them.

As to the Henry Fonda business, the joint opinion of all three representative gentlemen—a director, a producer and a press agent—was that Margaret Sullavan always had loved Henry and always would. God bless her baby heart again.

The director contended Maggie and Hank were in love only as a brother and sister are. It's not the male-female or man-woman attraction so much as a tender, sympathetic, brotherly-sisterly affection. Each one is interested in the other's career and problems. Both are kids at heart and love to play and romp like kids.

"Neither one has yet discovered the grand passion of his life."

The press agent had different ideas. He said that he knew Margaret Sullavan loved the boy the day she brought him out to Universal Studios (he happened to be there on business that day) and said, with pride in her eyes, "I want everyone to know I'm interested in Henry's career. I believe in him. I think he is a wonderful actor and I want him to have his chance."

The producer said, and hold on to something, "I'm pre-
Preparing to hear that Margaret Sullavan has remarried Henry Fonda any day after her divorce is granted.

"But Henry says he won't," I protested. "He says 'No'."
"Yea? Young lady, did you ever hear of hurt pride? Now get out, I've got to think up ways to coax that Sullavan, (yoi, what a dame) into letting me co-star them after their marriage."

So there you are. The verdict is in and as far as Hollywood is concerned, the case is closed. Except for one point more. When Margaret Sullavan was taken to a hospital with a fractured arm and a nervous collapse, not one soul was permitted to see her. Maggie herself, as well as the doctor, insisted on it.

Not one? Well, only one. And that one was a tall, out-of-breath young man who tore down Hollywood side streets on one wheel and one spark plug, raced up hospital steps like mad, bumping over two nurses, two bed-pans and one and a half interns on his way up, and as the door of her room swung open, paused a moment and cried, his heart in his voice.

"Maggie!" And then the door closed softly.

The upsetting young man was Henry Fonda.

Margaret Sullavan is a strange combination of a woman and a child. A determined headstrong woman and a prankish, lovable child.

The broken arm occurred when Maggie seized a seltzer bottle on the set of "Hotel Imperial" and ran childlike after Stu Erwin to squirt him. She has a water-pouring-on-people complex. It's Maggie's idea of riotous living.

Margaret Sullavan has two more pictures to make on her present contract for Universal and has openly stated she will not sign another. Margaret will choose her future pictures with care.

Within the troubled conscience of the girl Margaret Sullavan, there lurks the feeling she has sold herself down the river in coming to Hollywood. It lashes her, torments her, bedevils her into the sullen, moody, rebellious individual she is.

She feels out of place and out of tune with Hollywood and all it stands for. She meant to be a great actress, but not in the Hollywood manner. Yet somehow she's caught. And like a frightened, fearful, determined little squirrel in a cage, she's lashing out this way and that way in search of something, she knows not what.

She will not play the game. The Hollywood game. She's shortsighted on that score, friends claim, but no difference, Maggie won't play.

Everything connected with the business, except the actual acting, is plain silly to Sullavan. And the embarrassing thing is she says so.

Walking across the studio lot one day with a studio press agent, she encountered an...
cal york's gossip

Bill (Hop-Along Cassidy) Boyd tries out a new steed, one of those cycles that are the current rage—sold with the outfit!

Curious, even as you and I. Jack Haley, Alice Faye, and Michael Whalen caught like three kids sitting on the curbside so interested in the fan mail they don't wait to take it home. That lovely little Faye girl has changed her hair to brownate. It's very becoming.

Despite rumors to the contrary, we are sorry to report W. C. Fields is far from well. All possible care is taken of the comedian during the shooting of his scenes in "Poppy," but when Bill wanders over to the director and says he thinks, if they don't mind, he'll just toddle home, and flips his fingers through the air to hide the pain, they know Bill Fields is still really ill.

A woman visitor on the "San Francisco" set leaped to her feet in wide-eyed amazement at the sight of Jeanette MacDonald flying at Clark Gable in what seemed a perfect fury, pounding him on the back while Clark howled with laughter.

"They're only kidding," an extra explained to the visitor.

"Imagine," breathed the little tourist, her voice hushed with awe, "just imagine being able to pummel Clark Gable on the back."

Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow have decided to hate slacks. Which isn't news of any importance. But when they start an anti-slack movement in Hollywood, and preach to all the little girls against the sloppy things, and hold committee meetings about the campaign on the set—with that's a headline. In bold-face!

On one of the great wooden uprights will eventually be part of M-G-M's new commissary you can find, if you look closely, four initials and letters—a carved very deeply in the oak. The letters are J. H. and A. J.—and the heart speaks for itself.

Hollywood romances are brief sometimes but Irene Hervey and Allan Jones refuse to believe that their engagement has just been announced.

When the Yacht Club Boys finished being a sensation in "The Singing Kid" they made a sizeable bet with Al Jolson that Warners would call them back and put them under contract within five weeks.

They were so sure they'd win that they refused all the offers they got from New York producers—and is Jolson moaning?

They're working with Dick Powell in "Stage-Struck" now.

Mrs. Offield, attractive mother of Jack Oakie, has expressed only the keenest delight at her son's marriage to Vanita Varden. "After all," she says, "I've had him for my own for thirty years. I mustn't be selfish."

And yet, a visitor to the Oakie home the other day found "ma" out in the garden of her home, sitting alone. In her lap rested her scrap book opened to Jack's picture as a little lad in school. Down over the beautiful ring, with its gleaming setting, that Jack had given her in farewell, ran two large tears.

"Thirty years can be such a short time," she murmured.
WITH all Hollywood tapping at typewriters or scribbling notes on blank music sheets, anyone who isn’t writing a popular song or a book these days is kinda out of the picture. And Bob Taylor would hate to be out of any picture.

So he’s sitting at home night after night writing a novel! Honest. He won’t tell what it’s about, except that the story isn’t set in Hollywood. Autobiography?

BEFORE the huge signboard on the Universal lot upon which Uncle Carl Laemmle had printed his last good-bye to the studio he had built from a small beginning, stood a studio truck driver, a bit actor and a very old woman from one of the smaller wardrobe departments.

They stood there together, these three, and eyed over the words. Slowly, without having spoken a word, they each turned, wiped away a nasty tear and went on their way again.

THE Clifton Webb fizzle out in Hollywood is still a topic of lively conversation.

Clifton, the noted musical comedy star, was bought out to Hollywood to play with Joan Crawford in a picture and nothing at all happened about it.

Remembering how Joan cast Bill Gargan out of one of her pictures because Mr. Gargan cast aside aspirations at her acting ability, Hollywood wonders if Joan is remembering too well his caustic take-off of the Crawford-Fairbanks divorce Mr. Webb and Marilyn Miller indulged in for the stage show, “As Thousands Cheer.”

DAVID W. GRIFFITH, once the emperor of directors and now out of the active business, wandered onto a set at Metro one day this month. Famous W. S. Van Dyke came over to him, pumped his hand, invited him to lunch—but, “I want to watch how you do,” said Griffith.

Not too long ago Van Dyke was Griffith’s office boy and water-carrier—learned everything he ever knew about pictures from his former employer. About the same time a man named Eric von Stroheim came quietly through the side studio gate, entered his tiny office, and settled down to work on an original story he’s trying to write.

FOR one of her scenes in “Showboat” it was necessary for Irene Dunne to put on blackface and with many other blackfaced ladies, go into her dance.

Immediately after the scene, a visitor to the set walked up and spoke to Miss Dunne.

“How in the world did you know which one was Irene Dunne?” one of the publicity boys asked. “After all, they are all made up alike.”

“It was her personality,” the visitor explained. “There is something about Irene Dunne that even black face can’t conceal. Whatever it is, she radiates it, even in a bandana and gingham apron.”

A perfect picture of love in bloom are Allan Jones and Irene Hervey at the Troc. Their engagement has just been announced.
If you wonder why romances and marriages fade out more quickly in Hollywood than any other place, here are two examples that show how it's done.

A large picture of Grace Bradley and Addison Randall appeared in all the local papers bearing evidence that Grace had thrown over her fiancé, Frank Pierce, and was now stepping out with Randall. Only the fact that Mr. Pierce had accompanied Miss Bradley and had stopped a moment to speak to a friend while the picture was snapped, saved Miss Bradley many explanations and perhaps a broken romance.

Another story to the effect a sweetheart of Josephine Hutchinson's had boarded her train at Pasadena and patted her hands all the way to Los Angeles, was printed in a syndicated column and read by thousands of people including Miss Hutchinson's family, friends and husband.

The fact that the hand-patting young man happened to be her husband, again saved many explanations and maybe a broken marriage.

At any rate, you begin to see how it's done and who is really to blame.

When acting is in the family blood you can expect almost anything from your offspring—anyway Norma Shearer is having a lot of fun with little Irving, Jr., these days. He's developed a sudden tendency toward his parents' profession and Norma is so proud!

She's busy every day at the studio, the child is at Palm Springs with his nurse—so they talk together by telephone every evening. Each night Irving plays a different role; first he is a Marx Brother, then Clark Gable, and once he even did a swell take-off on his governess, who was standing right beside him! He's good, too—but then, naturally, Norma would think so.

Smart gal, this Claire Trevor. Brian Donlevy offered her a stick of gum the other day to help cut the taste of the fog that enveloped the scene they were working in Hollywood movie fogs, you know, are made by vaporizing mineral oil.

Claire immediately had a bright idea and took it to the special effects expert. She suggested he vaporize some peppermint oil along with the mineral oil. They tried it and it worked like a charm.

There's a famous rat in Hollywood. But not the one you're thinking of. This rat, Archibald by name, belongs to little Edith Fellows, the miss who kicked up such delightful rows in "She Married Her Boss."

When Columbia sent little Edith away on location recently, she took Archibald along. On the train, the rat managed to slip out of his box and created such havoc among the passengers, the conductor finally had to stop the train.

Edith now has her white pet in a box on which is printed in big black letters for all to see: Archibald—The only rat that ever stopped a train.

A TIMID little lady, with several others in tow, advanced to the Universal dining room, in search of celebrities. Approaching a keen looking man in business clothes she said, fumbling at her autograph book, "Could you tell me if there are any movie stars here I could get to sign my book?"

The man smiled at her. "Would I do?" he asked.

She merely smiled, shook her head and walked away. The gentleman was only Buck Jones, leading cowboy star of the films.

Ready for the Hollywood Hotel broadcast: Alan Baxter, ZaSu Pitts (back row); Frances Langford, Fred MacMurray, Joan Bennett, Bennie Bartlett, Allan Jones
IT'S nice to feel appreciated even in Hollywood. Producer Walter Wanger must realize the fact for at the completion of every Wanger picture, he writes every member of the cast a personal note expressing appreciation of their work.

No wonder actors vie with each other to grab a part in a Wanger picture.

A COUPLE of months ago, Gloria Stuart's nursemaid and a milk-man in Brentwood Heights started a romance which Gloria hated to break up by moving into her new Beverly Hills home. The milk-man had formed the very pleasant habit (for the nursemaid) of leaving a fresh gardenia with every bottle of milk.

Came the following wire to Cal today: "The topper to the incident about my baby's nurse and the gardenia-bearing milk-man is that she has left me here in Beverly Hills to go back to Brentwood Heights where she is now employed in a house on the same milk purveyor's route. Forlornly, Gloria Stuart."

The friend waited until twelve.

"Hello," answered George, "Just came down. Been down to Palm Springs."

The friend gasped. It was quite a trip to make in that short time.

"What did you go down there for?" he asked.

"An ice cream soda," said George.

The friend waited until twelve.

"Hello," answered George, "Just came down. Been down to Palm Springs."

The friend gasped. It was quite a trip to make in that short time.

"What did you go down there for?" he asked.

"An ice cream soda," said George.

FRED MacMURRAY, with a lovely singing voice, has never been given a chance to show his talent in pictures except once and that once brought forth a comical stipulation from Fred concerning his new picture, "The Princess Comes Across."

"Yes," said Fred, "I'll sing in my new picture if you want me to, but I will not sing on a roof and I will not lie flat on my back while I'm doing it. If I can stand up like a man and sing, I'll sing. Otherwise, no."

It seems Fred was called upon to render a little ditty in "Hands Across The Table" while lying down on a roof and the song failed to register properly.

Now Fred stands before an audience, and with an orchestra for a background, sings his new song, "My Concertina," in a manner destined to win him new fans all over the country.

ALISON SKIPWORTH, at the present moment, is the most popular actress on the Paramount lot and all because Alison knows how to play every card game invented. All the extras and bit players make a rush for Alison between scenes to play some certain games with them.

In fact, the thing has reached such a pitch that Alison is now dated up for lunch time Tuesday for a game of hearts, between scenes Wednesday morning for a pinochle group, Thursday lunch time for the euchre crowd, etc.

Alison fairly beams under the rush of popularity.

ANNIE SHIRLEY did her best by mashed potatoes, butter, cream and sweets galore and still couldn't gain the extra pounds she needed to fill out her too-thin ankles. So she started cooking her own meals and gained four pounds in two weeks.

"It's the tasting does it," she revealed. "A sip of this, a nibble of that, and then having to eat the whole dinner in self-defense."

[Please turn to page 106]
This story rightly begins almost nine years ago.

One gloomy October morning in 1927 a youth of nineteen and a girl one year younger stood before the worldly wise manager of the Park Central Roof, swank night spot of New York. They were applying for the job of headline dance team for the ultra-smart floor show.

The manager eyed them speculatively. Their physical appearance left nothing to be desired. The boy was tall, slender and darkly handsome and bore himself with an unmistakable air of breeding. So did the girl, who was a fragile blonde and lovely to look upon. But nothing had been said about the all-important matter of experience. After all, the Roof was no training school for amateurs, however talented.

"You have, of course, had experience," the manager said, rather than asked, in a take-it-for-granted manner.

The girl turned frightened eyes toward the boy. The boy smiled confidently, almost condescendingly, in answer.

"Of course," he said smoothly. "Our last engagement was with 'Lady Do'."

He failed to mention, however, that the engagement in the hit musical comedy by that name had been their first as well as their last engagement and had actually been for one week only while the show was "breaking in" in Brooklyn prior to its Broadway opening. Nor did he see fit to mention the reason they had been given a one-week engagement, that the girl was a Brooklyn socialite whose name the manager believed would draw smart patronage there and get the show off to a good start.

"Well, on the strength of that I'll give you a trial," the Roof manager decided. "You kids can start on Saturday."

Parenthetically, this seems as good a place as any to mention that four months later the pair were still a great drawing card at the Roof, a record for floor-show entertainers in Gotham to shoot at.

The boy was Cesar Romero, now one of Hollywood's popular leading men headed for stardom, the beau of such glamorous screen beauties as Virginia Bruce, Carole Lombard and Betty Furness, and considered by one of the town's most eligible young bachelors. The girl was Lisbeth Higgins, socialite daughter of the wealthy ink manufacturer, Charles Higgins. The bluff was the one that started Cesar to ten fame.

I doubt if many actors would admit as courageously and frankly as Cesar that bluff had played an important part in their careers and successes. Not so Cesar. He admits openly that bluff has played a great part in his professional life.

"I would not say I have got where I am by bluff alone," he said. "After all, bluff can only give you a chance, open the door to opportunity. You have to have the stuff to back it up or you are in the same fix as the fellow with a pair of deuces who bets his head off against three aces and gets called.

"But all of us have bluffed at one time or another in our lives and have got away with it. I myself can think of five other times I bluffed and nobody called."

I settled back in one corner of a deep divan in his apartment to hear the story of those bluffs and what they had got him, how each one brought him one step nearer his goal. His apartment, incidentally, is surprisingly modest considering what his present salary could stand in the matter of luxuries. It has, in fact, an almost frugal look about it, but that is another story that has to do with his saving money to lavish on a wife when he chooses one and putting a kid brother through school and caring for his parents right now.

A Filipino house-boy, his only servant, brought us tall glasses of beer chilled just enough and his sister, Maria Romero, an ex-school teacher who superintends his establishment, looked in for a moment to be sure we were comfortable and then discreetly disappeared.

As a prelude to the story, Cesar sketched in his family background.

He was born in New York of Cuban parents under conditions which made it seem extremely unlikely his life would be other than the bed of roses of the son of a wealthy father. He had private schooling and all the rest of the conventional program. It was planned he would take his father's place some day at the head of the great Romero company which exported sugar machinery to Cuba.

Then came the sudden collapse of the sugar market and with it, the Romero fortune. Cesar was fifteen. By the time he was nineteen it became acutely necessary that he get a job and support himself. He did, as messenger in the National City Bank at seventeen dollars and fifty cents a week. Seven fifty of that salary went for his hall bedroom in the rooming house across the street from an elaborate apartment house his family had once owned.

The remaining ten dollars took care of carfare and lunches nicely. Dinners, fortunately, were no problem at all. It was a great year for debuts, and because of his family background, his good looks, his ownership of well-fitting evening clothes and ability as a dancer, his name was rarely omitted from the guest lists of fashionable coming-out dinner dances.

Even on the rare nights when no deb parties were being held he

At last, a highly successful young male star admits frankly that bluff has played a great part in his Hollywood career!

By Kay Proctor
Watch for beautiful, vivid "Mary of Scotland." Katharine Hepburn plays the tender tragic Queen. Douglas Walton (above) is Lord Darnley, her jealous husband; Fredric March is Bothwell.
This is getting down to bed rock, but we think lovely Olivia De Havilland deserves a much softer spot after "Anthony Adverse"

If this is what is known as perfect form, we put in our oar, too, and agree. It belongs to Martha Tibbetts, in "The Blackmailers"

Pretending, with reason, that she is just another peach in this orchard is June Travis, in "Times Square Playboy" for Warners
Spring fever seems to have struck this languorous young star, Jean Muir, who should be at work on snow scenes in "White Fang".

This gorgeous sun worshiper has what it takes to bring anybody's son out on the beach every day. She is Carol Hughes, in "Sons O' Guns".

Instead of making hay while the sun shines, here is Carol Hughes all dressed up as a farmerette, having a mid-summer's day dream on a hay-stack. Ah, life!
A triumph built upon solid worth is genial, handsome Fred MacMurray's sensational rise in less than a year from saxophone player to starring parts. His next is "The Princess Comes Across"
More thoroughly enchanting than ever in "Captain January," Shirley Temple, in the new musical version of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," will lead a chorus of forty little misses each as tiny as herself.
Fascinating and fascinated is pretty June Lang, who plays the charmer in the lives of Warner Baxter and Fredric March in 20th Century-Fox's powerful World War epic, "The Road to Glory."
After scoring an outstanding success as the vital, fiery, Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld," versatile Luise Rainer was cast as the meek Chinese wife in "The Good Earth" with Paul Muni.
Ronald Colman in "Under Two Flags" goes his outwardly suave-and-indifferent, inwardly sentimental-and-thoughtful way which he has held to for twelve years without a disturbing challenge.
Marie Wilson broke into Hollywood broke! But she brought: ambition, long eyelashes and laughter

By Mitzi Cummings

Marie Wilson spent eleven thousand dollars in one month. After that she was dead broke. That was two and a half years ago. Today, all Marie, who recently proved herself to be that rarest of Hollywood discoveries, a young and pretty girl who is also very funny, has to show for it is a mink coat, the lining of which, until she recently signed her contract with Warner Bros., was held together with safety pins. And on the coat, and on the pins, there hangs a tale.

Marie Wilson, who, at nineteen looks like the girl in the Old Gold advertisements, was born in Anaheim, California. Anaheim is a thriving little town, mostly dedicated to farming, located about forty miles from Los Angeles. Her father died when she was very little, and her mother married again to a man who took sick and stayed that way.

In those days Marie's chief claim to fame were her amazing eyelashes. She measured them carefully, and they hit the three-quarters of an inch mark on the ruler. Nature did it—no salves—and nature was crazily expansive. It got to be a bit of a bore, always having her friends tugging at those fringes to see if they were real, but maybe the exercise made them grow longer and longer!

Deep within the heart of this little girl, who today has the entire country predicting stardom for her, was a desire to go on the stage. A desire to be admired—to be famous—to be fussed over. One couldn't get much fussing in a house with several step-children, a sick father and an old grandpa and a busy mother, so Marie went her way, dreaming her own dreams.

She didn't have the money to go to dancing school, but a friend of hers did. Marie saved five dollars which she paid her to learn a routine. The twelve-year-old, stage-struck Miss Wilson had a bright idea. She, with her partner, would go to a Monday night try-out at Loew's State theater and see whether they couldn't land a dancing job. The friend was dubious. Marie wasn't, and on the following Monday night they found themselves, along with another group of hopefuls, none of whom, however, were as youthful as the palpitating pair, waiting their turn. It never came. The next week it didn't come, either. The third week the girl-friend lost hope completely, so Marie, dressed in her hand-made black frilly costume (she had an eye for contrasts even then, and today she still dresses chiefly in black) went to the theater with her mother.

While she waited hour after hour her mother's fears finally discouraged the courageous little girl, but her tears magically vanished when, wonder of wonders, she was called upon to perform. She didn't get the job. The gentleman in charge tried to soothe her feelings with the explanation that no children were employed. This ended Marie's stage sorties.

But it didn't put a stop to her undying ambition to become famous. She decided that she'd be an actress. She needed money.

The sum that her father had left her was supposed to be hers immediately, but litigation held it up until she was sixteen. By then her inheritance had dwindled to eleven thousand dollars, still a pretty nice sum, and Marie decided it was the hour to strike. She struck.

She moved the entire family to Hollywood.

In Hollywood, she rented a big house on top of a bigger hill. Then she tucked the eleven thousand into her pocketbook, and, literally and figuratively, 

Marie Wilson beautiful to look at but a clown when acting, a rare combination meaning fame

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 109 |
At Paramount, funnyman W. C. Fields returns to the screen after a long siege of illness to play in "Poppy," and is greeted by Adolphe Menjou, Catherine Doucet, and Director Eddie Sutherland. Bill's set for croquet!

Our news sleuth sees the Hollywood star spangled passing show from back stage and interviews Donald Duck for the first time

By Michael Jackson
Few people like their jobs. But we like ours not only because we're a natural born snooper, but because it gives us a chance to kick over the shoulders of the world's most famous people doing the world's most glamorous jobs. Let us take you with us on this, a typical month, and show you back-stage Hollywood.

First we go to Paramount, the only big studio actually in Hollywood, to greet Bill Fields, who is returning after a long siege of illness to what is jokingly called work. That is not a red light you see at the door of stage twelve. It's the famous nose of famous W.C. Fields. It's getting a little fresh air before the first take.

When Fields goes back onto the set, dapper Adolphe Menjou, himself a convalescent, congratulates Fields on being back at work. Since everything that happens in Hollywood must be fully recorded for posterity and the roto sections, a camera man pops out of nowhere and gets a snap of Menjou greeting Fields. Director Eddie Sutherland (who's head man with Lozetta Young these days) and Catherine Doucet stand in the picture, too, and try to look natural.

The set is a lovely thing, the garden of a Colonial mansion. The profuse flowers are artificial. They photograph better than the real thing, and can withstand the searing glare of the lights. The picture is called "Poppy" and Fields, who has no kids, plays the leading rôle.

Our favorite funnyman wears a high beaver hat, checked rousers and (honestly) a brown fur-trimmed coat. He's the last word and he's welcome to it. In this take, as they stroll into the garden, the buxom Miss Doucet asks him if he can croquet. "No," answers our debonair hero, "but I can tat.

All the while the dialogue is going on, Fields, once a juggler, steps on croquet mallets, trips over wickets, drops his cane with an awkward skill that comes of years of practice. One of the comic things about him is the way he seems to give life to these anachronistic props. All the world—people, animals and things—sedevil him.

Fields is one of the few people to admit they hate dogs. The reason is that he was once a hobo, the dog's natural enemy. He mistrusts all animals. In "Poppy," there are going to be elephants. That's the way Fields' luck runs. When he was a little kid, all the other boys used to beat him up regularly. This was because Fields was a runaway, a hard-boiled boy. Thus, by sucking him, the home kids became even tougher than runaway. Simple.

Today convinced that the world is in league against him—he its back and expects the worst. But before he places himself in a chair, he examines it for broken legs, tacks and the like. It's too late to break the habit now. Fields got into the movies from the Ziegfeld Follies. He trusts the camera no more than he trusts an audience. He looks at it as though he expects water to spout off from the lens.

We leave him holding a glass of something. He eyes it warily for a moment, then swallows quickly and is surprised that it isn't fatal.

Paramount is in the midst of a political shake-up at the moment, but that doesn't depress any of the help. We hear three jokes (2 good . . . 1 fair) on the way to the next set. And even the pictures are laughing matters. Now we watch Charlie (Tiger-Man) Ruggles and Mary Boland.

In this picture, "Early to Bed," Charlie plays a bookkeeper in a glass eye factory. He's psycho-analyzed by Dr. Colin Tapley. Charlie, it seems, is a beast at night and a dove in the day-time. His fiancée, Mary Boland, wants to know why. Well, why shouldn't she?

Ruggles' trouble, the doctor discovers, is that he has a split personality. A somnambulist, Ruggles is the sort of person in his sleep he'd like to be when awake. Director Norman McLeod, a successful commercial cartoonist, draws little figures as he watches Ruggles and Mary Boland rehearse. Before the scene is shot, the script girl reads out the lines to the actors. The dialogue doesn't seem funny. But in the hands of these wise troupers, the talk becomes so ridiculous that even the stage-hands laugh. A slight inflection here, a grimace there do the trick. We can't explain it. But it convinces us that acting is an art.

A thing that you notice as you go around the lots is that each studio has a distinct personality. At Paramount you find good natured, and often ribald, camaraderie. There is a care-free atmosphere about the studio. Everyone ducks out occasionally to go to Lucey's, the Italian restaurant across the street. M-G-M is the elegant lot, with even the blase press agents impressed by their stars. This is the only studio to have a part-time in the commissary shielding the Garbos, Crawfords and Gables from the herd. Warner Brothers is run with the snap and precision of a large factory, or wholesale house. Columbia is a cramped, confined little place with no show or pretensions.

And 20th Century-Fox, our next stop, is like a huge sprawling boom town that has not caught up to its population. The place changes by the day. Carpenters hammer on new buildings, people scurry by, actors whizz by in cars that carry them to the distant back-lot sets. The air hums with activity.

We ride past war villages, ocean liners, new dressing rooms, forts, and papier-mâché mountains and finally arrive on the tented set of "White Fang." The star of this picture is a German police dog who's Strongheart's grandson. The dog, whom you may remember as Cary Grant's guide in "Wings in the Dark" is supposed to be half huskie, half wolf. So the make-up department blitted his hair to make him look the part.

This set runs two blocks long. And if you want to know what makes million-dollar pictures cost a million dollars, you should see this set to find out. This is supposed to be the main street of a mining town in the arctic regions. Though the camera is focused on Jean Muir and Michael Whalen, and the background will be but a fuzzy blur, some five hundred extras, bundled to their chins, walk around in the background. There are a lot of dogs in the take, too. They make more money than the men who lead them. Perched along the roofs of the saloons and gambling halls are the electricians, throwing huge beams of light across the crowded street.

Jean Muir wears a fetching little brown velvet outfit of the 1900 period. She stands waiting for Director Dave Butler and when she bends, a bustle bursts. "One flexing of the Muir muscles and bang goes the coat," she says. A wardrobe woman dashes out to mend it. In this scene, Jean is to sneek up behind Whalen, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]
Is it the memory of a marriage failure that gives Cary Grant such definite ideas on his romantic future in Hollywood?
The Hollywood grapevine is humming these days with rumors of a coming marriage between Cary and Mary Brian

The Reluctant Bachelor

There’s a new face on love these days for Cary Grant—and he explains why

By Warren Reeve

THAT’S what Winchell says...

Cary Grant leaned back in his chair and stared thoughtfully at the drizzling rain outside the window. "She’s a lovely person, Mary Brian. A beautiful girl. We get along together and I’m terribly fond of her—but there’s no engagement. There hasn’t been any talk of marriage at all.

"It’ll be five years before I’ll be ready for that."

And there’s your answer. Cary and I sat opposite each other in a stuffy little office while the rain scribbled meaninglessly on the window; and during one hour of conversation I learned more about this dark-haired British-American than I could possibly put on paper. He sat restless, his quiet voice sincere and a little troubled—trying to analyze himself and the psychological change that has come to him.

Because Cary Grant, today, is not the Cary Grant of one year ago.

All of his attitudes about life have changed, all of his emotions are jumbled; he is busy writing for himself a new formula of happiness.

It takes a pretty big shock—an emotional and mental landslide—to rearrange a man’s personality so radically. . . . Last winter, when Cary went to England, his father died. For the first time in his life he saw death, felt death near to him. And for the first time in his life he was left alone.

That did something to him, and it’s one of the reasons why he won’t marry for five years. That—and a newly understandable philosophy about this business of love and family. In five years, if Mary Brian and Cary Grant are still good friends; if they’re in love and are sure they want to spend the rest of their lives together—then they’ll probably be married.

But it has to be for good. Cary wants a family and children, he wants lasting peace and contentment—and divorce can’t be even a remote possibility.

Because it wouldn’t be fair to the children, if any.

Because it wouldn’t be fair to either husband or wife.

And because Cary Grant had one taste of the bitter broth called divorce when he and Virginia Cherrill made both the courtrooms and the front page.

In order to appreciate his deep need for security and understanding you must know what a cluttered, unsettled affair his life has been.

"I’ve always had to take things in stride, as they happened to me," Cary said. "It’s not been easy—and there’ve been times when success or failure has been a touch-and-go matter. I didn’t mind then. I had all the buoyant energy and the hope and all the dreams of a healthy young man. I enjoyed the uncertain pattern I was living."

"But that’s changed now. My viewpoints have shifted: I’m going to start enjoying my life, getting something out of it, if it’s at all possible."

. . . Very briefly, that "uncertain pattern" began in Bristol, England. He was born there of a middle-class comfortably-off family, and first shook hands with the stage when he was twelve years old.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]
Trials and Triumphs
Of A Hollywood

The women in a Hollywood gown designer’s life are the most beautiful in the world. But sometimes Travis Banton wishes they weren’t.

Banton will tell you that when a woman’s loveliness veers toward perfection, her gown designer’s nerves veer toward crack-up.

For like Claudette Colbert, she will look into a mirror and instead of seeing a figure that is one of nature’s masterstrokes, will discern hollows and bones, dips and curves that no eyes but her own can detect. And, like the divine Colbert, she will not only discern them, but will demand that they be camouflaged.

The first time Travis saw the disparaging Claudette was on the screen in a badly recorded, shakily filmed picture of the early turn-’em-out-anything era of sound, fittingly titled “Hole In The Wall.” But in spite of the execrable lighting and make-up, Banton caught the promise of a rare loveliness. He also recalls that on that occasion he uttered profound prophecies concerning her future and observed heatedly that if they (pronoun designating Paramount executives) did not go to New York and sign up such perfection and beauty for some good Hollywood pictures, they were crazy passing up such a good bet.

But they (pronoun still designating Paramount executives) did sign up “such perfection and beauty,” and in 1930 brought her to the coast to appear with Fredric March in “Man-Slaughter,” while Banton waited impatiently for their first fitting-room conference, and waited and waited.

When his brunette ideal finally arrived she dealt him a shattering blow by bringing a complete Fifth Avenue wardrobe with her for the picture. It seems that “such perfection and beauty” nurtured two bouncing phobias, one being Hollywood clothes, and the other, Hollywood designers.

However, in 1932, following a round-the-world trip and a few more New York produced pictures, Claudette was rushed to California (and with no time whatsoever for shopping) to star with Clive Brook in “The Man From Yesterday.” And so finally it was Banton’s night to howl.

But Claudette made short shift of all his little left-over enthusiasms. Their fitting-room sessions quickly dissolved into a dismal series of small daily tragedies. On the first day Claudette visited the pale green suite, Banton proudly produced a sketch for a lovely white chiffon frock. She made it quite clear that she considered chiffon unbecoming and furthermore she couldn’t abide the floating stuff. The second day there was a sketch, for her appraisal, of an afternoon outfit comprising a frock and cape. She crisply informed him that she loathed capes in general and that they looked hideous on her in particular. On the third day she left no doubt behind her as to the fate of a perk...
little bow decorating a street dress, bows being one of her really important hates.

At this point, Banton would like you to know that in Claudette’s latest picture, “The Bride Comes Home” she wore two chiffon frocks, one cape and a wide assortment of bows. But this is getting far ahead of our story.

Claudette, then, was still discarding sketches as fast as Travis could draw them, but he refused to run up the flag of surrender, and stayed hunched over his drawing board night and day. He became irascible, testy and choleric. His appetite vanished and he suffered from incipient insomnia, but by sheer “cussed” perseverance he finished that first Colbert wardrobe on time for the starting date of the picture.

No one, least of all Banton, can tell you just how the pair of them managed finally to grope through the thicket of their early antagonisms to the comfort of a warm friendship. Perhaps Banton learned that many of Claudette’s adamant prejudices concerning clothes were merely the result of her strange proneness to conjure deficiencies in her splendidly unblemished figure, and he became more sympathetic. Or perhaps, the distinctly pleasant criticism directed at the Colbert wardrobe in “The Man From Yesterday,” might have had their mellowing influence on Claudette’s skepticism. And then again it might have been her discovery that Banton was a Paris and New York trained artist and no mere Hollywood upstart.

But to this very day, and in spite of four years of completely congenial companionship and a deep mutual respect, the pair of them continue to spar and scuffle the moment they enter the fitting-room.

For instance, there was that skirmish of theirs over a lot of pesky little things involved in the wardrobe for “Imitation of Life.” They argued over the neckline of that lovely metal cloth evening gown...
Marion Talley's Five

Merrily on her way to a beautiful figure goes Marion Talley who says a ten minute spree on the stationary bicycle will do wonders for a pair of over-thick calves and will accomplish miracles at the ankle. Here is the exercise that Marion uses to strengthen her abdominal muscles. Even before she thought of a smooth tummy, though, such an exercise was necessary to fit her for the rigors of opera régime.

OVER 130 pounds and 5 feet, 3 inches tall.
That was how the scales read when Marion Talley made her début at the Metropolitan ten years ago.

Today, twenty-five pounds on the minus side, she looks ten years younger, alive, vital and lovely enough to stand the test of even that most merciless eye, the camera, before which she is soon to make her first bow.

How did she do it? By a chemically correct diet, exercise and "intestinal fortitude," a will to see the thing through, once she had started.

"Eat and grow beautiful," says a food nutritionist who has many of the Hollywood stars as his clients. You can learn to like the foods that are good to your figure and your complexion. Marion loved hot breads, potatoes, fancy pastries. Perhaps you do, but you must re-educate your taste away from starches, and sugars. They are acid-forming and play havoc with your health and efficiency. Learn to like cleansing, vitalizing foods. They will give you health, strength and vitality.

Fasting to reduce is neither simple nor sane. There is no short cut to slim lines, no lazy road. Bluff won't work. It's up to you.

First eat what you need and then eat what you want.
Start the day with fruit juices, as Marion does, oranges, lemons or grapefruit, or a glass of prune and grapefruit juices, mixed. A half hour later, a hot beverage with cream or sugar, but never both. If you are hungry later in the morning, drink a glass of buttermilk or tomato juice.

Luncheon time should be salad time. Green salads are full of precious minerals and vitamins, which put that come-hither sparkle in your eye and spring in your step. Now don't spoil that big salad by a rich dressing. Here is a simple and non-fattening one. Two spoonfuls of lemon juice, one spoonful of olive oil and vegetable salt to taste and a bit of honey. A thin slice of crisp toast with your salad and a beverage. If you're hungry in the afternoon, a pick-me-up cocktail made of the yoke of an egg beaten up in a glass of orange juice. You may add a dash of sherry if you wish.

Dinner may consist of a pineapple and grapefruit salad, two lamb chops, green peas, head lettuce, baked apple and a demi-tasse or a large black coffee.

Now that menu isn't a starvation diet, is it? And it is only a sample of several delicious non-fattening menus which you may have upon request. A cosmetic diet for more beauty.

To keep her muscles firm as well as her figure trim, Marion determinedly follows this exercise regime.

Exercise 1. Breathing routine. Take hold of a bar, rise on your toes, stretch and breathe—one, two, three, four, etc., about ten times.

Exercise 2. A light-weight medicine ball is needed. Throw it against the wall to keep upper-
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD—M-G-M

In this completely enthralling picture, Hollywood reached a goal it has sought for years, a combination of music, drama, spectacle and humor, done in meticulous taste. "The Great Ziegfeld" is, to put it mildly, terrific.

The story opens when America's greatest showman, managing a honky-tonk, dreams of better things. It follows him to Broadway; shows in beautiful detail how he glorified the American girl; takes him through his stormy romance with Anna Held; and finally brings him abiding love with Billie Burke.

William Powell, as Ziegfeld, turns in what is probably his best performance, handling deftly a role that mingles eccentricity with extravagance, kindliness with opulence. The cast is so large, and so individually good, that full credit cannot be given here; Myrna Loy, however, deserves a special rave for her sincere portrayal of Billie Burke, and Luise Rainer justifies all her earlier promise as Anna Held.

SMALL TOWN GIRL—M-G-M

Don't miss this beautifully enacted, written and directed picture of a small town girl who suddenly finds herself married to a wealthy and sophisticated youth who does not love her and had no intention of marrying her. For appearance sake, he takes her to his parent's home, intending to divorce her and marry his former fiancée.

Janet Gaynor has the title rôle, and it is a personal triumph for her. Given the opportunity here, she proves magnificently that her talents have been too long smothered in pictures where she had little to do but look saccharine and flutter about in feminine helplessness. This is a mature performance, and she gives Robert Taylor, most promising of newcomers, a stiff race for high honors.

Noteworthy acting is contributed by James Stewart, Binnie Barnes, Lewis Stone, Andy Devine, Isabel Jewell, Frank Graven, Edgard Kennedy, Charles Grapewin, Willie Fung.

For the first time in Photoplay's long life, we are able to recommend but five of the usual six leading pictures of The Best Pictures of the Month which go on these two pages. Delayed production schedules, failure of the studios to preview pictures in Hollywood and even the partial burning of a master print have conspired against us.

Yes, we know that some magazines in this field wouldn't hesitate to review some of the bigger productions-to-come without pre-viewing, but Photoplay has never stooped to this practice and we have no intention of starting now. Rather than sacrifice the honesty and authority of this important page of reliable criticism and insult the intelligence of thousands of readers who have come to respect our judgment and depend upon our opinion, we are going to press minus one of the two longer reviews we have always carried to indicate the two leading films of the month.

Instead of faking a review, we are going to give you here with a pre-preview of what we expect from some of the finer productions which are now in the making.

For instance: "Anthony Adverse," pictured above. From the tips we've gathered from the set, this picture is going to be grand.

Shirley Temple has a new picture: "Poor Little Rich Girl," but it's still in the cutting room. With such a story, it should certainly be a swell movie for Miss Temple.

And Grace Moore's "The King Steps Out" promises to be an exceptional film. Franchot Tone plays opposite Grace and it boasts a Fritz Kreisler musical score.

These and more will appear in the next (July) Photoplay.
SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

LET'S SING AGAIN
THE GREAT ZIEGFELD
SMALL TOWN GIRL
I MARRIED A DOCTOR
SUTTER'S GOLD

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN
BIG BROWN EYES
LITTLE MISS NOBODY
DON'T GET PERSONAL

THE BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

Bobby Breen in "Let's Sing Again"
Henry Armetta in "Let's Sing Again"
William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld"
Myrna Loy in "The Great Ziegfeld"
Luise Rainer in "The Great Ziegfeld"
Gary Cooper in "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"
Janet Gaynor in "Small Town Girl"
Cary Grant in "Big Brown Eyes"
Ray Mayer in "I Married a Doctor"
Jane Withers in "Little Miss Nobody"
Harry Carey in "Little Miss Nobody"
Edward Arnold in "Sutter's Gold"

CASTS OF ALL PHOTOPLAYS REVIEWED WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 124

☆ LET'S SING AGAIN—Sol Lesser-Principal Prod.

THIS delightful musical drama has turned out to be the surprise picture of the year, and will send audiences away enthusiastically proclaiming the charm and talent of a new child star, Bobby Breen, and rightly renew interest in the handsome George Houston.

The story is simple. Bobby is the son of an ambitious singer. His mother, no longer able to bear poverty, deserts his father and brings the child to America.

When she dies, he finds haven from an orphanage in the cluny affection of Henry Armetta, an ex-opera star, who is now with a tent show. Armetta, discovering the child has an exquisite voice, trains him, only to have a disgruntled trapeze artist attempt to capitalize on it.

The father, hunting for Bobby for years, is finally reunited through a hula-ho he used to sing to him.

Bobby Breen, radio protege of Eddie Cantor, has an amazing voice, and even alongside of George Houston's magnificent adult baritone, his singing stands out; his acting has the great asset of naturalness.

Henry Armetta staunchly carries the emotional burden of the picture, which has a laugh to balance every sob. Ann Doran as the young mother is outstanding; Vivienne Osborne is romantically beautiful, and the rest of the cast ably carry their roles.

You will be captivated by the superb musical direction of Hugo Reisenfeld and the two songs, "Let's Sing Again" and "Lullaby." For an unexpected treat, don't miss this melodious film.

☆ MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN—Columbia

TINGED with satire, but definitely refreshing, this is an interesting and powerful picture, hilarious at times, and quietly serious at others.

Gary Cooper as the whimsical small town boy who inherits $20,000,000 is excellent.

His portrayal of a simple, basically intelligent, often pathetic character is done with great sympathy and bound to affect you.

The improbable story takes Longellow Deeds to New York to look after his fortune. He is ridiculed by the press, hounded by money-grabbers and finally attempts to give his money to the poor. He is tried for insanity, but the political jereing is handled so deftly as to offend no one.

You will enjoy Jean Arthur as the reporter who tricks Mr. Deeds into a story, then falls in love with him. Lionel STandler is funny, and Douglas Dumbrille is good as the crooked lawyer. See it by all means.

☆ BIG BROWN EYES—Wanger-Paramount

THIS is grand comedy entertainment, just bubbling over with smart, witty dialogue, melodramatic mystery, and hilarious situations. Joan Bennett, as a wise-cracking hotel manicurist, turned sob-sister, and Cary Grant, as a police detective, carry the romance far and the fun and laughter farther.

After these are brought together as a result of a jewel robbery and killing, Joan takes evidence which traps the gangsters; Cary gets all the credit for the solution of the crime while Miss Bennett is quite content to take on another job—as his wife.

Both Miss Bennett and Grant do perfect work in their respective roles. Walter Pidgeon, as the master crook, is excellent and together with Alan Baxter, Henry Kleinback, Lloyd Nolan and Douglas Fowley, provides plenty of thrills and excitement. The picture has Walter Wanger's usual fine production and is smartly directed by Raoul Walsh.
**THINGS TO COME**
London Films
United Artists

THE most important film, from the standpoint of technical achievement, to come from England, this presents H. G. Wells' story of a world, over-run by war (1940), collapsing into barbarism, redeemed by surviving scientists, and, finally, exploring the planets. It's well worth seeing and it will cause a great deal of conversation.

**LITTLE MISS NOBODY**
20th Century-Fox

LITTLE Jane Withers has a story worthy of her undeniable talents in this narrative of an orphan sacrificing love and a home that her best friend Betty Jane Hainey, may be saved from adoption by a selfish, unkind family. She gets into amazing scrapes, including an exciting robbery, but manages to win lasting happiness in the end.

**TILL WE MEET AGAIN**
Paramount

THIS movie of sweethearts pitting their brains and skill against one another in rival military intelligence services is a perfect answer to those who like adventure stories. Herbert Marshall is at his suave and polished best; Gertrude Michael is his alien spy romance. Rod La Roque, in a minor role, wins new honors.

**I MARRIED A DOCTOR**
Warner

NONE of the original power and poignancy of Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street" is lost in this new version. Josephine Hutchinson is splendid as the city girl who marries the small town doctor (Pat O'Brien) and is cruelly rebuffed by her new neighbors when she tries to pierce their smug complacency. Ray Mayer, in a minor role, almost steals the picture.

**SUTTER'S GOLD**
Universal

IN pointed, dynamic episodes, history in the making—the discovery of gold in California and the addition of that sunny land to the United States—is brought to the screen in a colorful story. Edward Arnold as Sutter and Lee Tracy as his friend are superb, with Binnie Barnes and Katherine Alexander, the women in Sutter's life, splendid.

**BORN FOR GLORY**—GB

AMERICAN cousins might not appreciate this story of what goes into the making of Britain's famed sea power as much as patriotic Englishmen, but they will thrill to a number of unusually fine shots of warship battle. The story tells of the adventures of a young British able seaman who makes great sacrifices for his country.
HAVE TO COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BAD ONES

THE WITNESS CHAIR—RKO-Radio

THE original stage play of this courtroom drama has been used many times as a model for pictures. Nevertheless, the abiding mystery and tense atmosphere created by an excellent cast makes this story of murder and a woman's great love good entertainment. Ann Harding is emotional with reserve, and William Benedict is highly enjoyable.

MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT—Warners

A WEAK sister in the field of movie mysteries is this confused and plot-heavy tale of three murders and an attempted fourth in an aristocratic family ruled by Virginia Brissac. The thrills and chills are patently phony. Marguerite Churchill is real enough as the nurse with sleuthing habits. Lyle Talbot has nothing to do as the doctor.

THE COUNTRY BEYOND—20th Century-Fox

INSURPASSABLE pictorial beauty and the cleverness of the magnificent dog, Buck, compensate for inadequacies in this story of the frozen north. Paul Kelly and Robert Kent are Canadian Mounties sent to solve a murder mystery connected with the theft of a fur shipment and find Rochelle Hudson and her trapper-father, Alan Hale, involved in the case.

THE SKY PARADE—Paramount

THIS film version of the radio serial, "The Adventures of Jimmy Allen," is disappointing stuff. Lack of real action is the chief complaint. Jimmie Allen plays his original character none too well, an unfortunate contrast to his sparkling other personality. William Gargan, Kent Taylor and Katherine DeMille try hard but to little avail.

LAW IN HER HANDS—First National

THIS picture starts out as a regulation courtroom opus and then suddenly becomes an amusing, slightly satiric affair which will hold your interest and keep you chuckling. Story concerns two ex-waitresses, played by Margaret Lindsay and Glenda Farrell, who become lawyers and get themselves tangled with racketeers and a district attorney.

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal

THIS is a pleasant bit of sky-larking, nicely produced and well put together. It's on the order of "It Happened One Night." James Dunn, as the pugnacious, egocentric job-seeker who meets and quarrels with Sally Eilers, does well enough. Pinky Tomlin shows improvement. Go for a laugh or two.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]
I've said that the making of every picture is a mystery. That nobody knows how it will turn out or how it will be ultimately received. People complain that films are not yet an art. But of course they are not. They are bound to be an industry, and a synthetic one, so long as so many human beings of such infinite variety are involved.

Take for example, to emphasize my point yet further, a real Hollywood party. These Hollywood parties, I understand, have become the desire and envy, and also the derision, of the whole world. Things happen at them about once a month which are instantly telegraphed over the face of the globe. Somebody knocks somebody else down. Somebody makes some incredible bet. Some hostess decides that all her guests should be dressed as babies. Some lady is robbed of her jewels. Somebody even is murdered. There is no limit, apparently, to what may happen. And yet, what is the positive truth?

Hollywood parties are, as is Hollywood itself, the quietest and most decorative things, but interlaced with sudden activities of a very surprising kind. For example, the first large party that I ever attended took place in a grand house in Santa Monica on the edge of the sea. I arrived to hear the waves crashing on the beach, to see a wonderful room decorated with a Gainsborough and a Reynolds, lit with the most enchanting silver and glass candelabra, peopled with, it appeared, the most perfect ladies and gentlemen. We moved about, talking to one another the customary polite nonsense, grinning, sitting down and getting up again, drinking and eating, just as we might at one of the very dullest parties in London.
Nobody Is Safe In Hollywood

It's a cruel town, a nervous town where careers hang by the thin thread of fate

By Hugh Walpole

Yet I had not been there for half an hour before a very famous film star, whom I'd never seen before in the flesh, gripped me by the arm in the most confidential manner and said, "I'm tight, honey, very tight. But there's one thing I want to say to you. Never lose your sense of humor." She refused to let me go, but held me apparently for no other purpose than to repeat this excellent advice over and over again.

I then discovered that three-quarters of my fellow guests were charming, sober and tranquilly-minded, but that the remaining quarter were invested with wild gaiety and irresponsibility which gave me the feeling that I was living in a kind of Alice-In-Wonderland world where anything might happen. Some things did happen that same night. A very nice man, whom everybody seemed to like, suddenly said that he would show us his shark's tooth, upon which he tore open his shirt, bared his hairy chest, and displayed to us a shark's tooth hanging from a silver chain around his neck. No one seemed to think this odd or queer.

I also noticed that the most intimate secrets were being shouted aloud to anyone who wished to listen and I found afterwards that this last had its sinister aspect, because all of those secrets are transferred speedily to the columns of the local press and thence they whirl their giddy way to the capitals of Europe.

It seems to me that no one can complain of the activities of these columnists when people give away their secrets so readily and so openly. At the same time, it is to my mind one of the real and serious pities of Hollywood that there should be such a necessity for indiscriminate drinking on each and any occasion. Here, I believe, without, I hope, being priggish in the matter, is one of the real weaknesses of our present Hollywood system. There is no one more opposed to prohibition than I am. And there are thousands of people here who never drink, or at most drink very little. But if there is any place in the world that should, on the whole, be sober it is Hollywood. And it is for this reason: there is not a day of the week when some new crisis of extreme importance in the lives of hundreds of people does not develop, and again and again affairs are given a most unhappy turn because of the hilarious inebriety of some individual.

Remember, though, that people drink here, when they do drink, because it is the most nervous place in the world. It is nervous because, as I have said, we all live on shifting ground. The preview of any picture means inevitably the altering of the fate and lives of perhaps a dozen people. Everyone's value is just as great as the success or failure of the last picture they were in. I will admit that to myself these more important previews are most terrifying in their possibilities. I will mention only one which I attended some four months ago—the preview of William Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." There have been so many descriptions of the more famous previews at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood, that it seems ridiculous to attempt another. Let anyone, however, attend one of these with the supervisor or director or one of the principal actors concerned, and he will quickly discover that it is very much more than an empty and garish pageant.

I went on this particular occasion with two great friends of mine—Freddie Bartholomew and Constance Collier—who were, neither of them, personally concerned. Our car advanced through a shouting multitude of people. Freddie had made himself famous over night in the "David Copperfield" film of
HE way for a singer to get a radio contract these days is simple, if a bit far fetched. Just get yourself a part in some movie and presto! broadcast sponsors will be out baying at your front door stoop with fat contracts.

Remember Smith Ballew? The very handsome orchestra leader who has toured the country these many years? He had short sustaining periods on the air but nothing that netted him any real money. Then Paramount cast him in "Palm Springs," opposite Frances Langford, and the Shell Oil People snapped him up to replace Al Jolson on their Saturday night program, Shell Chateau. He’ll emcee and do solos. Massa Jolson just decided he was tired again and wanted a rest. That marks the second time he’s pulled out of this lucrative job.

Another man with a voice is Phil Regan who was brought up to be a cop by his Irish parents in Brooklyn. But Phil had radio ambitions. Yet in the end he went to Hollywood and began making pictures. Radio sponsors didn’t show much interest. Republic put him in a big part in "Laughing Irish Eyes" and so—of course—he’s back in radio, on the Lifebuoy-Rinso program over CBS Tuesday nights.

The new Bing Crosby Paramount movie, "Rhythm on the Range," is featuring one of radio’s newest funny men, Bob Burns, who has a lot to do with the success of Bing’s program for the Kraft Cheese Company Thursday nights. Bing is reported to be asking for a vacation in July but he’s doing so well his sponsors sort of hate to see him depart even for a few weeks.

I watched Miriam Hopkins rehearse for her Lux Radio Theater broadcast a few weeks back and learned something that might startle you. It was the first rehearsal day and while others in the cast hesitated and weren’t sure of their lines, Miriam perched on a stool at the mike and rattled off her part. Seems that she had stayed up most of the night before, reading and memorizing. Stars will tell you, incidentally, that taking a part in those broadcasts is all work and no play.

Radio audiences had a break the last Tuesday in March. They were the first to be introduced to Jack Oakie’s new bride, the girl he stopped off in Yuma on his way to New York to marry. Those reports that he calls her "pigeon" are correct. He did it again on the air. It was the new Ken Murray show—the same that has

By Dan Wheeler

Sigmund Romberg and Lionel Barrymore on the Swith hour Monday nights, listen to Josephine Tumminia, new soprano

Hollywood at the Mike

An octette of famous personalities who appeared over the Kraft Music Hall program were Lyda Roberti, comedienne; Fred Stone and daughter Dorothy; Bob Burns, the Arkansas philosopher; Paula Stone; Bing Crosby, master of ceremonies; Ken Carpenter, announcer, and Jimmy Dorsey, whose band is on the hour. Bing practiced “swing” while rehearsing.
LACE FOR A JUNE BRIDE

Just enough blue not to be white is this bridal gown of lace designed by Lange for Jean Arthur. At the collar, cuffs and skirt hem, the lace blends into matching tulle. Tulips for decoration, to complement the Dutch origin cap.

Natural Color Photograph by James N. Doolittle
A heavy silver and white metal and silk cloth is used for a dinner suit of outstanding crispness. Huge flower of white silk and emerald and diamond clip. Puffed sleeves and large lapels give the fashionable shoulder width.

Deep burnt orange and black print in a one-piece dress. Shiny black buttons parade down the front and trim the sleeves. Belt is of black kid. Hat is of black straw encrusted with silk motifs and banded with silk cord. Black gloves.
Helen Taylor has designed this dance dress for Margaret Sullavan of white chiffon dotted with rhinestones. The belt and neckband are of net embroidered in rhinestones. A fringe of the same stones is worn as a hair ornament and they spangle her quaint silk net mittens in stars.

Completely new in design is this striking evening coat of closely fitted ermine, skirted and collared in white fox. Jaeckel, who designed it, suggests that it may be inspirational in a "grand occasion" wardrobe for fall.
An authentic Scotch cap with an eagle's feather, which may be tilted at any angle, will be worn by Katharine Hepburn as Scottish Mary.

Of pale pink soufflé and valenciennes lace. This would make a charming cap for a bride. It is sewn with seed pearls, deliciously young.

A blue velvet tam cocked over a velvet snood. Beige feathers curl over the brim. The historic hat is strictly up to present fashion mode.

Mary's hunting costume is inspirational for Fall suits, sports jackets or coats. The bodice is of cocoa suède tucked in ridges. The skirt is dark blue wool, and the plaid is dark blue and green. Embroidered gloves of navy. Scotch cap in deep blue. The sketch is by Walter Plunkett who designed all the costumes for the RKO Radio picture.

Here is Mary wearing a velvet cape slung from the shoulders on golden chains with medallions. This idea may well be borrowed in 1936. Her scarlet suède gloves are embroidered and fringed in gold.
A blue velvet double-brimmed hat with openwork lattice crown. Tiny puffings in pale blue faille silk encircle the edge of the halo brim.

A delightful scarlet velvet cap embroidered in gold with gold thistles. Mary's own flower. This would make a charming cap for evening.

A copy of Mary's rosary. Exquisite enamel work in blue and red on gold filagree. Medallion of painted porcelain.

Sewing bag of scarlet velvet with initials and thistle in gold. Perfectly adapted for an autumn evening bag.

Scarlet satin slippers with huge tongue and gold buckle. The inserts on the toe are gold cloth.

Queen Elizabeth catches pearls in her hair which match her earrings and pins a red rose on her ruche.

Scarlet suede or fabric glove embroidered in gold. These would make gorgeous evening gloves in a longer length.

Detail of a sleeve of scarlet satin and velvet. The quilted yoke and sleeve, rich in suggestions.

Katharine has brought this costume to wear as an evening coat. It is of magnificent deep fuchsia velvet over a Fortuny gown of pastel blue satin. The sleeves are padded and scalloped at the top, the lower part, tucked. The skirt sweeps out into greater width at the hem. Watch all the sleeve treatments in this picture. They will surely be reflected in the mode.

Mary Beaton wears many turn-over collars of lace, of lace and linen or of organdie. Good lingerie leads.
Jodhpurs of cinnamon brown, perfect in fit, match Loretta's soft felt hat with a tiny feather fancy. White broadcloth shirt and correct scarf which is pinned with a gold crop pin set, set with a design of a racing horse. Polished calf boots and pigskin leather belt. A polo coat of light tan camel's hair tops the riding kit.

For dressy town wear. Short sleeved dress of black crépe, shirred at the waist-line to form a peplum. Coolie type hat of cellophane straw with a crisp little veil, all black. Her wrap of summer furs is formed of eight sable skins. The diamond chain and pendant as the only ornament. Pumps of black suède with patent trimming, black suède gloves.
There is a hint of Spanish inspiration in this costume designed by Irene. The skirt is navy blue crêpe and the blouse is of matching fringe. The shoulders are squared and a scarf of mauve silk is worn ascot style at the neck. The hat is navy blue silk, fringe trimmed. Navy blue pumps trimmed in patent leather. Pearl button suédé gloves. Roomy pouch bag of navy suédé. With the skirt lengthened and made all in creamy white this would be an exquisite dinner gown for summer.

Chartreuse satin in a glorious print of flower design in brilliant red, blue, green and chalk white. The belt is laced with ties of the material. The skirt flares enormously at the hem. Too many ornaments would be out of place on this gown, designed by Irene, so Loretta wears one of the two bracelets in diamonds and emeralds. Chartreuse satin sandals and gossamer hose in pale beige.
Lace of beautiful quality in pastel pink is used for Ida Lupino's youthful gown. Omar Kiam spangled it with tiny golden stars. The new soaring shoulders are achieved by catching the lace selvedge into the shoulder seam. Gossamer hose and open-toed gilded kid sandals.

Knowing the difficulty of wearing a wrap over flaring sleeves, Kiam has given Ida a trailing cape of sapphire velvet, unlined, which fastens with a ruche round the neck and may be pulled up under the arms to keep off the breeze. Pink roses form a coronet for her curls.
An Ultra Feminine Negligée

Of sheer white twill this dress has a smart peplum. The revers, blouse front and inset pleats on the sides of the skirt are made of blue and white handkerchiefs. Orry Kelly designed the frock.

The walking shoes are of white suède, with navy blue kid trim.

Orry Kelly designs a negligée of misty gray chiffon for Bette Davis, to be worn in “Golden Arrow.” The scalloped set-in belt is outlined in silver and silver lace gleams through the billows of gray chiffon. Open-toed strap sandals of silver kid reveal sheer hose of mist-gray.
For yachting or lounging on the sands, June Lang has chosen a white shark-skin suit. The nautical buttons are red, with knots and double rings to fasten the belt. When June removes the visor of her cap, a beret tops her lovely head.

June Lang wears a white piqué play suit, buttoned and striped in navy blue. White gabardine sneakers and white angora socks. Huge white panama hat.

A most exciting grass net sun hat is worn by Adrienne Ames. It is made over a dishpan-like frame of stiffened Japanese Challis in brilliant colorings. Over her bathing suit Adrienne slips a fish shirt. The suit is white with red.

Appropriate for dinner on a yacht is this costume worn by Marsha Hunt. A tucked white linen blouse and a black crêpe skirt are belted by a wide sash of cardinal crêpe. A bow tie matches it in color. The double-breasted mess jacket is of starched piqué.
On Your Beauty List

Like the haunting fragrance of a cherry orchard in blossom time is the perfume contained in the exquisitely graceful flacon which Margo holds.

Margo applies a cream containing rich nourishing oils, with special attention to area around her eyes.

Above, every costume is dramatized by correct make-up, according to Helen Vinson, who selects a different lipstick with every frock. You can get them in lovely shades.

Right, June keeps her curls intact, when sleeping or changing her costume, by wearing a little net helmet with adjustable back. Easy to don and to remove.

When minutes are precious, June Lang uses an herbal lotion instead of water to cleanse and soften her hands.
The Private Life of A Talking Picture

Many of you who have followed from the beginning our series on the making of movies will clutch this month's installment with satisfied hands, snort with relief, and mutter things about "getting down to brass tacks at last. . . ."

Because, after about forty-five pages of leading up and of careful preparation, we've reached that climactic point in a motion picture's private life when the red warning light at the sound stage door is flashed on, and all the blinding white lights of the set inside are flashed on, and everyone stops breathing, and someone says, "Roll 'em," and by Heaven they're shooting!

But don't for a minute think that you're going to be allowed to stand idly by and spectate like any tourist with a visitor's pass—because if you did you wouldn't learn a darn thing more than that tourist, who has learned next to nothing. You've got a harder job ahead of you than that.

You're going to come along with me and get grey hairs with the director; you're going to direct baby spots with the light technicians and adjust volumes with the sound technicians; you're going to untangle the multiple problems of a sound stage, sweat and stew yourself into a frenzy with the cameraman, and take ten years off your life with the script girl who at a critical moment has lost three pages of her manuscript.

You're going to like it very much. Believe me.

By this time you know, or should, that the locale for all these stories is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, selected for observation because it is the largest, the best-equipped, the most complete studio in the world. Thus you may now consider yourself in Culver City, California, about to step into one of M-G-M's twenty-four sound stages where people like Nelson Eddy and Myrna Loy and Robert Montgomery work at the nerve-racking trade which earns them their weekly salaries.

There is only the remotest contingency that you do not know what a set that is ready for shooting looks like. You've seen them in candid camera stills published in newspapers and national periodicals; you've seen them in motion pictures built around the often repeated "Merton of the Movies" plot; you may even have seen them personally the last time you wintered on the Coast.

But just in case you haven't—a definition: the average cinema set is a piece of life built into a concrete barn, artificially lighted, started into motion, and photographed. It is an imitation of any place where things happen; and even the things that happen are imitated. And photographed.

All the other activities of the studio are only in preparation for this; this is culmination, this is the dream achieved. But about what actually happens during the filming of a scene, about the heretofore unmentioned departments represented, about the people who have assembled themselves here, there is so much you must be told that—cliché—I don't know where to begin.

. . . Yes, I do. We'll choose the key-figure for first consideration: the director, about whom I can only say that of all the people who work in the movie business he gets the least credit where credit is due. America at large thinks of this person as the cocky little man in the camp-chair who commands his minions to begin, and tells them when to stop, and tears his hair when the result doesn't please him. This, thinks America, is his soft job.

But America is wrong. A director is the most bedevilled man in all the world. He must not only know everything he must be able to do everything that is ever remotely connected with the picture he is manufacturing. He starts at the beginning with story, he works through the designing of wardrobe, the building of sets, the choosing of cast; he must be thorough.

Continuing this brilliant series on the actual making of motion pictures with more exciting inside information about what takes place on the other side of the camera.
familiar with every department... he may know what to order and what can...

He has to be artist, writer, technician, carpenter, himself in spirit, in understanding, if not in actuality. But the task he does is not based on his versatile abilities so much as on his unique genius; his intangible knack of connecting all the loose, completely separate scenes of a photoplay into one seamless picture in which not only the physical sequences are merged and transitioned, but in which the tempo mood is held throughout the story.

As one of these Metro Big Men explained it to me, "Any movie is made up of hundreds of incidents—little scenes—which must somehow be made to integrate themselves like vegetables in a ragout. And they must connect not only in terms of lighting and placement but in mental atmosphere. . . . It's very hard to put into words. But you understand that we shoot Joan Crawford saying something to Brian Ahern one

not even get around to his answer and then in the interim he's had plenty of opportunity to lose on a horse race and get into a foul mood or win and get very pleased with himself and the world; all that shows in his manner, his voice—but I can't let it show in the picture.

"I have to remember how he looked earlier in the day, even the way he felt; I have to prod the afternoon Brian back into the morning Brian, no matter how long it takes."

Most directors have acting backgrounds, of course: Jack Conway ("Viva Villa"), Charles Reisner, Robert Z. Leonard, Harry Beaumont, Edgar Selwyn, Ernst Lubitsch and Col. W. S. Van Dyke; Charles Brabin in England and Richard Boleslawski in Russia. Some have done other things as a start—George Hill ("Good Earth"), Sidney Franklin ("The Barretts"), and Victor Fleming ("Treasure Island") were cameramen: George Cukor was a stage director; Clarence Brown was an automotive engineer, Gregory La Cava, an animated cartoonist, Raoul Walsh, a Marine Corps officer.

They have assistants, these men, on whose shoulders is cast all the dirty work, all the detail, all the maddening worry about little things. A director's assistant is the first person on the set every day, the last to leave it. He inspects the background for any fault, calls the actors when they're needed, checks with wardrobe; he makes a little chart which maps out the picture's progress day by day and indicates what players, what gowns and what make-ups go with what sets at what time. He is a harried person, always too busy to talk or sit—but there is this about him: he may and probably will one day be a director himself. Justification enough, he thinks, for the slaving he does.

Besides these moguls, and the stars themselves, there are others present in this kaleidoscope [Please turn to page 81]
VIOLET LANGLEY, MILWAUKEE, WIS. — Walter Abel entered pictures in 1933, and has appeared in "The Three Musketeers," "Two in the Dark," and "The Lady Consents." He was born in St. Paul, Minn., is five feet ten inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. He attended high school in St. Paul and graduated from the Academy of Dramatic Arts in 1917. He played in stock and vaudeville companies and then on the New York stage in "Mourning Becomes Electra." He has the lead opposite Ann Harding in "The Witness Chair."

RUTH KNESLER, HANGOR, PA. — Myrna Loy was born Aug. 2, 1905, in Helena, Montana. She weighs 115 pounds, is five feet five with light auburn hair and green eyes. She attended the Westlake School for girls in Los Angeles, and began her stage career as a dancer. For several years she played Oriental parts, but since "The Animal Kingdom," she has had enormous success in drawing room comedy and sophisticated roles. Her current picture is "Petticoat Fever," with Robert Montgomery.

M. L. TORRES, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL.—Ralph Bellamy was born in Chicago, Ill., on June 6, 1904. He weighs 178 pounds, is six feet one and a half inches tall with light brown hair and blue eyes. After graduating from high school he founded a Little Theater of his own but later went on the road with stock companies, and finally on the New York stage in "Coquette."

1930, his latest appearance was in "The Secret Six." He is married to Katherine Willard, herself an actress. His latest appearance is in "Roaming Lady." Mr. Bellamy is an excellent bridge player and has a hobby of collecting old music boxes.

A large photograph of him was in the January, 1935 issue of Photoplay.

SARA, MARION, IND. — Dorothy Wilson, the heroine of Harold Lloyd's new picture, "The Milky Way," was born in Minneapolis, Minn., on Nov. 14, 1909. She weighs 113 pounds, is five feet one and a half inches tall with brown hair and blue eyes. She had no stage experience before, and after graduating from school was a stenographer at the age of 16. The picture was "The Young Idea." She entered pictures in 1926, and has appeared in "White Shadows," "Dixie," "The Stampede," "The Showoff," "The Man Who Married His Wife," "Dixon," "The Last of Mrs. Lincoln," "On Trial," "The Unseen," "Baptist," "The Man Without a Country," "Bitter Money," "The Man from Nowhere," "The Laughing Magician," and "The Perfect Fool." Her latest pictures are "Mourning Becomes Electra," "Roaming Lady," "Mourning Becomes Electra," and "The Perfect Fool." She has appeared in several pictures in "The Secret Six." He is married to Katherine Willard, herself an actress. His latest appearance is in "Roaming Lady." Mr. Bellamy is an excellent bridge player and has a hobby of collecting old music boxes.

In 1930, his latest appearance was in "The Secret Six." He is married to Katherine Willard, herself an actress. His latest appearance is in "Roaming Lady." Mr. Bellamy is an excellent bridge player and has a hobby of collecting old music boxes.

A large photograph of him was in the January, 1935 issue of Photoplay.

The ANSWER MAN is a librarian of facts concerning screen plays and personalities. Your questions are not limited, but brevity is desirable. Also, The Answer Man must reserve the right not to answer questions regarding contests in other publications. If you wish an answer direct, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address your queries to The Answer Man, Photoplay Magazine, 1226 Broadway, New York City.
Pursuit of the Hollywood He-Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

I think he still is—and escaped unscathed. But—but let's be fair. Wasn't practically every other woman in America, at that time, pursuing Mr. Gable? If not in fact, in fancy. Weren't they just as eager to have Mr. Gable play leading man for them as any of the Hollywood beauties? Merely lack of opportunity made the difference in their procedure. They wrote fan letters. The Hollywood stars wrote demands for a new leading man.

But to come back to the idea which all this suggested to me that only in Hollywood is there real and actual equality between the sexes.

In the first place, these so-called predatory females of Hollywood who pursue the he-men, are in every possible way complete and independent units on their own accounts. More so than any women I know anywhere else in the world. They are famous. They are all without exception either beauties or great personalities or—well, at least they have something that attracts millions of people up to a little window to pay money to see them.

They earn as much—often more—money than the men.

Carole Lombard, for instance, has one of the most beautiful houses in Hollywood. Her parties are famous. As a hostess she has no superior in the brilliant film colony. She earns a huge salary; she is admired by millions; she has a life of her own and is a complete and famous individual herself.

Therefore, it isn't at all strange that she acts about as a man would act when personal matters engage her attention.

The false pride, the feeling of insecurity, the general feminine feeling that she must wait to be sought, isn't present and can't be present in women who have already conquered half the modern universe. They naturally assume that people are going to like them and they proceed along those lines.

The lady who owns a beautiful home, who has a charming setting of her own, doesn't think anything of inviting a man to dine with her.

There is, as a matter of fact, a "new sex" today. The independent and famous woman who makes her own living, pays her income tax, is sought after and run after, who has to compete with other famous women—her outlook on life cannot possibly be the same as that of the average woman. And I can tell you now that it jolly well isn't.

In the case of Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, I would like to bet you a lot of money that Carole is having a lot of fun and getting a lot of laughs and that she will give Mr. Gable plenty of fun and excitement before she is through. The pursuit, if any, will amuse her and that will probably be all there is to it. Unless somewhere along the line she and Clark should discover something more than a little game and learn to keep life happy.

There is another angle to be considered where motion picture stars are concerned.

One of them, who for ten years has been at the top of the list, once told me that she absolutely had to make the advances where men were concerned.

"If I didn't," she said, laughing, "I wouldn't have ever a beau."

It isn't difficult to understand. The average man, who doesn't like being overshadowed, isn't as a rule seeking a love affair or marriage or anything else with a woman who is more famous and has a greater earning capacity than he has.

The average man wouldn't, for instance, think of attempting to date up Garbo, or Dietrich, or Carole Lombard, or Katharine Hepburn. Even in Hollywood, these ladies seem somewhat inaccessible. Their glamour burns very brightly. Men are afraid of them, for many reasons which my friend the eminent screen stars. They are, after all, but men—these he-men of Hollywood and I have seen them as tongue-tied and fascinated in the presence of some of these glamorous ladies as any other men would be.

I don't think Hollywood women are predatory exactly.

I admit they pursue. I admit they select.

But I think they do it simply because they regard themselves quite naturally as being on exactly the same footing as men. They have had to discard the protection and the privacy and the helplessness of woman. They have had to compete for place and success, and most of them have done it alone. They have met the world face to face. Isn't it pretty natural that they should neither ask nor give quarter?

They aren't the happiest women in the world, this new sex. The struggle between their feminine instincts and their trained equality is pretty great sometimes. They have, the majority of them, masculine minds and outlooks, and feminine emotions and instincts. They get torn apart.

But personally I'm not much worried about the he-men. I guess they're having a pretty good time and getting a break at that.
"My dear, did you hear? We're being cast for the next Joan Crawford picture!"
-and Something New

Blush pink embroidered organza hostess gown, bound in gros-grain. A satin slip

Photos By
Rae Hoffman

Gowns: sheer white, backless with sailor collar; trimly tailored, or "something blue," with fagoting and embroidered dots

The rustle of taffeta petticoats worn under spring frocks sounds the note of fashion. Satin mules of medieval design

The gown of a bridal set to be coveted is of white satin and Alençon lace, with pleated chiffon insert. Bonwit Teller
Boos and Bouquets

A word of encomium, also, for that charming newcomer, June Travis, who is destined to go far if she gets the right rôles. To miss "Ceiling Zero" is to be deprived of one of the finest treats the cinema has offered.


$1 PRIZE
FORWARD WITH TECHNICOLOR

When I thought it impossible for anything more to be developed in the marvelously scientific motion picture field, I saw the curtain open upon a new era in filmland, that of technicolor. I followed its development from the experimental stages; sat enthralled with the beauty of "Becky Sharp" and now give three cheers for "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." I shall never forget the gorgeous symphony of color, even in the simplest scenes. It is truly an auspicious beginning of a great epoch. Forward with technicolor!

WILLIAM S. MULFORD, Milwaukee, Wis.

$1 PRIZE
PAY ATTENTION TO DIXIE

Calling All Fans! Calling All Fans! Attention everybody who is anybody. I just want to tell you to be on the lookout for a new star from Georgia. Her name is Dixie Dunbar, the nicest five feet, ninety-eight pounds of personality I've seen in a long time.

She is not only a clever little dancer but a cute little trick whom you can't seem to forget. Fifty million American Americans can't be wrong, so let's give her a big hand to stardom.

BEULAH MAE KLINK, Canton, Ohio.

$1 PRIZE
FREDDIE IS STAR STUFF

I was never particularly impressed by the performance of a child movie star. But the appearance of Freddie Bartholomew has certainly changed my ideas. His charming English manners, his perfect diction, his unique personality and his brilliant acting have definitely stamped him as a great discovery. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was quick to recognize his genius when they signed him practically unknown, and he has rewarded their confidence by turning out some of the greatest performances ever seen on the screen.

FRANCES HARWIN, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A TRIBUTE TO TROUERS

Bouquets to two people who seldom have starred in a picture, and yet have often made the pictures in which they have appeared. They are Basil Rathbone, and Edna May Oliver. Without them, "David Copperfield" would have been tame indeed, and what other actors could have played the parts they took in "A Tale of Two Cities"?

I maintain we give too much adulation to the stars, and fail to show our appreciation of all those grand troupers without whose support the stars would fall.

MARTHA K. WETT, Nashville, Tenn.

MAKES AUDIENCE CHEER

On every side since the release of M-G-M's sea opus, "Mutiny on the Bounty," praise has been heard for the excellent characterizations given by Charles Laughton as Captain Bligh and Clark Gable as Fletcher Christian. But there has been little or no commendation given to Franchot Tone for his truly great performance as Midshipman Byam.

To my mind, the dignity, austerity and yet the simplicity of Mr. Tone's dramatic address at the trial stands as one of the outstanding pieces of acting since the advent of talking pictures.

Any actor who can, as Franchot Tone succeeded in doing, make theater audiences cheer for a speech which is given on the screen deserves every bit of the praise accorded him.

JACK B. COLE, Jamul, Calif.

UNFAIR EXPECTATIONS

It is most unfair to expect autographs from the stars, and after all is said and done, they don't mean a thing.

Anyone can get one by hounding their favorite long enough and the chances are it will be given unwillingly and not in good spirit.

The system you use, of mobbing, mauling and tearing a person to bits, is sufficient to make a Saint lose patience and the stars do well to stand up under the strain at all.

Of course, they realize they must give them—a refusal and their fickle admirers turn instantly to a new star of the day.

The Temples took Shirley to the beach, picking a spot away from others, but soon a lady spotted her and, of course, asked for her autograph which Shirley gave. Soon the mob descended and she had to be taken home without her play.

See the trouble you autographers cause others?

MRS. CLAIRE POWELL, San Mateo, Calif.
The Private Life of a Talking Picture

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

of activity called a sound stage: Here the "grip" men, the script girl, the electricians, the sound experts, the cameramen—all essential, all important cogs in the one big movie wheel. There are the "grips," husky fellows whose keen minds are trained to meet constant emergencies with intelligent split-second responses. They carry things—walls and tables and chairs and boxes—as ordered; they lift and tug and move the heavy machinery from one place to another; they are inexhaustible. If you asked a "grip" to change the Empire State Building's location he'd say "Yessir," spit on his hands, call for a rope, and start to work...

There is the script girl, of special consequence. "I," remarked one of them to me with becoming modesty, "am the director's left hand man"—and she spoke the truth. Seated at a little chair-desk with the yellow-bound book of dialogue in her lap, she keeps track of every bit of clothing, every tie, hat corsage, and the order in which they are worn from scene to scene. She can't make a mistake—if she does, Bob Montgomery is liable to come up to a doorway wearing a panama and come through that door on the other side wearing a grey fedora.

She watches the wardrobe in the lines, prompts forgetful actors, remarks the slate numbers, and generally keeps things straight. There is so very, very much to keep straight.

Then there are the electricians, artists as well as scientists and mechanics. I stood with one of these amazing men on a cat-walk high above the ceiling-less interior one afternoon and, in intervals between heart-stopping slips and clutchings, listened to a highly technical discourse on the business of lighting a stage. Some of it wouldn't interest you, some I could understand. Of the many kinds of incandescents with which he works a few of necessity be explained.

First, he adjusts huge "sunspots"—giant globe spotlights—on three sides; "baby spots" (the name described them) are moved into place. They are more delicate shading; an "arc spotlight" gives central concentrated light on desk or table; rectangular floor lamps with blinders or black screens to subdue their intensity stand below to give low illumination to the foreground.

Just a matter of pointing lights at things?

Listen: "The faces to be photographed as well as the mood of the scene (said the electrician) must be taken into consideration. If the dialogue is melancholy, the lighting is soft, tender; if the action is fast and gay, the lighting is brightened and intensified. If the stars are smooth and soft in appearance, we must define it sharply; we must remember not to distort the all-important nose-line, or bring ears into prominence.

"For the main figure in the scene we use many soft lights instead of just a few bright ones—and then for that extra snap and sparkle we add one small spotlight. The average face requires only a mellow diffused glow, and background shading must be uniform with the color-tones of the star's gown. Above all, we must avoid flatness: there is always something that needs high-lighting—a wave in blond hair, the curve of a silver vase, something...."

"All that's easy," I interrupted, "compared with keeping your balance on these silly little planks up here. It's a wonder any of you live more than a few days—gimme a hand, will you, for the love of Mike."

There are these people of great moment. And there are, for your very special regard this month, the cameramen and the sound staff. But before we probe into their personal activities we'll talk first with Douglas Shearer, who is head of Metro's sound department and who is, incidentally, the greatest man of his field living today. From him we'll learn the principle behind modern photography and looks it there for an immeasurable fraction of a second, and then releases it to pull up another. This makes a clicking noise, of course, and so the cameras have to be enclosed in heavy metal bungalows, called 'blimps,' to keep the sound muffled away from the lines."

He paused while I assimilated. "Then when sound came along," he went on, "we had a lot of new problems. At first the words and the lip movement of the speakers didn't correspond, tones were bad, the whole was shattering to the nerves. The scientific principle of the talkies—but that's simple."

He recited rapidly, while my unaccustomed brain turned mental somersaults: "A mike, like any phone receiver, has a diaphragm which vibrates to sound. These vibrations set up a tiny electric current that is amplified as are radio waves sent out from a broadcasting station; the amplified current travels through a coil, causing a light valve to flutter, thus creating a minute slit that opens and closes. A beam of light passing through this slit falls on moving film, imprinting there a ribbon-like light of different gradations.

"At this point the voice of the actor has been transformed into a wriggly streak on celluloid. To play it back into sound again another beam of light is passed through the moving film, and falls on an electric cell, where it sets up a series of dark and light split-seconds; they start an identical series of vibrations which are amplified and played through a loudspeaker hidden in the theater stage. Our modern screen in full voice."

"Yes, indeed," I muttered brightly. "As you say, very simple."

He smiled continued: "All sound from the set is picked up by the mikes and carried over electric cables here to this department, where twelve recording machines photograph it. On each stage there's a glass-enclosed "Monitor Room" where 'mixers' sit, adjusting and regulating volume."

"Oh, that's what they are," I said. I'd seem a fool. I'd also seen the central recording building, a sprawling place with great battery rooms where storage cells maintain an unvarying current; with machine shops for overhauling equipment; with projection rooms where only the sound-track is run off and tested. I said, "Go on."

He went on. He talked enthusiastically for almost an hour on this subject about which he knows more than anyone else in the world. Since I'm writing magazine articles, not a book, I must somehow tell you what he said in a paragraph or two.

Modern picture sound has reached its present degree of perfection, then, because: first, the technicians know their job thoroughly. They are students, with no precedent and with no text-book to study except that of try and fail, try and succeed, try again and eventually succeed every try. They have discovered wider ranges of vibrations, and vibrations of higher frequency; they have learned secrets of echoes and bounce backs; they have faced the problems of acoustics, of different types of theater sound machines, and they have solved those problems. They are, in every sense of the word, experts.

Second, the equipment is advanced, better

Happily married to George O'Brien, lovely Marquise Churchill finds she is in demand for pictures. She is under contract to Universal in modern recording in talking pictures; we'll discover why the 1936 movie is so much better from a technical standpoint than that of ten years ago in the flicker era; and we'll know, finally, the meaning of progress."

"Progress," Norma Shearer's brother told me, tapping on his desk with a pencil, "in this phase of motion pictures has been so fast, so tremendous in the last few years that it's been hard to keep up with it. Equipment, knowledge of details—all are new science. We had to start from scratch, of course, and Heaven only knows what we'll be able to do in another decade."

In the beginning we had only the cinematic idea—ager: that if pictures of progressive motion are passed rapidly before the eye the objects lose their still life and leap into action—at least, that's the illusion. You know, of course, that when we're shooting, the ribbon of film doesn't move behind the lenses in continuous motion; you'd get nothing but a blur that way. Instead, a ratchet effect pulls a section of 'frame' of celluloid back of the glass.
in all details. The department and Shearer have invented the little “acorn tube,” the new “bullet mike,” and lighter portable boomies. (Booms are long metal arms, worked by gears, that suspend the microphone out over the set.) A new turbulence development has removed the last vestige of chemical wavering or flicker from the sound-strip; easier movement of the mike has brought steady volume in sound.

Third, miracle-man Shearer has found a way to eliminate useless noise, and to choose from a medley of sound the one tone or note he wants most to capture. It’s called “directorial recording,” he told me, and is accomplished by means of a parabolic reflector—like the curved mirror of a telescope—which selects any special voice and tosses it straight into the mike. Thus from amidst the shrilling din of a traffic-filled intersection one whispered sentence stands out sharply, in understandable clearness.

AND finally, Metro’s technical staff can make sounds that don’t exist! It’s not so difficult as it appears; they just run a swiftly alternating current through a light-valve coil, and photograph the vibrations. When the strip is played back they get a shrill note that can be changed in key by changing the alternation degree.

You should be interested in knowing that M-G-M, that unbelievable place, has a library of noise. Stored away in a giant reference room are miles of sound-track film, on which have been recorded every sort of vibration known to man. You can look up a bit of celluloid, run it through a machine, and listen to roosters crowing, women yawning, or a storm on the Atlantic with all the variations of pounding waves, driving rain, and thunder. I spent an entire morning there, just listening; it’s a lot better than a record store.

But so much for sound. Photography is next, and there’s more to tell about that science-art than about Mr. Shearer’s department because cameras were being developed years before talking pictures were thought of.

An entire building, an entire studio section, is devoted to those complicated little masses of machinery called cameras; there are offices, repair rooms, experimental laboratories and a storehouse—Metro maintains the largest department of this kind in existence (That super-supercritical phrase again; but can I help it?). This particular studio uses three standard types: Bell, Howell, and Mitchell. For following airplanes and for especially fast work they reserve the Graingers and the Akeley, and for photographing titles they’ve invented a special machine. Each camera has a “turret” or turn-table carrying three lenses—a two-inch, a three-inch, and a 40 millimeter circle of polished glass; with these they can achieve any angle they want, take in as little or as much space on the set as they care to, and manage other desirable effects so necessary to a good movie.

Aside from things like tracks for moving the camera silently and other perfectly obvious developments there is one Gargantuan device that you must know about. It’s called the “Rotambulator” and is the answer to all those questions of yours about how one is able to sit in a theater and seemingly sweep across ballroom ceilings, and in out of doorways and windows, following the action as it speeds along. In lay terms, it is a steel turn-table mounted on wheels and ball-bearings, making possible any movement of the heavy camera bungalow with micrometer precision.

The camera, hung on gears, is attached to a vertical rod, and wheel controls operated like pointer-controls on artillery, move the “blimp” laterally, transversely, and vertically—all directions at once or only one direction at a time. The whole affair is big enough to hold a cameraman and his assistant, the usual paraphernalia, and even the mike and its light supports. Being counter-balanced and gear-controlled the “Rotambulator” is a docile monster, moving at the touch of a finger although its weight is measured in tons. Obsidian it rises and falls, describes great arcs, advances and retreats, or swings over the players’ heads and trains on the entire set.

For special effects photographers have turned chemists and scientists at will, inventing things daily to meet their needs. They fused with the celluloid and finally came forth with a new panchromatic super-sensitive film that solved the light problem, eliminating the intense heat of former years; they brought depth and feeling and quality to the screen, and made machinery that can test effects with millionth part-of-an-inch accuracy—that can catch as little as one thousandths of a candle light....

They needed phantasmagoria scenes to interpret diazines or drunkenness, so they fixed up a whirling lens with four planes that revolved in that familiar morning-after way. They built cameras to super-impose figures on foreign background and otherwise to fool you, the public; a special kind of deceit which is vaguely called “production” and which is kept, closely guarded and watched over, a secret. Why not?—you enjoy the illusions these modern magicians bring you, and if you knew how they were done you’d lose interest fast. If you’re of a practical nature, with good technical background, you can guess most of it; but don’t ask Metro to verify your results. They’ll be polite and sympathetic—and adamant.

Of the cameraman personally you must know that he is respected on the set as an artist; that in the course of his work he photographs not a figure but a character; that he must know how to eliminate blemishes from a star’s face by the “diffusion lens” process; that he is called on for every type of effect from oil-painting textures to eerie murderous moods; that, working closely with the director, he is one of the biggest reasons why a movie is either good or bad.

And so, now that you know your background, you can understand what actually happens when I describe to you the progressive action of a scene in the shooting.

The set is lighted, to the satisfaction of all and sundry.

The camera is ready, the sound department is ready, the stars are ready. They know their lines, it is hoped.

Out of the riotous insanity of the sound stage comes the miracle of silence. Into the stillness an assistant shouts, fiercely, “Quiet, everybody! We’re shooting!”

“That last rehearsal looked all right,” says the director to his side. The aide nods. “Roll ‘em,” commands the director.

The cameras start, the slate is clicked. “Okay for sound,” remarks the man at the boom. A moment of silence...

“Action.”

Set doors open and close. People laugh and talk and weep and kiss and knock each other down and sleep in beds.

“Cut! That’s not at all bad—more emotion on the embrace, Miss Harlow. All right, roll ‘em.”

The scene is identical, but there is more emotion in Miss Harlow’s embrace. “We’ll print that,” says the director finally. “Test for sound, please.”

NOISE comes out of hiding and fills the building. Stars retire into portable dressing rooms to smoke and rest and study lines. The scene is done.

And so am I—for this month. In the concluding story of our series, in PHOTOPLAY’s next issue, we’ll go to a location camp to study its problems; we’ll cover music, one of the greatest departments in any studio; and we’ll follow the reels of film from camera to theater, through development and cutting and editing and all the things that transform meaningless detached sequences into a finished movie.

And when you’ve finished that story you’ll know how a talking picture is made.

Acting is simple. Just how simple, is proved by "Professor" Jack Oakie who offers to teach budding stars the essentials in six lessons beginning with coyness and ending in a burst of passion. Jack’s current picture is "Florida Special"; "Burlesque" next...
At 6—Sally is tired out after a hard office day

At 7—Sally is radiant, gay, her skin fresh and delicately fragrant

This quick Beauty Bath peps you up—leaves you dainty...

For the girl who wants to win out with men, daintiness is all-important. There's a world of fascination in skin that's not only thoroughly clean, but delicately fragrant, too!

You'll love the way a Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath relaxes and refreshes you. You'll love the fresh, sweet odor it gives your skin. And here's another important thing:

The lather of Lux Toilet Soap is active. It cleans the pores deeply, carrying away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. After a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you feel like a different person. You're ready for conquests—and you look it!

9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap because they've found it such a superb complexion care. They use it as a bath soap, too, because they know neck and shoulders need the beautifying care this gentle soap gives.
(remember it?), over the large black hat she wore with the printed frock, over the trains on her tea gowns and a dozen other charming details. Banton won most of the rounds in this particular contest, and when every leading fashion magazine in the country went into columns and pages of raptures over Colbert's superb sartorial spree in the picture, his beautiful adversary came hurrying to the fitting-room in true abnegation. "She said:

"Honesty, Travis, I'll never argue with you.

frock of tulle was Claudette's Getiseman. She flatly refused to wear it, so Banton designed another costume to take its place. But the very next week Claudette spied one of the studio's younger players swishing across the lot in the discarded gown and once again there was a scene of contrition in Banton's suite. "The frock is lovely. You're right, and I'm wrong again. You're always right, damn you. But this time I mean it, I'll never argue..."

(And so on).

The luminous Marlene Dietrich's flair for unusual clothes to ornament her beautiful face and figure make her one of the most exciting sights in Hollywood. She is leaving the Trocadero wearing a magnificent fox cape again. Every decision you make always turns out right. I'll wear whatever you design for me from now on and without a single comment, honestly.

And what's more, she did exactly that (well, for six months anyway). They didn't enjoy a single argument until her next big dress picture, "The Gilded Lilly." On that occasion a

But no one would be more surprised than Banton if Claudette made good her repeated avowals, and no one would be more dejected. For what man prefers the chilly garlands of tranquillity from a beautiful woman when he can bask in the warmth of her spirited and combative friendship?

And Banton has beautiful proof of that friendship. One June afternoon in 1933 Claudette revealed her magnificent loyalty to her designer appearing with four other models in a model show put on for the first (and far from last) fashion show for the press. Only those who knew her well could calculate at what terrific cost Claudette sauntered and pirouetted before those three hundred pairs of staring eyes. And only those who knew her well could discern the pallor beneath her make-up and the trembling of her hands. For hers was the torture that only the inherently timid can suffer. But she went through the ordeal with a firm tread and a steady smile, for wasn't she doing THIS for a FRIEND?

And on that same June afternoon Banton could count a second valiant comrade in his line-up of famous models, Carole Lombard. But for her the show was a lark and a frolic. For her there was no trembling or recollection. The audience could hear the constant ring of her high laughter from the upper floors long before the gay swirl of her entries into the show-room. But somehow you always manage to hear Carole's laughter just before she surges into sight. Banton insists that he never writes down his appointments with her because he can literally hear her leave her dressing-room (two blocks away) and trace her approach across the lot to his fitting-room by the increasing clamor.

His first warning is the echo of a gay whoop (that means she is closing the door of her suite and perhaps saying good-bye to Gary Cooper her next door neighbor!). Next there is a salvo of yowls (that means she is passing Jack Oakie's dressing room). There follows a moment of silence and then the detonation of a gleeful series of bells, yaps and hallos (the invariable signal that she has reached Oscar's bootblack stand just around the corner from the wardrobe building).

From that point the noise gathers into a crashing crescendo as Carole charges up the wardrobe stairs and finally catapults into the fitting-rooms. And as she tears through Banton's outer office she is already rapping at the buttons of her blouse in a paroxysm of impatience to get into the new exciting gowns. While she is disrobing and climbing into an unfinished costume, a volley of happy yelps and squeals reverberate through the closed door to Banton (that means the litter is trying to pin her into a frock and that Carole is wriggling with ecstasy over it).

And a Lombard fitting is no light matter or a thing that is over and done with quickly. For Carole must parade for hours in each new outfit before mirrors, wardrobe seamstresses, stockroom girls, beavers, pressers, clerks, stenographers and typists. Clothes are downright fun for her and she wants everybody to join the frolic. For six years, ever since she did "Safety in Numbers" with Buddy Rogers in 1930, Banton has heard her shriek each time she surveys herself in one of his dresses:

"It's divine. It's too divine. I can't STAND it! It's divine (her nickname for Travis) you're divine and the gown is divine, and I'm divine in it, and oh, call in Edith and Mary and Lefa and Billy to see. Call 'em quick. Hey, everybody want to see something grrrrrrrr, come on..."

| PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 86 |
Don’t let Adolescent Pimples be a handicap to YOU

After the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, or even longer—many young people are troubled by pimples.

During these years, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and pimples break out.

Fleischmann’s fresh Yeast is often prescribed to help get rid of adolescent pimples. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—pimples go!

Eat 3 cakes daily—one about ½ hour before each meal. Eat it regularly—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

---

*Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated*
for the privilege of working with that girl. It must be wrong, don’t you think, to take money for so much sheer pleasure?"

Now the spring of 1930 was fairly spangled with destiny for Travis Banton. In April of that year he met Claudette Colbert and that sleek New York wardrobe she brought with her for the first Hollywood picture, "Manslaughter.

In May he picked himself up from the first dizzy impact with Carole Lombard’s "jolie deivre, and knew he had a "winner" on his hands.

And in June he met Marlene Dietrich. On the occasion of their introduction she uttered not more than four words, but some instinct warned Banton that this unknown and lavishly beautiful woman was about to add an exciting chapter to his Hollywood experience. And even during the somber and impenetrable silences of their first fitting-room encounters (they were for "Morocco") he still continued to believe that some day the enigma of her compelling personality would reveal itself to him.

Banton will never forget those first Dietrich fittings. They took place at midnight because von Sternberg kept her working late on location every night. She would arrive white and unsteady with fatigue, but would accept no word or gesture of sympathy from Banton or his fitter. And so the three of them would set to work in the tomblike stillness of the deserted wardrobe building, Dietrich standing before the mirrors like a caved image, glorious, unfathomable, inexcorable, through the eerie hours.

Sometimes as dress after dress was put over her head, pinned, measured and adjusted with no word or sign from her, Banton had to clamp his teeth over his lips to keep from shrieking. He wanted to yell:

"Say something. Say anything. Tell me it’s terrible, impossible, amateurish, but just say something."

Later he realized that she was merely badly frightened and baffled by a new country, a strange people, an unfamiliar language and the shocking familiarity (to her Continental mind) between stars and studio employees.

He realized all this and refused to admit defeat. Had he not brought Florence Vidor from behind her impervious barrier of aloofness? Had he not won the skeptical Colbert for a staunch friend? He could wait for fear and bewilderment to diminish.

Not until 1933 when Dietrich made "Song of Songs," did the splendid foundations of her secusion begin to crumble. When that picture was completed she sent Banton an exquisite wrist watch with the message that she wished only to thank him in some small way for having made her look so lovely on the screen.

And so the exciting chapter was at last begun and since 1933 it has been etched daily into the pages of Banton’s memory like a series of brilliant vignettes.

There is, for instance, the unforgettable evening of March 10th, 1933, when he stopped by her dressing-room to pick up a long promised autographed picture. She was sitting at her modestly desk, scratching a pen across the photograph with her powerful scrawl, when suddenly the floor heaved beneath them, the walls shook and an unearthly rumble crowds terror into their souls. As from a single anguished throat the cry, "Earthquake!" filled the entire studio, and Banton found himself

[ Please turn to page 88 ]

For six years it has gone on like that, and the bellman and the cacophony is still music to Banton’s ears.

And Carole puts more blind faith into his ability to dress her than any other star (not excepting his gallant admirer, the late Lilyan Tashman). She refuses to look at a sketch or discuss what she should wear in this scene or that. Every trip to his fitting-room, whether for screen or personal clothes, is redolent with surprise for Carole. When her own stock of frocks runs low she will leave a scribbled note colors or materials I prefer. Just go ahead and go fast, darling. Carole."

Along with her superb figure Carole has something Banton contends that few women on the screen possess, a thing he calls “clothes quality.” She has the uncanny gift of shrugging herself into any gown, giving it a pat and a twist and the effect is immediate and devastatingly chic. She handles her body in some mysterious manner that transmits a gripping importance to every costume she wears whether a gingham housedress or a gown of silver cloth.

A perfect picture of the well dressed little scholar in her dark blue Peter Thompson suit, Shirley Temple reads her Photoplay on the set on Travis’s desk similar to the one I saw there the other day. It read:

"Teenie, dear; I need the following and how:

Three evening frocks, three dinner things, four dresses to go under my fur coat, two suits with matching topcoats, two pajamas, one hostess rig. And for heaven’s sake don’t let Fieldsie know (Fieldsie being Madalyne Fields, her efficient secretary who holds on to the purse strings, or tries to). And don’t ask me what
The snapshot came when I was feeling low, wondering if our great day—
THE DAY—will ever come. I can't tell you how much new courage it brought me. Darling! Bob

A LITTLE square of paper can hold so much! Memories... hopes... the look, the very personality of someone you love. Make snapshots now—they'll mean everything to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—you must take Today

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1936

GLAZO presents

A NEW POLISH FAR SUPERIOR TO ALL OLD-STYLE FORMULAS

20¢

The most important news in years, for lovely hands

HERE is such a nail polish as you’ve dreamed of wearing! The new Glazo, with its remarkable new formula, attains a beauty of sheen and color far beyond the realm of polishes of the past. Every longed-for virtue of nail polish perfection reaches its zenith in Glazo’s new creation.

You’ve never seen a polish so rich in lustre ... so long and perfect in wear. Chipping and peeling are gone—and—forgotten woes. Glazo’s exclusive, fashion-approved shades retain their full beauty for several extra days. Streaking becomes a lost word, for new Glazo floats onto every finger with perfect evenness of color. Evaporation has been so amazingly reduced that the polish is usable down to the last drop.

For even a day, don’t deny your fingertips the luxury of this new Glazo. Just 20 cents, fractionsly rescuing a thoroughly calm and completely collected Marlene, who suggested in the midst of the hideous confusion that his "rescu- ing" was really needed across the hall where a terrific Miriam Hopkins was clutching a swaying door-jamb.

Then there is his favorite picture of her at tea time bending over a single gas plate in her dressing-room, stirring up an omelet of delicate perfection for him. And the picture always includes the sharp details of the beautiful incongruity of her appearance as she worked dexterously with eggs and cream and mustard. For on that particular day she was hard at work on "The Scarlet Empress," and although she had removed the encumbering robe of state perfume and had wrapped herself in a gingham coverall apron (the $1.95 sort that good housewives prefer), she was still wearing the towering white wig of Catherine the Great, and her arms, fingers, ears and neck were laden with the heavy Russian crown jewels.

There is also the brittle outlines of a certain morning when she strolled casually into his office to find him hard at work on a sketch for Carole Lombard’s personal wardrobe. "And why have you never done a personal gown for me?" she asked.

BECAUSE I must have an absolutely free hand when I do these off-screen things," he explained. "Miss Lombard gives me complete freedom."

There was a moment electric with silence and then she said: "Will you do the same for me, with a very free hand?"

This was triumph, for Marlene was still concentrating on trousers and mannish evening attire and Banton had yearned to groom her in the soft loveliness that her hyper-femininity demanded. And the first personal gown, a black and jade green affair, managed to stop the show cold when Dietrich appeared in it at the Tropicadero one night. The next morning a truckload of flowers arrived at the Banton front door. Which is Marlene’s lavish way of saying "thank you, very much."

It is interesting to recall that Dietrich quite suddenly discarded her beloved trousers-tuxedo-box-tie formula of dressing with the birth of that famous black and green gown. And if you have any medals to offer for this mighty conversion, pin them on the very deserving chest of one T. Banton.

And the vignettes include bright flashes of Marlene in the fitting-room with her daughter, Maria, for an auditor audience, the pair of them eating ravenously from a ten cent bag of candy purchased at Oscar’s studio boot-black-cigarrette and confectionery stand; of Marlene buying randomly opening her monthly box of gifts from her husband, usually a chic assortment of gloves, handbags, costume jewelry and scarfs; of Marlene sending back lovely costumes for her forthcoming picture and pleading for new ones because she becomes tired and bored with a gown when she sees it hanging in her closet for more than a week; of Marlene standing for fittings from nine in the morning until six at night because she wanted Banton to finish twenty-five gowns for her New York trip; of Marlene eagerly watching him spoon up ambrosia in the form of her magnificent tartate cake and flushing with pleasure when he praised her cooking.

Still another vital date on Banton’s calendar of fate was the golden October afternoon in 1932 when a Paramount official brought a famous New York star to the fitting-room for her first clothes talk. The star was Mae West.

Now Banton had dreaded that meeting for weeks and had put it off as long as possible, for it seems that his uncle, Joab Banton, New York City’s district attorney, was the chief real estate lawyer when Mae was arrested and sent to jail for ten days for her eye-popping show, “Sex.”

Banton hoped that Mae’s memory for names might prove faulty, but the moment their introduction was accomplished she looked searchingly into his face and asked:


Travis admitted the unfortunate family connection and waited for the worst. But to his bewildering relief Mae’s face broke up into hearty smiles. She said: "I don’t know, but I’d known you when the fireworks were going off. Might have had some say with that uncle of yours. But he was a fine gentleman and was only doing his duty. I don’t hold any hard feelings."

And so they buried the past between them and bade each other the future, and it looked very bright, indeed, to Banton. Mae’s fitting-room virtues were a comforting collection, including as they did an even disposition, an innate generosity, and a glorious sense of humor. Their conclaves before the triple mirrors sparked with Mae’s witticisms, quips and stories that usually became world-famous a scant month or two later. No silences, no aloofness, no barriers to break down here. It was going to be a cinch.

But it wasn’t a cinch. With the shattering success of “She Done Him Wrong,” a strange new difficulty arose to haunt Banton at every West fitting. Her disposition remained unimpaired, but not once, since the day she became master of her own screen productions has he been able to capture her complete attention for a single full minute.

Now a half dozen men accompany her to the fitting-room, and there they discuss endlessly the problems of her forthcoming, current or recent picture. Hours late she will arrive with an army of song writers, story writers, cameramen and directors, who carry on their ceaseless talk while Banton tries to coax the overworked star into taking just one good look at herself in the mirror.

SHE has actually gone through the motions of three fittings on a single costume without once noticing its color or adornment. The day she dons it for work on the set she is quite likely to say: "Oh, this is a pink dress. I thought all along it was blue."

And then there is the tangled web of her superstitions. Her list is really admirable, including such taboos as pearls (they mean endless sorrow); Sunday work on any of her costumes; the hatching of her eyes; any name she is given the company might be (Banton doesn’t know the reason for this one); peacock feathers or any- thing that resembles them (just good old fashioned bad luck); stitching on any gown she is wearing, even if it is a mere rip caused during the making of a scene (it means to mean a poor picture or play something); and the every day assortment that forbids whistling in the fitting-room or dressing-room, the complicated behavior of umbrellas and a superfluous caution where mirrors, ladders and black cats are concerned.

And then there is the unfinished business concerning Mae’s ever trailing skirts (unfinished as far as Banton is concerned). Twelve years ago he managed successfully to wheedle Pola Negri and Leatrice Joy out of their beloved dramatic trains.

Why not Mae West in 1936?
BUSY WOMEN GO PLACES COMFORTABLY IN ENNA JETTICKS

Since busy women like Esther Ralston have no time to worry over shoe smartness or comfort, Enna Jetticks are a real find for them. Enna Jetticks are smart... as the pictures show. And now they come to you "hand-flexed" (broken in by hand)... made lighter and more flexible... more comfortable... than ever before. That's why women as busy as Miss Ralston always know where to find Enna Jetticks. Why not follow them and enjoy real shoe smartness and comfort in your new WHITE Enna Jetticks this Summer!

Enna Jetticks

$5 and $6

SIZES 1 TO 12 WIDTHS AAAAA TO EEE

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

AMERICA'S SMARTEST WALKING SHOES GO PLACES COMFORTABLY
Dinner for One, Please, Johns

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25]

"I can’t promise," she told me frowning. "Right now I’d be willing to bet this house against that doughnut you’re eating that I’ll never marry again. But then people have said that before."

"Just now I want to have a good time. I want to keep my friends and see them often—I want to be able to go dancing with some fellow without reading next day in the papers that I’m engaged to him."

She paused, looking impressively in her cup.

"That’s what happened with Robert Taylor and me, you know."

"I think we might do well to clear that up," I said. "The newspapers won’t take your ‘No’ for an answer."

"But it’s so absurd!" She smiled to hide her annoyance. "I went to the Tropicana that first night with Zeppo Marx and his wife—I go around a lot with them—and Bob was there. He came over, talked a while, asked me to dance... And someone snapped a picture while we were walking out to the floor. Next morning I read that I was ‘being seen at all the night-spots’ with Robert Taylor. Good Heavens! We were Mister and Miss to each other that evening!

"Anyway, he called me the next day, and made a date to go dancing at the Beverly Wilshire; we both like the orchestra there. After that we were ‘going to be married any minute now.’ You understand? We amused each other, we danced well together, we were good friends. We went down to Ocean Park and rode on the carousers and shot clay pigeons and tossed darts at balloons—had a marvelous time. But to the gossip it was a romance—it was Barbara Stanwyck forgetting her sorrow in a new love.

"And the worst of it is, no matter how sensible both of you are there’s a strained feeling that creeps out finally when you see that person whose name was linked with yours. You joke about it and pass it off, but nevertheless there’s a trace of uneasy formality in the conversation.”

We sat in silence for a moment, each doing a little individual worrying over the set-up. Then:

"Oh well, it doesn’t really matter. You know what my stand is. You appreciate the way I feel. All the melodramatics and the hysteria of my life are past—I expect to lead a normal and happy, if slightly crazy, existence whether the papers like it or not. I’ll work hard at my job, not because I want to ‘lose my pain in work’ but because I like being busy. I like acting. Even if a picture turns out badly, I can remember the fun I had making it—and that’s a good thing, when you enjoy the task that earns your living for you.

"I’ll go about supper rooms and cabarets with my friends, and get photographed and gossiped about; I’ll fly a kite some gauzy afternoon because the wind will be just right and because flying a kite will seem like a good idea—and if there’s a man anywhere in sight, I’ll be rumored engaged to him. And I won’t get married, and I’ll have fun.”

There was no bitterness in this little monologue. There might have been a year ago. She took herself very seriously then.

But this was the new Stanwyck laughing at herself, at a situation, and at life in general. And enjoying it.

The next hour we spent at her huge automatic recording machine, watching it slip record after record onto the disk, haggling over what would be next. She liked Ray Noble, Ambrose, Hilton, and some orchestra that could play “Limehouse Blues” so that it sounded like a Hashesh dream. I liked Cab Calloway and wanted to hear that thing about Minnie kicking the gong around.

The conversation sounded like two clerks in a record store talking business. She lives by that music, goes to bed and to sleep with it, playing, wakes up in the morning with “The St. Louis Blues” crashing in her ears.

A year ago she had little time or inclination for jazz. She was too busy being unhappy—too busy discovering herself.

Well, that was a year ago..."

don’t forget... bring home lamps that STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

15-25-40-60 WATT MAZDA LAMPS only 15¢

Also the famous G-E "Dime" Lamp. The first real value in a 10c lamp. It is available in 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watt sizes, and is marked like this... G E
You're sure when you wear a Jantzen. It is America's finest fitting swimming suit. Many suits, you know, fit satisfactorily in the try-on rooms. Not so many a month later. And a swimming suit must retain perfect-fitting qualities if it is to retain its style, beauty and comfort. Week after week, month after month, a Jantzen fits perfectly. The magic of Jantzen-stitch molds it to your body gently, firmly, with an amazing degree of figure control.

Never before have such glamorous swimming suit fabrics been created as the new Jantzen Kava-Knits. They combine rare and unusual beauty with permanent perfect-fitting qualities. These fashionable fabrics have been styled into the most striking new models of the season. See them at your favorite shop or store.
YESTERDAY, a HOTEL—a SAVANNAH—Republic

THE GIRL FROM MANDALAY—Republic

THIS was intended to be a rip-roaring jungle picture—but it isn’t. Too much restraint so far as action is concerned makes the story mildly uninteresting. It’s a somewhat morbid affair about a British plantation foreman who goes to Mandalay after his fiancée has jilted him. There he meets a cabaret girl (Kay Linaker) and marries her. She likes to flirt, and obviously has done plenty of it in her time—anyway, there are complications, with a man on the next plantation involved. You get tired of her regeneration and of Nagel’s nobility, and wish the tiger hunt would get going. The cast tries hard.

ABSOLUTE QUIET—M.G.M

DON’T try to make sense out of this batty comedy melodrama and you may get a lot of fun and one or two stepped-up heart beats out of it; take it seriously and you are sunk. Lionel Atwill, a sinister but sickly gent, is ordered to his ranch for a rest. When an airplane crash downs a lot of people he doesn’t like on his hands and two escaped killers take refuge on his property, he attempts the rôle of fate-maker.

THE DESERT PHANTOM—Supreme

INGLING mystery with the usual hardriding Western plot, this sage-brush saga is definitely above the average of its kind. Johnny Mack Brown is surprisingly good as the ex-cowboy who catches the Phantom, and the photography is excellent. Story revolves around an unnamed sharpshooter who tires to force the sale of a ranch and its adjoining goldmine. The girl owner (Sheila Mannors) will have none of his high-handed methods, however, and John Mack Brown’s arrival is fortunately timed. There’s good romance and tense drama throughout. You’ll enjoy it.

KING OF THE PECOS—Republic

A NICELY photographed, but stereotyped Western with the usual fast shooting, hard riding cattlemen. With the help of John Wayne, a young lawyer motivated by his desire to revenge his parents murdered by a gang of thieves who stole their water rights, law and order finally triumphs. Murial Evans is lightly romantic and Cy Kendall is splendid as the hard boiled thief.

JAILBREAK—Warner’s

SET within the bleak walls of a famous big house, this story of murder and escape evolves logically to a good surprise finish. Craig Reynolds is given top rôle as the reporter who solves everything. June Travis handles her rather thankless part ably and Dick Purcell does his best work as chief menace. It’s exciting melodrama.

THREE ON THE TRAIL—Sherman—Paramount

HERE’S another one of those Hopalong Cassidy Westerns with a little slower tempo, but better suspense. William Boyd is the same likeable cow puncher and this time Onslow Stevens comes in to make you grind your teeth in sheer hate. The unimportnt story deals with Hoppy’s savage chase after villain Stevens.

THE FIRST BABY—20th Century-Fox

EVERYONE will find something personally appealing in this well written and well enacted story of a young couple who encounter in-law trouble that lands their marriage on the rocks. Of the splendid cast Johnny Downs as the husband, Marjorie Gateson as his wife’s selfish mother, and Jane Darwell as his sensible mother are definitely outstanding.

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED—Columbia

WHEN man-hating Mary Astor meets woman-hating Myron Douglas the fun starts and keeps rolling Mary and Douglas from jail to maternity. Story revolves around Edith Fellows and George McKay, respective offspring of Mary and Douglas, and their attempts to keep their parents apart. Succeeding too well they proceed to reunite them with a well planned hoax; laughs and mixups result. Setting lovely. The capers of the children are natural and refreshing.

DON’T GAMBLE WITH LOVE—Columbia

ONCE partners in a gambling club, Ann Sothern and Bruce Cabot find that wedlock and gambling do not mix. Wife Ann exposes the tricks of her husband’s trade in an exciting climax that will make you forget the familiarity of this otherwise ordinary film of domestic strife. Good acting by an effective supporting cast, including Elizabeth Risdon, Clifford Jones and Irving Pichel.

THE HARVESTER—Republic

STRICTLY a family picture, this homely Saga of love among the corn husks is sincerely and simply told. The story is that old stand-by of two women after one man. Joyce Compton is the schemer, Ann Rutherford the heroine, and Russell Hardy the farmer boy. You’ll smile and drip a tear or two and come out feeling happy. See it.

HARD-WORKING DEBUTANTE

Instead of the debut her mother had planned, Rosalind Russell tossed sables, swanky automobiles and the “400” out the window and took the tough road to dramatic stardom.

Don’t miss this grand story on “Roz” Russell in the July PHOTOPLAY, out June 10th.
Win a LINCOLN-ZEPHYR
(or $1500.00 in cash)

IN THE SEALTEST LIMERICK CONTEST FOR MAY!

2nd PRIZE RCA-VICTOR RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION
(or $500.00 in cash)

3rd PRIZE EASTMAN CINÉ-KODAK AND PROJECTOR
(or $300.00 in cash)

4th PRIZE CHEST OF COMMUNITY PLATE SILVER
(or $150.00 in cash)

360 PRIZES WORTH $600000!

THE ICE-CREAM-OF-THE-MONTH IS SEALTEST BUTTER PECAN

HERE IS THE LIMERICK

Here's Sealtest Butter Pecan,
A spoonful will make your a fan,
Without ifs, ands, or buts,
You'll say it's the "nuts,"

Y ou'll be the envy of all your friends, with this Lincoln-Zephyr... the motor-car sensation of 1936! It's new in idea, new in construction, new in beauty, and new in performance... a car ahead of its time; there is no other like it! And you have a chance to own it by scarcely lifting your hand! (1936 license tags and insurance for a year are included with this first prize!)

Look at the other liberal merchandise prizes listed above... and there are 356 more Cash Prizes to be awarded in the Sealtest Limerick Contest for May! Here is opportunity's well-known knock. Don't fail to answer it... don't miss the thrill of winning!

This is what you do: Go to an ice cream dealer selling ice cream produced under the Sealtest System of Laboratory Protection. (He displays the Sealtest Symbol.) Ask for a free Entry-Blank (which must be used!) for the May Contest. Then, (1) simply add the missing line to the limerick... (2) write a brief statement telling why you prefer the ice cream in your community made under the Sealtest System... (3) attach an oval Sealtest Symbol from a package of the ice cream sold by your dealer. That is all you do!... What could be easier or simpler?

Enter this generous Contest. You have 360 chances of winning money or merchandise during May. But enter today. The closing date is Midnight, June 10, 1936.

Sealtest

LOOK FOR THE ICE CREAM DEALER WHO DISPLAYS THIS SYMBOL

Send for "150 New Ways to Serve Ice Cream"... a beautifully illustrated, practical recipe-book prepared by the Sealtest Laboratory Kitchen. To cover mailing-costs, send 10c (stamps or coin) and attach an oval Sealtest Symbol clipped from a package of the ice cream in your community made under the Sealtest System. Address: Sealtest Laboratory Kitchen, Dept. P-6, Radio City, New York City.

Copyright 1936 by Sealtest System Laboratories, Inc.
WE CAN'T PROMISE YOU A
LOVE AFFAIR

...BUT NONSPI THE SAFE DEODORANT DOES PROMISE YOU LASTING PROTECTION

- A love affair must be of your own making. Nonspi promises only to keep you fashidous — what else can you ask of a deodorant? Nonspi is a sure and safe anti-perspirant and deodorant for under-arm moisture ... because:

1. Nonspi has been pronounced entirely safe by highest medical authority.
2. Nonspi can be used full strength by women whose delicate skin forces them to use deodorants half-strength, with only half-way results.
3. Nonspi protection lasts from two to five days ... and you can depend on it.
4. Nonspi's siphon-top bottle prevents contamination. And there's no dripping or waste with this patented Nonspi applicator.

Remember these four points when you buy. Protect your delicate gowns by stopping under-arm moisture effectively and safely. Insist on genuine Nonspi at all drug and department stores in the U.S.A. and Canada. 33c and 60c a bottle.

cover his eyes with her hands and say, "Guess who?" Whalen is so tall that the carpenters have to get boards for her to stand on. "I've been in pictures where they've had to do that for the man, but never for me before," she said.

Before the scene is shot, an assistant director tells the extras what to do. Almost each one of them has a bit of business, an exact place to go. Extras divide into two classes: those who want to horn in on the camera in hopes of being "discovered" and those who want only to sleep until pay-time. It's up to the assistants to see that they take the middle course.

Fifty huge spotlights go on, the extra mill in the background and Jean puts her hands over Whalen's eyes and says, "Guess who?" "Lillian Russell," he answers. Even we could guess better than that, so we leave for the "Turnmill" set, to watch Jean Hersholt, who's just had his salary doubled for his work in "The Country Doctor."

After we watch what Mr. Hersholt had to go through, he deserves all the money he can get. Ernie Westmore, the make-up artist, shows us how he makes a seventy-five-year-old man out of Mr. Hersholt. This disguise takes two and one-half hours to put on and an hour and a half to take off. Much of it is actually painful, and so contorted is Hersholt's face that he cannot eat nor smile all day long. Explaining it to us as he worked, Westmore stuck gum in Hersholt's hair to draw back the hair line. He put transparent flannel to the suffering actor's face to make the eyes sag. A mixture of ether and colloidion is rubbed on the hands and while you look they pucker into wrinkles. Hersholt is just about worn out by the time the ageing process is finished, but that's only the start of his day.

Just so the make-up men leave the lovely Frances Dee alone, we have no complaints. She's working in "Half Angel," her first picture since she presented happily Joel McCrea with another baby. In this story, she gets accused of murder twice. While we watched her only worry was over little Etienne Girardot, the tiny madman who made a startling debut in "Twentieth Century." He was the religious maniac who stamped people's backs with church stickers. He's zany-cray in this picture, too.

To keep him company there's Charlie Butternworth, the only Notre Dame graduate not to make the All-American football team. Charlie plays a newspaper reporter in "Half Angel." He and another loafer, Brian Donlevy, have the job of seeing that Frances is not hanged for the murders she didn't commit. While they're away, Frances does a short take with Helen Westley, who's up to no good for our Nell, and then it's time for lunch.

Eating is always fun at Fox. Its commissary, the Cafe de Paris, is by far the best, both for looks and food, of any studio restaurant. But even lamb stew can't hold us long when that gourmand Loretta Young is doing a scene with smoothie Basil Rathbone. So, dessert in hand, we dash over to the "Private Number" set, where director Roy Del Ruth is showing the suave Mr. Rathbone just how to go about insulting a gal.

IN this scene, Rathbone, elegant even in his butler's uniform, is just about to hire Loretta Young as maid. The dialogue reads innocently enough, but the oily tones with which Basil coats the words gives them a silky menace. As the camera trolley in for a close-up, with the cameramen and the assistant director getting a free ride, Loretta begins her scene.

She lists her qualifications for the job (not mentioning deep blue eyes such as you have never seen), while her prospective boss sits back and listens. When she starts to go, Rathbone interjects, "I'll give you a month's trial. Sixty dollars a month, ten of which I shall keep, (The rat)! Make yourself, er, adaptable and I'm sure we'll get along." As Loretta nears the door, he says, "Remember, you are responsible to no one but me as long as you work here." And, charming gentleman that he is, really, the implications that he gives that
"Most girls," says Rochelle Hudson

"make this mistake in make-up"

... do you?

"Everyday, I see girls who are only half as lovely as they could be if they would harmonize their powder, rouge, lipstick to their type, the way screen stars do," says Rochelle Hudson.

Powder Magic

"Hollywood stars use powder created by Max Factor, make-up genius, because the color harmony shades reveal more beauty in each type of face than any others," says Rochelle Hudson. Powder in the color harmony shade for your type will make you lovely, because the color is created to dramatize your individual type, and the texture is perfected to give you a satin-smooth finish that conceals imperfections and lasts for hours. One dollar.

Rouge that Dramatizes Your Type

"Screen stars select rouge according to their type, and not by the color in the box," says Rochelle Hudson. If you want to know what shade of rouge will give you the most beauty, try this Hollywood secret — ask for Max Factor's Rouge in the color harmony shade for your type. Your mirror will show you how it enlivens your cheeks with radiant loveliness. Fifty cents.

Max Factor • Hollywood

Would you like to try Hollywood's make-up secret — color harmony powder, rouge, lipstick? Mail coupon below.

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COMPLEXION</th>
<th>EYES</th>
<th>HAIR</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Very light</td>
<td>Blue</td>
<td>Blond</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fair</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>Redhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dark</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Redhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Redhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brahms</td>
<td>Light</td>
<td>Redhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indian</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Redhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oriental</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Redhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Japanese</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Redhead</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Native</td>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Redhead</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

© 1936 by Max Factor & Co.
in the waiting room are all the things that Mickey Mouse has dotted about. Watches, riding caps, shirts, books, even Big Bad Wolf alarm clocks that groove instead of ring, and complete Mickey Mouse villages. Inside the lot, you find five hundred people—musicians, cartoonists, mechanics and gag men. But if you expect to have all your illusions destroyed, then you will be disappointed. For these animals are real to the men who create them.

In the story conferences, the writers talk about the ducks, mice, pigs and cows just as if they were distinct individuals with distinct personalities. For instance before Donald Duck was ever shown on the screen, they discussed all the things he could and couldn’t do. Donald, being a toughie, can fight whenever he wants. But Mickey has never been known to pick a scrap. He’s not the type.

No one man is any one animal. One draws him, one colors him, one thinks of things for him to do, and another man is his voice. The boy who speaks for Donald Duck gets that rasping effect by talking with a rag in his mouth. Walt Disney is the voice of Mickey Mouse. Walt created Oswald the Rabbit and when he left Universal, he found that he couldn’t, because of contracts, take Oswald with him. Being Mickey’s voice assures him that he and the mouse will never be parted. Mickey was called Mortimer Mouse at first. All of the studio heads predicted he’d be a failure because of women’s fear of mice.

Back to the stern realities of studio life, we stop in at M-G-M where Spencer Tracy and the pixie Sylvia Sidney are making “Mob Rule.” This is a stark little treatise on lynching as Tracy, suspected of being a kidnapper, is on trial for his life. Every time the defense lawyer says anything, the angry crowd mum- bles. After years of trying, we have finally broken into the movies. For if you listen closely, you can hear our voice, mumbling quietly but defiantly, all through this scene we hope you like us.

Finally the prosecuting attorney explodese

“I want facts, not chit-chat,” he shouts. “I object. I object,” retorts the defense. When the take is finished, Frankie Albertson, who plays Tracy’s brother comes over to us and says, “We’ve decided to call the picture ‘M-G-M Deficient Objections.’” Fritz Lang, who directs this, is the only studio worker to wear a monocle.

Hollywood has never been famous as a safe town. And one of its crazy values is that the older cars are the new ones you’re worth. As we left the “Mob Rule” set, we were honked at by an old crate that was being driven to the casting office. Many people register their cars at the studios and autos worth not more than fifteen dollars on the road will rent as high as seventy-five cents a day. If you don’t want your jalopy, send it to Hollywood.

One of the most interesting spots on the M-G-M lot these days is the work room of Dan Groesbeck, the muralist. We’ve often heard people remark that a certain scene in a movie is just like a painting. Mr. Groesbeck is the man who sees to it that “The Good Earth” will give that effect. We climbed up to his room to see what he is doing on Pearl Buck’s Chinese epic. Groesbeck paints a loose, free piece of a courtyard of village scene, or a black and white sketch of a Chinatown brothel at sunrise. Using his work as a basis, the studio draftsman reconstruct the whole set. Sometimes the cameramen come in for lighting ideas. Luise Rainer and Paul Muni are starring in this film, which we hope to tell you about next month.

Just as we were leaving the lot, some one rushed up to us and said, “Bob Montgomery’s doing his first costume picture and he’s grown a mustache. Don’t you want to see him?” So we went to the “Suicide Club” set, the club room to which a Victorian ship. The story concerns a group of hot-headed duelist and that sly Rosalind Russell is the cause of it all. The stage was full of pretty hoop-skirted girls, but with our mind ever on business we looked around for Montgomery. And, sure enough, he was in costume and he did have a mustache. “Thought we ought to tell you.”

No studio is farther away from M-G-M than Warner Brothers. And we can’t explain even to ourselves why we took it for the next stop. We were more than pleased that we did, though. For here we found one of the most interesting sets of the month.

William Dieterle, who directed “The Life of Louis Pasteur,” is now making another medical biography. This time it’s “Florence Nightingale,” the mother of the Red Cross. Dark, languorous Kay Francis plays the title role. Sitting with Kay on the sidelines is Delmar Daves, the scenarist, who may be Mr. Kay Francis by the time you read this. Director Dieterle has his visitors, too. Frank Borzage looks in on the set to watch how another man handles actors.

The set is a depressing but dramatic place. It is the interior of a soldier’s hospital where Nightingale has come to give first aid and encouragement. The action takes place during the Crimean war, in which France, Turkey and England joined forces against Russia. All the maimed soldiers lying about on dirty cots are real war veterans. These legless, armed and blind men you see are not the work of some clever make-up man.

You might think that the soldiers would be too humble to be made up like Nightingale come among them, clean up their dirty hospital and give aid. But as a matter of historic fact, the soldiers respected her at first. In this take, Nightingale, carrying a platter of vegetables and eggs, comes up to a hard-boiled guard.

“I have food for the wounded,” the guard says, sneering. “Meat’s the only food for a soldier.” And with that he throws a scrap of ripe beef to a legless, draggled fellow on the floor. Even at that, the guard may be right, for the eggs that Miss Francis is carrying have been around the stage too long.

When the scene is over, the crippled extra talks quietly to each other. Kay Francis, obviously affected by the war-twisted hulks lying on the floor, walks to a corner by herself.

At dusk, as you drive home from this, the last shot, you see these men walking along through Dark Canyon on their seven mile trek to Hollywood. Walking saves forty cents of their seven fifty check. This is a side of movie-making that the press agents don’t tell you about.
The Stormy Heart of Margaret Sullavan

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

important executive, the Beau Brummel of the village.

"Well, Margaret," he smirked, "how are you getting along?"

"All right," Margaret said.

"And do you still dislike Hollywood?"

"Yes," snapped Maggie. "I think it's silly."

"Now, now, Margaret, you like me, don't you?"

She looked up and down his five feet one.

"No," she said. "To me you're the silliest thing in the whole silly place."

The press agent, I'm telling you, fell flat on his face. Swooned dead away and tried to stay that way. He was afraid to come to.

The whole keynote of her character may be summoned up in a statement she once made.

"If Katharine Hepburn and I could have our way we'd strip this town of its silly sham. When more like us come to Hollywood we shall, too."

In a way, Katie and Maggie are amazingly and uncomfortably alike. Uncomfortable for Hollywood, that is. Both are girls of breeding, education and background.

BOTH are typical of the new out-spoken, plain-thinking, insulting young moderns.

"Yea," someone sneered, "a couple of babes ready to take the dough we hand out but not ready to play the game our way. Starving our publicity departments and stifling our cameramen (a dreadful sight—a stifled cameraman), cramping our art departments, etc."

Well, I don't know about Hepburn but I do know Hollywood's gold means as little to Margaret Sullavan as to anyone I've ever known.

"To act, you hear me?" she stormed, wept, cried to a close friend one day. "What do I want with the silly trappings, the posing, the clothes, the prying interviewers, the dirty money of thees? Why can't I just act? Just act? Oh, please understand I want nothing of this town but to be allowed to act in peace."

She threw herself into his arms and sobbed out her heart on his shoulder.

I hesitated to draw back the curtain on this little scene, but I must be fair to Margaret Sullavan and her side of it, too, you know.

Maggie is just the plain little old gray mule of the village. Just as stubborn and immovable in her opinions. She makes up her mind for herself and no shoving from the rear, no pulling by the ears does any good.

They've even built bonfires under her and there she stood, scorching away, but never budging.

She's moody. And never begins a new picture but what, after one week's shooting, she's convinced she's miscast and tries to go home and never come back. They could have killed her outright that first week on "The Moon's Our Home!" set. This time she knew she was wrong for the part and begged Walter Wanger to excuse her. She made life miserably unhappy for everyone.

The second week she was crazy about the part. Loved being a comedienne. And there isn't a member of that cast or crew who wouldn't lay down their lives for her. Literally and absolutely.

When the horse runs home and the ground is hard,
When you wish you were safe in your own back yard,
Then it's time to test the flavor true
That helps you forget you are black and blue...
Don't faint, don't swear and don't count ten,
Just rip off the wrapper and yield to that yen...
When most of them became ill with flu on location, it was Margaret who became the official nurse rushing down to the village store at Truckee to get them toys. A doll cut-out book for the script girl, a painting set for the electrician (and was the picture of that huge hulk dipping his little brush into the water colors and coloring his little giraffe something to stop a clock?), and a tiny miniature orchestra for the assistant cameraman who “dest vowed to pay the drums.”

They adored the ground she walked on, those men.

The bringing together of Fonda and Sullavan was dotted with chuckles and some concern. In good old blundering studio fashion, the first thing required of the divorced pair was that they make still pictures of the love scenes.

They approached each other warily. They smiled frostly, began to shake hands, faltered, smiled even more frostily and went to it.

If Henry was looking at the birdie, birdie must have been doing a Karloff for Henry looked a pea-green sight. Margaret was a sty-nye-faced-take-off of a sphinx. They clinked like two frost bitten snow men bored with life.

Gradually, the ice between them thawed and in no time at all Margaret no longer sat alone in her corner between scenes and Henry in his.

They both sat in the same corners and the gay, old comradship was once more in full swing.

“She can hurt a man like no woman I’ve ever known,” a man who stands for something in the business told me. “She’s ungrateful, unappreciative and thoughtless.”

“Why?” I asked “What way?”

“Well, a friend of mine went to bat for Sullavan and finally emerged from headquarters, bleeding but triumphant. He had the promise that her name should be in letters as high as those of the name of the pictures. That meant Sullavan was a star of stars and no mistake. Not only that, it meant at least $250,000 to Margaret Sullavan in extra cold cash over a period of several years.”

“It’s silly twaddle,” Margaret told my friend when he broke the big news to her.

“What do I care about that? Or the money. Silly, all of it.”

“It darned near broke my friend’s heart. And yet,” he drew his hands across his eyes with a puzzled gesture,—and yet, Margaret Sullavan was honest in what she said. It was just that to her—silly Hollywood twaddle. Can’t disagree a woman for being honest, or can you? I don’t know.”

“What are you thinking about, looking at me like that?” Margaret once asked an outspoken bige of the studio who was really fond of her.

“My heart,” he said. “I’m wondering why you are such a so and so of a blankety blank.”

“Is that what you think me?” she asked him.

“No, Margaret, oddly enough it isn’t. I don’t know why, but inside I don’t. But why you go to the trouble of trying to make me think so, I don’t know.”

She was in his lap with a leap. His freckle man tears mingled with hers, falling over her brown toussled head. A strange woman and a man who understood but was powerless to help.

No wonder they say, “God bless her baby heart.” Or should it be “God help her baby heart?”

Here are a few examples of her inability to know that she, a star in movies, is good copy. A few examples of the brave, lonely heart who ignores publicity as you would a plague.

During the making of her first picture, “Only Yesterday,” she lived alone those fourteen weeks in a duplex in Hollywood. Working until midnight one night she found her drive away surrounded by a car. Hearing sounds of revelry emerging from next door, she rang the bell and asked them to move the car. As the neighbor swung around to get his coat, his arm came in contact with Margaret’s ear. There was a sickly dull thud followed by a stabbing pain. Alone again, in her apartment, she summoned a doctor.

“Sorry, miss” he told her, “but your car drum is split.”

Alone she endured the agony through the night, but next morning found her at the studio as usual.

The director snarled at her through the morning.

“Why don’t you do as I say for once?”

“I didn’t hear you” Margaret explained.

“That’s a laugh,” he said. “You heard yesterday.”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you, I’m deaf on this side. My car drum is split.”

He stood frozen where he was. “Say it again,” he demanded. She told him, apologizing even more.

Stalking off to a corner he took out his handkerchief and blew his nose very hard.

Deaf, maybe forever. And not a word. Not a word.

He blew in the handkerchief practically the entire afternoon. Every time he looked at her, in fact.

An old man almost eighty came out to the studio one day with a picture cut from a newspaper clutched in his wrinkled hand.

“Does this girl work here?” he asked Johnny Johnson, director of publicity.

“Why, yes,” Johnson answered, wondering what Sullivan had done now.

“I want to thank her, please I want to. You see, one day I was walking along and as we old people sometimes do, I forgot and stopped off the curb into the street. This girl whirled her car and ran into a pole endangering her life to save mine. I recognized her picture this morning. I owe her life and my wife says to thank her too.”

JOHNSON asked her about the story. “Oh, sure, but what of it? It happened four or five months ago anyway.” Can you see the headlines that had been most any other Hollywood celebrity.

One more:

Driving alone from Ojai one night, a drunken driver forced her into the ditch, wrecking her car and tearing a gaping wound in her arm. Five miles through the dark and fog, growing weak with pain and loss of blood, she finally came to a gas station and phoned for a wrecking car, arranged her own transportation back and finally going alone, as morning broke, to a doctor.

It was almost two years before the studio knew anything about it. And then not from Margaret but from the doctor.

So you see, publicity is all after all silly to Margaret Sullavan. She means it, all right. She likes to lie flat on her back on the floor, Carpenters are constantly tripping her on the sets.

She’s an out and out sleepy head, going off between scenes, and sleeping in sawdust piles in the corner of the sound stage or in prop beds or on carpenters overalls rolled into balls. They never say “Call Sullavan for scene”
anymore. They casually say, "Go wake up Sullivan. We're ready."

Director Seiter, who has had his life plagued out of him by actresses who fuss and primp and make-up before every scene, got so nervous at Maggie's lack of vanity he like to die.

"Margaret, for heaven's sake powder your nose or do something," he'd cry.

"Why?" Margaret would ask in innocent surprise.

"Just to do it," Seiter would say. "I'm used to it, and my nervous system can't stand this sudden change."

Margaret would make a snoot at him and let it go. She'd rather pour water on people any day.

Intimate friends claim Sullivan is a child of fate and shudder to think of her past hairbreadth escapes from death. Things fall on her or she on them constantly. It's almost an uncanny eerie jinx.

She keeps most of them to herself.

One friend explained, "Sullivan is kind to people on the set, the prop boys, electricians, and so forth, but she's hell to the boys in the front office.

"She'd much rather be misjudged than argue and she won't do things just because those things are done by the best people. Not Sullivan. No, siree."

"That dame?" a boy around the studio cried in answer to my inquiries. "Say, that dame is too deep for me. I came along here one day and here was this Sullivan dame shoving her director Mr. Wyler out the door. They were arguing over the picture and I'm telling you she was a-putting him out. So what?

"Three weeks later she was marrying him. Say, I gave that dame up long ago."

"Margaret Sullivan?" a kind adviser and a mutual friend said of her, "well, I'll tell you.

"Margaret is the kind that wouldn't lift a telephone receiver on Christmas morning to offer a greeting to a man or woman who had rendered her invaluable service throughout the years because she wouldn't think of it.

She'll forget everything a friend has ever done for her in the past in some new peev and refuse to speak to him or see him. She's intolerant but not arrogant. Abrupt, blunt, frank and stubborn.

"But if I were suddenly flat on my back, broke, alone and in trouble, of all the rich and famous people who have passed through my life I'd call first for Margaret Sullivan, wherever she was, mad at me or sore as hell, I'd call to her first.

"And I'd find in her the one true friend a man needs when he's down."

What, may I ask, does it all add up to you?

Now, since we've brought the Sullivan up-to-date, let's go a step farther and look ahead with producer Walter Wanger, a young man who is just that smart he can have my money on the line any day.

"Margaret Sullivan, eh? I have this to say of her. In two years, two years mark you, she'll be the biggest thing the motion picture screen has ever seen. That's what I think of Sullivan."

As to Fonda, if shoving people out is a prelude to marriage with Maggie, he's more than eligible.

Fonda's already been shored. Once.

Oh yes, the "a" in Sullivan is not an affection.

It's been that way for three hundred long years.

---

For the Eves of our sun-drenched beaches, for the sirens of the seas and the sands, B. V. D. offers the new perfection, the new sculptured grace, the new silhouetteting devices of its Swim Suits of '36.

To the left, above, B. V. D. points with pride to "Classique" — a maillot in its elastic, figure-moulding and exclusive Perl Knit. Its seamless sides (B. V. D. exclusive), its built-in brassiere top, its adjustable bust straps give you a complete new mastery of your own silhouette. $5.95.

To the right— "Square Back" —a skirted suit in Perl Knit featuring the brilliant square neck and back of the newest evening gowns—B. V. D.'s new seamless back—and contrasting two-color adjustable straps that tie at the shoulders in twin bows. $6.95.

But these are only typical—just two fair examples of a brilliant roster of beauty and style. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., Empire State Building, New York.
fared remarkably well. His landlord was a pastry chef who delighted in bringing home samples of his handiwork to his "just young- ing man" or inviting him to join himself and Mrs. Landlord for dinner in her steamy, sweet-smelling kitchen.

But for all its surface pleasantness his life at this point was an aimless affair and not a whole lot of fun. Cesar realized it. There was an ugly phrase, "glorified gigolo," that came perilously close to fitting him and the other young people of once-wealthy but now impoverished families who danced for their supper nightly with the charming, the beautiful or just plain wealthy girls of social prominence. Realizing it, Cesar was honest enough to want to do something to alter it.

His schooling was proving of little use. He had learned to do only three things well: Play bridge, Play tennis. And dance. He could do neither of the first two well enough to earn a living at it. In dancing, which he loved, he felt there was a possibility if only he knew how to go about it.

THEN he met Elizabeth Higgins at a deb party and so well did they dance together, so instinctively were they perfect partners, that she suggested they form a team and try to enter the professional field. They subsequently worked out routines together, practiced assiduously after bank hours and when they felt themselves ready, asked for and got the audition and engagement with the "Lady Do" company under the conditions I mentioned before.

Cocksure of tremendous and lasting success, Cesar threw up his bank job with a lordly gesture. Look out, world! Here comes Romero! He realized he had been a bit hasty when they were fired at the end of the week, but when week followed week of unemployment and discouraging disinterest on the part of other musical comedy managers, he was ready to throw in the sponge.

Elizabeth and Cesar had split up at the end of the Roof engagement for both personal and business reasons. Cesar got new partners, always with social register names, and new jobs, both with little difficulty. It was his last partner, however, who wrote fans to his professional dancing career. She was a rather large girl and Cesar seriously injured himself in swinging her through the air and above his head in their intricate routine. Many times toward the last he collapsed in pain in his dressing room after their number was finished. A doctor finally issued the ultimatum: no more dancing of that kind.

After several months spent recuperating, Cesar turned his ambitions toward the stage. Getting started, since he had had no experience in legitimate drama, presented a major problem and one, he felt, it would take him years he could not afford to solve. It was time for another bluff.

He heard Tullio Carminati was leaving the cast of the hit play, "Strictly Dishonorable," to play his same starring rôle in a London production of it. Cesar promptly applied for Carminati's job. The sheer, the unbelievable impertinence of it!

"I knew I would have to tell some tall tales about experience this time so I was careful to pick out spots for my mythical past that were too far away to be checked up on right away," Cesar related. "I must have sounded darned impressive because the manager said he would remote questions.

Thereupon Cesar borrowed the price of a ticket to the play, intently watched Carminati go through the role that night, memorized all his little mannerisms of speech and gesture and returned for his test. He got the role, he who had hitherto one and in his life never gave the slightest thought to the possibility of having another.

Immediately he set about really learning his new business, listening, watching others, studying all the time. He was on the road with the show for a solid year with Elizabeth Love as his leading lady and a little girl named Margaret Sullivan as her understudy. He recalled that vividly recently, although Miss Sullivan apparently did not, when he was cast in little more than a walk-on part in her starring vehicle, "The Good Fairy."

At the end of the tour, which did not include California and therefore aroused no violent motion picture aspirations on his part, he returned to Broadway. During the next few years he played, with indifferent success, in various productions with Judith Anderson, Lenore Ulrich, Blanche Yurka and others. He also was given five-screen tests at varying intervals, for M-G-M and one for Universal, all of which netted him zero.

Once again he went on the road, this time with an opus called "The Ten Minute Ahl." It was a terrible flop and he returned to New York in the state commonly known as flat broke.

To make matters a little tougher, he could not get a job of any kind.

Then—

"Enter the Third Bluff!" Cesar laughed.

"When I say I was broke I mean just that. I had not made very big money at any time during the past years. I was really getting experience more than anything. Literally, I did not have one thin dime and I knew only too well that in New York, particularly, nothing succeeds like success. So it was up to me to appear successful!"

Cesar's life might easily have taken a different turning then had it not been for his good friend, Charles McCauley, manager of the exclusive apartment hotel, The Lombardy. He agreed to help Cesar put over his bluff on Broadway, and did it by installing him in the McCauley apartment at The Lombardy and providing him with food, laundry, etc. Everything, in fact, but cash which Cesar would not accept. This gave the actor an excellent address and an impecable appearance at all times.

So there he was, to all intents and purposes, a successful young actor without an apparent worry in the world and obviously not concerned about being employed at the moment. It was the oldest gag in show business but it worked again. Along came M-G-M with a fifth screen test and following it, a nice fat contract for Cesar to play in the now memorable "Thin Man."

He had to borrow one hundred and forty dollars in cash to get himself to Hollywood to work.

Bluff Number Four was pulled right after he got to Hollywood. He was frankly scared to death. Scared of this new medium in which he had never worked, scared he would not succeed, scared of the future. Because he was so
nervous and ill-at-ease, he kept to himself a good deal of the time.

Hollywood, however, mistook it (as I think Cesar intended it should all the time) for a polite snooping by a wholly confident young man and loved it. Certainly no one then found out the truth.

M-G-M let Cesar go after loaning him to Warner's for "British Agent." He was panic-stricken, but decided to bluff it through again. He let it be bruited about that he was wanted in New York immediately for a big play, that he was glad his Hollywood "time" was up, that he did not care to do any more pictures.

In the inexplicable way those things do, it worked again. Universal signed him to his present long-term contract and he started the first of the eleven pictures he has made for them or under loan by them including "The Devil Is a Woman" with Marlene Dietrich and "Show Them No Mercy" for 20th Century-Fox.

It was with the Dietrich picture his sixth bluff worked. His roles prior to that had offered little opportunity to do more than stand around and look handsome. When the Dietrich rôle came up and he was told to report to Miss Dietrich for a test he got a first class case of the jitters.

"I wanted the rôle terribly because I knew how much it could do for me," he said, "but I didn't think I had a dog's chance of getting it. I thought so less than ever after Miss Dietrich and Von Sternberg eyed me up and down like a prize piece of cattle and then jabbered excitedly, in German, which I could not understand.

"Finally they told me to get a uniform from the wardrobe and let them see me in that. I was both scared and burned-up then so there was a lot of I-don't-give-a-darn-about-this-thing when I paraded in front of them in the uniform. Maybe it was that insolence, maybe it was apparently not caring what happened, but anyway I got the rôle."

It was his work in that rôle that definitely took him out of the supporting rôle class into leads and may eventually take him to stardom.

Between you and me, I think Cesar is in the midst of pulling his seventh bluff although I did not tax him with it. He appears to be taking his new success these days very matter-of-factly, as if he was slightly bored and tired of the whole proceeding.

I am willing to bet my last dollar he is really as thrilled about it all as Jurobor was when he got his first fire engine from Santa Claus!

The Most Beautiful Bathing Suits You've Ever Imagined. Ginger Rogers' Favorite Evening Gown

The most dashing summer sports costumes on Madge Evans, Olivia de Havilland and Margaret Lindsay.

All these, and many other exciting fashions in July PHOTOPLAY

PUT YOUR FACE ON A NEW FOOTING

Put on a pair of Vitality Shoes and you'll put your face, your figure and your feet on a new footing of charm and grace. These lovely shoes help you to say farewell to foot-fatigue with its constant drain on your freshness and vitality. Careful craftsmanship fashions Vitality Shoes over scientific fitting lasts—lasts that give a more snug and perfect fit in the heel and arch, with balanced support and freedom for your moving foot. And the many new lovely patterns for summer wear prove that you walk in the height of style when you walk with Vitality.

And don’t forget that there are Vitality Shoes which offer the same smartness and foot-health for the growing feet of the youngsters in your family, too.

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS
Division of International Shoe Company

$6.75 A FEW STYLES
$6.00

somewhat higher in Canada

VITALITY SHOES

SIZES 2 TO 11 • WIDTHS AAAAA TO EEE
**POPULAR SCREEN STAR TELLS WHY HE LIKES NATURAL LIPS**

- **We showed Mr. Dunn three girls. One wore the ordinary lipstick... another, no lipstick... and the third, Tangee. Immediately he picked the Tangee girl... "All men like lips that look natural," he told her. Tangee avoids that "painted look" because Tangee isn't paint! In the stick, it's orange, but on your lips, its color-change principle turns it to your own warm, natural shade. Try Tangee. It comes in two sizes, 39c and $1.10. Or, send 10c for the Special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.**

- **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES... when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation... there is only one Tangee. But when you ask for Tangee... be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. There is another shade of Tangee called TANGEE Theatrical, but it is intended only for those who insist on vivid color and for professional use.**

**TANGEE END THAT PAINTED LOOK**

**NEW FACE POWDER**

- **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET THE GEORGE W. LUFF COMPANY P-66 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipsticks, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder, Enclose (or stamped) 15c in Canada. Check [] Flesh [] Rachel [] Light Rachel**

---

**NO PAINTED LIPS FOR JAMES DUNN**

Mr. Dunn, who made lipstick test on set for "Don't Get Personal", a Universal Production.

---

**HERE was the other side of the affair. Now, in an enormously quiet, we prepared to witness one of the crises in the modern history of the film. It fell to Tent's picture, and no pictures doomed to failure, many things in the future would be advanced and affected. There is a constant perpetual battle between art and business. But art, with a big "A," is forever pushing its head up like that of Judy in the Punch and Judy show, getting whacked by Punch's big stick, and disappear- ing again. Whether the effect of the "Midnight Summer's Dream" film was a whack on the head for art or not, it is scarcely for me to say. But inside there was this attempt to solve this perpetual mystery—Are we discovering tonight the way to create beauty, and at the same time, to create good box-office results? The question that night was unanswered. It is unanswered still. The solution of the mystery is retarded not only by the hysteria and bewildered worship of the advancing and arrived stars, and the scorn of those who are failing, but also by the constant day by day creation of geniuses. Almost everybody concerned with pictures, who is receiving anything of a salary, is a genius.

"Met Mr. Klopstock yet?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, you should. He's a genius."

"Seen Eddie Goldfish?"

"No, what about him?"

"Say, listen, that boy's a genius if ever there was one."

Geniuses are everywhere. And around the geniuses are the "yes-men." So that while a picture is in production, almost everyone is enchanted with everything.

"Think that was all right?" says the star, stepping off her chalk line and meeting her confidential friends.

"Just lovely, honey," say the "yes-men."

"See the effect to-night?" somebody asks.

"No, how were they?"

"Oh, boy, they were great!"

And the director sits in his splendid room behind his large glass-top table, a bowl of flowers to the right of him, an enormous photograph of his wife to the left, while "yes-men" pour in and out of the room, morning, noon and night. The secretaries fight a battle for their directors, supervisors and stars, which is magnificent, but adds to the complication of the mystery. They create the illusion that their masters and mistresses are sacred beings whose every act is right. And if it is to the races that the supervisor has been, you would imagine from the voice of his secretary on the phone that he is earnestly pursuing the discovery of the race. And nobody knows what is really happening to the picture. There are one or two supervisors in Hollywood, several directors of genius, some half-dozen actors and actresses of the very first order.

Were I given the wealth of the Indies, the powers and cruelty of Peter the Great, I would choose a divine company. David Selznick, Irving Thalberg, Zanuck, Chaplin, Walt Disney, Korda and René Clair for supervisors. Capra, LaCava, Boleslawski, Cukor, Van Dyke, for directors. Garbo, Hepburn, Colman, Bergner, Laughton, Hersholt, Leslie Howard and Robert Donat for actors and actresses. Sami Holtztein, John Collier, Frances Marion, H. G. Wells, Arnold Zweig, P. G. Wodehouse and Sidney Howard for a few of my writers. Stern, Oliver Messel, Augustus John, Rockwell Kent and Duncan Grant for some of my artists. What a cast! What a grand assembly of the talents! And there would also be cameramen, cutters and information artists and perfect stenographers. And then, after all this assemblage of these persons, pictures would be chosen and wonderful enthusiasms aroused. We would all together, like one great hand of heroes, set forward to make the films the great new art of the world. Yes, and then what would happen? Little gentlemen, smoking large cigars, their eyes sharp with a quiet wisdom, their expression calm and resolute, would, when we have shown them what we're going to do, answer in two short, sharp words, "No box-office." Then the battle would begin. The battle that is, even now, proceeding, that makes this place one of the most interesting and exciting phenomena of the modern world.

"I'VE been asked again and again whether Hollywood is not the crudest place in the world. The answer to this question lies, I think, somewhere in the history of the battle that I have just been describing. For the reason that it is a battle, personal individual histories are of little account. Let no one come here who is not ready for any catastrophe.

You will hear, again and again, complaints of the ruthlessness and harshness of those in command. Yes, ruthless and harsh they sometimes are. They are not given a chance to be anything else. Pictures come and go so quickly, and the moment, hazardous in them is often so enormous, that everything and everybody has to be sacrificed to the immediate need. You may say, even that, myself, I was cruelly treated last winter, when, suffering acutely from an attack of rheumatic arthritis, I was dragged out of bed to catch a plane..."

END OF PAGE 59
You may say that I was harshly treated, but I wasn’t. I was proud, I remember, to be allowed, wounded warrior though I was, to take part in that particular battle. Last year, a young man coming out of the anesthetic from an appendix operation, looked into the eyes of the cameramen, who, crowded around the bed, besought him to repeat two or three sentences from the picture in which he had been when the attack seized him. Only the other day, a famous old actor died because he refused to leave the set for an operation until his share in the picture was concluded. We all feel the same, whether we are here for a day or two or for many years. We have embarked on an adventure that is greater and more important, we are made to feel, than any of us. So that at the very instant that a director, an actor or writer, fails to be able to play his or her proper part in the contest, be or she is ruthlessly dropped, with no unkindness, no personal feeling.

In my opinion, there is any amount of gossip here, but less bitterness, jealousy and ill-feeling than in any other group of artists I’ve ever known. And speaking of gossip, I would like to add to the protest to that of many others against the pettiness and malice and unimportance of so much that is written about people here. It is nobody’s fault, or if it is anybody’s fault, it is that of the public, you and me and the others, who demand to be fed with the silly nonsense that we are given. See Garbo, as I did last year, in a shabby ulster, walking up and down the path outside my office for more than an hour discussing her part with a friend; see her grave intensity, catch her smile as she has a vision of something that she can add to the creation that she is contemplating, and you will realize that her private life has nothing to do with you. See Katharine Hepburn entertaining at her house the cameramen and the others who have helped her through her picture, and you will feel it impertinent, as indeed it is, to ask her whether she wishes to be married or not.

Go with Ronald Colman to the hills above Santa Barbara, and as the waters below you are veiled by that enchanting dusk, you realize in Colman’s reticence and dignity and quiet humor, that there is something more in pictures than a suggested flirtation at the Brown Derby or a crowded dance at the Trocadero.

Not that I don’t myself like the Brown Derby and the Trocadero. They are good enough so long as you go to Ken Butler’s Health Establishment with decent regularity. But there does not lie the secret of Hollywood’s interest. All individuals here are fleeting. They are gone before we know. We act, all of us here, as blind instruments towards a creation that may in the end be the Eighth Wonder of the World.

We are stimulated by that hope, but we are by no means certain of it. We may be, indeed, taking altogether too high and solemn a view of it. “Isn’t it enough,” someone has asked, “that you are helping to minister to the pleasures of the whole world?” Yes, it is enough, if this is an industry. It is not enough if it is something more. Can it be? Will the public allow it to be? Will the time ever come when this fleeting rainbow-colored intangible toy will give the world something as lasting as the Beethoven “Fifth,” Leonardo’s “Virgin of The Rocks,” Charles Dickens’ “Pickwick”? Never in the history of the world before has there been anything so intangible as this medium.

Where is the genius who will transform it into something beautifully concrete and immortally lovely?

---

**DENTYNE—FOR A HEALTHIER MOUTH.** Our early forefathers’ teeth were kept in good condition by natural means—by foods that required plenty of chewing. Our foods today are soft—we need Dentyne because its special firmness encourages more vigorous chewing—gives mouth and gums the healthful exercise and massage, and promotes self-cleansing. Dentyne works in the natural way to keep your mouth healthy—your teeth splendidly sound and white.

**INEXHAUSTIBLE FLAVOR!** You can’t chew it out. Smoothness with a tang—a breath of spice—Dentyne’s distinctive flavor is an achievement in sheer deliciousness. You’ll appreciate the shape of the Dentyne package, too—smartly flat (an exclusive feature)—just right to slide handily into your pocket or purse.

*Keeps teeth white—mouth healthy*
which can go beary or a silver larynx which can go rusty. I asked a roofer to help him, then.

I told him that in all my experience of the cinema, it is a Muni moment that stands out most unforgottably. It is that moment at the conclusion of "Fugitive from a Chain-Gang" when the shadows press upon the Fugitive, like disastrous bloodhound's, their great jaws saying silently for his blood. You will remember how Muni recedes into a darkness even deeper and more disastrous. Then a voice inquires of him: "What will you do in order to live now?" (I am not sure those are the actual words.) And Muni's voice, infinitely haunted, infinitely heart-breaking, whispers: "I shall steal." And so at last the tragic eyes and voice are engulfed in the darkness, and the end of the Fugitive is achieved which, alas, is only a beginning.

I REPEAT: for me that is the greatest moment I can recall in the history of acting in the cinema. So I tackled Muni on the matter. I was interested in the sheer technique, the craftsmanship of it. "How did you bring it off, Muni?" I asked. "Did you think it out for days beforehand?" "It was an accident," Muni replied.

I was not so much surprised as shocked by the reply. I said I could not more bring myself to believe that that moment was the result of an accident than I could believe you could write a fine poem, or paint a fine painting, by locking the other way. But Muni was very serious about it. There is often a queer little grin at the corner of his jaw when he talks to you, but it was quite lacking then. He insisted that the shot had been taken and retaken endless times in a crowded corner of some Hollywood thoroughfare. He had got to the point when the consciousness of the onlookers exacerberated him to speechlessness. The whole outfit then moved back to the studio and the shot was taken almost before he was aware of it, he was still so full of fatigue and fury.

I insisted that even that didn't make it an accident. It is out of the pit of the subconscious mind that a great artist often draws his finest inspiration, when the conscious mind is most numb with fatigue or most twisted with anger. But it's obvious when you start talking about the subconscious mind, you're in danger of going nowhere at all, or everywhere all at once. So, we changed the subject to Othello or baby clinics or Jewish folk-songs; and kept it up for quite a long time, till finally we agreed to take it up in Hollywood from the point where we left off.

Six months later in Hollywood I saw him next time, and I met his wife, Bella, too. I have a distinct grievance that I had to wait all that time until I met her. She is one of the most charming and intelligent women I have ever met, with her dark hair pressed down Madonna-wise over her temples, and a voice of great clarity and sweetness, like spring water running through a marble basin. She was an actress on the Yiddish stage at the same time as Muni was. A career of great brilliance was opening up before her, but she felt it was worth giving up for what she could contribute to Muni's.

It is a delight to see a picture made together, out on the fringes of Van Nuys, some fifteen miles from Hollywood. Walnut-groves hold all the foreground and in the distance the great hills challenge the sky. There is a sense of ease and nobility about it. There is space and air outside the house and space and air within it. A great log fire burns in the open hearth. A huge Airedale terrier grumbles and gambols before it.

Our brows did not beetle so formidabley when I was Muni's guest at Hollywood. We played ping-pong together, after skirting the brim of his ponderousness. We also wanted to swim in it, because that seemed a suitable thing to do there. And seeing that the weather was much milder than it is in mid-summer on the coast of England, and seeing that I have broken a crust of ice to swim in the Thames near Oxford, it did not seem very dangerous, either. But Muni would not have it. I had undertaken to let an innocent producer of films have a film script and he was not going to have it indefinitely held up by an attack of swimming-pool pneumonia.

So we played ping-pong instead. I generally win at that game, not because I play well, but because I make a loud intimidating noise when I challenge anybody, and talk easily about the champion of Hungary whom I beat with my left hand. (Seeing that I am left-handed and he was rather drunk. It wasn't very hard—but I do not mention those facts.) The sequel is that I always start a game of ping-pong with a towering moral advantage, and my opponents have generally fumbled away twelve points before they see through me.

But Muni is no respecter of persons. He did not scruple to stop a performance of "Counselor-at-Law" in Boston when two lofty members of the audience started discussing the maladies of their rose bushes too loudly. He did not respect me and my ping-pong, despite my staggering victory over the champion of Hungary. He played a ferocious game. The issue is not decided yet and has been postponed till we play off a grand international finale in my own ping-pong room in Hamilton Terrace, in London, some time next May.

NO. He is no respecter of persons. It is well known that once, while he was still a fairly unknown actor, he walked out on Lenore Ulric, who kept him waiting ten minutes in anticipation of a part in her show. But when he learned that a friend of his to whom he had given a letter of introduction, had been kept waiting half an hour in a certain businessman's office, his face clouded over with black fury. I can hardly recall a moment in which I thought him more winning.

On the way through from the ping-pong room, I noticed an enormous red-leather couch, fringed by mysterious boxes. I asked Muni what it was, and he told me it was the couch where he had lain after he had fought with his scar for "Scarface" and shaved off half his eyebrows for his present role in "Good Earth," where he will look more like a Chinese peasant than any Chinaman.

I was wrong. The truth was, in fact, more fanciful. He opened up the mysterious boxes and showed me five different records. I lay full-length on the couch. He pressed a button, and far-off and faint, as if it were the other side of the street, the voice of Paul Muni wandered out towards me, like the voice

**The True Paul Muni**

| CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29 |

**May through September IS DELIGHTFUL THROUGHOUT THE SOUTHWEST**

- For half a thousand miles the Santa Fe, favorite route of the elite of Hollywood and the movie world, crosses the craggy highlands of northern New Mexico and Arizona, at from 5,000 to 7,500 feet above the sea.

- There is no finer spring-summer-fall vacation climate anywhere. The air of the golden days and crisply cool nights is clear, dry, supremely healthy.

- This, too, is Spanish, Indian, dude ranch country; the land of the Grand Canyon, Indian-detours, Old Santa Fe. In short, ideal for a stopover en route to the Coast, or for one's whole vacation.

**Cost, comfort, speed, interest—**
Santa Fe's answer to those vital western trip questions is in rock-bottom summer fares, low-cost Fred Harvey meals, economical all-expense tours; the cool cleanliness of air-conditioned trains; faster schedules; and in booklets, you for the asking, picturing countless things to see and do.

MAIL THIS COUPON
W. J. BLACK, P. T. M., Santa Fe System Lines
986 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Mail picture folders and fares from

Name

Address
of a ghost. He was reading his own words and his own stage directions from the script he is now working on—but in a scrupulously toneless and colorless voice. "I don't want to get myself soiled," he explained, "on any particular interpretation. So I utter the words without passion and listen to them without passion. It saves my eyes, for I like to study my part for six months, twelve months, if they'll only let me. And then, when at last I feel that I've got to the heart of my character, I shave off the wax, and read my final interpretation onto the record. Then I practice it and practice it, till I feel I've reached as closely as I know how to the very essence of the emotion."

There is conscience for you. And doesn't that explain why you remember Muni, in each of his successive characters, from year's end to year's end, despite the brief hour of his film's traffic with you, while so many other actors melt out of your mind completely in the blond sunshine and sweet embrace of their last fade-out? It is conscience lifted to the point of love. He has a strong prejudice against playing the merely handsome, the merely attractive, young man. He is, in fact, an extremely difficult actor to please; for he demands that his roles should not only avoid the superficially attractive, but that they should be as unlike each other as the gamut of human types can present them.

He provokes, and his wife no less, exactly the same sort of sentiment in the people who are associated with them, from their directors to their chauffeur. The memory of the chauffeur arises vividly in my mind. He was taking me home from the Munis to my hotel in Beverly Hills. I could hardly see him. He was a lump of talking darkness in the driver's seat beside me, with his peaked cap drawn tight over his forehead and the collar of his coat coming up above his throat. From between cap and collar a voice emerged. It was a longish journey, or I at least wanted to prolong it, for it was a night of a queer haunted beauty, with the hills arching their humped backs against a star-stabbed sky and elms points of light going about in the brushwood. Before we knew where we were, the chauffeur was talking about the Munis. He talked so gently yet so eloquently, it might almost have been a poet speaking. The Munis had seen him selling flowers at the corner of some street in Los Angeles. He was a Mexican youth, exactly the type required for a brief sequence in the film Muni was doing, "Bordertown," I think it was. "When the film was over, the Munis would not let him go back to his street-corner again. They took him home to drive their car for them; and they inspired a loyalty which I felt death could do little to interrupt."

It had been a grand night over in the Muni house, the opening night of this New Year of grace. Just before the fateful moment of the first of the twelve tollings of the bell, Muni ran out into the darkness. He stood there over against the glistening water of the swimming-pool. Then the first bell tolled. Then Muni fired a shot into the air, and another, and another, twelve times in all. I proclaimed in terror that that was Scarface firing, but no one seemed frightened. He came back into the room, his eyes shining, his hair slightly disordered, a schoolboy smile on his slightly ugly jaw. We drank egg-nog deeply. We listened to the etheric roaring from Pershing Square, from the multitude assembled in San Francisco. We danced and danced. It was a grand night, I say. I do not hope for a lovelier ushering in of any New Year among those that may still be left to me.

**SPINDRIFT.** Nice tights for land or sea! Knee-length swagger coat, knit by Bradley of cool, bumpy cotton chenille in a smart textured effect with flying tie at neck, and broad, flat collar, ... and the matching sport dress, very tailored—very feminine, with wood-and-composition buttons and buckle, ... Both in white and loamy pastels. At the fine stores.

**HANDCRAFTED BY**

Bradley

Delavan, Wisconsin

*Miss Ann Fowler, charming young socialite, cruising South.*
"GEE," James Stewart was heard to murmur at the preview of "Petticoat Fever," "there ought to be a law against any man who doesn't marry Myrna Loy."

FROM an innocent little "boop-boop-a-doop" an institution has grown. Bing Crosby's business enterprises have grown so large in the last two years it has become necessary to rent a suite of offices, engage two or three secretaries, and what's more, install his own private telephone exchange to take care of the incoming calls.

His fan mail, picture work, radio broadcasts and various outside adventures keep the entire Crosby family busy. Brother Larry handles publicity from his particular little office; Everett sees to the business, and father Crosby tells them all where to get off.

Bill plays golf in between times.

WE like the story of the "Yes-man" who resented being a yes-man.

Said he: "I'm no 'yes-man'—why, when my boss says 'No' I say 'No' too!"

ALISON SKIPWORTH owns exactly seven chickens on her little ranch out the valley. Someone asked Alison if her purpose in keeping chickens was to gather eggs, hatch more chickens or chicken soup.

Alison looked up in amazement. "What a dreadful mind!" Alison stormed as only Alison can. "I keep chickens just because I love to see them walk around."

IF this isn't just like Hollywood! At a luncheon party given at the studio the other day to honor the 30th anniversary of Jean Hersholt in motion pictures the actor could not eat a bite. His heavy make-up as an old man in his current picture prevented it.

RANDOM observations on Cal's cuff

Jean Harlow always locks her head to one side when she greets you with that smile... Bill Powell always bows stiff from the waist... Frank Morgan always knits his eyebrows severely and looks angry when he walks along in public... Jan Kiepura loves to have his picture taken with his mouth wide open... Charlie Butterworth always looks tired out, no matter where he is or what time of day... Kitty Carlisle laughs about every other word, and the rafters come down... Carole Lombard pulls down the corners of her mouth and slides back her scalp when she gets excited. . . .

PAPA Fred Meyer, who runs things out Universal way, has a new actress under his wing, wily Myrna Loy. And it's his own daughter, whose screen name is Delphine Stanley.

While studying law, Delphine got the movie bug. In a valiant effort to cure her, Papa Meyer cast her in "Tailspin Tommy" and issued work-her-untll-she-drops orders.

To his dismay, daughter came through like a trouper—and asked for more. What's more, she'll get it.

THAT popular Mexican resort at Ensenada, it seems, is a swell tonic for inferiority complexes. Vic Jory went down to shoot grouse and bagged a wild boar, Gary Cooper went fishing and caught scads of outsize barracuda and a giant tuna. Roger Pryor went sailing there and returned, for the first time in his career, without having capsized his boat and—Mrs. Frank Shields beat the socks off her husband in a rennins match.

YOU can still get a rise out of Slim Summerville over the fast one pulled on him by Walter Brennan. Slim was overly given to practical jokes and Brennan usually was on the receiving end.

One day, in a scene, Slim was to say the line: "How's my baby?" to which Brennan, off-stage, was supposed to bawl like a fussy child.

The cameras started, Slim advanced and said the scheduled line in a voice fairly quaver- ing with paternal concern. In answer, Brennan pulled a raucous donkey's bray! It was weeks before Slim forgave him.

THERE's one angle to this technicolor movement which is rating the cheers of the movie gals and boys.

According to Natalie Kalmus, the peculiar characteristic of black and white cameras to add anywhere from eight to ten pounds to the player's appearance is absent from color cameras.

So—when color is the order of the day, watch the stars go to town on now forbidden calories.

A CERTAIN blonde and apparently charming young actress may wonder these days why she has never received a repeat invitation to Bill Powell's house. Bill and I both know why. Bill's got a trick electrical arrangement at the gate of his estate which picks up the conversation of his departing guests and broadcasts it to him in the house. The juice was on when the blonde walked through the gate.

"Gawd, what a bore!" was waited back to Bill. "That's enough highbrow conversation to last me for some time!"

Binnie Barnes had a pat explanation of the carefully selected luncheon she ordered the other day at the Universal commissary. "Butter milk—my vitamins," she quoted. "Spinach—my figure. Salad—my pleasure. Chocolate pie—my dissipation."

AN ambitious young actress in Hollywood found herself recently left at a table with Bob Taylor. She didn't know him particularly, but she saw he was pretty good looking. "Are you in pictures?" she asked.

Bob didn't crack a smile, although he can't help but be aware of the fact that everyone considers him a sort of young Gable.

"I'm just starting," he replied with seemly modesty.
Garbo and Chaplin
Talked for Me

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

some grown-up who has made an acceptable fool of himself.

She was Greta Garbo.

Since that day—or rather, night—I have read scores of articles, ranging from unspeakable drivel to solemn analytical criticism, about the great lady of the screen. But I like to think that none has caught the exact glimpse I had of her lying back in her chair and laughing, not only at me but also, I think, at her whole world; at the make-believe kingdom of pictures which had thrust upon her youthful head such a weighty and fantastic crown of fame. For a moment, through laughter, she had escaped her fate. Perhaps she was grateful, for she talked to me after that, simply and directly, in a curiously arresting, throaty voice then strongly marked by her native accent.

"I am thinking," she said, "of taking lessons in English to improve my pronunciation. I speak so badly now. But if I learn to speak English well, perhaps I will get a chance to act in a play in New York. What do you think?"

I SAID I thought it was a good idea. She nodded thoughtfully; then the subject was dropped. But today, whenever I see one of her pictures, as I sit listening to that stirring, deep-toned, disciplined voice, I wonder whether the casual decision she made that night was not the turning point in her career. At least, the idea of studying English already had formed in her mind. She could not possibly have foreseen the advent of sound in pictures. No one in Hollywood could have foreseen such a disturbing miracle. But the forces of her destiny even then were at work to prepare her for the greater triumph that was to be hers when the silence of the screen was broken by human speech. The ruthless and fearsome microphone, which ruined many careers overnight, in Garbo's case proved to be merely an instrument for the furtherance of her fame.

A buffet supper was served that night. It was an excellent supper, but I have no recollection of the food I ate. My mind was engaged wholly with the personalities of my supper companions. Four of us sat at one table: Miss Garbo, Mr. Gilbert, myself and one other, a neat, small, slender man with expressive hands, a friendly snarl of a smile, and eyes that had looked deep into the world's misery in order to move the world to laughter. He was then, and no doubt is now, the most popular, most fondly cherished human being on earth. His name was Charles Spencer Chaplin.

He had returned recently from England, his native land. The visit had been a continuous triumph, with delirious crowds swirling about him, overwhelming him, almost smothering him with adulation. Wherever he went, whenever he appeared in public, the little man drew throngs of people as a magnet draws steel shavings. Once upon a time he had been a successful entertainer in English music halls; but now he was something more than an entertainer, something far greater and dearer. He had become the High Priest of laughter in a world that needed desperately to laugh.

If you would appreciate having a skin soft and smooth as a rose-petal...immediately...and enjoy a beauty bath sensation...try the Linit Beauty Bath.

...AS A BREEZE IN SPRING

Dissolve some Linit in your bath while the tub water is running, bathe as usual, step out and when you dry yourself pat your body with a towel...do not rub...then feel your skin...soft and satiny smooth as the rarest velvet. And the most astonishing thing about the Linit Beauty Bath is that the cost is trifling. Don't deny yourself such gratifying after-bath comfort when the expense is so insignificant. Try the Linit Beauty Bath and join the thousands and thousands of lovely women who daily enjoy its soothing luxury. Linit is sold by your grocer.

LINIT FOR THE BATH

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package...recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.
BEWARE of wax like this in Face Cream!

For a penetrating, deep-working skin cream, change to Luxor Special Formula, the wax-free cream. Coupon brings 3-facial package FREE!

If you suffer from dry or scaly skin, coarse, ugly pores, blackheads or whiteheads, or other common skin faults, chances are your present way of skin cleansing only hits the high spots.

Change to Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free cream. It penetrates deeply, gets right into embedded dirt, because it contains no wax to keep it from working in—or clogging pores.

You can see this for yourself because of Special Formula’s amazing visible action. Photos at the right show why you know a marvelous penetrating skin-cleansing has taken place, because you see it happen.

All cosmetic counters supply Luxor at $1.10 and 55c. Use it, and if you don’t agree that your skin is more wonderfully clean, clear and transparent than ever before, your money will be returned.

Sales-people often don’t have all the facts on how cosmetics are made. So insist on LUXOR SPECIAL FORMULA, Guaranteed wax-free!

Luxor
SPECIAL FORMULA CREAM
FREE! 3-FACIAL PACKAGE (partie coupon on postcard, or mail)
LUXOR, Inc., Dept. G-4
1355 W. 31st Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free and postpaid without any obligation your 3-facial package of Luxor Special Formula Cream, the wax-free face cream. I usually purchase cosmetics at
Name
Address
City State

There was no trace of egotism in Chaplin’s voice as he told me of his experiences abroad. He is one of those rare persons who understands, accepts and correctly estimates his own genius. That genius does not invite an intellectual response, though in its growth out of itself generally have responded to it. Its appeal is to the basic, universal human emotions. I have heard Charlie Chaplin described as a profoundly disturbed human being, a thing of nothing. His genius goes deeper than that. It penetrates the very anatomy of the human nervous system.

The extraordinary fact is that Chaplin, by his mastery of the art of pantomime, which is a form of sign language (the earliest known means of communication among humans) has evolved a method of striking, almost infallibly, a certain brain department which is common to all men and which rectifies to his comedy as automatically as an electric bell rings when you push the proper button. This is a scientific marvel, as well as a theatrical achievement.

In London particularly, Chaplin could not escape the crowds. If he attempted to go for a walk, some passer-by, some street urchin, some dignified Bobby would recognize him, and instantly he would be surrounded by an admiring mob. He accepted this philosophically, but he always found the recusatives in public. There was one pilgrimage, however, which he was determined to make, and that in comparative privacy.

He wanted, he told me, to visit the attic room in the London slums where he had lived as a child. One evening, he gathered two or three friends together, slipped out of his hotel without being noticed and took a cab to the address that was branded on his memory like a scar.

He said: “We went through streets that I remembered as you remember a nightmare, I saw myself, a scared, undersized, skinny kid, leading my mother by the hand, dragging her through the fog and the smells and the cold toward our miserable home, while other kids yelled and jeered at her... I was living that nightmare over again, but I wanted to do it. I had to do it. It was like going back to visit a grave where someone you have loved lies buried.”

This was not pathos, not irony; it was pure tragedy. His mother, her mind affected by privation and hunger, by the agony of giving birth and the pain of bitter poverty, became in Chaplin’s simple narrative a figure of tragic intensity. With a look, a word, a vivid creative gesture he sketched on the wall there at a dinner table in the midst of a Hollywood party; the figure of a woman of sorrows outlined vaguely against gray mist, gray death-life.

“We climbed the stairs, my friends and I, to the room in the garret where I had spent my childhood. The light was dim when I followed me up the stairs. She wanted to do something for me—not for Chaplin the comic man but for the little boy who had been unhappy. ‘Could I give you a cup of tea?’ she said. I couldn’t answer. I stood there with the tears rolling down my face—and after a while we all cried.’

The great clown went away. He returned to America, to Hollywood, to make more pictures for the world’s delight and to attend parties where there was enough food left on the plates to have fed for weeks, for months the skinny little kid he used to be. In an ordinary man, such a harsh childhood might have left a spiritual deformity, an insurmountable bitterness. In Chaplin, it proved to be a deep mine of experience into which he could delve for the rich nuggets of his humor. That is why Chaplin’s comedy strikes so deep into the soul of the common man. The face of the tramp and muck of life itself. That is why, even when we are helpless with laughter at the little tramp’s antics, we are also aware of his infinite and indestructible human quality.

That same evening, toward the end of the party, a phonograph was playing operatic selections. Suddenly Charlie slipped to his feet, planted himself in front of the phonograph, and became a grand opera singer. He uttered no sound, but his mouth opened and closed with the ferocious effort of an opera star wrestling with a difficult aria. His chest swelled to amazing proportions, his face was glued to his heart while his right clawed the air in the favorite, and practically the only gesture known to operatic tenors of the old school. It was a marvelously exact reproduction of the histronic convictions that I had sat through so often in the Metropolitan House in New York. Chaplin, who had improvised this hilarious burlesque on the spur of the moment, I found myself laughing until my throat ached at the man who, only a half hour earlier, had made my throat ache with a contrary emotion.

Today, as I write these words, Chaplin’s latest picture, and the last which he will appear—is being shown. It is his clown’s comment on a mechanized civilization, his protest in terms of comedy against the regimentation of the individual. Inevitably thousands of words have been used to criticize, especially intellectually, critics, to explain why Chaplin, for whom I have always had a deep reverence of his inspiration. But if Charlie himself was asked what strain of music, what discordant sound of machinery or sight of men turned to automatons had caused his genius to function, I believe that his answer would be: “I cannot tell you. No artist can reveal the precise nature of the seed of his creation.

There is an answer, however, to another question which has agitated the movie-conscious public for years. The question—which I’m sure has been put to every one who ever has had any connection with pictures—is this: “Does Greta Garbo really dislike publicity, or is her shyness simply a pose?”

PROBABLY no single student of Hollywood can raise his hand and settle this momentous question once and for all; but my own opinion, based on observation, is that Miss Garbo’s distaste for publicity is genuine, and it is more accurately a fierce and deep determination to preserve something of herself, her integrity as an individual, from the disseminating forces that accompany her success as an actress. Also let me say that the only time I ever saw Greta Garbo strike a pose was when she was waiting to receive a serve. She played frequently in those days, and her costume as often as not was a bathing suit, tennis shoes and a pair of dark glasses to shield her eyes from the sun. She was an earnest; if not an expert player she did not like to be defeated by her or to fail to hit out when she was playing net. She did not want her opponents to remember that they were playing against a million dollars worth of movie star.

As to her shyness, I will tell you a story, and so end this rambling reminiscence. One evening after tennis a group of us were gathered at the home of a producer. I happened to be
standing in the hall when Miss Garbo entered the house. She was wearing a sports dress, as usual, but she had on high-heeled slippers.

"I did not know who would be here," she said, "so I put on these shoes."

The slippers, I realized, were a concession to formality. I said as much, and she nodded. But then, looking through the door into the living-room, she breathed a sigh of relief. "Oh, I know them all," she said. "They are my friends." Turning to me with one of her rare smiles she added: "Will you please come help me with my suitcase?"

Somewhat mystified, I followed her out of the house and across the palm-lined street to where her car was parked. "My bag is in the back," she informed me.

I lifted the rear cover of the car and tumbled about till I found a small suitcase. This she took from me, and seating herself on the running board of the car, removed her formal slippers. From the suitcase she took a pair of old tennis shoes and put them on. The slippers went into the suitcase and the suitcase went back into the car.

"Now I can enjoy myself," Greta Garbo said, as she rose from the running board, "because now I am comfortable."

We went back into the house. And that was eight years ago, when life in Hollywood was simpler, happier and far more silent than it is now.

**Lovely Funnyface**

[Continued from Page 45]

"went to town?" First this fantastic child paid every family bill, which included some pretty stiff doctor's debts. Then she paid a year's rent on the house. Next she bought new furniture and rugs; outfitted every member of the household with new clothes; then thought of herself.

What does a lady require to make an impression on blasé Hollywood? What is the epitome of smartness? The creme de la creme of smartness? Marie knew the answer—a mink coat! So at sixteen and a half, she bought herself the most beautiful coat of well-fed minks that she could find.

Then she marched into an auto salon and bought a big black car that took five minutes to turn a corner. She turned lots of corners, but finally she had to stop; there was no more gas in the car. And, what was really important, she didn't have money enough to buy any. This, Marie decided, was going too far. She ran the car back to the salon, changed it for a smaller one, pocketed the refund, and decided it was time to set out to be a movie actress.

In due course of time she learned the ropes. The ropes consisted of studio casting offices, agents, tests and dramatic teachers. She began to make a constant round of the first; accumulated a great many of the second; talked her way into the third; and took unto herself the fourth.

She found the mink coat didn't help. Everybody admired it, but nobody gave her a job. She sat along with the others in the casting offices and got nowhere fast. At the same time she sought out various agents—one is supposed to be enough—everyone of them made her promises, but nothing came of them. But Marie, along with her amazing eyelashes, had amazing courage, and she kept on trying.

She got a dramatic teacher who threw up her
hands when she heard the thin, baby voice emanating from that tall girl. But give the teacher credit, for she, and only she, recognized that Marie's naïveté, her whimsical, funny reactions, her baby face, her unconsciously awkward manner and conversation was money in the bank. Here, she said, is a natural comedienne. Marie was "different." Marie was also very pretty, with a glorious figure. There was nobody like her on the screen. So, Mrs. Saunders, the teacher, went to work.

Marie came every day. She was only seventeen then, and it wasn't unusual. In the middle of a lesson, for her to stop and ask plaintively for a chocolate bar, or to dash into the kitchen for an apple. Then she'd go back to work again with an earnestness that was almost terrifying.

Gradually the pitch of her voice mellowed. She learned how to handle herself, but wisely the teacher allowed her to retain her own individuality.

Frequently, when a lesson was over Marie would insist that Sandy, who had been suffering from a neck injury, come out for a ride with her. Sandy dreaded these rides for she knew that Marie invariably got out of gas. This never troubled the embryo actress. There wasn't a gas station in town where she hadn't borrowed a gallon of gas and left her license as security.

One of these trips the car, as usual, ran dry. It picked the top of a mountain peak to do it. The poor teacher, who would neither turn her head from left to right, could only see air ahead of her—and lots of it. She died a thousand deaths, but Marie was blithe about it. She sat and admired the view, unperturbed about the car's precarious position or the lack of fuel. Someone would come along, she said, and eventually, someone did. A motorist obliged with a hefty push, and the buggy went sailing down the hill and cooked smack into a gasoline station!

She met her beau in much the same manner. He was a director and writer who lived next door. One day he was greatly disturbed by a thunderous honking of horns. He rushed out there, up and down the hill, he saw cars and trucks of every description wildly honking their horns at a car that was parked, or rather stalled, directly across the road. In it sat a young lady with blonde hair and large eyes, and a baby face. She smiled when the gentleman came out. It was an appealing smile. She was very upset.

Despite his annoyance, he had to laugh. Soon, with his help, the car was turned around and headed down the hill. That was the beginning. Marie got very near-ly. She was always paying visits which would consist of either a recital of what she had done that day, or a solemn reading of her dramatic lesson, or she'd hop into the kitchen and cook him some delectable pork chops with a tasty oyster dressing. Eventually the gentleman got used to her. Eventually he found himself liking her quite a bit. Her unconscious funniness, her vague, whimsical viewpoints, her determination and courage in seeking a picture career, all these things became important to him. He found himself expressing faith in her eventual success. The faith began to get all mixed up with love. They're still at it.

One night at a theater Marie was introduced by her sweetheart to some woman who immediately fingered the fur coat and exclaimed cattily, "Why, it's real mink!"

Whereupon Marie touched the bunch of artificial violets at her throat and said indignant, "Of course it's real, so are these violets!"

But back to how she crossed the gates. At one of the studios in which she managed to get inside, the director told her she was too funny-looking to get anywhere in pictures.

Marie agreed solemnly, "but I'm not going to give up." She added, "Anyway, I can't. I've got a big family to support." And she went on her way.

She also got into Paramount, managed to see the director who was casting for "Pursuit of Happiness," and talked him. This, she was very. The director gave her a test for the part of the servant girl. The test was good, but she did not get the part because she was too blonde to be cast with the golden haired Joan Bennett.

Eventually, too, she talked her way into a test at M-G-M. She made the whole thing a tragedy. She washed a woman's hair with another month has passed since then, executives of that studio still run the Marie Wilson film.

Of course, like most comedians, Marie wants to become a dramatic actress. Not right away, however. Personally, I doubt that she'll get her wish. When one is funny and grave and solemn, and speaks with voice of grandeur and all at the same time, one is a natural comedienne. But it isn't safe to make predictions about Marie Wilson; she does surprising things.

She'd eat a hamburger in the middle of the night or a chocolate ice-cream soda. Kippers and candy bars are her other favorites, and she tells you seriously that she really doesn't like horseradish candy and turnips!
was wrong with her. The director wouldn’t come to the phone, but the secretary mumbled something about only hiring intelligent girls. She tells this story on herself.

Her Paramount test was run at that studio again. Marie learned that there was a possibility that she might be signed the next day! Then everything began happening at once. One of her agents, the very same day, took the Metro test out to Warner Bros. Mr. Jack Warner and one of his executives were in the projection room waiting to see the test of one of their own players, when, by some mistake, Marie’s was run instead. Mr. Warner went wild with excitement.

“Get that girl!” he cried, “and sign her up, quick!”

They got her, and they signed her. At first Marie was undecided because of the Paramount possibility, but when Mr. W. exploded that Paramount could go get themselves another comedienne! Marie realized that a contract in the hand was worth dozens of maybe’s at any other studio, and she did things with the dotted line.

They rushed her over to get pictures taken; to meet people; to give her history to the publicity department; gave her a script to read. She was dizzied and exhausted. She longed to relax and throw off the warm mink coat. Just in time she remembered the safety pins, and kept it on. She compromised with a glass of hot water to relax her, which is a Marie Wilson specialty whenever weary, and settled down to enjoying the satisfaction of having impressed a very shrewd and far-seeing business man.

And when she gets enough money she’s going to collect all of her aunts and cousins and buy them everything they need. She wants to give the dramatic coach a little studio piano. Last, she’ll buy herself some clothes and travel. Where? Hawaii or the South Seas because she’s so romantic. But first New York, to see Broadway.

Doubtless she’ll accomplish all these things. So far, she’s appeared in “Stars Over Broadway” in which she played the funny, not-quite-bright girl friend of Frank McHugh and got rave notices (incidentally, until someone gave her a scrap-book for a present she never thought of saving her clippings). She’s also appeared, with noticeable success, in “Miss Pacific Fleet,” “Men on Her Mind,” and “Colleen.” That’s about all, but she’s already made everyone Marie Wilson conscious.

I’ve known her for two years. She’s always been the same as she is now. She probably always will be. One of those rare, once-in-a-blue-while creatures, with an elusive, child-like quality.

And that reminds me again of that mink coat, and the story she concocted to explain it to the curious extras.

“Oh,” said she, “my wealthy South American aunt gave it to me. It’s really supposed to be a broom, but I’m determined to get into pictures; I’m going to do it on my own, too.”

Whereupon someone would laugh knowingly at the safety-pinned lining, and someone else would giggle about her gas-less car. If this was ridiculous, Marie didn’t care. Marie, she knew, was going to get a contract. She did, while the others are still doing extra work. And Marie, she also vowed, was going to be a big movie star. It looks like this will come true, also. And I think that one of these days Miss Wilson will be trotting out in not only a mink, but an ermine coat, over the collar of which her three-quarters of an inch eyelashes will wave triumphantly in the breeze!
He'd been interested in electricity in school, you see, and had developed a new kind of lighting effect. A manager saw it, let him install it—and of course you know how these things happen. I liked the theater and everything in it and about it. He liked it so well he ran away from home to join a troupe.

After that his adolescence and young manhood were in a furs in a struggle for success; he spent part of his time in England, knocking around the little towns, or in the un- ditioned badly lighted boards—and the rest of his time he spent in New York, alternately working and going hungry.

During one long lasspe, when hunger somehow became more important than career or ambition, he opened of all things a haberdashery shop. And made it pay.


He married Virginia Cherrill.

There's no real need for detail here; you know the story well enough. But this much is important: when that marriage broke up the first beginnings of metamorphosis must have come into being for Cary. He wasn't aware of them then—life was still an adventurous business to be met in strife and conquered somehow.

But the mental reconditioning had started, sub-consciously. And it was in full swing by the time he reached England last winter to see death come to his father.

Cary said: "You understand that I'd had absolutely no contact with death before. Besides, the situation was rather peculiar. Dad and I hadn't seen much of each other for years—he hadn't been keen about my becoming an actor in the first place. Then when I got over here and made some sort of success there wasn't much opportunity for going back.

"Aside from that, I felt I was out here on my own—Dad had his little world and was working hard for his own success and his own happiness. Why should I go back and intrude myself—my life and my ideas—into his?"

He stared out at the rain. "That's the way England was last winter," he said, remembering. "Rain and then more rain; all the trees and hedges dripping and the fields full of puddles."

"I'm glad I went back. It was a lucky thing, because of course I didn't know my father hadn't much longer to live. And even though we hadn't the opportunity of seeing much of each other, so long as he lived he represented a family, a close relationship, to me. I never really felt that I was completely alone."

"After that was over I came back to America, and things were different within me, you understand. The other things were the same, the people I knew, the work I had to do. But my attitudes—my outlook on life and my ideas—were considerably changed."

Observe, then, the new Cary Grant.

First, he has secured himself financially, from the standpoint of career. "I've been planning out my work lately, so that I'll have more than the usual star's quota of popularity. It's rather hard to explain, but I've been trying to develop myself as a character actor; as a man who can play many varied parts instead of just one straight rôle. That may not be so good for my current popularity, but it will mean that I can.'"

The Reluctant Bachelor

(continued from page 49)

who take care of his bank account. He has other things to do: he is a working re-growth. And Cary is one of them. Not in the ordinary sense, Cary insisted. Not just to "see the world." "Everyone wants to go a journey," he said laughing. "Naturally I want to get about and have a look at this little earth. But what interests me is that you can live much cheaper on a boat than you can at home. I mean that. Traveling isn't very expensive any more—it actually costs less to live while you're going from country to country. At home there is rent and the upkeep of cars, the expense of servants. I don't begrudge the money I pay the government—that's a necessary thing.

But why should I stay home between pictures or on my vacation and be bored, when I can travel on tramp steamers and things and have a marvelous time at much less expense?"

Finally, there is this business of marriage. I said, "You've told me you want security, contentment—peace. But does that include a wife and children? You could have just as much happiness as a bachelor, I suppose."

"But that's what I want more than anything else!" He leaned forward, his voice sincere. "Security and peace are synonymous with family—that is, if the arrangement is successful. I told you before that the loss of my father had left me feeling that I had no close relationship, that I felt alone. Of course I want a wife and family, to fill that gap in my life."

"But I don't believe any more in hasty mar-riages. I believe two people should wait a long while before they make a stab at living to-gether—it's all right of course if you don't want children and if you don't care how many meals are on the table. bad luck, I don't want any more. I'll be pretty sure the girl and I are compatible before I suggest a minister."

He thought for a while. Then: "There's another thing, too. I believe that people should wait a few years after they're married before they have children. You hear people say that kids cement the parents' love for each other—but I don't think that altogether true. There's a great difference in the attitudes of two people before they live to-gether and afterward; I'm not going to have
Every girl owes it to herself to make this "Armhole Odor" Test

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" each time you wear your dress.

It is a terrible thing for any nice girl to learn that she is not free from perspiration odor. Yet 9 out of 10 girls who deodorize only will discover this embarrassing fact by making a simple test.

You owe it to yourself to make the test tonight. When you take off your dress, remember to smell the fabric under the arm. If moisture has collected on the armhole, even once, you will be able to detect a stale "armhole odor."

You cannot protect yourself completely by the use of creams or sticks, which deodorize only. They cannot keep the little hollow under your arm dry.

You may be completely dainty, but people near you are conscious of the stale "armhole odor" of your dress! They think it is you!

There is one SURE protection

Once a woman realizes what the problem is, she will insist on underarm dryness. That is why millions of fastidious women regularly use Liquid Odoron. With the gentle closing of the tiny pores in the small area under the arm, no moisture can ever collect on the armhole of your dress, to embarrass you later by creating an impression of uncleanliness.

Any doctor will tell you that Odoron is entirely safe. With Odoron, the excess perspiration is simply diverted to less "closed-in" parts of the body, where it is unnoticeable and evaporates freely.

Saves your lovely gowns

There's no grease to get on your clothes. And with all moisture banished, there's no risk of spoiling an expensive costume in one wearing. Just by spending those few extra moments required to use Odoron, you'll be repaid not only in assurance of complete daintiness, but in money and clothes saved, too!

Odongon comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odoron (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. For especially sensitive skin or hurried use, use Instant Odoron (Colorless) daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

If you want to be completely at ease and assured, send today for samples of the two Odorones and leaflet on complete underarm dryness offered below.

RUTH MILLER, The Odoron Co., Inc.
Dept. 6Q6, 219 Hudson St., New York City
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 8c for sample vials of both Instant Odoron and Regular Odoron and leaflet on complete underarm dryness.

Name
Address
City State
Why Fame Can’t Spoil Fred Astaire

(continued from page 22)

"Many a time, when the hot summer months were upon us," one of the doormen said, "we’d unbutton our stiff collars. Some of the tenants would complain to the superintendent. But Astaire would say, 'Don't bother putting up your collars. You must be sweating.'"

"And was he nice to us! There wasn't a show in which he stared that we didn't see. He'd give us sixth row orchestra seats. $6.60 ones, as many as we wanted."

You've never heard the story of what Fred Astaire did for his chauffeur, Tom Gishorn, did you? Had to ferret it out, for Fred doesn't boast of his good deeds. Tom Gishorn wanted to be an aviator. But in order to become a pilot, one must have money for the training course. And plenty of leisure during ordinary working hours, for you can't learn to pilot a plane at night.

Being a democratic soul, Fred Astaire talked to his chauffeur as if they were buddies. And it wasn't long before Tom had confided his secret dreams of some day becoming another Lindbergh.

Fred was most interested in this proposed aviator. He paid the chauffeur wages for his chauffeur. Instead, he advanced the money for Tom's long awaited aviation course. And then he shifted Tom's hours so that Tom could start in immediately to take the course. Using taxis while his Rolls Royce stood idle was what this entailed. But Fred Astaire did it gladly. And when Tom Gishorn tried to thank him, he flushed and changed the subject.

And you've never heard the story of how he helped Ziegfeld get on his feet, after Ziegfeld refused to pay him his back salary.

It happened almost half a dozen years ago, when Fred Astaire was starred with Marilyn Miller in the Ziegfeld show, "Smiles." It proved one of the few failures of his career. When the show closed, Ziegfeld owed Astaire $10,000, two weeks' salary.

Claiming he had lost money in the show, and could not afford to pay salaries, Ziegfeld refused to give Fred the money due him.

There were no fireworks, no threats from Astaire. Instead, he listened to Ziegfeld's arguments, then took the matter to Equity, which decided in Astaire's favor. By the time the arbitration board had made its decision, Ziegfeld had another hit show on Broadway, "Hot Cha."

Now Ziegfeld came to Astaire, and asked a favor of him. According to the arbitration decree, Ziegfeld had to pay Astaire the $10,000 immediately. Instead, he wanted to give it to Fred in installments, claiming that paying him $10,000 in a lump sum would work a hardship on him.

Had Astaire wanted to be vindictive, or petty, he could have refused. And then he could have attached Ziegfeld's current hit and collected his money.

But there isn't an ounce of rancor in Astaire's makeup. Quite readily, he accepted Ziegfeld's terms. It would help Ziegfeld out to pay him in dribs and drabs, it was okay with Astaire. Ziegfeld appreciated this, and he remained one of Astaire's staunchest admirers.

And then there was the time Marilyn Miller and Fred were rehearsing for one of their shows. Both had been practicing their dances for hours and were totally exhausted. They agreed to call it a day.

Just then Evelyn Laye, the actress, walked in on them. She had arrived a few days before from Broadway, and both Fred and Marilyn liked her immensely.

"I'd so love to see you dance," she said. "I've heard so much about your work."

I would have politely explained that I was tired, and suggested Miss Laye watch me from the audience side of the theater. But not Fred. Without a word, he and Marilyn got up and regarded their aching limbs, and went through their entire routine for Evelyn's enjoyment.

Would you do as much to oblige a co-worker? When Fred's sister, Adele, left their show. "Bandwagon," to marry Lord Cavendish, Vera Marsh was given Adele's role. Naturally, Vera was timid at the beginning, and in her over-zealousness to make a success, made a few errors. Regardless of who was at fault, Fred Astaire always took the blame. He kept encouraging Vera, just as he later encouraged Ginger Rogers. He'd neglect his own steps to help her learn hers.

Nor did Fred Astaire ever take himself too seriously or feel that the world would miss something if he stopped dancing.

Do you remember when the roller skating craze was at its height, about four years ago? Jack Whitney, Fred's best friend, sent Fred a pair of roller skates, with a huge wheel in front, and a wheel in back.

And Fred Astaire just loved to go roller skating, up and down Park Avenue. Fearing sharp-eyed reporters, he went skating after midnight, when no one would recognize him.

In vain his mother, who dotes on her Fred- deed, pleaded with him to desist from this childish sport. What if he turned his ankle? What if he injured one of his feet? His dancing career would be over. To all of which Freddie Logic would raise his shoulders, and said, "Don't worry. I'll be all right."

In case you feel that Hollywood and his world-wide success in the movies has changed Fred Astaire, I want to tell you of something he did after he arrived in Hollywood.

Just before he married and went West, Charles Luthauer, the taxi driver who drove Fred to and from the theater, underwent a serious operation. Convalescing proved long and costly—much too costly for Charlie's slim pocketbook.

Fred missed the taxi driver, and asked about him. He was told that Charlie was dreadfully ill, and quite poor.

A short while later, Charlie received a letter from Hollywood, containing a nice, fat check—an apologetic note from Fred. "I'm so sorry I haven't done anything before," it read in part. "I've been so busy. You'll hear from me later."

And it was Fred Astaire, Hollywood Big Shot, who wrote his fifth grade public school teacher, Miss Eva Brunsday, quite recently, inquiring about the health and pursuits of many of his classmates.

Fred Astaire has never lost the common touch, has never felt himself to be above the rest of humanity.

To this day, he has no inflated opinion of
himself as an actor and is bewildered by his success in the movies.

When he first went out to appear for RKO-Radio, he begged producers not to put him in romantic roles. "With my funny face," he said, "where do I come in playing Romeo? There are many men better equipped for the part."

So dubious was he of Hollywood success, that he spoke pessimistically to friends of the whole business, and said he'd be back in town for good after making "Flying Down to Rio."

When RKO-Radio took up his option, he was dumbstruck with pleased surprise. And then and there he showed an all-too-human trait, one you and I have.

With all his generosity, he can be petty at times. Now was one of them. He was worried, of all things, about the fact that his contract with RKO failed to specify they were to pay his fare to and from New York.

Hollywood seems to have changed Fred Astaire in only one thing. That's in the matter of clothes. He's reputed to be the best dressed man in Hollywood today.

In his pre-Hollywood days, he loved to slouch around in a business suit. He used a tie for a belt quite regularly. And, according to Renee Carroll, the famous hat-check girl at Sardi's Restaurant, the meeting place of the theatrical bigwigs, his hat was a dirty old felt, badly in need of blocking.

I saw him at the opening night of "Flying Colors," in which his friend, Clifton Webb, starred. It was a typical first night turnout, with men in full dress, and women in filmy, shimmering gowns.

Suddenly, in walked Fred Astaire in a grey business suit. While clamping to his arm was a lovely girl in faultless evening dress, the present Mrs. Astaire. And he acted as unconcerned as if he was dolled up like a clothing ad of what the well-dressed man will wear for formal affairs.

But I wonder if Hollywood has really changed him in this? On a recent trip to Catalina Island, I understand, he was refused admission to the dance floor because he was wearing sports clothes and no tie. Did he make a fuss? Did he announce to the proprietor who he was, and how great an honor he was bestowing upon him by appearing as his guest?

He did not. Instead, he just grinned his silly grin, returned to his hotel, put on a tie, and came back to dance.

If at first you didn't try PABST —try again!

Unless you have treated yourself to Pabst TAPaCan—you do not know how really good beer can be.

Pour Pabst out of your own personal container. Enjoy the smoothest, most zestful, satisfying flavor you ever tasted—a purity, wholesomeness and refreshment never before equalled.

Ninety-two years of brewing experience and modern scientific laboratory control makes a difference. You can taste that difference in all its delicate quality because Pabst Export Beer is captured at the brewery—with all its original goodness.

Ask for your beer by name—Pabst TAPaCan—the beer that has won unrivaled acceptance because of its unrivaled flavor.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan
- Brewery Goodness Sealed Right In
- Protected Flavor
- Non-refillable
- Flat Top—It Stacks
- Saves Half the Space
- No Deposits to Pay
- No Bottles to Return
- Easy to Carry
- No Breakage

THE LIFE STORY of a GIRL WHO WON'T TALK

The girl is Luise Rainer, the brilliant star of "The Great Ziegfeld." She refuses interviews. She is very silent about herself. But she did give just one story—to PHOTOPLAY, of course, and you'll find it, the fascinating history of this strangely fascinating over-night star, beginning in the July

PHOTOPLAY
The Facts of Hollywood Life

I DO

Jack Oakie and Venita Varden, ex-Follies beauty, in Yuma.
Edmund Lowe and Rita Lawson, Hollywood stylist, in Armonk Village, N. Y.
Jean Parker and George McDowell, N. Y. newspaperman-socialite, in a Las Vegas elopement.
Dorothy Wilson, actress and ex-studio stenographer, and Leo Foster, writer, in church in Los Angeles.
Onslow Stevens and Anne Buchanan, Pasadena socialite, in Las Vegas.
Frank DAVIS, associate producer, and Tess Stieglitz, novelist, in Los Angeles.

LOVE OPTIONS

Alain Jones on Irene Hervey; Rian James, author, on Ann Andre, actress; apple-eating Bert Wheeler on Sally Haines, actress.

SPARKING

Leading the romance race of the month were Howard Hughes, millionaire sportsman, and Frances Drake; oft-engaged Mary Brian and Cary Grant; Alice Faye and Michael Wilden; petite Ida Lupino and suave Louis Hayward.

MARITAL WOE

Arlene Judge and Director Wesley Ruggles are hoping their trial separation will patch up their difficulties.
Divorce papers have been filed in Sylvia Sidney vs. Bennett Cerf and Helen Twetveters vs. Frank B. Woody cases.
"Divorce granted" told to Roger Pryor and Priscilla Mitchell Pryor in New Jersey, to Douglas MacLean, producer and ex-exactor, and Lorraine Eddy MacLean in Los Angeles, and to Margaret Sullivan and Director William Wyler in Mexico.
Planning Renovocation is Mrs. Arthur Horsblom, Jr., clearing the way for his marriage to Myrna Loy.

AS IT MUST TO ALL

Death came to Ben Verscheiser, Universal producer, in Hollywood, due to illness.

GOOD MORNING JUDGE

Victor Jory was sued for $5,000 damages in a traffic accident and in turn sued his suers for $25,000 for his own injuries in the same accident.
Barbara Stanwyck won the suit an agent brought against her for $300 for alleged services.

On the Spot News

[continued from page 4]

Rochelle Hudson and Dick Cromwell are following that age-old custom. No engagement announcement, however.

Carole Lombard at last has moved into that new house of hers. It has a professional tennis court but no dining room—she'll do all her entertaining informally by the living room fire.

Bing Crosby is sponsor of a team of 12 girls who will defend his sporting honor in the forthcoming American Soft Ball Association games.

Jimmy Cagney won his suit against his erstwhile employers, Warner Brothers studio, and had his contract cancelled by the court. The studio has appealed the decision to the supreme court.

Screen contracts of minors Spunky McFarland, dancer; Susan O'Dea, Caroline Houseman and Betty Burgess approved by court.

ON THE HEIRWAYS

Pioneer Pictures Vice President Moriam C. and Dorothy Jordan Cooper have made reserves for an additional passenger.
Director and Mrs. Dick Wallace adopted their second child, a little girl.

HITHER AND YON

By boat, plane and train Fred Stone traveled to N. Y. and Florida; Harold Lloyd to N. Y. on business; the William Wellman's to Hawaii for vacation; Dolores Del Rio and Husband Cedric Gibbons to Europe; Harry Joe and Sally Elters to N. Y. via the canal; Doris Kenyon and Fay Wray to Hollywood from London.

UNDER THE WEATHER

On the sick or injured list were Dick Powell with laryngitis; Carole Lombard with the flu; Leslie Howard with an arm injured in a dueling scene; Margaret Sullivan with an arm broken in a fall; Mrs. Jack Warner and veteran George O'Hara, both with appendicitis; Patricia Ellis with the measles; and Linda Basquette with infection from a carbuncle.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Celebrating natal days but refusing to divulge ages were Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Joan Crawford, Anna Q. Nilsson, Betty Compson, Edward Everett Horton, Rochelle Hudson, Gary Cooper.

ODDS AND ENDS

Shirley Temple kissed by General John J. "Black Jack" Pershing at Palm Springs. Anna May Wong reproved by her countrymen for her "immodesty" in American dress. Pat O'Brien, who was in Warner Brothers doghouse last month, is now in good graces.
Old-timer George Fawcett returned to Hollywood from a too-long stay away in vaudeville and radio. Ruth Jones, badly injured Warner Brothers publicist, is on her feet again.

Thirty years of making movies was celebrated by Jean Hersholt at testimonial luncheon with Irene S. Cobb as toastmaster.

The athletic maidens call themselves "The Croonerettes."

Gary Cooper went to Bermuda, flew in to New York for one day of business conferences, flew back to Bermuda again—and now is home in Hollywood ready for work.

Latest news from the production standpoint is that you will soon see Western pictures in full color. M. G. O'Neill will begin making them when the technicolor laboratories are available.

TOAST to

LOVELINESS

[Image of Nestlé Golden Shampoo]

ONLY the girl whose perfectly-groomed hair reflects her fastidiousness is in demand. Nestlé Golden Shampoo makes your hair look years younger and more alluring. It cleanses both scalp and hair and imparts a delightful golden sheen. For those who prefer a darker shade, there is Nestlé Henna Shampoo made with pure Egyptian Henna.

[Image of Nestlé Golden Shampoo]

10c for a package containing 2 shampoos at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

GET YOUR COPY OF "NO MORE ALIBIS" By Sylvia of Hollywood FROM Your Book or Department Store NOW

SHU-MILK RESTORES NEW SHOE WHITENESSE Alpha's Largest Selling White Shoe Cleaner

one of the few famous Hotels in America

BELLEVUE STRATFORD Philadelphia Charles H. Bennett General Manager

[Image of Nestlé Golden Shampoo]
hired Phil Regan—and all in all, quite a merry evening. Jack has a swell bantering style at the microphone which has given rise to lots of rumors about his getting ready to sign a radio contract. Nothing has come of this as yet.

Twentieth Century-Fox has found itself suddenly with a new romantic personality with lots of potentialities. They signed Don Ameche of radio fame not long ago and when executives saw the rushes of his first picture, they shipped him right into another part. Don for a long time has been leading man on the First Nighter program over NBC, sponsored by Campana. He’s broadcasting from Hollywood at the moment and it looks as though he would continue to for a long time.

The Marx Brothers’ arrival on the air has been indefinitely postponed. Groucho revealed a short while back that he and his brothers had nearly signed a long-term contract, but the prospective sponsor wanted to bind them for too long a period. Groucho decided that life wasn’t worth all the headaches a weekly broadcast would involve. Thinking up new gags week after week, he reported, is too tough a proposition.

Bette Davis, recent Academy Award winner, has her doubts about radio work being a pleasant relief from toiling on Hollywood sets. She came to New York the last of March for an appearance on the aforementioned Lux Theater, and stayed to discover what others before her have found to be the bitter truth. The director of this show demands perfection and perfection in a radio play requires lots of patience and even more rehearsal. Bette was glad to go back to the comparative comfort of making another film.

### WHY MADGE EVANS HAS NEVER MARRIED

Young, beautiful, successful, very popular with men, Madge Evans has consistently refused to marry—and always refused to tell why. Now, however, she gives the whole story—and a startling one it is.

In the July PHOTOPLAY out June 10th

---

**SWING OVER TO KOOLs.** They’re the sensible hot weather smoke these steamy days. They’re cool. They’re refreshing. They’re cork-tipped so as not to stick to lips. And each pack brings you a valuable B & W coupon good for classy premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) So give your throat a break. Switch from hots to KOOLs! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

---

**SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS**

- Bride Table Cover—Washable smock, comes in red or green . . . 100 coupons
- FREE! Write for illustrated 20-page B & W premium booklet No. 11
- Lady’s Umbrellas—in several colors; matched Pyralin handles, 375 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES ... NOW AT POPULAR PRICES ... ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS
PHOTOPLAY
roving
PHOTO PLAY
CONTINUED

A RAVE trial irritated irritations, because wood's aches because of dependable, darkener. That's movie's leading directions.

Please send action plan's. Dennis' foot, rather than application as a perfect, oils proves dull. A smudges and unique Prouty, "Our story.

Grey and ultra for超者. Keene—lovely. You'll go—

Good and irreligious, this time's advertisement. Hymer's picture. The gals.

Allwyn—An unusual role in "The Gay Divorcee."

To her. Franchot and New York's grisly humor. A girl's twist fun.

As a perfect, Darcy's T. Its dull. Mr. Coop and a

Mary. They're dull. There is.

As a perfect, Rogers' good. A girl's twist fun.

As a perfect, Forth with a smile. Her. Miss Foster's name.

As a perfect, Forth with a smile. Her. Miss Foster's name.

As a perfect, Forth with a smile. Her. Miss Foster's name.

As a perfect, Forth with a smile. Her. Miss Foster's name.

As a perfect, Forth with a smile. Her. Miss Foster's name.
HITCH HIKE LADY—Republic.—Fast comedy with Allison Skipworth as poor English mother hitchhiking her way to California. Arthur Treacher and Warren Hymer a perfect comedy team. Good Fun (Mar.).

HOUSE OF A THOUSAND CANDLES, THE—Republic.—Phillips Holmes, Mae Clarke, Irving Pichel and Rossita Montos do well enough in a mildly interesting film based on Meredith Nicholson's story of the international spy spy. (May.)

★ I DREAM TOO MUCH—RKO-Radio.—Lilly Pont's screen debut in a delightful part. Henry Fonda as conceited composer finds himself swallowed in his wife's family. Thrilling singing. (Feb.)

★ I FOUND STELLA PARISH—Warners.—Ray Francis and a good cast in a weak story of an actress who tries to protect her child from the shame of an illicit birth. Ian Hunter and Jesse Ralph. (June.)

IF YOU COULD ONLY SING—Columbia.—Blue blood, Herbert Marshall pursues romance incognito into pantry of gangsters' mansion—finds Jean Arthur. Clever Cinderella tale. (Feb.)

★ I LIVE MY LIFE—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford and Brian Aherne battle along the obstacle-laden pathway to ultimate love in this smart, society comedy that is sufficiently vital and humorous to fulfill the expectations of all Crawford fans. (Dec.)

★ IN PERSON—RKO-Radio.—Fast-paced comedy depicting the dedication of a convivial movie queen, Ginger Rogers, by a be-man with a sense of humor, George Brent. Allan Mowbray and Joan Blondell are admirable. (Jan.)

IT'S IN THE AIR—M-G-M.—Jack Benny posing as a high flyer invades a busy desert resort only to find himself having to vacate his reputation by making a stratosphere flight, which he does successfully amid uproarious humor. You'll get plenty of laughs from this. (Dec.)

★ IT HAD TO HAPPEN—20th Century-Fox.—You'll like smooth George Raft and Rosalind Russell in this big city success story of an immigrant who achieves his way to political power. Good cast includes Leo Carrillo, Arline Judge and Alan Dinehart. (April.)

JUST MY LUCK—New Century.—The bad luck this time lies in the mediocrity of production, photography and direction which dooms the footsteps of Charlie Ray's comeback. (Feb.)

★ KIND LADY—M-G-M.—Not very entertaining crook melodrama. Aline MacMahon regrett her kindness to Basil Rathbone who embarrasses her in her own home. Susanne, and not for kiddies. (Feb.)

★ KING OF BURLESQUE—20th Century-Fox.—A slick story with plenty of mirth and clever dancing. Warner Baxter pining burlesque producer is helped back to Broadway by Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and Gregory Ratoff. (Mar.)

KINGSOLOMON OF BROADWAY—Universal.—Edmund Lowe as a night club proprietor who has his hands full holding on to both his club and his women but manages to do so with much wise cracking humor. Pinky Tomlin and Dorothy Page help on otherwise pointless story. (Dec.)

KLONDIKE ANNIE—Paramount.— Mae West, rather offensively mixing sex with religion, turns evangelist in a funny tale of the Klondike gold rush Victor McLaglen wallows harmlessly. You'll yawn. (Apr.)

LAST DAYS OF POMPEII—RKO-Radio.—A magnificent and awe inspiring spectacle benefits greatly by the new plot that has been given to the old Bulwer-Lytton story. Preston Foster gives a vivid performance as the Pompeian blacksmith who turns gladiator when poverty kills his wife and child. The whole family will enjoy this. (Dec.)


LAST OUTPOST, THE—Paramount.—The age old triangle crops up in India this time with Cary Grant as the officer who unknowingly falls in love with his best friend's wife. In spite of the presence of Claude Rains and Gertrude Michael, this only proves to be a fair picture. (Dec.)

LAUGHING IRISH EYES—Republic.—Plenty of shamrocks and brougnes in this tale of a fight promoter who backs a blacksmith, who prefers to one Evelyn Knapp and Ray Walker persuade him to fight and of course, Phil Regan's standing is nor Walter C. Kelly is excellent. (May.)

LEATHERNECKS HAVE LANDED, THE— Republic.—Plenty of action in this illogical tale of a ramshackle marine, Lew Ayres, who reinstates himself through his heroism for the stars and stripes, and puts a stop to the hanky-panky. (May.)

LITTLE AMERICA—Paramount.—The mammoth adventure and thrilling heroism of the second Byrd Antarctic adventure has been strikingly captured and assembled into an important educational picture with Admiral Byrd making a personal appearance in handsome actor. Worth while seeing. (Dec.)

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1936

COMFORT-SAFETY—Peace of mind

BECAUSE KOTEX CAN'T CHAFE

CAN'T FAIL

CAN'T SHOW

Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives 'body' but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

A SANITARY NAPKIN

made from Cellucotton (not cotton)
Beautiful eyes are the most important feature of any woman’s charm—that’s why fashionable women who wish to be exquisitely groomed in eye make-up demand Maybelline eye beauty aids. They know that the modern magic of these fine cosmetic creations gives them the natural appearance of beautiful eyes. Not to use Maybelline eye beauty aids is sheer neglect of charm. When you see what lovely, long, dark lashes, softly shaded lids, and gracefully formed eyebrows Maybelline eye beauty aids can give you, you’ll adore these exquisite eye cosmetics. You will want the entire line of Maybelline eye beauty aids to effect a perfect harmony in your complete eye make-up. Try them today—they will open your eyes to eye-beauty—eye make-up done in good taste!

Maybelline

EYE SHADOW...EYEBROW PENCIL
EYELASH TONIC CREAM...EYEBROW BRUSH

MASCARA

EMU EMU—KRO-Radio.—A mystery tale with a little kidnapping and a real murder to keep you alternately laughing and guessing. Preston Foster comes into conflict with Broderick Crawford and Finley Quaye has fun as his stooge. Margaret Callahan and Florine McKean are a trio of vamps. (April)

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY—M-G-M.—Magnificent sea scene culled from the Nordhoff-Hall book. Charles Laughton as Captain Ralph Clark Gable as Jack Lord and Franchot Tone as Madklym Bryan. Superb acting, direction, scenery and cast. Don’t miss it. (Jan)

MUSK EM’UP—KRO-Radio.—A mystery tale with a little kidnapping and a real murder to keep you alternately laughing and guessing. Preston Foster comes into conflict with Broderick Crawford and Finley Quaye has fun as his stooge. Margaret Callahan and Florine McKean are a trio of vamps. (April)

MY MARRIAGE—1950 Century-Fox.—Solid performances by Kent Taylor and Kay Kelly help to make a weak and confusing picture of society underworld tangled up by several murders. (Feb)

NAVY WIFE—20th Century-Fox.—Because of her own unpredictable family experiences, navy nurse, Cluse Hearn, is assigned to a warship and eventually does wed Ralph Bellamy in this unexciting and limiting film. (Feb)

NEVADA—Paramount.—A Zane Grey Western. Baxter Crude and Sid Saylor prove their mettle in a catty war. Grand scenery and Kathryn Burke. (Feb)

NEXT TIME WE LOVE—Universal.—Ursula Purr’s moving story acted with sincerity and discretion by Margaret Sullavan, and new comer James Stewart as a young married couple torn between love, marriage and personal ambition. Outstanding direction. (April)

NIght AT THE OPERA—A—M-G-M.—Three comic nudes, the Marx Brothers, are cavorting in Italy and wind up in a New York opera house, singing Alan Jones and Kitty Carlisle are romantic. You’ll love it. (Jan)

ONE WAY TICKET—Columbia.—Peggy Con- lin’s personality highlights a poorly constructed picture of the warder’s daughter falling in love with Lloyd Nolan. Walter Connolly and Edith Fellows are good. (Feb)

O’SHAGNESSY’S BOY—M-G-M.—The agreeable combination, Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper, click again in a circus story that is dripping with tear and laughter. You will want to see it. (Mar)

PADDY O’DAY—20th Century-Fox.—Jane With- ers brings laughs and tears in this handsome little story of an orphan’s adventures in New York. Kay Can- sino, Pinky Tylom and George Grivot. (Jan)

PERSONAL MAID’S SECRET—Warner Bros.—A warm-hearted and thoroughly pleasant picture glorifying the devotedly maid to the important in the lives of an average family. Ruth Donnelly interprets the part of the maid to perfection. (Dec)

PETER IBBETSON—Paramount.—An artistically produced new version of the romantic love story of Peter Ibbetson, a young architect (Gary Cooper) for the Duchess of Tavan, Ann Harding. (Jan)

PETTICOAT FEVER—M-G-M.—You’ll find this a lively and engaging story of a folkloric, sentimental tale of an exiled Englishman in Labrador and his resulting to a beautiful woman. Robert Mitchum is deft, Myra Loy has her customary charm, Raymond Massey is funny, and the Eskimos are a riot. (May)

PRISONER OF SHARK ISLAND—20th Century-Fox.—Warner Baxter superb in a maddening and distinguished role as Capt. William Mudd who is incarcerated for his innocent help to the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Gloria Stuart is beauti- fully cast as his loyal wife. Splendid. (April)

PREVIEW MURDER MYSTERY THE—Paramount.—A masterfully paced and puzzling story with Rod LaRoque as the murder, and Reg- nold Denny, Frances Drake, Gail Patrick and George Stevens as all the suspects. (April)

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER—20th Century-Fox—Fox.—This fast, fastpaced and exciting story of adventurous boy king, a Graustarkian revolu- tion, and the challenger of fortune. Old melodramatics but you will like it. (Mar)

RACING LUCK—Winchester-Republic.—An un- portrait, stock story—well written and directed. William Boyd, Ernest Hallard, Barbara Worth. George Ernest in the cast. (Feb)

RED SALUTE—Reliance.—Bob Young is lured into desert duty by Carleta. Scene that brings in this version of a country fight, but he eventually is successful. Not a barstraw. Recommended for hearty laughs. (Dec)

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT—Universal.—A well mounted story of two families with the characters combined in an effort to imitate the “Thin Man” style but falls short in the execution. Includes Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong and Reg- nold Denny. (Dec)

RENDEZVOUS—M-G-M.—Exciting comedy melodrama with Bill Powell as the ace-de-coder of the U. S. Office of Strangements who busts up an enemy spy ring. Rosalind Russell superb as his feather-brained sweetheart. Do see this. (Dec)

★ RHODES—G.B.—A sincere picture of the life of the famed British diamond merchant, patriot and scholar. Walter Huston able as Rhodes, Basil Sydney fine as Dr. Jameston, but highest honors go to Oscar Homolka as Paul Kruger. (May.)

RIFFRAFF—M.G.M.—Jean Harlow surrounded by fish canneries, labor troubles and penitentiaries. Spencer Tracy is her man. Lots of battle and love scenes. Joseph Calles and Una Merkel are great. (Mar.)

RING AROUND THE MOON—Columbia. Donald Cook, Erna O'Brien Moore, and Ann Doran in story of a publisher's daughter who marries a reporter. Mixed up but creditable. (Febr.)

ROAD GANG—Warner. Good performances by Donald Woods, Kay Linaker, Henry O'Neill, and Joseph King fail to raise this grim, depressing story of a writer who exposes the crookedness of a state politician. Pretty brutal. (May.)

ROBIN HOOD OF EL DORADO, THE—M.G.M.—Fine direction and superb cast in a thrilling, but too romantic tale of the bandit, Johnsta Montero, the Robin Hood of early California history. Warner Baxter handles the desperado's rôle well. (May.)

★ ROSE MARIE—M.G.M.—Vigorous, romantic, melodic and polished opéretta with Jeanette MacDonald as an opera star and Nelson Eddy as a Polish Mounted policeman. Their singing is better than ever. First rate entertainment. (Mar.)


SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE—Radio-Radio. The perennial mystery of Baldpate Inn with a new ending and modern whiskey. The sparkling cast includes Gene Raymond, Eric driee, Margaret Callahan, Henry Travers. (Feb.)

SEEING EYE, THE—Educational. An instructive and heart-warming picturization of the worthy non-profit organization in New York which trains German police dogs to lead the blind. (Apri.)

SHE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Columbia. A swiftly paced and homely packed version of the harassed millionaire and spoiled fiancée given George Raft an opportunity to wage a battle of wits with Joan Bennett until love finally crashed through. Fanny in spite of its shortcomings. (Dec.)

SHIP CAFE—Paramount. Farce entertaining musical romance with Carl Brisson rising on the wings of song from stoker to gigolo. Arlene Judge and Paul Cavanagh. (Jan.)

★ SHIPMATES FOREVER—Warner-Cosmo. A political. The perennial Anna Poli's story emerges fresh and appealing with Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler giving knockout performances and adding sparkling gayety with their songs and dances. The story is more original than the general run and one that you will enjoy immensely. (Dec.)

SHOW THEM NO MERCY—20th Century-Fox. A gripping kidnapper-hunt film. A prize portrayal by "killer" Bruce Cabot. (Jan.)

SILLY BILLIES—Radio-Radio. Old Home Week for Wheeler and Woolsey, who are covered wagoneers this time. Old stuff, but funny. Dorothy Lee is Wheeler's heart trouble. (May.)

SNOOVED UNDER—Warner. An unpretentious and rib-tickling little farce with George Brent as a playwright harassed by too many wives. Genevieve Tobin, Patrice Wymore and Glenda Farrell furnish the female distraction. (Jan.)

SO BAD THE ROSE—Paramount. Stark Young's tender, tragic Civil War tale of a ruined Southern family, beautifully presented, Margaret Sullivan, Randolph Scott, Walter Connolly and Janet Gaynor give distinctive performances. (Jan.)

SONG AND DANCE MAN—20th Century-Fox. Paul Kelly and Claire Trevor struggle through an old story of a mis-mated vaudeville team who can't stick together on Broadway, with the usual back-stage sacrifice. Just another movie. (Aprl.)

SPANISH CAPE MYSTERY—Republic. A California murder mystery entertainingly handled. Detective Donald Cook solves everything with Helen Twelvetrees help. Barton Chappell's waggish humor helps. (Jan.)

★ SPLENDOR—Sum Goldwyn-United Artists. Willie Munn Hopkins sacrifices herself for husband, Joel McCrea's success. Enjoyable cast with Paul Cavanagh, Billie Burke and Helen Westley. (Feb.)

★ STAR OVER BROADWAY—Warner. Broadway success story with catchy tunes sung by radio discovery James Melton. Good cast including Pat O'Brien, Jean Muir, and songwriter Lane Friedman. (Jan.)

Give this finer, lovelier Silverware

26-Piece Set in Security Roll
$10.00

It's almost unbelievable! Silverware so fine, for so little! And enough for six places! A velvet-soft roll of emerald green and white—yours without extra charge. Sterling-like designs. Shields of extra Silver at points of greatest wear. Tudor Plate is the ideal gift, and worthy of the smartest hostess.

TUDOR PLATE
Owedale Community

Even Finer
... than its setting

Beautiful as is its setting... the SHERRY-NETHERLAND is even more favorably known for its comfort, convenience and the excellence of its service.

Suites of 1 to 5 rooms, each with large serving pantry, by the day, week, month or longer.

The SHERRY-NETHERLAND
Facing the Park
Fifth Avenue at 59th • New York
**LOVELY TO LOOK AT.**

**Because of the thrilling and radiant sparkle that gives it hair—It's the easiest and most effective way to gorgeous achievement in loveliness.**

Send for Free Sample.

**GOLDEN SHAMPOO.**

One shampoo and one "Brightens Every Shade of Hair."

**MAKING MONEY AT HOME.**

Learn to color photofakes and miniature portraits.

By the end of two months, you may have little takings and a good income.

For handsome, reliable colotypes, you'll find no better salesmen.

No experience necessary.

No sales talk.

The ONLY self-teaching course for this business.

Send for Circular.

**DR. WALTER'S QUICK REDUCING GAR-MENTS.**

For men and women, of black, colored zin, rubber hose, recalls swell-waist methods.

Stays fit perfectly and improves with age.

14 INCH LEGGINGS $3.00 pair

18 INCH LEGGINGS $5.00 pair

ULF BRASSIERE $2.50

ABDOMINAL REDUCERS for men and women...$1.50.

Send circular makes entire cost of body to be fitted as desired.

For by mail...

No cash needed.

**DR. JEANNE P. H. WALTER, 389 Fifth Ave., N. Y.**

FRIEND SOLVED HEADACHES.

"Try Famous L-Vegetable Laxative." She Said.

Headaches were making her miserable. She felt tired, lathen, too. Then she found that Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) really corrected her intestinal sluggishness. NR Tablets are a combination of laxative elements provided by nature in plants and vegetables. Try them tonight. Note that they give thorough cleansing action that leaves you refreshed and invigorated. This trial means so much to you and is so simple to make. NR's contain no pheno1 or mineral derivatives. Non-habit forming. Only 25¢—at all drug stores.

**THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN—Universal.**

This enlivening comedy of errors develops an accidental kidnapping into the real thing. May Robson, Brian Aherne, and Henry Armetta win plaudits. (Jan.)

**TUIRE LIVE GHOSTS—M-G-M.**

An unscripted duel with vampires takes place when they find themselves officially dead. Betyrl Merce, Greta Gynt, Claude Rains, Kay Kingsley, and Nydia Westman are in the cast. (Mar.)

**TUIRE MUSKETERS, THE—RKO-Radio.**

A new and delightful presentation of the romantic, swashbuckling classic brings Walker Abe fresh from the New York stage to lead the sword-fighting quartet to a dash rescue of the Queen's honor. (Dec.)

**TIMOTHY'S QUEST—Paramount.**

Kate Doddus plays two parts: a beautiful boy and a beautiful girl. Miss Doddus is good as both. (Feb.)

**TWO MANY PARENTS—Paramount.**

Don't miss this excellent picture of juvenile life in a military academy full of entertaining and heart interest. All the cast which includes George Bertin, Betty Lee and Carl (all star) Switzer, is effective. (May.)

**TRAIL OF THE LONESOME PINE, THE—**


**TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL—GB—Rich-**

dard Dix is the engineer who dreams of a transatlantic tunnel in this wistfully photographed melodrama. Mervin Evans has his domestic problem. (Feb.)

**TWO IN REVOLT—RKO-Radio.**

A nice outdoor story of friendship between a horse and dog. Arlo Arledge trains the horse and wins the boss' daughter, Louise Latimer. Children will love the new Rin-Tin-Tin. (May.)

**TWO SINNERS—Republic.** Otto Kruger and Claudia Lane as a couple is pretentious. Vanity, which he made famous on the stage, makes this other- wise ordinary picture human and appealing. You'll get a hell of a thrill from the colored lav-fores Skinoptfel and company. (July)

**VOICE OF BRIEUL ANNE, THE—M-G-M.**

A handsome, appealing little girl with Lionel Barrymore grand as the dog breeder whose love for his dog is transferred to the girl. Joseph O'Sullivan and Eric Linden are the love interest. Good. (April)

**WE'RE ONLY HUMAN—RKO-Radio.**

An action-packed see-saw battle with newspaper trimmings between a killer's gang and a brazen but dumb depth. Gustavo Farini plays the straight man. Reporteuse Jane Wyntt shatters his heart. (Feb.)

**WHIPSAW—M-G-M—G-Man Spencer Tracy trails Myrna Loy and ensemble of jewel thieves. Love mixes things up.**

Satisfying. (Feb.)

**WIFE vs. SECRETARY—M-G-M.**

Expect top-placi performances by Clark Gable, Myrna Loy and Jean Harlow. This firm this familiar triangle to success. Effective supporting cast. (May.)

**WINGS OVER ETHIOPIA—Paramount.**

Here's a chance to obtain a graphic, accurate and comprehensive picture of that vast interest to the entire world. It's a raw film cross-section of a primitive land so few a thrill, culminating in a thrilling ending. (June)

**WOMAN TRAP—Paramount.**

An exciting melodrama with jewel thieves, G-men and abduc- tions and murders. Karin Dor, Barry Murphy, Sidney Blackmer in the cast. Suave Alex Timofoul as a Mexican man is a treat. (Aug.)

**YOUR UNCLE DUDLEY—20th Century-Fox.**

A very fast and funny comedy with Edward Everett Horton and his fan. The worm finally turns and all is well. (Feb.)
On the Spot News

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Bret goes even more into seclusion in his hide-put ranch as Garbo nears Hollywood; even the studio must phone through his secretary.

Eleanor Whitney, clever little tap dancer, is casting big brown eyes at actor John Howard.

Carole Lombard is taking the color of her flower garden into her house. All bright colors throughout.

Everything is quiet along the Ginger Rogers-Fred Astaire front, Ginger got more money and Fred less pictures.

Flowers with a gag arrive every week-end from director Eddie Sutherland to Loretta Young. Their friends say it looks like an early marriage.

Edward G. Robinson, who admittedly is mortally afraid of airplanes, broke his vow never to travel by them to fly to the bedside of his seriously ill mother in New York.

Clark Gable is house hunting in the exclusive Bel Air district. He wants only a small home, he said, and is having difficulty finding one.

Jackie Cooper worked for one day as a soda jerker in a Palm Springs drug store and wound up owing the concern money. He used up his entire salary on strawberry ice cream sodas.

John Boles and 20th Century-Fox have parted company, although his contract had nine months to run.

The Easter bunny brought Jean Harlow a new diamond bracelet. She refuses to say whether or not Bill Powell sent the bunny.

Don Ameche of radio fame has been selected to play Alessandro to Loretta Young’s Ramona in the production by that name.

Owen Davis, Jr. and Louise Latimer are romancing in a big way. Alice Faye and Michael Whalen’s devotion to each other continues, while Margaret Lindsay’s interest in Pat De Cicco has cooled noticeably.

Lily Pons will return August 1 to make her second movie.

Last chance of a reconciliation between Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot seems to have gone glimmering with Bruce moving into a new apartment and redecorating it to suit his own tastes.

Jack Oakie celebrated the end of his honey-moon with Vanita Varden by carrying her over the threshold of their new home in the honored custom.

The Million Dollar Profile” has been purchased by RKO-Radio as a starring vehicle for, aptly enough, Fredric March.

Joan Bennett, official hostess of the second Mayfair party of the season, ordered all women guests to be gowned in the gayest of prints.

Irene Dunne, after numerous delays, has moved into her new Bel Air home.

IN ever-increasing numbers, motion picture celebrities are learning that the first step in a successful New York visit is to register at the Savoy-Plaza. It’s as natural as turning in at your own door, for the Savoy-Plaza has a way of its own in making the visitor feel instantly at home... an atmosphere of luxurious living, reflected in spacious rooms, superb cuisine, flawless service... The Savoy-Plaza’s location makes it convenient to everything worth while that goes on in New York.

Single rooms, $5, $6, $7 ... Double rooms $7, $8, $9 ... Suites from $10

Henry A. Ross, Managing Director
George Sutro, President-Manager

SAVOY-PLAZA
OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK
FIFTH AVE. 58TH TO 59TH STS.  NEW YORK

Have You Natural Charm?

Are you interested in a position as Fashion Model, Professional Hostess or posing for Commercial Photos? You surely want to acquire tact, poise, personality, grace and charm. Write today for details of our plan of special training and consultation service, also our FREE "Analysis Chart" so you may check your natural qualities.

MILDRED ELEANOR STUdios
Shubert Theatre Bldg.. St. Louis, Mo.

IMPORTANT TO YOU

The impression you give others concerns you! That's why Dew concerns you too. You can't possibly be your most attractive self unless you keep your underarms dry and deodorant—absolutely odorless. Dew is sure protection. Dew's action is gentle, instant and lasting. When you use Dew, you know your underarms are sweet and deodorant; your dresses and coat-linings are free from stains, odors and wrinkles. Using Dew is really economical—one small bottle lasts for months... At any department, drug or chain store.

Dew

STREAKED HAIR?

This way brings even color

Faded streaks—dull strands—grayness—all vanish at the touch of this famous clear, water-like liquid. Just comb it on and color comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Entirely SAFE. Millions know this time-tested way. Get bottle from your druggist or department store on money-back guarantee.

Test it FREE—Will you try Mary T. Goldman's on single lock snipped from hair? No risk, this way. We send complete Free Test... Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2431 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name...........................
Street...........................
City............................State
Color of your hair...........
No matter how large and luxurious the dinner may have been before the party—when it’s all over you find you’re hungry again.

And so we suggest a big bowl of Kellogg’s Corn Flakes in milk or cream for that late snack. They’re light, crisp, satisfying. And because of them, tomorrow will be brighter. Sold everywhere. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Nothing takes the place of the Corn FLAKES of Kellogg’s.

Freckles
Banish those embarrassing Freckles quickly in the privacy of your room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman’s Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft, 50¢ smooth, and clear, a jar on request.

Stillman Co., Aurora, Ill., Dept. 81

Stillman’s FRECKLE CREAM

TAP DANCING
LEARN AT HOME

ALAN CHRISTIE

ONLY

THE STAR

Thrill your friends... be in a new personal personality slim alluring figure... learn to TAP DANCE! Alan Christy, formerly with Ziegfeld and Shubert, will teach you...right in your home... by same methods used in his Hollywood Studio. Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, Paula Stone, Donald Woods, Bill Stanum, Rachel Torres and many other study tap dancing with Christie. Complete course from beginner’s fundamentals to professional tap tricks, is ten lessons. Each lesson explained in words and pictures. Even if you don’t start, try to tap at once. Send only one dollar now...just ten lessons a lesson...for complete course.

**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1936**

**"MURDER BY AN ARISTOCRAT"—WARNERS.**
- From the story by Mignon G. Eberhart. Screen play by Luci Ward and Roy Chanslor. Directed by Frank McDonald. The cast: Dr. Allen Carrick; Lyle Talbot; Sally Keating, Marguerite Churchill; Ada Thayer, Virginia Brissie; Beyond Thalhimer, Wm. Davidson; Dave Thalhimer, Gordon Elliott; Jantze Thalhimer, Claire Dodd; Hallie Thalhimer, Joseph Crehan; Evelyn Talbot, Florence Fair; Hally, Stuart Holmes; Emmeline, Little Williams; Florrie, Mary Treen; John Trow, John Eldridge; Cal Driver, Milton Kilbee.

**"SKY PARADE, THE"—PARAMOUNT.**
- Based on material by Robert M. Burt and Wilfred G. Moore. Screen play by Byron Morgan, Brian Marlow and Arthur Beckhard. Directed by Otis Laffoon. The cast: Jimmie Allen, Jimmie Allen; Speed Robertson, William Garson; Geraldine Croft, Katherine DeMille; Tommy Wade, Kent Taylor; Casey Cameron, Grant Withers; Jimmie Allen (4), Billie Lee, Jimmie Allen (9), Senorita All, Scotty Allen, Robert Fiske; Flash Lewis, Sid Saylor; Gail Billings, Edgar Deering; Baron von Breckenridge, Georges Renavent; Ma Croft, Myra Marsh; Ardotal, Artho Smith; Sally, Irene Bennett; Mac; Eddie Dunn; Rigs, Colin Tapley.

**"SOUTH TOWN GIRL"—M-G-M.**
- From the book by Ben Ames Williams. Screen play by John Lee Mahin and Edith Fitzgerald. Directed by William A. Wellman. The cast: Kay Bradway, Janet Gaynor; Bob Dakin, Robert Taylor; Prievilla, Rinne Bamburg; Dr. Dakin, Louis Stone; George; Andy Devine; Ma Dakin, Elizabeth Patterson; Pa Bradway, Frank Caven; Elmer, James Stewart; Chris, Douglas Fowley; Emily, Isabel Jewell; Dr. Fabe, Charley Grapespin; Mrs. Dakin, Nella Walker; Children, Robert Greg; Captain Marc, Edgar Kennedy; Sally, Susan Jane Mitchell; Katharine Alexander; James Marshall; Addison Richards; Captain Kellison, Montague Love; Geo. Juan Bolivia Aparado, John Miljan; General Rosell, Alberto Granada; John King Kameenhawa, Mitchell Lewis; John Sutter, Jr.; William Janney; John Sutter, J. (8 years old), Ronald Colman; Ann Edna Sutter, Nan Grey; Ann Edna Sutter (3 years old), Joanne Smith; General Ramos, Billy Gilbert; Senora Aparado, Aura; D. Silva; Aparado, Jr., Albert Vincent; Larry, Harry Cordona; Smythe, Sidney Bracy; Brown, George Lloyd; Sailor, Russell Hopton, Walter Long, Ed Brady, Captain Parrot, Bryant Washburn; Lorel, Beulah Bond, Gun; Dwight Yoeh, Frank Reicher; Conspirator, Frederick Vogel, Dr. Billings, George Irving; Indian, Jim Thorpe; Van Schouten, Maurice Case, Indian, Thundercloud; and others.

**"THINGS TO COME"—LONDON FILMS-UNITED ARTISTS.**
- From the story by H. G. Wells. Screen play by H. G. Wells. Directed by Wm. Cameron Menzies. The cast: John Cabal, Raymond Massey; The Boss, Ralph Richardson; Doctor Harding, Maurice Ravel; Rosanna Black, Margareta Scott; Grandfather Cabal, Alan Jones; Horrie Pinkhouse, Pickles Livingston; child: Simon Barbon, Anthony Holles; Catherine Cabal, Pearl Argyle; Janet Gordon, Patricia Hilliard; Tontopopado, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

**"TILL WE MEET AGAIN"—PARAMOUNT.**
- From a play by Alfred Davis. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Brian Marlow and Franklin Coen. Directed by Robert Florey. The cast: Alan Barlow, Herbert Marshall, Eliza Durand, Gertrude Michael; Ludwig, Lionel Atwill; Carl Scherwill, Rod La Rocque; Captain Minjon, Guy Bates Post; Heffer, Spencer Charters; Van Dusel, Frank Reicher; Schild, Egon Brecher; Kraus, Torben Meyer; Vogel, Valdo Garstner; E. 1st English Officer, Colin Tapley; 2nd English Officer, Colin Kenny; Xarile, Julia Faye.

**"WITNESS CHAIR, THE"—RKO.**
- From the story by Rita Weiman. Screen play by Ring James and Gertrude Parce. Directed by George Nicholls, Jr. The cast: Paula Young, Ann Harding; Trent, Walter Abel; Winemaker, Douglas Dunbar; Connie Tenn, Frances Sage; Poe, Morgan Jones; Grace Franklin, Margaret Hamilton; Tillie Jones, Maxine Jennings; Penny Knox, William Benedict; Martin, Paul Harvey; O'Brien, Murray Kinnell; Henshaw, Charles Arnt; Lettie, Frank Jenks; Judy McNutt, Edward Lesahn; Anna Yntz, Hilda Vaughn; O'Neil, Barborke Bornslan.

**"THREE ON THE TRAIL"—PARAMOUNT.**
- From the book by Clarence E. Mulford. Screen play by Doris Schroeder and Vernon Smith. Directed by Howard Hawks. The cast: Hopalong Cassidy, William Boyd; Johnny Nelson, Jimmy Ellison; Mary Sierren, Muriel Evans; Wally, George Hayes; Peco Kane, Charles Rea; Norton, 2nd, F. R. Rodney; Claude Raines; Back Peter, William Durnan; Rose Peters, Clara Kimball Young; Kit Thorpe, Al Hill; Jim Trail, Ted Adams; Sam Corwin, John St. Polis.

---

**Alice Faye, Broadway's little blues songbird, combines pulchritude with personality. Too long away from the screen since her excellent performance in "King of Burlesque," she returns in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."**
Addressses of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
 Paramount Studios

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1936

ROBERT BARKER
Photographer

Walter Wanger Productions, General Service Studio, 1040 North Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood

Alan Baxter
Joan Bennett
Charles Boyer
Madeline Carroll
Peggy Conklin

Henry Fonda
Priscilla Lane
Walter Pidgeon
Sylvia Sidney

KATHARINE HERBPURN
Harriet Hootor
Harry J. Anslinger
Maxine Jennings
Louis Calamar
Molly Lubin
Herbert Marshall
Tony Wexler
Ray Mayer
Burgess Meredith
Victor Moore
Mae O'Connor
Helen Parrish
Joe Penner
Lily Pons
Jesse Ralph
Gene Raymond
Erk Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Frank Sage
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Fred Scott
Helen Westley
Wheeler Thoone
Patricia Wilder

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Billie Burke
Eddie Cantor
Charlotte Chaney
Ruth Chatterton
Dolores Del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Paulette Goddard
Miriam Hopkins
Walker Huston

Elissa Landi
Francis Lederer
Tilly Losch
Nino Martini
Joe McKee
David Niven
Mercer Olsen
Mary Pickford
Frank Shields
Douglas Walton

Pioneer Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Charles Collins
Stefi Duna

Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Ave.

Gene Autry
Lew Ayres
Spring Byington
Mac Clarke
Donald Cook
Charlotte Henry

Patty Dors May
Georl Charles Ward
(Spunky)
Our Gang

CULVER CITY, CALIF.
 Hal Roach Studios

Charley Chase
James Finlayson
Oliver Hardy
Darma Hood
Mae Clarke
Donald Cook
Charlotte Henry

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Ahern
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Robert Benchley
Wallace Beery
Lorraine Bridges
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Charles Burrellworth
Bruce Cabot
Grace Darmond
Michael Curtiz
Mara Clarke
Mae Clarke
Charlie Chaplin
Frank Cid
Clara Bow
Buddy Ebsen
Stuart Erwin
Mae Clarke
Betty Furness
Clare Gable
Greta Garbo
Gudy Gartland
Igor Gorin

Robert Greig
Edmund Hann
Jean Harlow
Harold Hosford
Maxine Jennings
Louis Calamar
Molly Lubin
Herbert Marshall
Tony Wexler
Ray Mayer
Burgess Meredith
Victor Moore
Mae O'Connor
Helen Parrish
Joe Penner
Lily Pons
Jesse Ralph
Gene Raymond
Erk Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Frank Sage
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Fred Scott
Helen Westley
Wheeler Thoone
Patricia Wilder

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Richard Arlen
Jean Arthur
Gary Aston
Law Ayres
George Bancroft
Michael Bartlett
Ralph Bellamy
Wayne/Bird
Nana Bryant
Lucy Carroll
Andy Clyde
Monty Collins
Walter Connolly
Jean Dixon
Myron Douglas
Douglas Dumbrille
Bill Gargan
Edith Fellows
Thurston Hall
Violet Killian

Beth Marion
Robert Marsch
Ken Maynard
George MacKay
Thomas Mitchell
Helen Holmes
Grace Moore
Gene Morgan
Loyola McNabb
Cecilia Parker
James Paris
Arthur Rankin
Freddie French
Elisabeth Risdon
Louise Stainer
Charles Starett
Three Stooges
Martha Hamilton
Raymond Walburn
Fay Wray

Brian Aherne
Elizabeth Allan
Lionel Barrymore
John Barrymore
Freddie Bartholomew
Robert Benchley
Wallace Beery
Lorraine Bridges
Virginia Bruce
John Buckler
Charles Burrellworth
Bruce Cabot
Grace Darmond
Mara Clarke
Mae Clarke
Charlie Chaplin
Frank Cid
Clara Bow
Buddy Ebsen
Stuart Erwin
Mae Clarke
Betty Furness
Clare Gable
Greta Garbo
Gudy Gartland
Igor Gorin

Robert Greig
Edmund Hann
Jean Harlow
Harold Hosford
Maxine Jennings
Louis Calamar
Molly Lubin
Herbert Marshall
Tony Wexler
Ray Mayer
Burgess Meredith
Victor Moore
Mae O'Connor
Helen Parrish
Joe Penner
Lily Pons
Jesse Ralph
Gene Raymond
Erk Rhodes
Ginger Rogers
Frank Sage
Ann Sothern
Barbara Stanwyck
Fred Scott
Helen Westley
Wheeler Thoone
Patricia Wilder

TRIFILM PHOTO—"The Different" Deplorator.

Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

V-ETTE

"WHIRLPOOL" BRASSIERE

Used exclusively in Paramount Pictures. Achieves—with stitching only—the lovely contour of your favorite screen star. Will mold your bust into subtle, alluring lines of youth and beauty. V-ETTE is sold at all leading stores from coast to coast.

Send for free style folder

Hollywood-Maxwell Co.

HOLLYWOOD—CALIFORNIA

BE DESIGENER OF HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

Quality for a good position, or have your own shop and win financial independence as a Hollywood Fashion Export. Dress like Screen Stars. Design and make glamorous gowns for yourself. Little of your favorite film star. Have more clothes and dress more smartly, even if less expensive.

HOLLYWOOD FASHION CREATORS OUR ADVISERS

With the connection of Movie Stars and Screen Stars, this 50-year old College will teach you Costume Designing in your spare time at home. Free information service. If over 18, write at once for free illustrated booklet.

DEANCE LOBBY COLLEGE
Dec. 60-F.

HOLLYWOOD, California

SKIN BEAUTY WITH

Mercolized Wax

Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. It single treatment is a complete beauty treatment. Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Put on Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like night cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolzed Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE SANTOLINE ASTRINGENT—A refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out imperfections and ad

lines. Reconstitutes pores and eliminates oiliness. Dis-

solves stubor in one-half pint witch number.

TRY PHOTOLINE—the "different" depilator.

Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.
IN TWELVE easy LESSONS

HIGH SCHOOL, college or technical school students who have at their command a practical, easy and efficient method of taking down lecture notes have a marked advantage over those who must set down all notes in longhand. Not only do you get far more from the lecture when it is delivered but when examination time comes review a word for word transcript of each lecture is the finest kind of preparation for successful passing.

STUDENTS OF THE PROFESSIONS

Particularly is such knowledge valuable to students of the professions—law, medicine, dentistry, teaching, nursing and others that require state or other special examinations after graduation making necessary a complete review of several years of work.

COMPLETE COURSE $1

By all means investigate the A.B.C. Shorthand System especially developed for students, writers, lecturers, etc. It is so simple, so easy to learn that you will find yourself actually writing shorthand after a few hours of study—no tedious months of practice—no puzzling signs or symbols—just twelve easy lessons that you can put to immediate use at a time as learned.

Thousands of students, writers, lecturers find A.B.C. Shorthand of tremendous value. So will you. Or, if you are the parents of a boy or girl in high school or institution of higher learning no single gift that you could give for $1 or many times that amount would be of greater or more lasting value.

YOU RISK NOTHING

You do not even risk the dollar that is the price of this substantially bound book which has meant so much to so many thousands of persons. Send for it today—examine it carefully and if, for any reason, it does not prove to be entirely satisfactory, return it and your money will be promptly and cheerfully refunded.

Send your order today with $1.00
Money back if not satisfactory

ACE FEATURE SYNDICATE, Inc.
Dept. P6
226 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"A Stepping Stone to the Movies"

• Two year complete practical course trains you for career on stage or radio. Many big names in pictures today acknowledge their success to Pasadena Training. These include Robert Young, Victor Jory, Douglas Montgomery, Gloria Swart, Onslow Stevens, Ann Sherry and others. It was composed to prepare sincerely for a career in the theatre or pictures, write for catalogue and copy "A Stepping Stone to the Movies". Address General Manager.

GULMOR BROWN, Director CHAS. F. Pritchett, Gen. Mgr.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE FOR JUNE, 1936

Grove i

OF "A Stepping Stone to the Movies"

A Simple Method of Taking Down Lecture Notes

Cecelia Parker
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
William Powell
Eleanor Powell
Juanita Quigley
Luis Rainer
Duncan Renaldo
May Robson
Mickey Rooney
Shirley Ross
Rosalind Russell
Ernestine Schumann-Heink

Ruth Selwyn
Norma Shearer
Harry Stockwell
Lois Stone
Harvey Stephens
James Stewart
William Tanner
Spencer Tracy
Robert Taylor
Franchot Tone
Charles Travis
Waverly Temple
Henry Wadsworth
Joan Weismuller
Robert Young

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIF.

Universal Studies

Henry Armetta
Edward Arnold
Roman Bartok
Jean Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Bob Cavanagh
Marguerite Churchill
Joseph Crenjan
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patrice Dubois
Gordon Elliott
Florence Foster
Glenis Ford
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
Jane Froman
Dick Foran
Paul Graetz
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Olive Hwarod
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Boris Karloff
Ruby Keeler

Joseph King
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anna Lucie
Alma Lloyd
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Richard Marquis
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlton Meissner, Jr.
Jean Mier
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Harvey O'Neill
Linda Perry
Donald Peers
Richard Purcell
Cline Reesman
Addison Richards
Bebe Daniels
Edward G. Robinson
Jean Shepard
Winfred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Gene Spondergaard
George E. Stone
Folksie Stone
Lyle Talbot
Regis Toomey
Mary Tree
Rudy York
Warren William
Mary Wilson
Donald Woods

BURBANK, CALIF.

Warner-First National Studios

Eddie Acuff
Ross Alexander
Robert Bartas
Jean Blondell
Humphrey Bogart
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Bob Cavanagh
Marguerite Churchill
Joseph Crenjan
Bette Davis
Olivia de Havilland
Claire Dodd
Ann Dvorak
Patrice Dubois
Gordon Elliott
Florence Foster
Glenys Ford
Errol Flynn
Kay Francis
Jane Froman
Dick Foran
Paul Graetz
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Olive Hwarod
Warren Hull
Ian Hunter
Josephine Hutchinson
Sybil Jason
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Boris Karloff
Ruby Keeler

Joseph King
Guy Kibbee
Margaret Lindsay
Anna Lucie
Alma Lloyd
Barton MacLane
Jeanne Madden
Richard Marquis
Frank McHugh
James Melton
Carlton Meissner, Jr.
Jean Mier
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Harvey O'Neill
Linda Perry
Donald Peers
Richard Purcell
Cline Reesman
Addison Richards
Bebe Daniels
Edward G. Robinson
Jean Shepard
Winfred Shaw
Eddie Shubert
Gene Spondergaard
George E. Stone
Folksie Stone
Lyle Talbot
Regis Toomey
Mary Tree
Rudy York
Warren William
Mary Wilson
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6609 Santa Monica Blvd. Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, P. O. Box 711, Beverly Hills, Calif.

STUDIOS IN ENGLAND

London Film Productions Ltd., 22 Grosvenor St., London, England

Robert Donat
Penelope Dudley-Ward
Jean Gordon
Patricia Hillard
Sir Cedric Hardwicke

Charles Laughton
Raymond Massey
Marie Osmond
Ralph Richardson
Margaretta Scott

Gaumont British Pictures

Lime Grove Studios, Shepherds Bush London, W12, England

George Arliss
Peggy Ashcroft
Constance Bennett
Frank Collier
Mary Clare
Clive Courtaudse
Peter Croud
Constance Cummings
John Gielgud
Constance Godright
Susan Halle
Jimmy Hanley
Will Hay
Helen Haye

Oscar Homolka
Peter Hobart
Anne Lee
Geraldine Lee
Barry Mackay
Montague Mathews
John Mills
Edith Palmer
Kingsley Powell
Rene Ray
Robert Simpson
Basil Sydney
Tom Walls

80% + SOUP SPOONS OF 32+ 1/2c. SPOONS WITH

COLOR YOUR HAIR THE NEW FRENCH WAY

HAVE LOADS OF FUN WITH AN SOPHANI ACCORDION

If you want to be really popular, the center of attention everywhere, just learn to play this thrilling instrument from Italy. Romantic organ tone, a complete orchestra in itself that you can take with you wherever you go. And so easy to learn. Play the coronet of music on the accordion, and on the accordion. Send for beautiful illustrated literature. No obligation. Easy to play. Write today sure.

SOPHANI, INC.
630 Wabash Avenue, Dept. 439-A, Lake Forest, I. C.
Answering The Double Bill Question

In the March issue, I asked you to write me your impression of double bills. I was amazed at the number of replies, the real intelligence and diversity of opinion. I'm sorry that space won't allow the printing of each letter, but here are a few characteristic ones. Thank you.

Ruth Waterbury.

Along with countless others, I am one of the martyrs who must sit patiently through a Western, a couple of comedies, a new reel, a special added feature, lengthy advertising, the co-feature, and finally if our interest has held out sufficiently against the battery of sound assaulting their jaded nerves we may, repeat, may—appreciate and enjoy the really beautiful production we came to see in the first place. I fail to see how intelligent people tolerate double bills.

Mrs. J. M. Staley, Los Angeles, Calif.

Scanning a picture list, I found out of 37 listed bills, 22 combinations of which I had seen at least one show of the pairs coupled.


It isn't that I prefer quantity to quality, but we have been educated to the double bill and now prefer it. Those who prefer a shorter show can patronize the places showing them or leave after seeing one picture.

Madge E. Thomas, Brockton, Mass.

... When our children go to the movies, it is hours before they return. Besides the discomfort of sitting so long, I think the eye-strain is very bad.

Alda Anderson, Everett, Wash.

The double feature has taken a lot of paning, most of the critics professing to believe that this popular practice is an attempt to pull over mediocre pictures on a bargain-hunting public. I can't help thinking of the numerous fine films I have accidentally witnessed just by dropping in to see a more highly advertised feature. When I put my money on the line at a double feature, I do so with the spirit of the amateur gambler. An even break, that's all I expect. When I draw a lucky number, I see one of the unchallenged but really fine productions.

M. R. Holtzman, Louisville, Ky.

... This double bill racket is getting me down.

Dorothy M. Moore, Vacaville, Calif.

... My favorite theater has one superlatively good picture, a short news reel and sometimes a color comedy.

Dolores V. Iverson, Royal Oak, Mich.

... The poor pictures are emptying the theaters and now they double up on us.

David R. Jodyn, Woodstock, Ill.

In my opinion, a double bill is very satisfactory... It sometimes happens that a very high class film does not appeal to a certain portion of the audience; and if the magnificence is followed by a pleasing, snappy Class B picture, the feeling of disappointment is considerably lessened, in fact completely forgotten.

Mrs. T. J. Herr, St. Louis, Mo.

I believe that stars should be given fewer and better pictures and that the double bills could be used to advantage as a training school for young contract players who are so patiently waiting for a break.

Muriel B. Owens, Spokane, Wash.

Thumbs down on the double feature program. Why the policy of quantity rather than quality?

Helen Carney, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Curses on the double bill! I think the idea was started by the cigarette manufacturers. I have consumed more cigarettes while waiting in the lounge to see the picture I really came to see.

Aurelia Asten, New York

... We pay our money for diversion and two Class B pictures are sure to contain one good laugh per picture and an interesting set or gow. The fact that the progression of the subject matter is unbroken over a period of time sufficient to lose oneself, produces a serenity of mind.

Mrs. Dora Graham, Dubuque, Iowa

I heartily dislike double bill programs. The other night we went to see a picture we had heard was especially good. We sat through reel after reel of the program until finally when our choice picture came on we were so worn out we left the theater and went wearily home without seeing it.

Mrs. Paul Henderson, Myton, Utah

I am greatly in favor of double feature programs if they are not overdue. I am busy all week, and if I can see two shows for the price of one, I jump at the chance. It takes up the whole evening pleasantly, and provides comfort and relaxation.

William M. Hill, South Bend, Ind.

... If the theaters would only have the courage to go back to the single feature program, they would find the attendance would not fall off; quite the contrary.

Dagmar Hanup, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Public Menace Number One of the motion picture theater is the double feature program.

... Three hours is too long to sit on the seat of any theater.

Olin J. Myer, New York City

Who started these double bills anyway? And who is going to stop them? For they should be stopped as soon as possible. If the best picture happens to be first, then by the time the second is over, you have forgotten the impression the first one made on you. Wouldn't the public want to see one very good show than one good one and one poor one?

Ilia Bond, Mesa, Ariz.